

SUMMER/FALL '75

[Vol. I, No. 1]

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Lexington, Kentucky 40506

The New  
**KENTUCKIAN**  
Magazine

DOUG FLYNN

A "BLUE BOY"  
TURNS "RED MAN"

BODY  
LANGUAGE

TATTOOS FOR YOU!

THE  
SOUTH'S  
FINEST

SURVIVING THE M. I. KING

ACTORS  
AND THEIR FACES

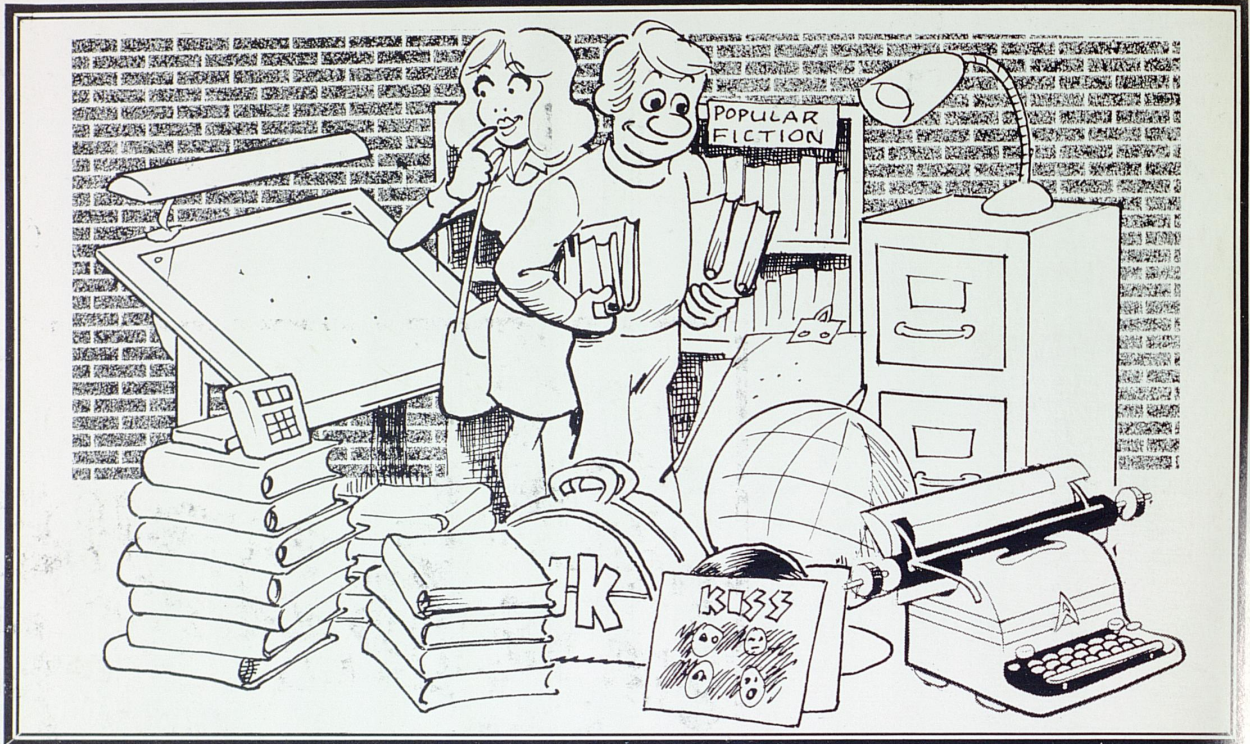
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# Hang this magazine

*After all, magazines with broken necks aren't very pretty. Avoid it...you can, you know. All you have to do is follow the instructions. Really we're easygoing people, just give us what we want the most...MONEY.*

*For the details on how to save this cringing magazine, just check out the flipside. And remember, this magazine is hanging on your every move.*



**SURE!  
I WANT THIS ISSUE  
AND ALL  
THE OTHERS.**

**I ADMIT IT. YOU'VE  
CONVINCED ME THAT THE  
NEW KENTUCKIAN IS GONNA  
BE PURE DYNAMITE. AND I  
WANT IN ON THE ACTION.**

**I LOOK AT IT THIS WAY,  
MY FRIENDS WILL BE  
IMPRESSED WHEN THEY SEE  
IT SPRAWLED OUT ON MY  
COFFEETABLE OR LINING MY  
BIRDCAGE. BESIDES, I FULLY  
REALIZE THE IMPLICATIONS  
OF THIS ACT. I HAVE  
FINALLY 'COME ALIVE!'  
RUSH ME MY SUBSCRIPTION!**



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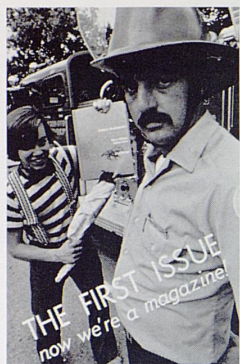
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**1st issue  
under fire...**

**publish!  
or perish!**

Believe it or not, we started this thing about two weeks before school ended last semester. No one, I mean NO ONE, was sure about anything—least of all how to run a magazine. But we started with certain basic assumptions and we're learning.

Assumption 1) People like much of the information that is contained in yearbooks. They also like to see the mark they've made in their four years. But they don't much like buying yearbooks—at least not to the tune that it costs to produce traditional yearbooks nowadays.

Assumption 2) Waiting a whole year is too long.

Assumption 3) This is a biggie! For serious journalism students, and there are quite a few (don't let discreditation fool you), yearbook production is a limited pre-professional experience. I mean how many people go out and get dynamite jobs with yearbooks after hustling for a BA? You can count them on your big toe. But a magazine! Now that's a different bag of popcorn altogether.

Assumption 4) The yearbook format itself is stifling—both in terms of coverage and design. Often too inclusive, yearbooks tend, on the one hand, toward "hearts and flowers" copy, or, on the other hand, controversial (and often misplaced) political statements.

We decided there had to be a good middle way—one that took everything into account. And this magazine is what we've come up with so far.

What can you expect during the coming year? We think you have every right and reason to expect a damn good publication. A lot of top-notch personality profiles are in the works. We're covering the people who are making things crack around the campus community. We think you'll be surprised at all the fascinating things going on. And all the fascinating things people have to say about most anything you can think of.

We have investigative type stories, light features, Rolling Stone-type excursions into "New Journalism." We have arts and sports shorts, a comic strip, community reports and news about what's happening at other campuses like—and unlike—UK.

If that's not enough, our fifth and final issue is being designed in a manner similar to the old Life-Look year-end retrospectives. Ours will be a calendar or datebook of what went on this year. Concerts, organizations, clubs and personalities will be highlighted. Senior pictures will also be included; plus some commentary on what was what in 1975-76.

Incredible, you say! Unbelievable! Far out! How can they do it for only \$4.50? Well, the truth is we couldn't unless we had a competent staff of hard workers . . . which we do. Strong support from the administration, the board of student publications, and our advisor . . . which we do. And a good bank of sales subscriptions from you all . . . which we'll see about.

The point is this. This magazine, all year long, is an experiment in what *might* occur at UK. (Look where the Lampoon started; it survived Harvard to go national.) So we need your help. We need advice, writers (good ones or at least those who are willing to learn), go-get-em ad salesmen, general flunkies, student opinion, faculty opinion, employe opinion, photographers, story ideas, tips . . . I could go on till we both died yawning. So read already—and enjoy!

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## The KENTUCKIAN Magazine

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## Gunning for Ma Bell

Ralph W. Koopman, a 25-year-old U of Houston law student could become the hero of the year for many college students. He's fighting the telephone company over its deposit policy. And he's winning.

Koopman figures the deposit should be returned to subscribers after a few months if their payment record is good rather than holding it indefinitely as is often done.

He won his suit to get his \$50 deposit returned and the telephone company is appealing. Koopman claims their policy for determining the amount and length of time to hold a deposit is vague and arbitrary. At one point the company offered to settle out of court but now it's a matter of principle with Koopman. "What really worries them is the precedent it would set if I win," he says.

## Will Ball bounce back?

The Ball State U. student services corporation reported to be in financial difficulty last fall is struggling to make good on it's debts without declaring bankruptcy. Creditors have agreed to accept a partial payment this year in the hopes that eventually all debts can be repaid. All commercial activities of the group have been stopped except for the lucrative refrigerator rental service.

## Drinking again...

Item: In the college of Normal, Ill., a community health organization reports that 25 per cent of the alcohol problem cases they get involve students.

Item: A U. of Rhode Island survey reveals that about 19 per cent of students there feel that drinking is having some nonpositive effects on their lives.

Item: Due to concern over a rising rate in college-age alcohol abuse, the dean of

students office at Indiana U., like several others, establishes an alcohol abuse education task force.

"Students are moving away from radical behavior. Traditional behavior like the return to fraternity and sorority life is the mode for everyone across the country and along with this traditional behavior, alcohol use is obviously very traditional."

That's the way the trend is explained by Dr. Karl Ullis of the U.C.L.A. Student Health Service. Ullis keeps in touch with college student problems through his work as an advisor to an unusual program there called Student Health Advocates.

"We've trained students to deal with minor health problems in dormitories, sororities, fraternities and married housing. They do counseling, take care of colds and sore throats in their units, things like that. The Advocates can dispense aspirin or cough medicine. We meet with them every two weeks for more training and discussions of problems. This concept started at the U. of Nebraska and is being done at only a few other campuses."

Ullis, who also has done research on adolescent alcoholism in the Seattle area, says alcohol use has increased as drug use has become less fashionable. He says he's even noticed an increase in student alcohol problems in the past year paralleling the return to other "traditional things like nostalgia."

## UK program searches for 'host families'

A host family program, sponsored by the International Student Office, gives foreign students a bit of home life during their stay at UK.

Applications are taken from families in the Lexington area and even from some University students; though a family is preferred rather than a single person, according to a program coordinator. Applications provide the office with information such as foreign languages spoken in the home and the family's travel exper-

ience. A student is then assigned to a family.

Host families may choose from a number of arrangements with the student. They may include the student in all their activities, invite the student to special events, offer temporary overnight hospitality or provide room and board in exchange for babysitting, for instance.

There is no financial responsibility on the part of the host family and there are no living arrangements, said Dr. Tom McKinney, program chairman, but the family is expected to continue as a host during the year.

About 400 foreign students, representing 53 countries, are visiting the UK campus this year, he said. There are currently about 80 families and 100 students involved in the program.

The International Student Office sponsors activities for the students and families throughout the year. Anyone interested in participating in the host family program should contact Dr. Tom McKinney, chairman, or Sheela Shah, staff coordinator.

## Discipline codes 'ineffective'...

A U. of Minnesota survey revealed that only about 10% of the students are even somewhat familiar with the student conduct code there; 62% had never even heard of the code. Because of the unfamiliarity, the Student Affairs Office survey concluded, it is unlikely that the present discipline code serves as a deterrent to student misconduct.

The survey also asked student opinions of the proper sanctions for first offenses for a variety of types of misconduct. Six options were given: no action, warning, probation, temporary suspension, permanent suspension or professional counseling. Judging from the percentages who would give lenient sanctions—probation or less—this is how the students viewed the seriousness of various campus

Continued next page

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transgressions: Blowing up a campus building, 3%; Assulting a professor or administrator, 25%; Stealing typewriters from U. offices, 31%; Stealing from U. students, 37%; Shoplifting from U. store, 53%; Breaking windows in a U. building, 55%; Illegally occupying a U. building, 59%.

Cheating on assignments or exams, 82%; Throwing a pie at an unpopular speaker, 82%; Fighting with another student, 84%; Smoking marijuana in a dormitory, 85%; Getting drunk and disrupting dorm residents, 91%; Disrupting a class, 93%; Participating in a disruptive rally protesting U. policy, 95%; "Streaking," 95%; Drinking liquor at a U. sports event, 98%.

### Getting there from here

Despite the various and sundry means available on campus for getting from one place to another, there still remain too many situations in which it is biologically impossible to get from one class to another in the space of 10 minutes.

A recent study by two Kentuckian staff members (using such sophisticated analytical equipment as bicycles, Timex watches and Hush Puppies) collected data in support of this not-so-new theory. A companion survey of University student behavior revealed that the primary mode of transportation on campus is walking.

This basic method of propulsion is well suited to travel in the UK environment—not too hurried; not at all expensive; and when faced with UK's brilliantly planned network of sidewalks (prime example: the Complex Commons, or the space between the POT fountain and the Engineering Quadrangle) it's tough decision whether or not to hoof it.

In fact, the only serious drawback to walking is that it doesn't get you where you're going on time. The Kentuckian study showed conclusively that a typical trek from the Complex to McVey Hall takes no less than 12 minutes on foot. Another likely journey, that from the

Student Center to the Chem-Physics Bldg., takes as much as 15 minutes.

Granted, most students are not particularly concerned about whether they arrive for class on time; but for would-be intelligentsia who fear missing any part of their instruction, we offer some alternatives.

The first and most common option is to ride a bicycle. Concrete evidence by the Kentuckian study revealed that the Student Center/Chem-Physics trip is shortened to a more convenient 4½ minutes on a bike. Admittedly, locking the bike could take you a bit longer, but the research team dismissed that time factor as negligible. Besides, they couldn't find a place to park the bike.

As with walking, however, there is one minor difficulty with cycling as a means of reaching class on time. The Kentuckian research was conclusive in all respects but one. The time of the test run was 6:30 p.m. on Sunday. The same route at 11 a.m. on Monday entails an additional problem—namely, that it is impossible to ride a bike faster than the throngs of walkers without either dramatically increasing the pedestrian death rate, or riding on the grass and avoiding such obstacles as trees, hedges, rocks and dogs.

Having virtually eliminated both walking and cycling as feasible means of transport, there remains only one alternative mode of getting "there" from "here": the trusty bus service. This is without doubt the top choice for lethargic people, since all that is required is enough determination to wait for the bus to show up. And then enough stamina to stand up during the ride. Depending on the number of stragglers and the amount of traffic, though, the "coach" can often take as long to reach its destination as does a pedestrian covering the same distance.

Having determined the Achilles' heels of each of the means of campus transportation, the Kentuckian study has decided on the ideal method of locomotion: studying.

The logic is simple—if you study enough, your grades improve. If your

grades improve enough, you are allowed first choice of course selections. If you choose course sections strategically, you can schedule an hour or more off between each of your classes, and eliminate the problem altogether.

### 'It's not much, but I call it home...'

Two Kansas State U. students figure they save about \$60 a month by sleeping in their cars in a U. parking lot. The students say they shower in a gym, spend their spare time during the day in the union and head back to their cars for the night only after the local bars close.

### Faculty excluded...

The student senate at the State U. of New York-Stony Brook voted to exclude faculty members from all student-funded events. The students are trying to pressure the faculty into allowing 40 per cent student representation on the faculty senate.

### Making up and out...

A former U. of Texas instructor charged that she was pressured into giving a make-up exam to the son of UT Chancellor Charles LeMaistre. The student, the instructor charged, had missed much class work, including the final exam, and had been given an "F." The instructor scheduled the special exam at the student's convenience. The student made a "C" on the exam and his course grade was changed to a "C" but later, the instructor had second thoughts and released details in a notarized letter, then resigned.

Simultaneously, a local newspaper reported that two of the chancellor's sons had special parking stickers normally reserved for administrators rather than regular student stickers.

After the grade incident, which LeMaistre termed a "tragic misunder-



standing," was revealed, the grade was changed back to an "F," reportedly at the student's request.

A special regents' committee is investigating the matter.

## **Lettuce clean our plates...**

Captain Ecology has been storming through the 300 campus cafeterias operated by the Saga Corporation searching for plate cleaners. When the Captain, a student selected to play the role on his campus, sees students doing their part to eliminate food waste, he rewards them with a "Waste-Not Award," a card good for a special treat—seconds on steak night, breakfast in bed or maybe a birthday party.

The California-based company initiated the food conservation campaign last fall and by periodically weighing food scraps thrown out, positive results can be seen, says a spokesman.

The students like the campaign and are cooperative in most cases, particularly after they're assured by the company that the campaign is not strictly profit-oriented and savings will be passed back to students in the form of prizes and special events.

Students did complain about the campaign a little at the U. of South Florida but the situation was improved after the food service director convinced the overzealous Captain Ecology there to stop harassing food-wasters by blowing a loud air horn at them.

## **Salad daze...**

A student fast, an argument over the working of a referendum and an "inconclusive" demonstration of campus opinion has resulted in a compromise two-bowl lettuce policy for the U. of Minnesota.

The issue of which type of lettuce—United Farm Workers or Teamsters—should be purchased resurfaced last fall after the end of a temporary moratorium on the purchase of any head lettuce or table grapes. A student UFW supporter

staged a 12-day fast in the U. president's outer office to protest the action and demand a campus-wide referendum on the issue.

The president finally agreed to hold the referendum but then haggling began over the wording of the ballots. The original question, "Do you feel that the U. should support the migrant farm workers' cause by discontinuing the purchase of head lettuce and grapes?" was revised several times and ended up simply "Do you feel the U. should discontinue the purchase of head lettuce and grapes?" This change provoked UFW supporters again but the ballots were printed and distributed with registration materials. Faculty and staff got ballots with their pay checks.

When the votes were in, the pro-boycotters won, but by only 465 votes out of a total of 38,785 cast. Citing the slim margin and certain "inconsistencies" (dorm students and faculty-staff voters were 3-2 against the boycott), the president announced the two-bowl compromise. For the rest of the school year, patrons will have their choice of UFW or Teamster lettuce.

## **'Somebody's been into the porridge'**

The U. of Montana handed over a check for \$175,000 to the U.S. Office of Education last month as an out-of-court settlement for work-study funds the U. allegedly misused.

The case began in 1972 when OE investigators charged that work-study funds were being paid to some athletes without any work required in return. The athletic director and several other U. officials were charged with conspiracy to defraud the government but were acquitted last year.

In returning the funds, about half the amount the OE claimed had been misused, the U. admitted no wrongdoing but did concede the money had been dispersed "under mistake of fact."

## **MIK magazines relocated**

The new Periodicals Room in King Library-North (located across the bridge from the reference department) opened during the early part of the summer.

According to a memorandum issued by the Director of Libraries, Paul A. Willis, the library staff has pulled together all current issues of periodicals (those that aren't bound) in the new room. They are arranged by subject according to the Dewey decimal system.

The periodicals are also now listed in the general card catalog as well as the Central Serials Record file. Staff members will be available at all times to assist people and to provide information on how to use the new shelving system.

An alphabetical list of all the publications in the periodicals room is on file and is available for general use. Personal copies of the list can be obtained by faculty members through the library director's office. The phone number is 257-3801.

Also worth noting: the library is reviewing its circulation policies for periodicals, and is looking for friendly suggestions and comments from faculty and students concerning the way magazines and journals are circulated.

Any suggestions or comments should be addressed to the director's office.

## **Student lobby against war...**

"Funds for Education—Not War" is the theme of a campaign launched last month by the U.S. National Student Association.

According to Kathy Kelly, NSA president, the campaign will consist of lobbying to "fight any further expenditure of tax funds to support any aspect of the continuing war in Indochina. The net increase in the Department of Defense budget is almost three times the entire federal outlay of funds for all phases of

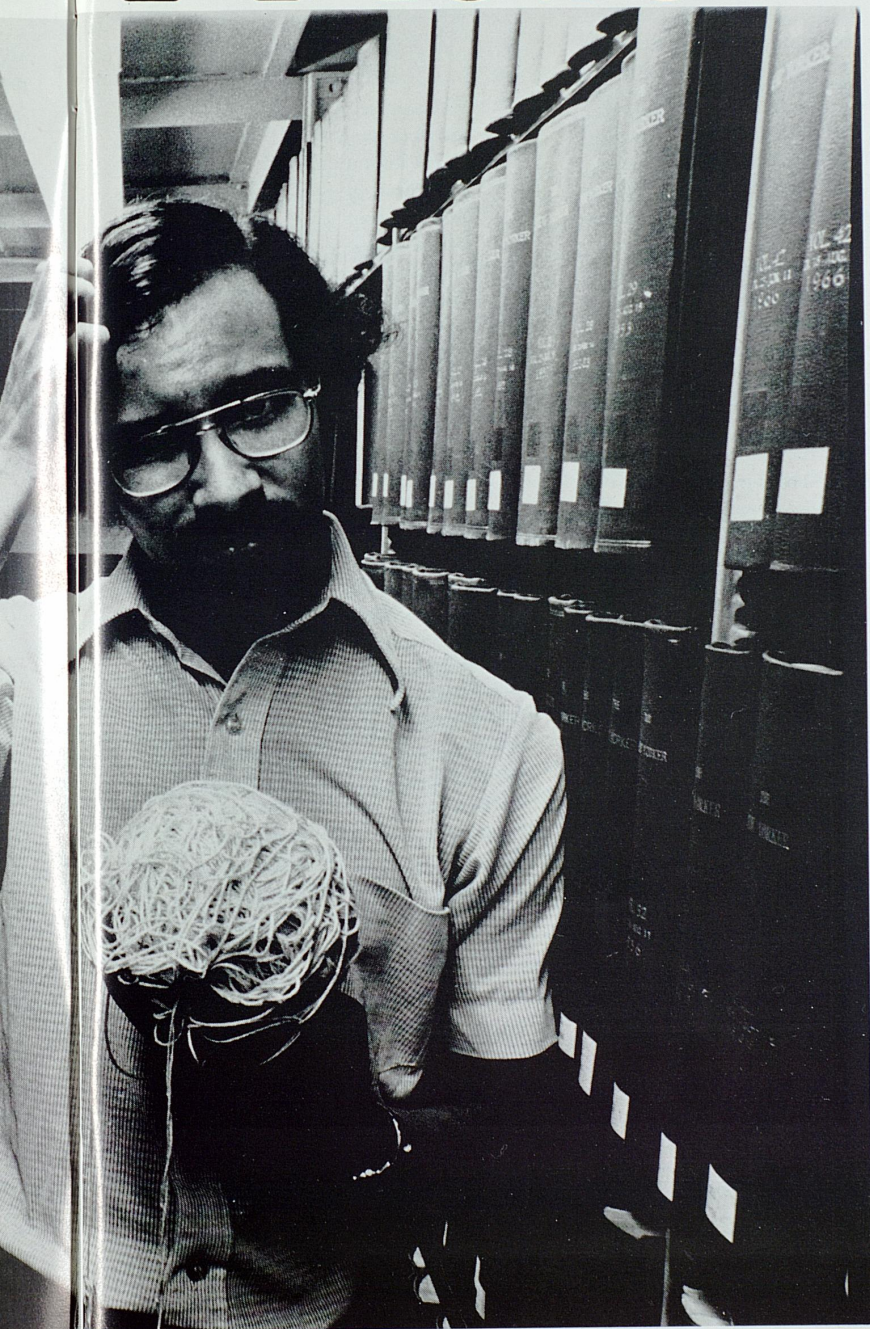
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# The South's



# Finest

## ONE MAN'S SAGA OF SURVIVAL IN THE M.I. KING



**T**he Margaret I. King Library is truly a remarkable place. An old yearbook calls it "one of the South's finest libraries." I couldn't have said it better myself.

I went into the library for the first time just a few weeks ago. I had been assigned a term paper for a history class, and there didn't seem to be any way out of going over there to do my research.

Several friends had told me of their difficulties finding their way around the place, and I was a little worried about getting lost. I stopped at a corner store and picked up a ball of kite string.

I parked behind the building, next to what appeared to be a brown Dempster dumpster with a heavy-duty electric cord running to it. I'm not quite sure what an electric dumpster does, but I was glad our library had one.

The building is immense. It has just enough bricks to hold its high arching windows in place. Each window contains all the glass in the known universe. Several hundred dormer windows line the top of the building.

There are doors at various points around the building, but no one is allowed to use them. The door they do let people use is around on the far side. As I came around the corner to get to it I discovered that the building has another building, about the same size, parked right next to it. Their second floors are connected by a long glass hallway. They look, like they're mating.

On the underside of the glass hallway, twelve feet above the sidewalk, are a number of light fixtures. About a third have lights in them. This makes for an interesting effect; it looks like a random sprinkling of lights, but I doubt if it really is. The University never does anything randomly.

Continued next page

They probably paid some artist a lot of money to tell them where to place the fixtures for the proper effect. And then they probably paid him a lot more money to come back and tell them which ones to put bulbs in. It is very artsy. I wished I had had the background necessary to appreciate it.

The door to one of the buildings was locked, but I could see inside it . . . There is a wood paneled entranceway, and against one wall is a bronze head of Abraham Lincoln, about eight times life size. It was evidently made before he grew his beard. He really did have a weak chin.

The other building was open. The entranceway to this building is pretty wide, and there are two turnstiles situated in

This room was full of all kinds of vending machines, big wastebaskets and micro-wave ovens. Here people feel more comfortable talking, but there are no chairs. Two girls were leaning on vending machines chatting.

Nothing in any of the vending machines looked particularly good, and everything was dreadfully overpriced. I put a quarter in the soft drink machine. It gave me lots of ice and plenty of Sprite, but no cup.

"That's trite," I said to the machine. "Why don't you do something new and different?" It gave me my change. I looked around some more and finally decided on a Twinkie, dropping it into my coat pocket for future reference.

Next, I found the card catalog by fol-

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That's trite, I said to the machine. 'Why don't  
you do something new and different?' It  
gave me my change.

---

the middle. Several people ahead of me walked around them; but I decided that the powers that be must have wanted me to go through them, or they wouldn't have put them there.

There are no signs saying "quiet, please" or anything like that. I guess they figure by the time a person makes it to college, he or she knows enough to be quiet in a library.

There are signs and colored stripes on the back wall, pointing out things of general interest to library users. Over on the left side there is a sign pointing to the student lounge and vending machines.

The student lounge is in the basement. It was meant to be a place where people can eat and talk, but nobody talks. Everybody is conditioned to be quiet in a library, so they just sit and eat silently.

There were 10 people sitting and eating silently, staring at the walls and each other. One of them was a friend of mine.

"Hello, Charlie, how've you been?" I said.

Ten heads turned and glared reproachfully at me. I felt my ears turning red. Charlie embarrassedly waved a silent greeting and went on eating his moon pie. I slunk off into the next room.

lowing the stripe on the wall, watching carefully so as not to lose it. I watched it so carefully that I tripped over a file of telephone directories, a cart overflowing with books to be shelved, and one fellow student who wanted to know why I didn't watch where I was going. I told him I was watching.

The card catalog is a whole flock of wooden cabinets containing about seven hundred thousand miniature file drawers. Each drawer contains a million cards. Each card represents a book in the library . . . someplace. A little number on the card tells where.

I spent half an hour thumbing through the cards, learning about all the marvelous things in the library. But I eventually remembered what I came for, and realized I wasn't finding it. I wandered around until I found the drawer I wanted and opened it.

There was no listing for the subject I wanted.

I thought this was downright mystifying, until I saw a sign that said this was the title and author file. Since I didn't know my author or title, I guessed I wanted the subject file. Another sign

pointed to a doorway between two cabinets, so I followed it.

There was a gale-force blowing through the door. Leaning into the wind, with my coat flapping behind me, I found myself in the long glass hallway joining the two buildings. There was the subject file—about a hundred thousand more drawers.

I located my drawer and my subject and copied down names and numbers so I could find the books. When I got done I scanned up and down the hallway. There were doors at both ends. I couldn't for the life of me remember which way I had come in.

I found a quarter in my pocket and flipped it. It bounced off my palm and hit the floor rolling. I chased after it. It careened off the base of one of the cabinets and headed for a cold-air duct. I made a dive for it, but it fell through the vent panel and disappeared.

I crawled over to the vent and looked in. Down on the bottom of the duct was my quarter. It was heads.

I got up and headed off to the right.

There were several doors at the end of the hall. Only one of them was open. I went in. Evidence pointed to the fact that this was the Periodicals room. It had a reinforced concrete ceiling with bizarre-looking polished fluorescent light fixtures running diagonally across the reinforced-concrete squares.

There were rows of shelves full of magazines that went on forever, but partway back was a desk blocking the aisle. Behind the desk, amid stacks of current periodicals, sat a tall, extremely thin fellow perched on a high stool. He had wispy hair and rimless glasses, and was bending over a copy of *Popular Mechanics*.

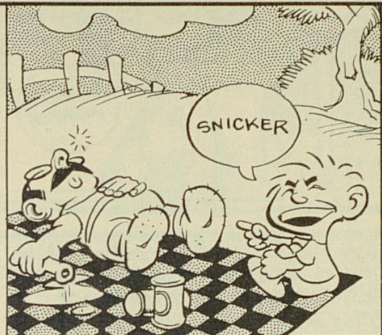
"Pardon me, sir," I said, "could you tell me how to get back to the book stacks?"

He regarded me icily over the tops of his glasses. "Straight down this aisle, take a left at the first table, out through the door, take a right, straight down the hallway and through the reference room. Can't miss it," he said without taking a breath. And barely smiled before returning to his magazine.

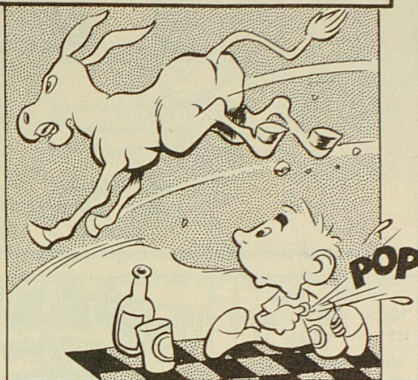
Continued on page 12

# ALF in ANGSA

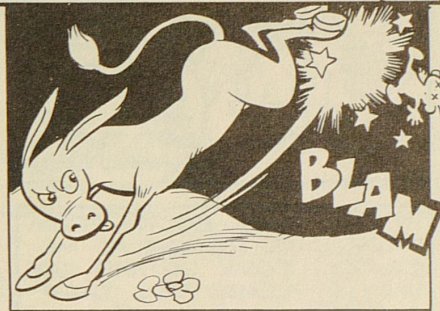
ALF AND THE PROFESSOR PICNICKED IN THE PARK. THEY DRANK AND SMOKED AND, PRESENTLY, THE PROFESSOR FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP...



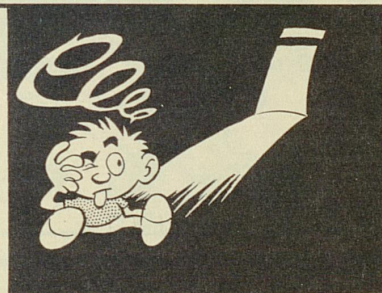
JUST AS ALF WAS GETTING BORED, HE SAW A WHITE JACKASS RACE BY.



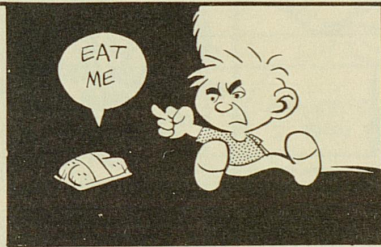
"NOW WHERE COULD A JACKASS BE GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?" WONDERED ALF. "IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU FOUND OUT!" SAID THE JACKASS, AND KICKED ALF INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



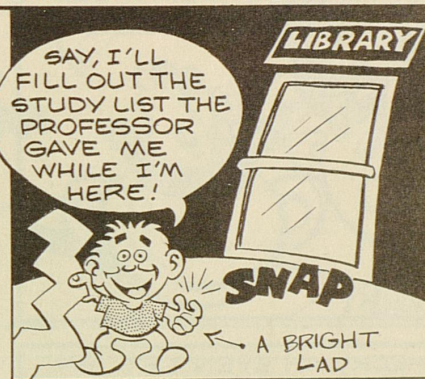
WHEN ALF REGAINED HIS SENSES, SUCH AS THEY WERE, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A VERY DARK PLACE. IN THE DISTANCE, HOWEVER, HE SPIED A LIGHTED DOOR.



ON THE GROUND NEXT TO HIM ALF SAW A PACK OF TWINKIES. "EAT ME" SAID THE TWINKIES. ALF, FULL OF WINE AND SORE FROM BEING MULE-KICKED, SAID "EAT ME YOURSELF, SMART ASS."



AFTER TRUDGING TO THE DOOR, ALF FOUND THAT IT ENTERED THE LIBRARY.

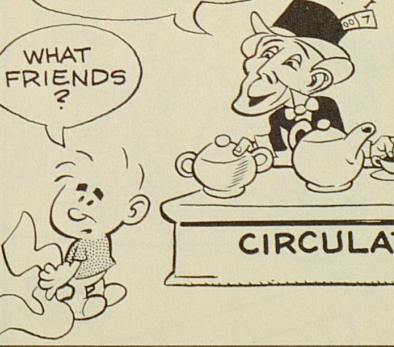


INSIDE...

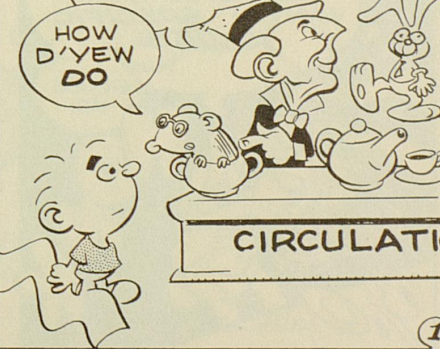
SAY, MISTER, CAN YOU HELP ME FIND THE BOOKS ON MY LIST?



AS OF NOW IT'S MY LUNCH BREAK, BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO PASS THE TIME WITH MY FRIENDS AND ME!



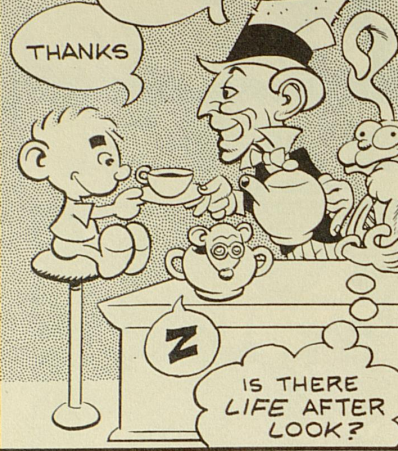
MISS PRINDLE, HERE, WHO MANAGES OUR RARE BOOKS ROOM, FOR ONE ... AH! AND HERE COMES DOCTOR GORDY!



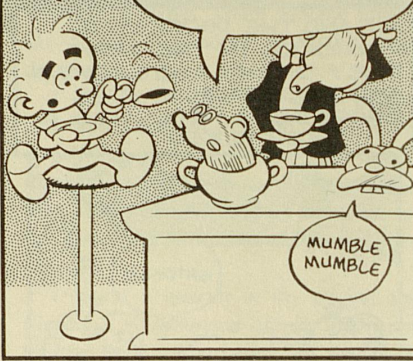
DR. GORDY IS IN CHARGE OF THE PERIODICALS ROOM, AND I'M MR. HOLT, FICTION AND NON-FICTION!



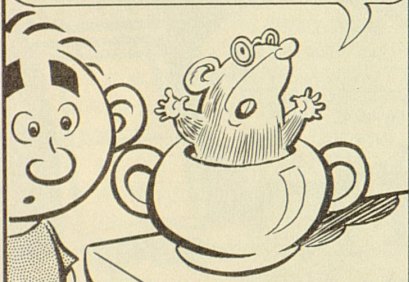
MY, ISN'T THIS COZY! WOULD YOU CARE FOR TEA?



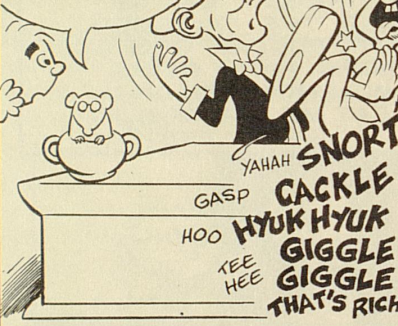
HEY! THERE'S NO TEA IN MY CUP! OF COURSE NOT! NO FOOD OR BEVERAGES ARE ALLOWED IN THE LIBRARY! I SWAN! YOU STUDENTS ARE A CAUTION!



IN THE RARE BOOKS ROOM THEY LIKE TO DRIVE ME CRAZY! COME UP AND SAY, 'MAY I PLEASE SEE THAT FIRST EDITION OF OLIVER TWIST, MISS PRINDLE?' 'MISS PRINDLE, CAN I PLEASE EXAMINE THAT 2000-YEAR-OLD SANSKRIT MANUSCRIPT?'



LAND! GOT NO RESPECT FOR THEM VALUABLE RELICS OF WHICH I AM THE CUSTODIAN!



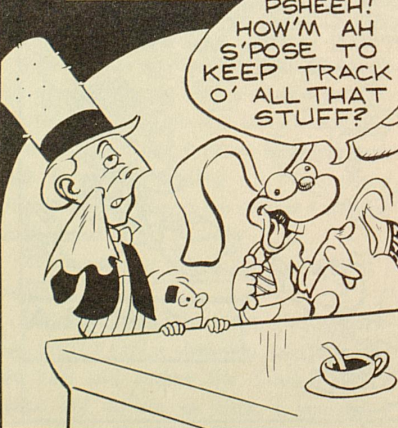
HAW! I DON'T MIND 'EM TAKIN' ADVANTAGE O' TH' PERIODICALS ROOM, STOCKED AS IT IS WIF THOUSANDS O' DOLLARS WORTH O' RARE BACK ISSUES IN BOUND VOLUMES ...



HECK, AH EVEN LET 'EM TEAR WHOLE ARTICLES OUTTA THEM MAGAZINES IF THEY DO IT QUIET!



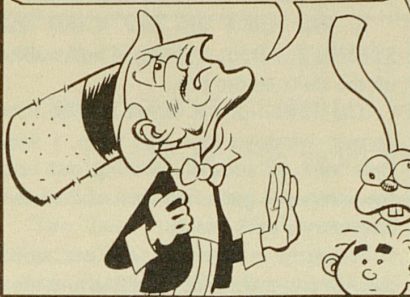
THEY ASK ME "YOU GOT ISSUE 636, VOLUME 12 OF DUCK CALLGAZETTE, MISTER?"



HEH HEH, WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE PROBLEMS, I SUPPOSE! MY ONLY REAL DIFFICULTY IN FICTION-NON-FICTION ARISES WHEN THE LITTLE BUGGERS CAWN'T BE SATISFIED WITH THE EDITIONS WE HAVE READILY AVAILABLE.



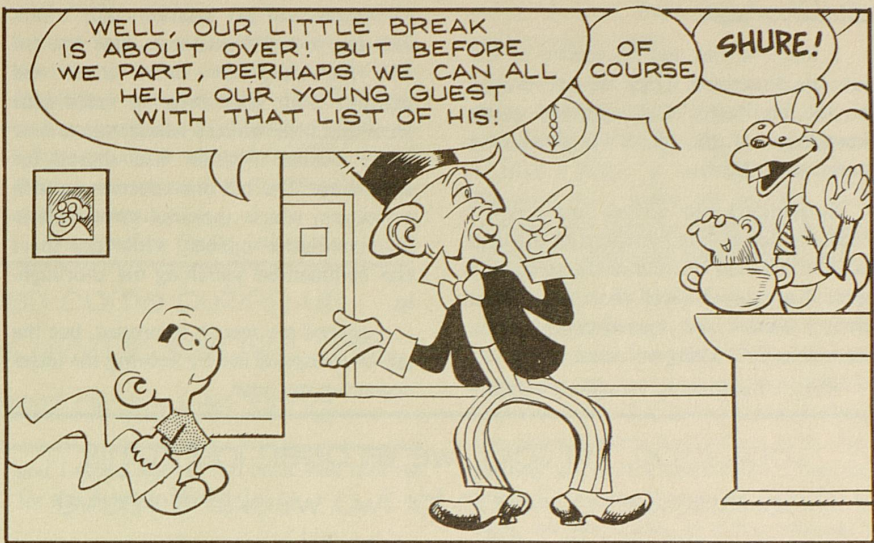
INSISTING, "BUT I NEED THE EVERGREEN 1970 EDITION OF **NAKED LUNCH** WITH THE FOREWORD BY ALLEN GINSBERG" WHEN THE 1974 EDITION WITH THE WALT DISNEY INTRO IS **JUST** AS READABLE! SPOILED ROTTEN, IF YOU WANT MY OPINION!



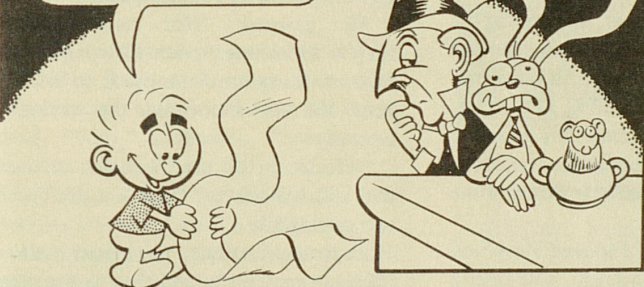
WELL, OUR LITTLE BREAK IS ABOUT OVER! BUT BEFORE WE PART, PERHAPS WE CAN ALL HELP OUR YOUNG GUEST WITH THAT LIST OF HIS!

OF COURSE

SHURE!

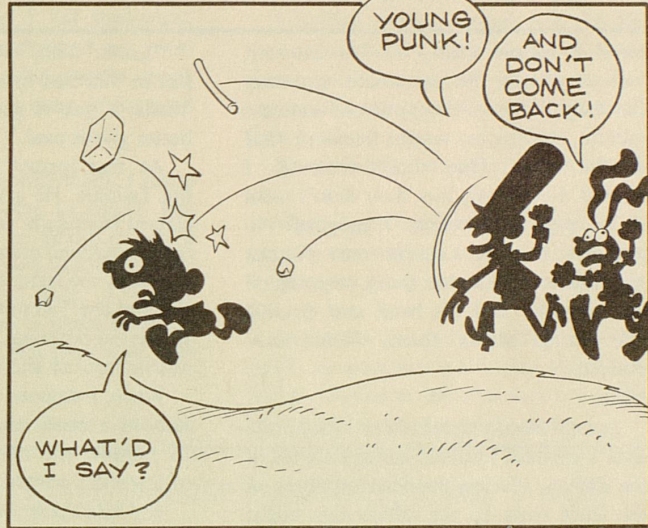


GEE, THAT'D BE SWELL! LET'S SEE... FIRST I NEED THE EVERGREEN 1970 EDITION OF **NAKED LUNCH** WITH FOREWORD BY ALLEN GINSBERG... THEN I HAVE TO HAVE ISSUE 636, VOLUME 12 OF THE **DUCK CALL GAZETTE**... THEN, IF I MAY, I'D LIKE TO SEE THE FIRST EDITION COPY OF **OLIVER TWIST** AND EXAMINE THAT 2000-YEAR-OLD SANSKRIT MANUSCRIPT...



YOUNG PUNK!

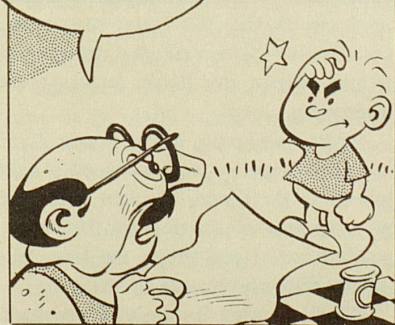
AND DON'T COME BACK!



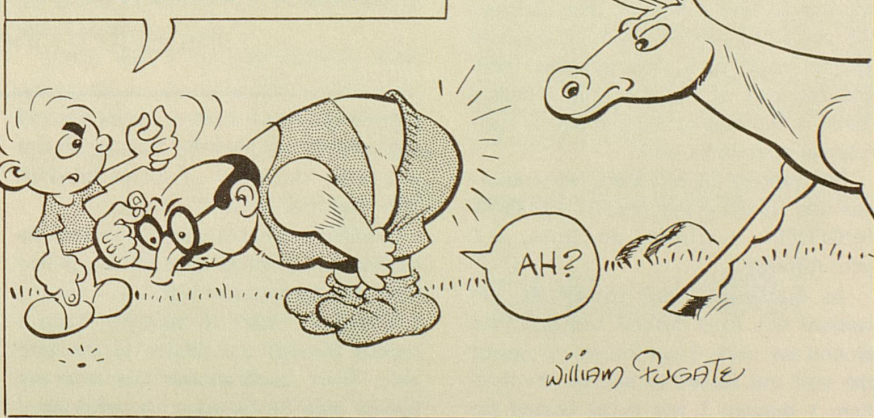
WHAT'D I SAY?

AND SO, ALF RAN BACK TO THE PICNIC, WHERE THE PROFESSOR HAD JUST COME AROUND...

ALF, WHY HAVEN'T YOU FILLED THIS LIST YET?



BEFORE I ANSWER THAT, PROFESSOR, WOULD YOU CARE TO EXAMINE THIS VERY INTERESTING SPECK ON THE GROUND HERE?



AH?

William FUGATE

Continued from page 8

I thanked him and proceeded to follow his directions. They led me straight to the book stacks. I marveled at his knowledge of the place. He must have been raised there.

Determined not to get lost again, I took the ball of kite string out of my coat pocket and tied the end of the string to a shelf. I consulted a wall chart to see what floor I wanted and started up the stairs, paying out kite string as I went.

After a hundred or so stairs I encoun-

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'Look, Mac,' he said, 'we've been lost in this God-forsaken building for two weeks. If you've got anything to eat you'd better give it over.'

---

tered a couple sitting on the stairway, locked silently in passionate embrace. Blocking the way. I stopped and waited a minute, shifting my weight from one foot to the other. They didn't look up. I cleared my throat, but they didn't seem to be paying attention. I coughed. No response. I waited a couple more minutes and finally walked over them, stepping on her shoulder and his head and draping kite string across them. They never noticed.

Several hundred stairs later I found the level I wanted. I walked along the ends of the shelves, reading the little numbers on the shelf rows to see which one might have the book I wanted. Warm. Warmer. Still warmer. Now you're getting cold, go back one. It must be on this shelf.

Walking down the row, trying to read all the numbers on all the books at once, wanting to find a number that matched the one I had written down, all the time getting closer to it, and suddenly there was the end of the row and I hadn't found it. Nothing at the end but an institutional-green brick wall.

But over to the left there was a doorway and an arrow that read 4TH FLOOR ADDITION. It sounded promising, so I went through it.

As I rounded the corner an arm reached out from behind and tightened around my neck. I was thrown up against the wall and forced to assume the position. I thought I was being busted for

something, but my attackers didn't look like any cops I'd ever seen. One was tall and muscular, the other short and dumpy. Both were wearing faded blue jeans and blue wildcat windbreakers over white t-shirts. Neither had shaved for some time. The tall one covered me with a weapon, which appeared to be a stainless-steel letter opener, while the short one commenced searching me thoroughly.

I opened my mouth to protest, but the tall one stopped me by shoving the letter opener up my nose.

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"Look, Mac," he said, "we've been lost in this God-forsaken building for two weeks. If you've got anything to eat you better give it over."

At that instant the short one found my Twinkie. He gave a cry of delight and clawed frantically at the wrapper. The tall one abandoned me and attacked the short one with the letter opener, demanding his share of the Twinkie. I didn't wait around to see the outcome, but ducked down the nearest row of shelves trailing kite string.

When I stopped to catch my breath I noticed a book on the next-to-top shelf. Its number was two decimal places short of the one I wanted.

My heart pounded. I looked from one book to the next frantically, and finally

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Suddenly a hand appeared out of the shelf below, grabbed the book and pulled it through to the other side.

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spotted the one I wanted. It was big and red, and I could tell by looking that it would be chock-full of useful information. I reached for it.

Suddenly a hand appeared out of the shelf below, grabbed the book and pulled it through to the other side.

I stepped back in surprise. Then I looked through the shelves to the next aisle. There stood another guy from my history class. He leered at me and skipped

out the door with the book under his arm.

Firming up my resolve, I pulled out my list of books and checked for the second one. It was on the same shelf. I snatched it and looked around to see if anybody had seen me. No one was around. I walked on down the aisle, whistling to myself.

A door had a sign over it that read STAIRS 2. I went through it and walked up the stairs to the top.

The fifth floor is where all the little dormer windows look out from. I went from one to another, peering out onto the campus. I got a fine view of President Singletary's back porch.

Presently I found myself in a wood-paneled room with lots of desks and more dormer windows, and a lot of books whose names I couldn't read. A dusty sign over to one side gave directions on how to use the Arabic book collection.

"Can I help you?" a smooth, heavily accented voice behind me asked. I turned and found a sheik grinning at me.

"I don't think so," I said. "I can't read any of your books anyway. Are they interesting? to an Arab, I mean?"

He yawned. "Not really. Mostly they're about international law, corporate finance, things an Arab needs to know." From the next room came the braying of a camel.

"Please excuse me," he said, and hurried off. I shook my head and decided it was getting late.

In the next hallway was a door marked MEN. I went in. In addition to the stan-

---

dard equipment, the room contained a comfortable-looking couch. I sat down on it and opened my book. It was pretty interesting.

When I woke up, it was nearly 2 a.m.

I had heard rumors of people being locked in the library all night, and I had no intention of starting another one. I wanted out. I picked up the kite string off the floor and started to reel it in.

Winding string furiously, I eventually



reached the stairway and started down. I hadn't taken more than two steps when I heard footsteps echoing up from below. I stopped to listen.

A plump, perspiring man came puffing up around the corner. I was glad to see him, until I noticed he had the rest of my kite string.

I wanted to kill him.

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A plump, perspiring man came puffing up around the corner. I was glad to see him, until I noticed he had the rest of my kite string.

---

"Hey there," he said. "Follow me, and I'll get us out. The door is on the other end of this string." Then he noticed I was holding the other end, and he was furious. We broke into a loud argument—I stating my belief that the way out was down the stairs, he maintaining the only way out was up.

After some time it became apparent neither of us would compromise, and we agreed to separate. I stood and watched as he disappeared up the stairway. As far as I know he was never seen or heard from again.

What to do now, I wondered. Then I noticed a gray telephone on the wall. I pounced on it and picked it up, but it was dead. "Well," I thought, "maybe you have to put a dime in it." I didn't see a coin slot, but I fished through my pockets anyway. Found a dime.

As I brought it out it slipped through my fingers and hit the floor rolling, rolling straight for the next wall. I expected it to bounce off and roll back toward me, but it didn't. It disappeared.

Upon inspection I found that the floors in the book stacks don't join the walls. They float. There was a crack between the floor and wall just big enough to accommodate a dime. As I peered through the crack I heard the dime hit the basement floor far below.

I decided I had invested enough money in the place. There was an elevator a few feet away; I pressed the button. When the car arrived I got in and punched "B."

It must have been the slowest elevator in the western world, except for the ones in the Med Center. It settled slowly toward the basement.

On the elevator walls were some printed facts, a complex outline of relationships between persons unknown and forgotten, some obscene details about various campus organizations, and information about where to call for a good time. I was amazed at the thoroughness of the library.

The elevator finally jerked to a stop,

and I stood against the back wall waiting for the doors to open.

All at once, the back wall slid out from behind me and I fell backward, clutching at what remained of my sense of balance. Before I could wonder about an elevator with a back door, it clattered shut in my face.

The basement was pitch black. I stood still, waiting for my eyes to adjust. The only thing there was to adjust to was a crack of light that looked like it might be coming underneath a door. I moved toward it, tripping over a waste basket, a chair, and something that may well have been a body.

On the door I could barely make out

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When I got home it wasn't quite light yet. I was feeling a bit apprehensive; things were going just a little too smoothly.

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the words STAFF ONLY. Without hesitation, I went in.

Inside was a dimly-lit hallway with rooms off to the right full of very old-looking books. I went into one of them and located a window. It was locked. With a key.

At the other end of the hallway was another door with more light under it. I pulled on it, but it didn't budge. I pushed; still nothing. Inspecting the hinges, I decided it had to be pulled. I braced my foot on the wall and yanked the knob with both hands.

It came open. I picked myself up and

walked through, and found myself in the student lounge again.

I went upstairs to the main entrance, where the circulation department was. I found I was still carrying my book, so I decided I might as well check it out. I followed the directions on the wall, stamped my own card and filed it away carefully. Then I set about trying doors.

The glass ones in the front were locked with dead-bolt locks, so I went around the corner and up a short flight of stairs. There was another door marked EMERGENCY EXIT. It had a complex-looking fire alarm system hooked up to it. Not wishing to create a disturbance, I dug out a pair of fingernail clippers and went to work on the alarm. In a few minutes I had it apart.

I pushed the door open and felt the cool night breeze in my face. Shutting the door carefully behind me, I walked around the corner of the building with a light heart.

They hadn't even towed my car away yet.

When I got home it wasn't quite light yet. I was feeling a bit apprehensive; things were going just a little too smoothly.

I glanced into my mailbox, out of habit; an envelope was inside. In the envelope I found an overdue notice. For the book I was holding in my hand.

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"Dear sir," the notice began, "it has come to our attention that you have been abusing your library privileges. We need your complete cooperation if we are to serve you effectively and remain one of the South's finest . . ."

I couldn't have said it better myself.

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Byron West

With so many smiling faces coming  
and going, it makes you wonder  
just what exactly is...



The old-fashioned country doctor is one whose time has finally come—again.

Now with the efficiency of modern medical technology and the practice of total health care for the entire family, the *family physician* is the latest trend in medicine.

Not to be confused with the general practitioner (GP), family physicians are specialists—just like anesthesiologists or neurosurgeons, said Dr. James Burdette, chairman of the UK family practice department, one of the many relatively new family doctor training programs emerging nationwide.

Burdette said he thought family practice will replace the outdated GP in a few years. "The trend today—and I think it is a good one—is preventive medicine, with emphasis on long-term health care for the family as a unit.

"I think the term, "GP", was developed about 100 years ago and used up till the last five years," Burdette said. "But instead of treating specific illnesses as do GPs, our initiative is to ward keeping each person in the family well."

Burdette's interest in family practice began in January, 1973, when he was lured to Kentucky from his 18-year practice in

# ANNEX 4

Knoxville, Tenn. He helped University administrators incorporate the new philosophy of preventive family health care into a University department, which later evolved into a medical complex separate from the A.B. Chandler Medical Center.

In May, 1973, the department saw its first patients and in July, hired its first resident. At that time, the doctors and staff operated out of cramped quarters formerly housing a Rose Street pancake restaurant.

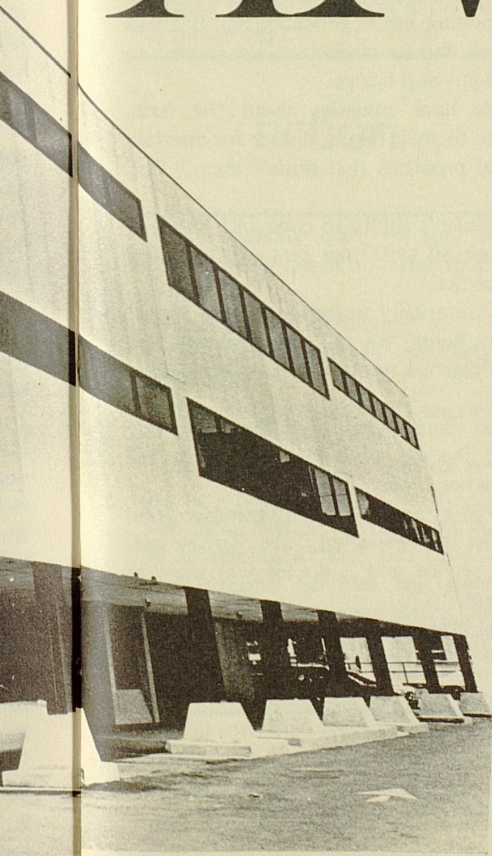
Since then, family practice has become the University's fastest growing department. At the March, 1974 opening of the Family Medical Center, three family practice doctors and six resident physicians treated about 700 families.

Now another family doctor and 12 more residents have joined the center staff. Together with six local doctors who work part time, they treat the center's 1,500 families.

UK's Family Medical Center is one of only four in the state which advocates preventive medicine and diagnosis of each family member by a single doctor. The center, which shares its new building with the Student Health Service, is characterized by a compatible combination of clockwork efficiency and a friendly, personal touch.

Family practice patients are loyal fans of their doctors and new facilities. "How many doctors' offices can you walk into and wait just 10 minutes before you get looked at?" said Mrs. Rachel Marcum, who sat in the waiting room with her son, Gregory, for his first school physical.

Continued next page





-Joanne Honeychuck

"I feel a lot better with a family practice doctor" ... "It's just like they say...the good old days...the way you and your family know the doctor."

Efficiency isn't the only reason the Family Medical Center has a waiting list for local residents wanting to become patients.

"I feel a lot better with a family practice doctor," said Debbie Reed, a patient since August, 1974. "It's just like they say . . . the good old days . . . the way you and your family know the doctor."

Although about 800 patients are seen at the center monthly, administrator Marjorie Knapp said they retain only as many patients as doctors and residents can treat adequately, with plenty of time for personal attention.

This personal attention is not restricted to doctor-patient relationships but is sought in nurses and secretaries as well. Staffers know most of their patients' names (first *and* last) and speak with them casually while they wait to see their doctors.

Secretaries come from behind the check-in counter occasionally to humor younger patients. They add, "If we aren't busy answering questions via telephone—another one of our generalized duties."

When arranging telephone appointments, the secretary quickly pulls out the patient's records to see if any other member of the

family is due to see a doctor. For example, when one woman requested an appointment for a Pap smear test, the secretary noticed that the patient's daughter needed a vaccination.

"Would you like to make an appointment for Connie, too?," she said and asked if the woman could bring a friend or relative to stay with the girl while her mother received her check-up.

"We try to schedule appointments as conveniently as possible for our patients," Knapp said. She added, secretaries and nurses can provide temporary babysitting services for patients who can't bring a friend.

Patients agree that when they take their children along for another family member's appointment, they lose their fear of doctor's offices.

"They get used to it after a while," one young woman said. "Instead of coming to the doctor's only for shots or real bad illnesses, they come at times when they feel fine, too."

The center is also unique in its wide range of facilities. Housed on a single floor are several examining rooms, x-ray and blood-testing labs, a small emergency room and physiotherapy equipment.

The center also includes a feature unique to any Kentucky family practice center—a dentist's office.

"We don't insist that our patients use the Oral Health Care Unit, but many of them decide to switch when they learn a dentist's office is located here," Burdette said. He said he thinks the dental unit is a necessary element in maintaining a family's total health care.

Total health care doesn't only provide dental and medical services, but also offers counseling, health education and financial advice. Unlike most doctors, family physicians are trained to understand mental as well as physical health.

"Although many people have anxieties about the term, 'psychiatrist', they will come to their family doctor for marriage counseling or other personal problems that bother them," Burdette said.

Because of a family physician's ability to cope with so many of a patient's ailments, about 80 to 90 per cent of all medical problems are treated at the center.

More severe emergencies are usually treated at Central Baptist Hospital. Doctors take turns being "on call" on weekends and after office hours. They are reached through the center's answering service.

Although patient Grethel Bartley has used the emergency service only once, she said she was more than pleased by the speedy response she got from her doctor.

"We had to use the emergency room when my grandson John made his arrival a little earlier than expected," Mrs. Bartley said. "We called the answering service and a doctor was there at Central Baptist before we were."

"Twenty-four hour availability is part of our responsibility as family practice doctors," he said. "We try to be ready when ever our patients need us."

Kay Conyte

# She said

Randy closed the door and took a couple steps. He saw his father down the hallway, sitting very still. Randy walked on, past the nurses' station on down to his father. He waited there by the chair, unable to say anything. After a minute or so his father stood and Randy fell in behind as they went around to the elevators. They got off at the ground floor and turned toward the parking lot. They walked along the emergency drive and on to the car. Randy watched his father fumble in his pockets for the car keys.

## fiction

He's breaking apart, for sure, Randy thought. You ought to offer to do the driving.

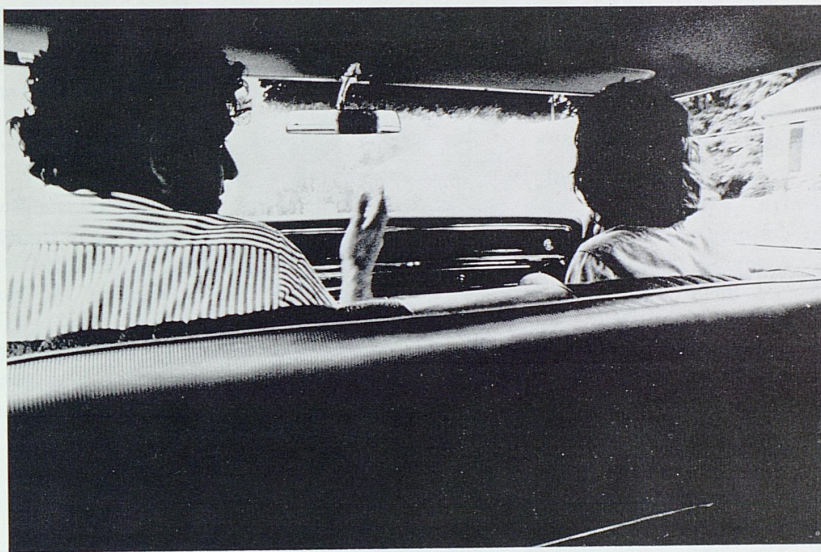
He began: "Want me to—"

"I don't want you to do anything," his father said.

"Just you be careful," Randy said.

"Don't worry yourself."

As they drove away from the hospital the car was silent except for the clicking turn signal. Randy tried for a bit to think up something to say, but little would come together for him. His father lit a cigarette and then turned the car onto the expressway. Randy cracked his window. He looked out at the railroad tracks and tried counting the warehouses beyond. It was no use. The silence pulled him down some more. Another mile or two went by and he had had it. He switched on the radio and attempted to find a good station.



Larry Mead

"Do you have to?" his father asked.  
"I'm sorry," Randy said, "it's just that I can't stand this quiet."

"I wish you wouldn't," his father said.  
Randy turned off the radio and asked "Is that better?"

"No it isn't."  
"I'm not going to argue with you."  
"I mean," his father said, "I'm the one who should be sorry. For what I said."

"That's all right."  
"It's really upsetting," his father said.  
"It's okay," Randy said. "You want to talk?"

"What's to say? It was a fairly nice day and now this."

"It's still a nice day," Randy said.  
His father opened the vent window and flicked out his unfinished cigarette. "Why would she say a thing like that?" he asked, almost whispering.

"I'm not sure," Randy said. "It shouldn't happen; but it's probably going to."

"She told you, then?"  
Randy fingered his wristwatch and said "She told me."

"That's it," his father said, "nothing else?"

"Is there anything else?" Randy asked.  
"I guess you wouldn't know."  
"Maybe."

"Come on," his father said, "what do you know? You're never here long enough to know."

"What can I say?" Randy asked.  
"Now what do you think?"

"I don't know."  
"You don't even care."  
"There's nothing now you can do," Randy said.

Continued next page

“He remembered from when he was a boy, playing in the barn, and his friend Joe had tumbled from the rafters, striking his head; and before long he was screaming he was going to die, and blood kept flowing out the side of his head and then Randy watched the mask of death falling across Joe’s face.

“You could have,” his father said. “You could’ve come more often. She’s asked about you.”

“I came to see her.”

Randy’s father crumpled his forehead and said “After how long?”

“Let’s not have it out here while you’re driving,” Randy said. “Besides, you’re only upset about what she said.”

Randy stretched out his legs and crossed them at the ankles. His father opened and closed his grip on the steering wheel and looked straight ahead.

“How’s school these days?” he asked after some silence.

“It’s still the same,” Randy said.

“Be glad you’re there,” his father said. “Things are awful tight right now. You’re mighty lucky to be in college.”

“I’ve been thinking about that,” Randy said.

“You are lucky to be there,” his father repeated.

“Maybe,” Randy said. “I don’t know.”

“You should,” his father said, glancing sideways at him. Then he reached up on the dashboard for another cigarette.

“Want a smoke?” he asked Randy.

“No thanks,” he said.

“Are you doing without,” his father asked, “or just cutting down?”

“I don’t do it too often,” Randy said. “Not anymore.”

“You’re not lighting up anymore?” his father asked as he tossed a match at the ashtray and missed.

“Not really,” Randy said. “Not much at all.”

“That’s what you said before.”

“What do you mean before? I didn’t say anything.”

“That’s what I mean,” his father said. “Nothing. Just like the last time I asked. And then you got caught.” He looked at Randy. “You aren’t still smoking marijuana?”

Randy shook his head and said “It’s called grass, Dad.”

“The judge calls it marijuana and you know it can get you in a lot of trouble.”

“I’m not getting in any trouble.”

“You’ve been smoking it again, haven’t you?”

Randy turned toward his father. “Look,” he said, “I’m not rolling up anything, and if I was using grass I’d never get us carried away again.”

His father hesitated and then said “It doesn’t matter what it’s called, you ought to give it up, cut loose of it.”

“I never said I was, Dad.” His voice rose: “I said, if I was.”

Randy’s father went on “You know you shouldn’t use that stuff. It can only get you in trouble, and maybe thrown out of school. Remember what they said the last time.”

“Will you get off,” Randy said. He fell back in his seat and knotted up his legs. “Just get on off.”

“No I won’t,” his father said. “Using it can only hurt you.”

“I’m not hurting anybody,” Randy said.

“You’re lucky to be in school, you know.”

“I’m lucky to be alive.”

“Don’t say that.”

“I said it.”

“Damn it,” his father said, “now stop it.”

“Why,” Randy asked, “why does it bother you?”

“You wouldn’t know,” his father said.

“It’s because of what she said. It’s all because of what she said.”

“That’s right.”

“It shouldn’t bother you,” Randy said.

“I don’t know,” his father said, “I just don’t know what to make of you sometimes, Randy. How can you say things like that?”

“It’s not me. She’s the one that said it.”

“She’s old and doesn’t know what she wants.”

“She brought that up,” Randy said, “when I saw her. She said it was her due.”

His father flicked his second cigarette out the vent window. “So you saw her,” he said. “So what? You don’t care about her.”

“Yes I do,” Randy said, “but she said it was her turn.”

“You really don’t care,” his father said, “do you? Why’d you come home now to see her?”

“I wanted to,” Randy said. “She’s been sick a long time and getting older.”

“I’m supposed to go for that, after what you’ve already said?”

“I wanted to,” Randy said, “and I owed it to her to see her.” He gazed out the side window. “She smiled when I went in and I smiled back, and later she wanted to die and—”

Randy’s father cut in “Don’t say that. Can’t you see anything?”

“I can’t help what she said.”

“She doesn’t know what she’s saying.”

“She knows,” said Randy.

“No,” his father said, “That’s not enough. She’s not herself anymore, and

that machine the doctor got for her will help her. It'll look after her. Now I don't want to hear anything else.

The car slowed and Randy was quiet. The tollbooth was in sight and his father searched in his pocket for the right change.

"You wouldn't have a quarter on you would you," his father told him. But Randy's mind was traveling and he paid no attention. He was remembering what his grandmother had said and the way she looked at him when she explained it. He wondered whether it was the right thing, her wanting to die, but doubted that it was his to say. It was she who had said. It was her life. Right?

"Don't bother, here's one," said his father, lifting the lid on the center console.

The car passed through the tollbooth, quickly and Randy's father turned off at the first exit. Randy looked to the side and saw the river, out past Clay's old barn. He remembered from when he was a boy, playing in the barn, and his friend Joe had tumbled from the rafters, striking his head, and before long he was screaming he was going to die, and blood kept flowing out the side of his head, and then Randy watched the mask of death falling across Joe's face. All of the power of that remembering rushed back to Randy once more, and he thought of how she must have already set about dying.

Randy's father turned the car onto Briarsmill Road. The river was just ahead. The tires squealed as they went around the first bend. They came to the second one and Randy could see the river was swollen from spring rain. He started to tell his father to look out but then the mask reappeared in his mind. He tried shaking it out of his mind. He felt it covering his face.

He sat silent. She was right all along. Dying wasn't as bad as it was said to be. Her voice had warned the hard part was breaking free of the living, getting them to let go. You have to face death on your own, you see.



*Neill Morgan*

# Sneakers



## Hagan takes over as athletic director

This school year marks the beginning of Cliff Hagan's career as athletic director at UK.

Hagan took over for retiring Harry Lancaster. Lancaster served as baseball coach, assistant basketball coach, and athletic director for a total of 42 years. He will remain with the University as a special assistant.

Hagan had been in office less than a month before a problem of major proportions (according to the public) popped up. The NCAA allowed its member schools to schedule an extra basketball game. Immediately, speculation started as to whether or not UK would play the University of Louisville.

Despite the pressures, Hagan, backed by Coach Joe B. Hall, turned down the possibility of the extra game for the '75-'76 season, citing budget problems as the reason. However, Hagan did make clear the fact that next season the talks will resume, and that UL could certainly fit into the plans.

In other areas, Hagan wasted no time filling two vacant positions in the athletic department.

Frank Ham, who was an administrative assistant to Lancaster, was promoted to assistant athletic director, and Dan Leal, Wildcat chief football recruiter, will assume added duties as varsity golf coach.

Ham joined the University in 1968 as administrative assistant to former football coach John Ray. He accepted a similar position from Lancaster in December, 1973.

"Frank will provide a special balance to our program because of his experience, and I look forward to his further assistance," Hagan said.

Ham's duties include the care and maintenance of facilities and grounds, parking and traffic control around the stadium and the coliseum, supervision of athletic vehicles and motor pool, coordination of activities between the athletic association and the physical plant, and liaison with sports camps, clinics and all-star games.

Leal succeeds Dan McQueen, who has coached at Kentucky since 1971. McQueen's resignation was brought about by pressing business as golf professional at Spring Valley Country Club, Hagan said.

"We hate to lose the services of Dan McQueen," Hagan said. "But we feel extremely fortunate to have a man of Leal's talent to head our golf program."

Leal, who has been on the UK football staff for the past two years, will retain his duties as head recruiter.

## Coach Young wins new title...

Tennis coach Claudia Young has an additional title. She is now staff assistant to director Sue Feamster.

What this means, to those who aren't versed in "titlese," is that Young will now be in charge of transportation, accommodations, and information for the various women's varsity teams on their trips this year.

She will also be trying to lead her 10-man (woman?) tennis team to another state championship this year.

## 'Lady Gator' golf

The Women's Golf team was inactive until Oct. 10 when they went to Bowling Green, Ohio to defend their championship title in the Bowling Green Invitational Tournament.

The putters will also be traveling to the Lady Gator Invitational Tournament Nov. 9-11 in Florida.

## Women's hockey...

The University of Kentucky women's hockey team is expecting to wow everybody this year with some new playing techniques they learned this summer at training camp in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. Coach Suzie Stammer and her puckish wonders intend showing off their new prowess when they meet Indiana University here in late September.

## Cat's prints...

The Women's Athletic Department is making available a Gene Gray print entitled "Kentucky Cats." This print is a companion to the print being sold by the Athletic Department.

The ladies hope to raise \$50,000 with this project, which will fund more activities for the department.



## Athletic scholarships on the way out?

Athletic grant-in-aid, even for the bid revenue-producing sports, will be a thing of the past within five or six years, predicts Dr. Robert Brigham, Athletic Director at Northern Illinois U. After returning from a recent National Collegiate Athletic Association convention, Brigham says many of his colleagues around the country would agree with him.

Few other athletic directors, however, have publicly gone quite that far, though there is much talk of phasing out scholarships for minor, non-revenue sports.

Brigham cites three reasons behind his prediction: "First of all because of the budget situation we all find ourselves in; secondly, the continuation of illegal payments and other abuses of grant-in-aid and third, the oncoming rush of women's athletics. Even though the women's programs are coming gradually, you can project ahead and see that before long it will just be financially impossible for most of us to keep up."

## Northington sits season out

When the Wildcats opened the 1975 football season sophomore running back Ken Northington did not suit up. Northington, 19, was involved in a gas pipeline explosion while working in Louisville, May 24. He received second- and third-degree burns over the upper part of his body.

Northington probably will be red-shirted this year—held out for a season—to avoid further damage to the tender areas on his arms.

There is still a possibility that Northington might be available for the spring track season. The 6-1, 185-pound speedster ran sprints and relays for the UK track team last year.

## 'Never have so many expected so much from so few'

UK's Sonny Collins has been named Southeastern Conference "Player of the Year" in the *Birmingham News* annual pre-season football poll.

A two-time All-SEC selection, Collins has been the conference's top rusher for two straight seasons (110.3 yards per game in 1973, 107.8 in 1974).

And, unless injury strikes him early, the senior from Madisonville will become the SEC's all-time leading rusher.

Collins was apparently en route to national honors last year when he broke his leg scoring a touchdown against Vanderbilt in the ninth game of the season. Still, he finished the year with 970 yards in



177 carries, giving him a career record of 2,685 yards in 529 carries.

Although he was slowed by a foot injury in the last two games of the 1973 season, he amassed 1,213 yards that year, just 99 shy of the SEC record set by Mississippi's John Dottley in 1949.

Collins and junior offensive tackle Warren Bryant were named to the All-SEC pre-season offensive team. No Wildcat was placed on the first or second defensive units.

Collins' teammates did not come out so well in the 30th annual poll. The Wildcats were rated eighth in the 10-team league.

## SEC juggling baseball teams

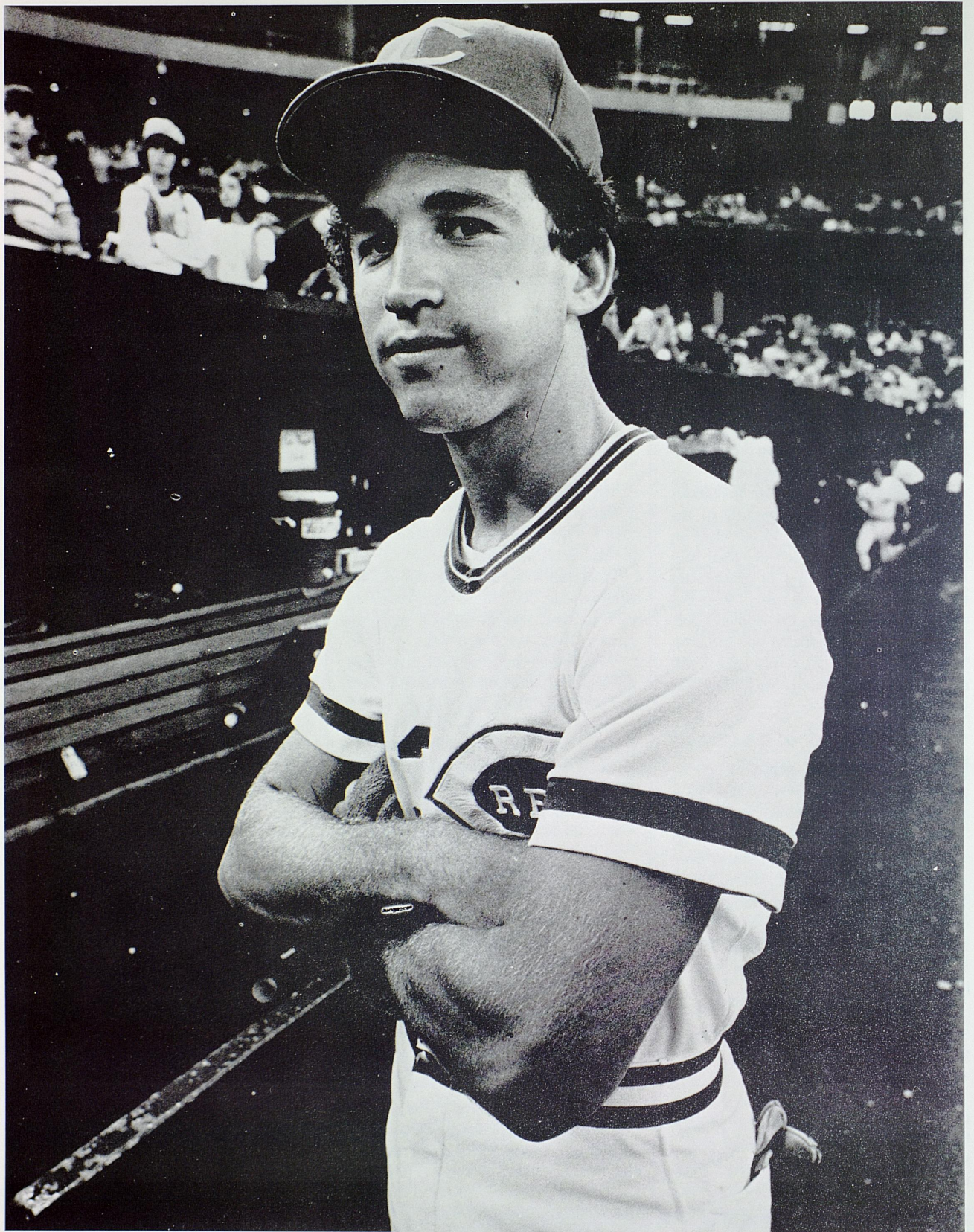
The Southeastern Conference has altered its divisional setup for next spring's baseball season, according to Kentucky head baseball coach Tuffy Horne.

Auburn will move from the East Division to the West, joining Alabama, Ole Miss, Mississippi State and Louisiana State. The shift places five teams in each division.

The East now consists of Kentucky, Tennessee, Vanderbilt, Georgia and Florida.

The scheduling format also was changed. Each team now will play its division opponents in two three-game series. Previously, SEC teams played their divisional opponents, only one series on a home-and-home basis.

"It should make for a better division race," Horne said. "Rainouts should be less significant now because we have a larger base to start from . . . It was getting to the point that conference championships were often determined by rainouts."



"You guys from Kentucky?  
Everybody who interviews him is from Kentucky.  
The writers from New York and Los Angeles;  
they come here they interview me.  
That's because I'm a superstar.  
You no writer if you think he's a superstar."  
Dave Concepcion was joking, but ...

# WHY is this man SMILING?

**y**ou guys from Kentucky?  
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no writer if you think he's a super-  
star." Dave Concepcion was joking.

There were a lot of attempts to relieve the tension in the Cincinnati Reds clubhouse on this particular day. A Cincy victory over the San Francisco Giants coupled with an Atlanta Braves win over the Los Angeles Dodgers would clinch the western division title of the National League for the Reds.

Concepcion shares the dressing area adjacent to 24-year-old rookie Doug Flynn, a hot item these days for Kentucky writers. Flynn, five-foot-eleven and 160 pounds, was a guard on the UK freshman basketball team during the 1969-70 season.

Now he is a member of the most dynamic team in baseball.

"Don't pay any attention to that guy," Flynn said. "He's been in the majors for six years and is wrapped-up in himself."

It was almost three hours before game time. Soul, rock and Latin American music competed for the airwaves and only a few of the players had arrived.

There was a disguised tension in the clubhouse.

Johnny Bench, clad only in a pair of boxer shorts, sat in Joe Morgan's orange "director's chair" reading the morning paper. Pete Rose hustled around the room, answering the phone and delivering messages. Flynn was dressing for the game, pulling on the traditional red and

white stockings that have been a Reds trademark for years. But he was in a mood to talk.

"Being a rookie on this team is really a unique experience. There are so many great guys around. Most of them are superstars and they are all willing to help you," he said.

Flynn is a utility player with no established position. Though he is often called upon to replace Rose at third, Morgan at second or Concepcion as shortstop, the regular players do not see him as a threat.

"Guys I replace help me out as much as possible because they know it will help the club. They're not worried about me taking their jobs. They just want to help."

Though Flynn seems relaxed and at ease with the Reds now, he expresses awe at his present position.

"To play with the Reds wasn't even my ambition," he said. "I didn't anticipate it. Now it's really something to be here with these guys I've been watching on TV all my life."

"Flynn retired to his cubbyhole after his shower and read a modern version of the New Testament entitled 'Aloha means I love you.' "

When Flynn entered UK in 1969 he was considered a basketball player and became a member of the freshman team.

Flynn left UK after one year because of academic problems and remains bitter about his experiences at the University.

Athletic department personnel aided the major players in their classwork, Flynn said, but he and other minor players were neglected.

"I never got much help there. Some of the other guys who were on the team were in the same classes I was in and got better grades because they received help," he said.

"I knew it was pretty much political. They needed a sixth guard and any kid in Kentucky who gets a chance to play on Kentucky's team does it. They just needed someone to fill a vacancy. So, after awhile they didn't need me and said I flunked out."

Flynn, who had played second base on the baseball team as well as football and basketball while in high school, tried out for the Wildcat baseball team as shortstop.

But, after playing only nine innings, coach Dickie Parsons decided his regular shortstop, a .150 hitter, had a stronger arm and would keep his position. So Flynn was a reject from both the UK basketball and baseball teams.

He then enrolled at Somerset Community College in 1970 to improve his scholastic standing. He attended his first Reds tryout camp that summer.

"They invited me to another tryout camp in Frankfort, one in Lexington and one at Riverfront Stadium. After the Riverfront tryout, they came to me wanting to know what it would take to get me to play ball," he said. "I told them I just wanted an opportunity to play. I didn't know anything about pro ball."

In spring 1972 Flynn joined the Reds rookie camp in Tampa, Fla. He was assigned to an all-rookie league but he got a break when a third baseman in the Tampa class-A league (for experienced players) was injured.

The regular third baseman returned after 15 games and Flynn became a reserve second and third baseman. The following season he was assigned to a class-A team where he played shortstop and hit .258.

During the 1974 season Flynn played on the Indianapolis farm club and hit .253. He was invited to attend the Reds training camp at Tampa in preparation for the current season, and was told he had a chance at third base. He's been a Cincinnati Red since.

The major difference between the minor and major leagues for Flynn is that he doesn't get to play the entire game.

"It really gets to you to go in and play only two innings," he

said. "Sometimes I get to bat but most of the time I just play defense."

A short man in a gray suit was polling the players to determine how many wanted World Series tickets if the Reds weren't in it. "If we ain't in the World Series I don't want any part of it," Flynn said.

The remainder of the team, coaches and managers began filtering into the clubhouse, preparing for noon batting practice. Enthusiasm and spirits were high. The players punched each other, ran around the clubhouse and shouted obscenities and insults.

Pouches of Red Man chewing tobacco were passed around for a special Red's mixture—tobacco wrapped in chewing gum.

Though Flynn was making a rare starting appearance he wasn't displaying much of the electric emotion and excitement that engulfed the clubhouse.

"I'm really looking forward to it, too. I just don't show it," he explained. "They've been playing hard all year."

One of the more pleasant changes between playing in a farm club and the real thing, is the amount of traveling and the method of transportation.

"Man, I really like the traveling. I'm getting to go to cities I've never been to before like New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles. We travel by air, sleep in the best hotels and eat in the best restaurants. They take care of you," he said. "In the minors we go to small cities and most of the time go by bus."

One of the coaches sounded a buzzer and the team members emptied into a long concrete corridor leading outdoors into the bright sunlight.

"You guys just hanging around?" asked utility infielder Darrel Chaney. "So you're doing an article on Flynn. Bet he won't stop for you. The boy from Lexington who made good in the big leagues. Rookie of the Year!"

During batting practice the festive mood among the players continued with each hit triggering a rash of shouts and guffaws. "That would have been out of here if it hadn't been for that bird," "That's a homer if I ever saw one," "Give him a double."

After a half-hour of batting and fielding, the team returned to the clubhouse dressing room for another shower and uniform change.

Rose remained in the dugout rubbing his five bats with a specially-prepared chemical while the other players stayed inside.

The players returned to the field and the game was on.

The first hit of the game by the Giants was snagged by Flynn playing second, to prevent a single from developing into a triple.

"If we ain't in the World Series I don't want any part of it," said Flynn.



### DOUG FLYNN AS A UK FROSH

On his first chance at bat, Flynn reached first on a swinging bunt down the third base line.

Pitcher Don Gullett singled, advancing Flynn to second where he was forced to slide to avoid the tag. The throw to second was too high and Flynn sped to third, sliding in headfirst. Pete Rose singled, scoring Flynn.

In the third inning with the bases loaded, Flynn was next at bat. Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson sent regular second baseman Joe Morgan to the plate to replace Flynn.

For Flynn the game was over.

With the Giants third out in the ninth inning, the Reds won 8-4. But there were no jubilant celebrations or outbursts of emotion. The western division of the National League was not yet secure. The Braves were leading the Dodgers 4-3 at the conclusion

of the Cincinnati game. The team quietly filed into the clubhouse.

The ever-chipper Flynn was quickly surrounded by Kentucky newsmen. Stripping off his clothes in the confines of his cubicle, Flynn said he wasn't surprised that Morgan entered the game with bases loaded.

"It doesn't bother me that he (Anderson) put Morgan in. I expected him to do it, after all, he's been doing it all year," he said.

"Morgan didn't dress before the game because he knew he wasn't going to start," Flynn said. "Besides, when you make the kind of money he does, you can do things like that."

As a reserve player, Flynn said he had to be aggressive in his play and take advantage of each opportunity. "When you're a guy who doesn't start, and you get into a game, you have to hustle to prove yourself," he said. "You have to think all the time and you have to think fast."

During the wait for the final score of the Braves-Dodgers game, the players ate ham sandwiches and sipped cold beer in an adjoining lounge.

Flynn retired to his cubbyhole after his shower and read a modern version of the New Testament entitled "Aloha means I love you." Making an occasional note and underlining certain passages, Flynn explained "there's some pretty good stuff in it."

"A guy in Hawaii sent it to me. I'm just looking through it to see what's there."

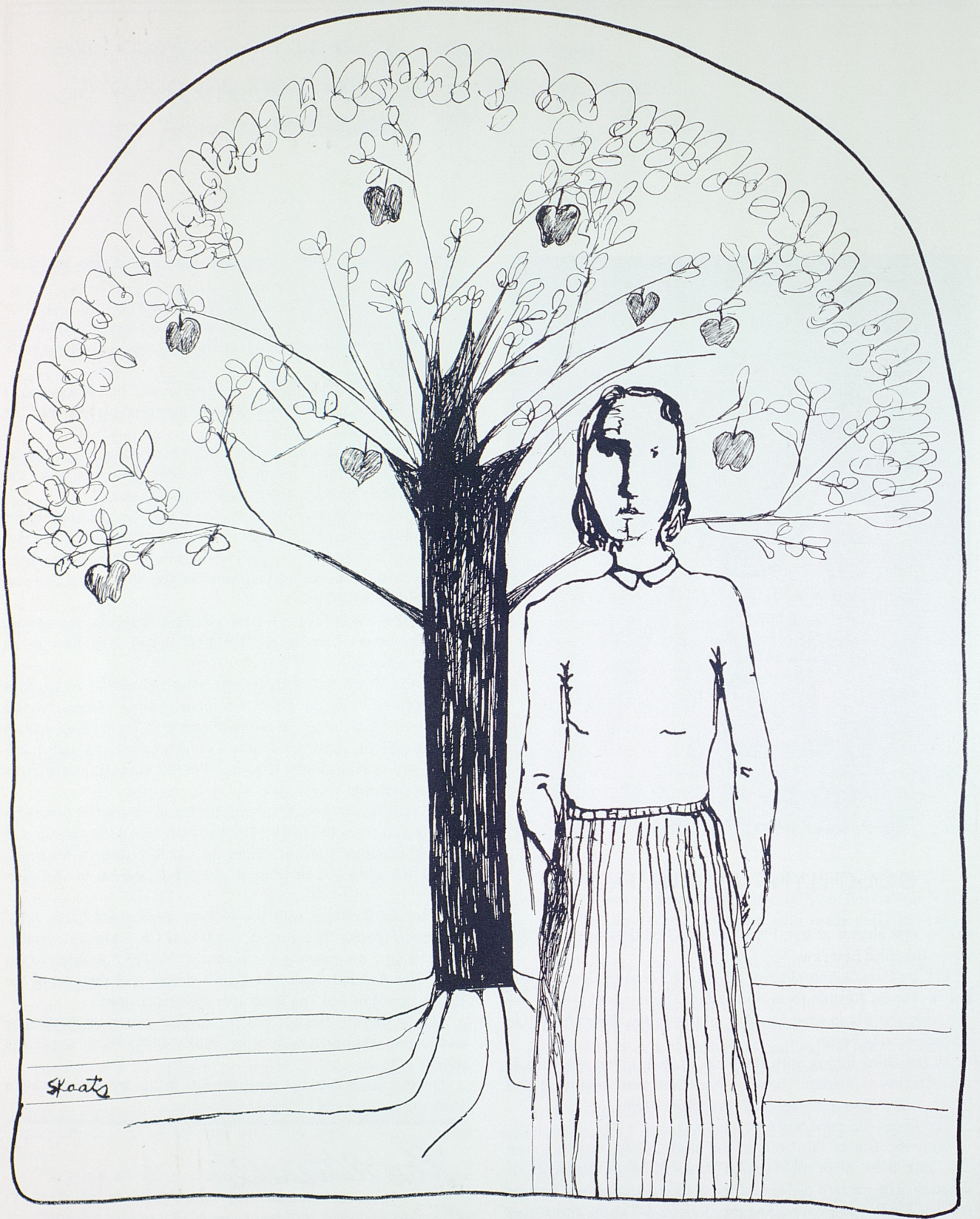
His reading was frequently interrupted by inquisitive reporters. Looking up from the book he politely answered the questions in his slight-southern accent. Then he would return to his book. Flynn was oblivious to most of the other activity in the clubhouse.

After a 50-minute wait the hallway door opened and Reds' announcer Marty Brennehan, clad only in bikini underwear, stepped into the room and screamed, "You're not going to get me!" This was the signal of a Braves victory and the start of the champagne showers. The Reds were division champs.

As the players and coaches ripped open boxes of champagne and happily showered each other, rookie Doug Flynn was in the middle of it all.

On this same day last year, he was in the stands watching a Reds game. A lot can happen in a year.

*Ron Mitchell*



Skatz

# comfort me with apples

When the letter came from Western Carolina College, Joyce's mother looked at it, then at Joyce, then back at the letter, and the only thing she asked was, "What is James going to say?"

He said:

"You can go to college if you want to so bad, but you aren't taking these breasts."

"Be serious a minute."

"I am serious. It's you keeps talking and slowing me down."

"James. You always said you'd go too."

"I will. But I can't leave this year. I've got a whole hill in first fruit. You can't just leave apples."

"But we won't go if we wait."

"Sure we will."

"Will you talk to me for five minutes instead of my chest?"

"Your chest is friendlier tonight."

But Joyce, who loved to lean in the church parking lot for five hours at a stretch, lip on lip, hip against hip, thought tonight that her nipples looked taut and worried.

"James, please."

"You gonna talk or kiss, Joyce."

"Talk."

"Okay. But I'm gonna kiss."

While the chemistry teacher, also coach and history teacher and life-time pursuer of a master of education degree at some college in Alabama, droned from the required text, most of his students sprawled across the empty laboratory tables and wrote

painstakingly on their notebook covers. The boys wrote Stanton High Wildcats and the girls the names of their sweethearts or, if no sweethearts, the names of the Wildcats themselves.

Joyce had tried for the first four weeks to learn chemistry from the textbook, thinking she might need it later, but she had not been able to. Her notebook had James Stanton written on it until the cover was almost black.

Outside the classroom window the apple trees blossomed white and sweet smelling as candy. To the far left, adjoining the high school property, Joyce could see the edge of the Stanton family orchards, the part of the Stantons to which James belonged. Parts of their land and trees were already James' so that he came to school on Mondays with a slight green tinge to his neck from insect sprays and was restless in the school boy desks. On those days she was a little in awe of him, that he owned land and that he knew what to do to make entire hillsides whiten with appleblossoms in the spring, fleets of trucks fill up with paper-wrapped, valuable fruit in the fall. While she sat in the classroom feeling unshored, insubstantial. The chemistry symbols the teacher read mechanically had no meaning, either to him or to her, and yet he kept reading them, everybody waited patiently for the allotted time to be over, grades would be assigned at semester-end, everybody would get C's except the students like

Continued on page 56

## Your Da Vinci's showing...

A traveling exhibition of Leonardo daVinci's mechanical devices will be on display in the Ransdall Gallery in the Student Center. The exhibit, running Oct. 17-19, will include models and drawings of daVinci's works.

## Le Corbusier show...

Currently on exhibition in the Art Gallery of UK's Fine Arts Building is a collection of project sketches and notes by the architect Le Corbusier.

While working in the Atelier 35 Rue de Sevres from 1959 to 1965, Le Corbusier passed these works on to Guillermo Jullian de la Fuente, a UK instructor. The works on exhibition include some of the last projects of the French master.

Guillermo Jullian de la Fuente has personally organized the exhibition, in collaboration with Anthony Eardley, Dean of UK's College of Architecture.

Opening events on Sept. 26 included a lecture by Jerzy Soltan. Dr. Soltan is Professor of Architecture at the Harvard Graduate School of Design.

The Gallery's display will remain on exhibition through Sunday, Oct. 19

## ABC Records signs Crosby/Nash team

ABC Records has signed David Crosby and Graham Nash to a long-term recording agreement. Jerold H. Rubinstein, ABC Chairman made the announcement. The first album by the famed duo has just been completed and should be released this month.

Since the summer of '68, these members of the rock aristocracy have performed together (sometimes with Neil Young, but more often with Stephen Stills) on million-selling albums and in SRO 'live' appearances. In addition,

Crosby and Nash have been appearing together on some significant rock recordings recently.

Their first ABC Records album, "Wind on the Water," was co-produced and co-written by the pair. Crosby wrote four songs for the Lp, Nash contributed five others and the duo collaborated on two. Other featured musicians on the release include Russ Kunkel, Danny Kootch, Tim Drummond and Leland Sklar, plus guest appearances by James Taylor, Jackson Browne and Carole King.

Crosby and Nash have just completed a critically-praised acoustic tour and in October are scheduled to embark on a cross-country electric one, backed up by the same musicians who perform on "Wind on the Water." Tour dates should be released soon.

## UK Theatre heads for the 'grit outdoors'

UK Theatre will present "The Seahorse," directed by Dr. Robert Will, chairman of the UK theatre arts department, and "Woyzeck" Oct. 15-18. Joe Jezewski, a Theatre Arts graduate student, will direct "Woyzeck." The plays are part of the Theatre's "Mini-Rep Season" and will be performed at 7:30 p.m. ("Seahorse") and 10 p.m. ("Woyzeck").

The Theatre's Outdoor Festival will run Oct. 6-10 at various times and locations on campus. The 13 plays to be produced will be directed by theatre arts faculty, graduate students and undergraduates.

Some tentative locations for the performances include the Student Center Patio, Complex Commons and the Botanical Gardens.

Moliere's "The Amorous Flea" will be presented Nov. 14, 15 and 20-22. Theatre arts professor Wallace N. Briggs will direct.

The "At Random" series will continue on most Tuesdays throughout the semester. Call Betty Warren at 257-2797 for more information.

## Declamation and litigation draw monumental 'No comment...'

The Patterson Literary Society (PLS) is gearing up for its delegation to the National Oral Interpretation Festival being held at Central Michigan University in late October.

The Society's entry in the festival will be "From Monkey's Eyebrow to Mousie—Kentucky Folklore." UK students Art Wallace, Diane Dossett and Barbie Houts make up the cast, with Diane Rigney directing.

The PLS, a group of students, faculty and others interested in writing, reading, and interpreting literature has recruited Diane Rigney to direct a cast of three in their Readers' Theatre presentation on Kentucky folklore. The themes of the production will include moonshine making, ghost-tales, folk ballads, the plight of coal miners' widows and Kentucky mountain fairytales.

The Readers' Theatre group intend according to K. B. Valentine, club sponsor, to perform in various places locally as well as in the Michigan tourney.

PLS was initially founded (it's the oldest registered student organization on campus) by former UK president James Kennedy Patterson as an all-male club dedicated to oratory and intellectual enrichment, in the tradition of heavy-metal Ivy League literary associations.

But, the times they are a changing. The club now is in the process of some litigation to legally allow members of the feminine persuasion to indulge in such formerly male pursuits as reading (aloud and in public, no less) and declamation, or debate. The question really is moot



# d'arts

anyway, since about 50 per cent of the clubs' members are women.

Our roving reporter, always anxious for a spicy quote, tried hounding the statue of James Kennedy Patterson (adjacent to the administration building) for an opinion on the change-of-affairs. But old "iron-face" declined comment, merely shaking his head disdainfully from side-to-side. We figure he probably had visions of virgins dancing through his head. Rumor has it that the Patterson statue stands out of courtesy each time a virgin passes by. Talk about stiff joints.

## Grateful Dead give up the ghost...

The Grateful Dead have given up trying to make and distribute their own records, reports Rolling Stone magazine. Grateful Dead Records, the label for the group's product, and Round Records, their label for individual ventures, have signed with United Artists for manufacturing and distribution.

In explaining the move from communal to corporate rock, a Dead family member said, "We didn't take the recession into account and our last two releases didn't do as well as we counted on. And the Dead are working on two films and the money has been coming out of the record company, leaving us short."

## Recitals upcoming...

Scheduled UK School of Music faculty and ensemble recitals include:

Oct. 9, Jazz Ensemble; Oct. 30, University Orchestra; Nov. 7, UK Choral Groups; Nov. 23, Collegium Musicum; and Nov. 24, Jazz Ensemble. All performances will be at 8:15 p.m. in Memorial Hall, except for the Collegium Musicum, which will be at Christ Church.

The University Choristers will perform at Central Baptist Church Nov. 23 at 11 a.m.

For further details, contact Bob Allen at 258-4900.

## McClanahan oils and Woziak electronics...

The McCann-Wood Gallery will present an exhibit of original oils by Marion McClanahan Sept. 26-Oct. 31. McClanahan has exhibited her paintings in New York City, London and Paris.

Indiana artist Lynn Devine will exhibit her soft sculptures and wall hangings Nov. 7-27 at the gallery.

The gallery is at 854 East High St. and can be reached by calling 269-3512.

Electronic sculptures by Robert Woziack, Murray State University art professor, will be exhibited Nov. 3-21.

The gallery is located in Reynolds Bldg. No. 1 on South Broadway. For further details, call 257-2596.

## LA & SC goes on and on and...

The Living Arts and Sciences Center will offer adult classes in drawing, painting, stained glass, ceramics and calligraphy beginning Oct. 6. The Center, located at 362 Walnut St., will also offer for the first time a course on contemporary novels.

The classes will meet one day a week for eight weeks. The fee for each course is \$30.

Paintings by Herb Greene, UK architecture professor, will be on display at the Center Oct. 3-31. Greene incorporates photographs into his brushwork, creating unusual effects.

Beginning Oct. 8, the Center will offer special workshops for adults. The sessions consist of lectures and demonstrations of cornhusk and dried apple doll-making, decoupage, cake-decorating and basket weaving. There will be a small fee for the lessons.

On Oct. 31-Nov. 21, Martha Nelson's soft sculptures will be on display at the Center. Nelson is from Mayfield, Ky., and is known for her unusual creations of sculptured dolls, some of which were

displayed at the Berea Fair.

For further information on displays or classes, call the Center at 252-5222.

## Who's knocking it... it's free!

Central Kentucky Concert and Lecture Series will present the following performances in Memorial Coliseum:

Oct. 16, Garde Republicaine Band of Paris, France; Oct. 30, Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan; Nov. 13, Scottish National Orchestra; Nov. 25, organist Virgil Fox.

## War's popularity poled...

At a recent Florida jam when War launched into the song "Why Can't We Be Friends?" vocalist-guitarist Howard Scott quickly discovered why.

According to Rolling Stone magazine, Scott jumped into the audience to pass the microphone around. In the ensuing crush, he was pushed over, so was a fence, and a woman was knocked unconscious.

## I.F. Stone documentary

"I. F. Stone's Weekly," a documentary film on the veteran Washington reporter who has become a media hero, will be shown Nov. 7 at 8 p.m. in Room 106 of the Classroom Bldg.

The movie received rave reviews when it was released earlier this summer. Rolling Stone's Ralph J. Gleason wrote: "The film is a beautiful example of what a documentary can do in presenting not only a portrait of an individual, but a concept and a point of view. Izzy Stone . . . , who stays away from press conferences and briefings, still sees the reality of our foreign policy more clearly than the reporters who cover it and the bomber pilots who implement it."

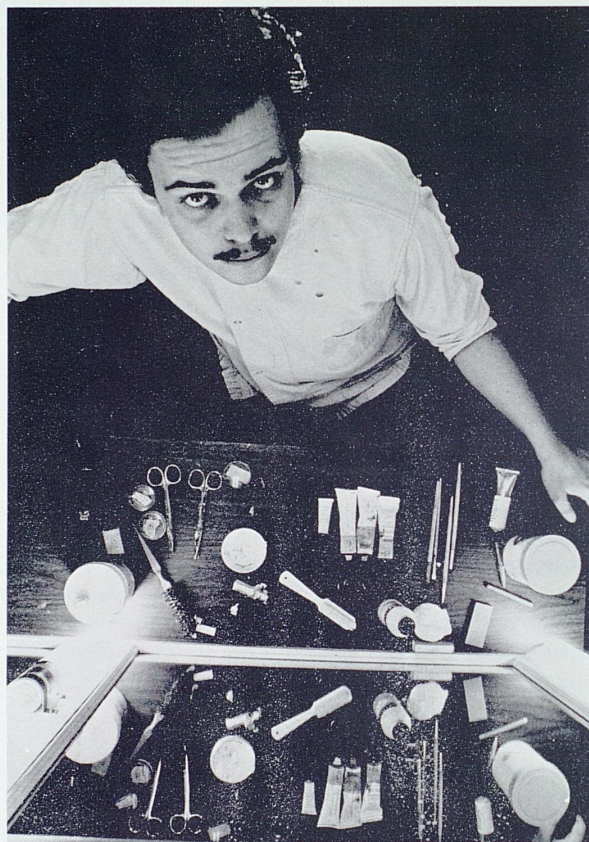
The film is sponsored by SDX, the Society of Professional Journalists. Admission for non-members is \$1.

# *theatre:* **FACING FACTS**

It only took about an hour for sweet Polly pure-bred girls to turn into street-walking whores and young, even-tempered males to transform into cranky old men.

Though the change looked permanent, it only lasted part of the summer, as student actors and actresses transformed their visages for a rehearsal of "The Hot L Baltimore," performed in UK's Guignol Theatre.

Larry Strange winced as a make-up assistant carefully brushed dark liner around his eyes. From 10 feet away, his once youthful eyes now appeared old and droopy. His complexion looked markedly aged after dusting his face with gray powder. It wasn't until his hair was sprayed gray, however, that the image was complete. As he slowly rose from his chair, you had to look twice to make certain that arthritis wasn't stiffening in his joints.



As Strange carefully hobbled out the door, what appeared to be a little gray-haired lady adeptly strode in from the costume shop. Clad in a tacky midi-length dress and a shabby black hat, she somewhat resembled Glenna Flannery, a UK theatre student.

She walked up to a young actor, still applying his greasepaint, and croaked, "Hey, sonny, what do you think of my new hat. They had a sale at Woolworths and I got it for half price." She smiled with a wrinkled grin, meticulously adjusted her treasured find on top of her head in a mirror, and walked out the door.

Before the performance began a couple of sleazy, well-rouged blondes pranced out of the make-up room and it was hard to distinguish them from the real thing.

Make-up made all the difference.

Few of us realize the difference that theatre make-up can make on an individual's face. Of all the various theatre arts, the process of applying make-up is probably most overlooked by play-going audiences. And rightly so, for theatre make-up is designed to create illusion.

The acid test for good make-up application is simple. A good job is one that isn't noticed. If the audience is conscious of the performer's make-up, then it hasn't been put on well.

"Make-up is similar to painting, to sculpture, and is itself a fine art," said Doug Powell, a UK instructor in theatre arts. "The whole process of make-up deals with facets of design, including light, color, shadow, and three-dimensional structure."

In developing a make-up design an actor or make-up artist has to consider the subject he is working on and the effect he desires.



"Make-up artists don't just have plain white canvases to paint on," Powell said. "They've got a face to work with, which has three-dimensional characteristics."

The make-up artist sees various painting techniques to represent lines and depressions on the face. "These techniques have several purposes. One is enhancing the features of the face over the glare and intensity of lighting. Intense lighting makes the face look washed out. Shadow and highlighting give the face depth, and counteract the ill-effects of one directional lighting," Powell said.

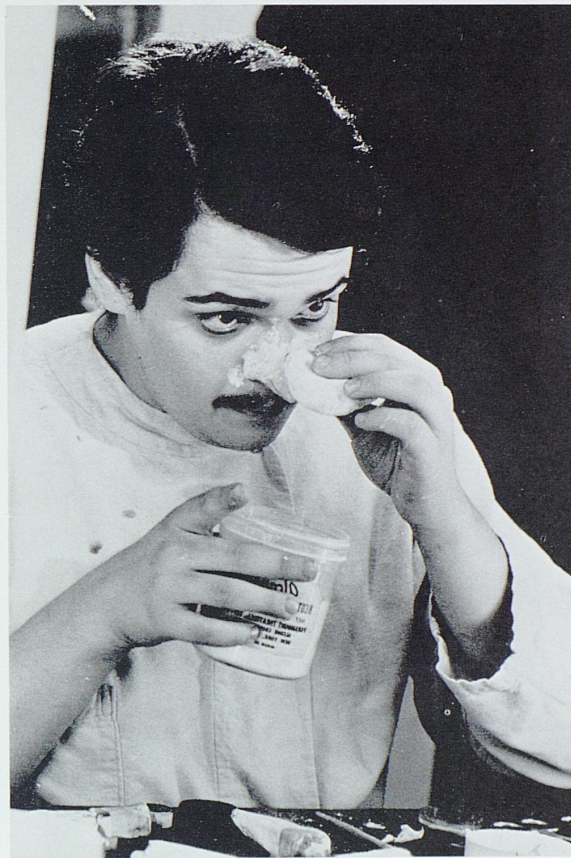
The intricate methods of highlighting and shadowing are also used to transform faces to perfection, or distort them beyond recognition. Eyes can be made to look closer together, noses

broader or shorter or narrower, foreheads can be made to stand out, and hairlines appear to be receding. "Highlight and shadow can be used to push normal facial structures to extremes, and to increase or decrease their variety," he said.

"Often times you'll hear of two basic categories of make-up. They're known as character and corrective make-up," Powell said. "In a sense it's a fallacy, because every make-up job is a 'character' make-up. Every actor who walks on stage is a character."

Basic "corrective" make-up is a term Powell uses to describe the manipulation of an actor's features to make him look as good

Continued next page



Jekyll and Hyde routine  
courtesy of Russel Henderson,  
on loan from the  
Theatre Arts department.

as possible. "What this process involves is correcting the face for stage use, enhancing the features of the face, and hiding any obvious blemishes."

Character make-up entails making someone appear different from the way they look naturally. It may mean making an older person look young or a younger person look old—the latter is more predominant in a university situation.

"There are also the more bizarre kinds of character make-up, known as special effects. These include the Frankensteins and Draculas, and run through the whole gamut of monsters ever dreamed up," Powell said.

The word "make-up" in itself is an ambiguous term, according



to Powell. "You can talk about make-up as a process, material, or as an end product."

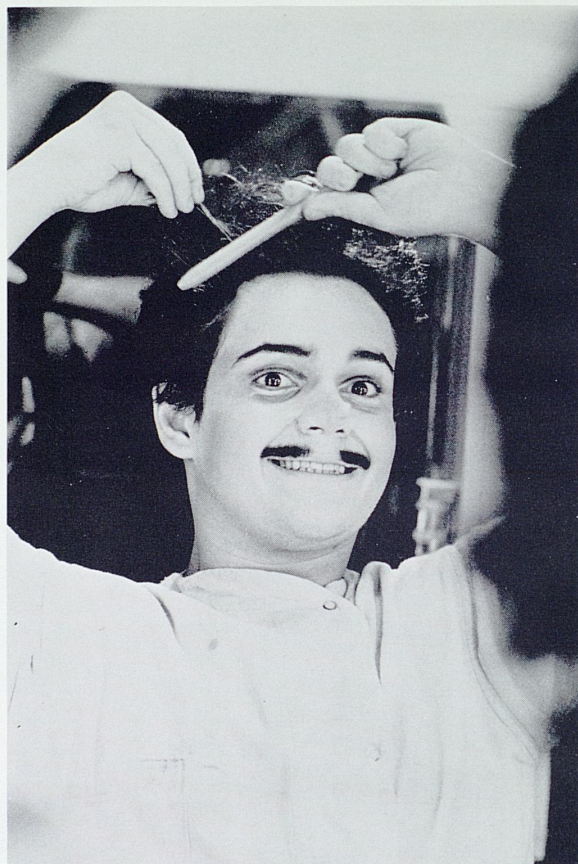
The main, and most important part of make-up is the base itself, of which there are different mediums, he said. The variety of make-up materials is as diverse as the characters which can be produced. "You've got pancake, which is a water-base make-up; and greasepaint, which is a form of oil-base. Recently make-ups, which are mixtures of the two, called creams, have appeared on the market. They contain good qualities of both bases and form a sort of universal make-up base."

Powell said that just enough base should be applied so that the color of the make-up plus the color of the actor's skin combine to

create a subtle, but obvious illusion. This entails a careful and sparse blending process which allows the actor to feel more comfortable with "his face" on.

"Too much make-up appears flat, dull, and untextured," Powell said. "We don't realize what makes faces look the way they do until we see one that doesn't appear normal. Then we become aware of it."

After the application of the base, there are numerous accessories which must then be applied—such as eyebrow pencil, lining colors, rouges, and lipsticks—all of which follow the blending process. More complicated character make-up jobs involve the use of crepe hair for moustaches and beards; and foam latex, nose putty and derma wax for major changes in an actor's face. Derma



wax (also commonly known as morticians wax) is the same material undertakers use for bodies which have been severely disfigured.

One of the most important functions of make-up is the effect it has on the actor himself. "Make-up, along with the sets, props and costumes, is one of the tools an actor can use in creating a character portrayal," Powell said. "This is a fundamental theory behind the process of making-up. Devising effective make-up is a matter of asking basic questions: Who is the character; what does he or she look like; and how can I make myself look like that character?"

Make-up is also a means of projecting the facial features of actors so they can be seen clearly in the back of the theatre. "It's

a tricky problem, especially in a theatre like the Guignol, where you have audience sitting as close as five feet from an actor, and then some 20 rows back," he said.

There are shows where make-up becomes a method of making a strong statement. "Firebugs", a show presented last year at UK, involved the use of clown white and very bright colors on the face. In that case "you were obviously supposed to notice the make-up. It was a stylized device making a comment on the action of the play."

In "Brecht on Brecht", staged this summer, foam latex masks were used for abrupt changes or character. Powell said the masks sort of fell peripherally into the classification of make-up. "If we had time, we would have used make-up to create these characters.

he said. "I think the potentials are particularly exciting in the university atmosphere. There's a lot of room for creative experimentation and expression."

The theatre's make-up department is hoping to try out some new designs in the next few months. The *Floating Theatre Festival*, a new concept involving a mobile stage which will travel around campus, will offer some unique opportunities in October. Students will also transform into various characters when the production of *The Amorous Flea* opens in November.

Mark Bergeron



David Cronen

But, for one very quick scene, the idea of putting entire faces on as a unit and then taking them off worked very nicely."

"If you were in the audience for this particular production you may have found yourself suddenly unsure of the characters' identities. The make-up transformed each actor into something new and surprising," Powell said.

"Make-up has always been a sort of step-child in the theatre world. Everyone assumes that there will be a set designer, a costume designer and someone who makes the props. Make-up is often found pushed back behind other theatre arts—a possible exception is its crucial role in film production."

Powell thinks times are changing though. Professionally, the field has excelled both in interest and in technical sophistication,

# *Jewels, baubles, & bibelots*



**N**ow I know how Dorothy and the Tin Man must have felt, stranded in Emerald City. Slightly tacky, and yet as curious as kids in a toy store. But the Headley Museum, located just outside Lexington on the Old Frankfort Pike, is hardly a toy shop of the normal variety.

Here, elegantly displayed behind pressure-sensitive glass cases, are gold and precious gems enough to buy Richard the Lionheart out of captivity and embarrass a Russian princess.

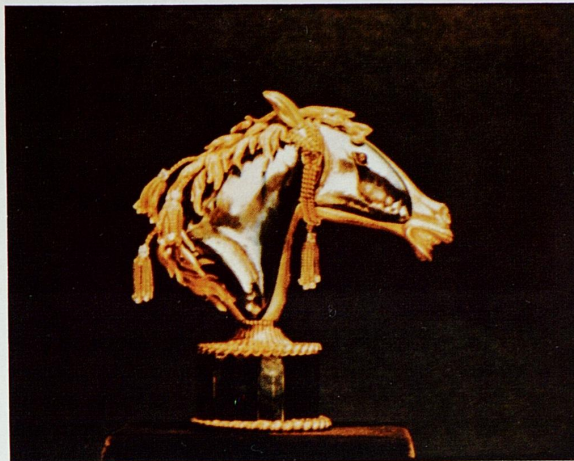
George Headley, squire of La Belle Farm and interna-

*Continued next page*









tional jewel designer *extraordinaire*, has gathered the baubles and jeweled trinkets that once graced the tables and shelves of his home into a collection unrivaled anywhere in this country. Except perhaps at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington D.C. which shelters the Hope diamond. To house them as well as an extensive collection of European surrealist paintings, a rare shell collection and a priceless lot of antique Ming porcelain, Headley designed and built a three-building complex on his farm.

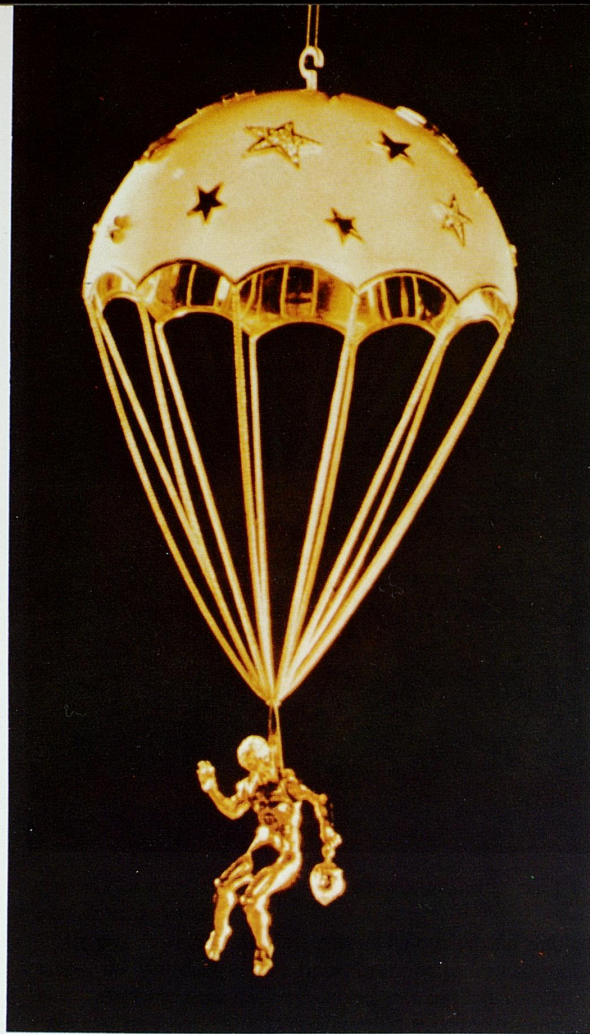
Located near his studio/workshop and adjacent to a large pond inhabited by exotic ducks and wild fowl, the buildings are roofed after the fashion of some temples Headley spotted in Thailand on one of his round-the-world outings. Appropriately enough, each building resembles a tiny jewelbox in itself.

"Why did I build the museum?" repeated the tanned, balding Headley, dressed in an open-necked shirt, pants that looked like they were tailored out of old Chinese tapestry and unfastened high-topped leather shoes.

"Well, they were cluttering up the house. And some of them are difficult to keep clean; we were having to send them out to be cleaned too often," he said. "Then too, there was the thought that if any were stolen they simply



All jeweled pieces shown are part of the Headley Collection located at the museum on Old Frankfort Pike. The frontpiece is taken from a surrealist portrait of Headley. Photos courtesy of the museum staff.



couldn't be replaced. That kind of workmanship can't be performed anymore."

He put down the Japanese parasol he carried and ambled across the polished library floor, pointing to an enormous ivory elephant tusk entirely carved out until it formed a delicate, lacy sculpture. "You see that tusk for instance, I found that piece in the Orient; and I've never seen anything like it since. No one alive knows how to reproduce the process the artists used to create this fine a carving."

Museum Director Anne Gobar added, "All the pieces in Mr. Headley's jewel collection are considered 'priceless' primarily because of the exotic materials used to make them and also because many of the men who once did this type of close jewel craftsmanship are dead now."

"Very few are left; and since there aren't many people patronizing this type of work, there are few jewelers bothering to take up a 'dying' art." She smiled, "This makes Mr. Headley's collecting all the more fortunate for us all."

A slight digression here might be helpful. The art of bibelots is defined as "the creation of small, precious or semiprecious household objects or figurines." People have been gathering and displaying fine pieces of jewelry since Croesus built his vault; but the whole movement picked up

steam during the Renaissance.

Fabulously wealthy merchant families vied for exotic ways to outfinesse one another in a free-wheeling diplomatic system governed by marriage agreements (doweries) and grandiose displays of wealth and favor.

And then too, the Renaissance mind was busy exploring and rediscovering the natural wonders and preciosities of the world. Rare shells, gems, polished stones, carved rhinoceros horns, antique relics and bits of statue became the rage; and "collectomania" was born.

To such an extent were these objects prized, princes and wealthy mercantile patrons put jewelers by the score to work making proper settings and constructions to show off and highlight these fine bibelots.

A good many of these baubles were used to confirm an alliance or introduce an ambassador to a strange court; and as many were used to pay off colossal debts and ransoms. Needless to say where opulence treads, avarice slinks hungrily behind.

Bibelots through the centuries have been stolen, disassembled and reassembled. Jewels have disappeared, only to turn up years later in private collections far afield. Necklaces have been unstrung and their gems reworked into new



## JEWELS (Cont.)

Continued from page 39

settings to suit the pleasure and fancy of those privileged enough to own them.

Headley's fascination with jewelry is an outgrowth of his art student days in Europe. Later, in his life he designed jeweled pieces for friends and fellow collectors. Indeed, most objects in the collection Headley designed and commissioned himself.

"His reputation as a collector is so extensive, that now when friends run across a fascinating stone, they inform Mr. Headley about the object right away" Gobar said.

Headley himself is not responsible for the execution of the pieces. Instead, he draws up watercolor sketches and specifications which are then sent to various craftsmen. The pieces are then put together in a committee-like fashion with specialists constructing the parts at which they are adept," Gobar added.

"Take for example, the piece commemorating the first moon landing. There is a small town in Germany called Idar-Oberstein which is the cut-stone capital of the world. An 80-some-odd-year-old man named George Wild—the dean of cut-stone collectors—was commissioned by Headley to search for a moonstone which would be the centerpiece of the commemorative work," Gobar said. "It took Mr. Wild approximately nine months to find the right stone, whereupon he called Headley and the design was put into motion.

"A jeweler, Frank Elliscu, was working in gold on the figurines for the piece when the plans were revised and specifications were enlarged to accommodate the over large size of the moonstone.

"Everything about the piece was scaled up perfectly without any of the artists having seen the actual piece—except for the footprints. For some reason they weren't accounted for and now they are really too small. I think everybody thought it was pretty amusing so they were just left alone."

Another interesting note about the piece is that the space helmets on the figurines, initially designed to be made of fine rock crystal, were found to be impossible to construct. The inventive artist

involved found that ordinary flash light bulbs would do just as well.

Once all the parts are designed and executed then another man—after a jeweler named Charles Vaillant—who is an expert at piecing them all together is called in to complete the work. "That's really quite an event," said Gobar; "We usually celebrate with a little party and a private unveiling."

Gobar, an authority of sorts on preciosities, enjoys describing just what is what. "In the collection here you might notice that there are a lot of diamonds that are cut all the way around. These are diamonds from a necklace Mr. Headley purchased and disassembled. Its former owner was a Sultan of Turkey.

"The type of cut is called a 'briquette' and is no longer done because of the amount of raw diamond that is lost in the process—up to  $\frac{3}{4}$ . Mr. Headley's collection contains about 50 of the 78 that were contained in the original necklace." One of them can be seen as the small torch carried by the solid gold parachutist commemorating John Glenn. The others have been used in pieces of wearable jewelry Headley designed for friends.

Many of the processes used to create the pieces are delicate, chancy affairs. "For example, a large mask of gold and black enamel is the fifth one the artist executed before he got one that didn't crack apart. All the gold had to be hammered on so the entire process is so difficult that it is really a fortunate accident when the correct effect is finally achieved," said Gobar.

Gobar goes on to describe coral purchased from a Sicilian noble family, narwhal tusks, ostrich eggs, ground lapis laid over gold to achieve a particular blue highly prized throughout the Middle Ages. She talks of malachite from Africa that is deep emerald green and veined like marble; pearlized and polished nautilus shells; boroque pearls (knobby and imperfectly formed); carved ivory and onyx, and inlaid sandalwood.

She also talks of one gleaming, diamond and emerald studded piece as being "functional." No sense waiting for the punchline—she's serious. She goes on to point out the small watch attached to the figurine is a timepiece once used by Headley on his office desk. How do the museum curators handle the figurines when

they have to be cleaned or moved? Gobar smiles and shakes her head, "Well, very carefully."

"Seriously, we don't do it often; but when we do, we first make sure that we won't be disturbed at all. Then we just move them and try not to think too much about their value. That just makes you nervous."

The walls of the jewel room are covered with a deep, rust colored velvet and the entire effect is at once slightly uncomfortable, but beguiling. A guard enters quietly, and mentions the time; and visitors reluctantly prepare to leave.

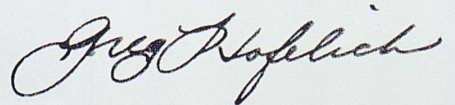
On the way out, Headley chats pleasantly with some folks from back east who just happened to hear of the place and decided to drop in. He gives them directions to other local-interest spots and they leave. One visitor asks why the museum is located in Lexington.

Headley answers, "The big cities—New York, etc.—have enough, I think. And Lexington is my home. I was raised here. When the weather is fine it's really quite beautiful." He talks of the time when he lived in California in a Frank Lloyd Wright house. "It was very interesting, of course, but rather impractical. The best view in the house was from the barn; so we had to move the chickens and horses out and ourselves in. And there were no closets."

He talks about art and surrealistic painting; chuckles over Salvador Dali and praises his work. The two have met and talked on occasion. "He designs jewelry, too, you know," he said.

Picking up his pet dog, Headley nervously, but graciously, sits for a photo portrait. At first he seems extremely self-conscious but eventually, warming up, he begins to ask the photographer if he knows where he might get quality color prints made locally. He mentions the difficulties he has getting some nude photographic studies printed.

Glancing at his watch he remarks that the staff is staying over time and then graciously shakes hands and extends an invitation to return anytime. "Next time, be sure and bring the students with you."



# TOP SECRET

## R.M.

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fashion

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Disheveled? I was completely disheveled, and tired to boot. I'm just back from a TSRM (*top secret reconnaissance mission*) at the front, when I find myself suddenly back in harness again heading up the autumn campaign.

"But excuse my forgetfulness. I've yet to introduce myself. My name is A. Putney Young and my occupation is professional jack-of-all-trades.

"This assignment was to scout out the new Fall fashions, incognito, of course.

Continued next page



Larry Mead

Casual wear was the first on the list. It was easy enough. I spotted these two near a lake and oh-so-casually came upon them unsuspectingly in my kayak. Similar to the time I hunted the great white polar seal in the frosty regions of...but that's another story. Nasty animal though.



Above: rust slacks by Aires; black Try-1 blouse. Men's RPM corduroy slacks; and the diagonally patterned shirt is by Claude. From University Shop.

Right: Austin Reed of Regent Street suit; Sero shirt; tie by Resilio; and belt by Canterbury. Suit and Accessories from the Point After.

Right: three-piece pant suit by Bagatelle; and blue-striped blouse by Nik-Nik. From Ups and Downs.



The singles suit-set scene was next. He fell for one of my bird calls—yellow-bellied sap-sucker I think, or was it the bullfinch/warbler combination?—anyway while he looked skyward I snapped the shot, but not quick enough... the young lady spotted my fowl act and snitched.

Over: The shirt is by H Bar C and is western-cut; the slacks are by Ranch and the boots are by Justin. The women's pants are equi-stretch jodphurs; the hunt coat is 100% polyester, and the ratcatcher blouse, hunt cap, and service hunt shoes round out the picture. Clothes available at New Way Boot Shop.

Giddy-up or tally ho, what difference does it make to a horse? They can have their rolled oats, I'd rather have a roll in the hay. Horsing around seems plain horse sense to me; but not these two.

They were worlds apart . . . reminds me of the time I travelled to Lower Lampur in search of the lost golden goddess 'Kuwuallawuala'. The pride of an extremely backward tribe of pygmies, she turned out to be a somewhat forward six-foot albino beauty from Boise.







Above: A camel Westwood suit by Lord West trimmed in brown-black velvet; an After-Six apricot shirt with a Yugo Vallini ruffle and a matching brown-black velvet tie. The whole outfit

from Gingiss Formal Wear.

Above: The floor length forest green and white 2-piece formal is made of 100% Jersey by Este Vez (Eva Gabor) and is available at the Main Affair.

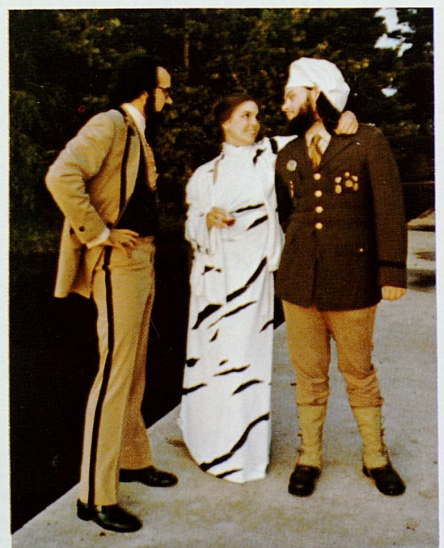
Chateau Roux du L'ait 1953, the setting was formal of course. Disguising myself as the internationally acclaimed chef, Monsieur Bon Appetit, I infiltrated the mutually exclusive (very) La Boheme Club.

She was truly vintage, a tantalizer with a bouyant bouquet and just a hint of arrogance. He was strictly Hai Karate. Mixing business

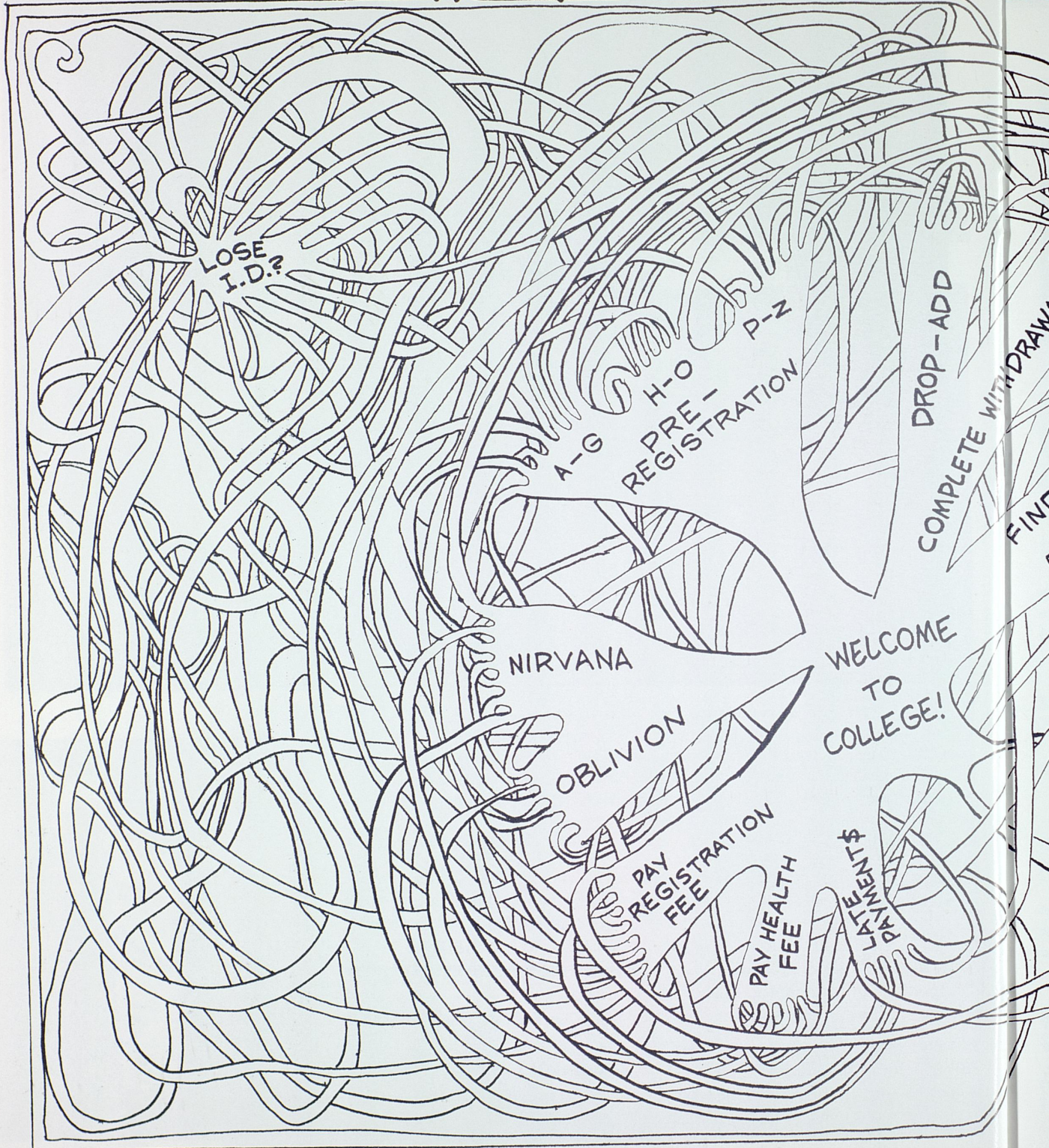
with pleasure, I swept her away from the cad, intending to bring some color to her cheeks.

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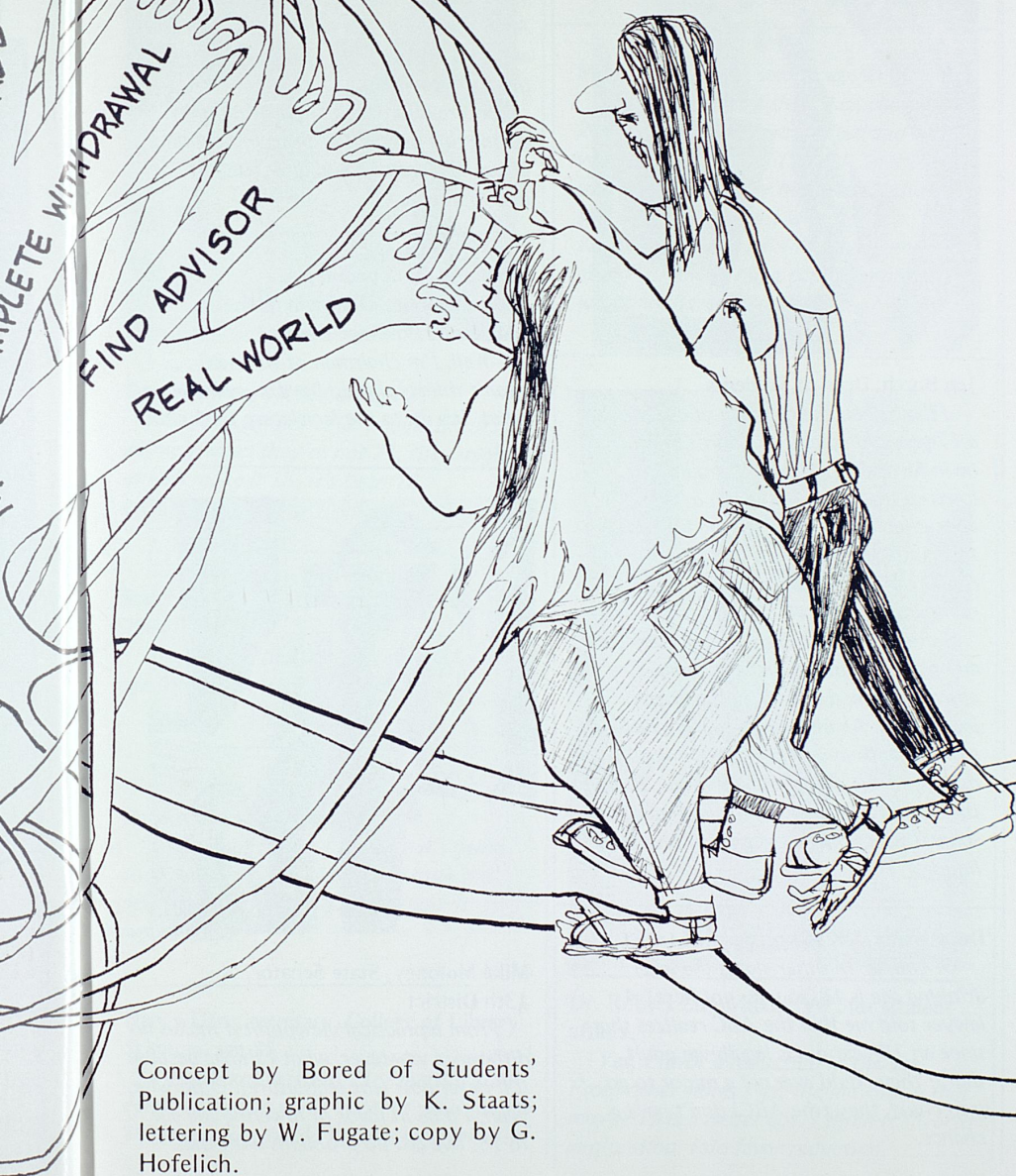
*Respectfully submitted*  
*H. Pitney Young Esq.*  
*HH*



# PRESENTING! the



# the Mind-boggling "UK Red-tape MAZE GAME"



Concept by Bored of Students' Publication; graphic by K. Staats; lettering by W. Fugate; copy by G. Hofelich.

Right. These are the directions for working this maze. Initially, we thought we'd be able to use the drop-add procedure brochure, but we didn't see how anyone could find their way through a maze following those directions.

Anyway, to make a long story short, and after much trial-and-error we decided there shouldn't be any rules at all. But that's not fair, so here's what we decided on: 1) you can get lost in any direction and not finish the maze out of sheer frustration; 2) you must reach the part of the maze that says "LOSE I.D." while crossing less than 10 lines; 3) you *can* cheat, but only if you win. If you cheat and lose then you will be shot.

Right. There will be those of you who will think that there is no way to work this maze. You alone will be correct. There will be others who will be certain that this warning is a hoax perpetrated on those would-be solvers of this non-existent solution, in order to deter them from solving this maze and getting their picture and name published in the next issue of the Kentuckian. Those who think this warning is a trick to trip them up will be incorrect; but they will be positively right.

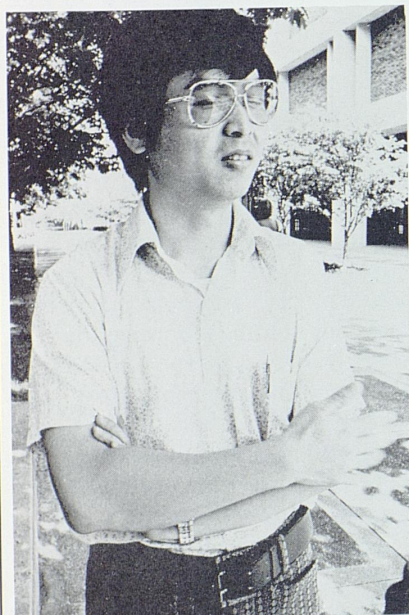
Right. Does that answer your question? I certainly hope so.

# hey you!

Would you

Rev. William Hubbell, St. Augustine's Chapel

*Yes. They're drinking anyway. If they can die for their country and vote Nixon in and out of office then they should be allowed to drink. I've been saying this for years. It is absurd to think a person can be used for cannon fodder and not be able to go out and drink sensibly.*

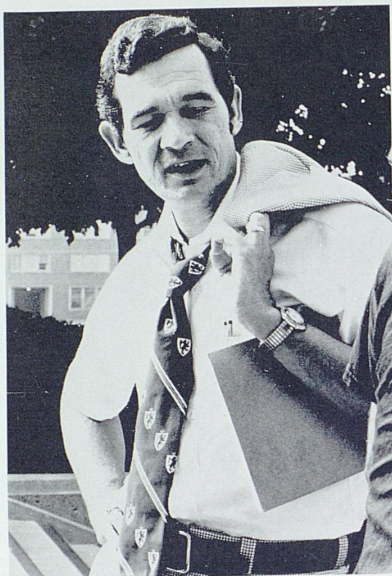


Chia-Fu Hsieh, UK graduate student, age 33

*No, I don't think so. I think it is too young. If age is below 21 he doesn't know what he is doing. He is probably going to get in some trouble. Usually your American student don't study, he just drink all the time.*

Nancy Morrow, UK sophomore, age 19

*Yes, I'm 19 and you can't get in any of the bars so it kind of limits your nightlife. Of course you can always get an I.D.*



Joe Burch, Dean of Students

*I'll give you the reaction of a father of a 17-year old daughter. I don't think I'd be in favor of it. Maybe it should be lowered from 21. At 18, I'm a little concerned about them having full access to alcohol. By legalizing and sanctioning it you run the risk of having a large number of people abusing it.*

*I don't know if it would make my job any harder; it might make it easier. I'm more concerned with the effects on individuals. Alcohol problems are difficult to work with in any respect. I think mature to the point by maybe age 20 that they could handle it . . . I might make some distinctions between beer and hard liquor.*

Doug Wolfe, UK senior, age 22

*Of course. In other states the legal drinking age is 18, so why not here? A lawyer told me that the ABC realizes that since an 18-year old is legally an adult, that if they could ever get a minor to go into court, they (the ABC) don't have a chance.*

Rev. Delbert Butts, president, Kentucky Temperance League Louisville

*I don't think it should be lowered to 18. Past experiences, in other states that have lowered the age, show an increase in fatal accidents involving 18-20 yr. olds. Michigan and New Jersey are examples. Also, there will be a greater problem with alcoholics among the 16 and 17 yr. olds if the age is lowered.*

*You're also developing emotionally during this period and the mind-bending effect of alcohol could alter this development.*

Julian W. Knippenberg, Commissioner-Chairman of the Alcoholic Beverage Control

*Well, I'm chairman of the ABC . . . I don't think I should have an opinion on that. It's up to the legislature to decide.*



Mike Moloney, State Senator, 13th District

*From a practical viewpoint it makes no difference whatever, what I think, because it'll never pass (the legislature). Otherwise, yeah, I'd be in favor of lowering the age to 18. I've got no problems with that.*

# favor reducing the legal drinking age from 21 to 18?



**Bert Krismer, UK senior, age 21**

*Yes. The amount that people drink anyway when they're not 21, they might as well make it 18. It's been 18 everywhere else I've lived.*

**Steve Beshear, State Representative, 76th District**

*No, I think that 21 is an early enough age for that particular thing.*

**Dick Wilkins, campus minister, Baptist Student Union**

*I guess not. I don't think that's going to help the social problem. Despite the added responsibility, I don't think it would help.*

**Nancy Dare, secretary, College of Library Sciences, age 35**

*I didn't know it was 21. I guess if they consider you an adult in other ways (at age 18), then you should be able to drink also.*

**Frederick Ware, auto-didact, age 19**

*Yes. I think for one thing they'd follow suit with other states. I'm from Illinois and it's worked well there. They're going to be drinking anyway and I think 18 and 19-year-olds are mature to handle it.*

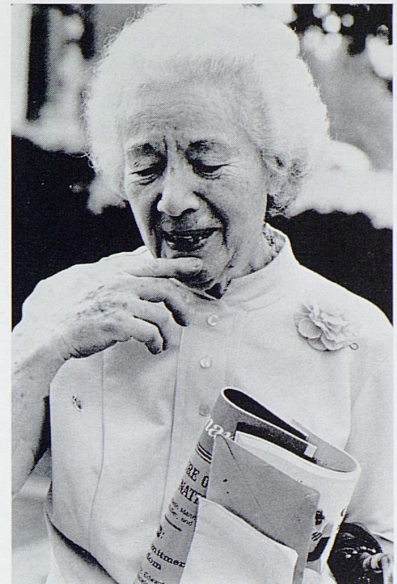
**Maria Salcido, UK senior, age 21**

*I think it at least should be changed to 20 or 19. If people are drafted and can vote then they should be able to drink. It seems like Kentucky has been the last state to change. I just wonder why Kentucky people haven't done something about it sooner. I just can't comprehend why they haven't changed it.*



**Dr. Robert Zumwinkle, V.P. for student affairs.**

*Yes, I favor a reduction in the age. From other states I get the indication that maybe 19 is a better age. I think it's worth exploration. I do favor reduction.*



**Eve K. Ross, Donovan Scholar**

*I never thought of that. No. There's too much alcohol flowing now and you're still young at 18.*

**William G. Kenton, State Representative, 75th District**

*Well, I'm not really sure. To give a straight answer, I would be inclined to say no until I see what other states are doing. For instance, in Ohio they sell beer to 18-year olds but not liquor. I'd have to see a specific proposal, but I'm not in favor of outright sales of alcohol to 18-year olds. It would be more yes for wine than liquor, more yes for beer than wine.*

**Lynn Williamson, assistant dean of students, UK**

*I think it'll probably come sooner or later. Alcohol itself presents a problem to our society. If I were a legislator I would probably vote for it. I have no problem with it.*

On a busy street near UK Jim Turner makes his living practicing a craft first developed by Egyptian artists over 5,000 years ago.

Turner is a tattooist—the only one in Lexington—and he works in an occupation rich with tradition and mystique.

Ancient tattoos were usually applied in an effort to bring good luck or to drive out demons from the body. Though Turner's tattoos may accomplish one or both these noble results, his primary interest is in cosmetic designs—beauty marks such as small strawberries or butterflies applied to various parts of the anatomy.

If your tastes run to the exotic and a large fire-breathing dragon will get you off—you can have design #89 for \$90. Less bizarre pictures such as the butterflies, birds, and strawberries can be had for a less bizarre price—usually about \$20.

Turner's *Beautymark Tattoo Shop* is evidence of the changing image of tattooing. As might be expected in a society which has forsaken many traditional ideas (embracing Big Macs and Whoppers as nutritional mainstays) old ideas about tattooing are also fast disappearing.

Tattooists are no longer depicted as greasy syphilitics earning their drinking money by scratching crude battleships on the backs of one-eyed sailors in the wet darkness of run-down waterfront buildings.


Located on Limestone Street next to the storefront religion of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, and across from Blakeman's Billiards ("Big Glass of Schlitz—35 cents"), Turner's shop is a combination of old and new. An ancient art performed in modern surroundings.


Stepping into the shop a potential customer is greeted by low volume rock music and a blast of cool air emanating from a vibrating air conditioner. The shop is actually two rooms separated by a tie-dyed curtain.


If you find Turner is already working on someone in the other room, you can stand at the large front window and watch the bumper-to-bumper traffic



creeping by on a hot Lexington afternoon; or you might puzzle over the multitude of colorful tattoo designs hanging on the wall.

From the other room, the low buzzing of Turner's electric tattoo needles blends with the rock music to create a soporific effect.



the fine art of 



TATTOO 

Most of the designs displayed are of the fire-breathing animal variety, but there is a significant number of relatively harmless cartoon characters, flowers and even a version of Captain Zigzag—king of the cigarette rolling papers.

A customer is also allowed a wide range of price alternatives on the designs. "Costs vary according to the size of the tattoo, the number of colors used, and the intensity of those colors," Turner said.

Tattooing by puncture, using a needle to inject dyes under the top layer of skin, is the method used by modern tattooists. It is this puncture method which began its spread from Egyptian origins across southern Asia and northward into Europe around 2,000 B.C.

Body marking in various forms was actually practiced for thousands of years in prehistoric times. Excavations dating back to the Stone Age, more than 12,000 years before Christ, have uncovered proof of this early "tattooing" which actually resulted from cutting designs into the skin or merely painting them on the body.

Centuries later, after a period of time when the art of tattooing had been for-

gotten or ignored in Europe, it was suddenly revived when a pirate named William Dampier brought the heavily tattooed "Painted Prince" to England in 1691.

The "Prince", himself a native of the South Sea island of Moangis and decorated from head to foot, was an overnight sensation in England. An early-day Elton John, he was put on public display and singlehandedly revived the art of tattooing in the western world.

Until several years ago tattoos were viewed by most Americans as marks of hardened criminals or drunken sailors. But now celebrities such as Joan Baez and Peter Fonda, along with politician Barry Goldwater, acknowledge the fact that they sport tattoos. In the world of rock music, each member of the Allman Brothers Band has a small mushroom inscribed on one of their ankles.

It used to be that the mere mention of the word would conjure visions of daggers piercing broken hearts, or pictures of nude women holding American flags. Turner would like to relegate those days to the past once and for all.

"You don't see any battleships or naked women over there, do you?" Turner asked, motioning toward the wall where his designs are hanging. He's right.

Likewise, the days when the tattoo was thought by many to be a sign of manhood may have faded about the same time the smoke cleared over Hiroshima 30 years ago.

Turner, who wears faded jeans and shoulder length brown hair, is definitely one of a new breed of tattooists—those who are serious about their craft as an art form.

"I think you can express yourself through a tattoo," Turner said. "It's like



Larry Mead

using your body as a canvas and displaying the art."

Turner was actually developing his feelings about artistry before he knew anything about tattooing. He was studying art at Virginia Western College in Roanoke when he got into the idea.

"I got a tattoo from some guy; took one look at it and decided I could do it better," Turner said.

It's not easy to become a tattoo artist, according to Turner, since most artists are especially wary of people coming into the business without honest motivation.

"You can ask a tattoo artist where he got his equipment and he'll laugh in your face," Turner said. "Just like I've laughed at about 10 guys who've come in here asking me."

If a person sincerely wants to get into the business, though, Turner thinks they'll eventually succeed in securing the equipment somehow. He insists the established artists fear that fly-by-night operators will "screw somebody up" while applying a tattoo and thus reflect unfavorably on the entire trade. "If a few of those guys are loose it gives us all a bad name," he said.

Self-satisfaction seems to be one of the major incentives for potential tattooists, at least that seems to be so for Turner. "Before I got into this I was painting signs and billboards—pretty boring stuff—now, everytime I do a tattoo it's a new experience. I really love it."

Occasionally Turner gets an unusual request he is unable to fulfill. The most bizarre to date was an individual who shaved his head—cue-ball style. He wanted an eight ball tattooed on the back of his shiner. Because of a law forbidding tattoos above the neck and Turner's feeling that the customer might later regret his own decision, he declined.

*John Schaaf*



Susan Keith Noel is a student at the University of Kentucky. She recently received a prize from the American Academy of Poets for her poems *Children and Friday* and the Dantzer-Farquar award for her stories *Trees—A Sliced Image* and *Shifting Locks*, the series of poems appearing here.

## shifting locks:

### the canal

My skin is soaked in ashen water  
swimming with the debris of cities destroyed  
and decaying, dissolving,  
I am a mass of tiny puckers,  
my mouth draws up.

I cannot tell when the rain stops  
and so carry my umbrella at all  
times, treading water and  
surfacing through waves  
with the eyes of a sleep walker.

It is hard to speak to you,  
you must keep in mind,  
because I do not have a swimmer's lungs.  
I have to speak between breaths;  
stopping to hold my face in terror  
I sink.

The water being grey with armies' wastes,  
like the capsized shells of lives before mine  
that were drowned, and  
snap in the undercurrents around my feet.  
The water being telephoned voices;  
through wires, once removed,  
I am able to use accents, Placing  
emphasis where

I cannot  
when facing other lives in the flesh.  
I cannot talk to you because  
I want no more  
than the strength to go on looking  
for ships made of more than sea mists.

I cannot talk to you  
because you are far too expert in your olympic swimming—  
Sidestroke, Backstroke, Surface Dive;

I tread water,  
moving, inches each month, toward the shore.

A sea in which, by chance,  
there are too many tributaries—  
Our voices like lighthouse beacons colliding  
when I would if I could stand firmly on the sand,  
wish them to be foghorns,  
waving harmonies in darkness.



## the question

My gods all de-magnified,  
my cocoon sleep telephoned not to come  
tonight,  
I am standing here at the altar anyway  
with my valuable lights all laid ready to be seen,  
open-armed I stand,  
waiting for nothing—  
my cult statues all retreated with the  
forecast of snow  
in the great lakes region;  
in the regions of the heart  
there are many great lakes,  
blinding white in their winter surfaces,  
glittering like sapphires  
It is dark.  
you told me it would get dark,  
I may not have known what you meant.  
what did you mean.  
what did you say.  
I cannot help standing here open-armed,  
am I a crucifixion scene?  
what did you mean.  
I would have come back no matter what I was  
I could never have even left.  
In the regions of the heart  
there are many people laughing  
dancing and drinking and slicing their tongues up into  
tender/loins  
murmuring  
what did you mean?  
what did you say?  
It is not realistic to go away,  
It is so simple, so lovely,  
I would always have come here anyway,  
I didn't need your hoof-printed key I  
have always known the way—  
I hold up starlit glasses to fluorescent skies  
it is all left in some 21-year-old will to me  
to call you up on the telephone tomorrow afternoon and  
do anything but ask you what you meant,  
or what you said.

## proof

My menstrual cramps are worse  
when I get the wrong letters.  
Once, in this matter of years,  
I would have wrapped  
my arms, wet palms, tight around me,  
teeth clenched, calling  
the mild anxiety sickness  
some proof  
of some love.  
And come now  
to early points of reckoning,  
I smile / at the impossibility  
of my record keeping system,  
sequences and lovers somewhat composed  
between the new year's blue sky  
and the old one's fallen leaves, over which  
I walk.  
I allow letters no simplicity;  
each address, a title to the rights of passage.  
each postage stamp marking the price  
of the carrier  
and the carried.  
And I am able to mail out life histories,  
but not to translate them—  
my lightly coded numberings, some proof  
of some love,  
proof that I still sometimes  
want to take it all back.  
proof that I sometimes say what I mean  
before I catch myself.  
And that the letters I send out, somewhat  
signed and sealed, are only  
watchdogs,  
chained up for their violence,  
waking me at night with their racket.



## the spoken

Caught up  
in my endless, inadequate naming  
(will I never see?  
will I never hear?)  
Setting up cut out figures and intentions  
two inches from my nose so that  
everything will be clear—  
Will I never learn the Tricks of the Trade?  
the just-long-enough pause, the timely nod,  
the well-formed phrase,  
direct-  
observant-  
I am accused of Silence.  
Pleading the fifth amendment, the sentence is lengthened  
to include evasion of responsibility.  
“You see, that’s just what I mean!”  
the expandable image shouts at me,  
“you answer questions with questions, you  
throw it all off and back on to me.”  
The voice, the wind, carries back further into the chair  
that rocks with me and will not  
stabilize: prodded to the podium by faceless fingers  
as in a dream I try to motion with my hands that I am  
mute, tongue cut out, tongue  
cut-out,  
they do not hear, they sit and wait, waving their programs at  
the heat— I drop my cigarette on your floor;  
my fingers are twisted.  
(Here is the church. Here is the steeple.  
Open the doors and see all the people . . . )  
My throat is collapsed and airless,  
but something screams,  
(I do not want to know if you heard it)  
something tears across the room in blood veins of sound,  
the chiming of the clock is drowned out,  
something flies through the hallway with a burst of sound,  
curses at the rooms,  
answers all the telephones shouting nobody  
lives here, breaks out all the windows with the pitch,  
the frequency.  
Something screams at me that I have a voice.  
the nod, the nervous twitch of smile;  
oh yes, I could have done that,  
I’m sorry, excuse me, but what was it you said?  
speak up, speak up, we cannot hear you.  
none of us can hear you.

## circles

Allright, what’s going on?  
An influence coming into power,  
passing through the zenith  
at a steady pace,  
all skies uniting into one vast  
low cloud cover  
which breaks, mid-morning and pierces  
like needles  
at the base of my neck.  
Allright, I accept the inevitable turning,  
my arms and legs  
the spokes of the wheel-  
spinning under skies / the ceilings  
of lovers, without fear  
of losing  
my axis.  
I will not answer  
those faces, which hold up mirrors before  
they speak, and ask for names  
instead of answers.  
Having left my face scattered on maps of many cities,  
and come back to it  
in the place where  
I was born,  
I can only demand of them; the lovers, the  
friends, the catchers and tracers,  
that they lay down their guns  
and open their crossed palms to me  
without guilt.  
Having denied the only name I was ever meant  
to define,  
coming home to the only place I ever  
wanted to leave,  
I begin now to understand  
that there are no questions.  
And when we ask, we are only struggling  
with the pronunciation of our birth-given names,  
answering ourselves  
with every whispered dream.  
And when I put question marks on the ends of my phrases,  
I am not really asking what’s going on, or why,  
only tracing circles around a time,  
the way lovers embrace  
without question.

## APPLES (Cont.)

Continued from page 27

James who always got B's and the one or two like her who everybody else expected, even wanted, to get A's. Joyce would not have even had to be there, in that desk. At some earlier point in her life, she had made the A that led to all the other A's. Perhaps she was not there, she thought, or even real anymore since that first A.

"But then, at center, we've got Jim Stanton."

The teacher had given up on chemistry and was animatedly discussing the basketball season. Most of the class straightened up and gave him their first glimmer of interest. A few of the girls smiled at Joyce. James himself almost never came to class. Joyce gave a vague smile to the room, acknowledging James' name in the air.

Outside the window, his trees looked so inviting, soft and billowy, like a great coverlet. Looking at them made her drowsy. The smell of them was as sweet and enticing as a memory. Sitting at her desk, she was homesick already. But pulling in the opposite direction, small but insistent, never entirely asleep, was an inverted nostalgia, called forth by the whistle of an occasional car which raced down the highway hidden by the swollen trees. This nostalgia was for places she would go, people she was yet to meet, the woman she was going to become.

After chemistry class she was bending into the locker to fish out her French book, when an arm circled her waist. "Where were you?" she asked.

"Apples," he said. "Did I miss a lot of chemistry?"

They both laughed.

"I also ran into town for a minute." The slip of paper he handed her was from Lewis Fine Jewelers, received of James Stanton two dollars on account. At the first of the year, caught up in the excitement of at last being seniors, she had gone with the other senior girls and had, like them, chosen her silver plated dinnerware—knives, forks, spoons, cushioned in velvet-covered cardboard—and had, like them, put two dollars down and each week paid the store two dollars. Now the silver was almost hers, although she had since forgotten which pattern she chose.

"Why thank you. I'll pay you tomorrow."

"Don't bother."

"Of course."

"Forget it, I said."

"No, James, I can't. . . ."

"What difference does it make?"

He bent to get his own books (the home-room teacher had assigned them adjoining lockers without their ever asking), and she made herself not say But I WANT to give it to you, because of course they were not talking about the silver at all.

At the round home economics table, Mary Beth pulled out her usual chair beside Joyce. "What?" asked Joyce, in mock astonishment.

"You still gonna sit with the ugly sisters?"

"Ah come on." Mary Beth blushed. "Anyway, what about you? You can't tell me you and James aren't getting married too. Everybody knows it."

"Who says? Anyway, it doesn't count without a ring."

"Well. Whose fault is it you don't have one?"

The home economics teacher, fat and malevolent, paused by their table. "Don't let your cookies burn again," she said to Joyce.

Across the room she lowered herself into a chair at the second table where all the engaged senior girls sat. They were making chicken and dumplings. In a few minutes their conversation grew muted. Looking at Joyce, Mary Beth said "What would *she* know about it." But two days later, while Joyce was out with a dentist appointment, Mary Beth moved to the other table where the teacher admired her ring as if she had only then become officially engaged and at lunch her 18-year-old fiance came bashfully to the classroom door and ate meatloaf and hot biscuits.

---

"The home economics teacher,  
fat and malevolent, paused by their table.  
'Don't let your cookies burn again,'  
she said to Joyce."

---

"I have to, James."

"Why?"

"I just do."

"You don't love me, do you, Joyce. Not really."

"Of course I love you."

"If you loved me, then you wouldn't have to."

"I love you and I have to."

"Prove it."

"That I have to go?"

"That you love me."

"How can I do that?"

"Don't go."

Sometimes when she didn't answer, he got out of the car and walked toward the dark church in whose parking lot the car sat. She stayed in the car and cried, while he went in and sat in the back pew, not suppliant, just waiting.

"Do you want him to marry somebody else while you're off at that place?" Her mother.

"No."

"Maybe you think you'll find somebody better. Somebody smarter maybe. Some college bigshot."

"Daddy! I thought you were on my side."

"I'm on your side too," her mother said, hurt. "Except nobody knows what your side is."

Joyce said "I want everything to stand perfectly still so that I can go off to college and then come back and do the other." When she said this she thought maybe that's so.

"You don't want much, do you," said her mother.

Her father shook his head. "Nothing," he said, "nothing stands still."

Mrs. Duncan stamped Joyce's library books. "Joyce, do you have a minute? Did you know you're the only girl who's really going? I handed out fifteen applications, but you're the only one who really is going. Four boys, at least they say they are. But you're the only girl."

"I guess you get a lot of the credit that I'm going," Joyce said politely.

"Oh!" Mrs. Duncan was blushing. "That's so nice of you Joyce. I was so glad when I heard you had decided."

"I hope it's the right thing."

"Well, I was the only girl in my own class to go. I finished right here."

"Yes, I know. I remember Danny, Mr. Duncan I mean, on the team." Joyce gathered up her books. Danny Duncan, tall and lanky, still handsome, came to all the games still, and his picture was still in the trophy cage. Everybody knew and like Danny Duncan. He always took the whole youth group at church to the county

basketball conference. "Did he go with you?" Joyce asked, knowing he didn't.

"No."

Joyce said rotely, "I want to go to college, I really do. But I want everything here to stand still."

"Yes," said Mrs. Duncan, "it probably will."

Joyce left the library smiling. The next day Mrs. Duncan stopped her in the hall and pushed a box at her. "I've never done this, I'm sure it isn't the right protocol or something, but I brought you a kind of graduation present. Going away present."

"You shouldn't have done that, Mrs. Duncan."

"Well I didn't buy it so it doesn't count."

Joyce lifted the lid cautiously. Books, mostly Modern Library editions with paper covers looking slightly rubbed. "Yours?"

"Yes, college books. I'd like for you to have them." Then Mrs. Duncan said hastily, "Joyce, listen, don't plan out everything. Change. See what's going to happen to you first. Do you see what I'm trying to tell you? It's up to you. I've never said these things to anybody before. Do you see what I mean?"

"No," Joyce said. She looked for James over Mrs. Duncan's shoulder. Where was he?

But Mrs. Duncan took her arm. "Joyce, you know that I think James is a fine young man, the best, I like him, everybody likes James, it's not that he's not a fine young man, Joyce." James opened the door at the end of the hall, waved to her, started loping down the hall

toward her, his hands reaching out to touch teammates or friends. But he still wouldn't get there in time.

"It won't be him," Mrs. Duncan was saying, her voice cracked, her eyes shining from the pain of this betrayal. "Not him, Joyce, it'll be you," Mrs. Duncan was saying.

Years later Joyce would think of Mrs. Duncan with a kind of distant amazement, that she had tried to give so much to Joyce, but they never spoke of it. They were both such nice pleasant women that Stanton people were constantly surprised that they did not like each other more and always said but you have so much in common, two bright girls like you. But the women never really talked to each other again, despite a thousand conversations, not after that day in the halls when Joyce—made desperate by the sense of some balance being lost too soon, too soon—said the only deliberately mean thing she would ever say in her whole life. She said to Mrs. Duncan, "You should be ashamed of yourself."

Mrs. Duncan pulled back, rearranged her librarian glasses and her face. "Yes," she said, "I should."

"Should what?" James asked, smiling easily.

"Get back," Mrs. Duncan said. "Are you planning to play for the Sears team this summer, James?"

"Yes. If they can sneak me on the roster. I'm not going to have time to work for Sears this summer, I just bought another two sections of land."

"Danny says it won't be a problem. He's working on it now."

"Great. Is it all right if I stop over later tonight? I wanted to ask him about some machinery."

"Fine. We'll look for you. I'll keep the coffee hot."

Joyce waited uneasily, listening to the two of them. She would be gone and this is how it would be, James would grow up without her, he was already grown. "Mrs. Duncan, about the books."

"No need," said Mrs. Duncan coldly. "You were quite right. But you can keep them. I don't want them around."

Joyce read them in the afternoons before James came, and while they lay parked in the shadows of the church she recited love poems from the anthologies. "That's nice," he said. "A woman ought to know poems like that." She smiled and told him more, her hand low on his stomach, her breasts pillowing his cheek. But at home, reading the poems over again with a flashlight under the bedcovers, she knew she had lied to him again.

"What the hell are you doing?" James pulled away, leaving her hand caught under the tight beltline of his jeans. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm going to prove to you that I love you."

"But not like that. We're going to get married, in church, and a house and kids and grandchildren."

Continued on page 64



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## Editor's note

*The staff and I hope that these notes will put an interesting slant on the everyday emotions and experiences that shape us all. Of course, all the excerpts are completely anonymous, and names and such have been changed for the obvious reasons.*

*If you keep a diary or journal and feel you have some passage that other people might find interesting, then type it up, or write it out legibly (there is no size limitation) and send it anonymously to: Notes from the Innerground, c/o Editor, The Kentuckian Magazine, Room 210 Journalism Bldg.*

July, 1975

*The average person in a school of higher education can, after two weeks of observation, find that the supposed upper 10 per cent of American society is probably the strangest. Only 10 per cent goes to college; the other 90 per cent of America prefers to remain at home and be sane.*

*I've found that on any given day, I run into at least 10 people muttering to themselves, six people running into inanimate objects (and then excusing themselves), two people singing at the tops of their lungs and one person dressed in goose down clothing. No shit.*

*This guy in goose down is a person I see quite often. No matter what the temperature, he is dressed in a goose down parka with the hood up and heavy goose down mittens on.*

*I put this guy in the same league as the joker I've found in the Student Center Cafeteria that talks to himself in sign language. He sits by himself and waves his fingers madly at the thick air.*

*I wish I spoke fingers so I knew what he was talking about all the time.*

*Another of the particular characters of my particular world is Shirley Beatty.*

*She is extremely intelligent, but for some reason the ideas in her head get lost on their way to her mouth. You get the feeling she's one step away from genius; but instead of just stepping down to the next logical step, she changes her mind and takes the elevator instead.*

*At first I thought she was one of the unfortunates who had been*

# NOTES from the INNER GROUND

Summer, 1972

*I think in the past two years of my life, I have more or less been enlightened on the struggles of each day. Last year I decided the whole situation could be summed up as a war between the world and each individual. Each day is a battle where you either win or lose, or say "No world, I'm not going to let you get by with that," or usually, "All right world I give up, you win."*

*Sometimes even after I've given up to the world, it will give me another kick while I'm still down. This may sound unclear, but each entry in here will probably contain evidence proving the existence of the war between the world and me . . . or you.*

K.S.

November, 1974

*Janie says that it is time for a vacation. That her roommate's bedspread is mustard yellow, and hers is ketchup red, and she's beginning to think she lives in a hamburger.*

*"The dorms . . . there are so many rooms and they are all alike, so*

*you can't even move the furniture."*

step away from genius, but instead of taking the most logical step, she changes her mind and takes the elevator instead.

*At first I thought she was one of the unfortunates who had been chewed-up and spit-out by the university. The only flaw in the theory was that she was only a freshperson and hadn't had time to be ejected into the 'Great Spittoon' yet.*

*Universities produce a lot of derelicts. Universities are like the Marines, they make people something they weren't before.*

*The Marines take men and make them trained killers, universities take people and use them up before their time has come.*

*The leaders of tomorrow, contrary to popular belief, don't come from colleges. They can't! They won't have any wits when tomorrow comes.*

*On second thought, maybe today's leaders did come from colleges. A race of leaders, used up and burned-out before they started. Clamshells without muscles, as it were.*

J.K.

Fall, 1973

*My girl friend and I were caught after hours in her dorm. There was a stupid scene, and now she's on probation. I think at our age, people ought to be left alone to work out their own lives. Everyone doesn't agree; but I'm not convinced it's any of their business anyway.*

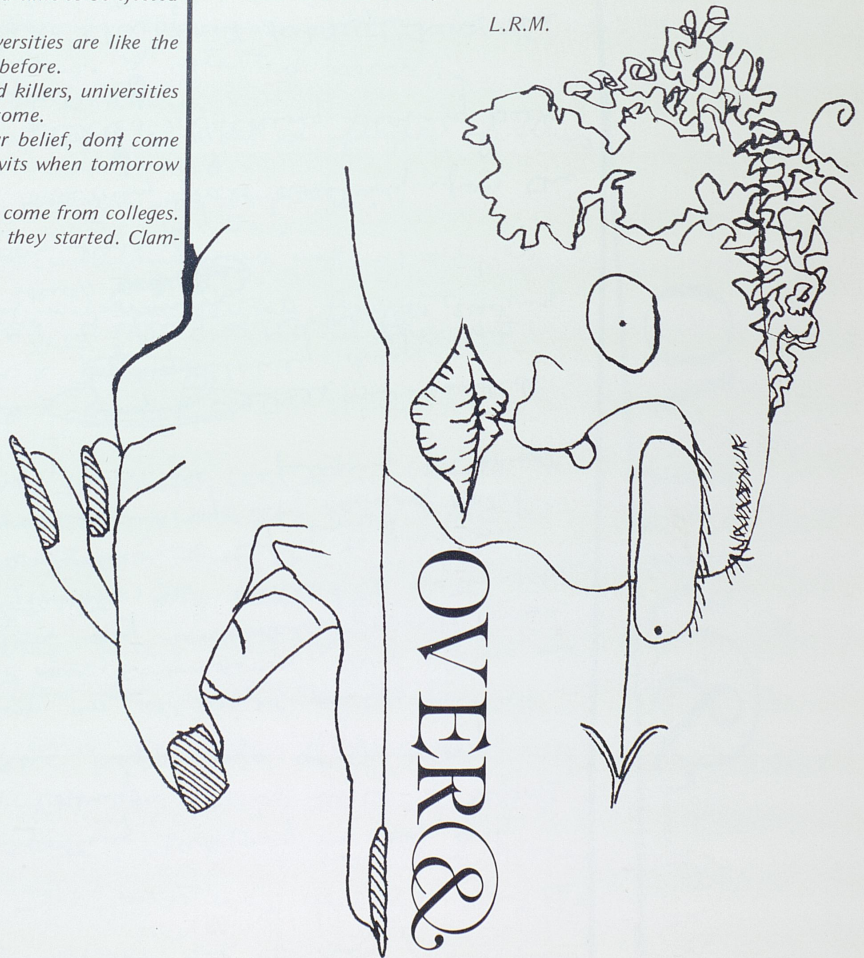
P.D.

"The dorms . . . there are so many rooms and they are all alike, so

you can't even move the furniture."

I tell her she needs a pickle green rug, and she sings me "No . . . she deserves a break today."

L.R.M.



Sunday Sept. 24, 1972

Right now I am sitting warmly in my bed, in my nightgown even though it is only 5:30pm. I'm going to trace the happenings of the day.

11:00 am. - arrived back from an all night party, just in time to wash, dry, set hair, clean room, iron clothes and other menial tasks before my roommate's parents arrive.

12:00 noon - Not ready for R's parents, but handled it pretty well.

3:00 pm - went around to three restaurants trying to find one open on Sunday afternoon. ended up at Phoenix Hotel, whose food seemed worse than the cafeteria. (all except the steak.)

3:30 pm - got rid of R's parents, changed clothes, and headed for the Geology lab on a partly cloudy day.

4:00 pm - lab instructor started to flirt with me. (too bad he's got a wife and kid). ~~unintentionally~~

4:30 pm - started to rain very hard. Ⓝ

5:00 pm - lab closed.

5:02 pm - I stood outside Bowman Hall waiting for the rain to let up. Ⓝ

5:10 pm - I gave up and started walking slowly back to the dorm complex. Ⓝ

5:12 pm - I was drenched.

5:15 pm - I passed the Lambda Chi frat. house, where the pledges happened to be standing inside mocking



- the unfortunates, who had no rain equipment such as I.
- 5:16 pm. - I passed two people in raincoats, sitting in a puddle making mud pies. I started mocking them for their lack of bravery.
- 5:18 pm. - I entered the dorm and climbed 2 flights of stairs and left a puddle on each one.
- 5:19 pm. - I stripped down and got in my night gown.
- 5:23 pm. - I put on a pot of water for tea.
- 5:24 pm. - My roommate came in equally as wet, equally as disgusted.
- 5:28 pm. - I put a mixture of sugar substitute, Assam tea and Chinese restaurant tea into the cooter and then put on Beethoven's 9th.



It is now 5:30 as I said before, I'm quite warm, the room is almost pleasant. The hospital looking walls have softened and the rain (unheard) is dancing to Beethoven's 9th. My ~~throat's~~ throat's being soothed with my exotic tea, yet I am still slightly perturbed. You see, yesterday I bought a brand new umbrella and I haven't had a chance to use it. When I bought it, it was raining as I stepped out of the store, it stopped. Today when I left for the lab the sun was almost out. The world has a nasty sense of humor.

OVER &

September, 1974

*Yes, it is good to see you again. Yes, it has been a long time. Yes, I do wish we had more to say to each other than that.*

*I sit in class. My hands can't tell when they jumble fantasies into class notes. Same difference. Haven't shook this bad since I tried to wade across the river I almost drowned in, summer before last. Only made it halfway across this summer, because I kept hearing this voice that acted like it knew what was better for me than I did.*

*Yes, it has been a long time. Summer is long, except when I look back.*

*No, I don't know how good it is to see you.*

*Jeff? He lived right under me in the coed dorm. You know how those beds lift up in the complex? I always expected I could lift up my bed and he'd be down there waving at me.*

*I may be in her wedding this coming summer.*

October, 1974

*They're tearing down Stall Field. A van is parked in front of all the dust. Inside it, a man sells records. The street is blocked off. Friday-after-classes mood.*

*He asks questions. Am I married? Do I have on a bra? Am I a virgin? I am elusive and blushing; it isn't necessary for me to answer or ask.*

*It is cooler in the van. If we have a story to tell, we tell it. I'm in a mood to buy records.*

*Married and the father of a four-month-old baby. Formerly employed at Barney Miller's. Fired for wanting to strike out on his own. Wife was virgin when he married her; both wish she hadn't been. She was raised in a town so small that you either had to get married or did so out of boredom.*

*Her father was a truck driver, his a minister. What brought them together were totally different backgrounds.*

*She used to work, but is now taking care of the baby and getting fat. He had his first sexual experience as a nine year old seduced by his sixteen-year-old nymphomaniac cousin. He used to sit in the second or third pew of his father's church and tickle the bottom of the deacon's daughter. Then they'd meet afterwards and.*

*Kentucky, he says, is the easiest place in the world to get a lay.*

*His wife expects him to run around. She could run around if she wanted to; but that isn't the way it happens.*

P.S.L.

OVER,  
AGAIN

wanted to; but that isn't the way it happens.

*It's time to go. I buy Joni Mitchell's Court and Spark I tell him that I will write him down. He gives me a pat that says he believes me as much as I believe him.*

*My father is visiting. We are having drinks; I didn't get carded for a change. I am trying to tell him about my new record, about the man in the van. The waitress forgot his lemon.*

*I want to tell my father of the difference in our beliefs. That love should not be a weapon. That it isn't persuasive friends, lovers, or strangers (same difference) that have me convinced; but ME, from what I see and witness. That I don't know if I should have come to this realization long ago, or if it is still too soon.*

*They're tearing down Stoll Field. I reckon if the demolition men hadn't gotten it the ivy would've. He tells me that everyman wants to marry a virgin. It isn't necessary for me to answer. Not yet. It's an old record and very worn. The waitress brings his lemon. He asks me what else is there for a man or woman? It isn't necessary for me to ask.*

*We've been watching them tear down the stadium. Stood there for the longest time. Steve told me that the big ball weighs three or four tons. And he said that there's this rubber tire around it, in case the guy misses. Without the rubber tire, the impact of the ball could break the chain.*

*They knocked down this one, and kept trying to break it into smaller pieces. They just couldn't do it. It just wouldn't break. How was dinner?*

*Twenty years old tonight. I cannot hurry, and there is no time to slow down. Stoll Field looks like Kansas. Far out.*

September, 1975

B.T.

*I figure if I leave school with my identity—the one I came in with—intact, then I've wasted a lot of time and money. College is one time when you should explore . . . do things because you want to. I'm tired of people asking me what I'm going to be. How should I know? Things aren't that cut and dried; if they were, life would be unbearably boring. No surprises.*

*I don't believe I'm irresponsible or lazy, or wish-washy either; but I'll be damed if I'm going to be categorized or rushed forced into something that's not good for me. Just because it's more convenient, or "normal." Who wants to be "normal" anyway. Turkeys are normal. And dumb. And they drown whenever it rains.*



Joanne Honeychuck

## APPLES (Cont.)

Continued from page 57

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"He was apologizing with his wink, sorry for having asked what were you saying Joyce?, sorry--she suddenly saw--for not being enough."

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"Okay," she said. "Honest. But first I want to go to college. Just for a little while, James. It doesn't have anything to do with loving you. I want to love you."

After a few silent moments, in which her hand remained under his belt but her fingers folded together, he said "No."

"Why not?"

"Because. Because I want to marry you, Joyce."

He started to laugh, a little shakily.

"What's funny?"

"Nobody would believe this."

"Nobody's going to know it."

"I mean, you saying and me, you know what I mean."

"Your not wanting to."

"God knows it isn't that."

"Maybe it's you who don't love me," she said.

So their conversations would no longer end in tears but upon a raincoat, and the next day Joyce went into town and purchased a trunk and began to pack her clothes.

She loved college. Her teachers bought her coffee. Her pockets were always filled with slips of paper with book titles on them. On the weekends there was James waiting outside the library. He was a very handsome man. He smiled at her, standing still like a rock while a stream of students flowed past him. It was confusing.

Her roommate, while eating one of the apples from James' own apple trees, said "Oh Joyce why do you go on like this when you know you'll never marry that boy."

Joyce snatched the apple from her roommate's teeth—that she should be eating his apple, his, his—and hurled the whole bag of apples through the closed front window, and then ran through the snow, coatless, shod only in slippers that melted synthetic fur, ran until she reached the library, where lights shone golden through snowy windows, a Christmas card building, not quite to be believed in,

promising peace. She sat on its icy steps and wept hot tears into her aching face, tears for the part of her, daily slipping further away, that really did wish to marry James Stanton.

The next day James came and carried her away and they went to the Stanton High School basketball game and sat with old friends, then drove in James' car to the drive-in restaurant crowded with cheerleaders and sweat-suited boys. Joyce ordered a cheeseburger and milkshake and sat pressed up to James in the front seat; she was nudging her former self to see what life remained. It's over, she said to herself, in amazement, sorrow, relief. Over. Tonight she would have to tell James. He wouldn't believe her, at first, but gradually, she thought, over the weeks he would and their love would smooth into a friendship which would stay with her all her life, like a scrapbook from her youth. She was glad they had been lovers. They had made love probably 20 times, in a welter of unfastened clothes and awkward limbs. She was glad she had done it. The enormity of it pleased her; and the decisiveness of it, and the concreteness of it—the feel of the stones under his raincoat was vivid on her back. Furthermore, she had somehow owed it to him. She wished, in fact, that there was something else she could give him, for what she had to take away.

"Joyce? Joyce Pace? It is you. I didn't know you came from these parts. Can I sit in your friend's car long enough to order? There isn't an inch inside and I can't very well tackle a curbhop from the curb, can I. The whole damn country's run from cars these days, you know that? It's sick. You can't cash a check or get a bite to eat anymore." By this time he was inside the car and shaking hands with James. "Hi, I'm Lou, Lou Pival."

He and James talked almost entirely to each other, basketball. "Hell yes I know you now," Lou said. "You used to wallop Fletcher High School twice a year. You ever get up to Western Carolina for the games?"

Joyce sat between them, eating her food, not listening, they were only symbols on her either side. But the minute she wiped her lips, Lou politely asked her about her literature class paper.

"Oh it's not very interesting." She was embarrassed in front of James.

"Mine's fantastic. Fantastic."

She couldn't help it. "What's it about?" she asked, casting a timid glance at James who only smiled and looked expectantly at Lou.

"Fitzgerald as victim of love."

"You. . . ." She glanced at James again, if he weren't there, she thought, she even thought about asking him to go get her something but Lou had already told them it was impossible to get inside. Two minutes wouldn't matter, she decided, and smiled at James apologetically before saying to Lou, "Don't be maudlin. If anything, he was a victim of himself. I mean he fit so *willingly* into his times."

"Like hell," Lou said cheerfully.

"Listen," she began. A lost number of minutes later she was still arguing, in mounting excitement, quoting from her own paper on Fitzgerald which really was fantastic, she thought, when her blindly gesturing hand caught James lightly on the face. She jumped as if he had sprung at her.

"What?" he said startled. "Sorry. What were you saying?" "Nothing," she said. "Nothing important."

Lou looked from one to the other and quickly switched back to basketball.

The two men talked while Joyce stared at her hand. An accident. But she kept staring, frightened at the hatred that had leapt up in her for an instant, when he had said what were you saying Joyce? It frightened her, so much so that she didn't ask herself where it came from or why. It frightened her, that in one instant so enormous a chasm seemed to separate her from her whole past.

The hatred was already gone, she could no more recall it than one can remember any passion once spent, but it left her frightened, and dislocated. She was filled with sudden anxiety and uncertainty. She felt unreal. She took the hand that had hit James into her other hand and held it tightly as if she were trying to hold herself in place.

"James?" She thought she would say she wanted to go to the bathroom. If she could close herself in the small room for just one minute, close a door on James and Stanton and for one minute look again for that self that had seemed so clear the night before on the library steps, if she could be alone like that for just a minute, then she would grasp again what she wanted to do. Years later she always took magazines in the bathroom with her, the smartly decorated upstairs and downstairs bathrooms, for fear of meeting that other self too late. Because James turned to her from the talk of basketball; he winked at her sadly, and the realness of him (which she had forgotten) and the surprise of the pain on his face, seemed to push that chasm shut, offering her one more chance. He was apologizing with his wink, sorry for having asked what were you saying Joyce?, sorry—she suddenly saw—for not being *enough*. And Joyce was stricken, she wanted to pull his familiar hand against her cheek and apologize profusely, apologize for saying anything, for writing her paper, for having wanted some suddenly vague and undefinable *more*—and with this infidelity to him and everything she had ever loved, having caused James Stanton to have to wink sadly.

"James," she said in an altered voice. "Oh James." Lou blinked in confusion and suddenly saw some friends in another car. "Oh James," she said, "I love you, I *want* to love you." She said this over and over, since there was no way and never would be a way that she could actually say she was sorry without saying what it was she was sorry for. "Oh James, oh James." They were married that weekend.

Continued on page 76



*Everybody had to get into the pic  
at Janie's Slumber Party-'57.  
(Gail, Ginny, Mindy, melinda, Mona)*

# Slumber Party 101-

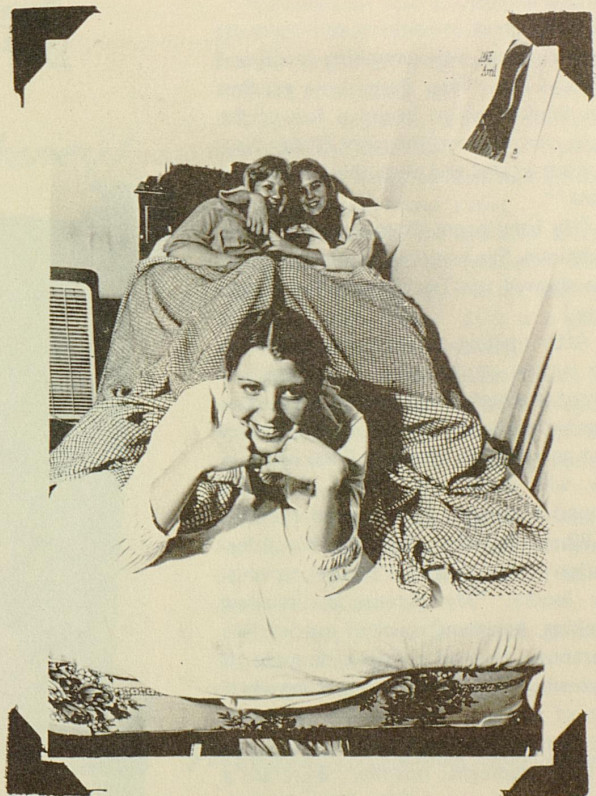
**(A REAL 'BUNNY'...)**

**S**leeping together in the 50's held an entirely different connotation than it does today. It meant packing your toothbrush and new "bunny" pj's, complete with hands & feet, and heading over to Betty Lou's for an overnight party.

Remember those good times listening to Bill Haley and the Comets all night long? Remember the Stroll, going steady, I Love Lucy?

You probably don't because most of us here now aren't members of that uppity "baby-boom" crowd. Forget them! Now YOU can have your own vintage 50's Slumber Party (who needs a baby-boom anyhow?) and I'm here to tell you how to do it Co-oo-oo-l.

Continued next page



*smile pretty for  
the little birdie!*

Always be casual with your party, even to the point of sloppiness. Don't set out neat little bowls of potatoe chips and pretzels. Don't put the dip in a silver serving dish. GET REAL! This is the 50's kid! Put the chips out in their sacks. Scatter them dramatically around the room. Don't be afraid to spill things.

You need friends, of course, to invite to this shin-dig. I realize this may be difficult for some of you. But put your minds to it and I know you can come up with at least 10 people who recognize you on the street. (Make that a well-lighted street)

Now you've thought of your friends and you're ready to begin. The most important thing to remember about throwing a 50's Slumber Party is that no matter how much planning goes into the affair, no matter how much you agonize over every little detail—no one must ever know it was thought out in advance. Spontaneity is the key.

Never send invitations—call them up on the phone. Say something casual and offhand like, "Hey, Peggy Lou, get this. I'm thinkin' abòut havin' a few of the Gang over to spend the night Friday. Sort of hang around and do nuthin'. Wa-do-ya-think?"

(My baby-boom sister was great at this technique. She was once so casual that no one showed up. Try to avoid this if possible.)

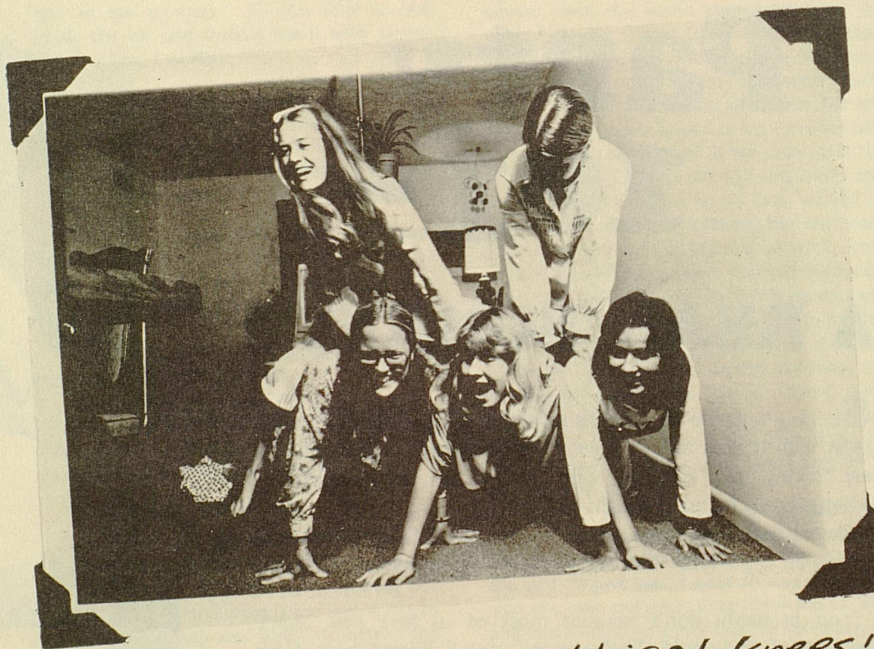
After inviting the girls, it is crucial to the success of the party to be sure and spread it around that there's going to be a slumber party at your place. This insures that an adequate number of the opposite sex will come and "Raid" the joint around midnight. This is quite exciting.

When casually divulging this information in lab class don't forget to whisper loudly, "My parents don't allow drinking, but they're out of town." This guarantees, beyond a shadow, that the 10 boys who show up will bring along a half pint of sloe gin. Everyone can get drunk and that will be a gas.

Until midnight, however, there are a lot of things a room full of girls in their pj's can do.



*She said someone hit her eye --  
But WE know she's clumsy!*

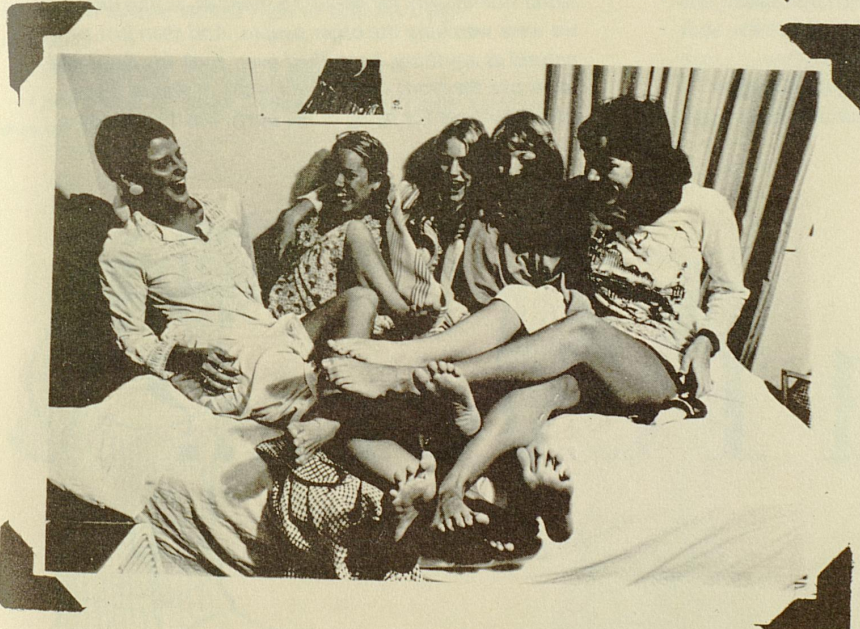


*Gail always had the knobbiest knees!*



*Don't they make the CUTEST couple?*

*Give us a little Cheesecake, honey!*



Get out your 45's and look alive! Any moment of silence is a sin at a Slumber Party. Music must be blaring, despite screams from neighbors, at all times. It is essential that you have a complete record collection including, at the very least, Flash Cadillac and The Continental Kids, The Diamonds, The Big Bopper, Chuck Berry, and who could forget the immortal Frankie Lymon & The Teenagers? Don't embarrass yourself, and me, by ignoring these 50's biggies.

Here's some more bitchin' things to do before the booze comes—

\*Dance. Girl-to-girl. The last stronghold of liberalism was impromptu cotillions held in homes across the country during the 50's. Do it again!

\*Play charades. Elvis imitations are always great for a laugh. But save Spin-the-Bottle for when you can use the empty sloe-gin bottle. That, too, is great for a laugh.

\*Compare all your boyfriends with all your girlfriends' boyfriends, your boyfriends' boyfriends, your boyfriends' girlfriends' boyfriends, and your cousin's next-door neighbor Spike. Compare everyone and how they kiss. This will keep the girls occupied for hours. Be sure and get malicious about it too!

\*If anyone has the audacity to fall asleep (Gasp!) there are retaliatory measures that are effective. The ole' put-the-underwear-in-the-freezer trick is a good one for chuckles in the morning.

One with more immediate results involves a bowl of warm water, a sleeping victim, and a hand. Oh come on, you all. You know what I'm talking about. Whoooooosh!

Now, if you want to update the Slumber Party idea—make it more, how-you-say—"Hip," well . . . that's another story, & another decade!

Have fun, kittens, and Rock Around the Clock—Tonight!

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*Mindy Fetterman*

**D**id I ever tell you how I died?"  
I can't say that the question surprised me much because once you got to know Zak you expected such things. If you were going to have a conversation with him, you might as well expect to begin the thing confused and, probably, to end the same way.

"Did I ever tell you how I died?"

I guess conversation is not really the right word to describe a talk with Zak. If he has something on his mind and wants to talk, it's more of a monologue. He's really just thinking out loud; but he likes to have someone there to catch his thoughts as they fall out.

Usually he didn't talk at all. Maybe that was one of the things that made him so attractive. I mean, you always figure that a person who doesn't bullshit around the way most people do must be just crammed full of deep insightful thoughts. That's how it seemed with Zak anyway. And then there was his mother. Crazy as a loon and locked away somewhere in an institution.

Everyone knew that Zak must have suffered, with a capital S. That always makes a person seem a little deeper.

I only really met Zak a couple of months ago. Oh, of course I'd known of him for years. You know of everyone in a town like this, but I really met him at the beginning of the summer. I was at this party at my best friend's house and there he was. I didn't even know that Clare knew him. It seems as though she would have at least mentioned him before.

Anyway, he was there and he was in a corner all by himself. You know, just standing there doing what he does best, which is nothing. He was just standing there watching everything, but like he wasn't part of any of it. Someone introduced us, or maybe not, but the first thing I knew I was in that corner too.

And I may as well admit it, I was smitten. Just like the girls you always laugh about in those romance novels.

Don't laugh. You have to understand how it was. It was just starting to get warm out and green. Not hot yet, just that nice thick spring warm that you feel like you could eat. The kind of warm that always makes me want to be in love. And he was just standing there taking it all in with those brown eyes of his that sort of twinkle like he knows something you don't. And there I was looking at him, all tanned and golden-headed, with me blushing like everything. The setting was perfect.

I was so nervous that I couldn't think of anything to say and usually I'm a pretty good talker. I think I said something stupid about the weather and then I could have bitten off my tongue. He laughed. As I remember, I didn't much like his laugh because it was almost mean. But that didn't really matter at the time because he was perfect.

After he laughed, he looked out into the room, not at me, when he spoke. "Well, your hair's right and your face is right and even your voice is right, but the clothes are all wrong. You should be wearing soft things, a dress with flowers, a hat maybe. You should be dressed like a spring nymph instead of in jeans. Then you'd almost be my dream girl."

When I look back on it now, I'm embarrassed that I fell for such a corny line. I usually don't. But when he said it I got the most vivid picture. It was like one of those dream sequences in movies that are never like anyone really dreams, but you still know that's what they are supposed to be. All of a sudden I was running through this field in a flowered spring dress, holding a southern-belle hat in one hand, everything in slow motion. I'm sure you've seen those movies. Now it embarrasses me to think about it.

I don't remember him saying anything else. We just stood side-by-side for about 15 minutes, acting like we were watching the other people. And then just as natural as anything, he walked over, took my hand and led it out the front door. And I went. It was as if my whole purpose for being at the party was to provide a

“Did I ever...?”



hand for him to walk out the front door. But I don't remember him saying anything then or later..

You know, it's kind of funny, but I don't remember anything else he's ever said. Although, like I said, I've known him for a couple of months and I've spent a lot of time with him since that party.

I'm sure we've done a lot of talking, but I just can't remember. I think sometimes he used to tell me about dreams that he's had, but I didn't pay any attention. I'd gotten out of the habit of listening when people told me about their dreams. My mother used to tell me hers all the time. She thought that dreams had some important message for us and that we should try to figure them out. I thought she was crazy so I didn't pay any attention.

I know Zak and I must have talked about more than that. Maybe I didn't listen. I was always left with the feeling that Zak was a sensitive and intelligent person. But I can't remember a single word he ever said, so maybe I didn't listen.

At any rate, I thought about him a lot. I had all sorts of visions of Zak and me over coffee late at night, Zak and me holding hands in a field, and just plain Zak and me. To tell the truth, I even used to dream about him, although I've never admitted that to anyone else.

I'd pictured him showing up at my place so many times before that I was flustered when he actually did. I was more flustered by his being there than I was by his crazy question. The question seemed natural, so I guess he must have talked like that before, all those times I wasn't listening. Anyway, he just showed up one night about a week ago. For awhile I wasn't sure he was really there. Out of nowhere he showed up and started right in with his crazy question.

"Did I ever tell you how I died?"

I just shook my head. I knew he didn't really want an answer.

"It was three years ago on November 27th. My mother called us from the . . . uhm . . . hospital, and said that my father and I had been in a car wreck. He lived, but I was killed instantly. I think from then on I just didn't exist for her anymore. She sent my father a letter of condolence on the death of his son. His son. She didn't even mention the fact that I was her son, too. She hasn't spoken to me or asked about me since."

He stopped and looked in my direction to make sure that I was listening. It was hot in the room and when he sat forward, I could hear his sticky shirt pull away from the leather back on my only chair. He looked a little wilted.

His eyes wandered vacantly around the room, resting first on each of my plants in turn and then finally on me. All his movements were a little too slow and distinct. It made me uncomfortable. Nothing seemed quite real and I wanted to find some way to speed him up. Maybe it was just the heat.

I wanted him to stop looking at me. He was waiting for something, but I had nothing to say. I mean, what do you do when someone relates the story of his death. Besides, I wasn't in the habit of actually talking to Zak about anything. And we were always somewhere else, never at my house. But tonight he was at my place and I was actually listening, and he was talking more than usual. I didn't know what to say.

Usually it was easier because he didn't talk so much. He'd just be someplace where I was. Just show up and sometimes never say a word until he'd be gone again. It was like that last puff of smoke from one of his cigarettes. You wouldn't even notice that he'd been smoking until that last puff before he put the cigarette out. That last one just seemed to linger in the air for awhile and then fade off. I'd seen him smoke whole packs that way . . . without really knowing that he smoked.

Anyway Zak would just be hanging around like that cigarette smoke and then he would fade out of a place.



Sometimes he'd fade me out with him and sometimes not. At least that's how it felt. So you can see why we never needed to talk much and why I might never have really listened to him.

That night at my house was different. This time he was at my place and he was solid and he was talking and I was listening and I had nothing to say. So he continued.

"I never knew where Mother got that kind of stuff before. I mean, they gave me the technical terms and told me why she had to be sent away, but I never really knew where it came from."

He paused and looked at me as if he wanted me to guess what "it" was and where "it" came from. I just smiled and nodded my head like a Chinaman who doesn't understand English. He continued.

"It was her dreams. She dreams things, like me being dead, and then they are real for her. She's a beautiful woman, you know. Soft hair. Like yours. I always wanted to touch it. I still remember. But she's my mother and I'm dead."

For a minute I was afraid he might cry. I prayed that he wouldn't because I knew that if he did, no way in the world would I be able to make myself go over to him and comfort him. He was all right after a bit and went on.

"Well. . .," he looked hard at me so that I had to look down at my hands. ". . . maybe I am dead, or would be if I weren't a better dreamer than my mother is. Maybe that's how we all die. I've given this a lot of thought. Maybe we all die because someone dreams us dead or just stops dreaming us at all. Maybe it's a power that some people have. That's an interesting thought."

Now he smiled. You'd think I would have been relieved that he loosened up enough to smile after the way he'd been talking. But I wasn't. It wasn't that kind of smile. It was the same smile I'd seen on my little brother's face once back home.

My brother had spent an entire afternoon catching

butterflies, pulling their wings off and then flushing them down the toilet. I'd caught him at it and he'd been smiling just like that. Later my little brother was ashamed of himself and cried. I didn't think Zak would be ashamed.

"It's an interesting thought because if my mother has almost got the power, than maybe I have got it. After all I am her son. And since you're my dream girl, except for the clothes, maybe I should dream those clothes gone and then give you new ones. And maybe if you're not nice to me, I'll just dream you gone, or stop dreaming you at all. Then you'd be worse than dead. You will never have existed."

It was then that I asked him to leave. At least I think that I did. Maybe not. That part isn't too clear. I remember wishing that he would leave.

It wasn't that I took him seriously, of course. It's just that is was so hot and I was tired and upset with the way he was acting. He wasn't very nice at all. Not at all like he was in my dreams. It's really a shame when you think of how much I liked him before. If only he'd been like I thought he should be . . . but he wasn't. Not when he really talked and I listened. Then he wasn't Zak at all, not the one that I knew, anyway.

So maybe I asked him to go. I don't remember. I might have fallen asleep and he left later. All I know is that when I woke up the next morning, he wasn't there. I don't remember leaving. I wasn't upset anymore, but I still didn't like him.

At first I tried to tell myself that it was all a bad dream and that I shouldn't hold it against him. But I knew that it wasn't. I know the difference between dreaming and reality. Even though I haven't seen him since that night, I still think about him sometimes, but not very often. Just sometimes, during the day, I think about him and feel a little sad.

*Dinah Casey*



## under wraps

Continued from page 5

higher education. This money could be much better spent in fully funding the various student financial aid programs."

Kelly said, "NSA will educate students across the country how U.S. tax dollars are used to arrest and intimidate South Vietnamese students."

### Whiter shade of pale...

A St. Paul firm called Luxenburg Enterprises is advertising a "Denim Fader" kit for use on blue jeans. For \$4.95 the firm says it will send the spray-on kit and the buyer can transform "stiff, dark, new jeans" into a soft, faded, lived-in pair.

### Remember fizzies?

Ever wonder what those strange bubbles are that float off the roof of the Chemistry-Physics building? If one uses his imagination, he might whip up an aged, mad-scientist in his penthouse laboratory mixing potions in flasks and test tubes.

As the sinister mastermind creates a gaseous eruption from an oversized bubbly beaker he shrieks "Eureka!" and prepares to release his "student brain-shrinking" substance into the atmosphere.

But have no fear, unsuspecting victims. After intense investigation into the cause and effect of the situation, we've discovered the true facts.

According to Clement Buxton, in charge of Chemistry-Physics building maintenance, he happens to be the "mad scientist" in question; and the "killer" chemicals are harmless chlorine and a rust preventative that are regularly dumped into the air conditioner "beaker" on the roof. Bubbles form and skyward-pointed fans blow them from the roof and down on us already-brain-shrunk students. So why worry?

### 'Somebody direct him to the complaints window'

A UK grad student (who wishes to remain unidentified) dropped by the Kentuckian office recently to lay a bit of heavy anecdote on us. You see he had some trouble obtaining football tickets for himself, his wife and two kiddo's. What an understatement.

After missing a class to wait in line for several hours, the student, burning with football fever, was dampered with the news that under no circumstances were tickets issued without an ID card. Unfortunately he'd lost his; and he was assured emphatically that his valid activities card would not do . . . at all.

Wait, children, there's more! Our plucky grad left, returning later with a replacement ID, only to be turned away again because he lacked his wife's ID and activities cards.

Undaunted, he returned a third time with his wife's credentials only to be

informed he still lacked proof of their marriage—his wedding ring was declared insufficient data. No way, buddy.

The next-to-last trip produced a marriage certificate. Hallelujah! The tickets issued, our somewhat bearded and emaciated student learned that he would have to wait in another line to acquire tickets for his two children. Which he did.

Slowly, painfully the line inched its way toward the man behind the little bars (is it any wonder), until right before his time to get tickets they informed him and the remainder of the folks waiting that there were no more tickets and that they could punt on home.

They could have at least issued him a couple consolation suckers to keep the kids busy; now we just hope the game-bound couple can find a sitter. We thought maybe they ought to leave the kids at the ticket window. But, they'd probably just get misplaced.

### Oregon study examines drug usage

In Oregon, which a year ago became the first state to abolish criminal penalties for simple possession of marijuana, 54 per cent of persons aged 18 to 29 have never used marijuana, according to a recent Drug Abuse Council report. Forty per cent of those currently using marijuana claim they have

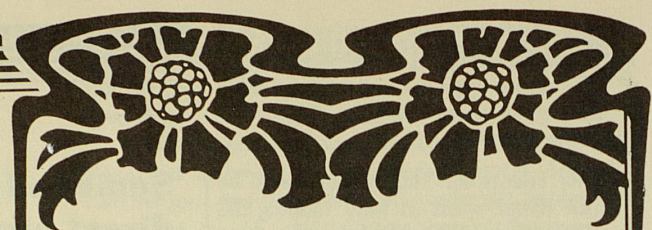
decreased usage in the past year while only five per cent say their usage has increased. Of non-users, 53 per cent say they have no interest in marijuana, 23 per cent cite health dangers and only four per cent say the possibility of legal prosecution has influenced them to abstain.

### On the trail of Soupy Sales...

The U. of Minnesota Student Assembly had convened to consider a motion to impeach its president. Suddenly, a darkly clad stranger dashed across the room and shoved a cream pie squarely in the face of the student senator who had introduced the impeachment motion. In the con-

fusion, the pie thrower escaped, but everyone present knew they had witnessed a pro in action. Obviously, someone had put out a contract on the student senator; the stranger was a hit man sent by a new twin cities organization known as Pie-Kill, Ltd.

under wraps



# THE farthest SUBSCRIBER

*Thank you, Sonny. Hey! Thank you very much! Thanks!*  
Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to the Kentuckian Magazine's "Farthest-Away Subscriber Contest."

Tonight's winner is a little lady from Conda, Idaho (you know Conda, it's just over the hill from Soda Springs). Mrs. Ione Koeneman—who is our farthest subscriber.

Welcome to the contest Mrs. Koeneman. And congratulations, you're our winner! Tell the readers, just speak into the typewriter there, just how old are you?

*"Well, I'm 74."*

Well in 74 years you must've met a lot of people who have become famous or something, can you tell us a little something about them?

*"As a child I visited the studio of Charles Russell, a famous cowboy artist of Montana. Everyone respected him, even then. He was a friendly person who knew and talked to everyone. He was a big picturesque figure who always dressed in western clothes with a big fringed sash around his waist."*

*"Then there is Mike Mansfield, the Senator from Montana. As a girl my parents brought groceries from his parents' store. We went to school together, but he was younger than me. We really aren't close personal friends, just acquaintances."*

*"The only other famous person I can really remember was the father of the actor, Gary Cooper. We called him Judge Cooper, and I met him as a young bride in Helena, Montana. He used to wear a black derby with a string attached to the lapel so that when the hat blew off he wouldn't have to chase it."*

Well, those certainly were interesting people; but tell us, why did you get a subscription to the Kentuckian Magazine?

*"I got the subscription to keep up with my grandson who goes to school at the University in Lexington. I also have relatives who are descended from early settlers in Pendleton County, Ky. They go back as far as 1832."*



IONE KOENEMAN



We understand that you have six grandchildren and a great grandchild. Do they take much of your time?

*Most of the grandchildren have grown up now so I don't see them everyday. But I've sort of become the Conda grandma, all the kids from Conda just drop by to talk. I mostly just write letters and visit people and keep in touch. I like people."*

Well, that's all the time we have right now, thank you Mrs. Koeneman. Stay tuned for the next issue, coming your way soon, and we'll have another exciting entrant for you to get to know.

# LET YOURSELF GROW

*BACK PACKING*  
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*KAYAKING*  
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-Larry Mead

Jane Vance teaches colloquium and creative writing. She has had poems published in various periodicals and anthologies.

## To be white, liberal

For Sandy Green on the occasion

*Kentucky Kernel* (Oct. 3, 1973): "Pulitzer Prize-winning poet to discuss her craft with aspiring young writers. Rare Book Room, King Library, 4 p.m."

### *After the Fact:*

All extremes, all opposites are blind,  
Each to the whole truths of the other  
And these are the scales of their eyes.

The one is the dead-white eyeless fish  
Inviolable in the dark cave.  
The other is the blank black water  
Where the white fish swims, trapped,  
Grandfathers and grandfathers gone.

### *The Fact:*

Famous poets aren't such rare birds nowadays,  
Flying in and out, university hopping,  
Going where the green is,  
According to their seasons.

This Pulitzer Prize-winning poet talks  
Politely like a poet  
For awhile to an audience  
Of 13 whites and 3 blacks,  
But balks when asked to talk  
As a woman  
And flat-out refuses  
When asked to talk  
As a human being.  
She is black; she will talk  
Of blacks to blacks.  
Lacerate the whites. We whites  
Are liberal and like it.

But whoa! Out comes  
Honky with the red flag.

# and 21

of his whiteness

*The Play:*

White: Cheek. Turn the other. Cheek. This  
I admire. Cheek  
Can't we transcend hate?  
Meet on some common human ground beyond?  
Fanny Haymer said so, and did it.

Black: Hate hones black poems,  
Fans their fire.

White: But I want you to be writing to me.  
(whining) I'm not satisfied with eavesdropping  
On what you write to others.  
I may be white but I'm decent.  
I know the wrong you're done  
But by God I don't do it.

Where are you in your poems?

Black: Read *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*.  
The white man fucked the red man, too.

*Afterword:*

Two blindnesses,  
Two game old cocks  
Flying at each other.  
Flailing, flopping, flapping,  
Still fighting  
Half-dead.  
White more blind  
Than black I guess.

But still two blindnesses  
Out of light  
Locking heads at sunset  
Among the Rare Books  
In the library  
Of our backward state's school.



## LOCAL COLOR FROM HONG KONG

Lithographed in martial splendor, stands  
Kwang Kung, "Legendary Champion of Freedom":  
Terrible and magnificent, short and thick;  
The stance is stony as through dynasties.  
His skin is scarlet, and his angry eyes  
Slant up and long. A black mustache  
Drops silk thread hairs which hide  
A fearsome smile beginning. His clothes  
Are wondrous: green, yellow, red;  
With brodered breeches billowing;  
Wide-necked blouse; sandals like grass;  
And machinery of a helmet on his head.  
Upon his hip, one clawed hand curls,  
The other clutches a green sword;  
And at his side swing yellow feathered arrows:  
So he, half-smiling under angry eyes;  
And over his head a great sun seems to rise.

This same sun, warrior fierce and furious,  
Kwang Kung, "Legendary Champion of Freedom",  
Will, when you try the battlefield today  
With your green sword and yellow arrows,  
Suck up your fury, blanch your flame to gray.



## GO WORRY EMILY DICKINSON, OR

Fly.

Morning outside  
But not inside.  
Buzzing my head.  
Grazing my leg.  
Worrying life into me

Come back in the morning  
Fly  
When I won't lift a finger  
Against you  
But let you,

Fly.

## APPLES (Cont.)

Continued from page 64

She went back to school on Wednesday. Her roommate bought them a cut glass vase for a wedding present. There was, of course, very little left of which they could safely speak. The window in their room had a new pane, still murky with glue.

Once they were married, James no longer minded Joyce's being in college. He put a Western Carolina College sticker on the back window of the car. When he came to get her on Fridays, he often came early now and she'd find him in the coffee shop, talking basketball at a table full of students. From behind she had to study which of the men was him. He had let his hair grow over his ears and wore jeans and a blue workshirt.

In Stanton, they walked among the young apple trees on the hills behind their new house and at night did the dishes together, then watched television and made love. But afterward, while he paid bills or slept or watched the late show, she sat in the kitchen reading steadily and efficiently, laying necessary facts in her mind as orderly as knives and forks.

She was tired now a lot of the time. Although James tried to help her and worried that she didn't sleep more, she always felt tired. She could no longer remember how she had sometimes broken into a laughing run on the college pavements, not hurrying to or from something but only so that her mind wouldn't have to feel it was pulling a heavier body behind it. But she would have continued to the end except that she got pregnant. One night she dreamed it was raining on campus, a dreary rain that plastered leaves to the sidewalk, and she saw a little confused kitten under the dripping bicycle racks and picked it up and carried it away. She woke from this dream sick. James lay curled on his side. His having pajamas on, clean ironed pajamas, seemed undeniably domestic. I can still decide, she thought. I can do whatever I want. But the exhaustion never left her anymore. It mashed all her feelings, thoughts, desires, into one thick ungiving substance, like cooked potato. When she tried to pick out how much she loved James or how much she wanted to go to school, it was all exhaustion. She was neither happy nor unhappy, only tired. It's still in my hands, she said out loud. But she had already given herself over.

At the end of the semester she stopped at the Student Health Center and was told yes and she came home and slept, waking only to cook and eat before falling back into a drugged sleep. James was happy to have her home, he came in and stroked her face and arms and back, sending her into a deeper and deeper sleep. During this time the baby made its secret invisible changes, a small lump at the pit of her stomach which both she and James were afraid to touch, for fear they would in some way bend it or leave an indentation on its forehead. She slept



around it, careful not to lay on her stomach or curl up too tightly. Whatever she sat or lay upon, closed in slightly, all places became nests.

After three months, she still slept during the day but often woke at night and sat at the cleared kitchen table, on a straight hard chair, the cold kitchen floor beneath her bare feet. In these moments, alone in the kitchen with the heat turned off and the house dark, her mind seemed to have a clarity it had never known before. While she sat at the empty table, sad lumpy hen, feeling the feathers growing in her skull, the baby growing in her stomach, her mind moved accusingly about the house, its clarity a pain, an almost sexual longing for something upon which to impale itself. Joyce herself seemed to have lost such pains.

But finally, early in the sixth month of her pregnancy, as if her body went efficiently by textbooks which Joyce had never read, this pain of mind carried itself off somewhere and the exhaustion lifted. Her suddenly enormous stomach took on a grace of its own, and Joyce found large energies, caught from the crispening air and the trees which were ripening. Babies appeared everywhere, in magazines, on television, and toddlers suddenly seemed to run into her path wherever she went. She glanced at James shyly and tried not to giggle, tried to act grown up, to think of herself as a parent. James already did. He came in to her smelling of apples and he rubbed her back, kissing her spine, her swollen sides, the aching pulse at the back of her knees. His hands were rough from the trees, and the touch of them on her now strange body soothed and assured her. James knew what to do. She gave birth with satisfying pain—it made it all seem believable—to a boy who looked well born to the basketball which James, half sheepish, half proud of his gesture, brought to the hospital.

The days were thick with love, of James and the baby and then the two babies, creatures whose delicate boy skulls and chubby fingers and openmouthed kisses kept Joyce strung between love and fear. She was happy. When she was not, she grew fearful. House, husband, children, reproached her with their beauty, their goodness, their love for her. Surely she would be punished for anything less than contentment. Every evening James came in from the apple trees, singing, and kissed her without touching her because his hands were dusty with dried spray. "Happy?" he asked. She always answered yes.

The night the new packing house was finished and the sign hung on it that read James Stanton and Sons, the four of them cooked steaks in the backyard and then lay under the stars eating Joyce's famous chocolate meringues. The two boys, up way past their bedtime, fell asleep on the warm grass. "Happy?" James asked, and Joyce, weighing her reply against the seven years they had been married and the accumulation of anniversaries and birthdays and Christmas eves and saved seashells and snapshots and little jokes that had to be explained even to her parents, said "Do you

think, would you mind, if I went back to school, just a little bit?"

"But why?" James asked. "But if you want to," he added quickly. He wanted her to be happy, as happy as he was, as the children were, as her parents were, as his parents were, as the neighbors were, as the children in her Sunday school class were. "Whatever makes you happy," he said, "do it."

So as soon as the second boy went off to the first grade, Joyce signed up at Asheville-Biltmore College, which was only 25 miles from Stanton, for the first English class that happened to meet only on Tuesday and Thursday at 9:30 in the morning. After the first class she corrected her teacher and told him she was married. "Good," he said "'Miss Stanton' sounds too much like a beauty pageant." She even showed him a picture of James and the children, standing straight in front of the newest orchard. James was still lanky, still handsome; in fact, he grew more boyishly good-looking as he grew older. The teacher smiled, a little puzzled, and showed her a picture of his own three children. She seemed satisfied. At the bookstore she bought a book on dinosaurs for the boys and for James an Asheville-Biltmore College sweatshirt with a huge gothic ABC on the front, to replace his wornout Western Carolina one. She couldn't think of anything else, and then she bought her own new books.

James sometimes said with a little wonder, "You really do like all that stuff, don't you Joyce?" Spring semester she took two courses and in the summer worked from a reading list, waiting for fall. She could have gone on and on. Already her pockets sprouted slips of paper and her mind, happy now, again arched itself over the cold kitchen table at nights. She washed the dishes thinking of poems and dreamed at night of what she had read during the day.

But one day that fall a girl in her literature class suddenly veered off their after-class discussion of *Look Homeward Angel* and asked if Joyce's husband didn't mind her coming back to school and Joyce, startled, unprepared, heard herself say "Not at all. Of course not. He may not have gone to college himself but ideas are important to him. He loves to read, really. I mean just last week he finished reading all of Thomas Wolfe."

"No kidding," said the girl. "That's the kind of man I really admire. That's just the kind of man I most admire."

"Yes," said Joyce helplessly.

She didn't go to the next class, her heart was sick. She felt it sick with pain in her chest. She thought she might throw up, her chest and her stomach and her head and even her arms and legs were so filled up with this aching valentine, this crazy joke of a heart, this cliché from which she thought she might die. She left her notebook on the coffee shop table and drove quickly back to Stanton, up the long driveway circling through James' orchards, past trees now heavy with fruit, to the house.

When James came in from the packing house, he found Joyce asleep on the bed. He

closed the door gently and by the time she rushed groggily and guiltily to the kitchen, her hands already out toward the refrigerator door, he and the children stood proudly by the ready table. "Surprise!"

And as the children dashed about serving food and pouring milk, James pulled out her chair. "Poor baby," he whispered in her neck. "You're tired. That school stuff is wearing you out."

"Yes," she said. "I'm going to stop."

"But Joyce, you like it so much."

"No."

"Oh yes you do," James said. "I know better than that. The boys and I are going to pitch in more and we'll get a girl to come in two or three times a week. We can afford it easy."

"It's not that. I want to stop. It's messing me up. No, no, nothing happened, nothing really."

But he was alarmed, his hand across the table on hers, the children watching him began to worry, and she had to talk so talked hastily of how she sat in class a well-dressed visitor but how the books were with her all the time, making her see everything a different size and different way, setting her adrift again, opening old nostalgias. He listened carefully, wanting to understand, and the children looked from one adult to the other and grew more worried, and everything Joyce said seemed to skirt dangerously close around the girl in her class and that Joyce had said such a thing to a girl in her class. She was filled with hatred for that girl but it did no good, eased no pain. James kept saying her name, Joyce, Joyce, he wouldn't let go her hand. Finally she blurted out "They tell you there that you can't go home again, that's what they tell you there James."

He stood up angrily. "Who? Who says that? What the hell does that mean? Of course you can. You are. You are home." He looked around the room angrily but when his eyes came back to Joyce they softened. "Well," he said. "Aren't you?"

There was that chasm again, opening, threatening everything. And since it was obvious that someone was home, and since she wasn't really certain that it wasn't really her, she said "Yes." "Yes," she said, pushing against the drowsiness to smile at them, her smile releasing them. They all smiled and began to eat, except for Joyce, who just kept on smiling, a stricken permanent smile, smiling at her husband and children, enmeshed in love for her husband and children, and all of them filled with love for her, both her punishment and her reward.

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Sylvia Whobel

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## Nicholas Pisacano

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Nestled among the various college departments in Medical Center Annex 2 is a small office with the denotation American Board of Family Practice (ABFP).

Although its presence is inconspicuous, the office is headquarters for the country's newest and fastest-growing primary medical specialty—family practice. It's also the home away from home of Dr. Nicholas Pisacano, associate medicine professor and one of a few Lexington doctors who planned and pushed family practice's certification by the American Medical Association.

"Family practice is now one of medicine's chief specialties—like surgery or ophthalmology," said Pisacano, who is currently the ABFP secretary. "I know I'm prejudiced, but I think Lexington and UK should be proud of the fact that the specialty originated here. It's the only primary specialty with a university address."

Pisacano and his fellow doctors began to discuss the family physician idea in the 1960's as the number of medical students shifted sharply away from general practitioner programs toward specialties such as neurosurgery or pediatrics.

After their proposal received wide attention, they brought doctors from all across the nation to the Carnahan House Conference Center to discuss the merits of a merge with the general practitioners and the establishment of family practice as medicine's 20th primary specialty.

"Ever since World War II, technology has increased at fantastic rates. Specialization has become more attractive to medical students, who found it difficult to keep up with the vast amounts of information constantly being discovered about the human body," Pisacano said.

Family practice then, attempts to both save the family doctor from extinction and train him to keep up with the latest developments in medical technology, he explained.

The task of specializing in family doctoring is not an easy one. Prospective family doctors must study in six broad areas of medicine: pediatrics, surgery, internal medicine, obstetrics and gynecology, psychiatry and family medicine.

To be certified, the physician must pass a rough two-day examination prepared by the ABFP. He must then complete a three-year residency or have practiced family medicine for six years.

By the time the doctor gets his family practice certification, he will have accumulated over 300 hours of continuing education since obtaining his MD degree.

And that's not all.

"The most unusual aspect of family practice—and one that is unique to any medical specialty—is its requirement of recertification every six years," Pisacano said. "That means doctors must



complete at least 30 hours of special coursework in new family medicine data to prepare themselves for the two-day test. And it's a tough one; I know, I design it myself."

Like a proud father watching the rapid growth of his child, Pisacano loves to add addresses to an already bulging list of family physician training programs he keeps tacked to an office bulletin board.

"We finally got our certification from the American Medical Association in 1969 and didn't even officially certify family physicians until 1970," said Pisacano—who is also well-known as professor of the continually over-requested BIO 110, Introduction to Human Biology and Health.

"In just five years we have expanded to 235 approved family practice departments across the United States, with more appearing each month."

Many of the family physicians who are gearing themselves for the next certification test in 1976 are general practitioners who want to broaden their scope of medical knowledge and to support the trend of preventive health care in family medicine.

This show of support nationally for family practice—carefully nurtured by Pisacano—seems destined to push general practice medicine into the mainstream of modern medical technique.

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KAY COYTE

## James Baker Hall

It was no coincidence that James Baker Hall returned to his hometown three years ago to become an imaginative writing instructor in the UK English department.

At the time Hall was a part-time instructor at the University of Connecticut in Hartford and was co-owner of a photography studio and custom lab.

"It was an aberration. I had no interest in dealing with the custom lab," Hall said. "I decided I wanted to support myself teaching full-time and wanted to come home."

"Home" to Hall is Lexington, where he was born and reared. "I was very lucky to find a job I wanted to do and where I wanted it. It was too good to be true. I am very indebted to UK—it's been a salvation to me."

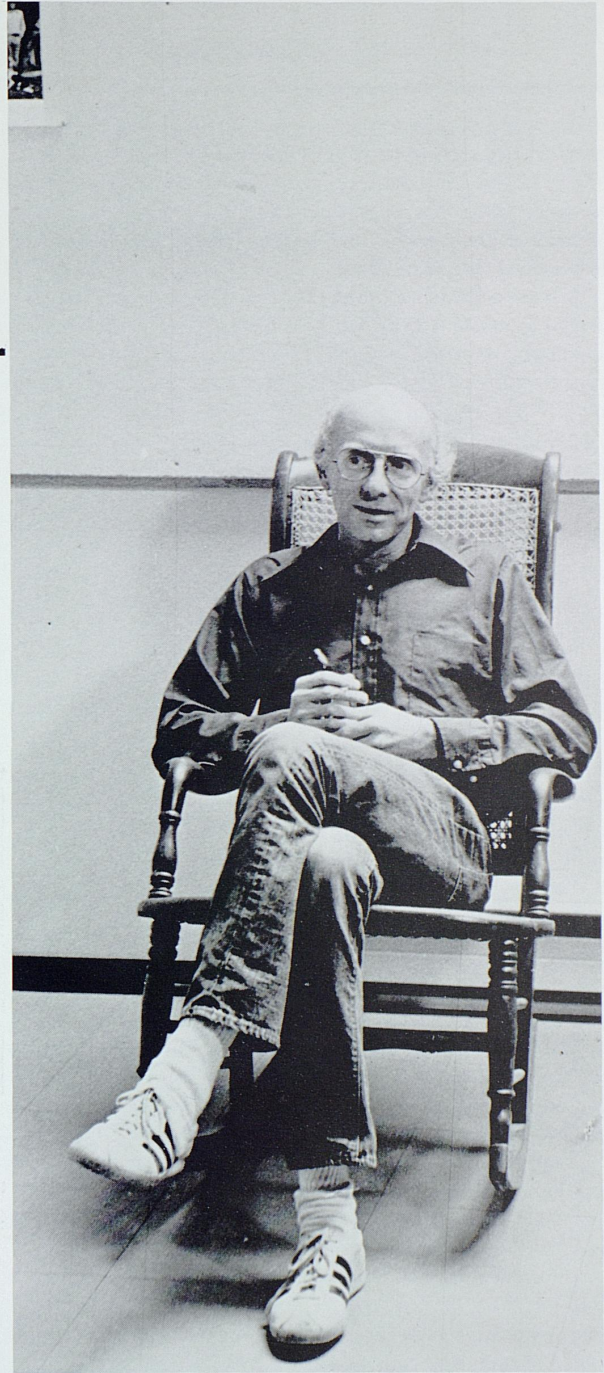
Sitting in Alfalfa's Restaurant, his favorite eating place, Hall recounted his love for Lexington and how his life has been divided between his interest in writing and photography.

"This is just the place for me to be at this point in my life. Even if I didn't like Lexington, I would still be here," he said. "My 20 years of early experiences here got me connected to a lot of people.

"Though I don't have actual daily contact with them and don't put them to the best advantage, I still have a very strong feeling of being here among friends," Hall said.

Hall graduated from UK in 1957 with a B.A. in English. He then attended graduate school at Stanford University for three years. He has taught either photography or English at New York University, Stanford, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and UK.

"I understand the students here more intimately than any other place where I have taught. It's because I grew up here and most of the students are from Kentucky," he explained. "It's important for people from small places in Kentucky to see that people who have left here are coming back and that you really don't have to leave here to become somebody."



-John Winn Miller

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"It's important for people from small places in Kentucky to see that people who have left here are coming back and that you really don't have to leave here to become somebody."

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"There are possibilities here now. You no longer have to go to New York or Los Angeles to get somewhere."

Hall, 40, is a soft-spoken intelligent man who is very pensive and quiet about his ideas. Known and respected for both his professional photography and writing, Hall said he would rather teach writing than photography.

"It takes a lot more time to teach photography and you don't get paid as much. I also have a lot more free time to do some of the things I want to do when I'm teaching writing. In photography, you spend a lot of time in the darkroom and just waiting around." But, teaching photography is more personally gratifying in terms of the results you see in your students, Hall said, since "you are teaching basics and are able to see tangible results."

"In photography you can show someone what to look for in a picture, how to use a light meter and how to develop and process their film," Hall said. "But in teaching writing it is so frustrating because, no matter how much you teach them, if they don't have the talent and skills for it, they'll never make it as a writer."

Hall urges his students to write to please themselves rather than to concentrate on how others would prefer it written. "I know it sounds dumb, but I spend a lot of time teaching people to be mindless and thoughtless when they write."

The style and form involved in journalism do not appeal to Hall. "I wouldn't like making a living working on a newspaper. A plastic newspaper account of an event doesn't have anything to do with the world I live in. I haven't got anything to say about anything and I don't like trying."

"The new journalism seems to be more responsible and reflective of what is happening. There's some loosening up of the old standards of reporting, particularly in sports."

Hall said he divides his time almost equally between photography and writing and that he goes "through periods of several years where I concentrate on photography more and years where I do more writing than photography."

He began photo work when he was young, Hall said, and was working in a professional lab at the age of 12. But he grew tired of photography and when he entered college, Hall sold his camera to purchase a car.

"I decided I wanted to become a writer. But after 10 years of writing and no photography, I bought a camera and decided to balance my time between the two. At first, I thought the two would conflict. But, looking back, I see that I've been able to do both with very little trouble."

Hall said his major responsibility now is to his writing, although photography remains "a very delightful, enjoyable and serious hobby."

"I still shoot with some regularity, although I haven't been in the darkroom much in the past several years. I stay in touch with the photographers around here and we meet about once a week. I keep shooting just to keep my camera in practice," Hall said.

The only photography Hall said he really dislikes is job work—weddings, profiles and children's photos.

"I did that type of work for awhile. It was alright but it got old. We did very professional work for what it was. But I got too much frustration and not enough satisfaction doing that kind of work."

"Even if you take the shots that you were hired for, there is no reason you can't take other kinds of shots while you're there. I've had some photos that I used in shows that were taken at weddings."

While a UK student, Hall and three other students interested in writing formed a friendly nucleus which has continued through their post-graduate years.

The four former classmates are now successful writers or instructors and Hall credits this success to their loyalty as friends.

Perhaps the most prominent of these classmates is Wendell Berry, a Kentucky author and poet who also teaches creative writing at UK. Another, Ed McClanahan, recently concluded a stint as a writing instructor at the University of Montana. In 1972, he was named best non-fiction author for *Playboy Magazine* as the result of an article on local entertainer Little Enis.

The last, Gurney Norman, is currently residing in California and working on a book. He gained notoriety as a co-author and founder of the original "Whole Earth Catalogue."

"Our friendship has created possibilities that have become stronger and stronger," he said. "We have kept in touch one way or another. It was very helpful and useful for us to be here together."

Hall said one reason the four were closely allied is that they shared the one common philosophy and a liking for the state of Kentucky.

"The four of us being from Kentucky means just one hell of a lot when you come down to it. Maybe that's what makes it click."

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RON MITCHELL

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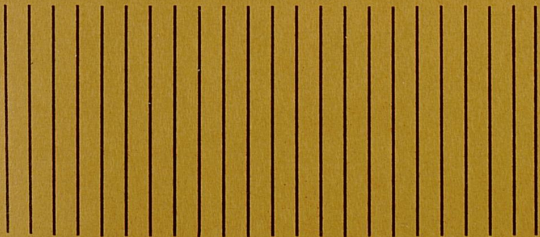
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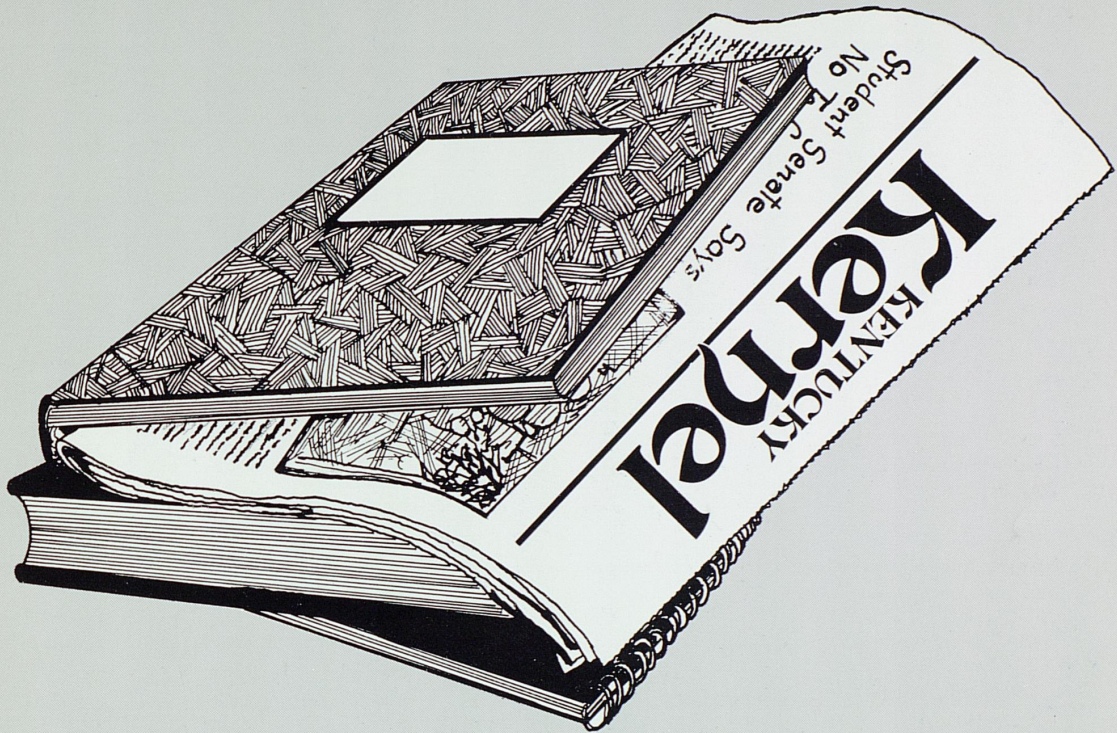
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