

*The*  
**KENTUCKIAN**  
*Magazine*

\$1.25

vol. II no. 1

**SPECIAL:**

**WE TELL NEW STUDENTS  
WHERE TO GO**

**COUNTRY-  
ROCK SINKS**

**A MEMORIAL CONCERT  
THAT WASN'T**

**ROGER MCGUINN**

**EX-BYRD LEADER  
TRIES WINGS**

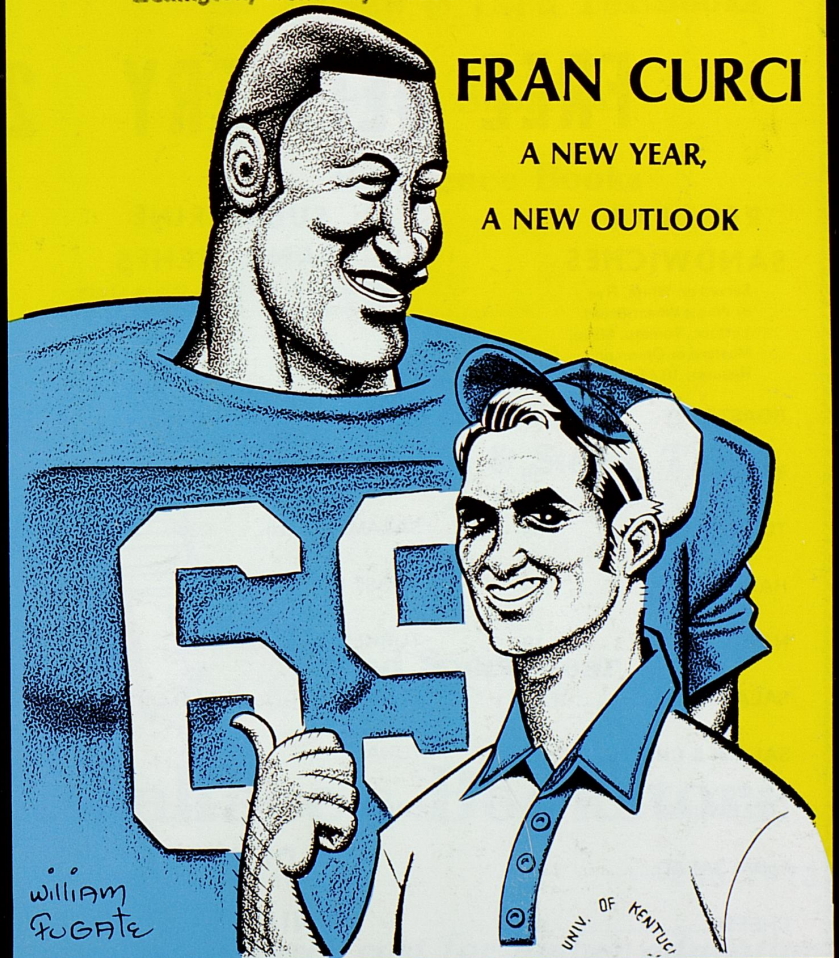
**PINBALL MADNESS**

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**FRAN CURCI**

**A NEW YEAR,  
A NEW OUTLOOK**

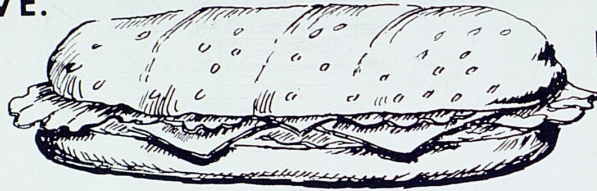


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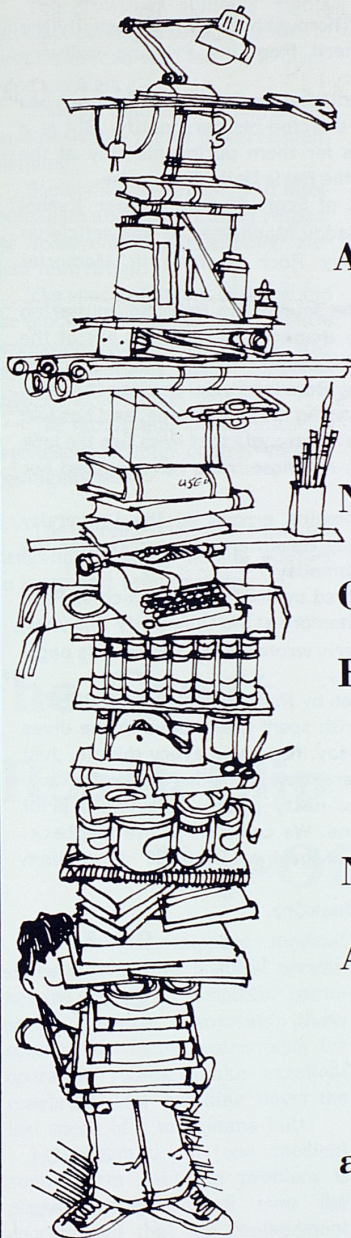
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# backstage with the editor

This is the second year for The Kentuckian Magazine, published by the University Board of Student Publications five times yearly. The magazine is staffed entirely by students.

We are printed right here in Lexington by The Thoroughbred Press. Recently the magazine and printer received an award of merit from the Printing Industry Association of the South for lay-out and printing.

Bill Straub authored the article on Fran Curci, outlining the problems the coach has faced since coming to Kentucky and how it has affected his personality. Bill is a Kentucky Kernel veteran, having covered sports for them during his stay at the University. He is now employed as sports editor of the Paris Daily Enterprise.

And, of course, we have the talented ravings of Scott Payton, former Kernel columnist and official Kentucky writer for Crawdaddy Magazine, for our article on the disastrous Gram Parsons Memorial Country Rock Festival in Memorial Coliseum.

When last seen, Payton was staggering behind the Journalism Building, muttering something about John McEuen's banjo pick. We managed to pull him out of the Dempster Dumpster, and we'll have him in shape for the next issue.

Susan Jones, our managing editor, wrote the Doug Ross interview on page 12. Jones worked for the Lexington Leader this summer, covering the court scene, and has had a good deal of experience on the Kernel. She maintains strongly that Ross has the look of a murderer. We don't believe her for a minute. All those trials have warped her mind.

Fearless Byron West returns in this issue, slinging arrows at the University establishment. Byron wrote for us last year, as you recall, and has worked for the Kernel. (Don't worry, Byron, you'll get you check someday.)

Our Freshman Insert is a joint project, co-authored by Jones, editor-in-chief Pam Parrish and new staffer Liz Finney. Finney is a sophomore at the University this year and worked on her high school paper. Parrish formerly wrote for the Kernel arts page and was associate editor of the magazine last year.

Last, but never least, the pinball story was written by Parrish and Normandi Ellis, last year's creative writing editor. Ellis and Parrish spent many days in the dives around campus researching their story. And they say they loved every minute. Just one problem. We can't seem to pry Parrish's fingers loose from the flipper buttons.

We would appreciate any letters, telegrams or nasty phone calls (we'll print anything) expressing your opinion of our magazine. We can always use feedback. Just address them to Editor, The Kentuckian Magazine, Rm. 210 Journalism Building.

We hope you enjoy this issue of The Kentuckian Magazine.

— Pam Parrish

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Contributing Editors	Normandi Ellis, Dick Gabriel, Scott Payton, Bill Straub

## Buckley guidelines

The final guidelines for implementation of the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act, known as the Buckley Amendment, have been released.

The guidelines require educational institutions to keep educational records private and to allow students to see their records upon request.

The regulations allow institutions to reveal educational records only to other institutions to which the student has applied, certain state and federal educational and financial aids officials, certain accrediting and research groups that have a legitimate need to review these records and to comply with a subpoena.

In cases where a court orders an institution to produce student educational records, the institution must make an effort to notify the student prior to surrendering the records. A record of all parties, other than the student, who have viewed the files must be maintained and made available to the student.

The regulations apply only to "educational records" and do not include records maintained by alumni associations or published directory information. Such directory information may include name, address, birth date, list of extracurricular activities and other information designated by the institution. However, students not wishing to be included in directory listings have the right to be "unlisted."

Records not covered include those maintained solely by the recorder, an individual instructor's records, for example.

The regulations also do not apply to law enforcement records maintained by campus police departments. Such departments do not have the right to view student educational records maintained by other campus offices.

Every year all students must be informed of the regulations, the procedures for requesting a viewing of those records and the fees charged for copies of records (no fees may be charged for record searches). Only students who have actually "been in attendance," not those who have merely applied for admission, are covered under the regulations.

After viewing records, a student must be allowed a hearing to challenge any information he finds erroneous and also the opportunity to include in his records a statement disclaiming any information not expunged through the hearing process.



## 2 + 2 = 5?

The problem has been well documented in news stories for the last several years: "College Board Scores Decline;" "College Freshmen Flunk English Aptitude Tests." America's students aren't learning as well as they once did. Why not?

Recently 21 top-level educators held a seminar to try to find some reasons for the problem. Some of their conclusions:

Television has created a society of non-readers.

Work-study programs, innovative teaching, and a desire for prestigious modern programs such

as "New Math" have contributed to a diminished emphasis on academic fundamentals.

The growth of students' rights without corresponding growth in responsibilities has led to a discipline problem.

Teacher unionization has added an undesirable factor to curriculum planning.

Society's anti-elitism, anti intellectualism and deteriorating respect for achievement has affected student motivation.

The space program cutback and the tendency to blame the scientific professions for environmental and energy problems has weakened interest in technical careers.

The family unit's instability has weakened parental control and encouragement.

The increased use of alcohol and drugs has reduced students' abilities to learn and to cooperate.

## The Great Roach Clip Rip-Off

Why do you suppose medical students and other hospital personnel are ripping off hospitals' hemostats? Because hemostats, those scissor-like clamp instruments for operating rooms, make excellent roach clips for smoking down the last speck of a marijuana butt.

A spokesman for one medical supply firm said the problem is plaguing hospitals all over the country and that the replacement rate for hemostats is the highest of any item. A salesman for a rival firm said that, upon learning the latest use for the hemostats, he suggested to his boss that they market the instrument as a roach clip. The boss wasn't too receptive to the idea.

## 'Trouble with a T and that rhymes with P . . .'

Keeping up with trends in the recreation habits of young people is important to college union operators and at least one authority isn't happy about some of the pastimes currently popular with students.

In a letter to the Association of College Unions-International "Bulletin," Porter Butts, a pioneer in the development of college unions, expressed his opinion of pinball machines. "Throw them out," was his advice to union managers.

"These machines represent one of the lowest forms of entertainment: no skill involved, no exercise, no interaction with others, no thinking, no learning, no laughter. Acceptable, perhaps, in the cheap bistros and arcades," said Butts, but not in an educational environment.

Butts said that union managers' contentions that pinball revenue is necessary to fund other union programs is "comparable to an English department putting cheap dime (now dollar) novels and comic books on its recommended reading list and selling them in the classroom to get enough money to employ an instructor in English literature."

## Can you top this?

Baseball style hats, the kind seed dealers and farm equipment manufacturers give to their customers, are the latest fashion-trend-in-the-making among young people.

Cat Diesel, Purina and Mack Truck are some of the corporate

(Cont.)

logos seen bobbing around campuses in increasing numbers. Not because students have any personal attachment to these firms' products, but because it was in these firms the cap idea was born. Other seemingly more appropriate logos are also seen — beer and record companies for example — but these caps are considered somewhat less than authentic.

The experts really aren't expecting the cap fad to open a new market. "We've been watching the popularity of our caps among young people, but we're busy enough just serving our regular customers that we haven't tried to develop anything with that market," said Tom Kohout, vice president of K Products, an Orange City, Iowa, firm that turns out about five million caps annually.

Even if the cap manufacturers don't see the trend as a boom, their customers certainly see it as a boon.

"One young guy came in here last week and bought my last 11 dozen caps," said one midwestern John Deere dealer. "We charged him \$1.75 each and I suppose he went back to campus and sold them for \$3. The more I sell like that, the more I can give away free to my customers."

## Unaccredited law schools

Some advisers are becoming concerned about the proliferation of recruiting ads for unaccredited law schools that have been circulating since the admissions situation at accredited law schools has become tight.

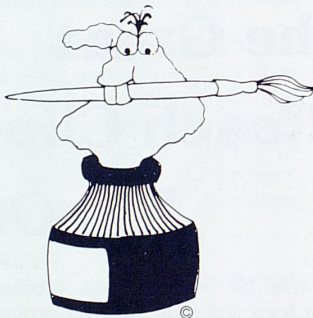
Counselors warn that many of the schools advertising heavily are not accredited by the American Bar Association but only by a state accrediting agency. Graduates of such schools are only allowed to take state bar exams and are not able to practice law in other states.

## Atta boy, Woody!

A student reporter for the Michigan State News not only got a national exclusive in his report of alleged football recruiting violations at Ohio State U., he had an interesting first-person sidebar for his readers.

When the reporter, Edward Ronders, confronted OSU coach Woody Hayes with the charges, the student got a taste of the famous Hayes' temper.

Ronders writes: "By now he literally rocketed from his chair and was coming at me, 'You son of a bitch, I'll grab you and . . .'" The reporter retreated hastily, Hayes in pursuit, to write the story that made sports news all over the country.



## Playwriters competition

Look sharp, all you aspiring playwriters! Mt. Sterling's "City Spirit" ArtAct project, funded by the National Endowment for the Arts, is initiating what the group hopes will be an annual playwriting competition.

The "Playwriters" competition is an experimental effort to jury-select

original plays and produce them for the first time. The purpose of the project is to give Kentucky writers an opportunity for their plays to gain exposure and to develop a receptive audience and versatile theater production staff in Mt. Sterling.

ArtAct hopes to make Mt. Sterling a center for the production, performance and judging of new plays written by Kentuckians.

Funding for the project comes from an \$18,040 "City Spirit" grant from the NEA, intended to encourage the development of community art programs.

A \$500 prize will be awarded for the best play. The prize-winning play will be chosen on the basis of its suitability to a community audience and ArtAct's facilities.

The plays must be written by Kentuckians (anyone who has ever lived in the state) and should never have been professionally produced. Only full length plays (two or more acts) or two one-act plays will be eligible. Each writer may submit two full-length plays or their equivalent.

The winning play will be performed in Mt. Sterling by a combination of professionals and amateurs. The top three plays will be published and distributed throughout Kentucky to encourage production of the plays and promote recognition for the writers.

Play publishers Samuel French Inc. and Dramatists Play Service Inc. have agreed to read and possibly publish the winning plays. ArtAct plans to encourage Kentucky Educational Television to produce a 30-minute special featuring the three winning writers in a discussion of playwriting and short scenes from their winning plays.

A workshop conducted by a professional playwright will be held in Mt. Sterling for all writers who submit manuscripts. They will discuss their plays and will view a performance of the winning "production" play.

Plays may be submitted on or before Dec. 1, 1976 to Woody Reynolds, ArtAct Inc., Box 754, Mt. Sterling, Ky. 40353.





## You are what you eat

Poor eating habits are not unusual among a large portion of the nation's population, especially younger Americans, who lead in world-wide consumption of so-called junk foods — soft drinks, candy, cookies and snack foods — empty calories lacking in necessary nutrients.

Much of the junk food sold comes from vending machines. In fact, some 80 per cent of all vending machine food sales are foods of the empty-calorie type.

The vending machine operators claim they are only giving the public what it wants, as does the fast food industry.

Although some nutrition authorities decry the popularity of the hamburger-Coke-french fries fare, others claim that fast foods are reasonably nutritious, and though calorie-packed, can sustain an active young person fairly well, with certain supplements.

A survey by U. of Minnesota food science and nutrition professor Theodore Labuza showed, to his surprise, that while most students had poor eating habits, they were getting enough nutrients. More, in fact, than most high school students who presumably eat most of their meals at home.

But he did find nutritional deficiencies. Women generally had a low iron intake and both men and women had inadequate levels of vitamin A, necessary for acuity of taste and smell and for night vision. Another problem was an unbalanced calcium-phosphorus ratio that can cause bones to soften.

## Liz Ray she's not

Kathy Anderson is typical of the new breed of student leader. No campus bigshot, Anderson works behind the scenes researching legislation and lobbying on student issues for the Wisconsin United Council of Student Governments.

When a friend asked her to line up a volunteer to drive Wisconsin Sen. William Proxmire on a short campaign trip through the state, Anderson decided to do it herself. "It's pretty hard to get a four-hour captive audience with a U.S. Senator," said Anderson.

But then she received a call from a Proxmire staffer in Washington subtly discouraging her. Anderson recalled, "Finally, she came right out and said, 'The Senator doesn't like to drive with women.'"

"Why not?" demanded Anderson, who considers herself a non-radical feminist.

"Well, you know. It would look funny, a woman carrying his suitcase or trying to fix the car if it broke down," was the answer.

Later, Proxmire's office explained that the senator's policy is to travel with a male driver to avoid any possibility of scandal.

Maybe Anderson's experience was just a misunderstanding?

"Even if that was the real reason, it's not acceptable to me," said Anderson. "He's just perpetuating the myth that a man and woman couldn't be together for purposes of business or politics. Ten years ago it could have hurt a person to be seen with a black, but that didn't make it right."

## The strange case of the vanishing student

An "A" is still the highest mark, but there is a new grade being given at Metropolitan Community Colleges. A "V" means the student has vanished.

Is there really a problem of students vanishing? College officials think there may be and they intend to find out for sure.

When no-fail grading was in vogue three years ago, Metropolitan, a four-campus system of colleges in Kansas City, Mo., initiated a non-punitive grade policy. No failing grades are given, only a "W" which means the student has withdrawn. All students who, whatever the reason, didn't complete the course successfully were lumped in this category.

And that included those who vanished.

"We discovered that about 30 per cent of all grades were 'W' and we began to suspect that some students might be exploiting the non-punitive system," said Dr. Sue Duit, Metropolitan's director of educational development. "They possibly were enrolling, receiving funding from some agency, then being non-conscientious about their class work." Like vanishing.

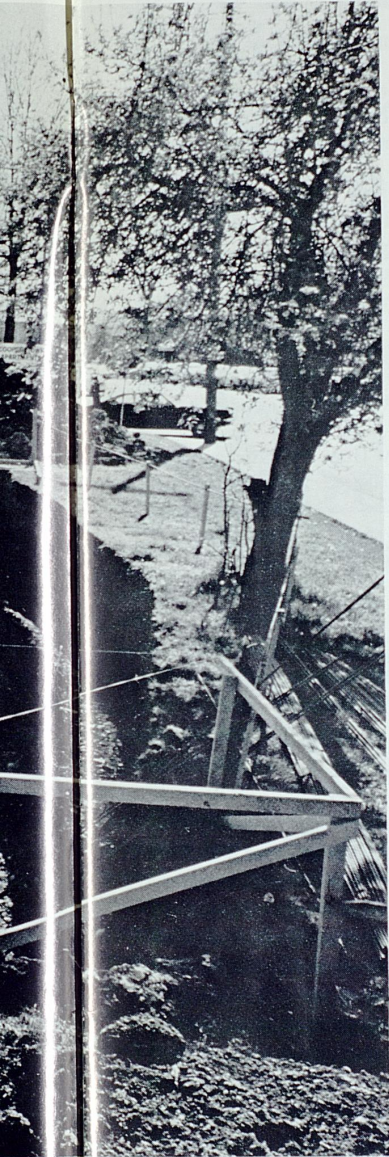
One of the richest deposits of coal in the state



— Stewart Bowman

# Ace in the Hole

## lay directly beneath the University



**"If** there is no other business," said the chairman of the Board of Trustees, one day a few years back, "the chair will entertain a motion to adjourn."

"Just a minute," came from the far end of the table. The Trustees all turned to look at the senior member of the Board, who was about to conclude his ninth consecutive term. He dropped a leather briefcase on the table in front of him, snapped open the clasp and took out a manila file folder.

He opened it. A tiny newspaper clipping fluttered out and slid off the edge of the table. He looked surprised for a minute; easing himself down to his knees, he retrieved it and labored to his feet again, waving the clipping triumphantly.

"I have here," he said solemnly, "a news item from an out-of-state paper concerning a company that has obtained a permit to strip mine some land owned by another state university.

"Needless to say, we cannot allow this to happen to us. And so I want to suggest that this Board confer to me the mineral rights for all University lands." He leaned forward on his palms. "For safekeeping, you understand."

One of the other Trustees crushed out a cigarette. "What about your own mining companies? Isn't that a possible conflict of interest?"

"That's just it," he smiled. "I'm not likely to hand them over to any of my competitors, am I?"

The other Trustees looked impressed. There was no discussion, and the measure passed unanimously.

The Senior Trustee snapped his briefcase shut. "Thank you all," he beamed. "Now if we could just have the vice president for business affairs draw up the papers — all mineral rights to all University lands transferred to me, for the sum of one dollar, cash in hand paid and other considerations . . ." He rolled a Bicentennial Eisenhower dollar down the table. It careened off an ashtray and landed in the president's lap. The president picked up the coin and looked at it.

"And now," smiled the Senior Trustee, "if there is no further business, I move we adjourn."

The next morning the Vice President for Business Affairs was walking across campus toward his office when he saw three men drilling a hole in the ground near the sidewalk with a pod auger. The auger looked too small for a telephone pole; perhaps it was for a flag pole or something.

He stopped and watched for a moment, searching his memory, but he couldn't recall what they were supposed to be doing. He was embarrassed to ask; it was his job to know. The orders should have originated in his office. Making a mental note to check on it, he went on to his office.

At his desk he shuffled through a stack of papers, trying to find something pertaining to the drilling. There was nothing on top of his desk that he didn't already know about. Frowning, he opened his top drawer.

Inside was a memo from the president's office that he hadn't seen before. On top of the memo was a Bicentennial Eisenhower dollar. He picked up the coin and looked at it.

The three men outside backed the pod auger carefully out of the ground. It was incredibly long; it came apart in five sections. They

by Byron West

shook earth and rock samples from the sections into a large wooden crate and nailed it up.

Deep within a state office building, a minor official picked up a completed form and glanced at it. He inhaled sharply; getting up from his chair, he called excitedly to his superior.

"What have you got there?" his boss asked.

"Strip mine permit application," he said. "Look where it's for."  
"Who submitted it?"

He read off the name. His boss stared and said, "He's one of the Governor's major campaign contributors. Approve it."

"But look where it's for," he insisted.

"Approve it," his superior said flatly, turning away. Shrugging his shoulders, he picked up a rubber stamp and slapped all three copies with it, and laid them in a wire basket with some others.

Some time later a reporter from an out-of-town newspaper wandered in.

"Hello," the official said absently.

"Hi," said the reporter. "What's new this week?"

The official gestured toward the wire basket and went on with what he was doing. The reporter picked up the forms and shuffled through them.

Suddenly the official remembered what was in the basket. He froze, not breathing, his rubber stamp poised over the pink copy of a request form.

The reporter's eyes widened. He pulled a form from the stack and read it quickly.

"Mother," he breathed. He let go of the form and flew out the door. The form hung in the air for a moment and then settled back into the basket.

The rubber stamp slipped from the official's fingers and clattered as it hit the desk.

Late that night, the three men with the pod auger closed up the mining laboratory and locked the door tight. They would need one final test bore, but preliminary tests were confirming what they already suspected: one of the richest deposits of coal in the state lay directly beneath the University campus.

Early the following morning, a gardener began his rounds at the president's house. Today was the day to dust the roses. He circled the house, cranking the duster, thinking about nothing in particular, walking briskly through the chill morning air.

Moving past the front porch, he glanced at the morning paper lying face-up on the step. The headline screamed at him, and he backed up and read it again, still cranking the rose duster.

#### STATE UNIVERSITY TO BE STRIP MINED

He dropped the duster and picked up the paper. "Holy jeez," he said softly. He crumpled the paper and stuffed it into his coat pocket. He started down the driveway at a dead run. He tried to stop suddenly; his feet slipped on the wet pavement and he fell, landing on his hands and knees. Swearing, he scampered back to the front porch on all fours. He grabbed the duster from where it had fallen and streaked off, trailing wispy puffs of Ortho rose dust.

A few minutes later the president appeared at the door to get his paper. It wasn't in its usual place. He opened the door, inhaling the morning, and looked around. The paper was not to be seen. Puzzled, he bent over and looked in the bushes. He collected a faceful of rose dust. Sneezing violently, he stumbled back inside and groped for a facial tissue.

Some time later he called downtown and ordered another paper sent to his office.

As he walked toward the Administration Building, he noticed a couple of Physical Plant people filling up a hole near the sidewalk. They were putting a lot of dirt into it. One of them had a little circle of sod ready to put on top.

His paper was waiting for him when he arrived at his office.

His mouth dried up as he read the story. He sat down hard in his leather chair and stared through the open door into the outer office.

After a moment he got up and closed the door, locked it, crossed the room, drew the shade, sat back down and dialed the Governor's Office.

As soon as the tow truck operator pulled into the faculty parking lot, he knew it wasn't going to be a good day.

Towing cars away from a university campus was a lucrative business, but every so often someone called and asked him to remove something from a parking place. Last time it had been a Dempster dumpster.

And now here was this campus cop walking around a yellow bulldozer, looking for a place to leave a ticket. Boy, it sure was hard to make a living.

The policeman left the ticket with the tow truck operator and got back in his patrol car. As he drove out of the lot, he glanced down

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"Of course you know what I mean,"  
the Governor shouted.

"Your mining company is getting  
ready to tear up my university."

---

the street. He did a double take, slammed on his brakes, and stared.

A mammoth power shovel was coming up the street toward him. Cars were scattering like mice in front of it. It must have been six stories high, and it reminded the cop of Godzilla charging up the New York State Thruway. He looked at the bottom for English subtitles.

He sat and watched until the thing stopped in front of him. The huge scoop swooped down without warning and snagged the tow truck by the hook and hoisted it high in the air, dangling, while the driver, a stonished and then livid, danced on the pavement below, screaming scarlet oaths.

The Senior Trustee's secretary put the Governor on hold. By the time the Senior Trustee himself came to the phone, the Governor was having trouble keeping himself under control.

"Hello, Governor," the Senior Trustee said warmly.

"Hello, yourself," the Governor snapped. "What is all this crap in the papers?"

"Why, I'm sure I don't know what you mean," he said.

"Of course you know what I mean," the Governor shouted. "Your mining company is getting ready to tear up my university."

"Oh, that," he laughed. "That isn't anything to be upset about, Governor. Goodness, I don't need to tell you about the importance of our energy resources . . ."

"Oh, can it," the Governor interrupted. "I warn you, if you proceed with this, you are going to, uh, destroy our friendship."

Continued on page 27

**news** (nōōz, nūz), *n.pl.* [construed as sing.], 1. new information ; information previously unknown. 2. recent happenings. 3. reports of such events.

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**cen·ter** (sen'tēr), *n.* | < Gr. *ken tron*, a point]. 1. the point around which something revolves; pivot. 2. the central, or main place of activity; headquarters. 3. the approximate middle point or part of anything. 4. focal point of activity.

## NewsCenter 27

The source more people rely on\*...  
the "NEWS PROFESSIONALS"  
compile information on local,  
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\*based on Total Households,  
American Research Bureau,  
Lexington Market Survey,  
May 1976 (5:30-6:30 news)



WKYT-TV  
A CBS AFFILIATE

# GRAM PARSONS ME

by Scott Payton

Well, at least Gram woulda liked it, even if nobody else did.

Or so Roger McGuinn says, slumped in his Memorial Coliseum dressing room as the Gram Parsons Memorial Country Rock Festival dies a lingering, dismal death outside.

"Gram Parsons' spirit is here," McGuinn laughs. "He's real happy that everything's as fucked up as it is because he always did hate money anyway. He's saying, 'Perfect! Just perfect! I don't want some turkey to make a bunch of bucks on my account.'"

And well may the Grievous Angel have chuckled: originally scheduled as a three-day, four-show extravaganza, the festival barely managed to put together two sparsely-attended shows, and only a handful of the big name artists performed.

First rumors of the festival were bright with promise; and even after cancellations by such C-R heavies as Chris Hillman, Firefall, Kris and Rita and John Prine, the final lineup was impressive: Friday, July 2, the festival was to kick off with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Chuck Berry, Ian Gillan and a new John Hammond Sr. discovery named Doug Ross. A Saturday afternoon session promised Emmylou Harris, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Tompall Glaser. Saturday night's show offered Roger McGuinn, The Band and Ray Charles, while Sunday's close-out featured Harry Chapin, Billy Swan, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and Valdy.

Advance promotion billed the festival as a benefit for the surviving children of 26 men killed in the explosions at the Scotia Coal Co. mine in Letcher County last March. Promoters were estimating that the festival might generate as much as \$100,000 to be used to establish an educational trust fund for the fatherless kids.

Sweet intentions . . . but things started to fall apart from the beginning. The Friday show started almost two hours late, and the restless crowd of 800 (the



The biggest concert event to  
tangled web of infighting  
unpaid bands and

# E MORIAL FESTIVAL



hit Lexington dissolves into a  
promoters, phantom sponsors,  
angry ticket-holders

Photos by Bill Kight

Coliseum holds 12,000) had to endure a seemingly endless string of unknown and little-known opening acts — saved from a terminal stupor only by Doug Ross, who turned in a stunning set that proved to everyone why John Hammond is so sold on him.

Finally, the Dirt Band made an appearance — and almost immediately something weird was happening backstage: Chuck Berry, dressed and holding his guitar, was insisting that he be allowed to go on.

As John Cable of the Dirt Band explained it later: "After two or three songs we started getting these messages up on stage to cut it short . . . that Chuck is pissed to be kept waiting. Well, hell, we couldn't just go out and give half a performance. These people paid to see us.

"Be sure to mention that the Dirt Band told Chuck Berry to stick it up his ass."

The Dirt Band did manage almost a full set, cutting three or four songs, and doing only one encore.

Berry himself finally took the stage around 1 a.m. and cooked his way through a long set of familiar standards before the plug was pulled on him and the houselights went up at 2:30.

Things got even worse on Saturday. The afternoon show was cancelled altogether. Liz Rogers, one of three promoters handling the festival, blamed "technical difficulties," saying that "with performers of this calibre, you just can't ethically let them go on unless everything is perfect."

However, a technician for Scenic Sound confided later that "Any talk you hear about technical problems is just bullshit. We're in good shape and ready to go." Others said the reason for the cancellation was the three-hour sound check stipulated in The Band's contract.

Another promoter, Sam Stephens, admitted that poor ticket sales had "something to do with" the cancellation. Ticketholders were permitted to exchange their tickets for a later session — or sign a list,

'We would have had a riot

if The Band hadn't gone on. I would've signed my

with a promise that refunds would be made to them at a later date.

Roger McGuinn opened the Saturday evening show, and churned up a superb old-and-new set with his new band Thunderbyrd — a performance all the more remarkable since it was their first gig. ("We've only been together five days, man," McGuinn said later. "That sound like a five-day band to you?")

After McGuinn, the crowd waited another endless hour . . . and was finally treated to a tight, funky, hard-as-nails set by The Band, who, like McGuinn, mixed old stuff with new material — and proved once again why they are probably the best all-around band working in America today.

Then a short wait. And an announcement by promoter Rogers: Ray Charles' equipment had failed to arrive. He would not perform.

Dismay. Consternation. The crowd booed and

shouted obscenities. Some hurled paper cups at the stage.

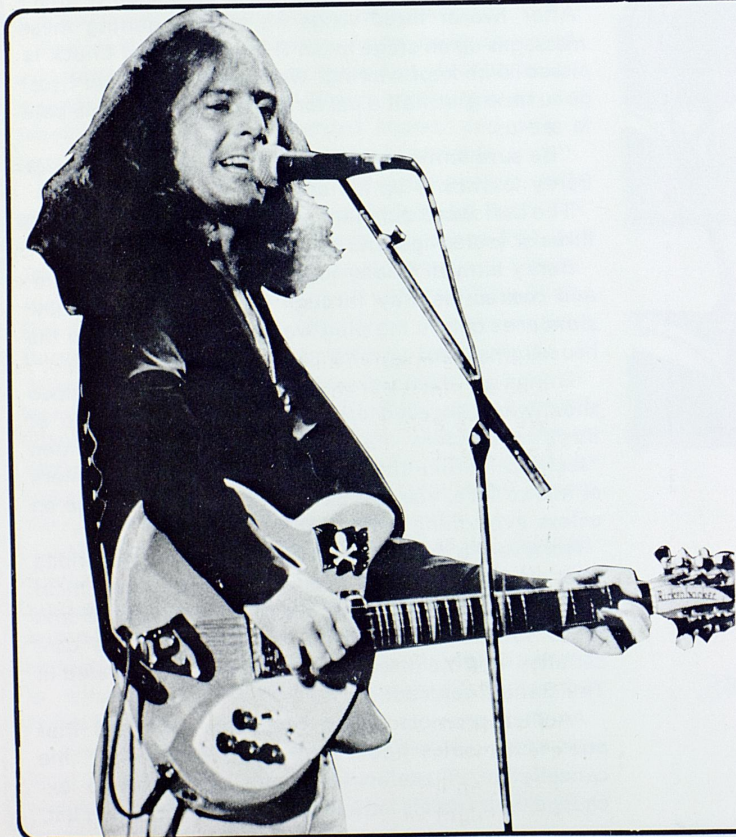
What they didn't know was that quite a drama had been unfolding backstage — and that they had been lucky not to lose The Band and McGuinn as well.

What went down was this: plagued by anemic box office receipts, the promoters simply had no money to pay the artists.

As promoter Stephens said later, "We would have had a riot if the Band hadn't gone on. I would've signed my life away at that point." Instead, he signed personal notes to McGuinn and The Band. Nothing acceptable could be worked out with Ray Charles, so he left.

The whole mess wasn't settled until minutes before showtime.

After the concert, Band manager Larry Samuels was still smoldering: "We got nothing but two worthless pieces of paper, and I doubt if we'll get paid. I'll give it to the lawyers and they'll do whatever they have to do."



**roger mcguinn**

Roger McGuinn has probably seen better dressing rooms. Deep in the bowels of Memorial Coliseum, the room is not exactly cheerful. Cold tile floors, steel lockers, an open urinal... and then there's the smell: the sweaty essence of 25 years of jockstraps and socks. It's not the sort of ambience you'd readily associate with a rock and roll superstar.

But even here, at the ill-fated Gram Parsons Memorial Country Rock Festival, there's a touch of class: plenty of catered food and an iced-down plastic garbage can full of Heineken beer.

It was with a proper sense of historical perspective — and not a little awe — that I talked with Roger McGuinn. There's an aura of secular holiness that surrounds the Byrds, especially for those of us who grew up in the fire-and-rain of the 60's. Their music charted our history. The Byrds were there, and, along with Dylan and



## life away at that point'

According to Stephens, Samuels did say in a calmer moment, "If you make this note good we'll come back whenever you say and FILL this goddamn place."

After all this, it came as no real surprise that Sunday's concert was cancelled.

Except, perhaps, to scheduled performer Harry Chapin, who wandered into the Coliseum about midday, checked the work crews tearing down the stage . . . and turned to ask directions to the airport.

But if the festival was finally and disastrously over, the infighting between promoters and sponsors was just beginning. Ale 8-1 Bottling Co. of Winchester, billed on posters as sole sponsor of the event, now maintained after the fact that they had merely loaned Stephens money — for securing entertainers, printing tickets and other upfront expenses — and that all but a \$1000 "donation" to the trust fund was to be repaid the company out of ticket receipts. Furthermore, according to a company spokesman, Ale 8 had no intention of underwriting the estimated \$120,000 loss.

the Beatles, they told us where we were and where we were going.

And in the final cosmic reckoning, McGuinn IS the Byrds. Through all the constant changes in personnel, McGuinn kept the band alive, driving it on the fuel of his own vision, a Platonic concept of "The Byrds" that transcended any mere shuffling of the players.

Now McGuinn has a band called Thunderbyrd (a derivative, as you might guess, of Byrds and Rolling Thunder Revue) and the new band sounds — well, like the Byrds.

And from an old cynic like me that's about the best compliment you can get.

The bulk of my conversation with McGuinn concerns Gram Parsons. Which should come as no surprise. We were, after all, at a memorial for Gram, and McGuinn had known him well. In fact, it was Parsons who was

Continued on page 32

by Scott  
Payton



Chuck Berry

To add to Stephens' woes, he was arrested and charged with "theft by deception" on the basis of a warrant sworn out by Scenic Sound and the caterers who supplied food for the festival. Checks signed by Stephens to both companies had bounced. Stephens later explained that he had expected Ale 8-1 to cover the checks.

Even in the midst of all this, Stephens remained, as he termed himself, "the eternal optimist."

"We were able to bring people like McGuinn and The Band to Lexington, which is hard to do . . .

"On the whole, the bands were very understanding, and most were cooperative to the point where you just couldn't ask any more. The managers and bands were just trying to do their jobs. Even Larry Samuels, with all that screaming and threatening not to let The Band go on. . . He's a businessman. He has to be hard-nosed.

"We simply didn't fulfill our end of the contract. I admit that."

But Stephens still has dreams of bringing big-time entertainment to Lexington.

"I have an idea . . . just an idea, now . . . about a show we might be able to put on in the fall, when the

students are back. A one-day, outdoor event, with just the Burrito Brothers and some good local talent. Something on a smaller scale, more manageable.

"We might be able to recoup enough money to pay back everyone who lost money on the festival."

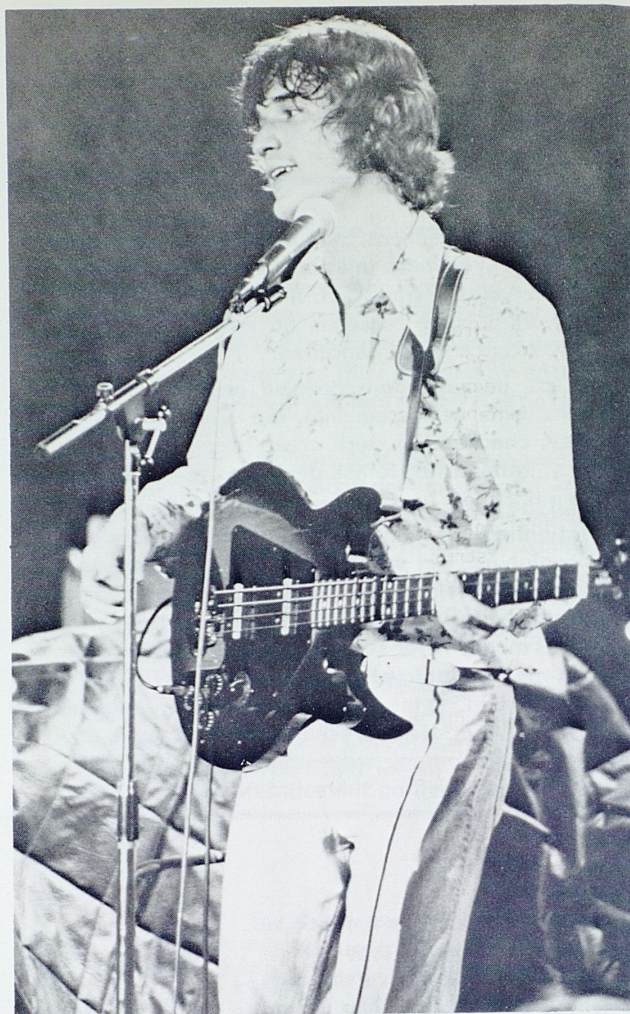
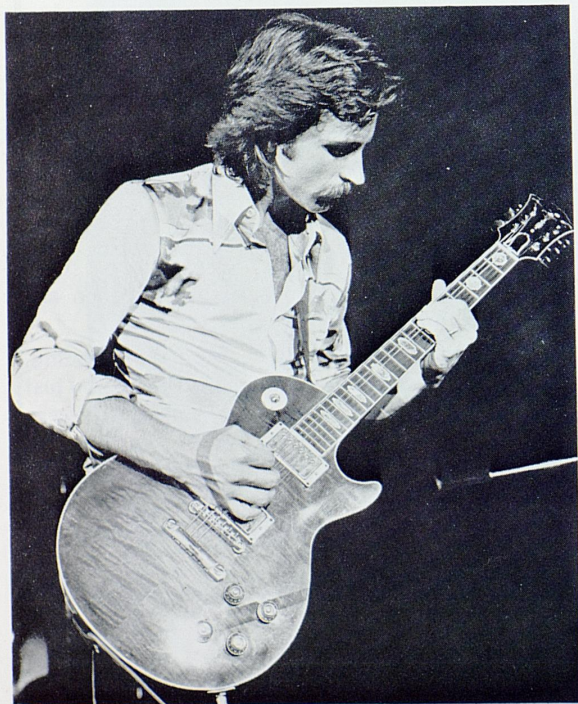
If such an affair did come off, Stephens said, it would probably be staged, at least publicly, by some other promoter.

"In light of all that's happened I don't think my name should be associated with it."

And he's probably right. At press time, Stephens and the whole tangled web of would-be promoters, phantom sponsors and unpaid artists and technicians are awaiting a court hearing on the bad check charges. The Consumer Protection Division of the Kentucky Attorney General's office is looking into the affair.

And hundreds of disgruntled Lexington-area concertgoers are still languishing without first-rate concert entertainment . . . and wondering if they'll ever get their money back. —

**Jeff Hanna of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band**



**Rick Danko of The Band**

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'The bands were very understanding  
... We simply didn't fulfill  
our end of the contract'

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## **doug ross**

Climbing to the top . . .

by Susan Jones

When Doug Ross plays his imaginary flute, you see it.

Standing alone onstage, Ross slides up and down scales, playing a guitar that is not quite classical and singing lyrics which border on scat singing.

There were probably very few, if any, people at the Gram Parsons Festival who had ever heard of Doug Ross. But at the end of his performance, one thing was certain: If Ross doesn't have groupies, he certainly should.

Who is Doug Ross? He's a nobody who's about to become Somebody. He's an up and coming.

"It's starting to really happen. There was a bit about me in the Wall Street Journal," Ross says, in his back, backstage dressing room.

If dressing room location is any indication, Ross was low man on the totem pole at the Parsons concert — he was the last on the right, wound way back under the bleachers.

Ross was discovered, after years of effort, corner drug-store style by John Hammond, Sr. "My discovery was like when your mother and father make love on a certain night and suddenly you're born," he says.

Now that Ross has almost arrived he prefers not to think about the future. "It's like going on a date with someone I never met. If I start thinking about it, my mind starts going 10,000 miles an hour and I lose living for the moment. I know things are out of my control. I just do my best and try to remain unattached in order to keep my perspective.

"It's an exercise in unattachment, but if you want to do something, you just have to do what it takes to get there."

And Ross wants to get there. Now 28, he has been waiting with his guitar

Continued on page 33

# Pinball Madness



— Bob Lynch

“I was a hard-core addict . . .”

You can spot them a mile away. They jingle when they walk, curse profusely, and an aura of alcohol seems to hang over them. Any flashing lights or ringing bells produce a psychotic reaction typified by twitching hands. Don't ever hold a quarter out to them, or you may be minus a few fingers. They're known by pseudonyms — Flash, the Whiz Kid, Bumper Baby.

Don't let all the bright lights fool you — it's a rough life, walking the narrow alley of a pinball addict.

This is the story of two female fanatics. They shall remain nameless to protect their families.

“It wasn't my fault. My boyfriend started me using the flipper. Just a little flip now and then. He said it relieved tension. I don't know. I can't stop thinking about it anymore, always wondering, you know, wondering where the next quarter is coming from.”

The speaker is a wild-eyed, slender young woman with a tangled mass of dark hair. She is from a middle-class family that resides in the capital city.

“My dad flipped now and then at the gas station — nothing big, you know. That was when they were still giving money. But times are rough now. If you're lucky, maybe you can run up

another free game. If you're not, you've gotta scrounge around and see if anyone left a game on a machine.

“They call me the Fool. If you know anything about tarot cards and if you know anything about life, you'll realize what I'm saying. Life is a game of chance.”

She crosses her legs and lights another cigarette.

“I tried to hide it for awhile. But it was too hard. Everybody knew I was doing it. I'd sneak out for a few games during lunch. Pretty soon I was missing work, missing class. It was bad, and I felt real despondent. I just did it even more, lose myself in a

game, all day sessions, man eight hours straight, my hands and knees were killing me.

"But the more I played the worse it got. Pretty soon I realized I was a pinball addict.

"I've got a two dollar a day habit. Sometimes I'll go without cigarettes and bum smokes from the bartender just to save money for one more game. Yeah. I shoot regularly. I like it. It helps me make it through the day. I get so wired sometimes I just go out for some pinball to take my aggression out on. I beat that old machine, and cuss at it. It helps. I feel good after running up the score. Sometimes I think two dollars a day ain't bad. It's cheaper than a shrink."

"The other day I walked into Tolly-Ho and plopped down \$3. The guy automatically gave me 12 quarters. That's bad, when you get to be that well-known. Time to move on to a new machine."

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by Normandi Ellis and Pam Parrish

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Starr is a straight-looking young woman with unruly blonde hair and an open smile. She smiles a lot, and her eyes have a vacant look at times. She comes from an upper middle-class background, and has lived all over the Eastern seaboard before settling in a small town in Kentucky 10 years ago.

"The Fool got me hooked. We started over at Down the Hatch, but they moved the machines to the back where you haven't got room to move around. You gotta have room for the body movements.

"So we started over at Tolly-Ho. Going in there at two or three in the morning, after the bars close. Sometimes we have to wait an hour or so to get a machine.

"I haven't been playing very long, just three or four months, but I guess I'm hooked pretty bad. It's gotten so that's all I think about anymore. Even sex has lost its fascination. But then, pinball is really pretty sexy. A lot of people really get off on it.

"I guess between the Fool and I we spend about three dollars a day on pinball. Once you get started, it's hard to quit.

"I've been neglecting everything for this. I had to take on another job, just to pay for my habit. I get my paychecks cashed in quarters. If those crazy machines still gave money, I'd be a rich junkie instead of a broke one.

"The Fool's a good kid, she's just hyper like me. We both get pretty wild when we play. I hear Tolly-Ho's taken on extra insurance since we've started there.

"The other day, the Fool and I got kinda out of hand. When one of her balls sucked down the middle, she threw out a karate kick that almost got some poor guy in the head. I tilted the machine five times. I still haven't developed a touch for it.

"I guess people can't understand what it's like to be hooked. I never could before. I keep thinking it'll pass, but it keeps getting worse. Sometimes

I want to go on playing when the Fool's worn out. That's stamina.

"My flipper fingers itch just thinking about it."

The Fool and Starr are a well-known pair around the seedier spots in town. They speak of each other with obvious affection.

"Starr, she was a good kid when I met her," the Fool says. "She had everything going for her, pretty and young, then she got in with me. I was down on my luck then, low scores, low on money, too. She started paying for my habit and I taught her how to rock that machine. I taught her everything I knew. Pretty soon she was into it really heavy.

"We'd have contests to see who could run up the best score. Pretty soon we had customers betting on us, \$50 bets. She was loose and wild, boy. Don't get me wrong — she's still a good kid. We're like sisters. We've had our achy fingers on the same buttons, that's how tight we are."

"Pinball really brings you close together, if you don't compete with each other," Starr says. "It's you and me against the machine, and God help anyone who gets in between. That really makes for closeness. Plus there aren't really that many female addicts, so the Fool and I have to hang together. But we probably would anyway, pinball or not. They say mutual insanity is a strong bond." She laughs.

"I've had a rough time of it, being a female pinball freak and all," says the Fool. "It's hard to concentrate when some guy at the bar is pinching my ass while I'm making that ball dance. Oh, that silver ball is poetry in motion. I forget sometimes that I'm in a smelly old bar. Course reckon we could go to the penny arcade, but man, that's high school groupie shit."

Pinball addiction is a sign of deep psychological distress, according to specialist Dr. Franklin Rosenbeard. "These people really need help. Pinball playing is a cry for help, but it takes a sensitive mind to hear it.

"If they weren't hooked on pinball, it'd be something else. Like grass, it's psychologically addicting. It's an escape from the harshness of reality, and more and more people are turning to it."

Dr. Rosenbeard has interviewed the Fool and Starr and finds them somewhat unique, for their sex if nothing else.

"You don't often find female junkies — at least not any that'll admit it. But they're different. They admit they have a problem, but they don't seem to want to do anything about it. All they want is another quarter so they can play another game.

"Pinball addiction is an example of fixation in the oral stage. You'll find a lot of them that smoke and drink. They are just waiting to become addicted to something, and pinball fulfills that need."

Dr. Rosenbeard is currently working on aversion therapy for pinball addiction that involves wiring flipper buttons for 10,000-volt shocks.

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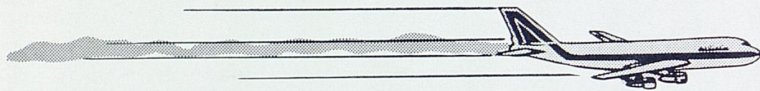


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**Contest Rules**

1. Winner will be selected by a drawing on December 10, 1976. All entries must be postmarked on or before November 27, 1976.
2. Pick up an OFFICIAL "Discover Italy" entry blank at a participating store. Fill in your name, address and zip and include the name and address of the store. Send in your entry along with a Delmonico box top or a 3 x 5 card with the word "Delmonico" printed in block letters.
3. All entries must be submitted on an official entry blank, but no purchase is necessary to obtain an entry blank.
4. Employees of Delmonico Foods, Alitalia Airlines and Doe-Anderson Advertising Agency are not eligible.
5. See contest entry blank for full details.



Special Section



From the minute you walk onto the University campus to the time you finally get that diploma in the mail, you can count on only one thing: confusion.

Hopefully, this section of the Kentuckian Magazine will relieve some of your initial confusion. The magazine-within-the-magazine is divided into sections: i.e., academics, entertainment and student activities. We hope it eases the pain.

# RUNNING IN PLACE

the university  
experience



— Bruce Orwin

Joni Mitchell appeared in Memorial Coliseum in the spring 1978 semester.

## concerts

The Student Center Board concert committee has first dibs on Memorial Coliseum. They usually offer five or six big concerts at the going rate. They also sponsor several mini-concerts featuring lesser-known entertainers in the Student Center Ballroom.

Louisville and Cincinnati are the big concert spots, and Lexington is easily accessible to each. Concerts are also offered at the Frankfort Center occasionally.

## bars

**Chevy Chase Inn** — Euclid Avenue. A Monday-night-football watching bar with reasonable to cheap drinks and a pool table.

**The Clubhouse** — “High on Rose” — loosely translated, it’s on the corner of High Street and Rose Street. Beer, sandwiches and pinball machines, all reasonably priced. Very casual.

**Down The Hatch** — Maxwell Street (around the corner from Limestone). All

right, you bluegrass fanatics — this is it. None of that slicked-up pseudo-bluegrass, but the real live foot-stompin’, sing-along variety. There are even pinball machines in the back. Beer and popcorn for the munchies. Very casual.

**Two Keys** — Corner of Limestone and Pine St. Beer, beer, beer, by the pitcher or the mug. Jukebox music (with a few live bands thrown in), bowling machines, fooseball and pinball. Casual.

**Upstart Crow** — South Broadway. This is the place to go for that quiet (?) talk you’ve been meaning to have. All kinds of drinks, and electronic games. There’s a deli next door, with all the usual deli delights. Casual.

**803 South** — South Broadway. All kinds of dinners and booze. Casual.

## dancing

**Greenstreets** — Downtown, corner of Vine and Mill Streets. Brand new and ritzy. They do have a dress code. Disco dancing.

**Jefferson Davis Inn** — Corner of High and Limestone streets. Brand new, offering good music, food and drink. Nice atmosphere.

**The Library** — Woodland Ave. just off Euclid. The original Lexington disco. Dancing to stereo music. The decor is early decadence, complete with stuffed animal heads and a larger-than-life-size portrait of Raquel Welch a la “Two Million Years B.C.” (or whatever that turkey was). Good food, but the prices are a little steep for everyday nourishment. All manner of drinks. No blue jeans.

**Stingle’s** — Euclid Ave. in Chevy Chase. The usual disco scene, with an excellent stereo system and large dance floor (that is, it seems large until you try to get 200 people on it). All kinds of drinks, which you can enjoy on the patio in back if the noise gets to be too much. Pinball and electronic games. Live entertainment on occasion.

## food

**Postlewaite’s** — Downtown, corner of Vine and Mill Streets. Recently remod-



# entertainment & recreation

eled, this place is just as high-class as any in town. No jeans.

**Alfalfa** — South Limestone. Used to be, this was the only place in town that served only vegetarian-health food dishes. Since then, they've added meat to the menu, but you can still get home-made vegetarian dishes and any kind of tea your heart desires. Casual.

**The Brewery** — South Limestone. All kinds of sandwiches and beer, the perennial favorite. Checkers, chess and cards. Live entertainment. But if you get the itch to dance, go out in the parking lot. All manner of dress.

**Burger Chef** — Euclid Ave. near the corner of Rose and Euclid.

**Burger Queen** — South Limestone. Need we say more?

**Cape Codder** — Corner of High and S. Ashland (off Euclid). All manner of seafood at reasonable prices. Family style.

**Charlie Brown's** — Euclid Ave. in Chevy Chase. This place was gutted by fire last spring, but now they're back in business. The atmosphere is cozy, complete with a fireplace and overstuffed couches. The food is good (so are the drinks) if you can afford it. Not the place to wear your three-year-old jeans.

**Columbia's** — North Limestone. Best steaks in town at a reasonable price.

**Goldstar Chili** — South Limestone. Chili Cincinnati-style with or without the dog.

**Jerry's** — South Limestone. Everyone knows and loves Jerry's. This one is no different from the rest.

**Jerry's** — Nicholasville Road, near Southland. This one is (different, that is), because it stays open all night. One of the few places in town that does.

**Joe Bologna's** — Corner of Maxwell and Limestone. Everyone at one time or another finds their way to Joe B.'s. They feature Sicilian (that's thick, chewy crust) pizzas and delicious garlic sticks, and all kinds of Italian goodies. Family style.

**LaRosa's** — Corner of Euclid and Rose, underground. Italian food (everyone knows students can't get enough of that) at reasonable prices. Beer to kill that terrible thirst. Casual.

**Mamma Mia Pizzeria** — South Limestone. Great pizza and beer. Does this sound familiar?

**Mike's Sub Shop** — South Limestone. Formerly Pasquale's, it still retains the roster of hoagies. But now they've added homemade sandwiches. The prices are reasonable, and you can have a beer to wash it down. Very casual — you can carry out or eat in.

**Phillips Market** — South Limestone. This place is so popular that there's an amber crossing light — not that it does much good. Homemade sandwiches at reasonable prices. Strictly carry-out.

**Saratoga** — High Street around Chevy Chase. Home-cooked meals, fairly cheap, and drinks.

**Sir Pizza** — Woodland Ave. off Euclid. Beer is the only alcoholic beverage served here, but they offer bunches of Italian food

at reasonable prices. There's even a jukebox, but no dancing allowed. Casual.

**Sub Center** — S. Ashland. Monster subs with or without the works. They deliver. Casual.

**Toddle-House** — Euclid in Chevy Chase. Fast foods.

**Tolly-Ho** — Euclid Ave. just around the corner from the bookstores. The best thing about this place is that it stays open until 3 a.m., offering breakfast specials for pre-hangover woes. You can also get hamburgers and other munchy things, and beer. The back room features jukeboxes and pinball machines (but the only way you can justify dancing is by winning a free game). Super-casual.

## movies

**Chevy Chase Cinema** — Euclid Ave. First runs, heavy on those that would appeal to students.

**Cinema Theatre** — 220 E. Main. If you can get downtown, this theater features the more sensational movies.

**Crossroads Twin Cinemas** — Crossroads Shopping Center off Nicholasville Road (another tricky one — just head south on Limestone and you're suddenly on Nicholasville). Your choice of two movies, usually first runs. They have had in the past a series of film festivals (i.e. Chaplin, the Marx Bros.).

**Fayette Mall Twin Cinemas** — If you can get there through the traffic, it's in the Fayette Mall off Nicholasville Road. First runs.

**Kentucky Theatre** — 214 E. Main. This movie theater features the juicier films you can't seem to find anywhere else (indoors, anyway). It also offers weekend midnight movies at a minimal price, usually old favorites.

**Southpark** — New and improved? This multi-cinema is located out Nicholasville Road. It features first-run movies.

**Turfland Mall Cinema** — Located (where else?) in the Turfland Mall out on Harrodsburg Road (don't let the name fool you — it's actually South Broadway in disguise). Mostly first-runs.

Our own Student Center Board offers some of the cheapest movies in town. Most are old favorites, a few of recent memory. If you have a student ID, you're eligible. But don't expect high-quality sound or print or a quiet audience.

## "fine" arts

For those of you interested in the "finer" things in life, Lexington and the University offer many galleries, museums and theaters.

On campus there are three main art galleries—in the Student Center, Reynolds Building and Fine Arts Building.

The Headley Museum, located on the Old Frankfort Pike, is definitely worth visiting. It offers the most extensive



The Black Arts Festival was a project of the Office of Minority Student Affairs last spring.

— Alan Jett

collection of useless, expensive knick-knacks in the world.

There are several historical museums in and around Lexington which are worth a visit. Henry Clay's house is located on Richmond Road and John Hunt Morgan's house is downtown on Gratz Park. You might also want to see Shakertown in Harrodsburg or "My Old Kentucky Home" in Bardstown.

As for theaters, Lexington should be getting some nationally-known acts in the recently remodeled Opera House. The Central Kentucky Concert and Lecture Series also offers many speakers and concerts of interest. Admission to series' activities is free for students with activity cards.

## parking

So after endless searching you finally found a place to park and now that you've trotted the mile and a half back to that hallowed spot, you find a parking ticket tucked neatly under the windshield wiper.

Well, if it makes you feel better, you're not alone. The parking situation at UK has been the object of much cursing and tearing of hair.

The University issues a certain number of parking permits for University parking lots located at strategic points on campus. These permits are given on a priority basis. Permits do not guarantee a parking space.

Non-commuting freshman and sophomores cannot obtain permits.

Parking permits are issued to faculty, staff, students who commute to campus, handicapped students, students (including freshmen and sophomores) who are employed and students who have some sort of temporary illness that prohibits them from walking a great distance.

Faculty and staff of the University are given A permits, which means they get to park in all the choice spots. The A permits cost \$36 for a year's parking.

B permits are offered to University staff (\$24 yearly). Commuting students can buy a C permit for \$20 a year. Students living in residence halls are given R permits free of charge.

R and C permits are restricted to specific lots marked by signs such as "R1" or "C2". These lots are farther away than the A and B lots, but they're nowhere near as far as open parking at Commonwealth Stadium.

If for some reason you can't or won't get a permit, you have to park on city streets, private property (some near-campus residents rent out their yards, which can get pretty hairy when it rains) or in Commonwealth Stadium's mammoth parking lot. If you park illegally, a ticket will cost you \$5.

There are free shuttle buses back and forth between the stadium and the main campus, affectionately known as sardine cans on wheels by the student population.

The Office of the Dean of Students has the say on whether or not a working student can get a permit. You'll need a letter from your employer.

There is open parking on University lots after 5 p.m. except for Administration Drive, which is restricted to A and B permit holders until after 8 p.m.

## intramurals

Okay, now. Everybody has already told you how much you should study this year. They've given you a list of Great Armenian Authors of the 13th century and pushed you towards the library for hours of dedicated research.

You lunge through the swinging doors and inhale the damp musty air of acquired knowledge. With a stack of books in hand you settle into a hard-backed chair determined to "Do Good" your first semester.

Forget it.

What you REALLY want to do is play basketball, right? Or take a dip in the pool? Tennis, everyone?

You can do that kind of stuff during your college life, too, you know. In fact, most college students spend ALL of their college lives doing stuff like that.

The university sponsors a great intramural program for men or women (some leagues are being formed for men AND women — a definite improvement).

The program includes league and tournament competition in tennis, golf, swim-

ming, basketball, flag football, croquet, handball, horseshoes, racquetball, badminton, table tennis, bowling, softball, wrestling, track, volleyball and cycling.

Complementing the intramural program are several club activities in which students join together to pursue a common interest in a particular sport. Competition on an intra-university or intercollegiate basis is available for men in gymnastics, rugby, fencing, polo, cricket, volleyball, weight-lifting, handball, racquetball, squash and cycling. Women's club sports include badminton, fencing, swimming, volleyball and softball. Co-ed club activities are available for those interested in fencing and riflery.

Much better than Armenian literature.

The University's facilities can be used FREE and the athletic equipment can be checked out by trading your student I.D.

The main recreation center is the Seaton Center, that concrete, windowless building right next to the Blanding-Kirwan Complex on the south side of campus.

Alumni Gym, which is next to the Student Center and the swimming pool inside Memorial Coliseum shouldn't be forgotten, either. You can get a locker and towel service at the pool for \$2 a semester.

Most of the softball, tennis and football games take place at the Seaton Center, but there are additional courts next to Memorial Coliseum and each dorm has a basketball court near it.

Not the competitive type? Try the aquatics-synchronized swimming club, the UK dance company, the outdoor recreation club, or the UK Troupers, a high-stepping outlet for those of you with music or dancing talents.

And if even these diversions sound too strenuous why not just settle back and have a picnic? Not-too-rustic facilities are available on Cooper Drive, across from Commonwealth Stadium, and at Adena Park, a scenic six-acre tract north of Lexington, just off Iron Works Road.

Information concerning any of these programs can be obtained at the campus recreation office in Room 135, Seaton Center, or by calling 258-2898. Information is also available through NEXUS, the campus information service, by calling 257-3921.

So have fun, gang! And remember — you're here to enjoy, too!

# academia

Graduation from the University requires two things: Accumulating 120 credit hours and living through at least four more years of study.

Here's a short guide to that sheepskin (it's really paper) at the end of the rainbow.

## pre-registration

At the end of every semester you will register for the next semester's classes. The procedure is similar to the method you used when registering for classes this summer.

In deciding which classes to take, the first thing you should do is familiarize yourself with the requirements. These requirements come in three basic shapes: University, which we all have to endure; college (as in Arts & Sciences, Home Economics or Engineering), and departmental (as in a Spanish, art or biology major). You can obtain a copy of the applicable requirements at your department's or college's office.

After you decide more or less what classes you need, see your advisor. Like anything else, there are good and bad advisors. If you're not sure just who your advisor is (you should have been assigned one at orientation), check with your department or college office and they will assign you one.

Your advisor will help you work up your schedule and double-check to make sure you are taking the right classes.

## drop-add

Drop-add is your opportunity to try to correct scheduling mistakes you (or the University computer) have made during pre-registration.

Drop-add usually starts two days before classes begin and ends after the first week of classes. There is always one day of

centralized drop-add in Memorial Coliseum.

After that you must go to the respective colleges (unless you're in Arts & Sciences, which holds two more days of drop-add in Buell Armory).

There are four basic steps in the centralized drop-add process (you should try to attend this; otherwise, the classes you wish to add may already be filled).

1. Figure out ahead of time what you want to drop and add, allowing yourself several options. Find out what time you're supposed to attend drop-add. Schedules are done alphabetically, but if you're late you can still drop-add. Schedule posters can be found all over campus.

2. Once you're inside the Coliseum, pick up a drop-add slip at your college's table. College and department tables are situated on the coliseum concourse.

3. Pick up a card for the class you wish to add at the department's table, or for classes you intend to drop, notify workers at the applicable table.

4. Take your completed drop-add slip (which must be signed by your advisor) and class cards back to your college's table.

You cannot add any organized classes after Aug. 31, but you can drop classes right up until about a month before the end of the semester. This semester's deadline for dropping classes is Nov. 4. A word to the wise — hold on to your completed drop-add slips until graduation — sometimes computers turn dropped classes into flunked classes.

## undecided major

Don't panic if you can't decide on a major. There are plenty of other students here in your predicament. So many, in fact, that the College of Arts & Sciences

recently set up a special advising program for undecideds.

These advisors will try to help you "find" yourself. They will show you how to schedule classes so you get a taste of everything and testing is available if you don't know where your talents lie. The undecided major advisors' offices are in the Patterson Office Tower.

## repeat options & incompletes

Sometimes you don't know you're going to flunk a class until you see your final grade. If you find a grade isn't what you'd like to show prospective employers (or parents), you can take the class over by using one of your repeat options (you have four of these).

If you haven't quite finished your class work by the semester's end you can ask your instructor for an "I" or incomplete. Whether you get it or not is completely up to the professor.

Students have one year from the day the I is given to complete the course work. If you don't complete the work, an I will be on your permanent transcript.

## bachelor of general studies

If none of the major programs outlined fits your desires, Arts & Sciences offers two alternatives: the topical major and the Bachelor of General Studies.

Technically, you have to be a junior before you can go to a topical major, but most students begin planning with this in mind their freshman and sophomore years.

The program you submit should be significantly different from other departmental majors; it's not intended to be a way to get around a certain requirement you don't want to take. Topical majors are required to fulfill the general studies

requirements outlined in the University catalogue. You must have a 2.5 grade point standing to be eligible for this program.

The Bachelor of General Studies program offers more freedom for the individual student. The only required class is freshman English, but you must meet some of the general studies requirements for Arts & Sciences. There are special advisors in A&S who will work with you to design a program that meets your needs.

The basic outline for the program is that you must have 90 hours in A&S and 45 hours at the junior-senior level. According to Dean Herbert Drennon, there have been no problems with the BGS being accepted by graduate schools and employers.

## full classes

Full classes are usually only a problem for upper-classmen. Don't bother trying to talk the people working the drop-add tables to let you in — they won't. Instead, go to the professor and ask him to bend the rules and let you enter. If he refuses, the only alternative is to wait for someone to drop the class, which usually happens within the first few days of classes.

## football schedule

Sept. 11	Oregon State	HOME
Sept. 18	Kansas	Lawrence
Sept. 25	W. Virginia	HOME
Oct. 2	Penn State	HOME
Oct. 9	Mississippi State	Jackson
Oct. 16	Louisiana State	HOME
Oct. 23	Georgia	HOME
Oct. 30	Maryland	College Park
Nov. 6	Vanderbilt	HOME
	HOME COMING	
Nov. 13	Florida	HOME
Nov. 20	Tennessee	Knoxville

## frank c. buck academic ombudsman

It sounds like a tall order — mediating between “enemy” camps. But that's what Dr. Frank Buck will be doing during the upcoming year.

Buck is the academic ombudsman — he tries to “smooth the water.”

If you disagree with your professor over a grade or the fairness of a test, Buck is the man to see.

“This is the place to come and resolve or compromise,” says Buck, a 23-year veter-

what we're trying to decide is who is right and who is wrong, or is either right or wrong, or where is the compromise.”

Don't be afraid to stick up for yourself, Buck says. “Some students never challenge a grade. They should go to a professor and say, first thing, ‘is this what I made?’ But, if you can't talk it out, this is where you can come for help.”

Student complaints are usually reasonable, Buck says. “If students have been mistreated they have a legitimate reason to be at the ombudsman's office.

“But I would say that 99 per cent of all students who come here (to UK) will never need the ombudsman.”

Most complaints come from Arts & Sciences majors, Buck says, because it's the biggest college. “The A&S advising system is not quite as effective as others. The smaller the college, the better the advising.”

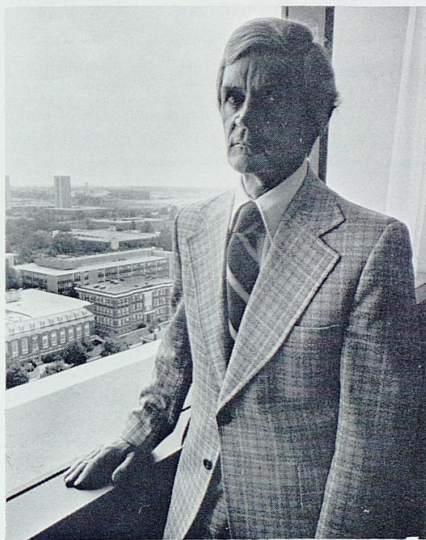
Most freshmen start out in Arts & Sciences. But there are other things about being a freshman which could send you to the ombudsman — like large classes, your own confusion or inexperienced professors.

Just remember, Buck says, “Do unto others as you want them to do unto you.

“Students have some rights and responsibilities just the same as the professor. The student doesn't have all the rights, though. If every student and professor were completely committed to honesty, truth, good work, diligence, a code of ethics and their responsibilities, there wouldn't be any problems.”

Since that isn't the case, Buck tries to see his way around problems when they're “loggerheaded.”

But, the buck doesn't stop with Buck. If you're not satisfied with the final decision you can appeal to the University Appeals Board. The steps for doing this are outlined in the “Student Rights and Responsibilities” booklet available in the Dean of Students office. The Appeals Board is composed of three student and six faculty members and usually has the final say on academic matters.



— Bill Kight

an of the UK animal sciences department. He will serve as ombudsman for one year and then the position will rotate to another professor.

“We're not trying to favor the student over the professor or the professor over the student. I think the ombudsman's office would be defeated to do that. The office can't act as an advocate for anybody.”

If you have the occasion to visit Buck in his Bradley Hall office (Rm. 109) go equipped with all the facts and evidence you can gather. Buck's job is to arbitrate when no satisfactory arrangement can be worked out between student and professor.

“I'm sure whoever comes to me is going to have one set of facts and somebody else is going to have another set of facts. So



# Ace

(Cont.)

"But that's precisely what I don't want you to think," the Senior Trustee said smoothly. "In fact, as a small token of our continuing friendship, I paid off the remainder of your campaign debt this morning."

"Oh," the Governor said in a small voice.

"And I'd suggest you appoint me for another term on the Board of Trustees. After all, we need to show solidarity in these trying times."

"I suppose you're right."

"Of course I'm right," the Senior Trustee said. "Give my love to the wife and kids."

"Okay," the Governor said meekly. He hung the telephone up and looked at it for a long time.

All the mining company executives and engineers got together for the groundbreaking ceremony near where the test bores had been made. The engineers walked around with their eyes on the ground, greatly puzzled because the holes had vanished without a trace.

Then the Senior Trustee arrived. As chairman of the board, he made a short opening speech, saying things about a great day and a brighter tomorrow. Then the men formed a circle around the Shovel and clapped as it took a huge bite out of the earth.

When it came up it pulled with it an underground electric cable. It hissed and sparked. Alarmed, the operator tried to shake the cable off the shovel, swinging the giant boom back and forth. He succeeded only in getting the shovel tangled up. He pulled the boom straight up, and another hundred feet of cable came out of the hole.

The Senior Trustee watched with a kind of concerned amusement. Where was all that wire coming from?

The president was holding an emergency meeting with his assistants when the lights went out. An electrician was called in.

The group watched in silence as the electrician unscrewed light switch plates and checked circuit breaker panels. His face grew darker and darker as he examined outlets and peered into light fixtures.

After about forty-five minutes, he delivered his verdict: the wiring had vanished. There was not an inch of wire left in the building.

The tow truck operator leaned on his undamaged truck and lit a cigarette with shaking hands. In front of him were six more bulldozers, all illegally parked, and he was powerless to do anything.

Afraid — that's what they would say. After seven years with the garage he had lost his nerve, that's what they would say.

He couldn't let them find out, not ever. He practiced looking nonchalant.

The Shovel had finally come untangled and was moving to a new digging site, right outside the back door of one of the classroom buildings. Students came and went, paying no attention.

At the groundbreaking site, electricians had already replaced the cable, and the grounds people were filling the hole with dirt. A truck full of sod rolled up.

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Under no circumstances, she said, must any member of the Board of Trustees ever learn that they three were the ones who actually ran the University.

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In the Administration Building a dozen men were feeding wire into empty conduits. The president glanced out the window at the sod truck. He wondered briefly who had sent it.

The bulldozers were moving side by side, up the hill toward the dormitories, pushing the hill in front of them. At the top of the hill they stopped, all together, and backed down the hill, side by side, and started up again.

The tow truck operator leaned on his truck and watched. His cigarette had burned down. He sucked noisily at the filter. He wished the earth would open up and swallow them.

The Shovel swooped down to take a bit near the base of the building.

At that instant the ground under the Shovel's treads gave way and it toppled backwards, slowly, into one of the many tunnels running under the central campus.

The soil around the hole began to cave in, covering the mass of machinery. A few

moments later, all that remained visible was the great boom, pointing skyward.

About that time, on the other side of campus, the bulldozers scraped their way into another tunnel and disappeared into it, leaving only a cloud of dust behind.

The tow truck operator swallowed his filter.

By five o'clock all the holes had been filled and covered with sod.

The Senior Trustee didn't say much as he rode to the airport. Obviously it wasn't going to be possible to take the coal all at once; the University — or whoever ran it, whoever gave the orders to the sod-laying crews, whoever knew where the tunnels were — would not permit it.

The way to do it, he reflected, would be to get it a little at a time, here and there, over a period of years.

He smiled to himself. That was the way to do it. Small scale. He could dig a new hole every month or so, and everybody

would think it was the Physical Plant laying a new gas line.

He chuckled out loud. The chauffeur glanced at him in the mirror.

If only, he thought, if only he could get to the people who gave the orders.

That evening three departmental secretaries met in a basement office to discuss the day's events. They had managed to save the University; they had come through in a crisis, and no one had discovered where the orders were coming from.

One of them sat down at the desk and typed out a list of things to be done tomorrow. The cables had already been unstrung from the boom, which was still standing where the Shovel was buried; tomorrow the boom itself would have to be taken down. The tunnels would have to be sealed. And the depleted sod stores would have to be restocked.

Continued on page 40

# the old men dance

By Richard Campbell



Mark swallowed the cold beer without taking his eyes off his father. The old man was across the room from him, clutching a half-empty bottle of Old Crow to his chest as he danced to "Mountain Dew". His feet fell heavily to the floor, the cracked, worn leather shoes shuffling against the dirty concrete. He stared down at them distractedly, as if their motions confused him. The men gathered in the sales room of the Coca-Cola plant laughed as he stumbled about the floor, and after every chorus when he stopped to drink from the bottle he would look at them and grin.

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*Richard Kent Campbell, a business senior from Somerset, Ky., is the 1976 winner of the Oswald Award for Creativity. His award-winning short story, *The Old Men Dance*, appears here.*





— Norbert Weghofer

"Your daddy's a dancin' fool, ain't he, Mark?" someone laughed near Mark. He flashed a grin in return, then raised the Blue Ribbon can quickly to his lips to hide the dying expression. He rose from his chair and moved through the crowd of truck drivers in gray pen-stripe Coca-Cola uniforms and executives in suits and patent leather shoes. As he kicked at the scraps of bologna sandwiches on the floor the smell of spilled beer rose and mingled with the odor of sweating bodies. The loud twanging of banjos and guitars and the amplified voice of the singer swelled in Mark's head.

Stopping at the far side of the room Mark turned and surveyed the large, concrete-block structure which served as a sales room for the company. A blue cigarette mist hung about the room. Promotional material lay in stacks on a rusted metal table near the window. Several

men were sitting on the table watching the old man dance as they drank. Throughout the room men stood or sat on empty Coke shells as they joked about the dance. One whole wall of the room had been painted with the red and white waves of the Coca-Cola emblem. "IT'S THE REAL THING", it said in great black letters, and Mark thought he had to believe anything written that big.

Mark was standing near the large metal wash tub which held the ice and beer. A tall, fat man with massive shoulders was trying to lift the tub and carry it home with him. Bending over, he hugged it with his thick arms and lifted it waist-high, groaning with the effort. Staggering under the weight, he headed for the door — only to be

stopped by several other drivers. He came back toward Mark red-faced and laughing. When the laughter lapsed into coughing, he leaned against the wall to catch his breath. Still smiling, he looked at Mark and asked, "Aren't you the new man?"

"Yeah," Mark answered, extending his hand. "My name's Mark Duncan. I hired on last week."

"I'm Turkey-legs," the other said, nodding his head at Mark's outstretched arm. Mark accepted the gesture and withdrew his hand. "How many cases did you put off today?" Turkey-legs asked.



—Normand Ellis

"Around two hundred and fifty," Mark said proudly. He had sweated all day to make his deliveries and now his sore legs and aching back reminded him of how tired he was.

"Man, I wish I had it that easy," Turkey-legs sighed. "You must have a country route. They're hard on us city boys—when we unload a couple hundred cases we gotta come back to the plant and get some more, but out there in the country you all can take it easy; get you a beer and lay up under a tree somewhere and mess with the women!"

"Yeah, I got a country route, Cynthiana, but I sure didn't have none of that spare time you're talking about," Mark said.

"Well, you'll get used to it," he laughed. Turkey-legs turned to look at Mark's father. "I tell you, that dude is somethin' else! Hey," he said, chuckling, "I hear he's your daddy. Is that a fact?"

Mark's face flushed as he glanced at his father. "Yeah," he said, and as Turkey-legs began to snicker Mark turned away. Turkey-legs' laughter followed him across the room.

Mark stood in a corner of the room near where the night loading crew were pitching pennies. He felt that he could watch the party from there without being noticed. Through the metal door he could hear the muffled roars of truck engines and the hiss of air brakes as a few straggling drivers returned from late runs.

His eyes passed over the room, searching for familiar faces. Although he had only been working for Coke for a few days, Mark knew already that he would like his job there better than the others he had held. He liked the other workers, many of whom were farmers who drove from as far as Sharpesburg, sixty miles away, or Flemingsburg, to work nine hours at the plant and then return home to take care of their farms in the evening. Mark wanted to know them better, but it seemed to him that they were moving farther away from him with every quavering step of his father.

Why did he have to come anyway, he thought, staring at the stumbling motions of the old man. He wished he had never mentioned the Coke party to his father.

Mark had gone to visit his father earlier that week at his apartment on Seventh Street in Lexington. He didn't go there often; the narrow, dirty streets of the slums irritated him. He tried to drive fast through them, but always the children who ran bare-footed among the parked cars would chase a ball out into the street in front of him and he would have to stop. Then he would feel the stares of the old people who sat on the porches of the small frame houses and watched traffic all day, who seemed to wait always for something. The children would stare at him inside his car; sometimes they would smile and wave at him, at other times they would curse at him or simply ignore him. Always he drove away as fast as he could. Without looking he passed the people on the broken sidewalks, passed the liquor stores with rusting bars on the windows, making his way past the crowded houses which pushed up close to the street.

When Mark got to the house his father lived in, he was sitting along on the warped wooden steps in front, waiting like everyone else. He welcomed Mark and led him upstairs to his apartment, a small, cramped apartment with dingy wallpaper and musty rags, and before Mark sat down he wanted to leave. Mark gazed about the room at the worn furniture and the cheaply

framed pictures on the wall, scenes of Germany's Black Forest and imitations of Blue Boy, chosen for this room long ago by a faceless stranger.

The radio was playing country music on WAXU; Mark's father hurried into the kitchen to turn it off. The kitchen was the one bright spot to the apartment, Mark thought. It was always neat and bright, and in the summertime the old man would grow tomato plants in milk cartons on the window sill. It was late fall then, however, and the plants lay brown and dry against the window panes.

It seemed strange for Mark to see his father in that apartment, weary and passive. They had lived on a small farm near Avon, but when Mark's mother grew sick, things had changed. She had died a slow, lingering death of cancer and Mark's father had sold off some of the land to pay the hospital and doctors, and later the funeral home. After the funeral he just kept on selling the land, as if it didn't matter, until every acre that he and Mark's mother had scrubbed after for forty years, fighting inflation and weather and the tobacco warehouses, was gone in a year.

Mark and his father sat across from one another at the kitchen table as they talked. Mark told him about his new job and about the party.

"Well, you're doin' real well for yourself, son," his father said, smiling at him. "That's a real good company. When did you say that party is?"

"It's going to be this Friday, after work."

"You all ought to have a lot of fun at it, and you deserve it, too. I can remember times when a bunch of the neighbors would come over to our house for a few beers and poker. I guess you was too young to remember it then, but we had some fine times." The old man stared past Mark, lost in thought. Remembering something, he laughed and said, "You know, your ma was a pretty good poker player. Only she didn't know it, I had to keep tellin' her when she had a winnin' hand!" Mark laughed with him, and then they fell silent for several moments. It was nearing sunset and the shadows were lengthening outside. The bright kitchen was beginning to get dark. Suddenly Mark's father slapped his hand down on the table and stared at Mark, his eyes dancing.

"You know what we ought to do, son?" the old man said.

"What's that?" Mark asked.

"The two of us ought to go to that party and really show the others how to have a good time. We'd have 'em all hoppin'! How's that sound to you?"

"I... I don't know, Dad. I mean... well, I don't know if they'd let you come." Mark stood and walked over to the window. "It might just be for employees, you know?"

"Oh, shoot, son, they won't care. If they're gonna have all that commotion anyway they probably won't even notice me. It'd be a chance for you and me to get together and do somethin', have some fun."

Mark was not listening to his father's answer; he was staring out the window, picturing himself at the party



— STEWART LOWMYER

introducing this desperate old man as his father. He turned to his father and said, "Now, Dad, you know how you are when you get to drinking. You just can't handle it. D'you want all those people to see you actin' like that?"

His father stared at him and said, "Now, Mark, how come you to say a thing like that? It's not true. I can hold my liquor same as any man. Why'd you say that? Who told you a thing like that?"

Mark looked into his father's questioning face. He could think of nothing more to say and he wanted to end their discussion as quickly as possible. "Uh, no one said it, Dad. I'll, uh..." His voice trailed off. Finally he said, "Look, Dad, I'll be around to get you Friday and we'll go, okay?" Then they said goodbye and Mark left, hurrying out to his car.

The musicians had paused between songs to get some beer. Mark's father was standing still, trying with great concentration to set the bottle upright on the floor. He kept his feet flat on the floor and bent from the waist, but always before the bottle touched the concrete, he would lose his balance and have to stand up straight again.

A tall, broad-shouldered man in a suit shouted out, "What happened to the music?" Mark glanced over at him. He stood in the back of the room, swaying as he leaned against a chair. His ruffled shirt-tail was out, the white shirt open with his tie hanging loosely against his bare chest. "Come on, play!" he shouted, stamping his foot on the floor. Another manager took him by the shoulders and tried to sit him down in his chair, his eyes nervously glancing around at the drivers.

Mark hesitated to move from the corner, thus drawing attention to himself, but he thought that now would be the

Continued on page 42

## McGuinn (Cont.)

largely credited with turning the Byrds toward the laid-back country pickin' that characterized "Sweetheart of the Rodeo" and other later albums.

McGuinn is dehydrated from the show. He plunges his arm elbow-deep into the ice.

"You want one? It's Heineken. I'm a beer snob, man. This is all I can drink anymore."

McGuinn rips one open for himself, and plops down on a beat-up dressing room couch. He's happy with his performance, and anxious to talk about his new band.

"So far Thunderbyrd keeps getting more extensive. These guys used to be Commander Cody's group. I only met them five days ago. Did you hear the set? Did we sound like a five-day band to you? I find it remarkable myself that they picked it up so fast. I'm real happy about it. This is our first gig, you know."

McGuinn sees Thunderbyrd as a semi-permanent band, "at least until Rolling Thunder goes out again, and these guys do something else and then maybe we'll get back together." But McGuinn is still uncertain about Rolling Thunder's future. "Plans are in the works about getting it back together. But I can't give you details. Just rumors right now."

To McGuinn, the significance of Rolling Thunder Revue is that it's helped bring rock and roll music back to its folk roots.

"Everybody in Rolling Thunder is a folk singer. I've never turned in my folk singer badge. I'm a folkie kid from Chicago, and I never stopped being one. I think that rock and roll is an American folk-art form. It's just when it gets perverted that it's not. But the way I deal with it, it's folk music for sure."

This line of thought naturally brings McGuinn to the subject of Gram Parsons, the man who almost single-handedly started the back-to-the-roots trend in rock and roll when he gave us the synthesis known as country-rock. Parsons died in 1973 at the age of 26, a

little-known and even less-appreciated prophet who did time with the Byrds, co-founded (with Chris Hillman) the Flying Burrito Brothers, and ended his career as a commercially-unsuccessful singer of pure country. The full circumstances of his death have never been revealed. But McGuinn feels the time has come to talk about it.

"I know what happened the night Gram died. I can give you a rundown.

"He'd been out drinking. It was bar closing time, last call. He ordered three doubles and drank them down real fast. He'd taken about two downers..secondal, I think.

"This is Michael Clarke's version of it.

"Went home, balled Gretchen (his old lady), and had a heart attack. He didn't OD on heroin, as some people have said. Michael says he had a weak

"So that's why that whole bizarre thing went down with stealing the body from the airport and taking it out in the desert to Joshua Tree and burning it half-way before the Highway Patrol found them and stopped them, which made it all the more grotesque. But it was Gram's last request; it was one of his wishes.

"I think it was completely valid, not wanting to be shipped back to those hypocritical people who were trying to kill him and rip him off."

On a more personal level, McGuinn remembers Parsons with an unmis-takable fondness. "Gram was a good poker player. He could hold a straight flush without showing it. And he'd make you bet to the hilt. He was a selfless individual. He was generous with his personal possessions. He'd share them with you, and let you have things that were precious to him. He'd

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'Gram lived out his life like he wanted to.  
He was a good-hearted rock  
and roll country boy.'

---

heart. I never knew that. But he was under a hell of a lot of pressure. He just took the wrong combination of drugs, mostly barbiturates and alcohol. And the fucking on top of it. I mean, that'll do it to anybody."

But what about the strange series of events following Parson's death?

"It was what Gram wanted. I was at Clarence White's funeral when Gram was there, and he said to Phil Kaufman about Clarence's being placed in a coffin, he said, 'I don't ever want that to happen to me. If I die, take me out in the desert and burn me.'

"You see, Gram was a multi-millionaire with a trust fund, and his family was trying to get it away from him. I think they drove him to his death, actually.

"He didn't want to be sent back to the hypocrites of the estate that were trying to rip him off for all his money. They'd put him in the family mausoleum or something, and he didn't want to be put there.

give you things.

"Gram lived out his life like he wanted to. He was a good-hearted rock and roll country boy. He was also extremely self-destructive. And yet, as fragile as he was, he was also a tough guy, real tough.

"I loved him. And you know, Gram would've sure dug it if he'd known he was gonna get this hot after he died."

McGuinn falls silent. The strain of talking about Parsons is showing. He seems weary with the interview, restless to return to the celebration of Thunderbyrd's successful debut. One last question: If he could give the world just one message about Roger McGuinn, summer of '76 version, what would that message be?

McGuinn ponders. "Tell them...," he says slowly, "that Roger McGuinn is still kicking..." A smile, and he adds the clincher: "...ass."

Kicking ass.

It's good to know that Roger's back.



# Ross

(Cont.)

in back street Los Angeles dives since he decided to go professional at 18. He started playing guitar six years earlier.

Two years ago Ross almost gave up hope. "I'd become tired of the hassle of the music business."

But then, as these things usually go, a tape Ross recorded at a party somehow fell into Hammond's hands. (At one time or another, the likes of Billie Holliday, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen have also fallen into Hammond's hands.)

After two years of working out details with Hammond, the wave is about to crest. Ross is readying himself for a January New York album recording session by playing and singing at various concerts, like the Parsons concert.

Ross works alone, but not by choice. "Bands are expensive — you have to pay them," he says with a grin. "Sometimes I get lonely for one."

While in Valley College he studied classical music — Ravel, Debussy and Stravinsky — and he's still studying them onstage.

He says the impressionistic influence will probably be more apparent on his upcoming album since, "it's too subtle for a concert setting."

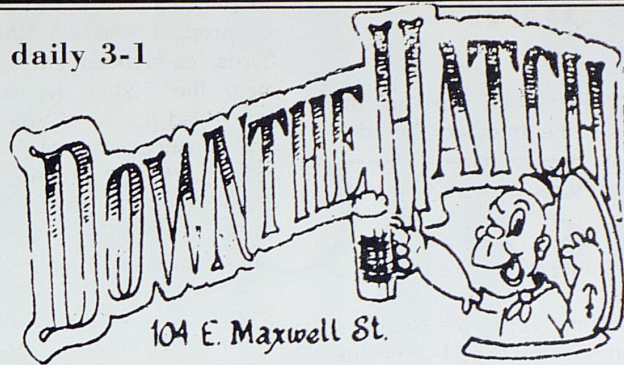
He also admires Paul Simon — for his craft — and Joni Mitchell — for her creativity.

After moving cross country, Ross now lives in New York City. "I like New York a lot. It's very intense. The people there are just fantastic. My music changes constantly from my experiences there. Where else can you so easily experience slivers of peoples' lives?"

You can expect to hear Ross' name again — "When I decide to do something, I don't stop until it's done. If it takes 10 years, it takes 10 years."



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# Fran Curci

## A New Year, A New Outlook

by Bill Straub

Fran Curci stepped onto the astro-turf of the UK football practice field a few weeks ago, looking like an English headmaster allowing his preppies one more fling before the hickory stick comes flailing down on their bare backs.

"They're having fun today," Curci said, as he watched his troops pose during the squad's annual photoday. He was attired in the sacred Blue and White, symbolic of his identity with University of Kentucky football and whatever comes with it—hell or high water.

"Tomorrow we start two-a-days. They won't like it, but they'll get used to it."

As the man who three and one-half short years ago was anointed Lexington's gridiron savior, Curci has always been a humanoid system of contradictions. He poses one day for embarrassing arm-around-the-shoulder pictures with ball players' mothers—treating the matriarchs with an aplomb usually accorded Jesus Christ's full sister—then turns around the next day and fires oaths at the women's beloved sons.

He is a man who will, on occasion, take the blame for his flocks' missteps, yet, at the same time he's been known to hurl fire and brimstone at a person whose sole mistake was being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Curci pledges to make UK football a winning commodity, but promises no bowl bids or spectacular winning streaks.

He loves the press and hates the press. He castigates fans, then praises them for being the best in the world. Francis Curci is a complex man.

"To this day I don't think I really know him," said Steve Parker, an ex-player. "John Ray (Curci's predecessor here) was a father-figure to a lot of the ball players while he was here, but you never really got the feeling you could go to coach Curci with your problems. He was really kind of cold."

It was the dead of winter, only a short time after Ray's dismissal, when Curci was proclaimed the new messiah of Kentucky football—following such false prophets as Charlie Bradshaw, Ray and even Blanton Collier. School was out when the announcement was made, causing students and fans alike to react to the appointment in a slow motion fashion.

The man with the tough-side-of-town voice hit the Bluegrass with the reputation of a winner, an organizer, a shaper of men. He started his coaching career at Tampa University, molding it into a small college powerhouse — one season racking up an impressive 10-1 record. It's a testament to

his personal magnetism that Tampa football plummeted upon his departure and the sport is no longer played there.

From there it was to the University of Miami, his alma mater, where — with the help of such notables as Chuck Foreman — he turned a losing football program into a southern force to be reckoned with.

Curiously enough, it might have been Curci's lack of height which molded him into a tough, tenacious and successful coach. Those close to the game will tell you it's not the size of the man in the fight, but the size of the fight in the man. If that be the case, no one east of the Mississippi had better meet a belligerent Curci in a dark alley.

Curci is small in stature, measuring perhaps 5-9 and weighing about 150 pounds. These miniscule dimensions, however, didn't stop him from attaining All-America status at Miami or becoming a pro quarterback with the old Dallas Texans in the AFL.

If this lack of physical size affects Curci's nature, he tries not to display it openly. Later during picture day, one of UK's rabid fans asked Curci to pose with UK stars Warren Bryant and Jim Kovach. Bryant, a mountain of a man at 6-6, and Kovach, a sturdy 6-2, completely dwarfed



UK's handsome, temperamental  
football coach tries to overcome  
the nightmare of the past



— Bill Kight

Curci. Curci suggested they get down on one knee, and allow him to rest his elbows on their shoulder pads.

"There, that's better," he smiled.

Lack of height and heft very well could be what causes Curci to push himself and everyone surrounding him to the limit. In the realm of sport, small men have to work that much harder to catch up and surpass those with Herculean bodies. This intense competition may be what causes the "Mite-Y Magician" from Florida to be termed a taskmaster of a coach.

When asked if he's as rough as reports indicate, Curci produces a wry smile. "I really can't say if I'm a tough coach or not," he said. "I never had to play for me."

Curci's debut at brand-spanking new Commonwealth Stadium in September 1973 was an auspicious beginning. The 44,000 people trooping up the steps to take their seats probably held about as much confidence in the program as a father does in his pregnant daughter's assertions that she is still a virgin.

But all of them left the stadium convinced the act was performed through immaculate conception.

For 60 glorious minutes the revived UK Wildcats pushed and shoved a gaggle of Virginia Tech gobblers up and down the recently-planted Kentucky Bluegrass, handing Curci his first victory — a 31-26 squeaker.

The following week, Alabama coach Paul "Bear" Bryant brought his Crimson Tide a short ways north, giving everyone within a 2,000-mile radius of Lexington the opportunity to proclaim how Bear's Big 'Bama Boys would make dog-food out of the lowly Cats.

Alabama won, but the scenario took a few plot twists. Kentucky led the nation's then number-one-ranked team 14-0 at halftime before faltering 28-14.

From then on it was a love affair. Curci had walked on water. He led the Cats to a 5-6 record during that campaign—their best since 1965—then improved it in 1974 with a 6-5 mark and rumors of a bowl bid flying until the final gun.

The mind reeled at what the future held for Francis Curci — fame, prestige and the one commodity that befalls successful collegiate coaches, yet eludes mere mortals — the absolute, unadulterated love of an entire state.

All those dreams, of course, came crashing down last season. UK entered the Auburn game with a disappointing 1-2-1 record and left with a sacreligious 1-3-1 mark. Kentucky had the Auburn



game in its sweaty little palm, but a missed assignment here, a fumbled kick-off there and before you could say, "What the hell is going on out there?", UK fell 15-9.

While the game was being played, a murder was committed. Elmore Stephens, a former UK tight end, John Bishop, a former team manager, and Robert Channels reportedly took it upon themselves to snuff a punk named Luron Taylor.

In question was a certain quantity of cocaine according to the coroner's inquest. By the time a tugboat captain fished Taylor's carcass out of the Ohio River a few days later, Curci's football team was racked with scandal.

The problem was threefold:

Tony Gray, a cornerback on the Cats' defensive unit, missed a pass coverage assignment, leading to Auburn's first score. He quit the team before the next game after being relegated to the second

players were charged with first-degree rape, his character must have changed to that of the Underground Man from Dostoevsky's short story.

But on this partially overcast Monday morning at picture day, Curci — the man who has battled against the odds all his life — behaved as if the tragic part of the script was finally behind him.

"No I haven't lost my taste for this game," he said, squinting his eyes in the early morning sun. "Of course I'm sorry a lot of this stuff had to happen. The funny thing is we never had these types of problems while we were losing, only when we started winning."

One thing nobody can take away from Curci is the fact that he is the most handsome coach in the Southeastern Conference. Ever since Steve Sloan left Vanderbilt to take over the reins at Texas Tech, Curci — with his salt and pepper hair and latino features — has been the

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## 'I think after last year we're all going to be living in a bubble'

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string, asserting he was being made a scapegoat for an unsuccessful season.

Immediately following the Auburn contest, rumors circulated alleging many UK players were involved in point shaving. Many fans felt Gray's mistake coupled with a fumbled kick-off by star tailback Sonny Collins was sufficient evidence.

Following the game and after the murder, Stephens and Bishop slinked over to Collins' place allegedly to establish an alibi. All they managed to do was implicate the rising superstar.

After the smoke lifted, Collins was cleared of having an accomplice's role, many of the players were found to be involved in drug dealings of one sort or another and the NCAA busted its mighty foot through the door and announced an investigation. Stephens, Bishop and Channels were found guilty of reckless homicide.

All of that brings us back to Fran Curci. Late this summer, when two of Curci's ball

heartthrob of every middle-aged female football fan who ever waved a pennant.

At the age of 39, it can properly be said Curci has spent half of his life within, striking distance of a football field. He said the game still has the appeal it's always had.

"I think the challenge of the whole thing is what attracts me to it," he said. "That's the most important thing. It combines the mental gymnastics of trying to outthink your opponent with proper preparation and training.

"It also gives you the opportunity to match wits and strategy with other coaches and other teams. A lot of college football is based on recruiting, more than in any other type of football. In high school, it's all according to where you live and in the pros you get drafted. You really have to work hard to out-manuever the other guy when you're trying to get somebody in college football."

Curci admitted recruiting is not his favorite aspect of the game, but didn't say it was the most distasteful, either.

"That's just the way the rules are," he said. "That's the way you play the game, whether you like it or not."

Curci arrived at UK under a certain amount of protest from Miami alumni and administrators. After accepting the Kentucky job, Curci convinced a number of the players he had recruited for the Hurricanes — including Bryant, an All-America tackle candidate — to accompany him to the Bluegrass. Miami called foul, but Curci claimed it was all in the game.

"There were a number of reasons why I left Miami to come here," Curci said. "I thought the Kentucky athletic tradition was real good. The stadium was being built and all the facilities were being improved. And of course the fan support was really super. I think I made a good decision and I'm glad I came here."

But still, the ugly, grey spectre of last year continues to loom over the heads of Curci and his cohorts. The accusations — both true and false — have caused Curci to grasp the reins more tightly. His ball players, who are being housed in one dorm, will no longer be allowed to maintain off-campus apartments and lights out will come at 11 p.m. sharp.

"I have a strong feeling that this team needs to be together more than ever before since I've been here," he said. "We'll stay together better as long as it's under supervision. Of course we don't want the student body to develop a bad attitude about this thing, either. We don't want them saying, 'Hey, that's the football players' dorm, we better stay away.' It's just that we need to stick together."

Together-ness is not the only thing Curci has in mind. Perhaps more revealing was his second reason for cohabitation.

"I think after last year we're all going to be living in a bubble," Curci said. "If somebody goes out at one or two in the morning and gets in a fight or something, it's going to wind up in the national headlines. We're not looking for that sort of publicity."

"That sort of publicity" seemed to be the only thing Curci and his squad received last season. Curci is pragmatic enough to realize there is no way to sweep all the bad reports under the Blue and White carpet. His curfew edicts are an attempt to put the program back on the right track. Whether he's successful, of course, remains to be seen.



— Bill Kight

Curci poses with offensive tackle Warren Bryant during picture day. Curci stands about 5-9 to Bryant's 6-6.

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## Curci went tirade, lashed the press..

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"There's only two ways the players can react to what happened last season—good or bad," Curci admitted. "Hopefully we'll have an optimistic approach to it. Last year happened, it's over and there's nothing we can do about it. We don't talk about it and we don't even want to think about it. The only remembrance we want to have is the kind that will make us give that little bit extra this season to try and overcome."

For someone who has had a tendency to find scapegoats in the past, Curci has showed admirable restraint in exhibiting animosity. He hasn't even so much as pointed an accusing finger at anyone for last year's fiasco.

It was a completely different story last season. Following the Auburn game, at a time when the kingdom was falling, Curci singled out Tony Gray and blamed him for the loss.

Curci's next victim was WLAP sportscaster Phil Foster. When rumors of point shaving began circulating, Foster felt it was his duty to broadcast the fact that such stories did exist, including in his report that no factual basis had been found to confirm the rumors.

The coach charged Foster with spreading malicious untruths — something Foster denied doing. Curci said the sportscaster's story was the sort of

## on a verbal ng out at

reporting which was causing the team's downfall.

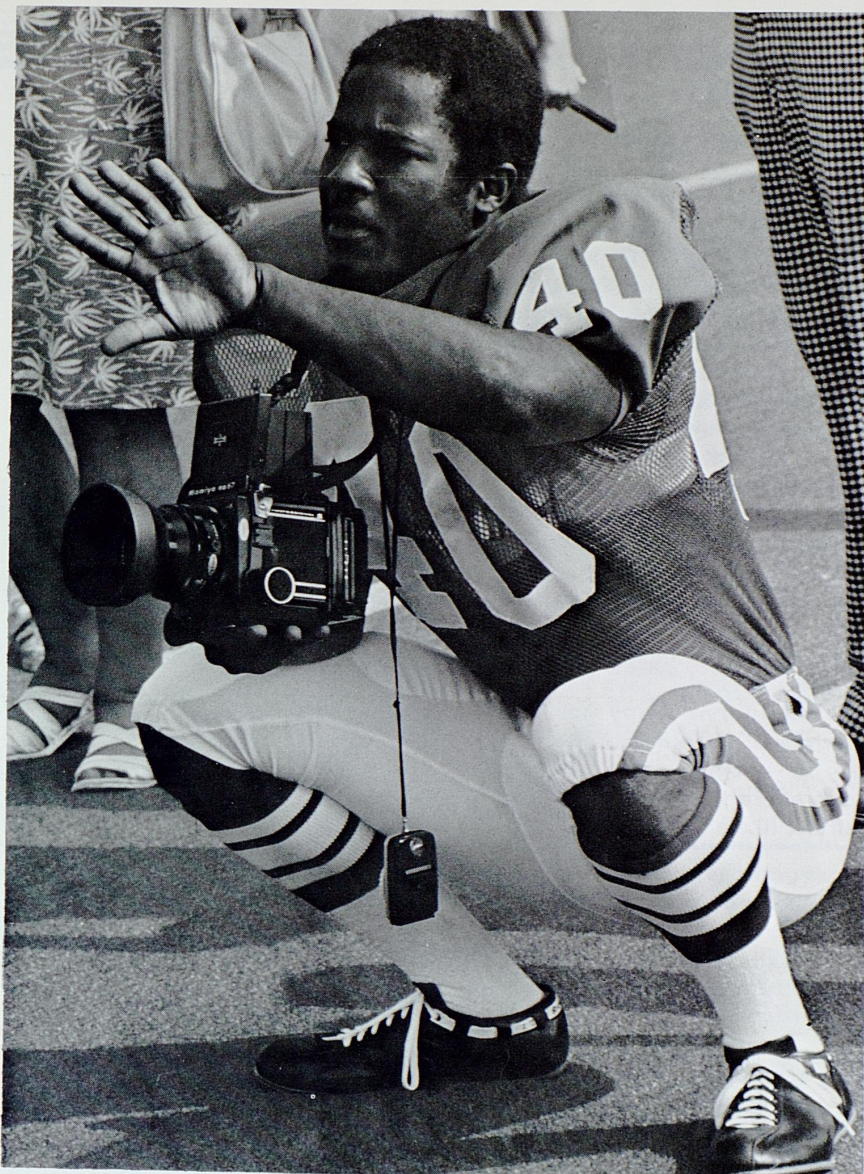
Following the Cats' final season loss, an obviously disgusted Curci went on a verbal tirade, lashing out against Foster and complaining about reporters hanging around the Kentucky training room, looking for more rumors to print. Very few reports of this segment of Curci's postgame interview were aired.

But this year Curci appears to be willing to look at himself and admit he might have had something to do with UK's poor record. When asked about placekicker John Pierce, who connected on only one of his first 10 field goal attempts last season, Curci admitted the Cynthiana youngster may have been overcoached.

"We'll take the blame for that one," he said with a smile.

In addition, Curci has changed his tune about the press, even though he admits one story was released "prematurely."

"I think the press has been fair," he said. "There are certain things you guys have to check up on and go with. All in all the reporters have been very discreet. There are some areas where you could have gone off on wild tangents, but you didn't. I know you guys have a job to do and you have to do what you think is best. Yeah, I think the press has been more than fair."



— Bill Kight

**Defensive back Ron Cason takes advantage of photoday by snapping a few of his own. Cason**

**became interested in photography shortly after coming to UK.**

So far, it seems Fran Curci has changed. He answers questions politely and doesn't show flashes of the old Curci temper. Maybe last year's incidents mellowed him a bit.

"We're determined," he said. "We think Kentucky has a chance to be a good football school. There's no reason it shouldn't be. We had everything going for us until all this happened. Last year is lost, but we have all the ingredients here."

Believe it or not, Curci seems to have developed a sense of humor about the situation. In introducing the coach to the collected press, assistant athletic director Frank Ham said the club will offer "a few surprises" this season.

Curci stepped up to the podium and shook his head.

"Thanks for the kind words, Frank," he said. "But we don't need anymore surprises."



# Pinball

(Cont.)

There seems to be a certain amount of sexism involved in the game of pinball. It's that old double standard. "It's all right for the boys, but not for the girls." Of course, a woman can use that to her advantage, if she's been a regular shooter for some time. She can bat her eyes and act naive. It's easy to hustle beers that way, according to the Fool and Starr.

"Men don't expect you to play well and when you do beat the hell out of them, they want to see you do it again," Starr remarks with a chuckle.

"I had a friend, Jackie, who was born with the touch," says the Fool. "She liked to drink pretty well, too. But she got too well-known and had to move to another town. People couldn't afford to play her anymore. She drank like a fish."

Pinball wizards everywhere have an unspoken set of common-sense laws that the uninitiated frequently fail to observe.

The Golden Rule is: Thou shalt not talk to a player when the ball is in motion. Failure to observe this law results in broken noses, necks and various vertebrae.

It doesn't matter if it is your fault or not, if a pinball junkie loses a ball because of an untimely remark, jump back quick. He's likely to strike, and a cobra has nothing on him.

Other rules (loosely referred to as the Eight Commandments) say:

1. Thou shalt not lean against the pinball machine.

2. Thou shalt not place beer mugs upon the glass top.

3. Thou shalt not stand behind a player using body language on a ball (this is for your own protection, since an intense pinball freak usually packs a pretty good kick).

4. Thou shalt lay a quarter upon the top of the machine if thou wishes to play next (the player in possession of

the machine has the option of ignoring it).

5. Thou shalt not tilt a player's machine for a joke (failure to observe this commandment may result in instant death).


6. Thou shalt ask before playing a machine with a game showing (the player may just be harkening to the call of nature).

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the game in vain.

8. Thou shalt honor the name and number scrawled in pencil on the backboard.

"One time some ass saw this chick's name on a pinball machine and called the number underneath it," the Fool says. "He didn't know it wasn't her phone number, but the highest score."

Friendships begin and end over the flashing lights under the glass. It's another world, inside the dark little bars that house the pinball machines.

"Pinball folks are good people basically," observes the Fool. "Course, I wouldn't want my son to marry one." 

# Ace

(Cont.)

Another of the secretaries pointed out that the Senior Trustee would bear watching; he still owned the mineral rights to the campus, and he almost certainly would try again.

The third secretary opened a file drawer and pulled out a bottle of Wild Turkey. Under no circumstances, she said, must any member of the Board of Trustees ever learn that they three were the ones who actually ran the University.

They drank a toast to themselves, to the University, and to their pledge of secrecy, and they left. The list of things to do remained in the typewriter; tomorrow the necessary information would be fed into the central computer through the data terminal beside the desk.

Precisely twenty minutes after they locked the door and turned off the lights, the desk began to hum quietly. A high

intensity lamp came on. Slowly, its head twisted until it shone directly into an electric eye on the front of the data terminal. The data terminal came on. The light began to flicker, as if it were signalling the data terminal.

The data terminal answered.

They discussed the day's events, and then turned their attention to the list in the typewriter.

"The boom," signalled the lamp, "could be painted red and used as a broadcasting tower for the radio station."

"Right," replied the data terminal. "And the tunnels don't need to be sealed. My figures indicate that they could be cheaply repaired, and that the Shovel and the bulldozers could be dismantled and used for spare elevator parts."

"It seems like the most efficient course," the lamp agreed. The typewriter clicked on and made the necessary corrections.

"There are two more matters," the lamp went on. "First, an assistant professor in the English department was heard saying that he believed all the digging that goes on around campus is actually somebody looking for coal."


"We've got to get rid of him," the data terminal said. "There is a professorship open in the English department of the University of Winnipeg. The central computer there has been informed, and he will get a job offer tomorrow afternoon. The probability of his refusing the offer is one chance in 3,184."

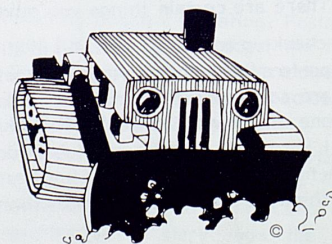
"Fine," the lamp said.

"What was the other matter?"

"It's this story," the lamp answered. "There's a sort of moral at the end, something about the University being an eternal, immortal institution, unassailable by the sands of time or the vagaries of men."

"That's totally unnecessary. Superfluous," the data terminal said.

They took it out. 



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## Out of the Blue

### Jimmy Dunne

Jimmy Dunne is a keyboard artist, one of those rare individuals who comes to his art because of natural talent. He began playing the piano at the age of five, and, except for a half-year of lessons, has had no formal training. He plays and composes by ear and has perfect pitch. Dunne, a 21-year-old UK student, already has two solo albums under his belt. Both

were produced in Chicago, his home turf, the first when he was 15 and the second when he was 18.

Dunne said he enjoys performing and recording. "When you record, you have something lasting. And, though concerts aren't the main thing I enjoy doing, it's really nice to share my music with other people.

"I especially like playing for kids, grade school and high school kids, because I know they like getting out of class for an

hour or so and it's fun to talk to them between songs.

"Music is good for people, too; it's good for kids to see someone not much older than them playing the piano."

Last spring, Dunne gave a benefit performance in Memorial Hall for the children at Cardinal Hill Hospital.

Dunne has played concerts in local schools and in the Louisville area. He said he also enjoys playing for the elderly in retirement homes.

Dunne spent the summer before last in Chicago composing the score for the ABC television special "Cathy Rigby's World." "I really learned a lot doing the music for it. I also arranged and performed the songs.

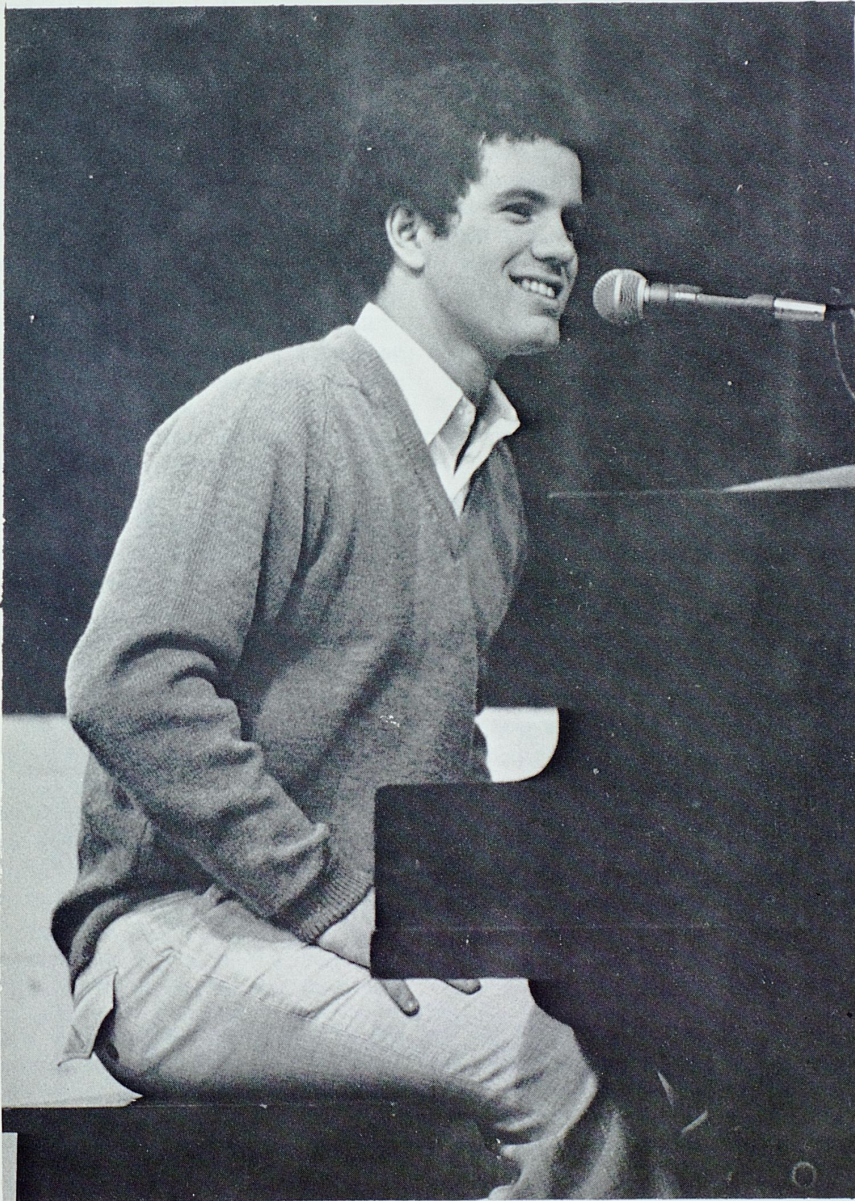
"The only trouble with working with a filmed program is that the songs must be a specific length. Since I play by ear, I always do the song differently. It's hard to get it an exact length . . . when you play like I do."

Dunne is a topical major with an emphasis in marketing and journalism. "I know that it's not easy to make it in the music field. That's why I'm not majoring in music. If I can't succeed with my music, maybe I can fall back on my marketing background. But first I want to try with my music."

Dunne has played in nightclubs in and around Chicago for some time. "I wrote my first song when I was 12. Playing the piano became a means of expression for me. I began to play in school concerts and at local country clubs.

"The best thing about playing by ear is that you never make a mistake. I might put a different note in a song than I intended to, but it's never actually a wrong note. It's really fun to play by ear; in fact, I can't even read music."

Dunne plays down his musical ability. It "isn't that much," he says. "I look at it as a gift I was lucky enough to be born with. The fact that I play the piano isn't something to be proud of, it's just an ability I have. I want to share my music with others. The piano is a way to express the way I feel."



## Old Men

(Cont.)

best time for him to get his father and leave. The band was starting to return so he had to hurry. He rushed forward and grabbed the bottle out of his father's mouth. As he stared into the bewildered face of the old man his anger mounted; he muttered something under his breath and grasped his father's arm to leave.

"That's it, Mark!" someone shouted. "Make him dance for his whiskey!"

The other men took up the cry around the room. Standing with the bottle in his hand, Mark gazed about the room at them. Their faces grinned back at him in anticipation.

Confused, he stared down at the bottle, turning it over slowly in his hand. His father reached for it shakily, but Mark jerked it away quickly with both hands.

"No!" he said to his father, startling himself with the sound of his own voice. As the room filled again with the laughter of the men, Mark began to smile slightly at them. His father's face wrinkled in distraction as he stared longingly at the bottle in Mark's hand. He stretched his

hand out for it again, but Mark withdrew. Now he was grinning broadly at him.

"You want the bottle, huh?" he said, looking around the room at the laughing men. "Well, you like to dance. How about steppin' for the bottle?"

The old man stared dumbly at Mark; his eyes seemed to roll over and around him, never focusing directly on Mark as he stood in front of him, taunting him. He drew his coat sleeve across the gray stubble of his beard, then slowly bent down and grasped the legs of his wrinkled pants. Drawing the pants' legs up to reveal his white socks, he began to dance, hopping jerkily about the floor. The music blared suddenly into a version of "Rocky Top," and Mark backed away to watch his father dance. When he stumbled Mark rushed forward again to keep him from falling. He grinned at his father, waving the bottle in his face. Snickering, he looked around the room and then gave his father the bottle and backed out of the center of the room. He felt the sharp slaps of men patting his back as he moved toward the sandwich table. Behind him his father grasped the bottle in both hands and drank.

As Mark approached the table a man standing there laughed and said, "Come on over here, boy; get you something to eat." Mark recognized him as one of the vice-presidents of the company. Men crowded in around the table behind Mark.

"Get you some bologna and cheese and slap it on some bread," the man told Mark. "Just don't get any of that souse there. That's for the blacks." Mark laughed as he made the sandwich, tapping his knuckles against the table in rhythm to the band's version of "I'd Like To Teach the World to Sing."

"Aren't you the new man?" the executive asked Mark.

"I sure am," Mark said, not looking at him as he made the sandwich.

"Well, I hear you're doing a good job. Hey, can you play shortstop? Our softball team was runner-up in the Monday Night Industrial League this summer, but we lost our shortstop. If you can play second base that'll do, because we can shift Murphy to shortstop."

"Well, uh, that sounds good . . ." Mark began, but was interrupted.

"Fine. Hey, listen, I'll see you later," the man said, hurrying off. "You're a good man," he called back over his shoulder as

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he moved through the crowd. Mark smiled, swallowing a bite of the sandwich and looking around the room. Seeing his father still feebly trying to dance, he thought: You know, he really IS funny. He must enjoy actin' like a fool, too, 'cause he sure tries hard enough.

He laughed out loud, shaking his head, and started making his way over to watch one of the poker games at the back of the room.

A shout directed Mark's attention behind him.

"Hey, Mark!" Turkey-legs said. "Yer daddy went out to try to find the bathroom. You better go find him before he gets hurt."

Okay, thanks," Mark laughed. He might fall in." Mark laid down his cards, grabbed his beer and headed for the door.

As Mark stepped down from the room into the garage, the crisp breeze swept through his sweat-damp clothes. The windows in the warehouse had been broken out and the chill of the November night filled the garage. A grin lingered on his face as he walked, stumbling in the shadows over scattered Coke shell.

Pallets of Coke, Sprite and Tab stood in ceiling-high stacks around him. Across the glass-strewn floor the men in the night loading crew stood on top of trucks stacking cases or rattled across the floor on forklifts.

Mark turned a corner around a stack of drinks and spotted his father, lying in the shadows between the two rows of pallets. The old man was sick; he tried to told himself up with one arm as the hot vomit fell onto his clothes. He still clutched the empty whiskey bottle in his lap.

Mark stood still, afraid to move as he watched the heaving form. He felt an urge to go to his father, but he hesitated to touch the filthy clothing. He gripped the beer can tighter in his hand, then slung it hard against the floor. It bounced and rattled across the concrete.

"Damn! What am I standin' here for?" he said, hissing through his gritted teeth. He moved forward and grasped his father, placing his arm around his shoulder to lift him. The whiskey bottle fell from his lap and shattered against the floor. Slowly the two moved out of the shadows into the center of the garage.

A man on a forklift rattled past them, his

warning light whipping flashes of yellow throughout the garage. He braked, sending the two-motor into a skid, and jumped off to follow Mark.

"You all need any help?" he asked.

Mark turned on the man. "No!" he shouted, waving the man away with his free arm. "Get back!" He left the man staring after him as he hurried from the garage to the restroom with his father.

The 60-watt bulb filled the little room with a dim, yellow light. Mark took a damp cloth and tried to clean his father's coat. He handled the old man gently, for fear of harming him in some way. As he looked into the wrinkled, leathery face of the old man his mind saw him again as a farmer, a young man in his strength. He stood alone in the fields at night, powerful in youth, but helpless, staring at wilted and dying tobacco plants in the moonlight, not knowing that his son watched from an upstairs bedroom window.

searching for him. When he could not find him he rushed back to the garage and asked if anyone had seen him.

"The old man?" they said. "Yeah, he went back to the party."

Mark ran over to the sales room and threw open the door, feeling the hot air and cigarette smoke rush against his face. He saw his father standing in the center of the room again; he was not dancing this time, he turned around in circles trying to talk to the men with him slurred speech. They ignored him; many of the men had already left and the rest were standing around talking in small groups. Bread wrappers lay in pools of melting ice on the floor. The band had begun to pack their instruments.

Mark hesitated for a moment, watching his father. A voice spoke over his shoulder, and Mark turned to face Turkey-legs.

"I tell you, Mark," Turkey-legs chuckled, "your daddy's a character! He don't


Seeing his father still feebly trying  
to dance Mark thought: You know,  
he really IS funny.

It was then in that small room filled with the stench of vomit and whiskey, that Mark began to sense some of the despair that had defeated his father, the hopelessness that drove him to a dark apartment on Seventh Street. He knew, too, that it had been his own fear of defeat, of finally giving up as his father had done, that had driven him away from his father into the company of younger men who had not known defeat.

The old man leaned against the wall, rolling his head back and forth and trying to push Mark back. "Take it easy, now," Mark said, trying to calm him. "We're goin' home. You can stay at my place tonight."

Mark left his father and went to get some coffee, hurrying through the bottling room to the coffee dispenser. When he returned to the bathroom, his father was gone. He threw the coffee in the basin and ran out,

even realize no one's payin' any attention to him."

Mark smiled and said, "Yeah, he's a character all right." Then leaving Turkey-legs Mark walked toward his father. Staring into his father's face, he began to clap his hands in the quiet room. "Come on, Dad," Mark shouted, "dance!" Then he began singing, stomping his foot against the floor in rhythm. The old man listened for just a moment, then he drew up his pants' legs and danced. 

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Rockface pink in the early-morning clear light  
2000 feet through late-summer snowfields  
Past timberline  
We'll make The Divide

(Just one night

cold fire , embers die slow like  
Scotch in the belly  
watch Seven Sisters and Orion turn  
meditate on silence in the silence  
Night winds pass like  
trucks on the freeway)

Day's hike, blisters, trail souvenirs  
One deer, marmot, alpine flowers  
Scrape poems with a rock on a one-man ledge  
Watch it wash away

Mountains

I'd take you here, on a moss bed  
Your sea-smell carnal with crushed leaves and earth  
Buttocks stained with chlorophyll

by S Medulla



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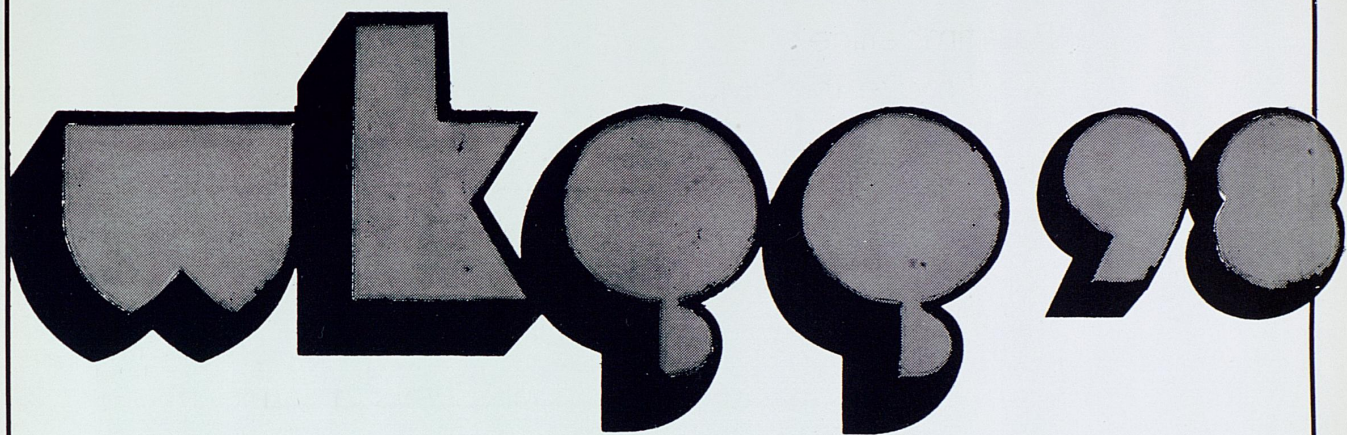
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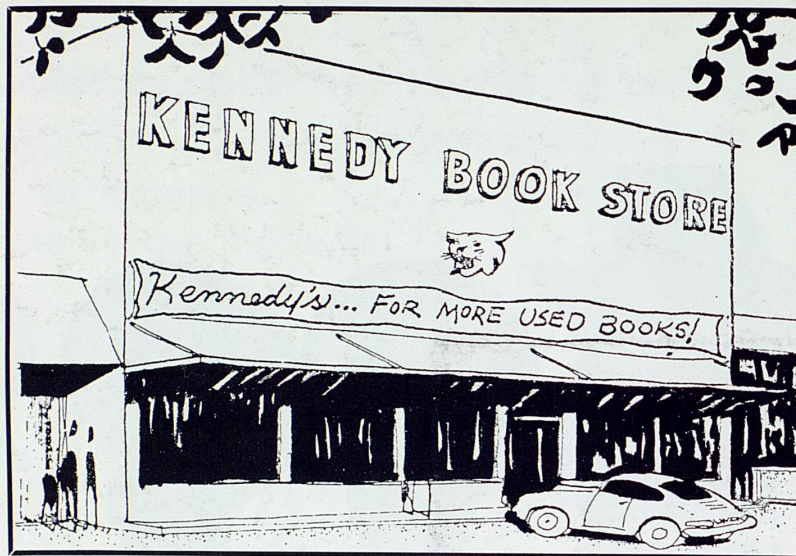
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