- A Dazzling Display
- The Unsung African Theater
- Inside South Africa
- Banjos and Bandanas
- KSU's No. 1 Athlete
- The Joy of Eating
- When Safety Counts
- Today's Jazz
Editors' note

Co-editors of a brand new magazine: it sounded so...trendsetting. How historic it would be to start a tradition of journalistic excellence apart from the daily hard news of the Stater, the dreary year-end summaries of the yearbook. Of course, it would take careful planning and a large, competent staff, but we could do it. Couldn't we?

Much has happened since we presented our plan to the Student Publications Policy Committee last May. Staff members have come and gone, budgets have been revised and re-revised. Problems we never before dreamed of arose every time things dared to run smoothly for more than three days at a time.

But we did it. We created a new publication at Kent State University, and we lived to tell about it.

The goal of the Chestnut Burr Magazine is to give to KSU students a magazine they can be proud of and enjoy. Not a flimsy leaflet to be skimmed and tossed aside, but a quality publication that will be read thoroughly and saved, to be re-read years after graduation.

This issue of the CBM commemorates the 75th birthday of Kent State. It's been a year of celebration, highlighted by the opening of the Fashion Museum -- an event that made KSU an important institution in the eyes of the nation.

It's been a rough year, but we think it was worth the effort. We hope you enjoy the Chestnut Burr Magazine as much as we enjoyed publishing it.

Co-editors
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A Celebration Of Memories
by Maureen O’Boyle

HOW DO YOU create a celebration worthy of a university marking its 75th year? What activities, attractions, food will be good enough for an event that will be remembered for years?

This year’s Homecoming had to be special. Not just another football game and mum sale, not just a sedate alumni dance in the ballroom. This “welcoming back” must be done with style.

More than 13,000 alumni returned to KSU for the October weekend festivities. The University planned a brochure full of breakfasts, coffees and receptions to keep everyone busy. There was literally something for everyone, from fraternity alums to “Golden Order” members (those who graduated at least 50 years ago).

The KSU Flying Club gave aerial tours of the campus. A 30-mile bicycle race, sponsored by the Intramurals Department, drew alumni to Dix Stadium.

And history would be made when the Kent State University Museum was opened Saturday to the public.

And, of course, there was the parade, and the football game, and the tailgate parties . . . And even the annual “Superstars” competition.
KSU students end up wearing the mural they were painting to honor the University's 75th birthday
Yes, age and treachery once again conquered youth and skill at the "Superstars" competition Friday at Manchester Field.

The competition pits alumni against students in a grueling battle of strength including a tug-of-war, bicycle and sack races, and running through tires.

The alumni team lived up to their "treachery" motto by winning the relay competition 28-20 against Intramurals Department student employees. They have won the first place trophy in the contest five out of the six years it has been held. In 1983, the alumni team and another student team tied for first place.

Eleven alumni from all over the United States trickled onto the field wearing various forms of athletic garb.

The Intramurals Department, which started the competition in 1979, recruited its employees for the races because none of the University's 20,000 students signed up to participate—a typical reflection of the student body's general apathy toward some of the events during Homecoming weekend.

The alumni who came back to run in the relays this year were disappointed. "It never used to be this way," said Gordon Ober, the alumni team captain. "I remember competing against four or five teams (in past years). We have a sad turnout."

Potential participants couldn't have been turned away by the weather. There was a fall thunderstorm heading in from the west, but it was far in the distance when the games started at 4 p.m. Bright sunlight glaring down on the field.

Students, with their shoulders burdened by backpacks of books, scurried around the area to class, ignoring the hurdles and markers obstructing their paths. A few of the curious stopped for a moment and then went on their way. No one seemed to know there would be a three-legged race, a potato sack race, an obstacle course race, a planet pass, an amoeba race and tug-of-war.

Two things may have contributed to lack of participation, said Steve Donahue, Intramurals Department student recreation officer. An attempt to beat the world's largest game of Twister was in progress on an area left of the field, he said. On the right of the field, University employees had set up tables and grills for a barbecue later in the evening.

"Flash," the real bird is an 8-pound male eagle from Pennsylvania. He will appear at various outdoor functions held at Kent State.

"Flash," KSU's new mascot, made his debut at the Homecoming game. The mascot's identity is being kept a secret by the Athletic Department.

A pep rally also was scheduled for Friday, and unfortunately, attendance was equally sparse. There was, however, a relatively cheerful assortment of students sitting at the picnic tables and on the steps. Still, the administrators and Homecoming candidates outnumbered the students.

A group of nine or 10 students carrying musical instruments drifted to one side of the plaza and formed a line. The band, it seemed, had arrived.

A fight song erupted from the line of musicians, and the KSU cheerleaders bounded out to the plaza to lead the students in cheers. The 20-odd students there milled about, looking curiously from the cheerleaders, to the band, to the clapping administrators in their
suits and ties.

The rally progressed, with the football coaches expressing their confidence that Saturday's game would end in victory, and two of the prominent team members spouting the usual "we're psyched, let's win." The Homecoming candidates were introduced, and each gave his two-minute speech. Polite clapping followed each one. Once again, though, the students just didn't seem to have caught the Homecoming spirit.

The football game Saturday was rainy and cold, but unusually well-attended. Tailgate parties were out in full force, bigger and better than ever — the alumni were here. They had dispensed with the simple automobile tailgate, opting for the much more practical motor home/Winnebago with attached awning.

And there was more than just beer at the alumni parties. They had cold cut and vegetable trays, plates of sandwiches, bowls of chips and pretzels — a veritable football feast. These were the sort of gatherings that made a student realize, standing in the rain drinking beer pumped from a keg in the back of a beat-up Ford, that he was most certainly at the wrong party.

When the game started, the stands were conspicuously underpopulated. Tailgaters soon found their way in, however, and by the second quarter the stadium was a multi-colored sea of umbrellas and slickers.

At halftime, the marching band performed a special homecoming show, and the by now somewhat soggy king and queen candidates were presented to the even soggier audience. Alpha Phi sorority member Kathy Tanker and Black United Students member Michael Smith were crowned king and queen, respectively. And premier mascot Flash the Golden Eagle made his debut, hatching from a giant papier-mache egg that had been perched on top of the Information Booth during the week. The identity of the human Flash is being kept hidden by the Athletic Department.

A new live mascot was also introduced at the game. Also named "Flash," he is an 8-pound, 23-year-old male eagle under the care of Earl Schriver Jr. of Baden, Pa. Flash continues to live in Baden, and will be brought
to Kent for most outdoor home events.

The University of Texas at El Paso was evidently no match for the Flashes. KSU mauled UTEP 51-24, despite the dismal weather.

The post-game party materialized at about 4 p.m. in the Rathskellar. It was more of a dinner than a party, actually, with an Italian buffet and one-man band Kim Coleman. A small group of alumni in sweaters and jeans did the jitterbug, swinging their hips to '50s tunes.

An immense cake shaped like the KSU campus was on display beside the Student Center stairs, and a man in a chef's outfit cut it, serving pieces resembling everything from flowerbeds to Lowry Hall.

The pace slowed somewhat by Sunday. The last meetings and receptions were held, the last souvenirs purchased. The weekend had proved eventful: a victorious football game, a new museum, a new mascot.

Yes, student participation, as usual, was lacking. But alumni spirit was not, and for a weekend Kent State hummed with the busy activity of its students from the past.

LIFE

(left) Gillian Lee Sin at the giant Twister game.
(far left) The student team in the Superstars contest. (below) More mural artists splash in the paint
Meet the Pres.

Schwartz serves breakfast to Aaron Smythe at Jerry's Diner
There have been recent sightings in Kent of a rather curious gentleman wearing a tuxedo. The man, witnesses say, appears seemingly out of nowhere and attempts to “fit in” to the surroundings, pretending he’s one of the general public. We sent our photographers to try to find this mysterious, chameleon-like stranger. He was elusive, but we did manage to capture a few of his best impersonations on film...
Schwartz sneaks up on senior marketing major William Allen (left), and Tom Jarrett of Stow.

Kelly Papiska, a senior individual and family studies major, makes a friend.

Schwartz with Janette Mack and Emil Slapak of Kent, both 1926 KSU grads.
Schwartz with state Sen. Oliver Ocasek, Class of '46
OFF THE BEATEN PATH

by Holly Wenninger
Photos by Jim Fossett

A Kent native hits the streets for a tour of some fast-food alternatives
HERE I WAS, a lifelong Kent resident, and I wasn't even sure where the Venice Cafe is. Besides that, nobody I knew had ever done more at Jerry's Diner than drink a cup of coffee, and Capt'n Brady's had changed names and ownership since I last had crossed its threshold. Was it still the comfortable Kent tradition it had been prior to last summer?

Clearly an exploration of the local dining fare was in order. Donning my best eating clothes, I set out for downtown Kent.

I ate first at the Red Radish, a vegetarian restaurant that features salads and a variety of hot entrees. The atmosphere is quite pleasant: the restaurant is rather small, but the seating is arranged so that it does not seem crowded even when it is full. In keeping with its healthy image, no smoking is permitted.

The most striking decorations are the clouds on the ceiling. Looking up one gets a clear view of the underbelly of a bird that appears to be flitting among them. Lunchtime entertainment tends to be limited to WKSU playing in the background, but in the evenings there usually is some local talent playing live.

While the noon crowd was mostly women and older people, dinner attracts many couples from a younger age group. Kent State students are not in the majority here, possibly because many prefer to grab a quick meal, and the prices at the Red Radish are a bit beyond the average student's budget.

My meal, which included an appetizer, a main dish and a milkshake, was $7. Prices for the entrees run from $1.75 (for a peanut butter sandwich) to $4.75; the average dish costs $3.75. Milkshakes, which are especially good at the Red Radish, are $1.75 and come in a medium-size glass — featuring Haagen-Dazs ice cream. Their most distinguishing feature is that they taste like "real" milkshakes. (As in no synthetic aftertaste.) A less expensive alternative to the milkshake is the "smoothie." Going for only $1, this drink consists of fruit and milk blended without ice
Who was that man?

The name of Capt. Samuel Brady is quite common in the Kent area; there are, for instance, Brady's Leap Park, Brady Lake and the former Capt'n Brady's restaurant (now Brady's). However, while many Kent natives may be familiar with these local landmarks, the legend of the man behind them is not as widely known.

Born in 1759, Samuel Brady was made a captain while fighting in the American Revolutionary Army, but in the late 1770s he turned to a life of single-handedly killing Indians. The Indians at that time were making a desperate last stand to maintain possession of their lands in the Western Reserve.

Brady's Kent connection was made in 1780, when he was captured by a Wyandot tribe in the Sandusky area. The tribe intended to burn him at the stake for his crimes against the Indian nation, and, subsequently Brady found himself tied to a stake with the fires about to be lit.

In the crowd that had gathered to watch his death, Brady saw his old friend, Samuel Girty, a half-Indian with whom Brady had been raised. Brady pleaded with Girty to spare his life, but in vain. The fire was started.

The Indian chief's daughter, however, took pity on the white man, and attempted to release him from his bonds. Brady, not understanding her intent, pulled himself free from his ties, threw the maiden into the fire, and in the resulting riot made his escape.

Well-known as a runner, Brady ran toward the Cuyahoga River, intending to cross at Standing Rock Ford (at the north end of Kent). But the Indians caught up to him at a place called the Narrows.

At that time the Narrows was a gap in the earth 21 feet wide, surrounded by a 40-foot drop to the swiftly running river below. In desperation, Brady jumped across the Narrows (now appropriately named Brady's Leap). He didn't quite make it to the other side, but instead landed on an overhanging rock and pulled himself up to the opposite bank. The Indians did not attempt the leap.

Before heading downstream to a suitable ford, however, they shot at Brady, wounding him in the thigh.

Brady, despite his injury, somehow found the strength to run to what is now Brady Lake. Arriving before the Indians could sight him, he hid in the lake beneath the branches of a fallen chestnut tree, using a hollow reed through which to breathe. The Indians searched the area around the lake and, legend has it, even stood on the trunk of the tree beneath which Brady was hiding, before giving him up for dead.

Despite becoming rather deaf from spending an entire day and night under water, Brady went on killing Indians until 1795, when he died of pleurisy (a chest disease) in West Virginia.

The food was good, but not excellent. The average sandwich costs about $2.75, and there are several soups available. On a recommendation from one of the employees, I ordered a tuna melt sandwich. It came on a croissant, which was a nice touch, but the tuna was cold, and there wasn't enough cheese to justify calling it a "melt." There was also a large helping of potato chips included with the sandwich; I ended up taking most of these home because I couldn't eat them all.

Capt'n Brady's was well-known for its bakery items, so I felt obligated to try some of Hough's products after finishing my meal. According to the employees, the most popular items are the cheesecake (which, incidentally, is not made by Hough Bakers) and the giant chocolate chip cookies, which are displayed prominently in a showcase. I bought these and a "specialty cookie," which consisted of two sugar cookies with strawberry jam in the
Don't be fooled by the exterior of the Venice Cafe; there's great, low-cost food inside

middle and a large dollop of fudge on top.

The baked goods were far from disappointing. The cheesecake, which comes in cinnamon, chocolate chip and grasshopper flavors, was extremely rich. Even the most avid sweet tooth would be satisfied with one slice of this.

The chocolate chip cookie was my favorite. It had chunks of chocolate, not just chips, and tasted like a "real" chocolate chip cookie despite being mass-produced. At 45 cents, it was worth every penny. The specialty cookie, at 65 cents, was another good buy. The fudge on the top was a bit much, but the rest of the cookie was delicious. Brady's also features holiday specialties, such as pumpkin petit fours for Halloween, and doughnuts and danishes. A meal at Brady's, consisting of a sandwich, a drink and a dessert, costs about $4. My advice, however, is to save three of those dollars and just have dessert.

On the corner of Franklin Ave. and Erie St. sits a rather dusty-looking building with an unobtrusive neon sign. The words "Venice Cafe" cast a pink glow on the sidewalk, and below them, "Pizza" flickers hesitantly.

The Venice Cafe is mainly a bar; it is obvious that food is just a sideline. The atmosphere is from days gone by: the scarce existing illumination is centered over the bar and pool tables, and more pink neon dimly lights each side of the huge mirror behind the bar. The entire place has an aura of evenings years ago spent playing pool and watching the television mounted in the corner. There are a few tables scattered around, as well as several booths, and a row of about 12 stools line the bar. The usual abundance of liquor bottles is displayed along the shelf behind the bar, with Bromo Seltzer in a rather disconcerting featured position among them.

The short menu is contained inside the head of Mr. C. Ricciardi, owner and genuine Italian. He recommended the ham sandwich special, which is a mere dollar with "the works." An old-fashioned small bottle of Seven-Up is only 50 cents. Even if I decided I hated the food, it certainly wasn't going to hurt my wallet to eat there.

The sandwich arrived in a matter of minutes, and turned out to be quite a delicacy for a place that focuses on sales of a more liquid nature. There was a generous helping of ham, cheese and lettuce on it (tomato if you ask), and the flavors blended well. What's more,
Ricciardi has owned the restaurant/bar since “1960 or so,” and said it “does all right.” In my opinion, “all right” is a weak description of how it ought to do. At $1.50 for a meal, the Venice Cafe is within any college student’s budget.

Jerry’s Diner is an undisputed Kent landmark, although most people I talked with did not know exactly why. From the outside it doesn’t look big enough to even sit in, much less eat in. And although I had heard the coffee there was great, I never had met anyone who actually ate there.

Unlike the Venice Cafe, Jerry’s Diner is well-lit, and has a most unusual atmosphere. The seating consists of a single row of stools along the counter, each with a hook on the wall behind it so that patrons have a place to hang coats or hats. Radical advertisements for punk bands and left-wing causes are the dominant decorations, and a colorful stuffed fish decorated with Christmas lights hangs on the wall above the counter. The music played there would probably be termed “new music;” this restaurant is not the place for conservative, Top 40-oriented people.

It is, however, the place for coffee drinkers. Coffee is probably Jerry’s Diner’s most popular menu item, and there’s a good reason why: it really is good. Devotees claim the stuff is “like speed,” and they’re not far off the mark. After drinking a cup of this magical beverage, my spirits were bolstered to the extent that I actually ordered a Garbageburger (the second most popular item) with everything but tomato, and an order of potatoes, which I was assured also are a customer favorite.

While I waited for my food, I sat back and took a look at the clientele. They weren’t the kind of people found in the Red Radish or even in Wendy’s. They looked more like the sort of people who frequent J. B.’s, and some of them looked as though they attended motorcycle rallies on a better-than-irregular basis. The atmosphere was comfortable — it was obvious the people at Jerry’s were not strangers to its unusual environment.

My Garbageburger smelled delectable. And the smell, fortunately, accurately predicted the taste. The burger was huge, with toppings oozing off of it; I ate it over my potatoes and used what dripped out of the sandwich to flavor the generous helping of those. For under $3.50, I was genuinely full of much better food than what I would have received for a similar price at a fast food restaurant. Jerry’s Diner has good food and even better coffee. Not to mention the people-watching opportunities.

The Red Radish, Brady’s, the Venice Cafe and Jerry’s Diner: four eating places in Kent that proved to be tasty alternatives to cafeteria or fast-food dining. The city’s downtown restaurants offer something different to gourmets with limited budgets and tired palates. So eat, enjoy, experiment and experience, and — dare I say it? — bon appetit!
Akropolis Family Restaurant
707 N. Mantua St., 678-2981
Dress: casual, reservations suggested for groups over eight. Open 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily. Breakfast $1-$4: includes omelettes, french toast, steak and eggs. Dinner $4-$9: features Greek entrees such as stuffed grape leaves; also frog legs, beef, seafood.

Brady's
436 E. Main St., 678-9987
Dress: come-as-you-are. Open Mon.-Fri. 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Breakfast averages $2-$3: waffles, eggs, cereal. Lunch/dinner around $3.50: soups, salads, hot/cold sandwiches, ice cream. Features Hough Bakery items.

Franklin Square Deli
108 S. Water St., 673-2942
Dress: come-as-you-are. Open Mon.-Thurs. 10 a.m. to 11 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sun. noon to 8 p.m. Features subs, hot sandwiches at $1.60-$3.35. Also soups, salads, gyros, bagels. Barbecuing specialty.

Jerry's Diner
205 S. Water St., 673-6762
Dress: come-as-you-are. Open 5 a.m. to 4 a.m. daily. Egg platters, omelettes, sandwiches, $1-$4. "Recession specials" 3 p.m. to midnight.

Kentwood Restaurant and Lounge
1910 State Route 59, 673-1010
Dress: casual. Reservations recommended on weekends. Open Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Lunch $3-$4: salads, sandwiches, veal, fish, chicken. Dinner $3-$9: prime rib, chicken, seafood, Italian dishes.

Pufferbelly Ltd.
152 Franklin Ave., 673-1771
Dress: casual or dressy. Reservations suggested for groups over eight. Open Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. (brunch) and 2:30 p.m. to 9 p.m. (dinner). Brunch $6.95. Lunch $4-$6: quiche, sandwiches, omelettes. After-five dinners $8-$11: include teriyaki steak, sauteed bay scallops.

Ray's Place
135 Franklin Ave., 673-2233
Dress: come-as-you-are. Open 11 a.m. to 2 a.m. daily. Sandwiches, burgers, some dinners, $1-$4. Features peanut butter pie, Gerty's chili.

The Red Radish
110 E. Day St., 673-4056
Dress: come-as-you-are. Open 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily. Wide variety of vegetarian meals: dinners, salads, sandwiches. Some Mexican dishes. Features spring water, herbal teas, Haagen Dazs milkshakes.

Schwebel Garden Room
3rd floor, KSU Student Center, 672-2383
Proper dinner attire required (no jeans). Reservations suggested. Open Mon.-Fri. 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. (lunch), Mon.-Fri. 5:30 p.m. to 9 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. (brunch only), $6.95. Lunch $2.50-$4.50: salads, sandwiches. Dinner $8-$13: Veal, seafood, beef. Price includes appetizer, salad bar, beverage and dessert. Early bird dinners Tues.-Fri., $4.95. Features flaming dishes cooked at your table.Received a four-star rating from Ohio Magazine.

Shea-nanigans
1450 E. Main St., 673-9564
Dress: casual. Open Sun.-Thurs. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lounge open until 2:30 a.m. every day. Dinners $6-$17: from chopped sirloin to lobster tails. Also appetizers, soups, salads, quiches, sandwiches, Mexican food, desserts.

The Side Door
128 N. Depeyster St., 678-5542
Dress: casual. Open Mon.-Thurs. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m., Fri. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sunday. Lunch $2-$4.50: sandwiches, soups, salad bar, quiche. Dinner $6-$12: includes shrimp, filet mignon.

The Silver Pheasant
3085 Graham Road, 678-2116
Dress: proper dinner attire. Reservations suggested on weekends. Open Mon.-Sat. 11:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. (lunch), 5 p.m.-10 p.m. (last reservation taken at 9 p.m.); Sun. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. (brunch). Meals $8-$23: wide selection of beef and seafood, poultry. Brunch $6.95. Special low-calorie and low-sodium menus with dinners, $6-$10.

The Stone Jug
227 Franklin Ave., 673-8873
Dress: casual. Open daily 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. (lunch), 4 p.m. to 9 p.m. (dinner). Meals $4-$8: include sandwiches, burgers, salads, strip steak, spaghetti. Thursday is "Open Mike Night" for amateur entertainers.

Venice Cafe
163 Franklin Ave., 673-923
Dress: come-as-you-are. Open Mon.-Thurs. 9 a.m. to 1 a.m., Fri.-Sat. 9 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sun. 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinners $1-$5: grilled ham sandwiches, cheeseburgers, pizza. Full bar offers beer, mixed drinks.
IT LASTED FOR only a year, but for Erich Wolf, it was an experience he would never forget. And then, after 35 years, he finally was coming home to Kent State.

Homecoming '85 was special because of the presence of Wolf and his wife Maria, a friendly German couple from Munich. Wolf said in those 35 years he never thought of returning to Kent State, but once back, the list of his weekend plans he held in his hand seemed to be only a small part of the excitement evident on his face. "Entering the gate and seeing the library was like coming home," he said smiling. "It felt very comfortable. Kent was a place I loved very much."

Wolf was a participant in the "Exchange of Persons Program" initiated by the U.S. government two years after the end of World War II. Students were chosen from Germany to attend universities throughout the United States based on scholarship and personal qualification, but mainly on their interest in furthering democratic ideals in Germany. Wolf and two other students attended Kent State. "I was expected to teach democracy to the (German) people," he explained. "When I came over, it was not important that I get a degree, but that I learn the way of life and democracy."

It was an August, 1950 sea voyage that brought Wolf to the United States. He spent about a month sightseeing in New York, Washington, D.C. and Philadelphia, arriving in Kent by train Sept. 20. He stayed in Stopher Hall, which then was a male dormitory.

"At that time the enrollment was not quite 6,000," he said, laughing. "It is very big now. And there are more opportunities for students to get a good education."

Wolf said he was free in selecting his curriculum, and he decided it was best to take business and foreign language courses. He also was involved in the German Club, the United Nations Club, the Newman Club and the KSU Soccer Team. "Everyone in Germany plays soccer," he said. Traveling with KSU's team to places such as Chicago and Pennsylvania made playing the game even more exciting, Wolf added.

Under the exchange program, Wolf was awarded a scholarship to study at KSU for the 1950-51 academic year. But, he explained, coming from a poor country, he needed to save money. He worked evenings and holidays loading trucks at General Beverage Co., and as a metal worker at Gaugler Machine Co.

Kent State existed in a different society in 1950. Wolf said, describing events such as a recital by actor Charles Laughton, a lecture by opera singer Mary Garden, a speech by former Austrian chancellor Dr. Schuschnigg and a performance by pianist-humorist Victor Borge. "There was quite an active life on campus," he said.

When Wolf attended Kent State, the president was George Bowman, and Raymond E. Manchester, the dean of men, sent out the Saturday Letter, a letter of wisdom and advice for the students. Fast food did not exist in the area and the Robin Hood was a fancy restaurant. He said the restaurants and bars where the students gathered in 1950 are gone now, but he remembers them clearly. "My whole stay from the first day to the last day was a highlight," he said. "I learned so many things that came to Germany much later. I was one of the lucky ones who learned on the spot."

He was not the only one learning, however. Wolf said during his year at Kent State he got many invitations from groups and associations to speak on "Present-day Germany" and "Problems in Germany."

"In 1950 the war was not long over," Wolf explained. "There were many problems — prisoners of war still were being held in the Soviet Union, and students were interested in knowing about it."

Wolf said there is not much of a difference
now between the United States and Germany, but in 1950 coming to the United States was a big change. "I had some English, but it was not easy at first," he said. Smiling he added, "I was understood after some time."

Although he is of German descent, Wolf was born in Czechoslovakia in 1928. He went to Germany as a refugee in 1946 and graduated from an Upper School where he studied economics. "Graduation from an Upper School is like being a junior in a college in the United States," he explained. Since his first two years were covered, he studied as a junior at Kent State, but when he returned to Germany on Sept. 25, 1951, he did not have enough money to continue studying economics.

"I began working with a company that imported office equipment, mainly calculating machines from the United States," Wolf said. "In 1968 I became president of the company, and last year I retired. Since then I have been enjoying traveling with my wife."

Wolf said he married Maria six years ago, having been a bachelor most of his life. "We're spending our anniversary in America," he said, smiling broadly.

As they promised, Wolf and the German exchange people, including leaders and university students, spread their experience with democracy to the German people. The Columbus Society was founded in 1952. It was targeted at conveying experiences in America to new exchange students and spreading democratic ideas in Germany.

The Columbus Society still exists today, and Wolf said he believes Germany has benefited from it and the exchange program. "For many years now, Germany has been a strong member of the democratic nations," he said. "German democracy is firmly established. I believe that the exchange program, carefully established and generously financed by the U.S. government, has played an important role in this development."

Why did he wait so long to return to Kent? Wolf said he had so many interests upon returning to Germany in 1951 that he just never thought about it. It was not until one of his fellow Kent State exchange students sent him material he was still receiving from Kent, that the idea came to him. "I thought it might be thrilling to return and show the campus to Maria," he said.

And that it was, Wolf said his father saved the many letters he had written home while he was in Kent, but being back on campus was a feeling he found hard to describe. "I was very proud to tell my wife, 'this is the place I was telling you about,'" he said.

Despite the many changes, such as the growth of the university and the differences in student life, Wolf said the entrance to Kent State is a bridge over 35 years. "Not many return after so long," he explained. "Kent is a landmark for me."

PROFILES

—Karen Lynch
LIKE MOST PEOPLE, Barry Marged does not like doctors. Unlike most people, Barry Marged is a doctor.

Marged, a doctor of osteopathy at KSU's DeWeese Health Center, incorporates holistic medicine — the philosophy of self-healing with the aid of herbs — in his daily encounters with students. It is Marged's holistic approach to life and medicine that fosters his distrust in traditional doctors.

Marged says his main objection to conventional medicine is that it lacks the humanity that holistic nurtures. He blames part of this on society.

"Too many people have unrealistic expectations of the medical field," he says. "The medical profession fosters it subtly and the media does it especially."

Marged said these expectations are: Doctors can do no wrong. Doctors know everything. Doctors can cure everything.

"We do save lives," he said.

Marged said a common misconception is that holistic practitioners do not use drugs. He stresses the point that they will not withhold appropriate medication.

"When I worked in the emergency room," he explains, "and someone came in with a heart attack, I didn't give the person chamomile tea."

Marged, who was a fifth-year graduate student in physics before entering medical school, does not label himself holistic. He said it just fits his character and philosophy.

"Many traditional doctors are truly holistic," Marged says. "It's in their manner and the way they approach patients."

He said holistics involve the patient in a partnership with the doctor. The patient knows his body better than the doctor does, he said, and the doctor should serve as a counselor and teacher to inform the patient of his alternatives.

As for the "doctor knows best" syndrome, Marged says, "Bullshit! It's your body, you take the responsibility. You make the decision."

Marged taught a course on holistic medicine for the past four years in the Experimental College. He is now writing a book on holistic medicine titled Generic Holism.

He chose this title because he said "generic" implies a bastard form of something. "I don't ascribe to any one modality of holism," Marged says. "My philosophy is eclecticism. I knock straight medicine, but at the same time I don't (knock it in the way) most holistic works do."

Marged also extends his holistic beliefs to his private life. His whole family is vegetarian. He delivered both of his children, son Gabriel, 6, and daughter Tobi, 3½, at home. He said Gabriel watched Tobi's birth, and held her when she was little more than an hour old.

"It's worth going through medical school for," he said. "By combining his scientific background and training with his humanitarian and naturalistic approach to his profession, Marged said he feels he is particularly rational in speaking or writing about medicine."

"I'm not trying to paint them (doctors) as the bad guys and holistic people as the good guys," he said. "I just want people to be intelligent consumers and to stop seeing doctors and the (medical) field with such awe."

"You will question the plumber. You will question the car salesman. You will question anyone you are buying something from as a consumer. People must remember that they also are consumers of a medical service."

— J. Gordon Fossett
I perform about 22 to 25 weddings a year. They're a lot of fun. In the last one I performed, for example, the bride and groom stopped and the groom said, 'They decorated the wrong car! And the driver can't drive stick shift! What do we do?' So, (it was) a great crisis.

When the Rev. William Jacobs tells a funny story, his whole face lights up.

The Rev. Jacobs, or "Jake," as he prefers, is a charming, friendly, slightly balding man, who has amassed a huge supply of funny stories during his 21-year stint as the coordinator of the campus ministries office. He frequently mentions past experiences that were "just a lot of fun" and speaks about "the great joys" in his life.

Born and raised in Columbus, Jake was the son of a minister. He strayed from his faith for a time and even entered the seminary as an atheist.

"I didn't believe in God, but I knew I wanted to fight evil," he said.

He speaks fondly of college and the great impact it had on his life. "The most important question I felt I asked myself back in 1942 when I was in college was 'What's the meaning and purpose of my life?' and that really turned me around. I realized then that I could choose."

Jake enjoyed his years in college, and that joy and enthusiasm is an integral part of his job. He assumes the role of adviser, counselor, confidant and friend to many Kent State students. He admits it is a difficult job, but that he likes the diversity. "I guess what I like about it is the tremendous variety, I can do so many things," he said.

This includes advising a special campus project, the King-Kennedy Center. According to Jake, who has been the chairperson and an active participant for about 10 years, the idea of building the center was conceived and implemented by a group of concerned students in 1968. They felt obligated to respond to the needs of the 250 black families living in the McElrath community, which is about seven miles from Kent State.

The community was a run-down rural ghetto at the time, the site of such atrocities as raw sewage running into open ditches.

This is the place the King-Kennedy Center served. Since it was established, the center has provided many services, including a Head Start program designed to help underprivileged children get a better chance of
competing with their middle-class peers. The 30 needy children are given breakfast, lunch and tutoring.

The King-Kennedy Center also offered a summer feeding program, recreational events and a place for groups like the Boy Scouts, 4-H and Vietnam Veterans to hold meetings. It provided invaluable service to the community and gave students a chance to "give of themselves." Recently, however, the center has

with them in which they sit across from each other and answer 85 statements — whether they agree, disagree, or aren’t sure. When they disagree with each other or aren’t sure, then we talk about it. The secret of the game, so you don’t have to play it, is the whole question of ‘How well do they communicate?’ In marital counseling, I find that’s the ‘biggie.’ Whether people like it or not, differences tear us apart and likenesses bring us together. To

JACOBS

had financial problems, and Jake is worried about its future. Fortunately, the United Way has allocated some funds and individual students on campus also have made contributions.

Jake is also the adviser to a campus-based group that gives him "real joy!" the World Hunger Awareness Movement. The group consists of about 15 students who meet every Thursday to plan such events as educational programs, band benefits and fasts to heighten public awareness of the critical and widespread hunger situation. They work closely with the Kent Hunger Task Force, which concentrates its efforts on the local community.

WHAM has sponsored food drives and helped to distribute food to the needy through a hot meal program, which serves between 80 and 150 people. Jake believes the students are committed and have been successful. "I feel very good about that group," he said.

But advising is only one part of his job; he also teaches three classes in the Experimental College. These classes deal with the subjects of racism, values, and the new morality.

"What is so much fun about that (the Experimental College) is I get an opportunity to listen to a lot of students — to find out where they’re coming from. Students enjoy that, too. You hear each of their value systems, moral positions, and attitudes toward race. I think the racism class is one of the few opportunities on campus for blacks and whites to really sit down and talk, clear up misconceptions and grow in understanding. I love those classes so much."

Jake believes the small classes and the pass-fail option relieve the students of the pressure of grades and provide a chance for self-motivation and creativity.

The classes also are a learning experience for Jake. "They’re trying to straighten me out all the time . . . here I am a 60-year-old man. You know that when you’re 60 you’re really in your dotage. As my wife says, ‘The brains are getting more scrambled all the time.’ It’s just fun to have the dialogue (with the students)."

Another important part of his job is counseling. Jake was so concerned about reaching the students who came to him for advice that he resumed his studies, this time at KSU, about six years ago and earned a master’s degree in counseling. He gives advice in many different areas such as faith, family and relationships, but his favorite area is premarital counseling.

"In premarital counseling I play a game

bridge differences requires a tremendous amount of communication."

Jake does very little career counseling, but often gives “body advice” to students who are having difficulty managing their time. "I also am heavy into my favorite definition of sin, which is the refusal to accept our human limitations," he said. "That is a special sin of students. I think a lot of people are getting themselves messed up today in terms of time management, setting priorities, and recognizing we’re human, limited, and have to be very careful about how we use our time."

He cites the example of a student who came to him for advice and was so tense she couldn’t sit still. "She told me about the things she was doing, so I said to her, ‘Well, how much sleep have you been getting?’ She responded with the usual four or five hours, and I asked her when she last exercised. You see, I’m a body person and I give people homework. So, I said to her, ‘You will get eight hours of sleep a night even if you flunk out. You will get some exercise every day even if you flunk out. You will start to eat right whether you flunk out or not.’"

He recalled the mistakes he made when he entered the seminary. He decided he was going to get the best grades no matter how much studying it took, and he ended up in the doctor’s office. "The doctor said to me, ‘You are an unfortunate person. You have to get eight hours of sleep a night. Even if you flunk out.’ I graduated second highest in the class. The only reason I didn’t get first is this one guy had an IQ of 480.”

There is another side to Jake’s life; his family. He has a wife, four children and three grandchildren. (‘No dog. Just grandchildren,” he says laughing.) He feels one of the most important parts of parenting is teaching kids how to play because “games are a very important part of life.” He has been playing racquetball for almost 20 years, and also taught his children tennis, croquet and bridge. The Rev. Jacobs is very good at what he does. He sets his priorities, sticks to them, and manages to schedule many different events into each day. He is warm, funny, caring and concerned about people. He barely seems a year older than the college students he advises, who are only a third of his age. His love and enthusiasm for his job are evident. He refrains from taking everything too seriously, but never treats serious matters flippantly.

Upon entering his office, which proudly displays a Charlie Brown poster on one wall, he settled down in his chair and immediately announced, “We’re friends.” It is easy to see why Jake is such a success. Profiles

—Kathy Gorman

Greg Ellison.
ROBERT WILLIAMS IS an artist. He is also a commentator. In acknowledging that powerful attitudes such as patriotism, bigotry and prejudice exist in everyone, and in society as a whole, Williams attempts to illustrate artistically his opinions regarding the extremes of these universal emotions. His media are spray paint, stencils and immense pieces of cardboard.

In Williams' current work for his master's thesis, he addresses a fascistic theme through his artistic interpretation of World War II propaganda material. He feels World War II propaganda epitomizes the belligerent nationalism of the 1940s. "If there is a single underlying theme to my present work, it is that the attitudes found in basic human behavior, as well as in the larger scale of governmental ideology, can't always be seen in terms of black and white," he said. "A gray area exists when the prevailing political attitude in this country today pays a lot of lip service to freedom, while at the same time denying the pluralism which is the hallmark of a free society.

"By choosing to deal with the idea of fascism, I'm trying to point out the absurdity of this kind of closed system that excludes so many variables and sets up so many absolutes." Williams, 31, originally from Los Angeles, came to Kent State two years ago. Initially a jewelry student, he grew disenchanted with jewelry work because he felt the small size and the desire of so many buyers for conventional jewelry was creatively confining for him.

Williams is comfortable with a much larger format and the diversity possible through the use of a wide variety of materials. His current works occasionally measure up to 10 feet in length, and utilize such materials as wood, cardboard, masonite and, oddly enough, protective clothing.

Williams also is involved with audio-visual techniques, and uses this interest to enhance his work. Understanding the persuasive power of visuals and oratory, Williams utilizes film loops of World War II footage, and recordings he has made by four-track mixing, to create an unsettling environment for his art. Viewers of his works find themselves disturbed by the extreme rationalizations and the force of the oratory, and finally, they begin to discover similarities between fascist Germany and present-day practices in society.

On a recent trip to New York, Williams was impressed with much of the local art he saw. After graduating, he intends to enter the art community there, and is trying to show his work in a Greenwich Village gallery.

"New York has a reputation as an art mecca," he said. "It's a place with enough sophistication and diversity to accept art that may fall between the cracks elsewhere."

When Williams leaves Kent for New York he will leave behind evidence of his stay here. His brightly stenciled imagery can be found in the restrooms of Mother's Junction as well as under the Route 59 Cuyahoga Bridge.

Robert Williams succeeds when he has provoked people to examine their personal beliefs and to recognize the attitudes of society as a whole. He is a man who will not let the world forget that it can learn from its own history.

—Thomas Lewis
WRESTLING: IT'S WHAT senior Don Horning does best. He has been ranked No. 1 in the country in the 118-pound weight class by Amateur Wrestling News. He was named All-American. He qualified for an Olympic training camp after his junior year of high school.

And what does Horning say to all of this?

"I'm not a sports fanatic. Some people believe you have to eat, sleep and think wrestling 24 hours a day to be good. But that's not how I want to live," he says. "There's more to life than just wrestling."

At 5 feet, 6 inches tall, Horning is not an overpowering figure. But he is a commanding one. He settles his compact but solid frame easily into a desk chair, rocking the chair a little as he talks.

"I've always been interested in wrestling. I started in my seventh grade gym class. I was very light then — about 63 pounds. Since the lowest weight class is 118 pounds, I had some growing to do."

And he grew. By the time he reached high school, he was putting most of his time and energy into wrestling — and he was good at it. He soon qualified for the Olympic training camp.

"I was there for two weeks, but I lost by one point in the finals and finished fourth," he says. "That's OK, though. I don't mind losing, as long as I've done the best I can."

Although he possesses the intense, pent-up energy of a born athlete and talks much of meets, tournaments and body conditioning, Horning does not fit the mold of the typical "jock." He is proud of his abilities and what he has accomplished, but there is a light in his eyes that hints his mind is often elsewhere. He is competitive, yet almost detached from the usual mindset of an athlete.

"I have a kind of philosophy about wrestling," he said. "You spend lots of time honing your skills, then you go to a match to execute them and show them off. And you can never think about losing."

Defeat is not something Horning has to deal with often. It also is not a topic about which he is very concerned. "Sure, I've taken my share of losses," he says. He sits up, and the smile disappears from his face. "But even though I've lost matches, I've never felt like a loser."

The 23-year-old wrestler from Stow attended Northwestern University in Illinois before coming to Kent in the spring of 1984.

"Northwestern just wasn't for me," he says, shrugging his shoulders. "They look down on athletes there — they don't cut us any slack. The school is fine academically, but for wrestling it wasn't where I wanted to be."

Since coming to Kent, Horning has helped the Golden Flashes achieve their rank of 28th in the nation in Amateur Wrestling News. He is the only senior on the team.

"Kent State is fairly inexperienced right now," he said. "It's going to take some time to develop a seasoned team. I can only be an example for the other wrestlers, and I do try to be one. But the rest is up to the team."

Horning said the team spends eight hours a week practicing, and competes in tournaments on weekends.

What does he dislike about wrestling?

"Dieting!" he exclaims, rolling his eyes. "I hate it! I have my own special diet; starvation. I don't eat for days on end just to stay in the right weight class."

Horning has engaged in the dreaded dieting process for about eight years. "It's so hard, because I love to eat. Anything. I like all kinds of food. Sometimes after a season I eat everything — and I mean everything in sight — just to see what it tastes like again." He chuckles, patting his now training-firm stomach. "Once I gained 10 pounds in one night!"

The wrestler/marketing major also manages to fit classes into his busy athletic schedule, but at this point, academically, he is "a man looking for a purpose."

"I'm still not sure what I want to do when I graduate," he says, "I envy people who do know. With wrestling I can see a light at the end of the tunnel, but not so with my education. Kent has a high academic standard, though, and I like the idea that I'm getting a good education in addition to wrestling," he says. "I've found a happy balance."

Horning does not currently have a steady girlfriend — "I never could understand women!" — but he has found a new love. Her name? Skydiving.

"It's such a rush!" he says, his eyes widening. "It's thrilling. It's daring. The first day I did it I had to make two jumps, because the first try went by so fast I didn't even know what had happened!"

"I think part of the excitement lies in the thought that you're doing it with the risk of losing your life. For some reason, that risk fulfills a need within me."

He pauses, then looks up hesitantly. "But I don't think you'd better tell my coach about this. Somehow I don't think he'd like the idea!"

The All-American athlete will graduate in 1987 — "if all goes well." As for future plans, "I wouldn't mind going down South where it's nice and warm," he says, a distant look in his eyes. "I wouldn't even mind being a beach bum."

He snaps back to reality, "From what I hear, though, coaches make pretty good money. I've thought about doing that."

Horning does have plans for the near future, however, the 1988 Olympic Games.

"The Olympics are always in the back of my mind," he says. "1988 just may be my year."

—Laura Buterbaugh

Donald

HORNING

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—Laura Buterbaugh
A Dream of Poetry

by Brian Mooar

ROBERT WICK is a modern-day patron of the arts — part of an artistic support system which is almost non-existent in the 20th century.

In a world of high-technology, computers and fast-food, it seems there is no time to just stop and smell the flowers.

Wick said he hopes that will change someday.

Along with his brother Walt, Wick owns and operates the Wick Newspaper Group — a 25-paper publishing company headquartered in Sierra Vista, Ariz.

His ties to the Kent State community are long-standing. He did his undergraduate work in the KSU Journalism School, then later picked up an art degree. Wick taught sculpture and drawing classes at KSU from 1962-69.

His dream is a simple one: to establish a poetry center at Kent State University.

When his 16-year-old son, Stan, was killed in a 1980 auto accident, Wick asked KSU English Professor William Hildebrand to edit and publish the hundreds of poems his son left behind.

According to Hildebrand, the younger Wick was a poet of great promise. It was mutually decided that, rather than publish the poems, Wick would establish a poetry scholarship at Kent State University as a lasting tribute.

The fund was established in 1984 in Stan’s name and in the name of his cousin, Tom, who was killed in an auto accident on the same date seven years before Stan.

“The original idea was to establish a fund which would encourage people who were promising poets, but not necessarily gifted scholars. That was how the project started and we went on from there,” Hildebrand said.

“My son, Stan, was a very gifted poet, but he was not a good student,” Wick said. “I felt poetry was his gift, and I wanted to do something to encourage that gift in other people. Some of the best artists and poets were not great students, and my son was a perfect example — at age 16 he was reading Plato, Buddha and Kafka. But he was just not a good student.”

An artist himself, Wick said he wanted to show aspiring poets the possibility for financial reward in their craft.

“It’s going to take some time, but this program will work — I’m sure of it, and I’m committed to it,” Wick said.

As a long-term goal, Wick said he wants to establish KSU as a poetry center — a place where student poets can go to develop their talents.

That idea started with the Wick Scholarship fund, and the endowment for the project is growing. Wick contributes money on a yearly basis, hoping in the future the project at KSU will be self-sustaining.

Right now, about half the money he contributes is being used for the awards. The 1986 Stan and Tom Wick Poetry Scholarship Awards offer $200 to $1,000 for KSU undergraduate poetry.

Michael Umpleby, senior English major and 1985 winner, said he is realistic about his poetry — he likes writing it, but it never could be a career. After winning the contest, Umpleby — a “fairly serious” poet by his own admission — said he felt he could write professionally.

As part of the first prize, Umpleby was flown to Bisbee, Ariz., to participate in a national poetry festival.

“I could sense that this was really important to Mr. Wick and that he cared. I felt good about that,” Umpleby said. “This seems to be something he really wants to do, he wasn’t just somebody giving out money to a school.”

Wick said he hopes to leave a strong impression in the minds of his award-winning poets — an impression that poets can live, survive and create in the 20th century.

“There’s no support system for poets today,” Umpleby said. “It’s hard to survive just by writing — there’s no economic support and there’s certainly no support from the culture. I don’t think society has gone to hell or anything like that, but poetry isn’t what it used to be.”

As an English professor, Hildebrand agreed.

“Poetry has certainly lost in popularity,” Hildebrand said. “But that is the same in all modern arts — music, fiction and drama. I suspect there has been a kind of breach of contract between the modern artist in the 20th century and his audience.”

“The problem,” Wick said, “is that more and more students are going to college for a practical education, rather than an education in the arts. I’m not sure that is so good, but it is a temporary thing — it will change.”

Mark Jamison, an acting-turned-English major, was one of the runners-up in the 1985 contest. Like Umpleby, Jamison said he would like to write professionally.

“I’m not going to be angry if I can’t make money at what I’m doing — there haven’t been many best-selling poetry books lately,” Jamison said. “I don’t really care if everybody likes poetry — I don’t know if I really care if they like my poetry — just as long as I like it.

“Poetry isn’t just going to end because now we have computers,” he added. “There is always going to be a need for people to write things down and express themselves.”

Jamison said the Wick award showed him poetry can be financially, as well as spiritually rewarding.

“It really helps to know that someone cares about what is being written at Kent,” Jamison said. “There are a lot of people writing here, you just never hear about it.”

His winning entry, “A Lover in the Peace Corps,” was what he calls a painful but rewarding experience. Jamison said the poem might be the best he has ever written.

It was his first sonnet, and he said it will be his last.

But to Jamison, the finished poem was more valuable than the reward of winning.

Lori Detweiler, a senior English major, was another runner-up in the Wick contest. Although she will have her teaching certificate when she graduates, Detweiler said she wants to make writing her career.

Detweiler doesn’t thrive on recognition; she says her poetry is a private and intimate expression of her feelings. The recognition from the Wick award, she said, helped boost her confidence in her writing ability. She is proud of her work.

“I know writing is not financially rewarding, but that doesn’t really bother me,” she said. “Writing is what I want to do.”

FEATURES
Beauty Secrets
by Michael Umpleby

Most people don't even know it.
But after the escalators stop
and the brass doors are locked,
they feast.
They step down from the platforms
and head straight for
the gourmet shop
in the basement,
silver bracelets clanking,
black heels clicking.
They scoop the caviar
and imported cheese
onto the lenox china,
stuffing their faces
until well past midnight.
Then come the awful
silver spoons.
They take them into the restrooms
and slip them
through
their open,
smiling mouths,
kneeling in silk
and lace
and cashmere
on the green tile floors.
But by early morning
they manage to crawl
back upstairs,
fixing themselves in pleasure poses
for ralph lauren
and calvin klein.
Mouths wiped,
wigs in place,
hands on waist,
as beautiful and as
thin as ever,
they wait,
their plaster cheekbones
glowing.
A Lover in the Peace Corps
by Mark Jamison

Take you away, away, away, away where weird birds whisper at the bamboo walls to a face. What face? Whose face? These faces: hunger-split, dark as jungle, fallen jaws. Awake. I shake away aching sunrise. My eyes can't find your eyes: jungle-smothered, (green on green), camouflaged a million miles from mine. Shake this sunrise. Shake another. Whiskey-washed, back and forth, I rock the days on wooden-quarter moons and dream your dust, scream at space. I am not enough to face no face, rough space. I am just not enough. Breathe in my air. Breathe out my air. Alone. Breathe in my air. I want your air. Come home.
A Certain Grace
by Lori Detweiler

Autumn comes upon the hills
golden soft red like apples
among the green leaves.
Sunlight streams on the hillside
and falls short in the valleys below.
They are picking apples now
as starches sweeten to sugar,
and fruit comes readily from the stem.
John Chapman is busy singing
bright red apple-notes in the air.
And ladders move back and forth
with certain grace in the orchard.

It is the late harvest of
Winesaps, an old man tells.
A crispness and a tartness
matched only by the falling
leaves and bright air.
The picking comes easy then,
he says, with a purpose to it;
as his large old hand closes over
the apple, with a willing twist,
and frees the harvest from the bough.
Far down the rutted rows
one's eyes can roam,
follow ing that slow, gentle movement
of hand into bag,
high up among the leaves.
And when the bag is full,
the deliberate moving down
and easy emptying into
the large sweet-smelling bin.
The trees are nearly empty,
save a few here and there,
and ladders move once again.
A PRISONER HAS BEEN forced to assume the sitting position without the support of a chair for the last half hour. Before that, he was interrogated for three hours — in the nude. Next, he will be subjected to electric-shock torture. This is not a scene from Nazi Germany or the late '60s Vietnam, but from present day South Africa.

While this is the extremely physical side of apartheid, the daily oppression can be just as harsh on a black person's mental condition.
To Americans, these conditions are, at best, cruel, and at worst, a violation of basic human rights. While there is some basis for these beliefs, “most people don’t understand the complexity of the entire situation,” said Arch Phillips, professor emeritus in the College of Education. Phillips, who recently returned from South Africa, said the most important step in helping the situation is to first understand it.

According to William Keeney, a visiting assistant professor in the Center for Peaceful Change, the Dutch were the first to settle in South Africa, using it as a provisioning station around 1625. The British, expanding their empire in the late 1700s, established a port at Durbin, on the eastern coast. Unable to compete with the British for coastal land, the Dutch moved inland on what is known as the Great Trek. Traveling coastal land, the Dutch moved inland on what is known as the Great Trek. Traveling during the trip they traveled wagon-train style in covered vehicles that closely resembled the Conestoga of the American West.

Keeney said they were attacked by a force of 10,000 Bontoo Zulu tribesmen at a point which was to become known as Bloodriver. The Dutch took the protective measure of forming a circle with the wagons and placing brush between them to form a makeshift fort, known as a laager. The Boers felt if they escaped it would be “by the grace of God,” Keeney said.

Even with the numbers greatly in their favor, the Zulus and their spears were no match for the guns of the whites, and they lost over 3,000 men before retreating. The Dutch, on the other hand, lost only three members of their party.

“It was because of this,” Keeney explained, “that the Dutch believed God had chosen them as the rightful occupants of the land, just as the people of Israel do in Jerusalem.” Keeney agrees with commonly held belief that it is exactly this “circle the wagon and fight to the death” attitude that has been passed on and now is the backbone of the government.

In a sense, the government is circling its wagons now, as countries are imposing economic sanctions. As the laager is, in theory, self-sufficient, the government is attempting to become autonomous by turning to other countries — or ideally, to themselves — for support.

Because of this way of thinking, the whites have assumed power militarily as well as politically, and confined the blacks to a small portion of the land. It is generally accepted that the blacks, who comprise more than 75 percent of the population, are restricted to no more than 15 percent of the land.

This land, mostly dry and arid, is unsuitable for farming. It has been divided into 10 “homelands” which are kept relatively separate by the geography of the country. Three of these homelands have been recognized as independent, but only by the government of South Africa.

By granting these regions independence, the government has ensured that there is no chance of these people having a voice in the political system of South Africa. In the minds of the men who control the government, to keep organization limited is to keep rebellion limited, and they have achieved this result by such separation.

The statistics for the homelands are startling. While the whites in the city get one doctor per 370 people, the blacks have only one doctor for 45,000 people — more than twice the student body at Kent State. This ratio forces the use of midwives by practically everyone in the country.

Black woman. This fact may account for the mortality rate of 289 deaths per 1,000 deliveries for the blacks, as compared with only 11 per 1,000 for whites. And, while the government claims a male and female life expectancy of 65 and 71, respectively, for the whites, it will not release figures for the blacks.

On economic issues, the whites have almost total control over the country. By law, no black may occupy a position supervising whites. Therefore the blacks are kept at the bottom of the pay scale. They generally earn only 18 percent of the white per capita income, which places more than 75 percent of the blacks below the poverty level.

The whites have made it mandatory for the white children to attend school, but they are not required to pay for it. On the other hand, blacks must pay for all of their schooling and it is not compulsory.

This alone is enough to handicap the blacks socially. In addition to this, however, the education given is not comparable. The ratio of students to teachers for whites is 18 to one, while there is only one instructor for every 49 blacks. The teachers for the blacks are also inferior in training and experience to those of the whites. The schools are, of course, separate.

As far as personal liberties are concerned, the blacks are at the mercy of the government. All group meetings are banned and any anti-apartheid group is labeled communist or subversive. If a person is suspected of leading a group against the government, he may be relocated to another part of the country where he has little influence over the people.

In more severe cases, he may be taken to a prison on Robben Island where many prisoners have had “accidents.” One such prisoner was Steven Biko, leader of the Black Student Union. He was arrested, tortured, and have fallen down steps and died as a result. The autopsy showed he was beaten to death.

Also, the police may detain any person for up to six months without providing a reason. During this time the prisoner is often persuaded to become loyal to the government, or he meets with an unfortunate accident. It is with this type of control that the government has remained in power.

In addition to controlling the powerful leaders, the white government also keeps a tight rein on the common black. Each black is required to keep a pass book containing his personal data and employment history with him at all times. Without this pass, no individual can secure a job or housing. The pass must be presented when entering or leaving an area that is defined as all-black or all-white.

In 1982 alone, there were over 206,000 arrests for pass law violations.

The government also keeps internal resistance to a minimum through their extensive intelligence network that has been compared to the Soviet KGB. Besides policing the actions of the blacks who are potential leaders within their country, they screen people who wish to visit the country.

Many foreign visitors have been denied visas in South Africa because they hold ideas that are considered dangerous or have a background which labels them a threat to the present government. Keeney, accepting an invitation from the South African Council of Churches in 1973, was making preparations for a two-year visit to act as a Consultant for Justice and Reconciliation when he received a short, three-line notice from the government that his visa had been refused. No reason was given. Those who had invited him appealed this decision all the way to the administrative cabinet, but with no success.

While all of these actions bring opposition from outside of the country as well as within, the government now in power is considered more moderate than those in the past. President P.W. Botha is “walking a tightrope between too liberal and too conservative,” Phillips said.

“If he gets too liberal, he is pressured by the far right to become stricter with the blacks. But if he is too conservative, he is pushed by the outside world to become freer in his policies,” Phillips continued. “Botha, as I see it, is in a no-win situation.”

Phillips toured major South African cities with other educators to exchange ideas with the natives. He said he felt his view was as balanced as possible under the circumstances, and pointed out that the South Africans didn’t back away from questions that were asked.

“It is easy to jump to the side of the anti-apartheid movement, but the issue is not as clear-cut as some make it out to be. This is a very complex matter,” Phillips said.

Louis Brink, a white Kent State student from South Africa, agrees with Phillips. “It is very difficult to understand the situation from a 30-second news spot or an article in the newspaper,” he said.

He explained that while the blacks are fighting for their freedom, often they also are fighting each other. “There is such a diverse mixture of people that unification is difficult,” Brink said. If and when the blacks do gain control, it is assumed that there still
would be much fighting among the different tribes seeking control.

Brink said that because the news focuses only on the more sensational stories, one often sees a scene with white police shooting at a black, for instance. In reality, it is usually the police being called to stop a dispute between two different black factions, Brink said. If fired at, the police will naturally take action, he said.

Brink said he realized the hypocrisy of the U.S. government when he arrived in the United States and learned that, to a great extent, this country is still segregated — but not officially.

Brink suggested, as Phillips did, that the problem be left up to South Africa to solve for itself. "If the United States took action against England for its treatment of Northern Ireland, I'm sure there would be quite a different reaction," he said, "yet economic sanctions are imposed on South Africa for what is basically an internal problem."

The problem in the United States seems to be, as Phillips said, failure to understand the extent and complexity of the situation. Randall Robinson, executive director of Trans-Africa, a lobby group in Washington, D.C., said in a recent opinion piece in Essence magazine that the blame for apartheid should be placed on "the white South African minority... corporate America... and a slumbering, unknowing, uncaring American citizenry."

It was on this premise that South African Apartheid Study week was based. During this week, which was Oct. 2-10, students were invited to free presentations and forums ranging from "U.S. Policies on South Africa" to "Peaceful Resolution: Is There Time?" Phillips, one of the speakers at the event, felt this week accomplished, at least in part, its main goal of making the campus aware of the problem.

Despite the recent concern and action of people across the world, it is obvious that change will not come easily. The situation is relatively the same now as it was when the current government took over nearly 30 years ago, with only token concessions being offered by the leaders. In the end it will be up to South Africa to solve it one way or another, and the rest of the world, like it or not, will have to await the outcome.

"It is very difficult to understand the (South African) situation from a 30-second news spot or an article in the newspaper."

—Louis Brink
South African KSU student

(Previous page) Columbia University students hold anti-apartheid rally. (above) Mary Berry, a professor of history and law and member of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, speaks during KSU's Apartheid Week
Refugees Find Help From Local Churches

Churches throughout the United States are declaring themselves public sanctuaries for Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees. In 1984, members of five area churches organized Coalition for Sanctuary, an organization that aids these victims of political persecution.

by Mary Beth Newhart

Photos by Dave Giovinazzo
RFCUFEES. OVER THE years the questions "What should we do with them?" or "How can we help them?" have bothered the people of the United States. Coalition for Sanctuary, it seems, has finally found an answer.

The local church members involved in the Coalition are men and women from the Unitarian Church, the United Church of Christ, The Newman Center, Kent Friends Meeting and the Kent Unitarian Universalist Church. The sanctuary's main effort in Kent has been directed toward planning and organizing to support a small group of legal refugees. The group is headed by Dr. Edward B. Truitt Jr., a researcher at the Northeastern Ohio Universities College of Medicine and a member of the Unitarian Church.

Funding for the organization comes from voluntary contributions from church members and other sources, according to Truitt. Coalition for Sanctuary has a relatively active national movement as well as a local movement, he said.

The national size of the organization is about 200 churches that are actually harboring refugees. "For every church that is public about harboring refugees, there are about 10 that are aiding refugees from hidden locations," Truitt said.

The organization's first priority is to support refugees while they are in the United States, waiting for admission to Canada with political asylum status. Refugees must continue on to Canada, because the United States will not grant Salvadorans and Guatemalans political asylum.

The 1980 Refugee Act provides refugee status only to those who qualify as political refugees; those escaping economic problems do not come under the protection of the act.

Sister Cindy Drennan, director of the Cleveland Inter-religious Task Force for Central America, said the public sanctuary cannot help all the refugees with direct aid. Coalition for Sanctuary seeks to raise the issue and build the necessary support for solving the problem in Central America through public speaking, she said.

In 1981, Drennan started her refugee work with the immigration of two refugees. "An incredible amount of money is being sent to El Salvador. No other country in the world receives more U.S. aid than El Salvador," Drennan said. "However, any non-lethal economic aid like food, money, and clothes now never reaches the people, but goes into the military," she added.

Aiding illegal refugees is a crime in the United States, and Drennan said 12 people have been arrested in Arizona for helping refugees. Harboring an alien, if caught, constitutes up to $5,000 fine and a five-year jail term. For smuggling a refugee into the country, the jail sentence is up to two years and a $2,000 fine, according to Drennan.

The Rio Grande Valley is an area full of refugees in detention camps waiting to leave, Drennan said. When the camps get overcrowded, the refugees are sometimes moved to area prisons. "The biggest challenge is to get these people out of the valley. Unfortunately, they cannot apply for asylum until they are out of the valley area," she said.
Michael McDonald, KSU's director of safety and security, makes a good first impression. Like the program he runs, he is neat and organized. He answers questions in a careful but confident manner. Careful because the subject is University security. Confident because he is proud of Kent State's Residence Hall Security Aide program, a prototypical student-operated system that receives little media attention. McDonald offered the *Chestnut Burr Magazine* his thoughts on campus security.

**The “Night Security Program”** officially began in 1973, according to McDonald. Headquartered in Moulton Hall, the program consisted of about eight “door-shakers” who circled the campus at night to make sure doors were locked. A training program was started the following year, and by the time McDonald joined as a security aide in 1975, the number of students participating had tripled.

Because they are members of the University staff, however, security aides are chosen very carefully, McDonald said. “As the program began to grow, we had some problems,” McDonald said. “The two teams were beginning to compete against each other. The worst part was, if (the other team) needed help, you wouldn’t help them unless they were one of your units.” Seeing that the two-team system was not working, Director Ron Shaw combined the groups and hired a manager to oversee all of the security aides, McDonald said.

As the program continued to grow, training became more extensive and specialized, and equipment was updated. McDonald said he was hired as Night Manager in 1980 after spending two years with the KSU Police Department. When Shaw left, McDonald was promoted to director.

Today, the security program, based in Korb Hall and Eastway Center, employs 75 students. The aides — easily recognized in their bright yellow jackets — patrol residence halls from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m., seven days a week. Although the aides may look menacing with their jackets, radios and flashlights, McDonald said their authority is limited. Aide cannot make arrests. They do, however, have the ability to “observe and report, and issue warnings and conduct slips.” Security aides, like all University staff members, may also demand an I.D. from anyone on campus, student or non-student. “They have to be able to identify people,” McDonald said. They’re not arresting people, they’re not going to get physical with people. They don’t have to; they pick up their radios and the police do that.” Because they are members of the University staff, however, security aides are chosen very carefully, McDonald said.

“When I came here, they were really focusing on criminal justice and military science students,” he said. “Believe it or not, they didn’t find that to be the only good student employee they could have for this kind of work.” We began to open up our recruitment campus-wide and found that other students make just as good, if not better, security aides. “We’ve got fine and professional arts students. We’ve got nursing...
About 600 people enjoyed the unveiling of the museum, a seven-course dinner and a Bob Mackie fashion show. At $150 a person, the tickets had been sold out for months. Patron tickets ran $500 and founder tickets were $1,000.

Guests were treated to champagne and hors d'oeuvres during a two-hour reception in the fabulous multi-million dollar museum in Rockwell Hall.

The celebrity guest list was to have included Helen Hayes, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Carol Burnett, Lilli Gish, Claire Trevor and Kitty Carlisle Hart. But Hurricane Gloria closed airports along the East Coast, preventing their attendance. News spread quickly among the disappointed guests, who had hoped to meet the stars. But they soon forgot the absentees when actor Cliff Robertson arrived mid-way through the reception. Guests battled the press for Robertson's attention. Although he admitted, "I don't know a thing about fashion," Robertson said he attended because "I like to look at pretty ladies in pretty dresses."

Though not quite so sought after, Cleveland Browns owner Art Modell and his wife did receive some attention.

Most of the guests were high-society Clevelanders. It was understood that those attending a fashion museum opening must themselves be class acts.

Men sported tuxedos and black ties. The women were clad in elegant gowns and sophisticated dresses of satin, velvet and chiffon. Diamonds and pearls were plentiful, and some women were wrapped in mink coats.

But New York fashion designer Bob Mackie was in no danger of being outdone. The hour-long fashion show, performed out of courtesy to museum benefactor Shannon Rodgers, featured 70 of Mackie's best gowns.

The show was held in the Student Center Ballroom. But no one could have guessed the room's conventional origins. The Ballroom was transformed into an elegant fashion theater-in-the-round, showcasing silver Mylar streamers that reflected the rose-colored lights.

The models appeared on the rotating white stage from a transparent plastic tunnel, which spread a mystifying fog throughout the Ballroom. Vertical water streams lined each side of the tunnel, dancing to the music during the entire show.

The first fashion sequence included a series of miniskirts and long gowns. Much of the elegant evening wear was covered with fluid layers of shiny sequins, beads and jewels.

The fourth sequence, with the theme "Anchor's Aweigh," featured gowns beneath oversized taffeta blouses.

African music set the stage for a segment featuring exotic gowns. The models donned headaddresses and unique earrings that wrapped around their ears.

A circus segment followed, with the models masked as clowns. A ringleader in black tails directed them.

After a dance routine, they shed their comical attire to reveal more unusual dresses. The last of the gowns were featured during a spectacular finale with all the models strutting about the stage as it rotated.

Designer Mackie then joined them on stage before it was over. "Oh, it was over," Well, not yet.

A spectacular laser and fireworks show awaited the guests. As they gathered on the Student Center plaza, green lasers cut through the midnight sky, dancing to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The lasers spelled "Dazzle," advertising to the city the end of the celebration. The 10-minute show closed as "Good Night" was scrawled across the sky.

"Dazzle: Opening in Style" did just that. Few guests could have imagined that Shannon Rodgers and Jerry Silverman's gift to Kent State University would open with such a bang.

The women were clad in . . . sophisticated dresses of satin, velvet and chiffon. Diamonds and pearls were plentiful . . .

The museum that started as the dream of fashion designer Shannon Rodgers and the late Jerry Silverman had become reality. Sept. 27, 1985 was the climax of years of hard work and dedication.

The time is 1979. Rodgers, a native of Newcomerstown, accepts the first Golden Rose Award of the Tuscarawas Valley from Rachel Redinger of New Philadelphia, founder of the annual outdoor historical drama "Trumpet in the Land." At the same time, Rodgers proposes the unveiling of the Jerry Silverman fall line of fashions. The Kent State University Ballroom is suggested as the location for the show.

The Rodgers and Silverman fall collection show became an annual event, ending in 1983.

In 1980, Rodgers and Silverman meet with Ted Curtis, then-director of Facilities Planning and Design, to discuss plans for a museum. Plans complete, then-KSU President Brage Golding announces in the spring of 1981 the Rodgers and Silverman gift, valued at more than $5 million. The collection was to include costumes, paintings, antiques, porcelain and other art pieces.

The University announces plans to establish the museum of fashion and to expand the fashion and design program.

With Rodgers and Silverman's initial check of $100,000, the ball was rolling. More funding is received that fall. Out of an $18 million capital improvements grant to KSU from the state, nearly $5 million is earmarked for the renovation of Rockwell Hall.

The money and donations start pouring in:

- Hoover Foundation in Canton pledges $25,000.
- Faculty member Ted Imriter and his wife Doris give $10,000.
- The National Alumni Board pledges $250,000 for the Alumni Gallery.
- Edith Head, Hollywood fashion designer and winner of eight Oscars, donates original black and white sketches of her fashions.
- Motald o's of Columbus donates 340 costume prints and 112 outfits from 1920 to 1950, including an early Dior wedding dress.

January 7, 1982 marks the official agreement between the University and Rodgers and Silverman. That spring, the KSU administration announces plans to establish the Shannon Rodgers and Jerry Silverman School of Fashion Design and Merchandising.

More donations flood the project:
- The original "Dazzle" gala is held in Cleveland in late 1982. The dinner/fashion show nets more than $90,000 for the school.
- Jabe Tarter and Paul Miller, two of Akron's best-known antique collectors, donate their entire collection of glass and art, valued at about $350,000.
- International hostess Sloan Simpson donates private collection of antique Mexican clothing.
- Richard Kaplan of New York donates $25,000 for a scholarship to the School.
- KSU alumnus donates six pieces of 20th century Chinese art objects valued at more than $250,000.

The School of Fashion Design and Merchandising opens July 1, 1983. Gladys Toulis is director of the school, Stella Blum is director of the museum.

The first semester, the program had 350 students and six faculty.

Interest heightened the next semester with 550 students and 11 faculty in the program.

With the program and museum flourishing and more donations flowing in, the project is riding high. But in just over nine months, three of the project's key figures are gone. On Oct. 25, 1984, Jerry Silverman dies after a battle with cancer.

In Feb. 1985, Gladys Toulis resigns, effective in June.

A month after Toulis leaves, Stella Blum dies. The museum opening is only months away. But all of the planning pays off. As that magical weekend in September approaches, everything falls into place.

The museum opens its doors to the general public Oct. 12 — Homecoming Weekend. Thus it is fitting that KSU alumna Linda Allard, a designer for Ellen Tracy, officially opens the museum.

Ten galleries of fashion and art await visitors.

Taking a logical counter-clockwise tour, the first gallery is the Serendipity Room. It contains fashions, paintings and posters reminiscent of the 1970s.

The collection, primarily made of blue denim and loud flowered cottons, is from the Serendipity Boutique in New York City. The boutique was opened in 1964 by Steven Bruce and Leila Larmon, two resident de-
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by Teresa Dixon

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signers. Besides clothes, the shop offered coffee, ice cream, dinners and Tiffany lamps.

The shop was frequented by Cher, Gloria Vanderbilt, Jackie Onassis and Barbra Streisand. It also became associated with the flower children of the '70s.

Other highlights of the galleries:
From the Oriental room: two 20th-century Japanese kimonos. The first, of flaming-red silk, sports snow-white birds and flowers. The second, of pure white silk, has a bold silver serpent pattern woven throughout.

The Tarter/Miller exhibit of glass and porcelain. Opal beads from King Tut's tomb provide an exotic focal point.

The Alumni Gallery features clothing from 1910, in recognition of the 75th anniversary of Kent State University.

Other rooms boast 19th century Turkish and Arabian robes, capes and evening dresses from the late 1800s, cocktail dresses from the 1940s ... the list goes on.

Visitors on opening night were in awe of the museum. Mostly an older crowd, they echoed each other's praise of the collections.

One woman commented to another, "We'll go home and talk about this for months."

And they probably did.

Even fashion designer Bob Mackie was impressed. "I can't believe it," he commented, shaking his head. Unfortunately for him, he was swarmed by reporters and fans and was unable to concentrate on Rodgers' personal tour. "I'd like to come back — by myself," Mackie said.

Many people on opening evening talked of returning — and they hadn't even left yet. Many others will undoubtedly return to the museum — in their minds. Remembering the excitement and electricity of the evening ... remembering the people in their tuxedos and formal dresses ... the lavish food and champagne ... that dazzling evening.

One would like to think the missing half of the team — Jerry Silverman — was also there for the celebration. The stars did shine brightly that evening — or was that the twinkle in Jerry's eye?
A member of The Adults at a Mother's Junction performance.
CCENTRICITY IN MODERN musical society brings to mind certain names: Andy Warhol, Robert Fripp, and Brian Eno, to name a few. These artists gained their reputations in places such as London and New York. Indeed, New York is where some of the best eccentrics got started: the Talking Heads, Blondie, Television, The Velvet Underground, and actually, the whole punk rock music explosion of the late 1970s.

Strangely enough, Northeast Ohio has its own claim to fame for fostering groups with unusual musical styles. This area has been highly respected for years for its contributions from diverse artists. Within the past 15 years many people have left this region and evolved into pioneers and teachers in the avant-garde world of art, literature and music.

This is not just local bragging. The New York Times, Rolling Stone, and The Village Voice have all confirmed this: Northeast Ohio is a center of eccentric art, and a guide for the weirdness surrounding today's society.

These people who come from the area are writers, visual artists, or, as the majority stands out, musicians. Most of them see their purpose as fighting blandness and conformity. They want to bring their culture to the masses, but at the same time remain non-conforming artists.

Quite a few local bands have been influential in setting trends and styles that helped identify the New Wave music movement of the early 1980s. Some of them have had commercial success — for instance, Devo and Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders.

Some have never achieved the success that would guarantee them a place in the public eye. Those bands should be recognized, however, for what they did or are doing. They include The Dead Boys, 15-60-75 (The Numbers Band), Human Switchboard, Pere Ubu (perhaps the most influential of the groups that never gained national popularity), Rubber City Rebels, Tin Huey and the Waitresses. All of these bands have contributed to popular music. Pere Ubu can be credited with introducing "weirdness" to latter-day punks. 15-60-75 is attempting to keep that spirit alive today.

Can their music be classified? It is not punk or New Wave. Some have called it "alternative rock," "original rock" or "progressive rock." These terms are perhaps more accurate, but still far from a proper description.

It is difficult to put a label on Devo's De-volution and programmed,
synthetic productions, or the Dead Boys' trash 'em, fiery brand of manic punk. There does not seem to be one definite sound.

There is, however, a common element: the ground on which these artists were reared. Although their directions in music differ, Northeast Ohio is their home. They did not listen to local legends The Raspberries; instead they studied King Crimson, Kraftwerk, The New York Dolls, The Velvet Underground and other avant-garde artists from various flourishing cities. What they learned they soon taught to others.

There is a name for this area, which appears to have influenced the non-conformist culture. In a 1984 article in Beacon magazine, Bill Osinski, a staff writer for the Akron Beacon Journal, calls the Akron-Cleveland-Kent area the "Pink Triangle."

"Pink," he writes, "is not a color, but the identifying characteristic of the Trans-Normals (or non-conformists)." Osinski says the Pink Triangle consists of three groups: those who want to be entertained; those who try to get their messages heard via protest; and, the heart of the triangle, those who want to express their feelings in "the weirdest ways possible." It is this group that displays its anger publicly in its art, literature and music.

Osinski points out an incident in which the expressions of the Trans-Normals got out of hand: the protest at Kent State on May 4, 1970 that ended with the death of four people.

But is the Pink Triangle an appropriate name for this group? Keith Busch, manager of JB's Down Under (one of the premier clubs in helping underground artists gain recognition), says no.

"That article ('Weird Stuff') was the biggest joke in town," he said. "It was put together by the media to get record contracts." Busch said he never has heard the term "Pink Triangle" used anywhere or by anyone other than Osinski. "It was an invention by one person." The article, he adds, interpreted a lost scene that is now 10 years old.

Osinski, though, points out some interesting facts about local artists breaking out of the Pink Triangle and emerging into national cult figures.

Chris Butler, whose brainchild was the female pop band the Waitresses, was involved in the Kent State protest and was a friend of one of the victims. The Waitresses' catchy song structures and simple ideas opened many eyes to their music when they emerged in the early 1980s. But Butler had to move out of the area to get his message heard. In fact, many artists have had to move, because rarely have they had a chance of achieving fame inside the Triangle. Some, like Butler, go to New York or other big cities to make their statements more solid.

Another from this group who moved out of the area was Paul Maurides. The struggling artist finally found a position as an illustrator for Anarchy Comics and publications of The Church of the Subgenius, an artificial culture with followers in Northeast Ohio. The church itself is located in Dallas, but many of its "parish" are from the Pink Triangle.

Maurides illustrated the Book of the Subgenius (How to Prosper in the Coming Weird Times), which contains quotes from their ministers, popes and saints. The book is filled with illustrations of Bob Dobbs, the leader and "spiritual inspiration" of the church. He is only considered a teacher, but his followers think him to be much more. He has brought such slogans as "bleeding head good, healed head bad" to the attention of these "Trans-Normals." He preaches against the evils of the Conspiracy, or, more directly, the Normals.

Maurides also fronted a group called The Band that Dare not Speak its Name. They played anti-music — their goal was to play
the most obnoxious and irritating music possible. Osinski says a performance usually consisted of the band ripping the strings off their guitars. This act lasted no longer than 10 seconds and, thus, the show ended.

Osinski insists the term "Pink Triangle" is an accurate description of the Akron-Cleveland-Kent avant-garde movement. But Busch, who has been associated with this area for 10 years, maintains Northeast Ohio is no different from anywhere else where similar artists are displaying similar work. He toured the country last year and said, "I saw scenes similar to ours happening all over. The author (Osinski) tried to make Akron and Cleveland something special, which they are not." He said there really is not a term to describe the local movement. "It's a diverse scene around here — too hard to classify," he said.

The area also generated Devo, one of the premier weird controversial groups of the New Wave movement. Osinski points out that Devo's performances would often end in violent fights, and that its members believed they were "examples of the human species on its way back down the revolutionary spiral." In all aspects, though, they helped launch the careers of many New Wave bands of today, and helped start the video music revolution.

It seems unfortunate that many artists have to move out of Northeast Ohio in order to gain national attention. Chrissie Hynde had to leave her native Akron and move to England to form the Pretenders. Soon they had a hit single overseas, followed by a hit single in America.

They were taught here. But to graduate one must take what he has learned and apply his methods to new groups. And sometimes success finds its way to another Akron-Cleveland-Kent student.

Some of the Triangle community have assisted area artists in their quest for recognition. Local clubs give musicians the opportunity to share their messages with the masses. The Cleveland Agora, JB's Down Under, Mother's Junction in Kent, Peabody's Down Under in Cleveland and many other clubs have helped support the bands. Pere Ubu, The Dead Boys and Devo are a few of the groups who made their starts playing in these nightspots.

Many new bands are gaining reputations within these clubs today. Although not as erratic or prominent as the early bands, groups such as the Adults, Nation of One, 15-60-75 and the Subterraneans are attempting to keep the spirit of Northeast Ohio weirdness alive. But local feelings and attitudes have changed since the mid-1970s. With today's conservative-minded culture, people are not as eager to rebel. But there still are artists try to bring their weirdness out through their art.

Is Osinski's naming of the area accurate, or is it, as Busch calls it, a "local joke?" The Akron-Cleveland-Kent area is certainly one that played an important role in the development of today's avant-garde artist society. Hemmed in by conformity, however, it is possible that the outlandish bands of the Pink Triangle are a dying breed.
Jazz music has changed considerably from its widespread popularity in the 1920s, '30s and '40s. Chas Baker, director of the KSU Jazz Ensemble and an instructor of jazz history, talks of today's music industry and his role as a professional jazz musician.

When he again returned to KSU, Chas was offered a part-time teaching position in the School of Music — even before he received a degree. As director of the KSU Jazz Ensemble and a teacher of jazz history, Chas has been working at Kent State for nine years — still part time.

"It started out as a temporary job, but I must have been doing something right, because I'm still here," he said laughing. "I guess this means they like me."

Jazz music was around for more than 50 years before Chas came on the scene. According to Joachim-Ernst Berendt in The Story of Jazz, the style is "the confrontation of the Negro with European music." The word "jazz" first appeared in print in San Francisco, says Berendt, as "jass, jasmo, jismo." It was used by sports writers to mean energy or mighty strength. In earlier black jargon, however, "jass" was considered an obscenity.

Jazz formally emerged in New Orleans around 1900, where the "prince of piano," Jelly Roll Morton, claims to have invented it. The first jazz bands played in brothels in a decadent section of the city named Storyville. It was because of these dark origins that jazz was plagued with a rather lascivious connotation.

The end of World War I, however, brought the Jazz Explosion and the move of the musical style to New York City. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band paved the way for such new artists as Armstrong and Duke Ellington. New styles also evolved, such as swing, bebop and free jazz. The jazz movement as a whole peaked from the 1920s to the '50s, but now has retreated to a less formidable position in musical society.

And where does this leave the contemporary jazz musician?

"To pursue jazz as a money career is naive," Chas said. "You absolutely must be a world-class musician to make your living from it. You can't just be 'good.'"

"And of course," he added, "you have to be crazy to be a musician, anyway."

For a while, Chas said, "all young musicians started to become businessmen. Now basically everyone's out looking for well-playing gigs. And there's a lot of competition."

Chas recently finished a job with Disney on Ice at the Richfield Coliseum. "Big shows usually hire local musicians, and that's where the money is," he said. "But even so, the best way to get rich is to be a promoter, not a jazz musician."

Chas said he has been "lucky" at getting jobs, and can make about $10,000 to $15,000 a year in addition to his teaching salary. He has played for Lou Rawls, Gladys Knight, the Temptations and Aretha Franklin.

Chas said other musicians supplement their performance income by teaching private lessons, working in music stores or "marrying someone with a steady job."

Besides the competition for jobs and the relatively low pay, Chas said crony-ism is a problem in the jazz industry.

"The whole situation has become political,"
he said. "Many musical contractors will hire only their buddies, and this has contributed to a general decline in the number of jobs available. So there definitely is not as much work for musicians as there used to be."

The future of jazz is not bright for brass and woodwind players, according to Chas. Keyboard playing, however, still will be quite useful due to the increased use of synthesizers.

"Slowly but surely, many of the traveling shows are becoming more electronic," he said.

"Where a show used to hire 10 or 20 musicians, it now will hire five or 10. The rest of the sound is electronically produced or taped, so the show's traveling expenses are minimized.

"I think there will always be a few jobs for local musicians, but it's obvious they are getting scarce."

Are today's music students realistic about getting a job in the industry? "If they talk to me they are!" Chas said. "I try to present a clear picture of what it's really like once they graduate. I think most of them know what they're getting into.

"A degree in music doesn't guarantee much of anything except a good education," he added. "But what's good about college is that you can learn more than just how to play well. Students now can learn about recording and producing — they can go in a lot of different directions."

Chas Baker is one of the "lucky" ones in the jazz industry. He plays his horn, makes enough money to live on, and shares his skills with ambitious students. But most importantly, he says, "I love my music."
A WHIRLWIND OF TALENT

OHIO BALLET

by Samantha Shook

Photos by Thomas Lewis

POLL: ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, founder, choreographer, teacher, dancer.


Praise: "One of the top companies outside New York" — New York Times... "bright and snappy" — The San Francisco Chronicle... "Heinz Poll's choreography reveals an artistic voice worth following" — New York Times... "Suffice it to say that gravity is not something the Ohio worries about. To them stage space is merely a very plastic and fluid magnetic toy" — Seattle Times

The Ohio Ballet is Heinz Poll, artistic director; Thomas Skelton, associate director; Brenda Steady, ballet mistress; David Fisher, music director; and the company: 20 dancers.

Managed and molded by the able hands of Poll, the Ohio Ballet combines the jubilant and sweeping classical dance with remote, alien contemporary works. The Ballet, founded in 1968 by Poll, has an active repertoire of 31 works, 21 of which he has choreographed.

Diane Wolfson dances in "The Match Girl"
During his long career as a dancer, teacher and choreographer, Poll has composed ballets for the National Ballet of Chile, the Ballet de la Jeunesse Musicales de France, Paris Festival Ballet, the National Ballet of Canada, Pennsylvania Ballet and Ohio Ballet. He has received grants from the National Choreography Project and the National Endowment for the Arts.

His collaborator, Thomas Skelton, has also been with the Ohio Ballet since its inception. Skelton, considered one of the most esteemed lighting designers in the United States, has extensive Broadway experience as well as two Tony Award nominations and the Carbonelle Award to his name.

Together Poll and Skelton have brought the Ohio Ballet to 154 cities in 34 states. The Ohio Ballet has presented its revue to the New York Dance Festival, the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, the Spoleto Festival U.S.A., the Jacob's Pillow Dance festival and the Brooklyn Academy of Music, as well as making its European debut at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy.

The essential elements, the dancers, are garnered from all areas in the United States. Some hail from such distant points as Spain and Australia. Several of the dancers have performed exclusively with the Ohio Ballet, while others have an impressive list of performances with top dance companies.

As the professional company in residence at the University of Akron, the Ohio Ballet has its home performances at E.J. Thomas Performing Arts Hall and at the Ohio Theatre in Playhouse Square Center. The winter program for 1986 included "Feral," a world premiere work choreographed by New Wave artist Molissa Fenley, as well as works created by George Balanchine, Laura Dean, and Poll.
(left) Ballet Mistress Brenda Steady

(middle) Peter Dickey at the barre

(this page) Catherine Iwaniw and Miguel Romero
(right) Diane Wolfson, Kim Abkemier, Christopher Mattox
(far left) Diane Wolfson, Scott Heinzerling in "The Match Girl"
COWBOYS
AND
CORNBREAD,
BANJOS
AND
BANDANAS

Add Up to the 47th National Folk Festival

by Samantha Shook

SPREAD LIKE A picnic over the Cuyahoga National Valley Recreation Area, enclosed by autumn-tinged trees and enveloped in sunshine, the 47th National Folk Festival presents a potpourri of folkly foods, crafts, dancing and music.

Now in its third year in the Cuyahoga Valley, the nation's oldest folk festival draws an assortment of talented artists and appreciative audiences. No Madonna T-shirts adorn this crowd. No radios blast cacophonous pop tunes. Modern tides and trends are disdained here. This is a brouhaha of tie-dyed skirts and bare feet, suspenders and bandanas, fiddles and harmonicas, patient skills and time-honored traditions.

A collie dog with a red handkerchief tied around his furry neck lopes past a gathering of all ages giving rapt attention to Frankie and Doug Quimbly's nonsensical performance of children's songs and games. Youngsters and uninhibited adults alike participate as Frankie leads them in the lyrics, hand clapping, and foot stomping of the traditional Sea-Island slave games. "Hambone, hambone where ya been," wails Frankie. "Around the world and back again." Stomp, shuffle, hop, hop goes the audience, while Doug Quimbly pats, taps and slaps out a tune using his entire person as a percussion section.
Bovines and rhymes are an unlikely combination, but are found in cowboy poets like Wally McRae and Nyle Henderson. McRae is a rancher from Rosebud Creek, Montana, and Henderson breaks horses in Hotchkiss, Colorado. When these cowpokes aren’t riding or ranching, they’re not above composing a little verse. Henderson, the younger bovine bard, embellishes his ballads with displays of broncbusting skills. The more staid McRae recites his most famous poem, “Reincarnation.” It describes a grave on which a flower has grown. A horse comes by and eats the flower. The flower is converted into muscle and bone for the horse, but: “There’s a part that he can’t use, And so it passes through, And there it lies upon the ground, This thing that once was you.” And that’s reincarnation.

Across the clearing on the main stage, break dancers shudder, sweat and undulate. The Scanner Boys, street dancers from Philadelphia, are exhibiting a modern craze that has roots in African folk dancing. Rennie “Prince” Harris, Gilbert “Shalamar” Kennedy, Dave “the Renegade” Ellerbe, and Branden Sherrod perform almost unbelievable feats of contortion and gyration as they break dance, “pop,” and “boogaloo.”

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Roberts once again launches his nimble tongue into a staggering display of speedy speech, making his boast of reciting the Gettysburg Address in less than a minute quite believable.

Behind the auctioneers, stationed under bright blue and white tents, a medley of crafts and creations demonstrates a different kind of talent. Miyo Barbero, founder of The Japanese Women’s Club, shows her delicate sumi watercolor painting. Fellow club member Mitchie Hawkins, from Nagoya, Japan, displays her bright temari: silk covered balls wound with vivid, multi-colored threads. Hideko Tiekur, also from Nagoya, is a gardener and flower arranger, not of daffodils and tulips, but of shrubs and bonsai trees.

From rags to rugs, Eva Hosack of Frederickstown, Ohio uses old strips of fabric to create long-lasting, attractive floor coverings. A master of the patient art of mandolin making, Bob White of Coolsville, Ohio has spent nearly 15 years at his craft. Apprentice Rick Boring explains that it can take months to fashion pieces of wood into a high-quality musical instrument, and a lifetime to learn how. Also among the gathered crafts are quiltmaking, harness and bridle making, book binding, and bonnet making.

A patchwork of blankets and lawnchairs surrounds the main stage where Ed Thomp-
son and the All Stars are performing. Babies nap in the afternoon sun, and young couples nuzzle affectionately under a canopy of cool blues and hot jazz. Lead guitarist and vocalist Big Ed is backed by H. Bomb Ferguson on piano and vocals, Eddie Felton on vocals and tenor sax, Kevin Wilburn on drums, and Russell Givens on bass guitar. Perched on scaffolding above the crowd, a soundman in a Lake Wobegon Whippets jersey lets loose with a solitary two-step among cables and speakers, while the throng below him swings and sways.

A youngster separates from the multitude surrounding the main stage and darts behind a row of garish blue outhouses. Others, following the stomach's urging, amble toward the far end of the festival site to choose from a miscellany of edibles there.

A stand set up by the Mustard Seed Health Food Market offers tofutti, made from the lowly soybean and practically indistinguishable from bona fide ice cream, and advertises other natural good-for-you like herbs, grains and goats' milk. Hot, buttery cobs of corn bob by, brandished in the grubby fists of hungry tots. Greek pastries, corn bread, and virgin daiquiris are among the delicious choices, along with the more common Italian sausages, soft drinks and snow cones.

As creole as crawfish, as hot as the spice that inspired its name, File, a five-man Cajun band from Louisiana, got the valley hopping during the Saturday evening dance party. Conjuring visions of dance halls, bayous, sweltering heat and humming mosquitoes, File performs the unique brand of folk music known as Cajun. The descendants of French Acadians from Nova Scotia, Cajuns still retain the French language and customs, now infused with a southern charm. "Oh maa feeeaa, yow yow!!" warbles lead vocalist and accordionist Ward Lormand in a hybrid southern "French" drawl. In addition to Lormand, File is composed of Farren Serette on fiddle and vocals, Ray Brassieur on guitar, Kevin Shearin on bass and vocals, and Peter Stevens on drums.

As the evening shadows grow long, File's performance inspires foot tapping, hand clapping and displays of dancing exuberance. Children cavort with zesty, gray-bearded oldtimers. A rotund fellow in bib overalls gyrates his massive belly in happy abandon. Barefoot college students dance and jig like idiots.

The day ends and the crowds disperse, bound for home over the dusty, wooded roads of the national park. Radios are tuned to 89.7 (WKSU), "where traditional music is still a tradition." Some will return for Sunday's performances. Others look forward to the 48th National Folk Festival. However, the festival moves all over the United States, and whether it will return to Ohio next year is still uncertain.

Sunshine, music, food and laughter. This was a great day for a picnic.
(left, bottom) H. Bomb Ferguson wails the blues. (above) Pickers and fiddlers round out the weekend's entertainment
THERE'S SOMETHING HIDDEN in a corner of Franklin Hall.

The best kept secret of Kent State University is the African Community Theatre Arts Program, said Fran Dorsey with a hint of exasperation in his voice.

Dorsey, the program's artistic director, said few people know of the small, struggling group that stages thought-provoking plays addressing black culture. But, as tucked away as it might be, it's time the 14-year-old program became recognized for its efforts, he said.

"We shouldn't be overlooked just because the group is small," Dorsey said.

ACTAP is composed of the Mbari Mbayo Players (a student theater group), the African Theatre Arts workshop, a Pan-African studies course and a few community volunteers. The number of people involved varies each semester, he said.

The group's performances are staged in one of its two theaters, named Mbari Mbayo, on the first floor of what was once the William A. Cluff teacher training school. The name of the theater means, "I know myself and am therefore happy." The student theater group was named after Nigeria's national theater group.

The program receives less publicity than the University Theatre, Dorsey said. "It is not going to be any easier than in the past to get the
public to acknowledge us.” Counting on his left hand the obstacles the group has faced, he said simply, “There is little money, not enough support from campus administrators, inadequate facilities and a narrow understanding of what we’re trying to do.”

His index finger straightened as he made the next point. “There still are prejudices in the community. Whites think our plays are just for blacks. I resent this. Those who make this assumption fail to see that we are trying to overcome educational and cultural barriers.”

One question Dorsey said he poses to people is “How can we bridge the gap between black theater and the community with ‘nigger’ written on the walls of the men’s room?”

Money has always been a problem for the theater, according to Dorsey. Lauren Pernetti, Pan-African studies administrative assistant, said, “The only funds ACTAP receives from the University are through the Pan-African Studies department. Any other money used for a production is donated.”

From 1981 to 1985 the program has received $10,574 in grants from the Ohio Arts Council. But this year the council rejected ACTAP’s application for $7,500, saying the theater group’s objectives were not clear, Dorsey said.

“But our objectives were clear,” he said, adding that, “We said we wanted to include more white performers in our program. What does the arts council think this was?”

According to a written statement from Kevin E. Cary, Ohio Arts Council’s performing arts coordinator, the council refused ACTAP’s request because of the group’s “problems in planning, audience development, and overall mission.” Other reasons Cary cited were that the group did not have a “broad base of support,” that the council has repeatedly been the only support outside of the University and that ACTAP has “failed to follow through on OAC attempts at Technical Assistance.”

OAC’s Technical Assistance Program assigns counselors to new and established organizations that are seeking help in development, fiscal procedures, public relations, fund raising and market/audience development.

Dorsey and Edward Crosby, Pan-African Studies chairman and ACTAP program director, have been known to reach in their own pockets to help fund the theater, Pernetti said. “They also give much more than money,” she added, saying that both have been known to spend long hours working on productions.

The revenue from a weekly bake sale sponsored by the group also helps pay for some supplies, Pernetti said.

Dorsey’s involvement in ACTAP began in 1979 when he was
completing his coursework for a doctorate in speech. He has an associate’s degree in education, a bachelor’s in speech communication and theater arts and a master’s in communication.

ACTAP is the most developed black theater program in Ohio, Crosby said. "We certainly have something to be proud of. Unfortunately we’re not a part of the University’s national image campaign, but we should be, because we’re one of the school’s finer qualities.”

“We just don’t get many positive remarks from the University,” he said.

"Most of our supporters are from outside of Portage County. This must change,” Dorsey said, adding that the Akron Beacon Journal has noted that those involved in the program have "shown more dramatic courage than any theater in the area.”

ACTAP’s daring efforts are best illustrated by its presentation last fall of Athol Fugard’s Master Harold . . . and the boys. Fugard, an Afrikaner (a descendant of the Dutch settlers in South Africa), is known for his works on the apartheid issue. The play is autobiographical and focuses on black discrimination and racial injustice.

Past performances were N.R. Davison’s Hajj Malik, Malcolm X’s biography, Dorothy Ahmad’s Papa’s Daughter, a one-act play about a daughter that replaces her mother’s role, and Fugard’s Boesman and Lena, a play about the effects of apartheid.

Calling the program’s development "remarkable under the circumstances,” Dorsey added, “We began with nothing but a wish to provide
black students with an opportunity to perform and to deal creatively with black culture."

He and Crosby said it took a lot of nothing to make something. "There were few resources available," Crosby said. "We should be commended for our constructive and creative management to make something from ex nihilo," he said.

The group didn't always have the theaters in Franklin Hall. The University Theatre made that space available to ACTAP in 1981 when it moved to its present location in Wright-Curtis Theatre.

"We had to do some major renovations when this was given to us," Dorsey said. The theaters, matchbox in size and painted black, seat about 60 people. "The intimate atmosphere allows us to reach out to our audience," he said.

ACTAP's other facilities are modest, Dorsey said. They have a few other rooms besides the theaters, including the "white room" — a rather ironically named dressing room — and the dance studio.

The mastermind behind ACTAP is Saundra Stinson, who has a master's degree in theater. She helped spawn an interest in black drama at the University through her thesis "The Necessity for Developing a Black Theatre Curriculum as an Adjunct to Kent State University's Theatre Curriculum." The thesis, published under her maiden name Scheffer, studied the lack of black involvement in University Theatre productions from 1938 to 1974.

Stinson notes that in the past 37 years, only 12 scripts specifically called for black characters, none of which were cast as blacks. Also, nine plays cast blacks in subserviant roles, 18 plays had blacks portraying minor roles, only eight plays had blacks in major roles and 10 musicals included black students.

"Black students still do not have an equal opportunity to participate in the University Theatre's productions," Dorsey said.

He said many blacks who are theater majors complain of being cast as "token characters" in University productions. "We do not discriminate," he said, adding that he wished more whites would become involved in ACTAP.

In a recent phone interview from her home in Pasadena, Calif., Stinson said she is pleased with the program's growth but feels "the University Theatre has never formally recognized ACTAP as a legitimate theater." She stressed the importance of the two theaters working together. "If they worked hand in hand in productions, even more students would be given the experience that is needed," Stinson said.

"Segregation is a thing of the past," she said.

Indeed, in theater, as in all art, black and white are only two of many colors.

ENTERTAINMENT
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