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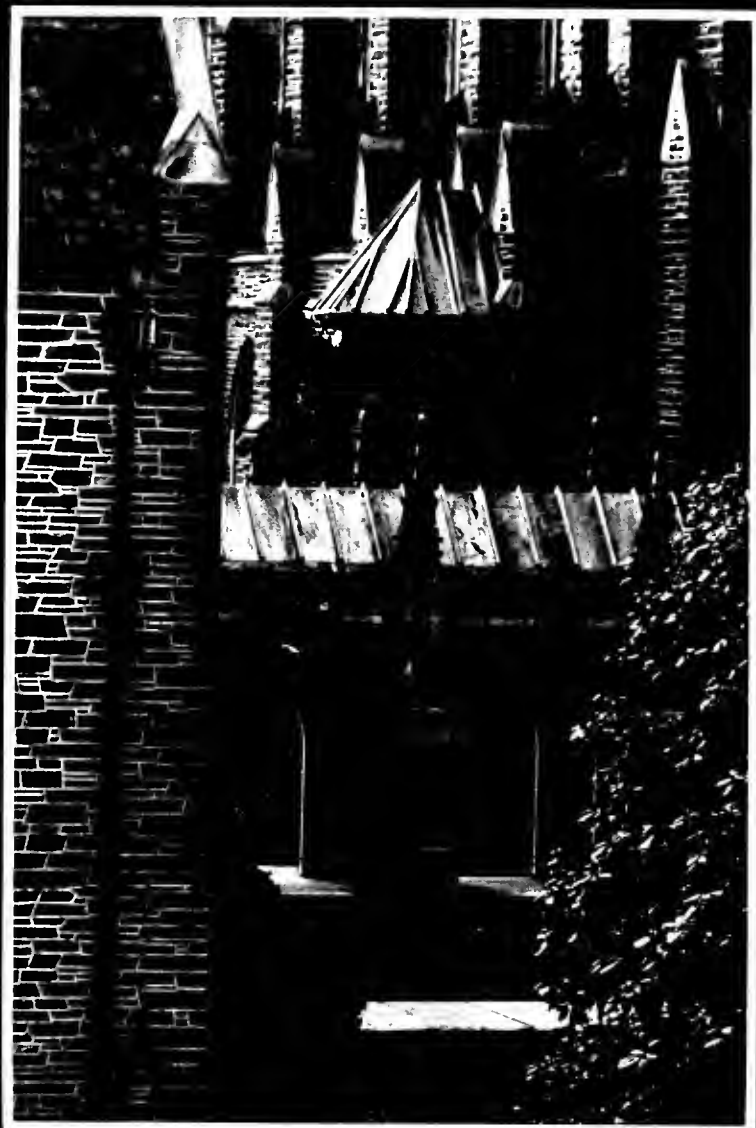
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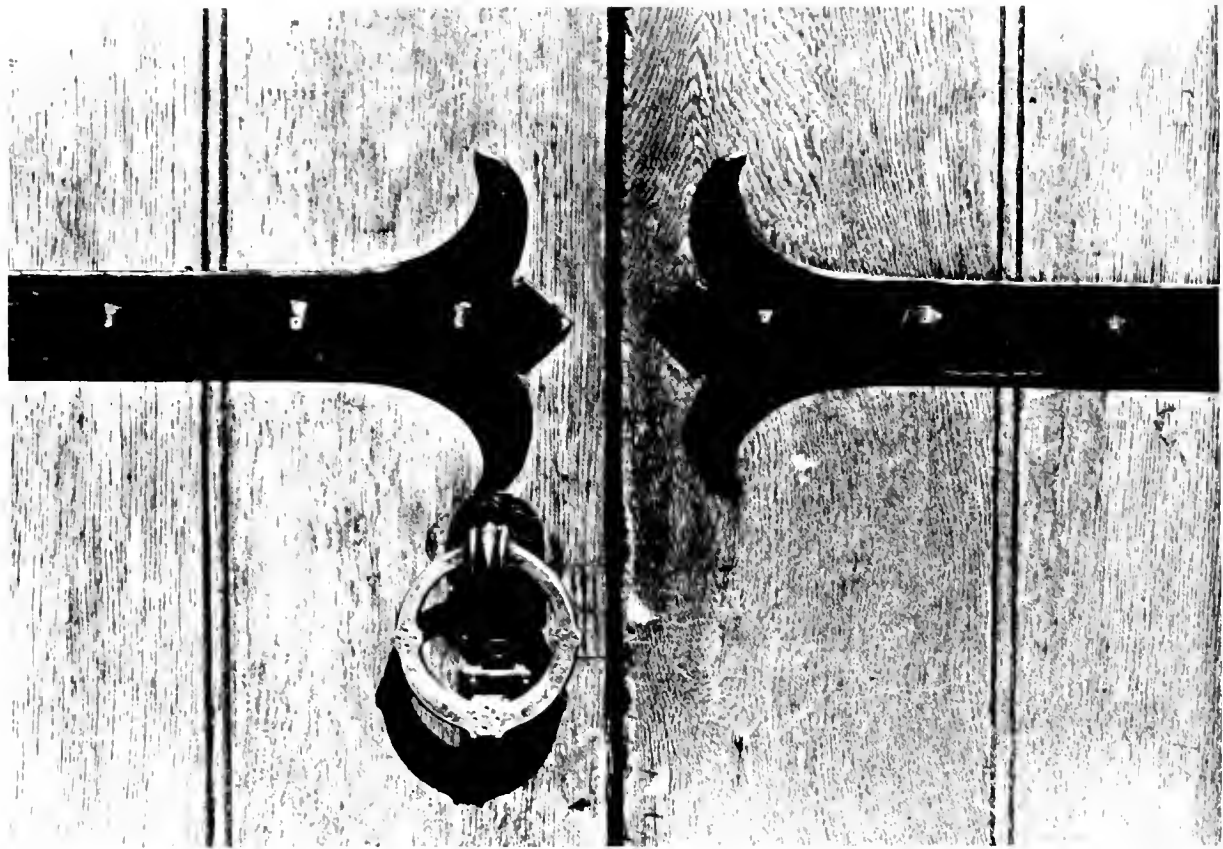












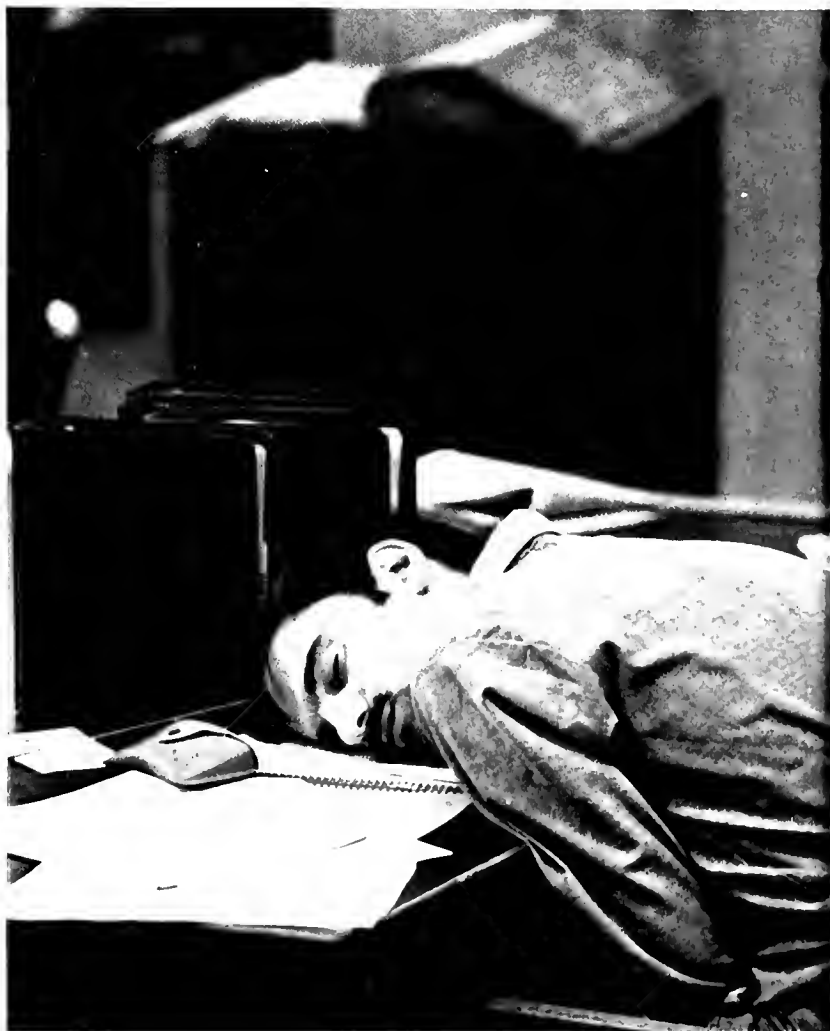
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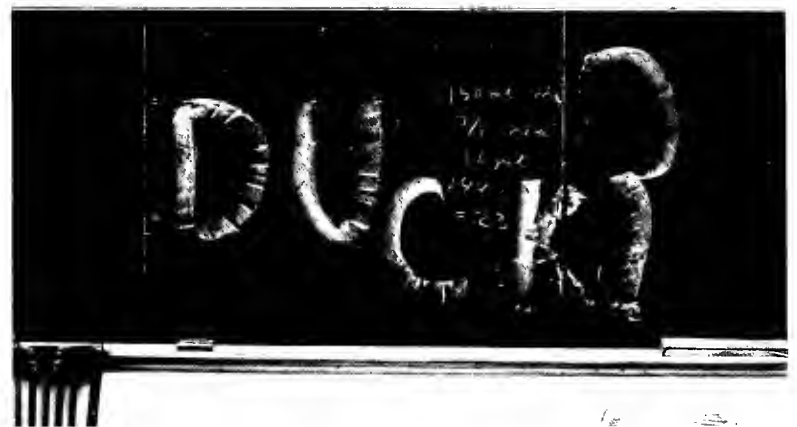


















































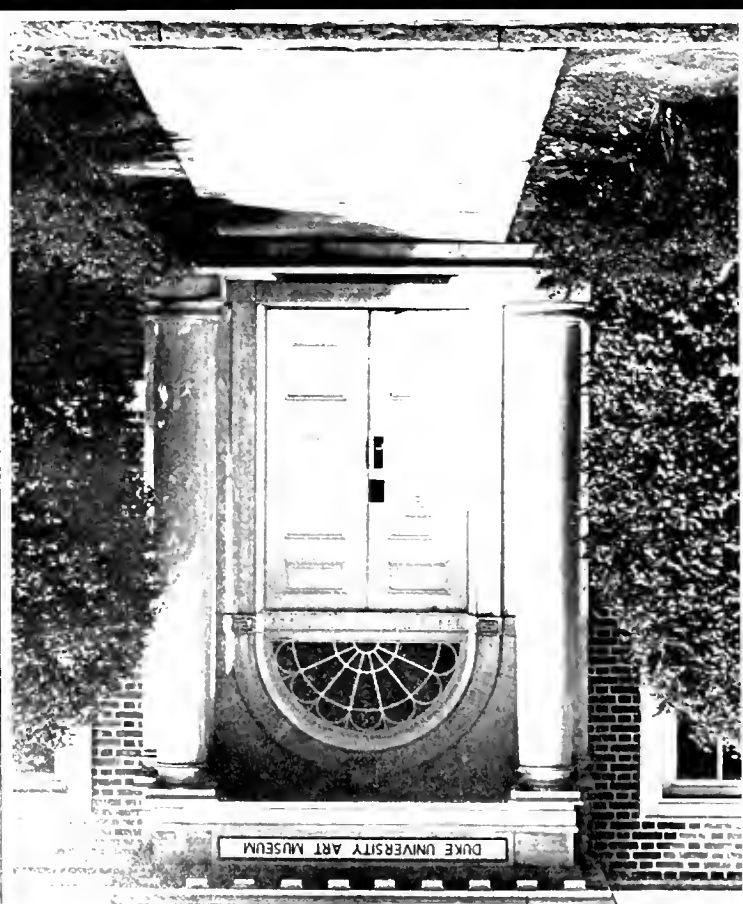
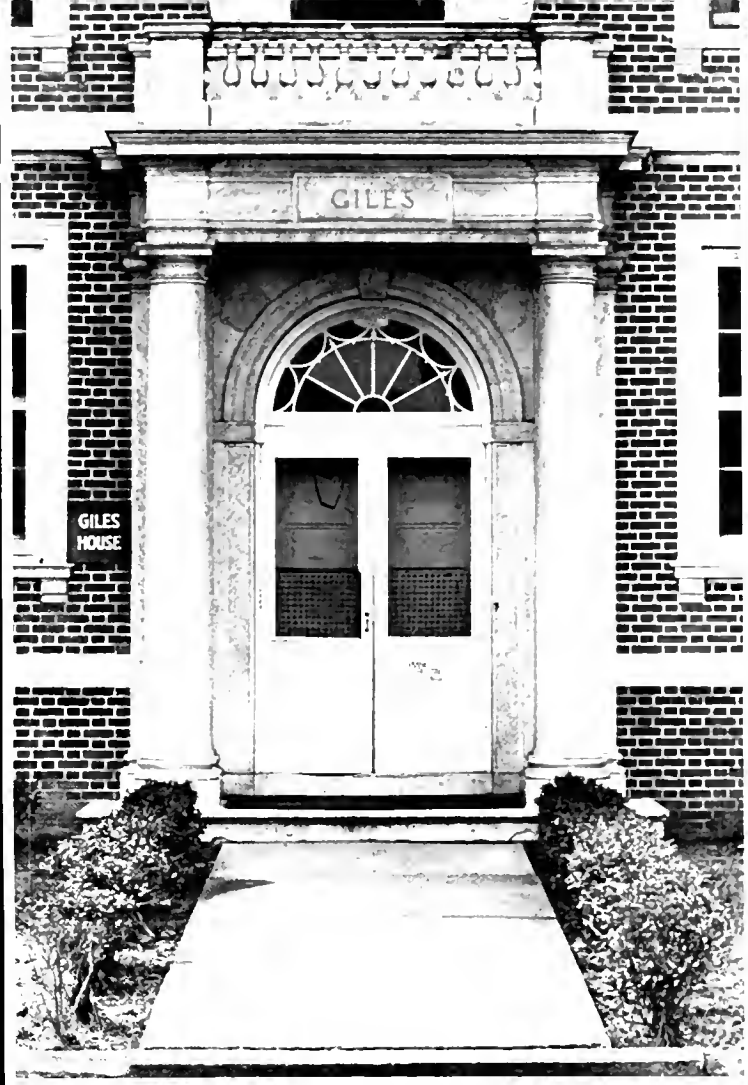
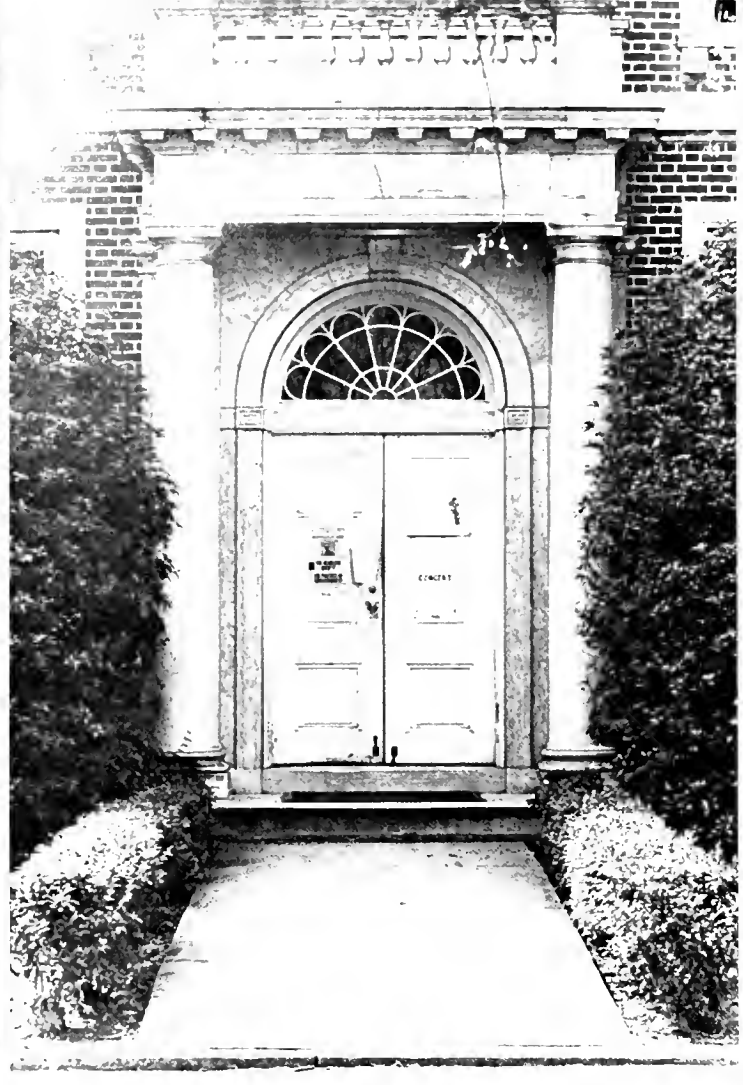


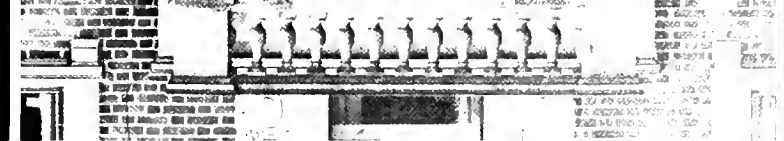
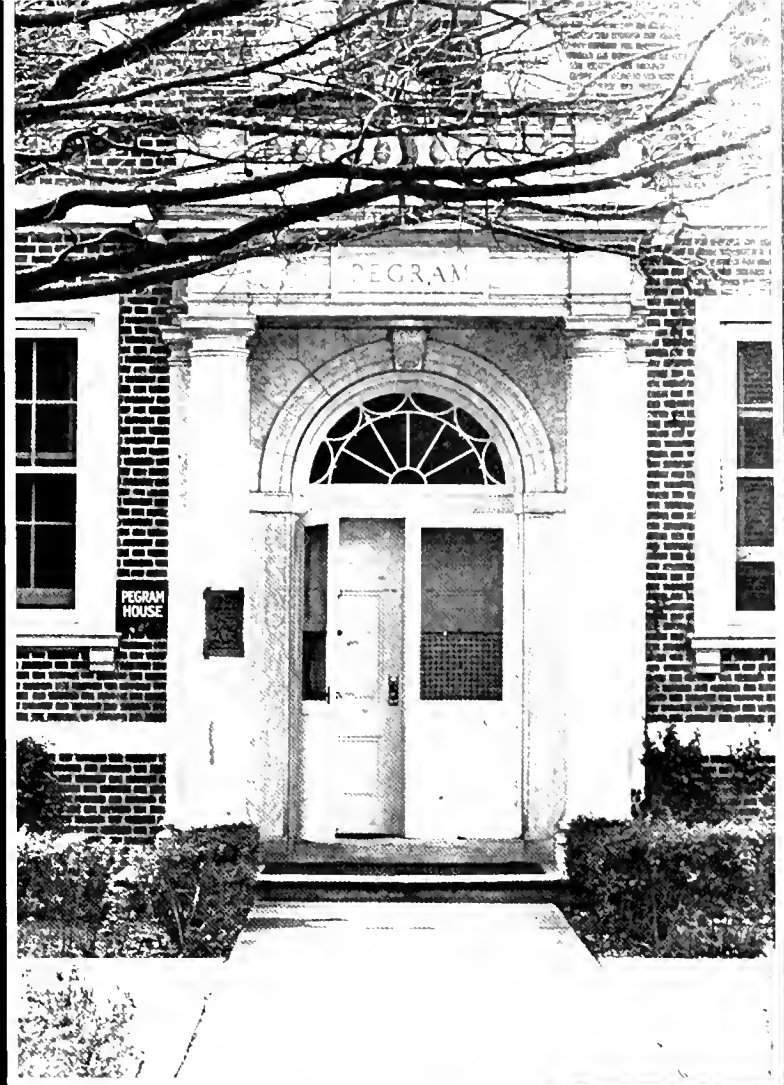






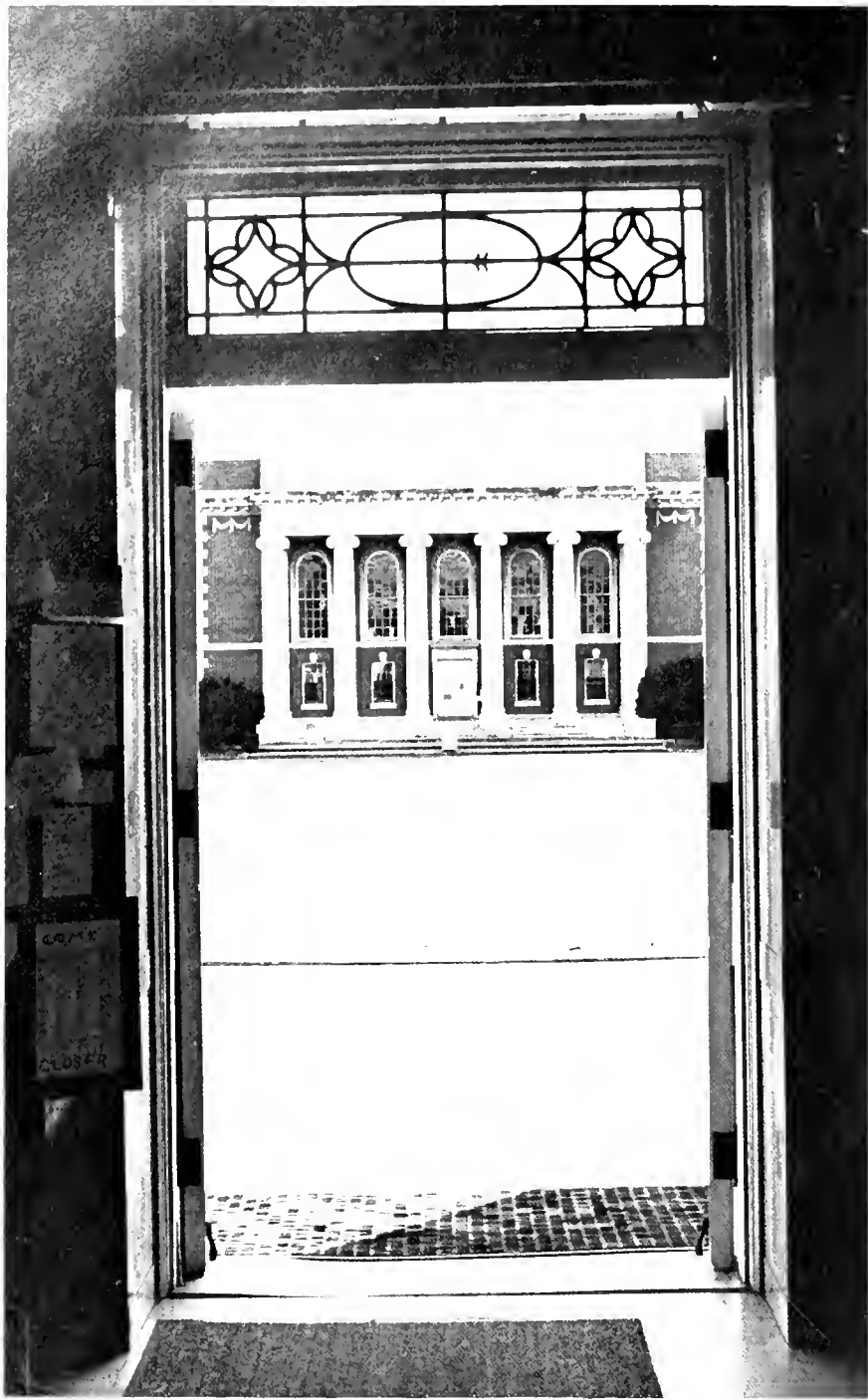








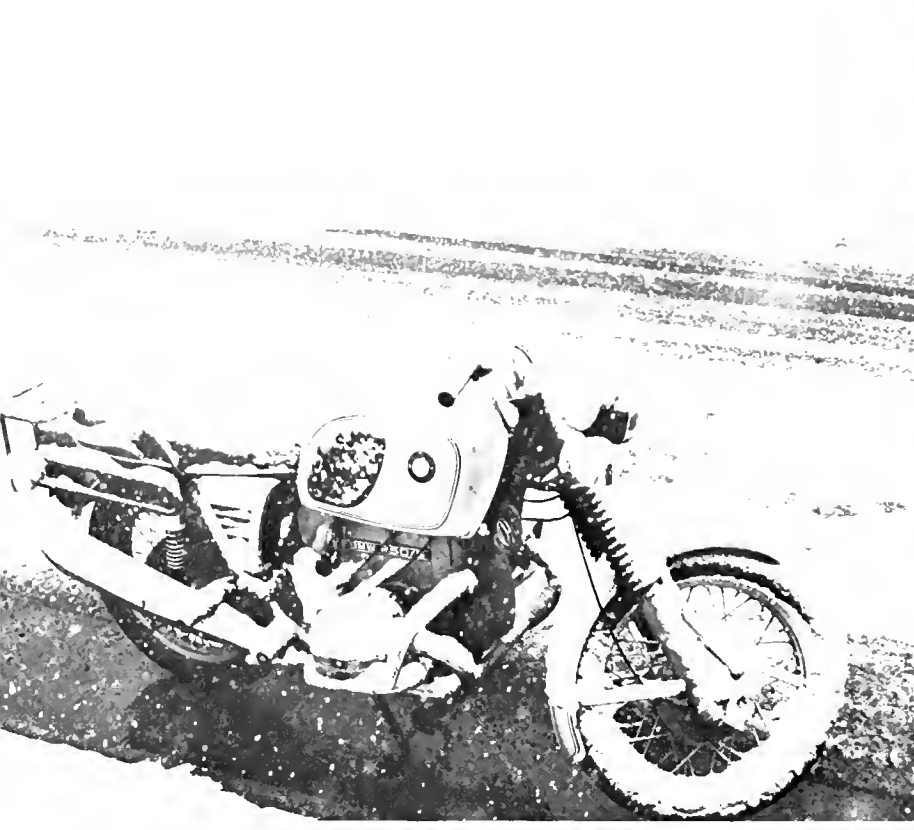








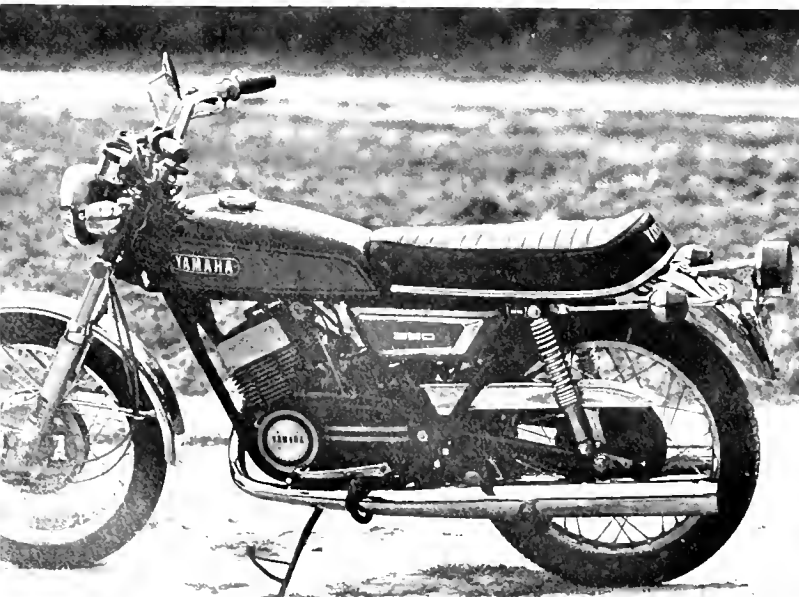








getting
around
at
duke







adidas ...
topside ...
hiking boots ...
slogging through
sidewalk puddles ...
running after that
fleeting bus ...



costs less ...
better for you ...
no gas or oil ...
gets you acquainted
with where you're
going ...
but those damn
hills ...

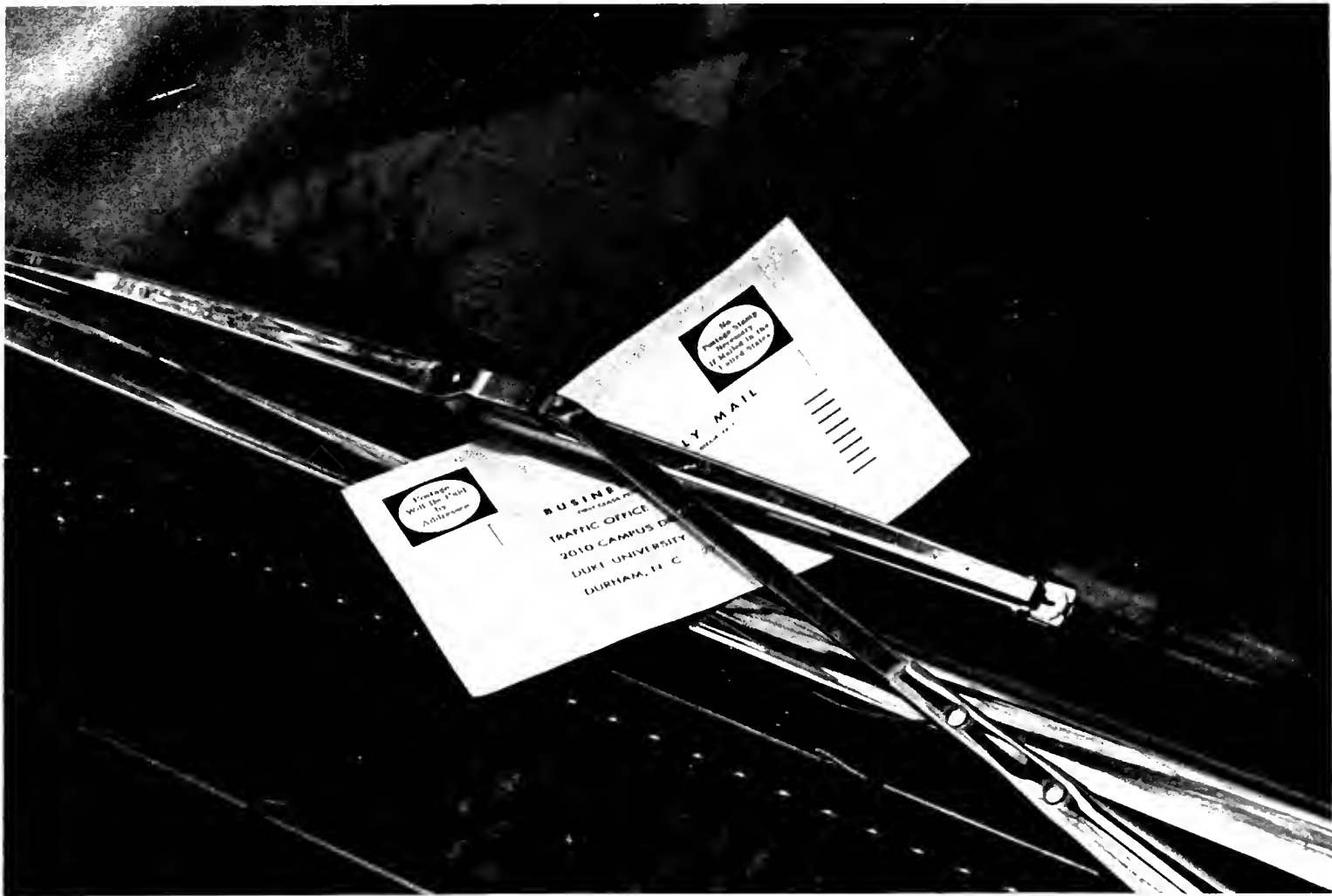


9:15 buses to 9:00
classes ... standing up
forever ... sometimes
the only chance you get
to talk to a friend ...

crystalline carolina
day ... good rays ...
feel it blasting ...
it's just a sensation ...
you're out on the road
and you're just part of
everything ...

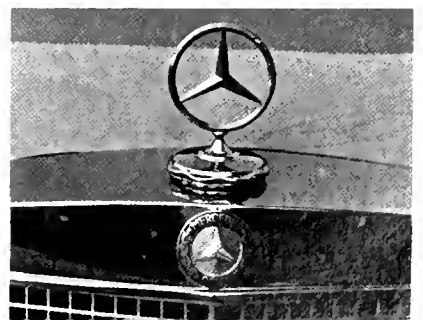


peddles to push ...
shoes to wear ...
buses to stand in ...
think i'll just rest
a minute then go to the
gardens and walk barefoot
in the grass ...

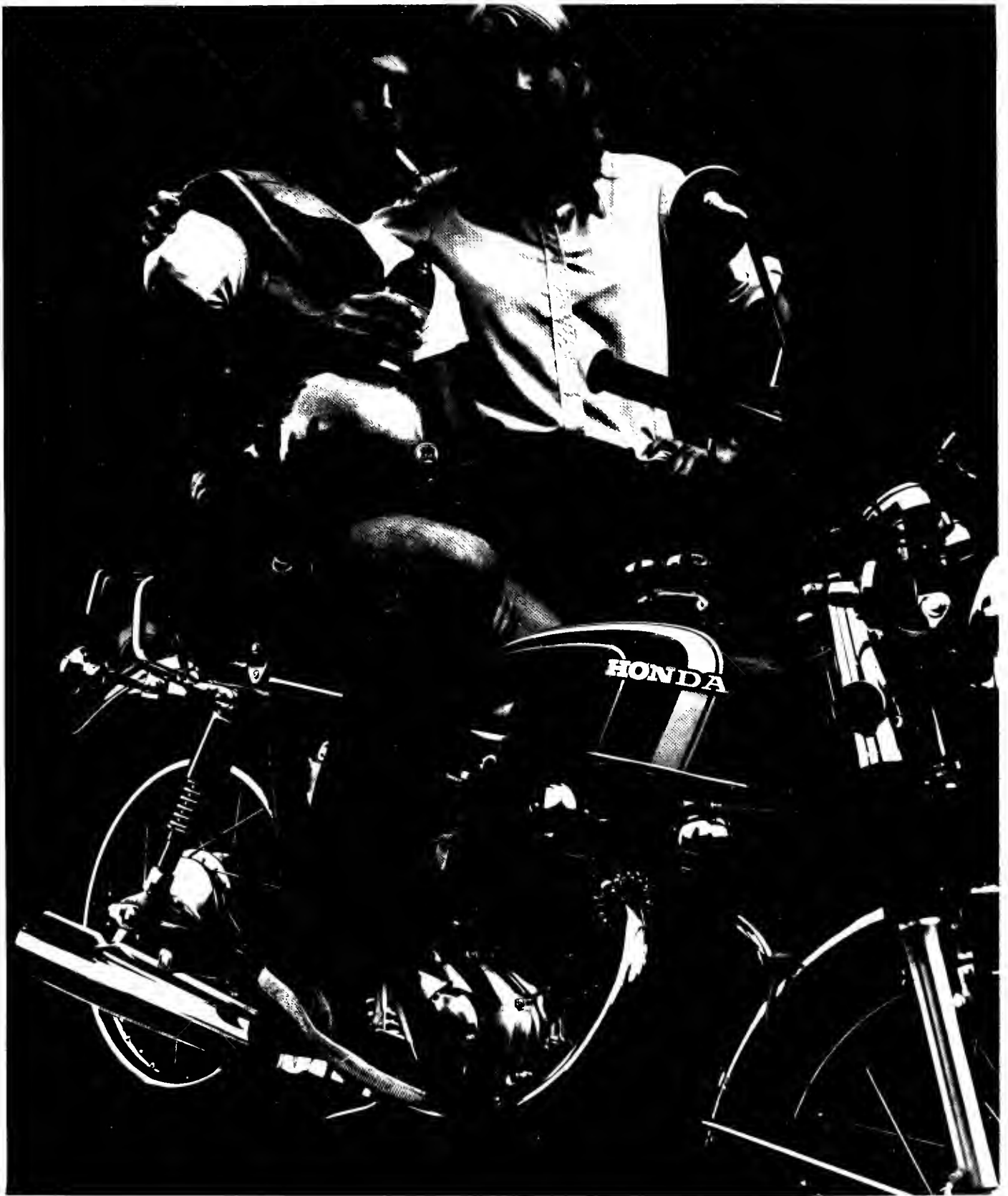


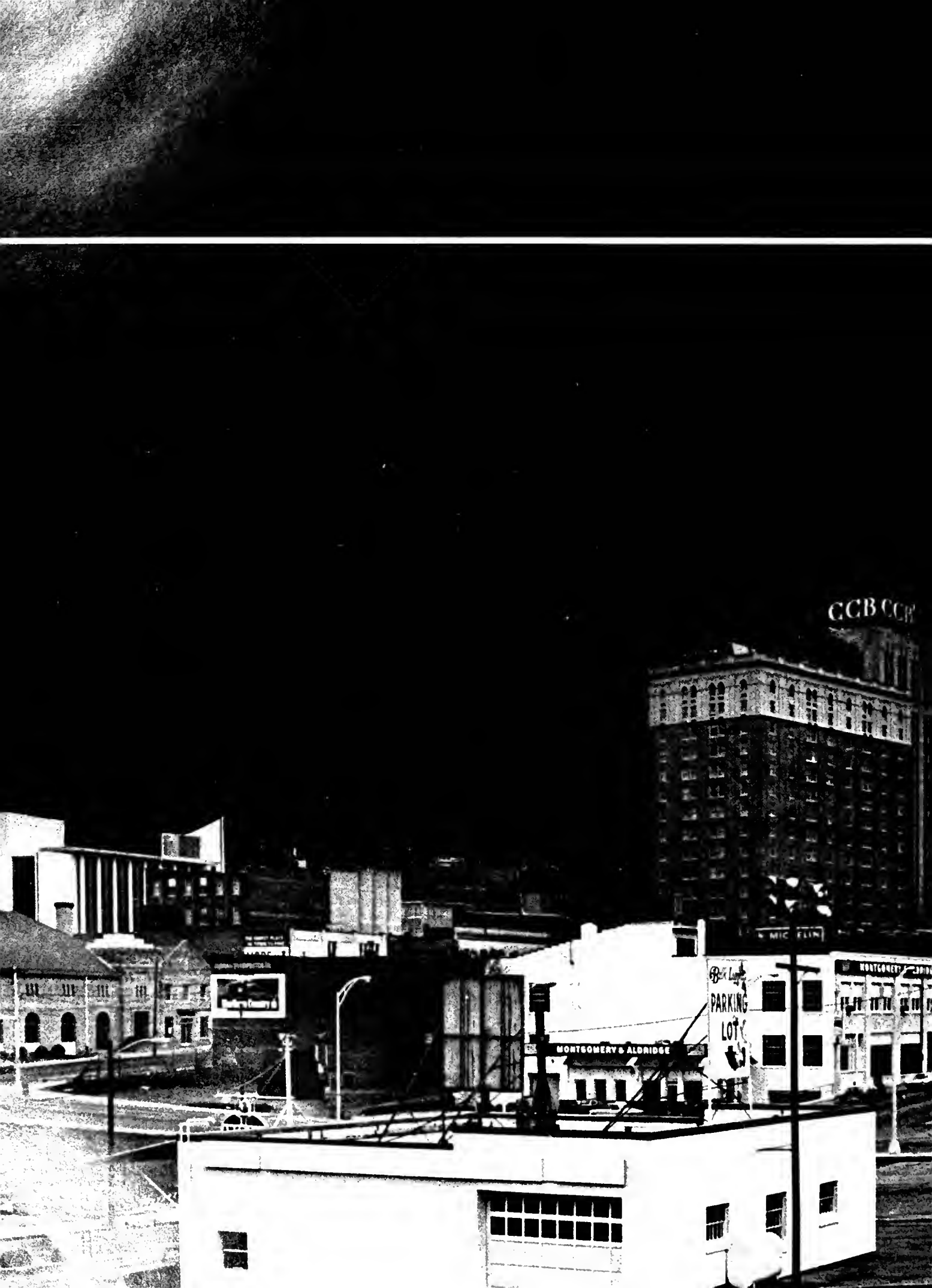




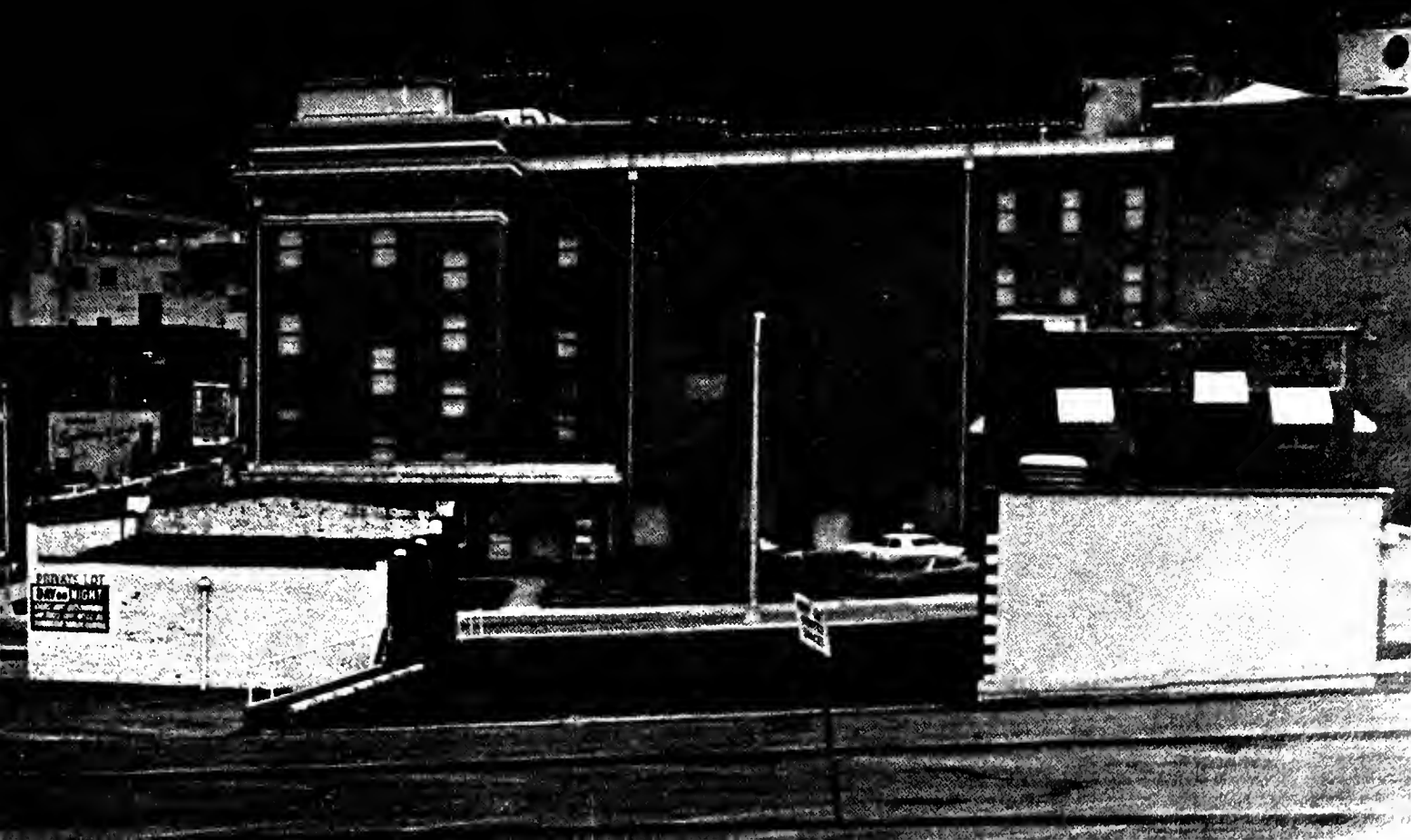




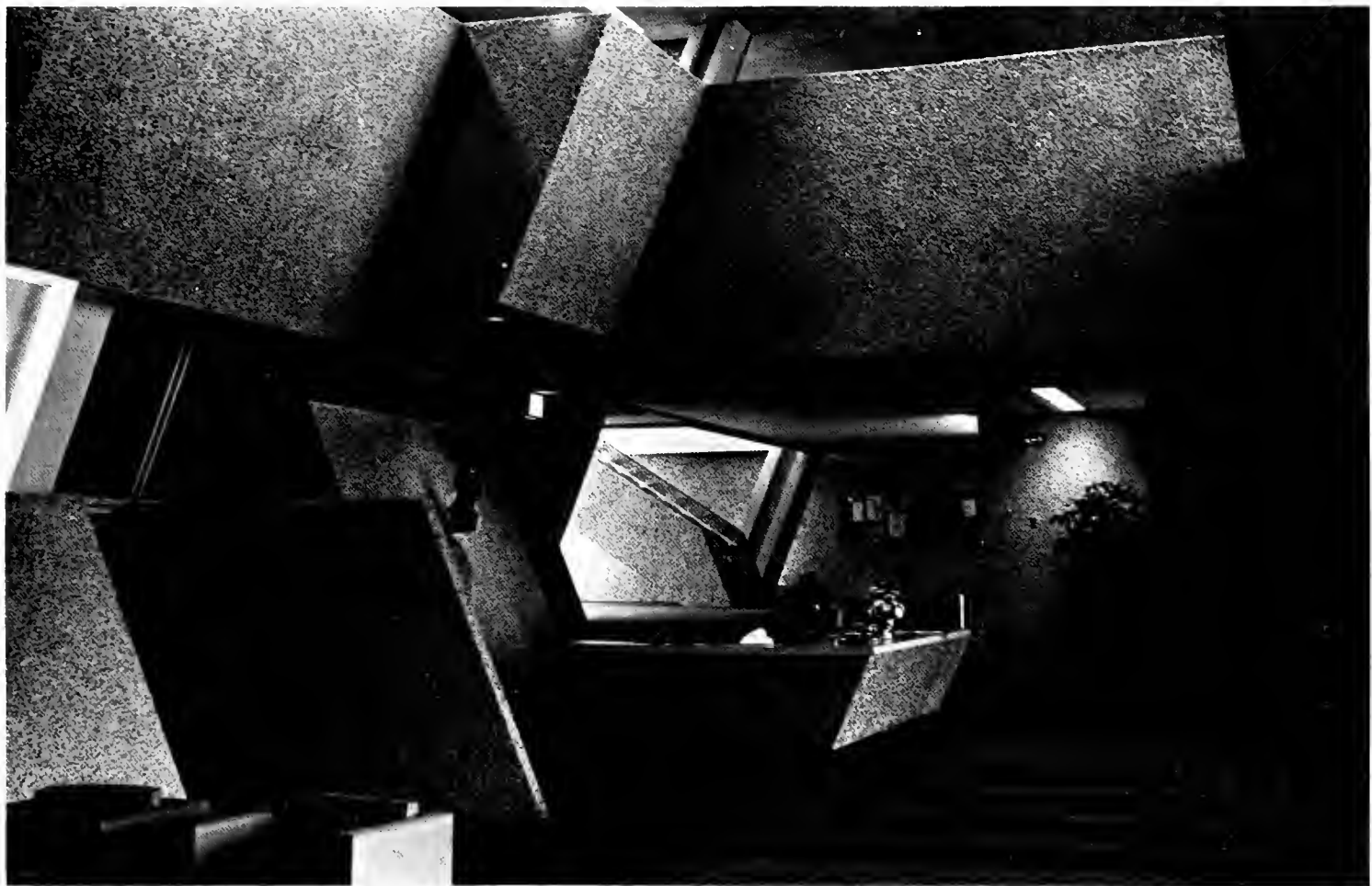




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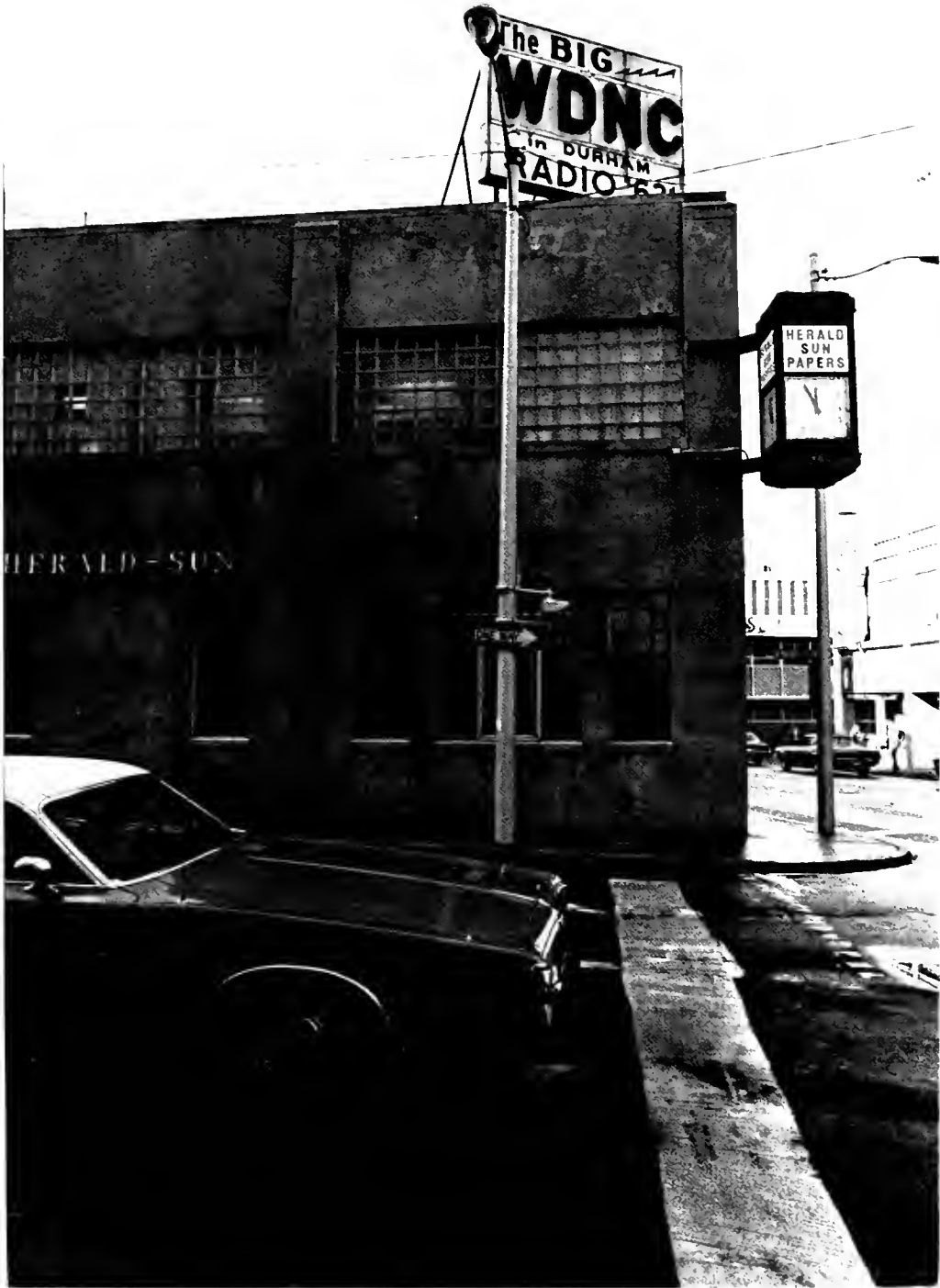






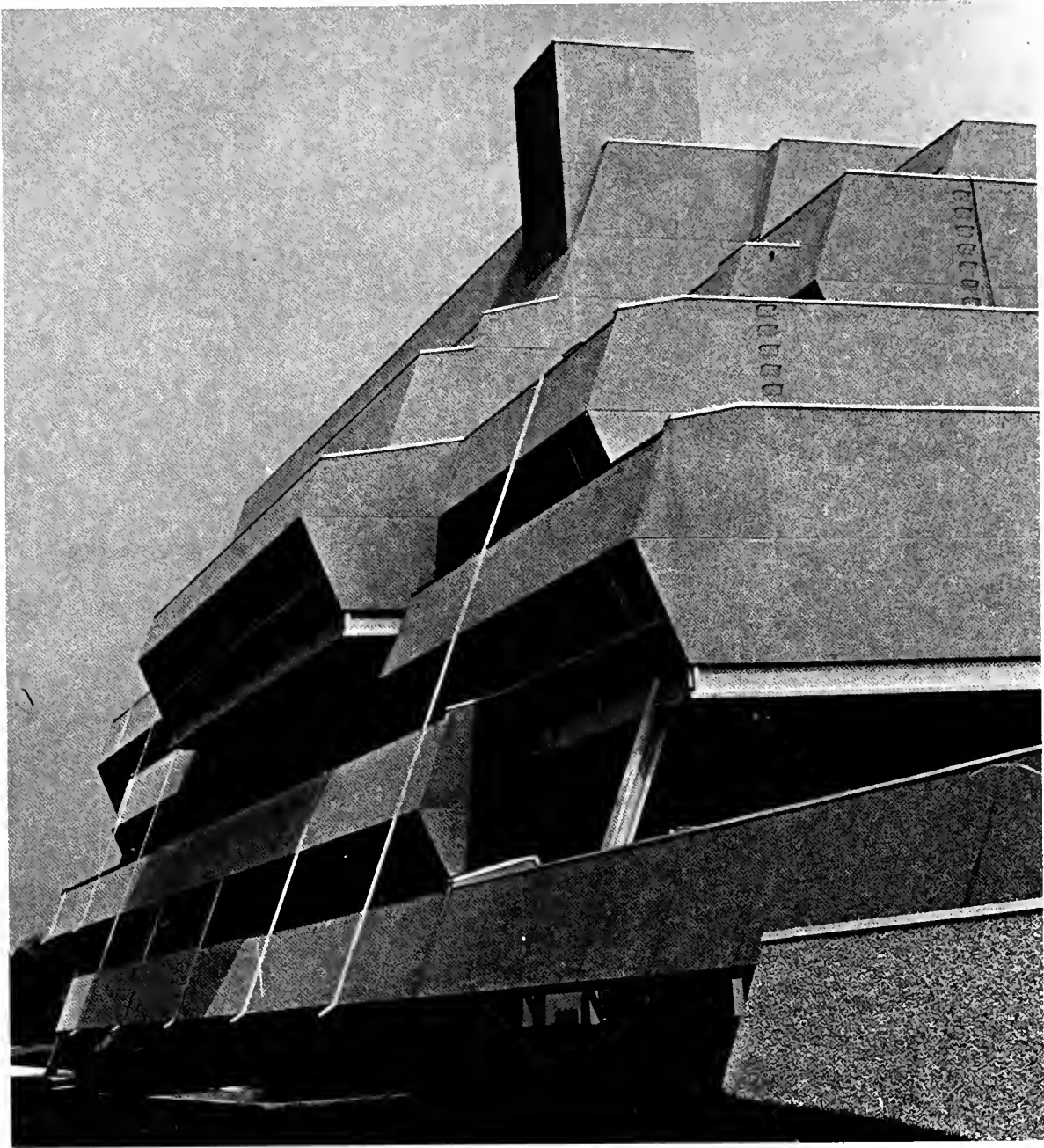






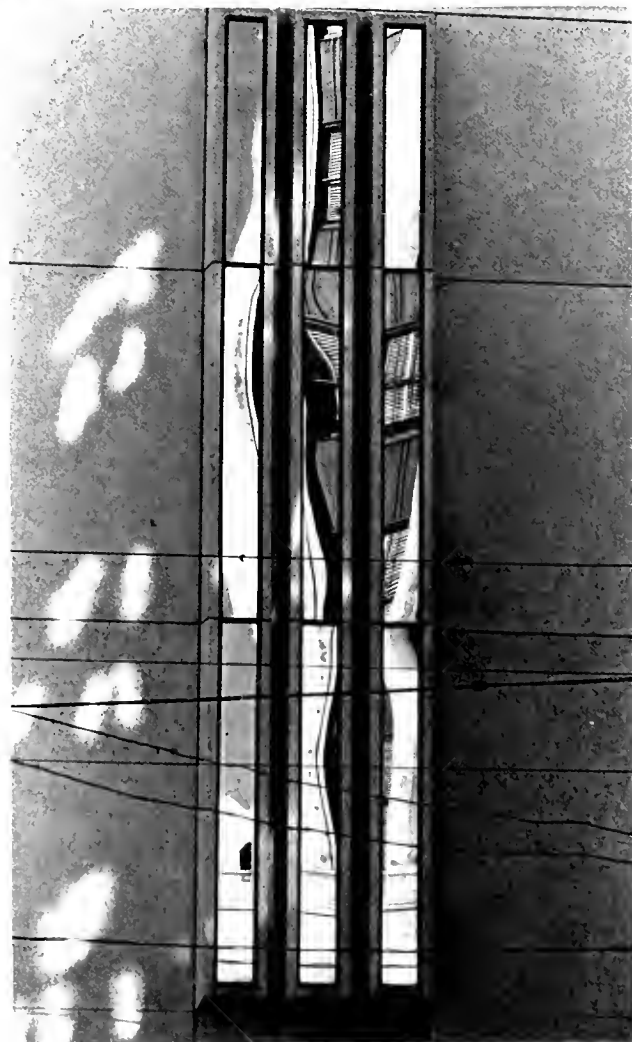






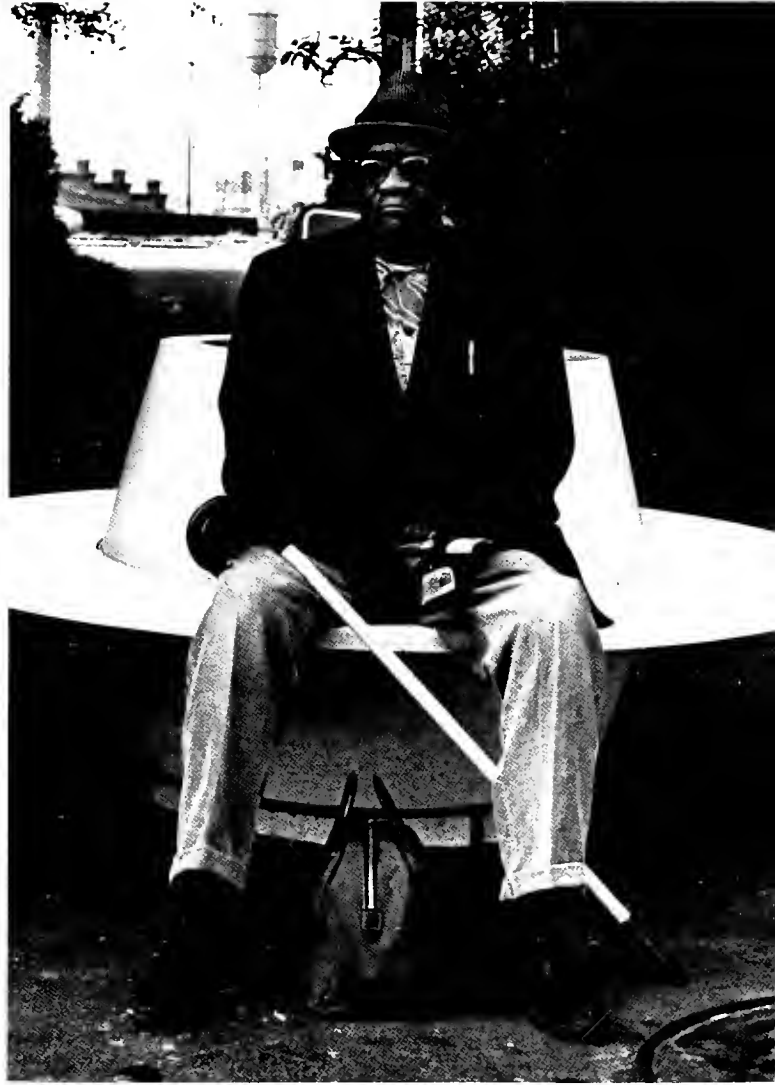






























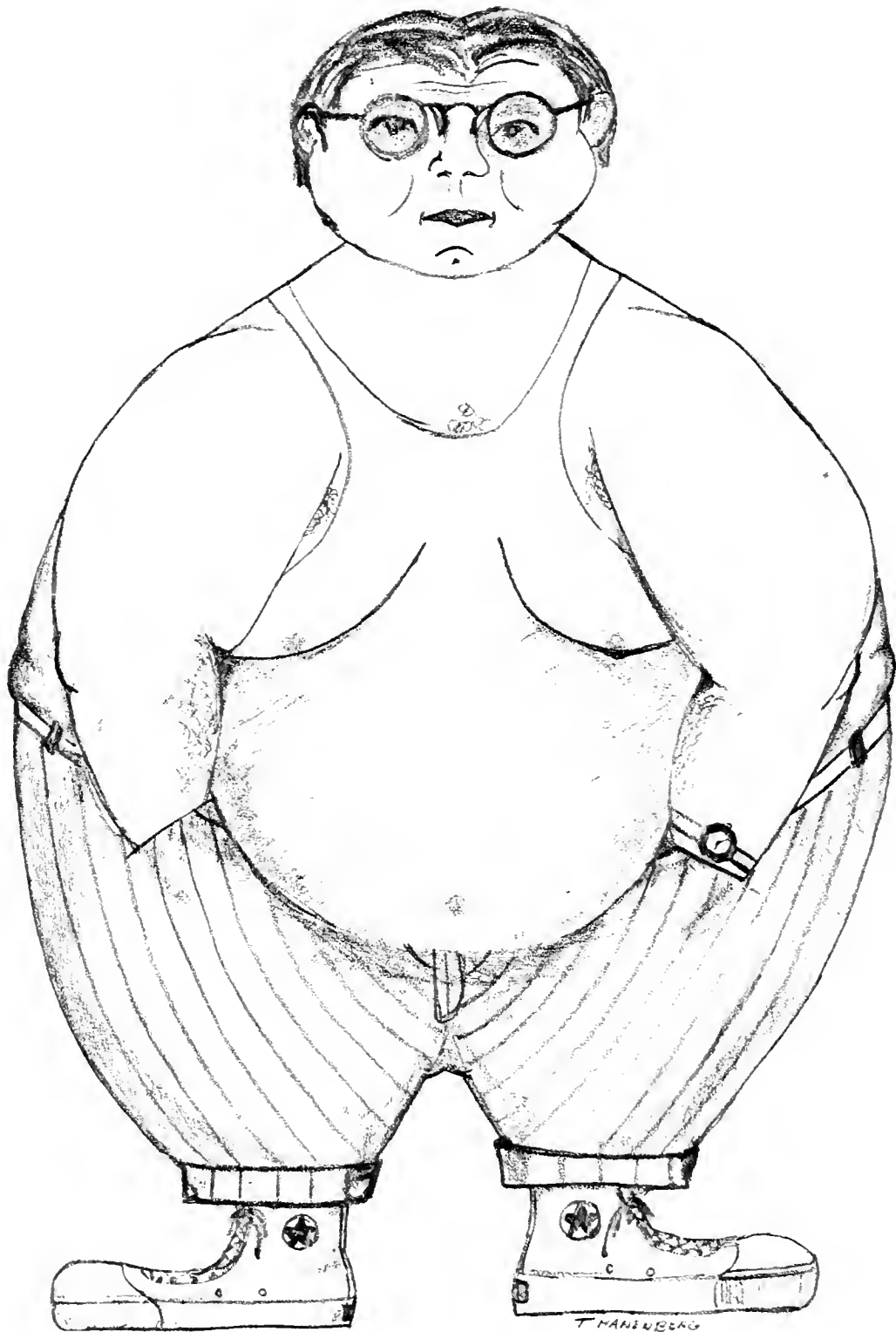












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FAT CITY

Froggie is the official door person, the greeter of guests. Every time a new group of revelers arrives froggie flops across the floor on her kerploppy splayed feet to welcome them. "Riiiiivettt" she croaks in marvelous basso frog talk by way of greeting and digs their reaction to being ushered in by a frog. That's a sensational costume froggie has on; you can bet it's no Woolworth's number. That's one frog suit that cost some bucks. There's the bell again and there goes froggie now. Uh-oh, there's a new guy, a stranger in this party just arriving, he doesn't know a soul here. Watch this.

Froggie ignores the rest of the newcomers and attaches herself to the strange guy. She's so short and exceedingly rotund. "Flies?" she murmurs, beginning to nibble around the guy's chest with her thick, enormously exaggerated froggie lips. "Any flies? ... Looking for flies" Nibble, nibble. The guy is backed up against the wall trying to recall if anything in his experience up to now has prepared him for handling a rapacious frog socially, but he's drawing a blank.

"A-ha!" exclaims froggie suddenly, jumping back in mock amazement and pointing a finger triumphantly. "At last a fly!" she shouts, rolling her great froggie head in dizzy anticipation. Pouncing again she nibbles voraciously. Cackles of laughter erupt from the other party-ers. The guy himself is plastered rigidly against the wall; his uncertain smile glitters like a cheap rhinestone applique. Froggie won't let go. He manages a very nervous laugh: how far is this going to go? Not much farther, thank God. Another gaggle of arrivals has just come in and froggie's attention is reluctantly diverted. Whew!

Great party! It's being held in one of those Southern suburban dwelling complexes which aspire to the manor manner. It's Halloween and all the makings of seasonal festivity are abundantly present indeed the groaning board seems actually to sag under the weight of the holiday victuals. Lament loops of black and orange crepe paper droop from overhead, paper skeletons and goblins dangle about on strings, and from the corners come the glow of the jack-o'-lanterns. Drinks, smokes, food, laughter, camaraderie, the blossoming of casual party lust Ya-hoo! Great party!

But ... ummm, there is something ... untoward here. Look around. There seems to be the preponderance of ... well, this might sound unkind, but for example look over there on that couch, those three people sitting there, a guy and two chicks. I mean that's a normal-sized couch isn't it? But look how jammed in they are. There's barely room for the three of them. It looks like they're sitting on play furniture. Jesus, they're really enormous! Oh, now look. One of 'em is trying to get up. Oh, God, poor thing. She looks like a turtle that's been flipped over on its back. Epic struggle. That couch is really too low. She'll never ... yes! Terrific second effort! She's got her massive legs planted on the floor for leverage, and her short puffy arms looking like connected links of soft balloony pop-art sausage, are vainly trying to push off from the couch trembling madly with the effort but the immutable force of all that massed inertia is again sucking her right back down into the cushions. Her face is twisted into doughy rolls of naked agony ... Ah, but now there is help. Hands cup around her elbows and, aided by a little push from the lady seated next to her, she is heaved to her feet "Sssssshhhhhuuuuuu!" she wheezes in relief, pulling herself back together. She smiles and nods gratefully to the gallants who have come to her rescue and chugs over to the buffet table.

That's it, of course. That lady has got to tip the Toledos at somewhere in the neighborhood of two-eighty, three hundred pounds, a big mama, and she doesn't even look out of place here! Put her down in your average crowd and she'd stand out as a monument to corpulence, but here she's just folks! Isn't this wild?"

"Isn't this wild!" The new guy, the stranger that froggie worked over, has gotten separated from his friends, and he's just been sort of slinking about taking all this in. This chick has been noticing his openmouthed wonderment, chuckling as she watched the amazement race over his face, and she's just joined him at his vantage

point in the hallway. She's not what you'd call petite herself, this lady isn't, but in comparison to most here she looks downright svelte. "Isn't this wild?" she's asking the guy. "Have you ever seen more oof on the hoof in one place in your life? These are all ricers, in case you didn't know. Damn near everyone here is on the rice diet, or has been on it."

Now it dawns on him. The rice diet. Of course. We're in Durham. Duke University, sure. This is the thing what's his name, Buddy Hackett, is always boosting on the talk shows. Kempner is the guy's name. Dr. Kempner's rice diet. Ask you a question, he says to the girl. If all these people are on this diet, which I know not a thing about except it is said to be a very tough regimen, what about the old groaning board over there and all those pudgy folks gathered around it? What about those people sitting over there bent over those paper plates heaped so copiously with the potato salad and the cold cuts and that gorgeous orange-and-black dyed bread? What about those big platters laden with brownies and chocolate-chip cookies, and listen, what about that lady back in the bedroom, who is huddled over a plate of food that I have rarely seen the likes of, so intent on getting the most in the quickest that she is shoving great pawfuls into her maw, hand over hand? What about that?

"Ah, but they're cheating," says the lady. "Look at them. Look how guilty they look, how they won't meet your eye. They know what they're doing to themselves. They're paying big money to come here and starve off pounds on the rice diet, and they're throwing it all away like there's no tomorrow. Listen, I can empathize with them. They're starving. I doubt if you've ever been as hungry as most of these people are. Some of them are sick with hunger. I've been driven to cheating like this myself before. Look at me, I ask you. The only difference is I don't have the guts or the balls or whatever to do it where everybody can see me."

The lady laughs. "It's a good thing Kempner's in Europe, though. Probably most of these people wouldn't be doing this out in the open if he was here. They're scared to death of him. They say that he can look at your urine specimen and tell exactly what you have been eating."

Of course, the lady points out, as you can see not everybody is fat. But just about everybody here is freaky in some way, that she'll guarantee. "The ricers attract all the local flakos."

Back in the bedroom things have gotten stoned slapstick. The very pudgy girl is still at it, her hands like dual metronomes slugging away at that grub. "Jesus, lookit her!" whoops another lady. "She can't get it in fast enough. Here, oinkie, lemme help ya." She grabs a big handful of the potato salad and smears it onto the other girl's mouth, trying to stuff it down her throat. "Mmmmmmmph!" sputters the hungry girl, shaking her head in an attempt to resist the other's hand. But her helper is not to be denied. Another handful, most of which ends up on the bed. "That's right, grunt-grunt, stuff it on in there. It's only costing you about forty dollars a bite," she roars. Now they both have potato salad smeared all over themselves. The smearee is trying helplessly to suppress her giggles, but finally it spews out, laughter, food and everything all over her friend, and they collapse in a paroxysm of uncontrolled hilarity in each other's arms onto the bed.

The room is in an uproar. Another of the portly ladies jumps up and pirouettes her ungainly bulk around the room, running her hands up and down her Mother Earth corpus in a slinky self-parody. "Here it is, folks," she blusters, carny-style. "The five-thousand dollar figure. That's right. Five big ones. Several months of rice and five thousand dollars and you can have a shape just like mine. Now if you folks would care to step a little closer ..."

"Do you want to know who the most exploited person in the world is? The fat man, the fat person. Fat people are almost an ethnic group, but one that nobody has any qualms about doing a job on. You never hear on radio and TV anymore any jokes about spades or Jews or P.R.'s, but the fat man gets it from everybody. Ha-ha, the jolly fat man. Give us a yuk, fat man. Make us howl, fat lady."

"Do you have any idea what it's like to be made aware every day of your life that you're a freak? I'm not talking about the

strangers on the street who stare at you and point you out to their kids right there where you can see them. I mean from your own family, the people who are supposed to love you. I think it usually starts at about age ten, for some people maybe earlier, but, yeah, for most it's about ten. See that's just about when your parents realize that this isn't just baby fat that Junior or Sis is carrying around. It's not going to magically fall away someday to reveal the little darling they've been waiting for. Yeah, about ten. From then on you are made aware of every bite of food you put in your mouth. You ask any obese person. I bet everyone of them will tell you that for most of their lives they have never put a bite in their mouth that they didn't feel guilty about, at least way down deep. That's a lot of accumulated guilt that fat people carry around with them.

"So say you're ten years old and Mom and Dad realize they got this chubby little monster on their hands. They don't know how to handle it so they start making the rounds of the doctors. They put you on diets and then they harp at you so about not cheating that you cheat just out of nervousness. Lots of times the parents are big eaters themselves, you know, and that makes it even tougher. Like in a lot of Jewish families homelife is still more or less centered around the table and you get the old Yiddish Mama thing. Eat, eat, I'm up all night cooking you shouldn't eat? Except for you, fatty, you don't eat. Keep your hands off the mashed potatoes.

"Who knows why you're fat in the first place? Maybe it is because your body requires less or something. But you're just as hungry. Or sometimes you know your parents are into their own thing, and you're just not getting enough attention from them. So you tap them on the shoulder and you say, 'Hey, look at me. I'm fat.' Sure, it's negative attention you're getting, but if you're feeling left out you'll be glad to take any kind of attention you can get.

"In school your distinction is that you're the fat kid in the class. No matter what else you do. You got two choices: you either clam up and go inside yourself, live a fantasy life — and most of the fantasy is about all this fat suddenly, miraculously, dropping off of you — or you become super outgoing. You become the happy fat kid. Well, like the paper boy said, I got news for you. There's no such thing as a happy fat kid."

Gordon (the names are changed but the voices are true) is just about as likeable a guy as you ever want to meet. He's smart and quick and funny and perceptive, and possessed of an appealing sort of abashed charm that is guaranteed to win you over. Gordon tips in at something around 350 pounds. At five feet nine this girth gives him the shape of a droopy double pyramid, the bases of which are joined together at his waist. When his arms are at rest they hang at a forty-five-degree angle from the vertical, pushed out by the outward slopes of his upper body. To say that Gordon is fat would not be hitting the note. For him, and for many ricers, the word needs some baroqueing up; needs some plump and squiggly little curlicues to lend it the requisite, ah, *avoiirdupois*. Still it is possible to see handsomeness lurking like a sneak thief down there beneath the billows. Maybe if Gordon were still up around 511, which he has reached on occasion, all that would be totally obscured, but now a wisp of the promise remains. Like so many fat people, once you exhibit a genuine interest, Gordon is so disarmingly open about his obesity, its roots and ramifications, that you begin to marvel at his unsparing honesty. But he's been thinking about these things for a long time. As he says, it's hard for him to kid himself anymore. "When you're fat that's all you ever think about, so you get pretty contemptuous of the tricks you can play on yourself." Gordon is a believer in what he calls the "invalid theory" of obesity, which can be summed up in this one phrase: "Don't bother me, I can't cope. I'm too fat."

"See, when you're fat you don't have to take responsibility for anything but your fatness. You don't have to go out and meet people and you don't have to take the chance of getting hurt that contact always poses. You can just stay in the dark and brood and fester. Nobody is particularly going to take the trouble to try to get to know a fat person. So the fat is nice protection if you look at it that way. It's literally a nice thick wall insulating you from contact."

Gordon's been coming to Durham for twelve years now. Sometimes he stays here even when he's not "on service" with the Kempner program: "I guess I like it here. I feel comfortable and accepted here. Even most of the townies are used to the ricers so they don't turn and stare at you in the street when you walk past. They just assume you're on the diet. Sometimes one of the grits (townspeople) will ask me something that shows he just assumes I'm a ricer, like how's things on the diet." I look at him like he's crazy and I say, What kind of a diet? I don't know from diets. I'm just passing through here on my way to Florida."

For him the rice diet has been only intermittently successful. He has achieved some quite dramatic weight losses, most notably a 230-pound drop in a fourteen-month period in 1967-68 (he says he was inspired by a girl he was in love with at the time), but every time the pounds came piling back. "The last significant weight

loss I had, what would be significant to you, was eighty-pounds. But it was nothing to me. I hardly looked any different."

Gordon doesn't make any pretensions to an aesthetic love of food. "I'm a junkie," he says, "not a gourmet. When I go on a binge it's usually snackies, whatever's quickest and easiest, lots of TV dinners. Some say if you ingest ten times your body weight in calories you maintain without gaining. Like I weigh 350, so I could eat 3500 calories a day. Well, one stinking TV dinner has 500 calories in it and I can inhale three of them without blinking. Right now I'm not dieting. I guess I just don't have any incentive. But that doesn't mean I don't feel guilty when I go overboard. Last night's an example. I'm driving home and I know I'm gonna have trouble getting past Ken's Quickie Mart which stays open late. My goddamned car just follows its nose right into the parking lot. I picked up an eight-inch frozen pizza, eight ounces of American cheese, some apples and a handful of Mounds candy bars. Just for a snack. Burnt the goddamned pizza so bad I couldn't eat it. Pissed me off 'cause by that time Ken's was closed and I was really hungry. And this was all after dinner, mind you. For dinner I had had shrimp cocktail and prime ribs, the works.

"Oh, I'll tell you something else crazy about this town. I never saw anything like it. Everywhere you go. I mean everywhere, they got these sandwiches for sale. You know what I'm talking about? In cellophane wrappers? Like ham and cheese and tuna and egg salad. Chicken salad, like that. Everywhere. At gas stations, in the movies. I went into a tailor's the other day and there was a pile of those rotten sandwiches on the counter. You can wolf down a couple while you're waiting for your dry cleaning, for Christ's sake.

"I'm from New York, you know, and somehow Durham cheating and New York cheating are different. Here, like I said, I don't mind going out all that much because these people are used to us. But in New York you really stand out, you know, so you try to stay in as much as possible. Which isn't hard really 'cause it's so easy to order out. I must be the best customer that Rocky Lee's pizza ever had. I once had this fantasy that the delivery trucks from Rocky Lee's and Jay Tang's Chinese restaurant and The Steak Joint had this enormous wreck on the corner of Sixty-fourth Street and First Avenue. I thought, Jesus, what a great head start on a diet if those trucks were just put out of commission for a week."

"It is not a new experience that special diets are burdensome and require the faithful cooperation of physician and patient. The rice-fruit-sugar diet is certainly no exception." — "Compensation of Renal Metabolic Dysfunction: Treatment of Kidney Disease and Hypertensive Vascular Disease with Rice Diet," by Dr. Walter Kempner, *North Carolina Medical Journal*, February, 1945.

Recognition didn't come easy for Dr. Kempner, God knows. When he first started pushing his rice diet back in the early Forties he was met with a pretty big ration of ridicule from the medical establishment. It was only to be expected. After all, he was turning accepted dietary rules upside down. For years he had been studying the metabolism of deranged cells, first in his native Germany, and then, after Hitler's accession, here in the States at Duke. His interest was focused on the effects of diet on people suffering from vascular and renal diseases — diseases such as nephritis and nephrosis (deadly kidney ailments), high blood pressure, heart disease and diabetes. Through his research Kempner became convinced that diet played a much larger role in the incidence of such diseases than was believed at the time. Salt, he concluded was the major poisoner. What was needed was a regimen which would be salt free, which contained a minimum of protein and fat (and, of course, cholesterol), and which would maintain a balance of essential amino acids and certain chemical substances called "electrolytes" in the body. He was struck by the fact that in geographical areas where rice was a primary diet staple, the Far East, for example, the incidence of these diseases was demonstrably less frequent than in Western countries where comparatively little rice — but proportionately more fat — was consumed. Eureka. After some tinkering around he found that a severely restricted regimen consisting of rice, fruit and fruit juices — supplemented with vitamins — met the requirements best. The fact that that diet was high in carbohydrates and low in protein didn't sit too well with nutrition experts of the day, and many dismissed Kempner as just another faddist. He himself at first didn't think such a stringent program could be maintained by a patient for sustained periods, until a lucky accident convinced him otherwise. In 1942 he had started a patient, a middle-aged North Carolina farm wife suffering from chronic nephritis and an enlarged heart, on the diet, instructing her to return to the clinic at the end of two weeks. But she misunderstood his German accent and didn't return for two months, her condition remarkably improved. Kempner was soon able to produce convincing documented evidence proving the efficacy of his diet — that not only was it capable of arresting the progress of the diseases being treated, but in some cases, if followed closely over a long-enough period, it was actually effecting repairs in what had heretofore

fore been thought of as terminal diseases. More and more doctors began referring their chronic kidney, hypertension and diabetic cases to Kempner's clinic.

"There are plenty of people walking around today who are alive because of the Kempner diet," says Mary Wolfe, a slim and gracious and quite healthy-looking lady who appears to be in her early fifties. "I know because I'm one of them." Mary lives in Durham now, in a beautifully restored cabin outside the town. She came to love the area through her frequent visits to Durham over the years, and now, although there is no real reason for her to be near the clinic, she prefers to stay.

"I suffered from hypertension and it looked for a while as if I would die. Doctor after doctor could do nothing for me. Finally I had a sympathectomy, which at that time, in the Forties, was considered quite a last-ditch operation. When it didn't seem to have done any good, a doctor recommended that I come to Durham and try the rice diet. I did, and slowly began to improve. I lived on rice and fruit for a long time but eventually it was liberalized so I could have other things, vegetables and even a little meat, but never any salt. And here I am now, all these years later, feeling very well, thank you."

Mary feels that Kempner has never really gotten the kind of recognition that he deserves. "He took on people that nobody else could help. I remember children dying of terminal kidney diseases. He put them on the diet and watched them closely and some of them actually improved. He was able to add months, and sometimes years, to their lives after they had been given up for dead."

Gradually resistance to the revolutionary new diet died away, ever so gradually as it were, as Kempner and his colleagues built up an impressive file of successful cases. In the early years of the diet it had been noticed of course that a significant weight loss usually occurred in those who undertook the regimen, and eventually Kempner began accepting patients whose only apparent problem was obesity — as opposed to the vascular and renal patients. It was and is, however, Kempner's contention that there is no such thing as "just" obesity. He feels that the chronically overweight condition is invariably accompanied by attendant problems, that obesity frequently is a sign that the body has been damaged. For this reason he subjects everyone going on the diet to a probing and comprehensive battery of tests and consultation before their weight-loss regimen begins.

Over the years more and more obesity patients were accepted at the clinic, but it was in 1952 that a marked increase was noted. Then in 1968 Mrs. Betty Hughes, whose husband was the governor of New Jersey at the time, wrote a highly laudatory article in *Ladies' Home Journal* about her successful weight loss on the diet and soon after that most of Kempner's patients had obesity problems.

"Things were a lot different when I first came down here sixteen years ago," says Elaine, who at 230 pounds, even though she is down a hundred from a year ago, is not one of the rice diet's most successful examples. "I was an obesity case in 1958" she continues. "I was seventeen years old. I weighed 268 pounds. Many of the other patients were here for hypertension and kidney trouble and stuff, terminal diseases mostly. It was pretty horrible. The clinic had outgrown the hospital where they used to keep all the patients, and they had just set up the rice houses — one on Lamond Street and one on Mangum — where everybody lived and ate. I was surrounded by death. In those days they had time to look after you and I was watched like a hawk. Now there are too many patients for that and things are a little looser." Elaine dropped a hundred pounds that first time around and went back north to finish school. But in a year's time she had gained it all back and then some and was back in Durham. She figures she's spent almost half of the intervening years here and has been on the program at least fifteen times.

"When I first used to come down here I was really a hateful kid. I would throw tantrums and scream and do anything for attention. The nurses despised me. One time Kempner caught me cheating and he put me in the hospital for a supervised fast. I had nothing but distilled water for twenty-eight days. He knew I was into psychology in school so he told me I should study the psychological effects of starvation. By the end of the fast I had lost thirty pounds.

"Later that same year I got sick and got down to 161. Kempner wanted me to go to 145 and a battle of wills began. I left the hospital at 132. I shot back up to 150 in two weeks' time. I used to volunteer to help the nurses' with the food trays so I could steal off them."

Elaine's all-time high was 411 pounds. She has a picture of herself at that weight taped to the refrigerator door in her apartment. Last year when she returned to Durham after an absence of several years she was so heavy that her legs couldn't support her and one of her knees had given out. She had to use a cane to walk. "You run into a lot of bizarre things in an atmosphere like this one,"

she laughs. "A lot of humor here, although most of it is pretty desperate humor. You know like most ricers are scared of death of Kempner. People will do anything not to incur his wrath. There's a weigh-in every morning at the rice houses too, so if there are any suspicious jumps in weight you can count on getting some crap from the staff. But there's always a way to beat it. People will go out on a binge and then take these enormous doses of laxative and void it all. Or you can take diarrhetics too. 'Course they dehydrate you and make you lose abnormal amounts of potassium. People get very sick on them but they go right back out and do them again.

"You know, my whole life revolves around being fat. It gets to be this very vicious circle. I'll start to feel guilty about doing this to myself and that will bring on stress which makes me nervous, so I begin to eat, which brings on more guilt. Finally, you just say, What the hell, I'm a rotten son of a bitch anyway, and you just eat some more. Its like a trap you can't get out of. But after all this, after years of going through this kind of self-hate and loneliness and unhappiness, of always getting hurt because of the super-sensitivity you build up, I'm not ready to throw the towel in. I'm still working at it in my fashion. I guess that says something."

Jeannie is us now experiencing what must be quite a delightful sensation. She is discovering for the first time in her life that she's attractive. Jeannie's dropped more than a hundred pounds in the eleven months or so that she's been in Durham and although she's still a touch pudgy at 147 — twenty pounds over her goal — there is almost no resemblance between the present Jeannie and the bloated blob that stares dully out at you in her "before" picture. Jeannie is a tough, funny girl in her early twenties, and she is fond of shrewd observations about fat life-styles.

"You're gonna be seeing a lot of 'before' pictures in Durham," she says, laughing. "Anytime anybody is successful on a diet the first thing they do when they meet you is to find some excuse to whip out the old 'before' picture. I guess you can understand why. I look at old pictures of me and I can't believe it myself. I don't think fat people really know what they look like. They avoid seeing themselves. And you have no idea what a trip it is to find out that you really have a face, with definition and all. You know there are a lot of things that most women take for granted that just don't happen to a fat chick. Like guys are just now beginning to do nice, polite things for me, lighting my cigarette and opening doors for me. Nobody does that kind of thing for a fat woman. It's really heavenly."

Jeannie's been going on — and falling off — diets ever since she can remember. The pattern is always the same: big losses at first which dwindle down until you hit a plateau that you can't seem to get past. Then you get discouraged and start cheating. "I've tried 'em all, baby." She laughs. "You gotta figure that by the time someone comes here for the rice diet they've already tried every goddamned method in the world for losing weight. Counting calories, counting carbohydrates, eating only one thing for weeks, water diets, hospital fasts, sleep cures, every kind of fad diet you can imagine out of the women's magazines. Metrecal, uppers, downers, injectons — do you know there's one where they inject you with the urine of a pregnant woman and it supposedly makes you lose weight? But I'm married to a guy who eats all day and never gains an ounce. So all I do is cook. What am I supposed to do? For me coming to Durham was really the last gasp. I mean it's a pretty major move. You give up your home and your family, if you're a guy you got to take all this time away from your job or your business, and you move down here for months, in some classes for years, just to lose weight. You got to be pretty desperate to put yourself through that."

Jeannie stayed on the rice diet for six months, but when she stopped losing weight she switched over to still another diet program administered by Dr. Richard Stuelke under the auspices of the Duke Student Health Program. Jeannie's case more or less defines the coordinates of a controversy that is raging in Durham at the moment; it might be figuratively described as Kempner in this corner and Stuelke in this. Many ricers, in fact, are making the move away from the rice diet over to the Stuelke plan, which is a more relaxed and liberal regimen than Kempner allows. Buddy Hackett, who for years was one of Kempner's biggest boosters, talking up the rice diet on Carson's show, tried out Stuelke's regimen recently for a one-month period. He still has only the best of things to say about Kempner and doesn't want to get involved in the controversy. Buddy just drops into town several times a year to shed whatever excess that high living has piled on him and just as quietly he slips out.

"I lost a lot of weight on the rice diet, but I got really sick on it," says Jeannie. "I was always feeling dizzy and woozy and then I started passing out. I had my period for two months straight. When it started to look like I wasn't gonna lose any more weight I said to myself, 'Who needs this aggravation?' and I switched over.

"See, Stuelke's diet is salt-poor in contrast to the rice diet which is salt-free. This gives him a lot more latitude in designing menus and you get to eat a lot of things Kempner forbids. As far as I'm concerned it's just about impossible to try to maintain the rice diet in normal life, even though it too loosens up some after the first few weeks. I'm not really knocking Kempner on this point — if you have a lot of weight to lose and want to do it the fastest way, his diet is probably the best — but I think Stuelke provides a nice sort of halfway house for people who want to get back to their regular lives. Also some people just can't or won't stick to the rice diet and this one is much easier. And there's another thing. Stuelke's overweight himself, and he's been even fatter than he is now, so he can empathize with you; he knows what you're going through. Kempner is like a piece of wire. He refuses to sympathize or try to identify with the patients. He's very cold and very impersonal.

"I guess you have to remember that he's been dealing with these fat people for a long time. He probably knows more about it than anybody, so there's sure to be a method in his madness. Most people come here wanting to be punished for this horrible thing they've done to themselves. They're really masochistic. I think they'd eat garbage if he gave it to them. You got to remember that people who come here are very self-indulgent people, most of them pretty rich. And they've let themselves get so helpless. You see people coming in here so heavy they have to have walkers just to get around. I'm talking about four and five hundred pounds and more. I'm talking about fat."

Melody is another girl who, like Jeannie, is emerging from a lifelong chrysalis of fatty tissue, only twenty or thirty pounds away from true beauty. And, like Jeannie, she is also a convert to Stuelke after half a year or so on the rice diet. She has her own reasons. "Don't let anyone kid you, all this about glandular problems and all is just crap. Maybe some people's bodies assimilate food better than others, but it still all comes down to eating too much. Even so, though, there's got to be some psychological reason why you do, and I think these problems ought to be attacked. But Kempner discourages you from seeing a shrink when you are on service. Nobody denies that Kempner can give you a slim body but he leaves you with a fat head. On Stuelke you can get group therapy. He encourages it.

"If you want to know what I think, though, I think a lot of ricers come back here because they like it here. You know, for the first time in your life you're surrounded by people who have the same problem you do. You find out you're not as abnormal as you thought. It's kinda comforting. Plus you gotta remember that most of the people here are not exactly playing with a full deck. This is kind of an escape into unreality for them. Funny, when you first get down here you really feel horrible. Here you are in this strange little Southern town, you've been pushed around like a goddamned cow through a few days of testing, then you go over to one of the rice houses where they feed you this thimbleful of crappy rice, and all you see are these tremendously fat people. Your first reaction is to stay aloof. You look at these grotesque, overweight slobs and you think, I'm not one of those. I don't look like that. And even if I do, I'm not really a fat person. The real me, down underneath all this, is skinny. This fat is just something that happened to me. So you shy away from contact. But then after a while you begin to realize that everybody here is in the same boat, we've all got the same problems. Maybe the reasons we're fat aren't the same, but the result is. That's one of the things about obesity, it's right out there for everyone to see. Maybe we're not really any more screwed up than anyone else, but everyone can see our hangups. Anyway, after you get over that initial stand-offishness you begin to develop some very deep relationships. There are a lot of jokes about the hanky-panky that goes on among the ricers, but I think it's this feeling of being in sort of a ghetto that causes it. You know, we're all pariahs together. Another ricer is the only one who can every really know what you go through. Plus there's this crazy thing that seems to happen to just about everybody. When the fat starts dropping off, the old sex drive starts to come back. What it is, I think, is that fat masks feelings. When you're fat you don't want any emotional contact with anybody, you just want to be left alone. You're unfeeling and it seems like you just forget about sex. But when you start to recognize yourself again, when you start to get the feeling that maybe there's something there to like again, Jesus, you really start getting horny. Of course you need a lot of reinforcement to stick to the diet. You need some kind of proof that this torture you're putting yourself through — and believe me, it's pure hell — is worthwhile. What better way is there than to have somebody show some interest in you?"

Passing the day in Fat City: At the Downtowner and the Durham Hotel. At the Duke Motor Lodge. At the Cavalier Inn (where Buddy stops when he's in town), and the Holiday Inn and the Hilton. In drab efficiencies off Gregson and combination studios on Chapel

Hill Road. In the sorority-chapter ambience of the rice houses on Lamond and Mangum, the ricers morbidly molt away the days in their transient chambers, while the pounds drop off slowly, agonizingly, imperceptibly, choking back screams of deprivation, gnawing on reddened knuckles as the walls resound with the crunches, slurps, gurgles and grunts, the resplendency of remembered repasts, gargantuan grub-ups of the fantasy, aromatic juices of the imagination sending maddening wafts through the nostrils of memory, visions of: sugarplums? Sure, and what of thick, mayo-dripping B.L.T.'s and tripledecker clubs impaled with those little fancydan toothpicks? What of good roadside greasy-burgers buttressed with slices of soggy onions and puckery, acidic pickles, with sides of yummy fries swimming in viscous pools of watery catsup mmm marbled K.C. strips heaped in mounds upon platters, baskets of hot garlic bread with chives, bursting Idahoes all gooeey with sour cream and bacon bits and gobs of butter, barbecued chips, Fritos, Twinkies, onion dip, jalapeno bean sauce, guacamole Sara Lee, vile temptress ... oh, those little dime pies in wax paper, little two-bite pies, oh, God. Reese's peanut-butter cups, Nestle's Crunch, sludgy sundaes of axle-grease chocolate and maraschino in counterpoint . . . Jesus, stop it now, just stop it. It always starts this way, with these reveries. Just get your mind off it, don't think about it. You know once you start it's just crazy. You got too much in this to start cheating now, much too much. Right off the bat there was that five- or six-hundred-dollar pop for tests and consultation. Two days of being pushed and poked at an drained and then that consultation with Herr Doktor, Hello, wat's you name, don' chead, be sure and wear you nametag, good-bye. Then up to a hundred and titty a week for treatment plus, plus thirty for what they call food. Forget about motel or apartment rental, away-from-home living expenses and like that. No, babe, no cheating, not when you're pumping close to a grand a month into this. Besides, whatever you eat is gonna show up in the urinalysis anyway, am I right? Aha, look! A cheeseburger! A small pizza! With anchovies! And one, two, three eight. Eight hershey's Candy Kisses! You've been cheating, are-en't you ashamed? You are a cheater. Here Professor Doktor Kempner can read your peepee like it's an autobiography. So just forget it. Try a book. Let's see, a little Thomas Wolfe? Local boy wasn't he, from Asheville or somewhere? Oh, no! Not with those scrumptious descriptive passages about the feasts Mama Gant used to whip up for the boarders. And God, do you remember that one about going out to the circus early in the morning with his brother to work for free passes? Sneaking into the food tent to watch the performers shovel down those mammoth breakfasts? Do you remember how ne goes on about the smell of the coffee bubbling pungently in the big silvered urns, the oatmeal and rich heavy cream, mounds of hotcakes soaking up butter and syrup, the snapping of the eggs on the grill and the rashers of smoked bacon? No! And stay away from Henry Miller, too, that bastard, with his midnight sensualist's snacks of wursts and funky cheeses and Westphalian ham and moist black bread spread with sweet butter. Him with his fruits and tortes and chilled Moseles

Well, try the tube then. No cooking shows, no Julia or the Galloper for God's sake, and just try to ignore the commercials. Ooooh, that one where they show how that butterball turkey bastes itself from the inside with pure butter . . . Betty Crocker . . . Pop Tarts

A & P ooooh. Take a walk. Go over to the "Y" for some volleyball. But no picking off the room-service trays on your way, so embarrassing when you get nabbed. And stay away from that poisonous little carry-out near Lamond. Dinner's only an hour away. Dinner? Some lousy supe:-scrubbed rice and a little fruit, glass of lousy tea? You call that dinner? And still eighty-five pounds till goal? Oh, I think I wanna die "Lord, these folks is o-beast!" a local cabbie draws in wonderment, and he ain't wrong, he ain't wrong. Most Durhmites are pretty blasé about the ricers by now (it takes a really extraordinary case to make heads swing in the street anymore), but due to the insularity of the ricers and the natural suspicions of many small-town folks, the camps coexist pretty much in an atmosphere of latent hostility. Of course the fact that most ricers don't hit town exactly penniless hasn't escaped the attention of the locals, neither the businessmen nor the Main Street cowpokes who make the easy rounds of the ricer ladies. The general sentiment of the transient diet community is probably best summed up in this quote from "The Rotund Ricer," a nonofficial, unauthorized underground sheet which mysteriously appears from time to time and whose editorial content is mostly devoted to gossip, jabs at Kempner, and a running stream of invective aimed at the locals. "Ricers are, more often than not, misunderstood, misinterpreted, misconstrued, and generally abused by almost every straight group and individual in the goddamn, half-assed city of Durham, North Carolina. We are only tolerated because we spend a goddamned lot of money in this god forsakened (sic) place. So go on and do your dammedest Durham. We can take it. And we'll leave tons of blubber all over this miserable, scroungy town."

On the other hand many of the locals resent what they consider a condescending attitude on the part of the ricers. "These people

been coming here for years from places like New York and Philadelphia and Chicago, thinking that we all walk around with straw hanging out of our mouths," says a young Durham guy. "But you know something. We got some slicks of our own around here and sometimes they get that hayseed impression changed for them real fast."

To that, many ricers would say a simple "Amen." "There's two kinds of prices in this town," says a disenchanted ricer lady from Miami. "Regular and ricer. We're the original ones you can see coming from a mile away." But these aren't necessarily unanimous views. Some ricers escape the psychic walls that dieting builds and carve out a life of their own here. Elaine, for example, is almost a local herself, she's been here so much. She has a local circle of friends, teaches in a school for abnormal children ("I think I got some special insights that can help them") and stays here much of the time even when she isn't on service.

Still, the hands across the water are few. "You want to hear something that'll really kill you?" asks Jeannie. "There's a shop here, a clothing shop, that caters to ricer women. Extra-large sizes you know? It's like one of those places where you can go and get a size-52 bathing suit if you need it, things like that. Well, you want to hear what the name of that shop is? 'The Wee Shop.' 'The Wee Shop!' That knocks me out. One time I asked the woman why in the world she ever decided to call the place 'The Wee Shop.' She said she thought it was kind of a cute name."

If you stay in Durham long enough you are bound to hear about Betty's Turkey Caper. Just as soldiers dig sitting around and rapping what they call war stories — tales of sexual derring-do — so ricers love swapping fables of prodigious eating feats, of super-conspicuous consumption. You hear of Jimmy G. who could knock off forty-five hot dogs in a sitting, or Ramon who can go through a case of beer in a snap, or of the unnamed guy who, after a successful stay at the clinic during which he dropped a good eighty pounds, gained twenty-one back during the car trip home by hitting every diner, general store and restaurant on the way. You talk to a lady who claims to have perfected the art of using a lettuce leaf for a mayonnaise kife when she sneaks downstairs for a midnight cheat because she knows her husband and kids have ears which are attuned to the sound of the silver drawer being opened.

But the undisputed supreme all-time number-one champion is Betty and her Turkey Caper. It comes up almost every time ricers gather. Betty wears her laurels with consummate grace and her infamy has not turned her head. Like all great champions she has retained the common touch. Only rarely will she make the slip into immodesty. "Have you ever met anyone who gained forty pounds in four days?" she asks expectantly. "That's the big time. That's major league binging. I'm the only one I know who ever did that."

Betty, in fact, has taken that one radical step past the rice diet. She has had the fabled "bypass" operation, a medical procedure which ranks among the fat in approximately the same place as the famed Vincent Black Shadow holds among motorcycle freaks. It's hard to get a doctor to approve the "bypass." Kempner frowns on it severely. One must be able to convince the physician that one's obesity is an irredeemably permanent condition. Last May, after years on the rice diet, Betty was able to do this. "They figured out that if I ever got down to 120 I'd have to restrict myself to 300 calories a day just to maintain, which is totally impossible. My body works too well, it just assimilates everything I eat."

When the bypass is performed the surgeon ties off all of the lower intestine except for a foot at the top and a foot at the bottom. This leaves approximately eighteen feet of lower intestine out of work. It cuts way down the time the body has to assimilate what is ingested before it is passed on through. Since her operation Betty has dropped some 75 pounds and expects to get down to 120 in about three years.

But yes, the Turkey Caper. It was a dark and stormy night some four years ago. Betty was in the hospital on a fast. Dr. Kempner had been accusing her of cheating and she swore she wasn't, so he resolved the matter by putting her on a fast.

"I had been fasting for three and a half weeks in the hospital. I was hungrier than you can believe. It was the night before Thanksgiving. I was walking through the halls going to visit a friend in another room. When I walked past the kitchen I noticed that the door was open, which was something that never happened in that hospital. I looked in and lo and behold, there was row upon row of turkeys all lined up, waiting for the feast the next day. I didn't go in but continued on to my friend's room. I said to myself, 'If it's God's will that that door be open and those turkeys still be there when I come back, then it must be God's will that I have turkey for Thanksgiving.' Lo and behold they were still there. I ran to my room and put my robe on and dashed back to the kitchen. I grabbed the biggest bird I could find and stuffed it up under by nightgown. What I didn't know was that the turkeys had just been taken from the oven when I first saw them and they were still cooling. I burnt the hell out of myself but of course I couldn't

tell anyone about it. How do you tell a doctor you've got turkey burns? Anyway, on the way to my room what happens but I run into a nurse. Hello, now are you feeling, she says, she wants to chat awhile. Uh, not too good, I tell her. In fact, I was just going to lie down. Feeling a little woozy, you know. What was happening, I was discovering to my horror, was that the damn turkey was leaking. I could feel this hot turkey fat dripping down my legs, and I looked down at the floor and saw this big puddle of grease forming. I got out of there quick. But before I went to my room I headed for a scale so I could weigh it. I wanted to be able to document this heist. I knew how much I weighed so I just had to subtract that from the total to find what he weighed. Nineteen pounds. That mother was nineteen pounds. I got back to my room at nine o'clock and started in on it. By three in the morning I had stripped his carcass clean. I was very proud. But then I had the problem of disposing of the evidence. I started flushing the bones down the toilet. Have you ever tried to flush a turkey breast down a toilet? It wouldn't fit so I finally threw it out the window. Kempner never found out. The next day when they weighed me I had gained eleven pounds. He was baffled. He never was able to figure out how someone could gain eleven pounds spontaneously. That fast was a lot of fun. Also during that time I used to send myself CandyGrams and charge them to Kempner."

There's a stretch leading out of Durham on Roxboro Road that the ricers call Destruction Row. Some of them call it Sin Alley but the idea is the same. In the space of a couple of blocks you drive past an Arby's Roast Beef, a Kentucky Fried Chicken, Pizzaville, Dunkin' Donuts, Shoney's Big Boy, McDonald's, and Fowler's Food Store. Ground has been broken for a Sizzler Steak House. Poison. That franchise junk is bad enough for anybody, but for the rice dieters it's sheer poison. A lot of ricers will make very complicated detours just to get to Roxboro Road. Same way with Northgate Shopping Center where The Swiss Colony cheese shop offers free samples to browsers. Same with the Dairy Queen on Trinity Street and the Mayberry Ice Cream Shoppes scattered around town. Same with Gino's and Hardee's and Burger King (home of the notorious Whopper), and with the Dobb's House, the Ivy Room and Howard Johnson's. Just thank God that the Baskin-Robbins is all the way over in Raleigh, although you can whiz over there for a quick bit of Jamocha Almond Fudge or English Toffee in oh, no time at all.

Melody has a memory of an epic day on Destruction Row. It was New Year's Day a year ago and a bunch of ricers were sitting around this motel room, moping away with the old away-from-home holiday downs and just being hungrier than hell, which wasn't anything unusual except that somehow being hungry on a holiday adds a new dimension to it, just so god damned hungry they were going absolutely bonkers with food fantasies, until finally someone said, well, screw it. I mean just screw it. I'm gonna die if I don't get something to eat. This is ridiculous. Well, that's all it took; everybody just sort of caved in. Classic mob psychology Melody calls it.

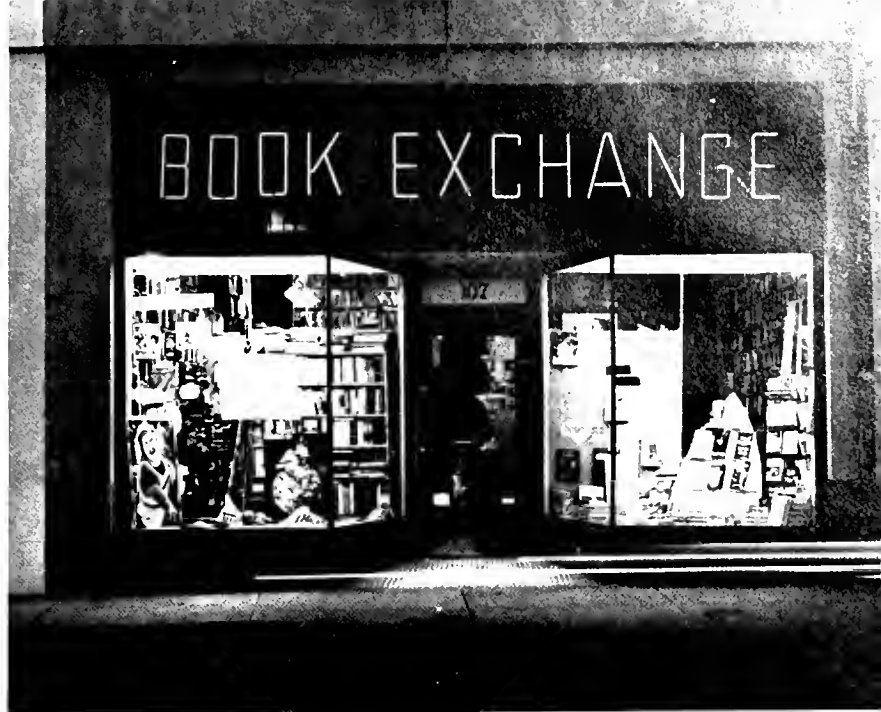
"I managed to resist it although I was hungry too," she says. "Hell, you're always hungry on the rice diet, ravenous. I mean it's really a bitch. But I was just dead set against cheating. I was losing really good at the time and I was so damned tired of being fat that I wasn't going to cheat for anything. But I was the only one who had a car and they wanted to binge. I didn't mind driving them around even though I knew I was going to be sorely tempted."

So they all jumped into Melody's car and headed out to Destruction Row. Okay, where do you want to hit first? Melody asks them. Listen, says this chick Margo in the back seat who was, Melody says, really a blimp, it doesn't matter where we hit first because before this is over we're gonna hit 'em all anyway. Just pull in somewhere, Melody, for Christ's sake.

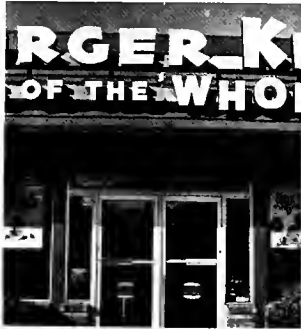
"Oh, man, you wouldn't believe it. I mean I've been a gorgor all my life but I'd never seen anything like this. You figure here's five people, really fat, their whole lives have been centered around food. And here they've been on this really brutal starvation diet for months, maybe doing a little minor cheating here and there but no big thing, you know? And all of a sudden they collectively decide to pull out all the stops. Maybe they wouldn't have gone off the deep end like this by themselves. I don't know, but wow, they were all in it together, you know, like a band of thieves or school kids on a tear or something. That car was carrying a lot of accumulated hunger. We went from Pizzaville to Colonel Sanders over to McDonald's then back to Dunkin' Donuts, just getting bags and bags of this junk. Rabid. And as far as I could see they were totally guiltless. It had come to that. We drove around for a couple of hours while they consumed all this stuff, which by the way was driving me mad, but I held out, God knows how. Then somebody said that since we had gone this far we should head over to Howard Johnson's for some sundaes. You know, let's do it up right. That's when the first pangs of guilt started to set in. Like two of the girls decided to split a hot fudge sundae instead of having one a piece. A little atonement, you know. Of course they each had a couple of brownies to help get it down."

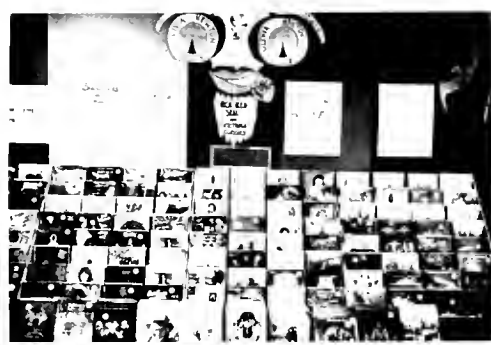
hang outs





















In Contradiction of "America is My Home"

Sure, okay, I'll admit that America is my home, but now
I feel the pressures, agonies, and pain of my brothers
and sisters.

Now, I am as hungry or hungrier than they. Mr. white man
doesn't want to "open the doors of opportunity" for us.
Being black is a blessing. To have a heritage that we have makes
us the luckiest people in the world. Just to know what it was
all like before shows me how far we have come, and where
we are going.

If my brothers and sisters were mistreated, then I was
mistreated; my forefathers were oppressed, and so
am I; we struggle and I struggle.

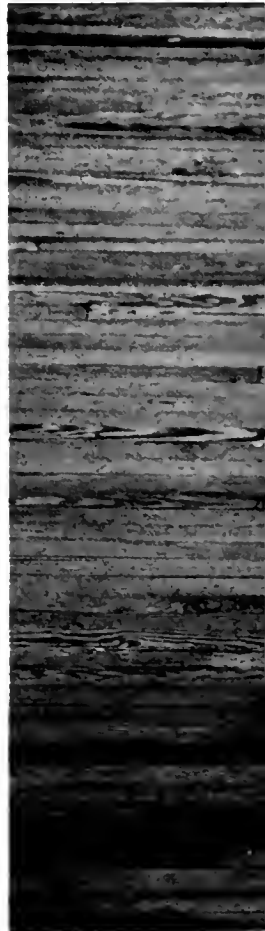
This country, I will admit is my home (according to the theory
that where you are born is your home). But
to be a part of this race, you have to have another
home. Africa.

Mr. Wallace would say I'm free now, but I say it's just a
beginning. I'm not as free as I want to be, but when
the time comes, I'm gonna be.

It's true, freedom means a lot; that's why, when we are free,
it's gonna be a wonderful thing. We're gonna know,
finally, what freedom really means.

Fredessa Hamilton
Trinity College Freshperson

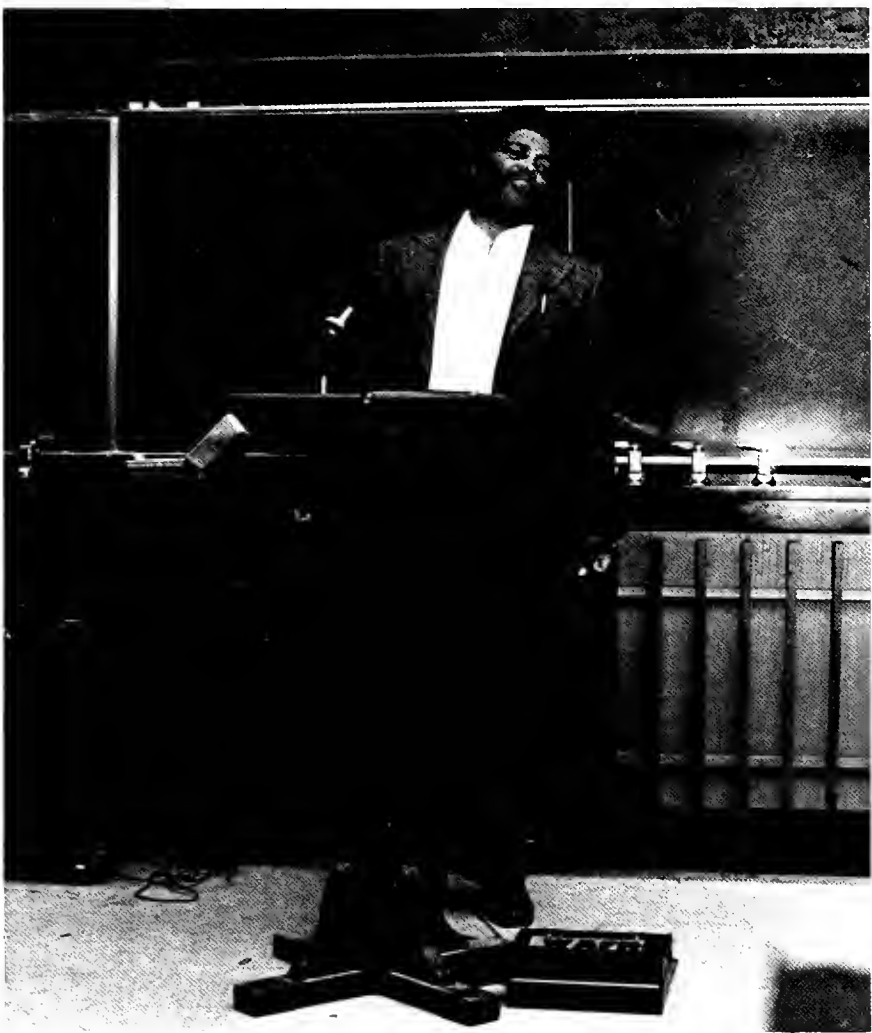
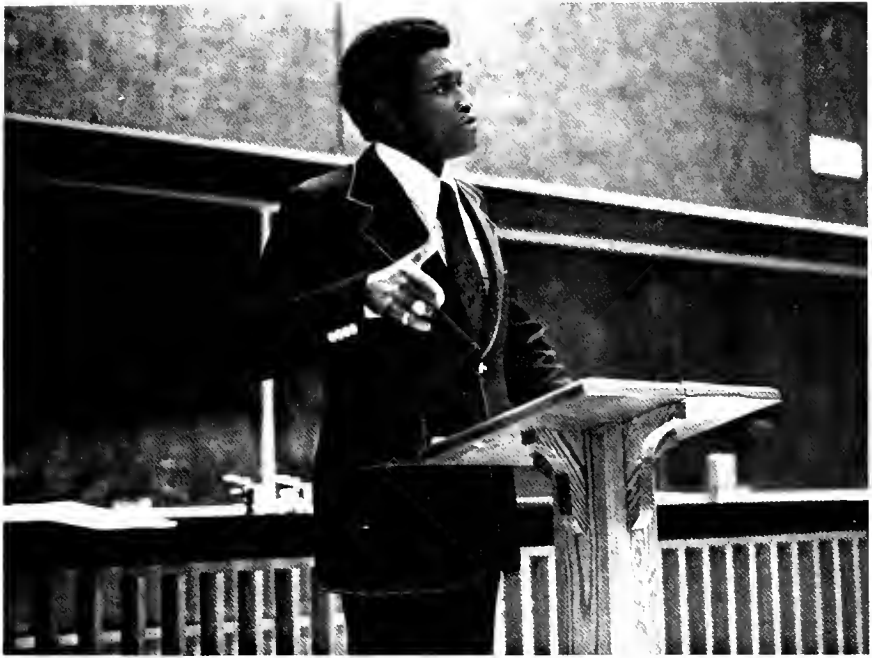




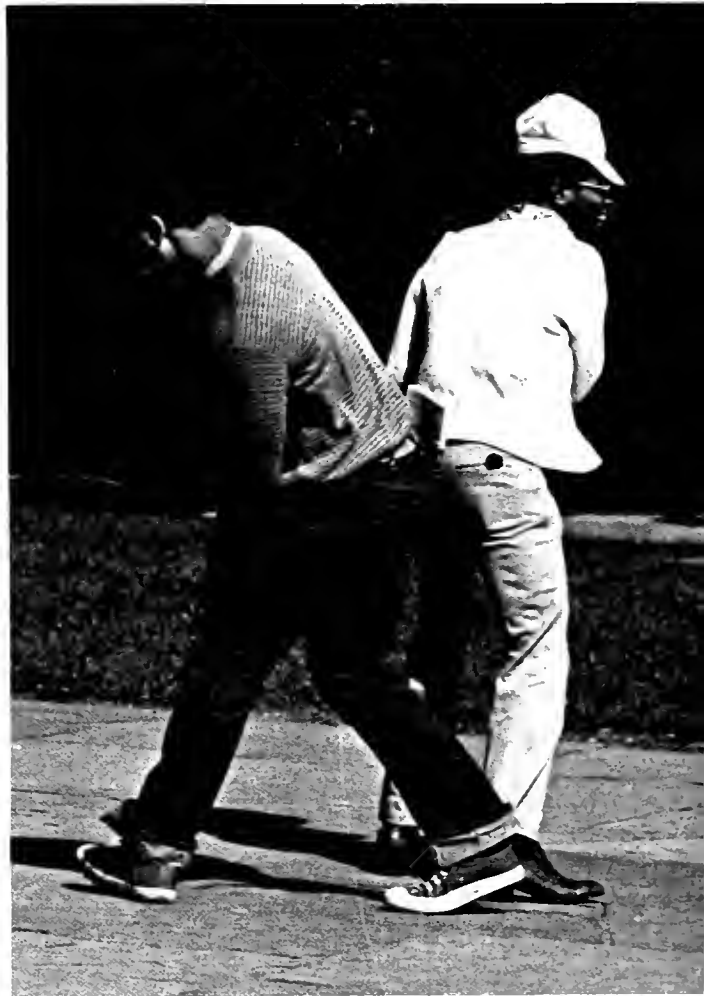




Above and Left:
Rev. Ralph Abernathy
President SCLC



Clockwise from Left:
Rev. Hosea Williams
Atlanta SCLC
Mayor Johnny Ford
Tuskegee, Ala.
Mayor Hermanze Fautleroy
Petersburg, Va.



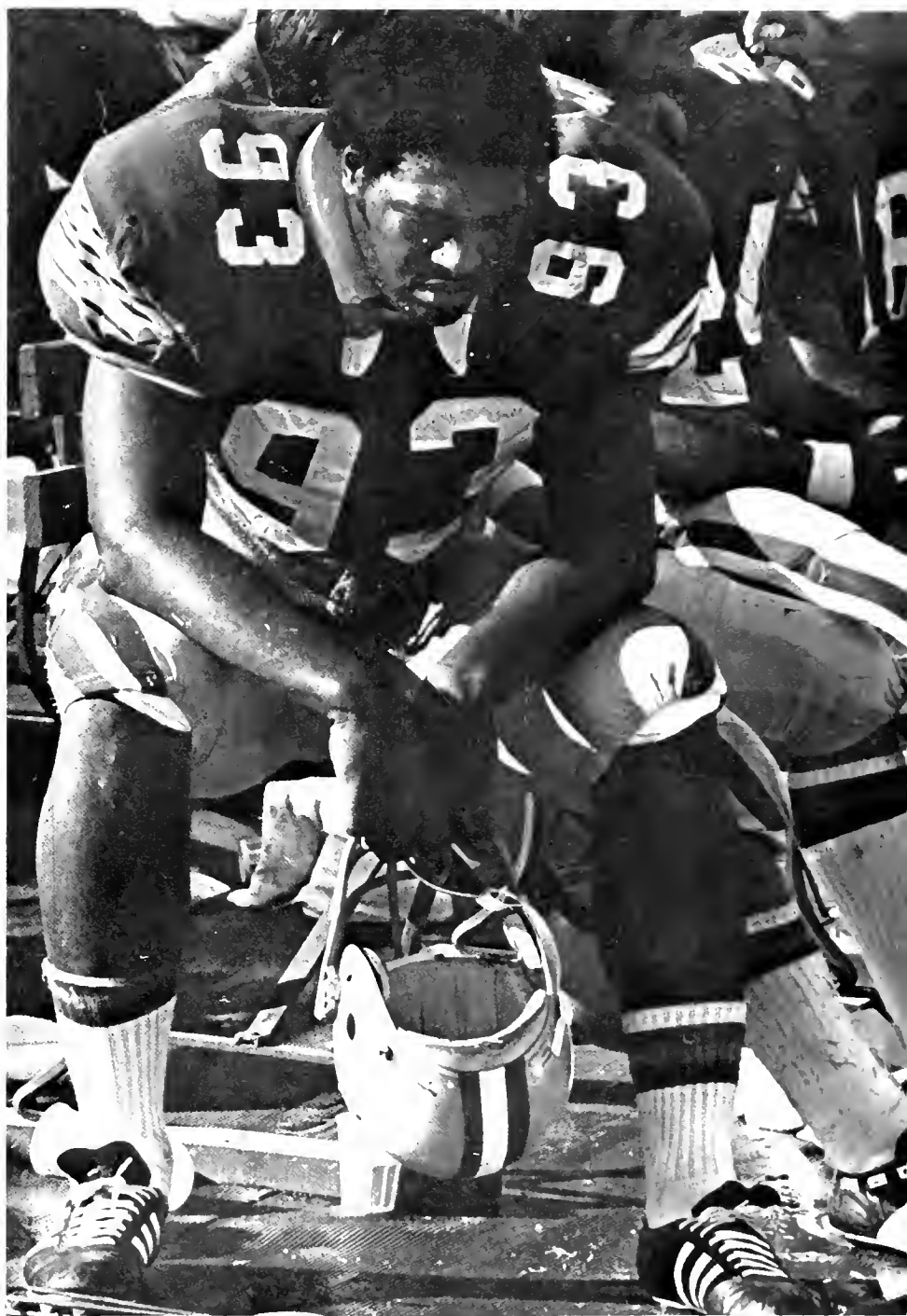


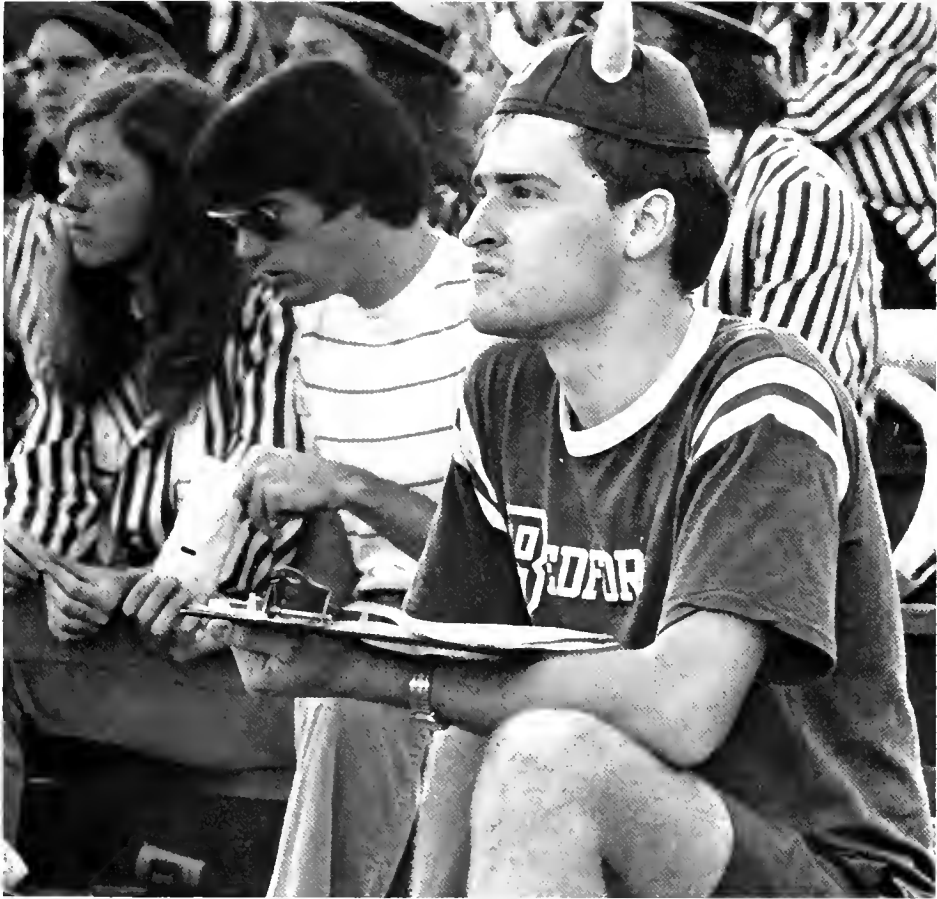












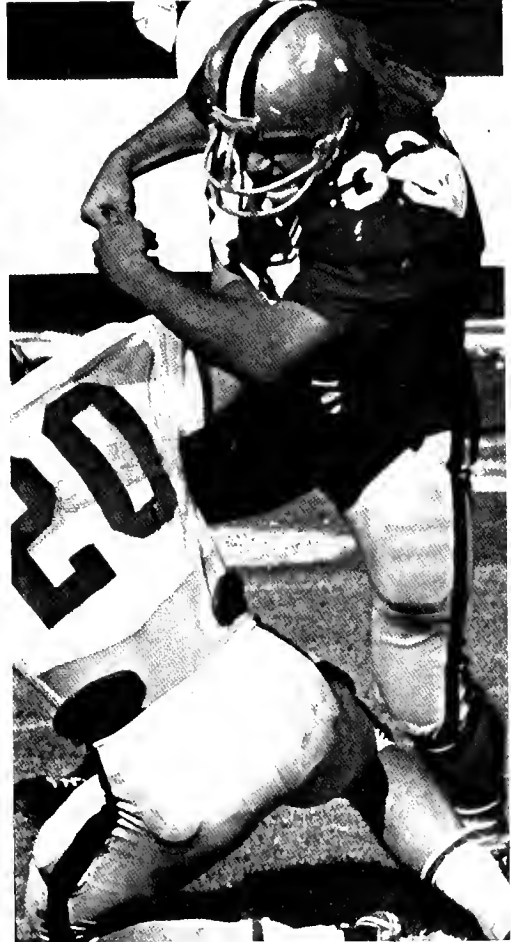




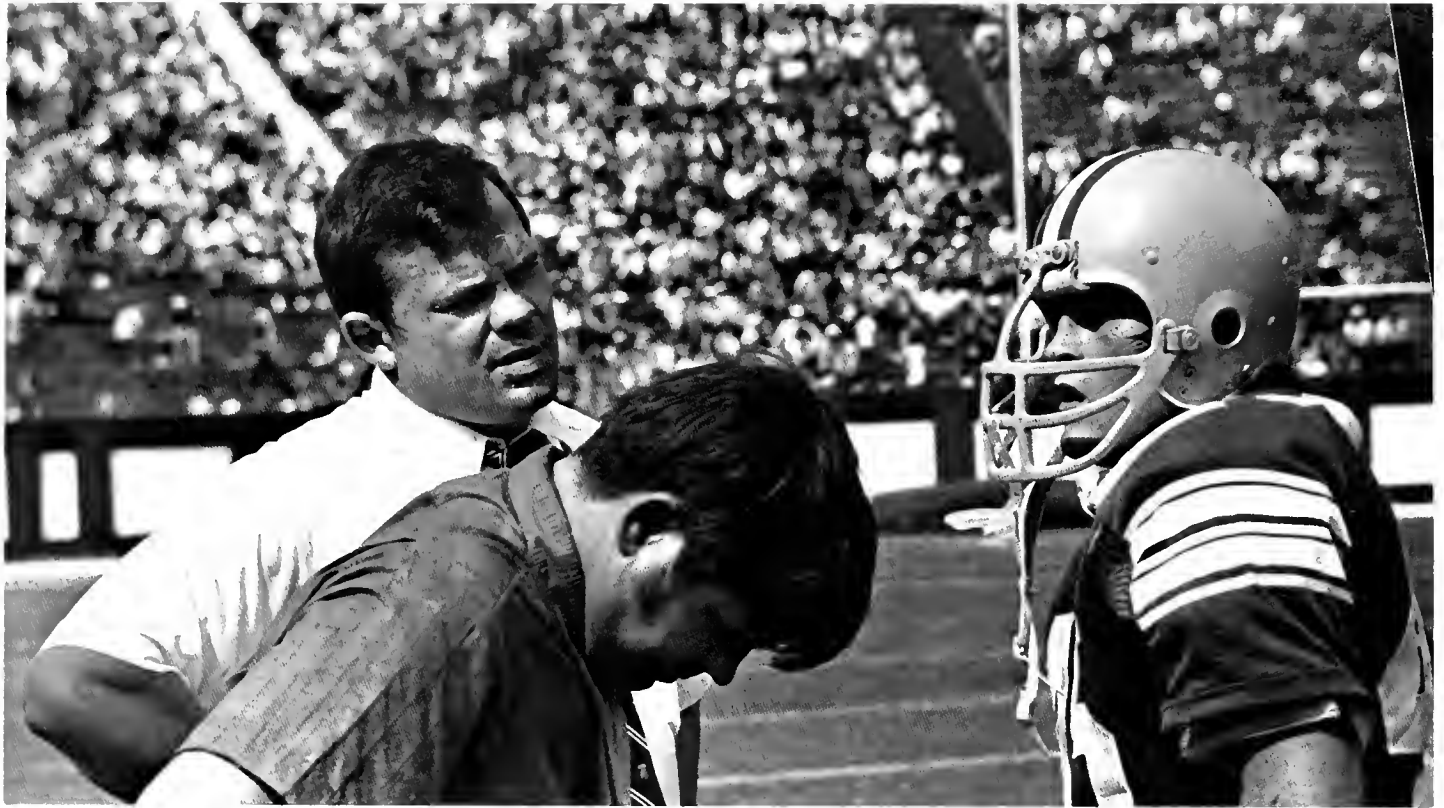


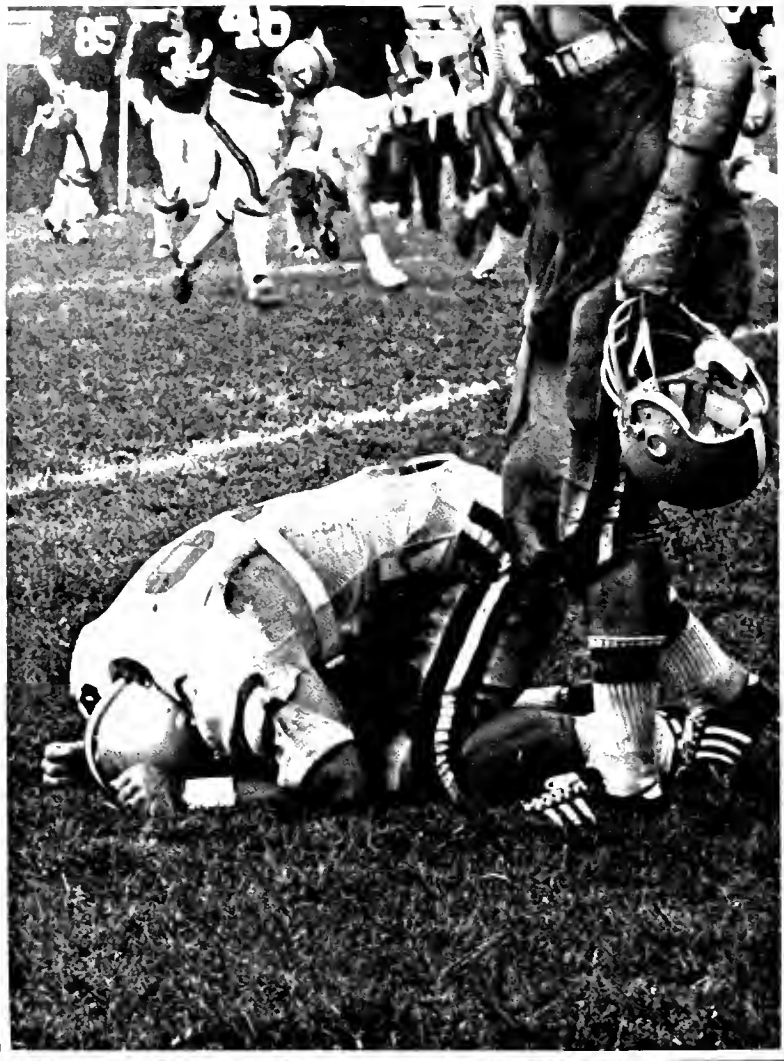




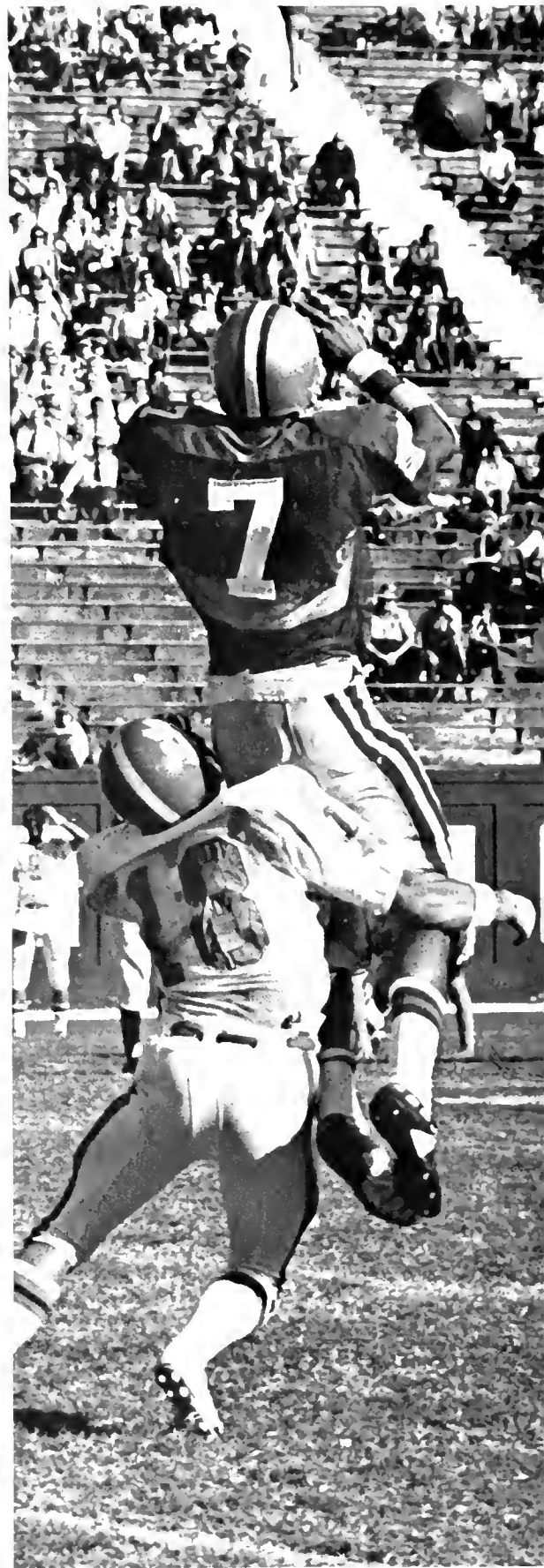


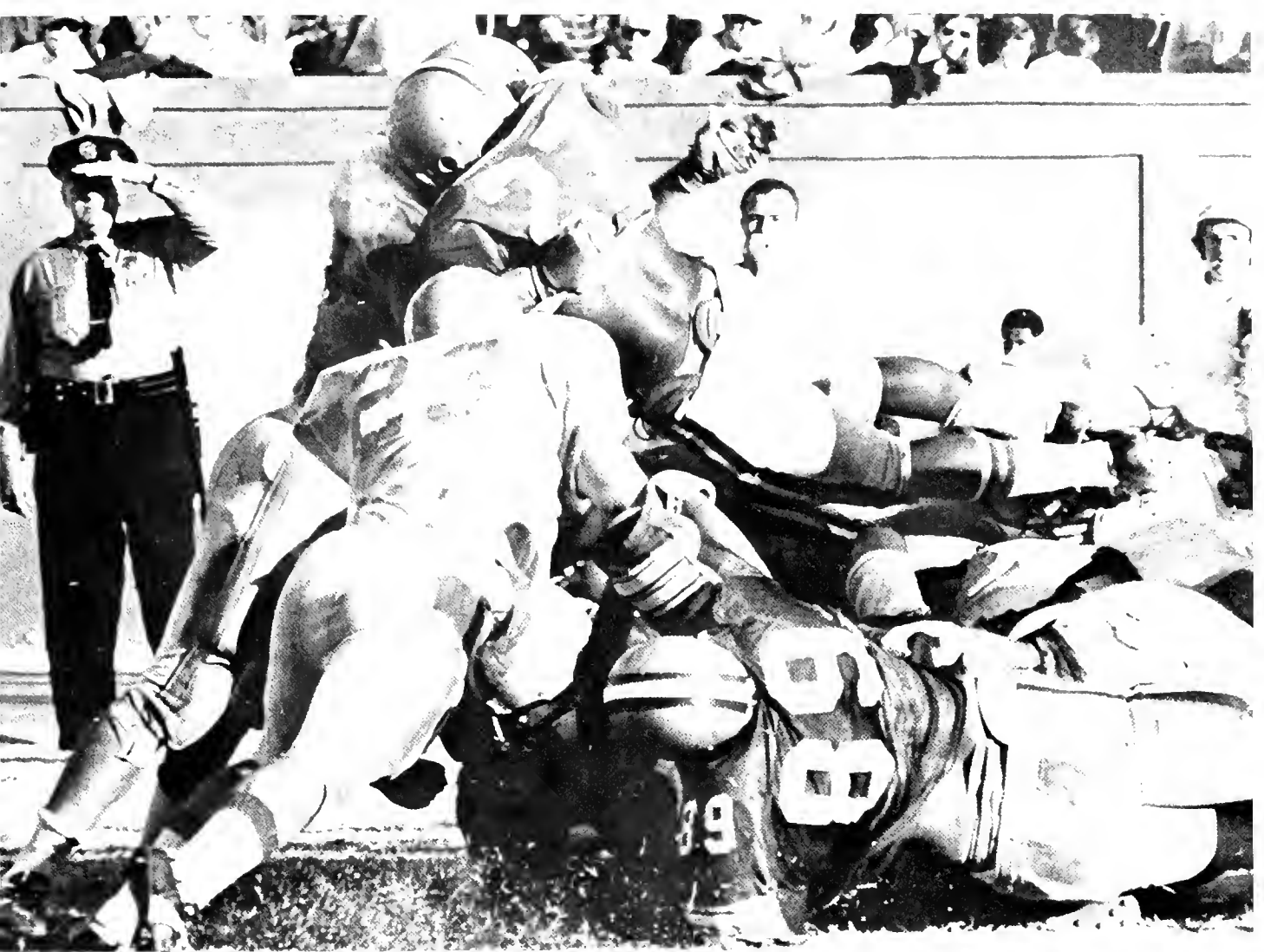








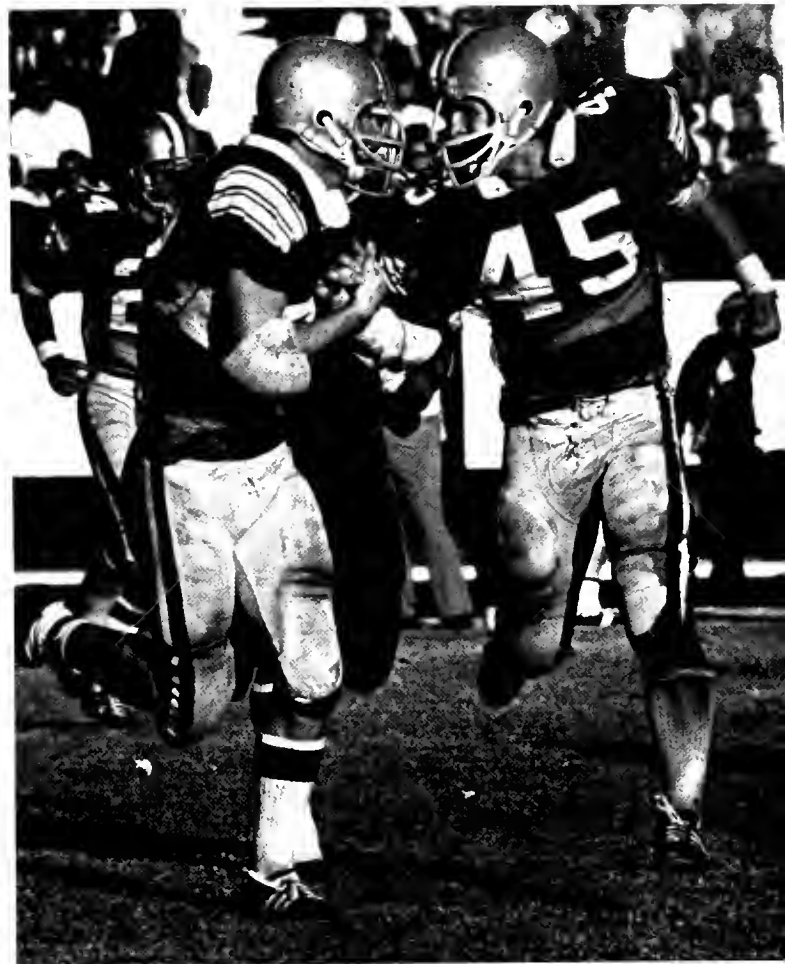






"The ram — the bell ...
the game — we won at
last. We won at last.
Thank God almighty, we
won at last."

Steve Hamrick
Head Cheerleader











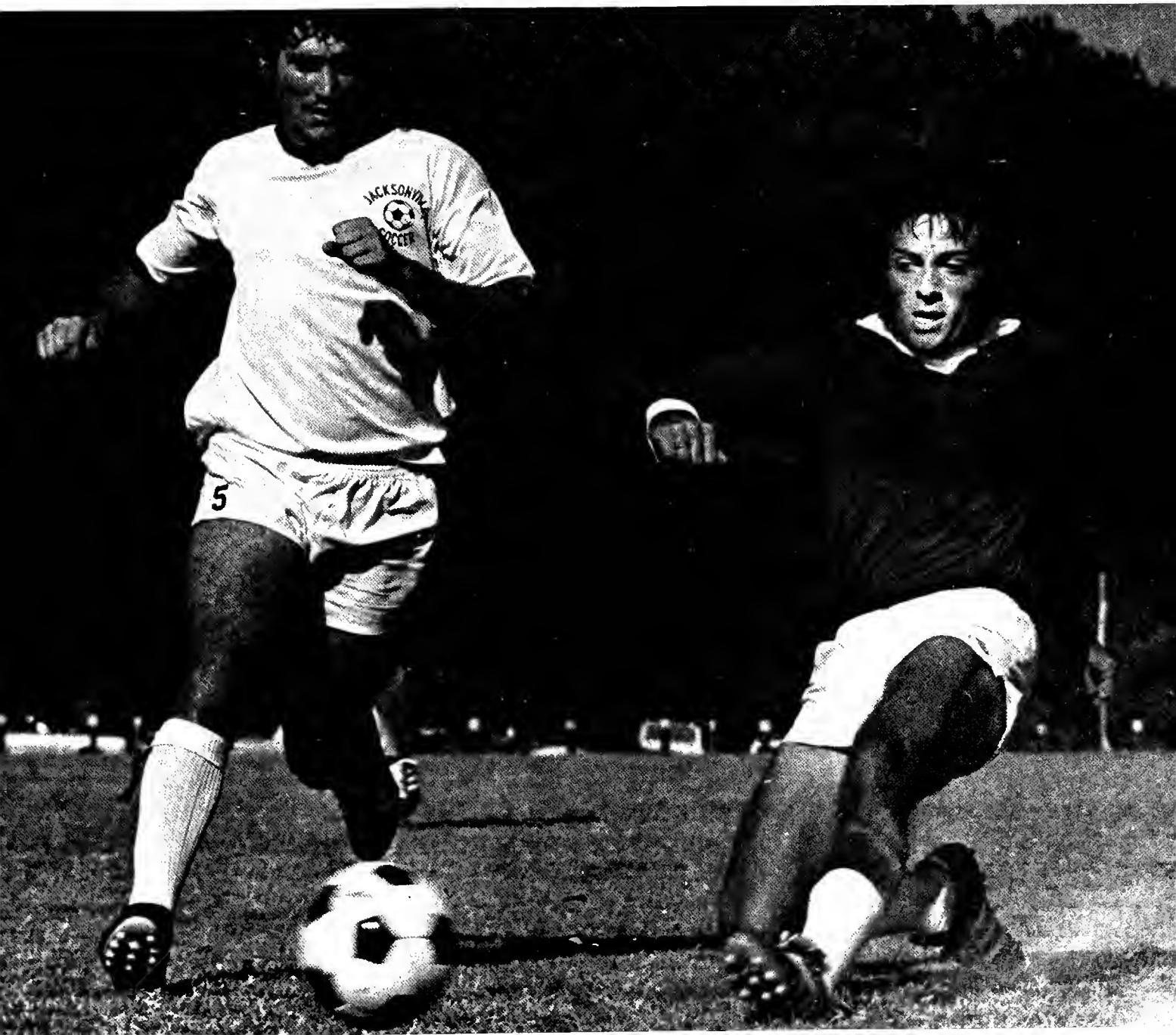












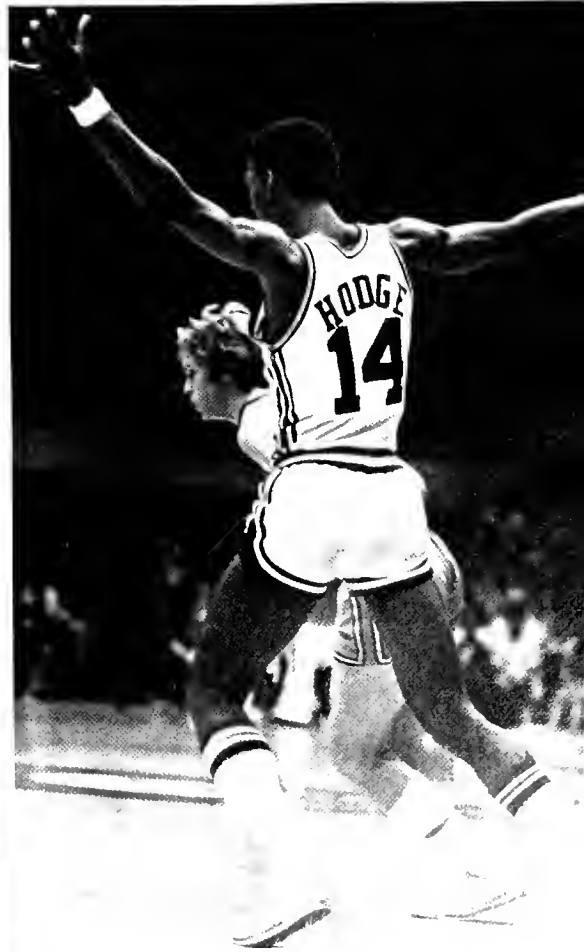
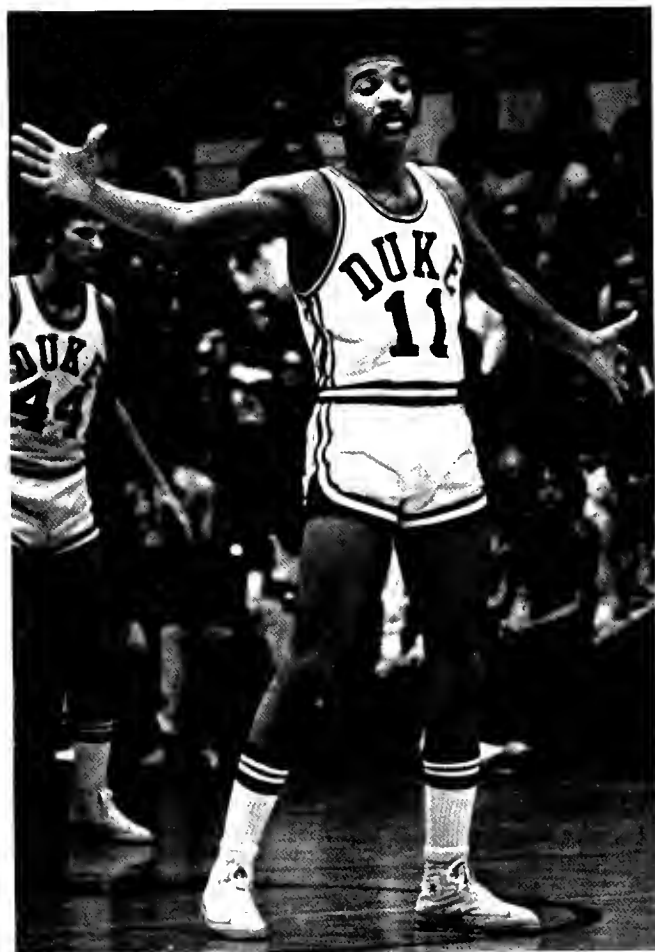


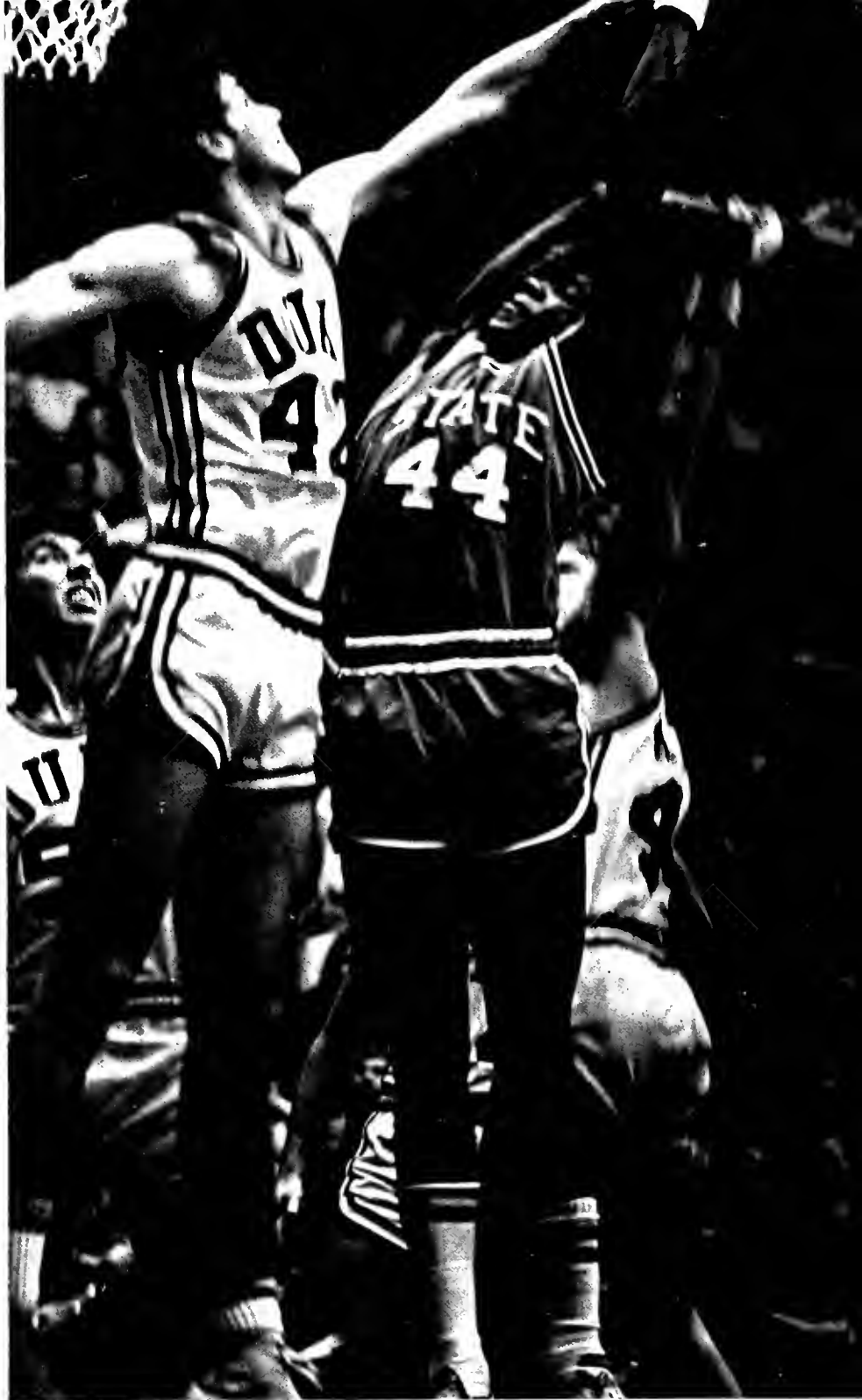


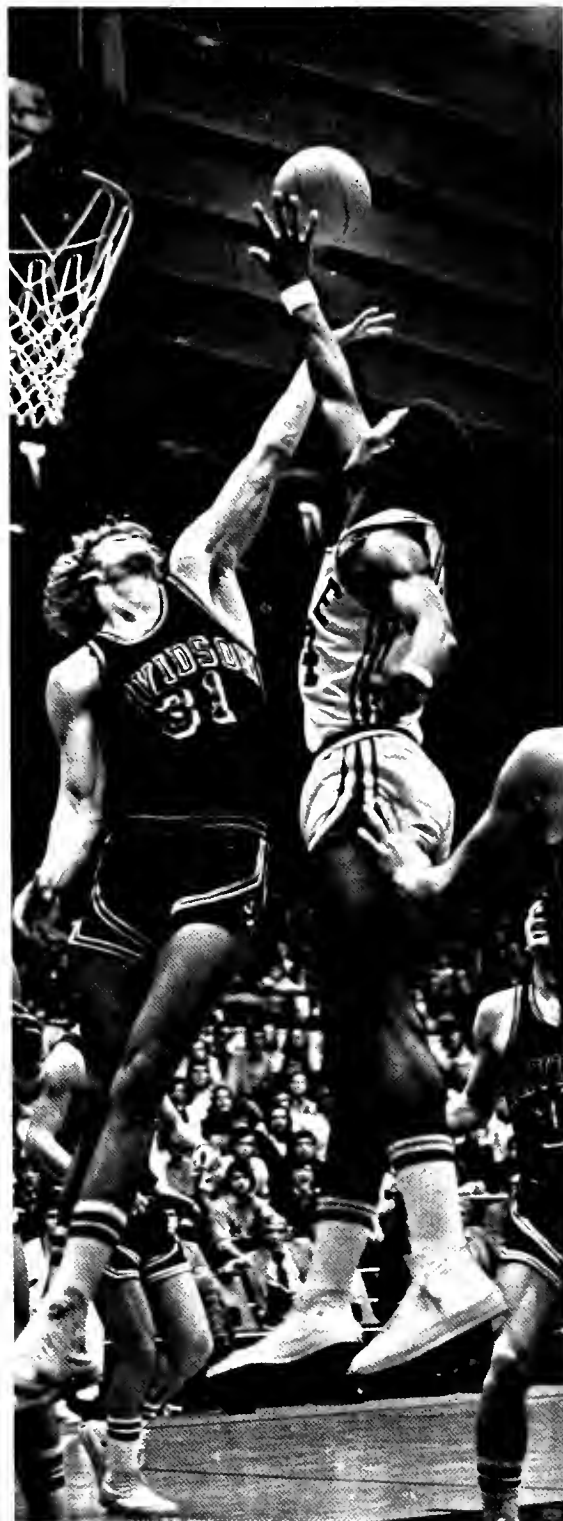
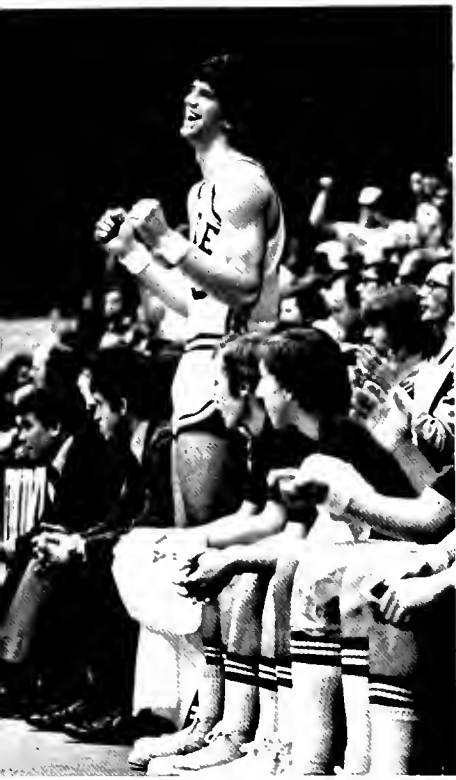


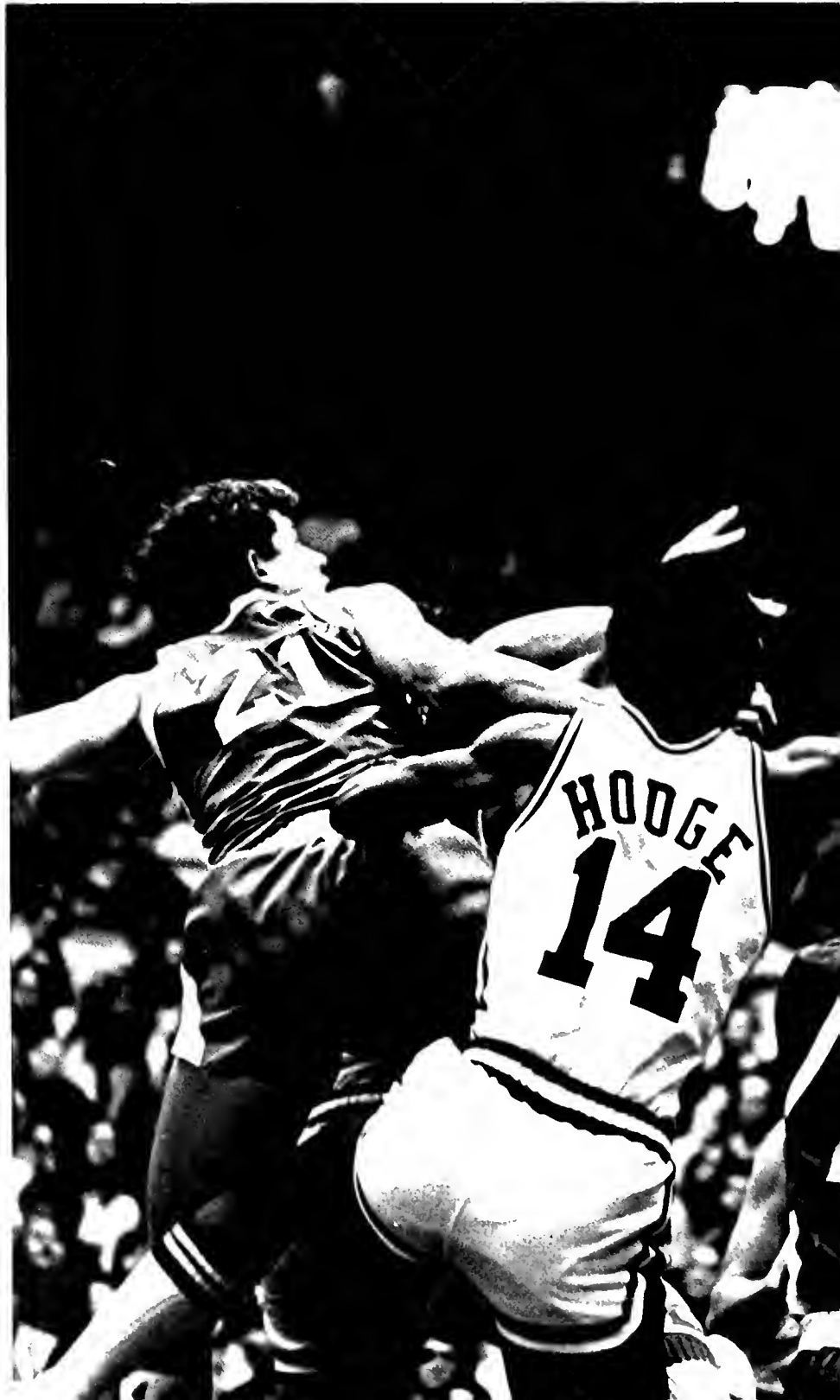


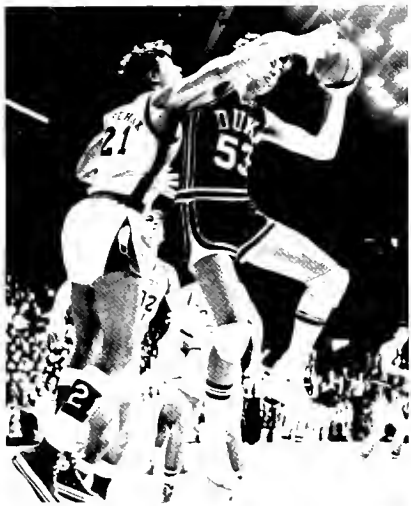




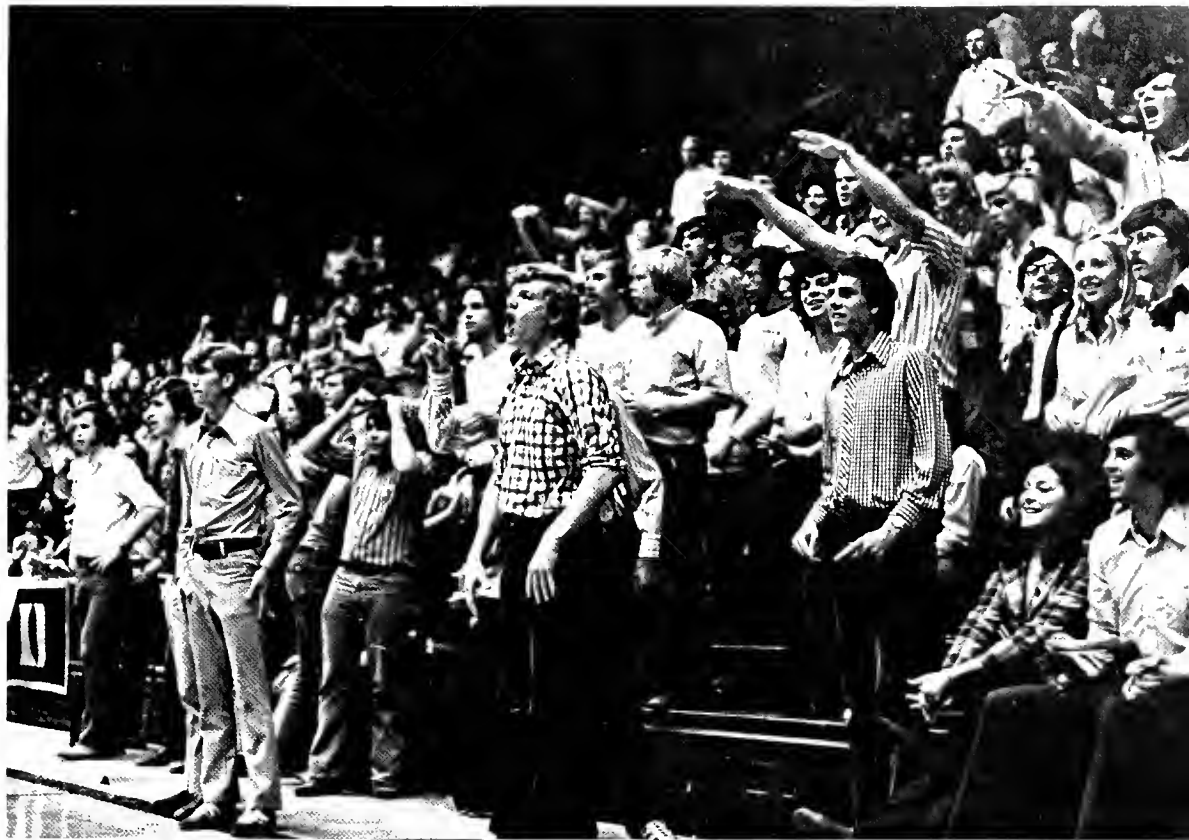


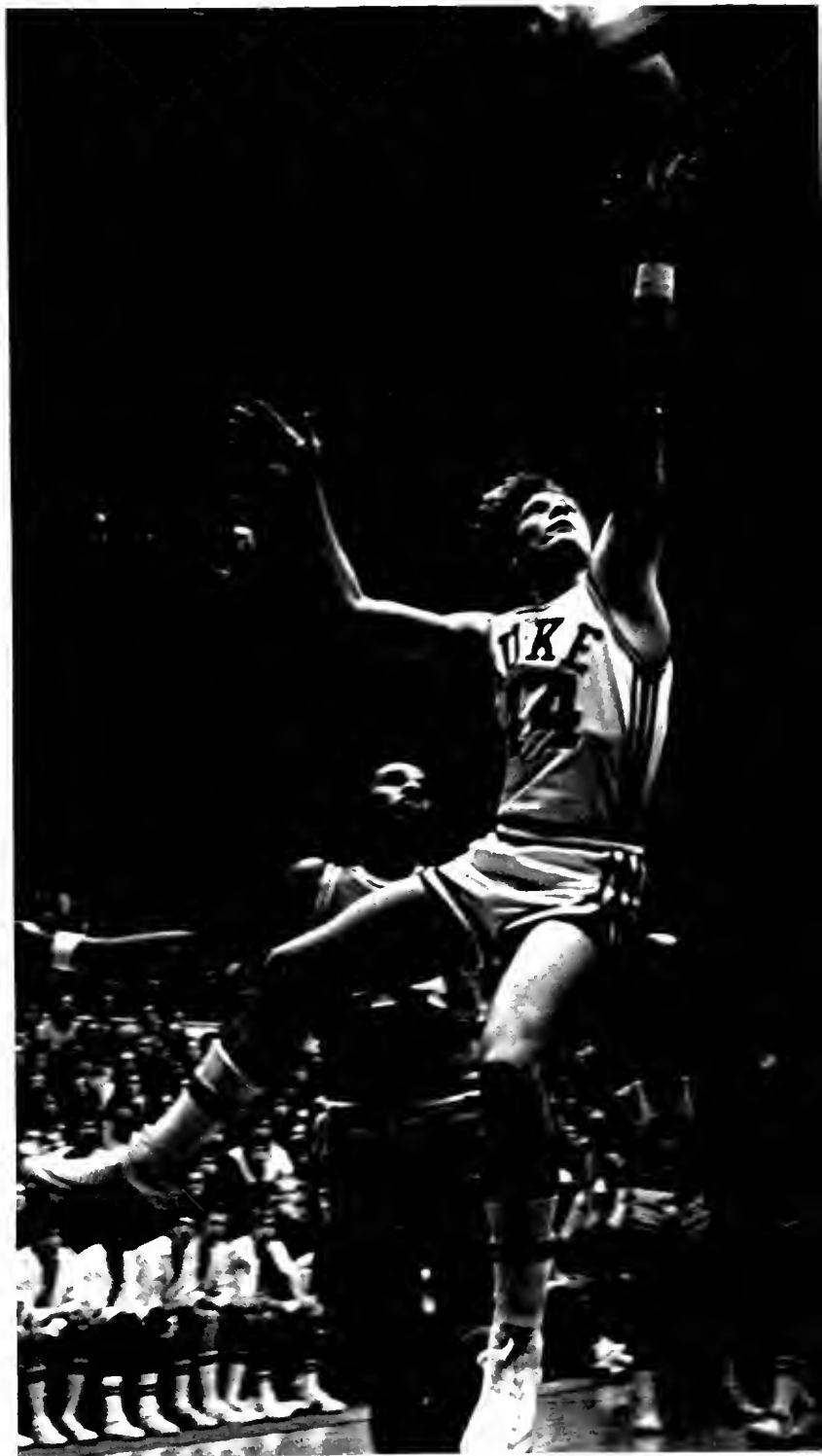




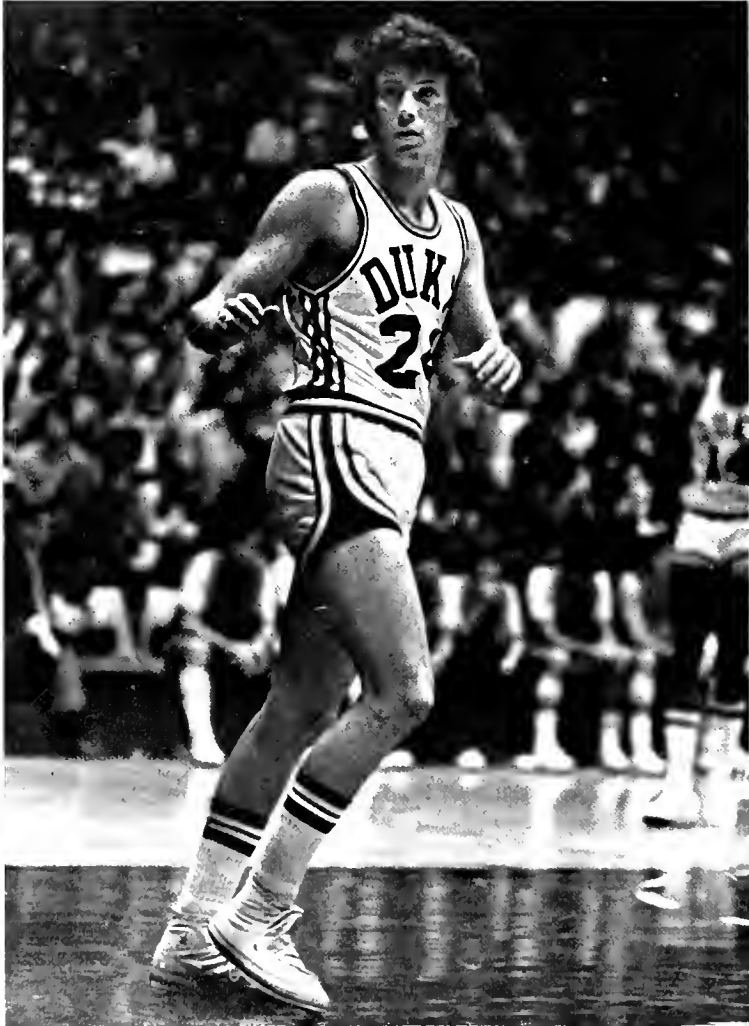


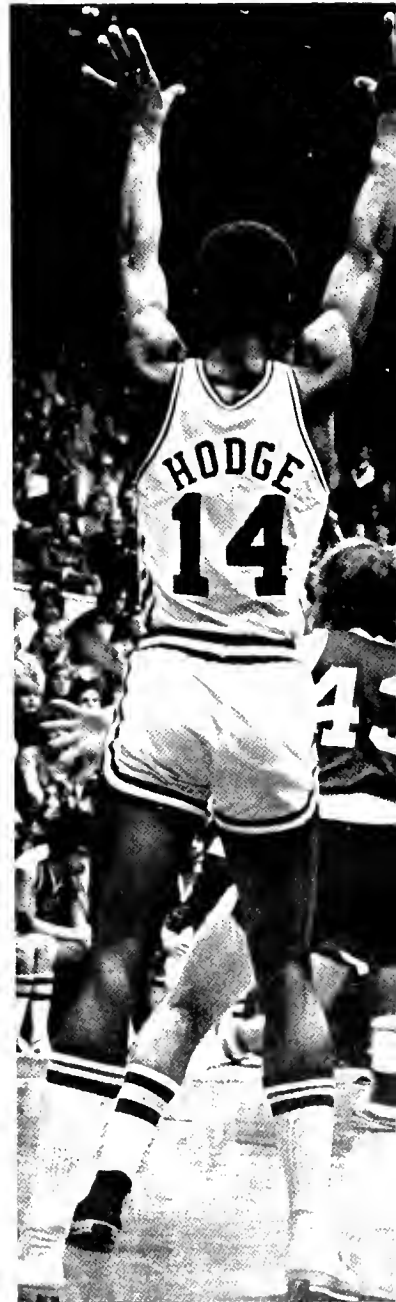
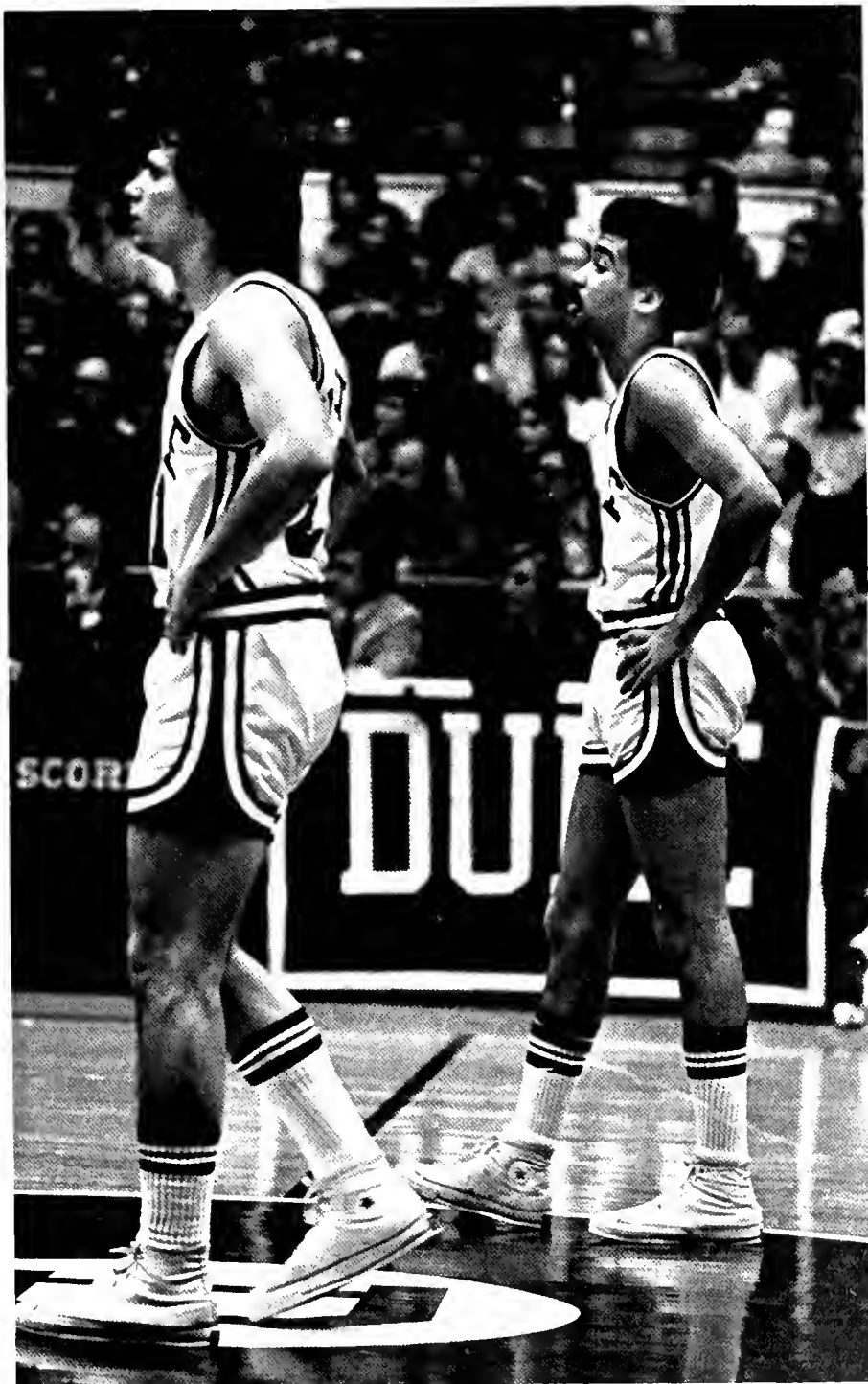
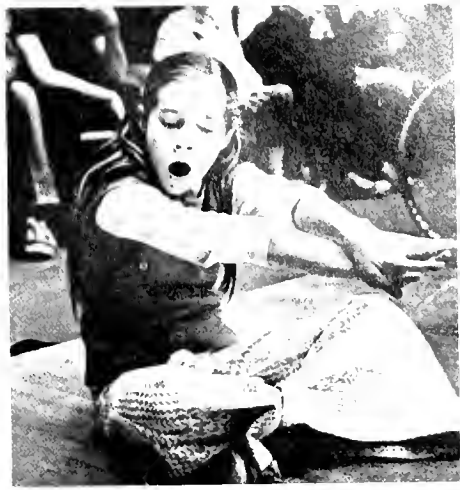






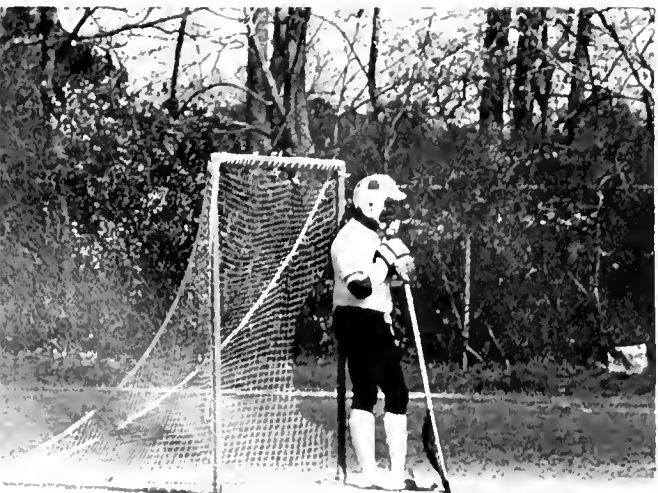




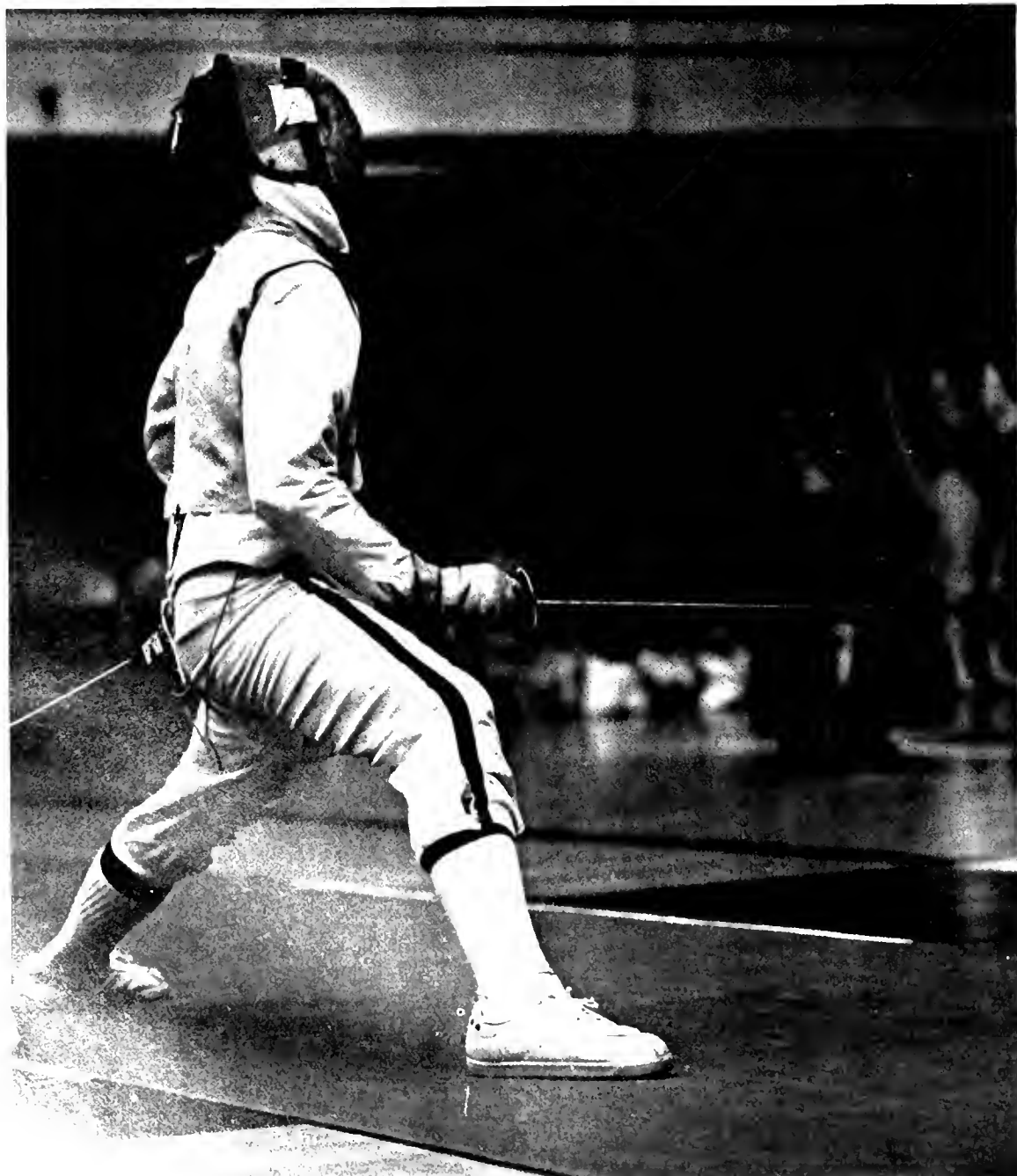


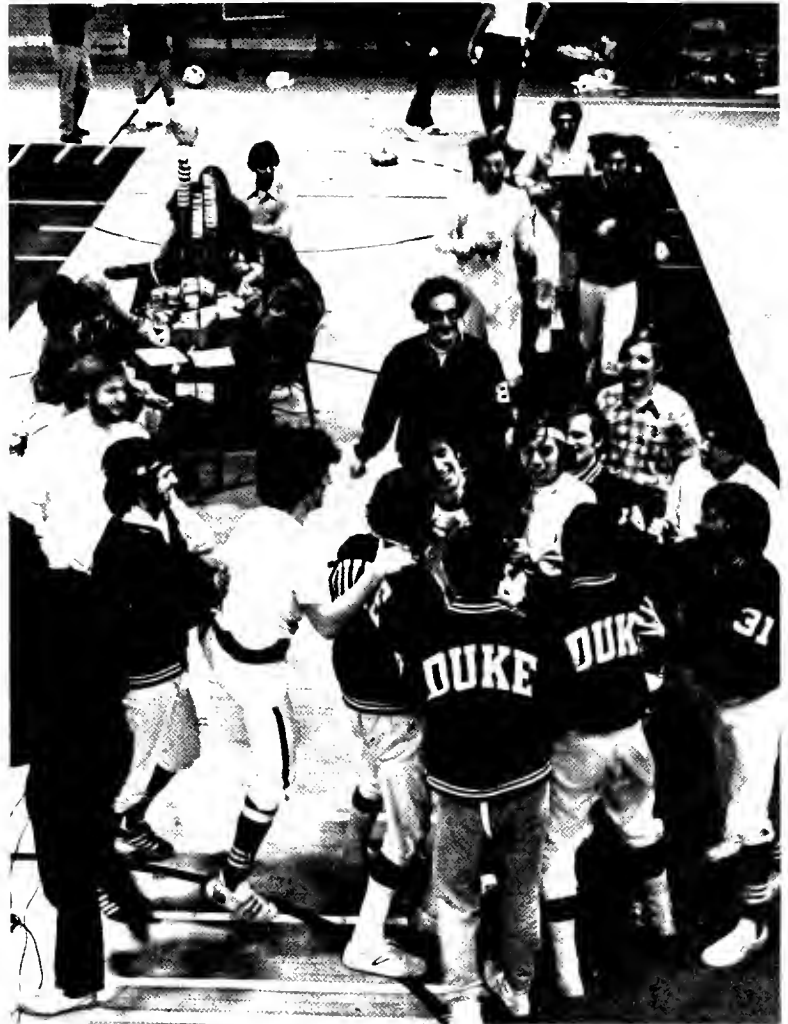
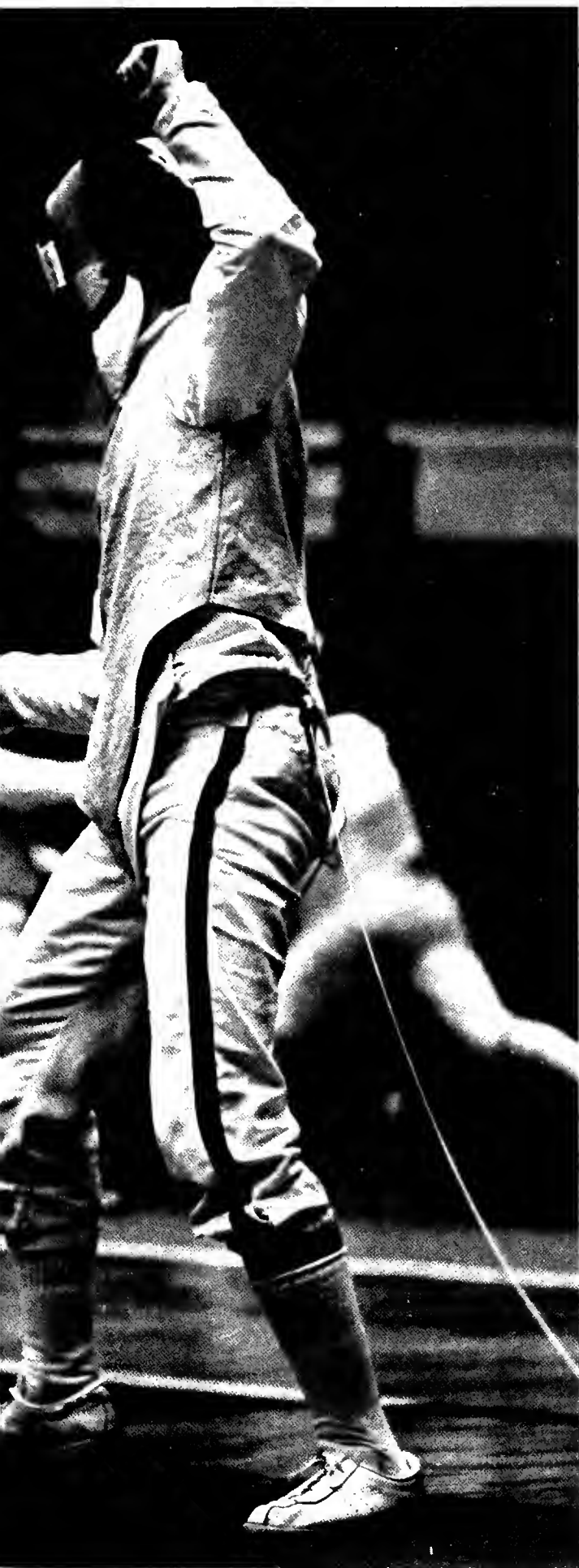


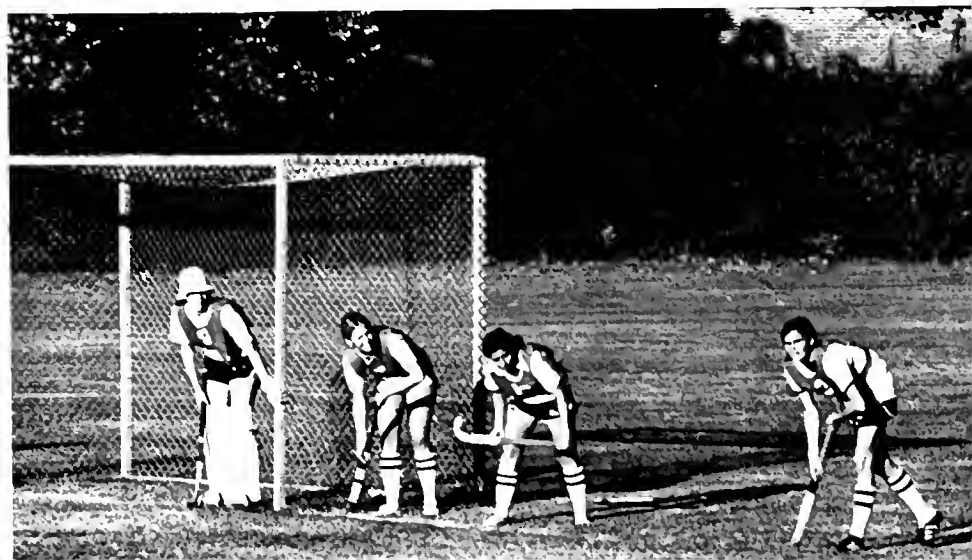














a conversation with neil mcgeachy



Chanticleer: Coach, you played both basketball and football. You were even with the Atlanta Falcons for a while. What made you, if you had reached a higher level in football than basketball as a participant, decide to coach basketball?

McGeachy: Tennis was my first love, as a young man. It evolved into basketball. I did not play football in college. It's a misleading thing. My class graduated in June, 1965 and during that spring after the basketball season was over the football coach said "You have 5 years to play with 4 years of eligibility, why don't you come out & play?" While my eligibility in basketball had expired, I did have football eligibility because I never played one day of collegiate football. We were talking, and I knew at that point, much before then even, that I wanted to coach. So, it seemed to me like a good idea to have exposure on a college football team. Lenoir Rhyne has won the NAIA football championship and has played for that championship more than any other small school in the country. Lenoir Rhyne football was really a quality thing. So, they agreed to play me as a wide receiver. To entice me to come back and because I would be graduating at mid-year and how many good basketball jobs could I get at that time, they created this assistant basketball coaching position, which they had not had before, for the remaining semester. I went back and I played football and we were undefeated and won our conference championship. Then things really began to snowball. Atlanta was an expansion team that year and they sent some scouts up and looked at films. It was incredible to me. But, it was too good an opportunity and I signed a bonus and I stuck that in my pocket. With it I bought myself a car. It was something that I wanted to do and it was an experience I couldn't afford to not take advantage of. That's what happened in football.

Four years later, since I had played college basketball, I had the chance to try out with the Carolina Cougars. Because of the timing, I would have been a 26 year old rookie. That was a good experience. From there I went to Davidson College.

Chant.: I'd like to know what you do, what Duke does as a matter of course in the way of recruiting and recruiting procedures.

McC.: I guess, probably in 1959, but certainly in the early 60's, right after Bubas had come from State to Duke as the head coach, (his organization was really ahead of its time as far as recruiting was concerned), he set up over a period of his first three or four years at Duke a formula which has really, at this point, been copied by nearly every major college in the country. First comes a letter to some of the guidance people or the principal at a prospect's high school. That's the very beginning. It is a way of getting some kind of contact through his grades. Then, a letter is sent to the prospect stating Duke's interest. I would say that even though we're only able, literally, to come down to one third of the player — recruiting pool because of academic restrictions, we'll still write between 3500 and 4500 letters a year, just making the general contact. Of these we'll probably only sign four kids. The NCAA ruling at this point is 6 maximum. Once we have the initial contact, then we go out. All the assistants have territories — areas of the country that they are specifically responsible for. Then the top assistant would cross over as we begin to evaluate the talent. It's a never ending job. It is a twelve month recruiting cycle and as soon as the players for one year are signed then we begin again right into the next. The earlier a contact can be made, and I mean literally the freshman or sophomore year of a high school player, the better it is. The NCAA is coming down on recruiting for camps, but again, 2 or 3 years ago that was very popular. You'd try and get a good, young, promising player to come and spend a week on your campus at the clinic, or camp, or whatever each school calls it.

Then, there are all kinds of services, name services. Some guys are really legitimate and other guys are just basically flesh peddlers. In the last two years the NCAA has sanctioned these name services. Duke takes like 4 major ones from all over the country. Some are; Howard Garfinkle, who is the big name magnate in New York, Dave Bones in Toledo, Ohio, and Bill Kronauer in St. Petersburg, Florida. These people cover the entire country. Then there are subsidiaries. A guy may offer name services only in the state of Pennsylvania. There are a couple of guys in North Carolina that serve just the state of North Carolina. And, as fan interest has grown in recruiting, there are a lot of young, aggressive newspaper guys who are on top of every rumor, every innuendo that goes with recruiting. Because Duke has, in the past, been willing to spend money to get the better players, to be a national contender, our recruiters have been out all over the country. As a result the name services, the name lists, have not really been that much of a help in most of the major college's recruiting. It has however for those colleges that don't have a super budget to be able to get out and see all of these players individually. It is a good name source for us, and they do carry four sets of grades, freshman through senior in high school. Most of them have a little identification of each player's strengths

and weaknesses, board scores and that kind of thing. So, that generally is the paper work procedure.

Chant.: For somebody like Butch Lee, who you are recruiting quite heavily, how do you reach him? How do you cut through the flak generated by four or five hundred schools recruiting him?

McC.: There is an element of luck, OK? But I think basically it comes down to just going over and over and over again to see him. We were recruiting him, probably really began to recruit him as a junior, early in his junior year.

Garfinkle, who we mentioned earlier, has a camp in Pennsylvania in the summer where he brings all his outstanding talent together and I guess it's kind of a cattle show in some respects. All the coaches in the country come in and they have games going and drills and everything. You have a captive opportunity to evaluate the talent, which we did and had a chance to get to know Butch. We went right into his home. We went from Pennsylvania right into Harlem to meet with his mother and spend some time with Butch. We really began courting him at that point. Jim Lewis (Duke assistant coach) was able to establish effective rapport with him and would go, say, maybe once a month. Jim had been there maybe two more times other than that. He would generally go with me. This way you have a chance to start building some kind of relationship with him. It eventually comes down to where does he want to go to school and has he begun to narrow his choices. It came down to Penn. in the Ivy League, which does not give a full grant in aid. Instead it is based on need and he would receive their full grant. Marquette was another which he considered, but was initially concerned about; the cold weather, Milwaukee and everything. That wasn't attractive to him, and then there was Duke and Detroit.

Chant.: Could you comment on academics in respect to recruiting, the 800 rule, projected grades, etc. and how it affects an academically oriented school such as Duke.

McC.: I'm not sure that a Duke or a Davidson, or a Virginia can ever really do it again. (Have a nationally powerful team). The 1.6 or the 800 rule which was tested 2½ years ago by two non-scholarship trackmen down at Clemson, was found unconstitutional in the courts and was subsequently thrown out. It was really, for our schools, the ones I've been associated with (Duke & Davidson), just a floor. It didn't really help us, but at least it kept the others kind of at bay. Then the 800 rule went out they went to a 1.6 projection that was still a tabulation of class rank and SAT's. This was a projected D+ and if a kid doesn't have a D+ average should he be there anyhow? Still, it was a floor. Now they've gone within the last calendar year to a C average in high school as a prerequisite. It sounds like they're tightening it up, but it really is an absolute joke by the good academic school's standards. Now all a young man has to have is a numerical C average at his school. There are all kinds of examples but let's take probably the most notarized, Moses Malone, Whereas, before, he would have to have a class rank probably in the top half and SAT scores in the 700 to 750 total range plus his cumulative average. Now they say all he has to have is a C average. When you stop and think a minute, that average can be manipulated easiest of the three. For example, if I like the way you part your hair I'm going to say "Well yeah, I'm going to give you an 82." But it's awfully hard for me to write to Princeton and say "Hey, this guy parts his hair right, let's raise his SATs 100 points." So, the protective floors for the quality academic schools are just being eroded on a yearly basis and it's just going to make it tougher and tougher to compete. With a C average now, Duke can technically take a player but it comes down to an administrative viewpoint. Is it worth it to dilute the quality of your degree by taking an athlete who, under normal circumstances can't pass an entrance qualification point. You also have to come to a realistic thing, can the young man come to Duke University, be comfortable and have a hopeful chance of graduating? This was probably a major factor in Butch Lee's decision. He could have been admitted to Duke, but could he have been comfortable academically and could he eventually have graduated on schedule in four years?

Chant.: Changing subjects here, I'm going to ask a question I've been dying to ask. You don't have to answer if you don't want to, but do you feel like you got shafted jobwise?

McC.: I guess not, technically. Generally the ground rules were laid back in October. I was disappointed with the timing of both the fall and spring decisions, but I guess that reflects more on individuals than some other things.

Chant.: There was a lot of indignation both by players and general University community over the handling of the situation, letters written, etc. I was wondering if you think this type of activity had any influence on the administration, on the Athletic Council which is supposed to be representative and responsible to students, and on the Athletic Director?

McC.: Well, I have to obviously be very careful on this point.

But, I'm going to be very candid. I think, if anything, it had almost a negative influence. I think that public comment at the end became very resented by those who had the final choice, and while the intentions were very noble in my opinion, as it turned out they were generally costly. One of the things you mentioned is that the players were generally supportive, for which I am very grateful, throughout and even at the end. I think we all realize that it just simply takes a matter of time to be able to establish an identity, to be able to organize a staff of your own choosing, to be able to implement your own philosophy. You can do it on a game to game situation, but it takes a period of time and I think all of us were aware of that. I think it's going to take whoever tries to do the job 3 years probably and that's somewhat accelerated because of the freshman eligibility, which really throws out the old time tables.

Chant.: I was wondering about their late choice of you as coach this past year. Did their delay set your program back a great deal?

McG.: To a degree, I think if they had moved quickly, had named me active, acting, interim, whatever the prefix, coach, if that would perhaps have been done almost the day that Bucky resigned then I think we would have had an easier changeover. But to have gone to the point where we literally had had 3 days of practice, that stretched it out pretty far.

Chant.: A big question that was going around Duke was about your contract. I'm not going to ask you specifics, but obviously it wasn't long term. I think that, like you were saying, a coach is going to need time to get his philosophy indoctrinated into the team and into the system. Didn't it present some mental blocks to you, knowing that nothing was that definite as far as next year and the year after? Did it change any of your coaching outlooks, the way you were trying to run things?

McG.: That's a very perceptive question and the answer is yes. I knew the term of the contract, obviously a one year contract, but I thought that my team would be better served if they were not aware that it was one year with some priorities set up for retaining the job. The record, at that point was at the bottom of those priorities. (There was an amazing ability of those priorities to change in rank over the course of a season.) The short term was a factor. I know that we initiated — I'm not going to say a stall, but a semi-stall — for instance, in the Big-4 tournament at Wake Forest while most of the students were away for the holidays. Basketball is a game of quickness and Wake was quicker at every position than we were. We just felt like we had to be able, as a result, to shrink the clock. To take some time off the clock we had to try and dictate the tempo in that particular game. Following a game such as the State & UNC game which had been played 20 minutes before we started it was a particularly unpopular type thing. If you have a 5 year contract you can afford to say, let's go ahead and live with the immediate criticism for a long range goal. I don't know. I don't know in my own mind if that's simply a rationalization or if it's a factor, but it's something that played on my mind throughout the season. The fact that when we went to Chapel Hill, when they were ranked 6th in the country, to play them in a 1:00 TV game and the Athletic Council had met at 10:00 A. M. that morning and I knew the result of that meeting, all these things have a tendency to sap you over the period of a season.

Chant.: They gave you a decision to go ahead late. They also gave you a decision on termination somewhat late, after many jobs that were previously open were already landed by other people, like Davidson, Virginia, ECU, and there must have been others. Are you unhappy with the fact that they couldn't have made their decision earlier?

McG.: Everything's cycled at this time of year. There were an unusually large number of what I call quality, major college basketball jobs open. I had a decision to make as to whether I would see the Duke situation through to the end, whether I would resign, or as quietly as possible, while I still had the one job seek another job. I just felt that I did want to see it through to the end, perhaps fatalistically, I don't know. As the eventual timing worked out, these jobs that I would have been interested in as head coach had come and gone. But, I have no major regrets from my experience at Duke. There was never anything dull about it during the 3 years that I was here. I wish Duke very well. I've talked with Bill Foster on a number of occasions and he seems like a very outstanding person and certainly a very competent coach. I think Duke will do well under him.

Chant.: Would you like to talk about the season. Maybe a general overview, how it went, your reactions to it, etc?

McG.: O.K., I thought that we had an unusually good, particularly under the circumstances of the beginning, an unusually good pre-practice 6 weeks period of time. It was relatively free from injury, Kevin had an ankle that kept him out for a week or so, and of

course there's Dave O'Connel who was hurt in the summer. That was a disappointment to me because I felt like, you know we were talking about quickness, and he's the epitome of the big, quick guard. But we were generally injury free and the schedule was advantageous to us early. I would perhaps have preferred to play Virginia in January rather than open the conference schedule, particularly on a road game, in December, but that was something that was already set. I knew what the schedule was going to be before I took the job, so that's no excuse, it's just looking at it as a coach would from all different angles. We got off to a good start. I can remember thinking about it, back in the summer, even before Bucky officially resigned. You know how your mind races. I've said before I never had a non-basketball related thought, and I think that basically true. I guess if a guy sold insurance he would probably be thinking about insurance. I can remember imagining, what if I did get the job, under some set of circumstances, (I didn't even know that Bucky was really going to resign). Then, opening with ECU I just had this phobia. I don't know if you guys have ever gotten ready to go on a trip and you have this premonition that it's not going to work out well, but I could just imagine it. It's always been important to me to win the coaching debut type thing. I had this great fear that we would in fact lose to ECU. Of course we started the game with a technical. Chris Redding had been found dunking in pre game warmup. Here goes the rookie coach out on his debut and he's down 0-1, and then they throw the ball in from the side and we're down 0-3 and we haven't even had our hands on the ball yet. I was beginning to wonder what kind of a season we were really in for. Then we started to blow em out, Kevin got in some foul trouble and they came back, and it was kind of nip and tuck. As it turned out ECU ended the year with a pretty fair team. It was good to get it behind us, and then we went to William and Mary and they were anticipating a great season. They were young but all their players had started as freshmen. Willie Hodge was magnificent. That was probably, other than the three Carolina games, his finest individual effort. In front of a very hostile crowd we hung on and won and I was very pleased to win on the road and to win convincingly at the end. Then we had 3 days to get ready for Virginia. I really thought we were ready to play. We went up, and through some element of chemistry, I'm not sure how you can really define it, we were not ready to play, which I think reflects on me, and they blew us out. In fairness to them, they did play out of their minds, and shot like 63% for the game. When you play a team that shoots like that on their own home floor, and you don't play well, you can lose by 20 points, which is what happened to us. Then we came back and struggled during exams, when there weren't many students there, with Appalachian. That was a game we knew we should win and probably win by 40 points, and as I've said that's the hardest kind of game to get ready for. We were bad and luckily they were worse than we were. We were able to win, go into the exam break at 3-1. Then we went to Florida. We opened with Western Kentucky who had gotten off to a great start. Fortunately we beat them. As I look back over the season and try to project the kind of record that we would have, I really don't think we beat anybody we weren't supposed to with probably the exception of Western Kentucky. Then in less than 24 hours I don't think we lost to anybody that we were supposed to beat with maybe the exception of the University of Florida although they were a little better than the reading public in this area was aware of. We had a chance. We were 4-1 after the Western Kentucky win. We knew we had Yale coming up and we were going to play Florida for the Gator Bowl Championship, which was unusual because they had the night before upset Jacksonville, which was at that time ranked 9th or 10th in the country. That was the tip of the peak, as far as our being able to go into the Big-4 tournament, when the schedule got really tough into January. But we lost to Florida and that made us 4-2, and then we played Yale and just destroyed them, they were terrible. We were 5-2 and went into the Big-4 and drew Wake Forest, which was the one team in the field that we could compete with. They had really been enhanced by Cal Stamps' junior college player's arrival, although everybody wasn't aware of it at the time. Skip Brown, the little jet point guard, really turned their team around and opened up the shooting game for Tony Byers. So we played Wake in the Big 4 and ended up losing by about 3 points, but it was an extremely dull game to watch. Yet the things that we tried to do I was personally pleased with. I thought we played them about as well as we could have played them. Then we played Carolina the next night and they were supposed to beat us by 30 points and they ended up by Ellston hitting a shot at the buzzer and they beat us by 9. I was really impressed though, because so many people began to emerge. That was the emergence of Paul Fox and Bill Suk. We were beginning to play better, though at that point Pete Kramer was in somewhat

of a slump. He's not going to appreciate me saying that, but that's about where we were. From that point on the schedule was just unbelievable. In ten days we played four teams, three of them in the top five, three of them within five days. It was Saturday, Monday, Wednesday before going out to Notre Dame and playing them on the following Saturday so things got tough. We battled back and forth at 500. I think we were 8-8 before we went down 8-10, 8-11, something like that. We had a chance to get back. We beat Davidson.

Chant: Was that a good personal victory for you?

McG: Yes, with all those players, seniors and juniors, that I had helped recruit, I'd be less than honest if I didn't say I enjoyed that. I've got to remember Mike Sorrentino, who I think very highly of, just literally screaming at me, in the first four seconds of the game. Billerman took a charge on him and Sorrentino just went berserk right in front of our bench and was screaming at me and the official gave him a technical, and we were off, like the ECU game, to about a three zip start on them. I enjoyed that one. Then we played Georgia Tech. and it was terrible. I guess the highlight of that game was, what's the cat's name, who lit the cigarette, and brought the house down. That was the highlight of that game. So that put us back right at 500. We beat Virginia for the 1000th win, which was gratifying. I was more pleased that it was a conference win, but still, that was a highlight. From there we had a series of unbelievably close games. We played Maryland, who was heavily favored and we ended up being only one point down with possession. They had gotten off to a great start. They were 8-0 against us at the start of the game and we came back with a flurry and were up about 8 points at the half. It was back and forth. That was a game we could conceivably have won. Right before that we had played State. I thought we played State two games, particularly the one at Duke, that were extremely close. For a half in Raleigh we were in the game before we got into a little foul trouble. But then after the Maryland game we went to Clemson. The season was peaking then. We knew that we could win these two games and finish fifth, perhaps as high as fourth, which would, at either spot, enable us to play Virginia in the tournament, which was much more attractive to us than playing either Carolina, State, or Maryland. We went to Clemson and it was a one point game again with 35 seconds to go. That was when Tree Rollins and Captain Kevin Billerman got into their helicopter fight. Rollins picked him up and turned him around like a rotor. We lost that game by about 3 points. Then we went over to Chapel Hill for the season's finale. We were such a long shot, the odds were so incredibly against us, that I think it enabled us to play with total abandon, so to speak. Everybody was just very loose and very relaxed. We had handled their full court pressure for 39 minutes with a minimum of turnovers. It looked like, at one point, we couldn't lose with an 8 point lead and the celebrated 17 seconds and everything. When we lost that game it was just like pulling the plug so far as our emotions and trying to establish another emotional peak were concerned. We had just gone through the three extremely close Maryland, Clemson, and Carolina games. Without deluding ourselves we still had a pretty good week of preparation for the tournament. I didn't however have a good gut feeling going into it. As it turned out, although we didn't know it on Thursday, Maryland just played unbelievably well all three nights of the tournament. They took State into overtime before losing the conference championship. It was somewhat like Virginia in that I didn't think we played that well in the first round, but Maryland played so incredibly well that there was just no way we could win it.

Chant: What was going through your mind in the last few seconds of the Carolina game?

McG: I think I made the comment that my whole life flashed across my mind. All the pieces of the puzzle, from when I was a little kid shooting until I really began to analyze basketball and be able to play collegiately, all the things that had brought me to this point in time, went phfft right across my mind. It was unbelievable. Everybody had played so well, obviously or we wouldn't have been in the game like that. Billerman had played well. Chris Redding had shot remarkably well. Pete Kramer had played well. Bill Suk everybody had played well. Fleischer was boarding although he'd been in foul trouble early in the game and out almost the whole first half. Everything had gotten us to that point. Kevin on a made basket, but a charge, fouled out with about two minutes to go. That left Edgar, who is really like a 2 guard, a big guard, a scoring guard, as is Paul Fox in my opinion, and put us with 2 shooting guards but no true ball handling guard to try to hold off their pressure. Then, in a very controversial play, on an in bounds reception, (in the films we went over and over this with the supervisor of officials of the ACC,) Paul Fox caught the ball, but he deflected it and hit it to the floor, which is not a controlled dribble. Consequently, technically, depending on how you view the film, he did have

another dribble. Actually he had his first dribble. They said, however, that he had dribbled, and then when he picked the ball up and pivoted away from pressure and put the ball on the floor again they called him for double dribble. It happened right in front of our bench. Paul had been playing so well. That gave them possession and they then played for the last shot. When we double dribbled and they called a time out, we said if they score we want a time out. And they had the inbounds play and Bill Suk blocked Walter Davis' jump shot and we came up with the ball. Then just from reflex we called a time out, which we probably would have done better off without and go ahead and go directly into overtime. We went with this inbounds play. Paul Fox made the pass, Bobby Jones anticipated it greatly. I don't think it's to Paul's discredit but to Bobby's credit. On one dribble he laid the ball in. That too was a draining factor. Three nights later we had to play Wake Forest and we were just wiped out emotionally, so as it turned out it ended up costing us two games. It should never happen but it did.

Two weeks later, after Neil had accepted an offer from Cal Tacy to become an assistant coach at Wake Forest University we talked again.

Chant: As a follow up to what we had talked about before, I was wondering if you could tell us what has happened in the last couple of weeks?

McG: O.K. To move very quickly, within ten days from our last conversation I had a call from Cal Tacy after Bobby Watson had resigned from his staff to go to Oral Roberts University in Tulsa. I had begun to narrow my choices. I had it down to about three things in business. This call kind of changed the equation a little and I went to Winston and talked to him there. I decided the following Monday that I would join his staff. I think he's taken the program in great strides. There is a lot to be done, but I think he's done a great deal, so I'm excited about going to Winston-Salem and I'm looking forward to coaching at Wake.

Chant: What were you going to do if you didn't find any coaching positions? Did you think of going into business for a year or two and then trying to come back?

McG: I don't know. It's awfully hard to get back in. I guess that for every job there are two or three hundred people interested. No, it's tough enough even getting into the college level from high school. To get out a year would have been risky. That was really the main thing other than my attraction to Cal Tacy, the fact that while I had some things that I think I would have enjoyed doing there was nothing I could not do two years from now in business. On the other hand I might never have a chance to get back into coaching.

Chant: I'm sure you're interested in getting back into coaching at a head coaching level. The difference must be very definite.

McG: I think that I am fortunate in that I haven't been a head coach for four or five years. It would have been awfully hard to have gone back to an assistant's role. Because I was simply there for one season I think it's going to be a plus. It's going to make me a better, more effective assistant to have seen it from that point of view, to know the problems intimately, to know the league and personnel of each team. I don't deny that definitely, under a better set of circumstances, in a healthier environment, I would like to be able to have an opportunity and the time to build a program like I am hopefully capable of doing.

Chant: How do you think you're going to feel next year just coming into the Indoor Stadium?

McG: I don't know. That's an unbelievably hard question. You know I have such a genuine affection for our players. It's not like I left them of my own free will, so hopefully there won't be this unusual competitiveness from their standpoint like there was at Davidson when we played them the three years I was at Duke. I'm sure it will seem strange, perhaps a little eerie to come back to the visitor's bench in the Indoor Stadium.

And so it goes. Neil McGeachy is now at Wake Forest. We will miss him for he was a man of genuine character; sincere, hard working, and caring. Our loss at Duke is Wake's gain and we look forward to seeing the accomplishments yet to come from a man of his age and talents.





n: 1972



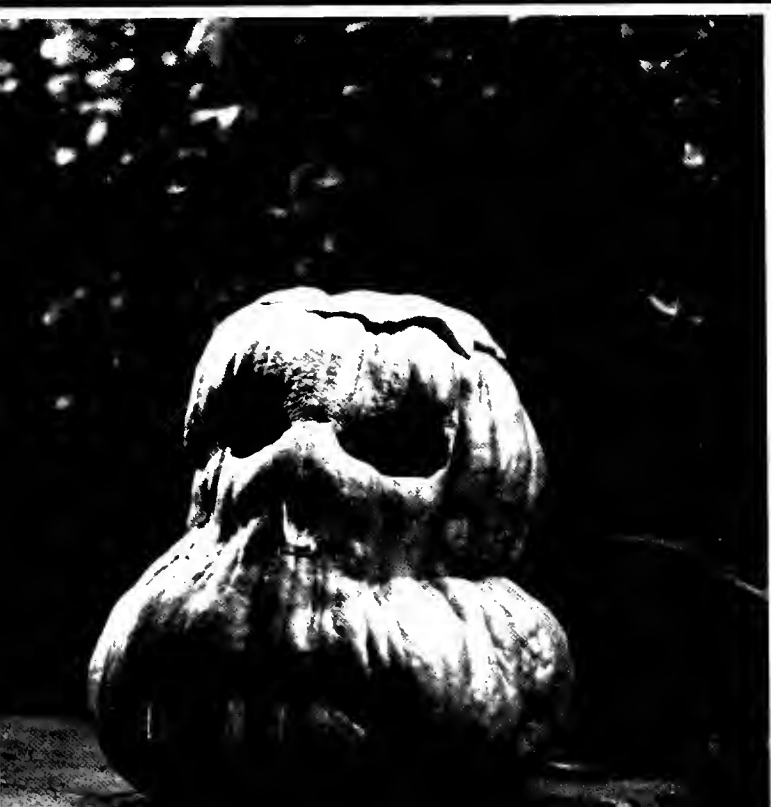
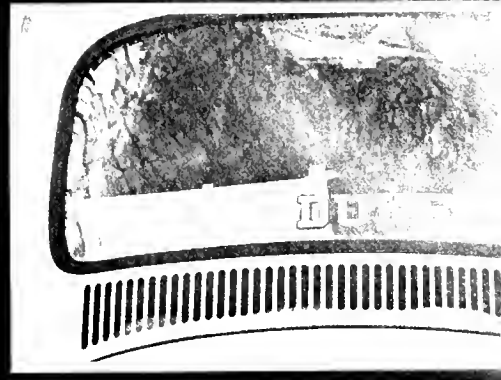






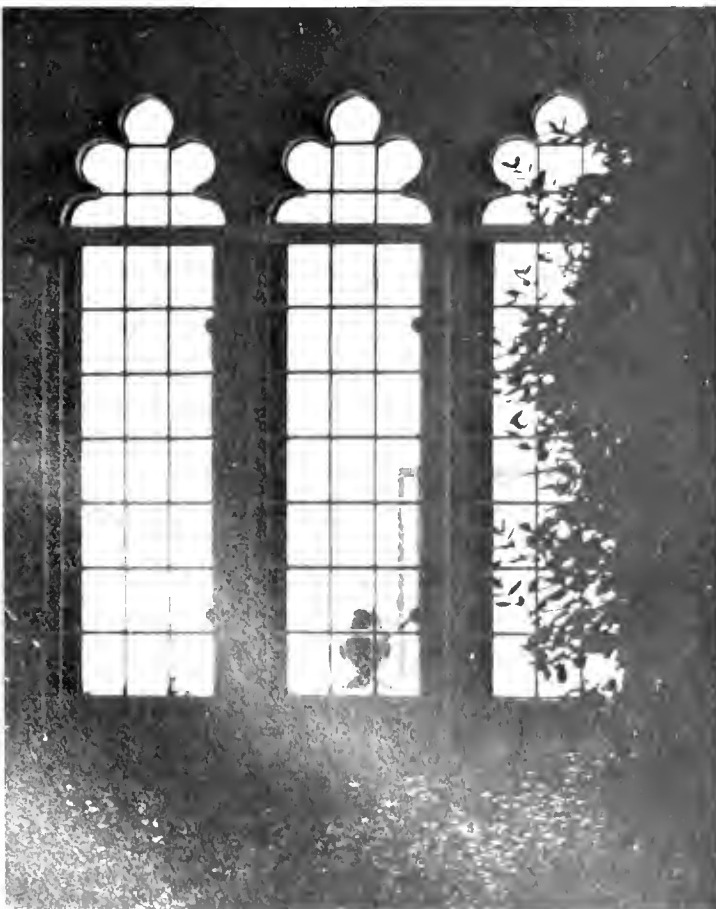
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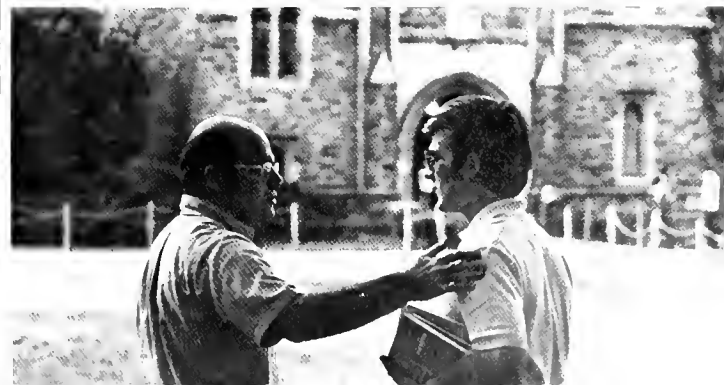
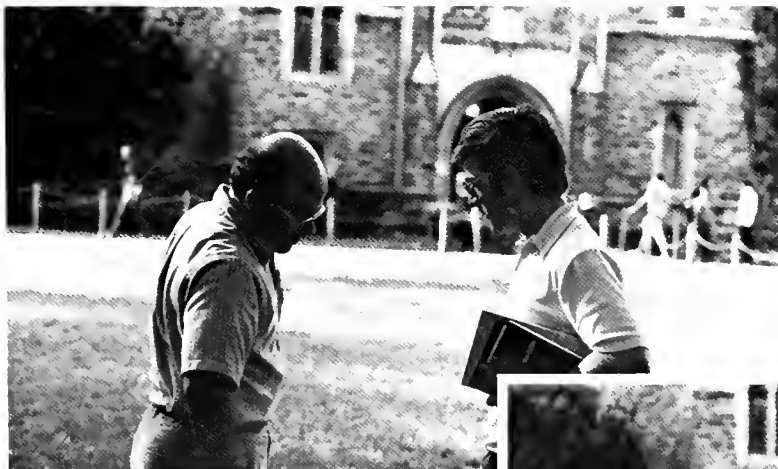










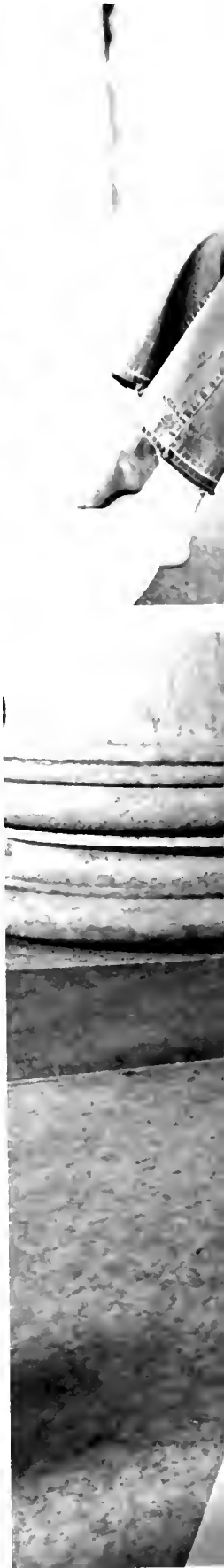














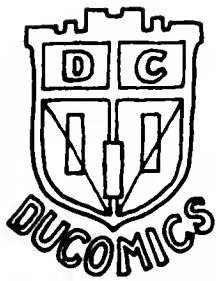




good times

at

duke



ALL NEW ♥ ALL TRUE

DISAPPROVED
BY ALL
CODES
OF
CONDUCT

COLLEGE CONFESSIONS

YR. 74
SPRING
CHANTI
CLEER

SPECIAL
TEAR-OUT
ENGAGEMENT
CALENDAR

**IN THIS
ISSUE...**

'I MOVED TO
THE COED
DORM FOR
ACTION ...
AND FOUND
URINALS!!'

C.C. GIVES
ADVICE ON
THOSE
WONDERFUL
RUSH DATES



JOHNNY YOU CAN'T
WEAR YOUR T-SHIRT
TO THE **FORMAL**
THIS WEEKEND!!!!
EVERYONE WILL LAUGH.

BUT MARY, I'VE GOT TO!
OTHERWISE, PEOPLE
WONT REALIZE THAT
I'M ON THE **TEAM!**

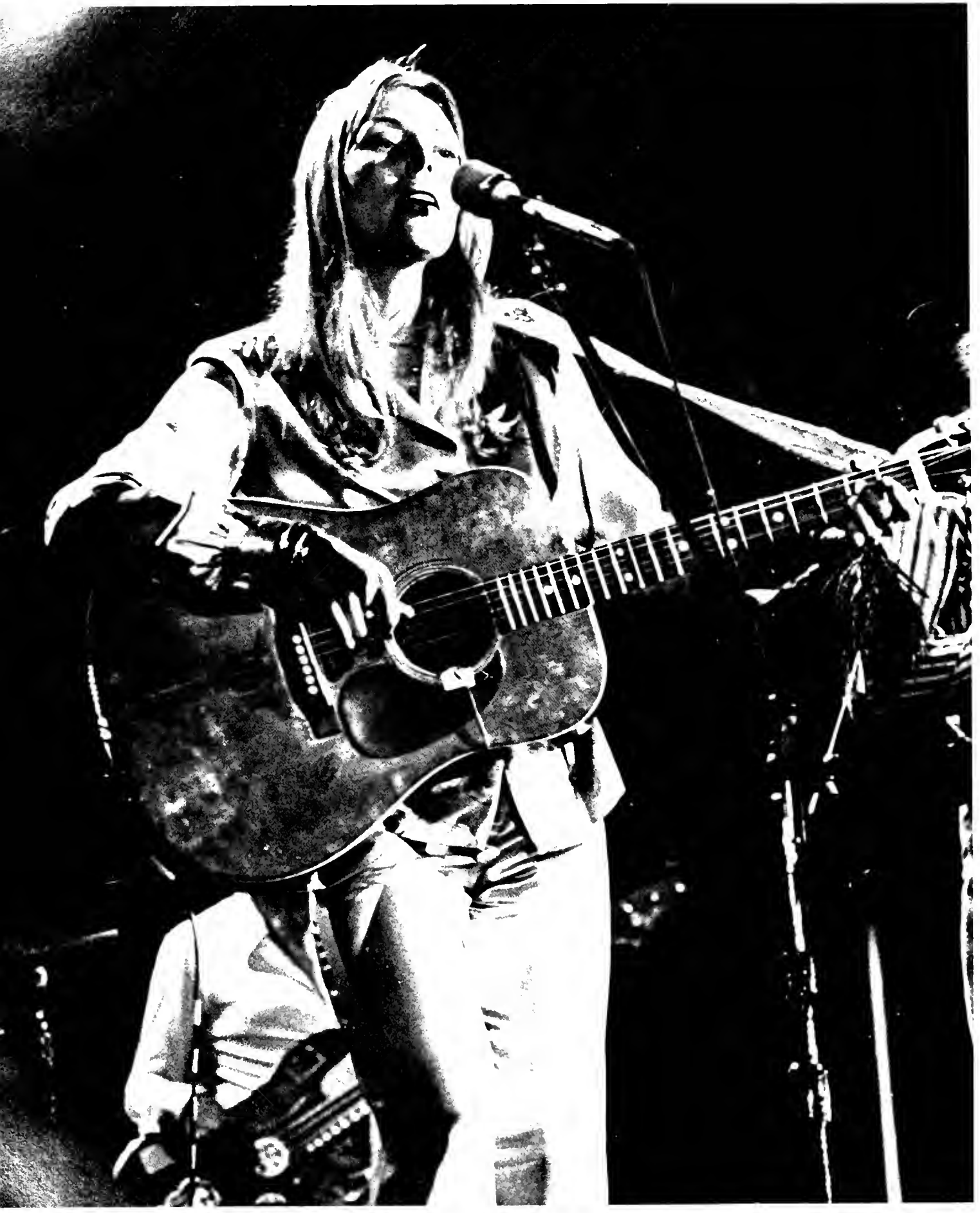








Janis mitchell



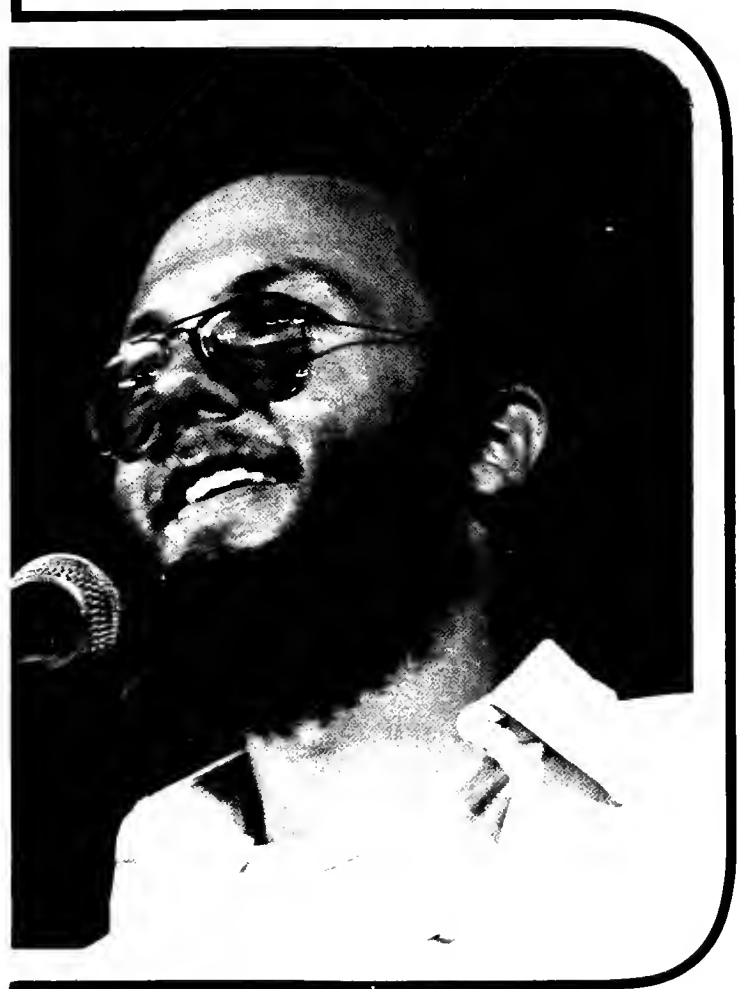








crosby and nash





MARCEL MARCEAU

DUKE UNIVERSITY PERFORMING ARTS COMMITTEE

MARCH 3, 1974

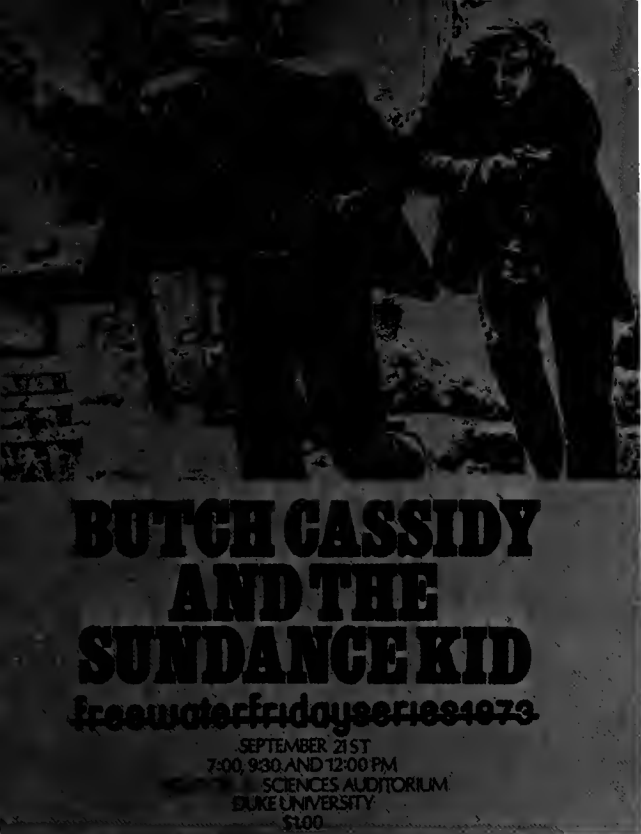
8:30 pm

PAGE AUDITORIUM

Tickets: \$5.00, \$4.50, \$4.00

Management RONALD A. WILFORD ASSOCIATES INC., 165 W 57th St., New York, N Y 10019

Tour Direction COLUMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT INC.



DUKE UNIVERSITY UNION
MAJOR SPEAKERS COMMITTEE
PRESENTS

CONG. RONALD V. DELLUMS
(D.CAL.)

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POLITICS

BLACK AND WHITE
— AFTER WATERGATE

TUES. JAN. TWENTY-NINE 8:15
PAGE AUDITORIUM FREE

The Duke University Union
Major Speakers Committee

and

The
Gay
Alliance



present

author of

John Rechy

CITY OF NIGHT
NUMBERS
THIS DAY'S DEATH

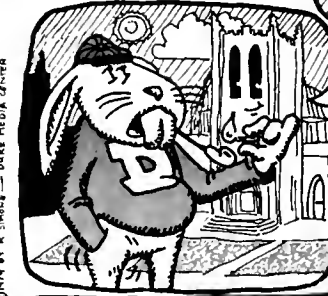
A READING OF HIS FICTION
AN ADDRESS ON

The Gay World

tues. dec.4 gross chem. auditorium

8 p.m.

PRESENTING: **JOE** THE DUKE UNION LAYS ANOTHER EGG
EASTER WEEKEND



HIYA, FOLKS... JOE EASTER, HERE; ALSO KNOWN AS THE EASTER BUNNY, RESURRECTION RABBIT, THE HOLY HOLIDAY HARE, DUKE'S ONLY B.M.O.C. WITH A FLUFFY TAIL, AND A HELL OF A NICE GUY; INVITIN' YOU TO SPEND A WEEKEND HERE WITH ME ON THE QUANT AND PICTURESQUE CAMPUS OF DUKE UNIVERSITY. YOU KNOW THE SCENE... FUN IN TH' SHW... COLLEGE KIDS AT PLAY, LAFFIN', LOVIN', GIT YER LAST LICKS IN BEFORE GRAMMIN' AND CRIBBIN' TIME ROLLS UP. TH' FESTIVITIES START AT 9:00 P.M. ON FRIDAY, APRIL 12, AN' ROLL ON TILL DAWN... THEN YOU GET A COMPLE O' HOURS TO RE-ENERGIZE FER TH' SATURDAY AFTERNOON SESSION. ALLOW ME TO ELABORATE...

**FREEWATER ALL NIGHT
★ MOVIE BARRAGE ★
9:00 PM FRIDAY, APRIL 12TH
INTRAMURAL BUILDING**

WHAT WE GOT HERE IS SIX (COUNT 'EM) SIX FEATURE FILMS: DUCK SOUP WITH TH' MARK BROTHERS & MARGARET DUMONT AT 9:00 — TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE WITH BOGEY & WALTER MUSTON AT 10:20 — IF I HAD A MILLION WITH W.C. FIELDS & CHARLES LAUGHTON AT 12:30 — COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE AT 2:05 — GRACIE ALLEN MURDER MYSTERY WITH BURNS & ALLEN AT 3:40 — AND THE THIN MAN WITH WILLIAM POWELL & MYRNA LOY AT 5.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO CURL UP WITH YOUR FAVORITE SQUEEZE IN YOUR FAVORITE SLEEPING BAG OR YOUR FAVORITE BLANKET IN YOUR FAVORITE DARK AND MAYBE EVEN WATCH SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE MOVIES. BRING SOMETHING TO SIT OR LAY ON AND WHATEVER YOU NEED TO OCCUPY YOURSELVES DURING REEL CHANGES AND INTERMISSIONS.

COUPLE OF HOURS FOR SOME BREAKFAST AN' A SHOWER, AN' WE'RE OFF AGAIN... TO THE

**MAJOR ATTRACTIONS COMMITTEE'S
FREE CONCERT — FEATURING:
★★★ SOUTHWING ★★★
QUADRANGLE — SATURDAY, APRIL 13TH**

AN AFTERNOON OF MUSIC IN THE OPEN AIR... SPRING SUNSHINE... BIRDS, BEES, AND COMBINATIONS THEREOF... A PERFECT SETTING FOR DANCING, LISTENING, PLAYING, STREAKING, BRING EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON. AMPLE OPPORTUNITIES FOR BLOWING OUT, LAYING IN, PUTTING DOWN, PUTTING OUT, GETTING ON, GETTING WITH, DOING, DIGGING, BEING, GIVING, TAKING, AND HAVING "IT." BAND-WATCHING, DANCE-WATCHING, GIRL-WATCHING, BOY-WATCHING, GIRL-BOY-WATCHING, BIRD-WATCHING, DOG-WATCHING, AND WATCHWATCHING. SUNBATHING, FRISBEE THROWING, BIKE RIDING, BABY STROLLING, AND COKE DRINKING, ETC. BRING YOUR BLANKET AGAIN.

MONTOYA

The World
Renowned Flamenco
Guitarist



ASTONISHING VIRTUOSITY - A PHENOMENON TO MEET WITH SUCH CONSUMMATE ARTISTRY IS A RARE EXPERIENCE!
 ROUNDED HIS AUDIENCE TO THE HINDRICKS APPLAUSE!
 HIS SUBTLE AMAZING VIRTUOSITY IS SIMPLY UNBELIEVABLE!
 A MASTER PERFORMER - A UNIQUE EXCITING START!

- Het Parool - Amsterdam
- Altonbladet - Stockholm
- New Daily - London
- Frankfurter Allgemeine
- N.Y. Herald Tribune

AN EXHIBITION OF
HANDWOVEN RUGS

Carol Vollmer

MAY 5 to 31
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Sponsored by the Duke University Union Graphic Arts Committee

MEET MS. VOLLMER
 2p.m., MAY 5/GILES HOUSE LAWN

POTTERY &
 MIXED MEDIA

BY
CAPPY PEVERALL

FEBRUARY 10 - MARCH 1

104 FLOWERS

PROFESSIONAL
 PHOTOGRAPHERS
 OF N. C. AWARD SHOW

FEBRUARY 11 - 28

EAST CAMPUS LIBRARY

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

THE RICH MAN
HUMAN & THE UNIMATE
TUES. OCT. SECOND
8:15 P.M.
CAMERON INDOOR STADIUM

"A GLORIOUSLY FUNNY PLAY!"

Saint Subber
PRESENTS

-Clive Barnes N.Y. Times

Imogene King
Coca Donovan



THE COMEDY SMASH BY
Neil Simon

ORIGINAL DIRECTION BY
Mike Nichols

Set by: Richard Sylbert Lighting by: Tharon Musser Costumes by: Anthea Sylbert

"SIMON'S FINEST PLAY
SINCE 'THE ODD COUPLE.'"

-Time Magazine

PAGE AUDITORIUM
THURS. JAN. 17 - 4:00 & 8:30 P.M.

EVENING \$5.50, 4.50, 3.50 -- MATINEE \$3.00

PRESENTED BY BROADWAY AT DUKE DUKE UNIVERSITY UNION DRAMA COMMITTEE

FREEWATER
A HISTORY
OF THE
CINEMA
THURSDAY

- THE PATRIOT
 - THE ENGLANDER OF THE LARKS
 - THE NAVIGATOR
 - THE ADVENTURER
 - A HISTORY OF ANIMATION
 - THE ADORN
 - KRELL
 - ADVA V THE BOLS
 - THE LADY VANISHES
 - THE RULES OF THE GAME
 - CITIZEN KANE
 - THE BICYCLE THIEF
 - THE BICYCLE THIEF
 - WASHINGTON
 - RELEVANCE
 - SHOW THE PIANO PLAYER
 - THE ENTERTAINING ANGEL
- ALL SHOWN AT THE BIOSCOPE AUDITORIUM
DUKE UNIVERSITY
8:00 PM



Erich von Stroheim's
GREED
USA 1923



FREEWATER
A HISTORY
OF THE
CINEMA
THURSDAY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH
SOCIETY OF BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES
AUDITORIUM
DUKE UNIVERSITY
\$1.00

CHARLIE
CHAPLIN
in
The Adventurer
USA 1917

Buster Keaton
in
The Navigator
USA 1924

A Short History
of Animation:
The Cartoon 1879-1933



FREEWATER
A HISTORY
OF THE
CINEMA
THURSDAY

SEPTEMBER 21TH
SOCIETY OF BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES
AUDITORIUM
DUKE UNIVERSITY
\$1.00



THE CHARISMATIC KING OF THE SWING ERA

HOMECOMING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13TH * 8.15 P.M

CAMERON INDOOR STADIUM
DUKE UNIVERSITY

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A PRESENTATION OF THE PERFORMING ARTS COMMITTEE
DUKE UNIVERSITY UNION

MONDAY 9PM
NOVEMBER 12
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DUKE UNIVERSITY
MAJOR SPEAKERS
COMMITTEE PRESENTS

TOM wolfe

AUTHOR OF:

ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST

THE PUMP-HOUSE GANG

RADICAL CHIC

NEW JOURNALISM



THE LAST AMERICAN HERO

a movie based on the story by tom wolfe
(courtesy 20th century fox)

TUESDAY 8:15
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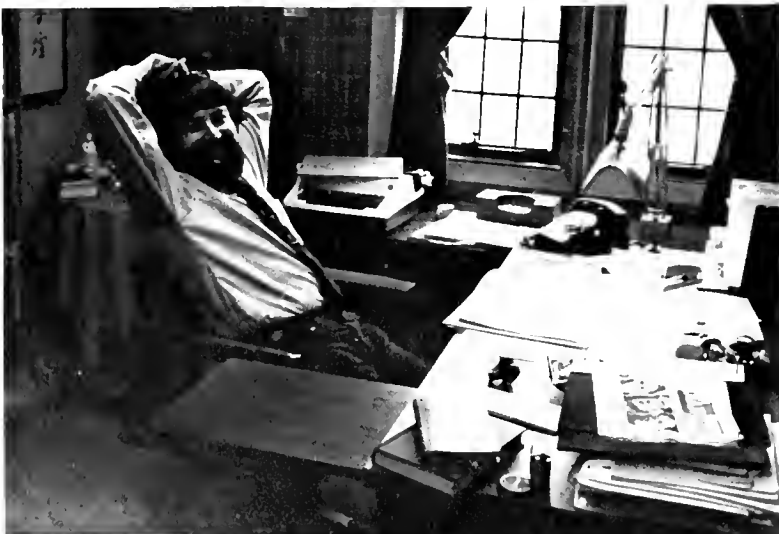




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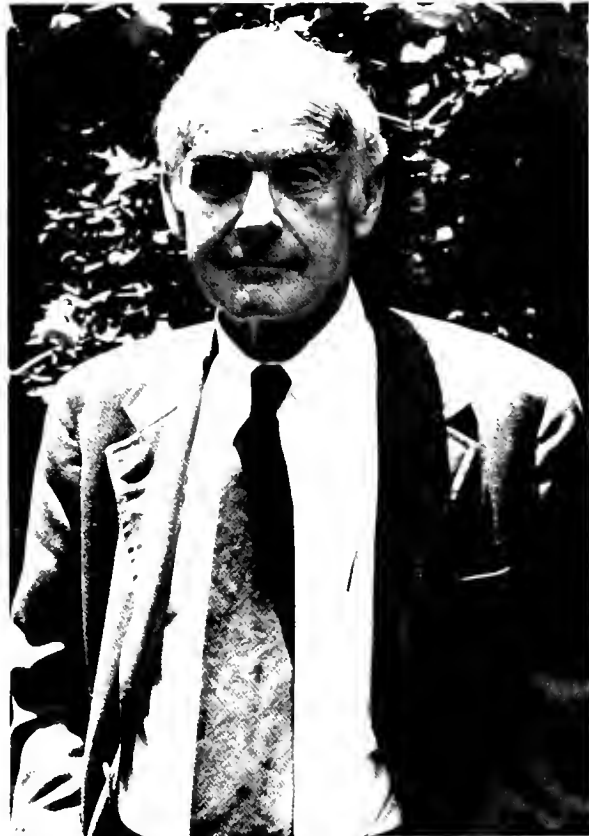
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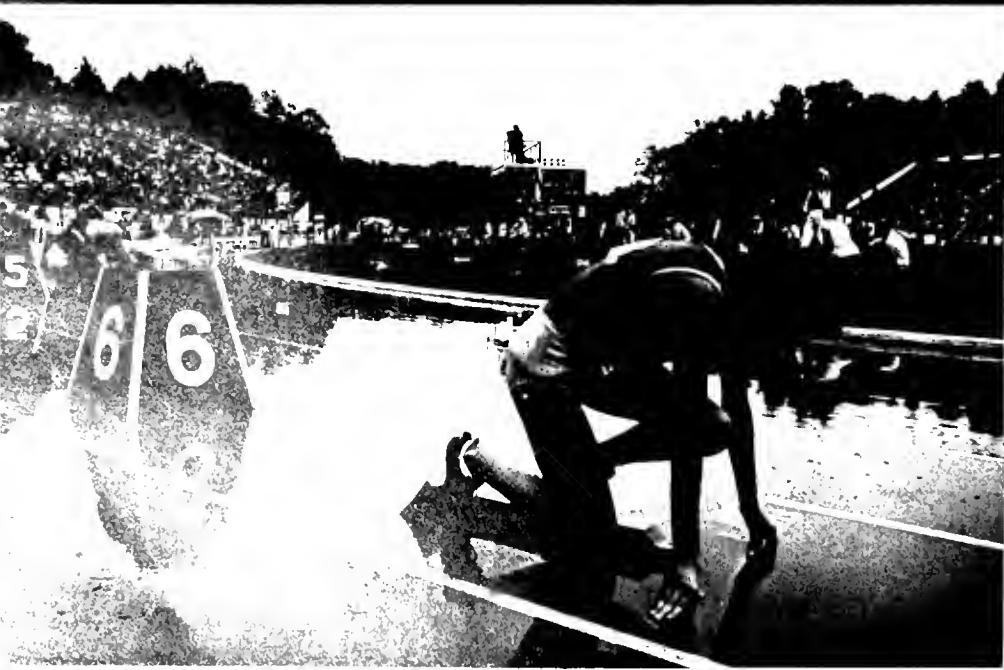
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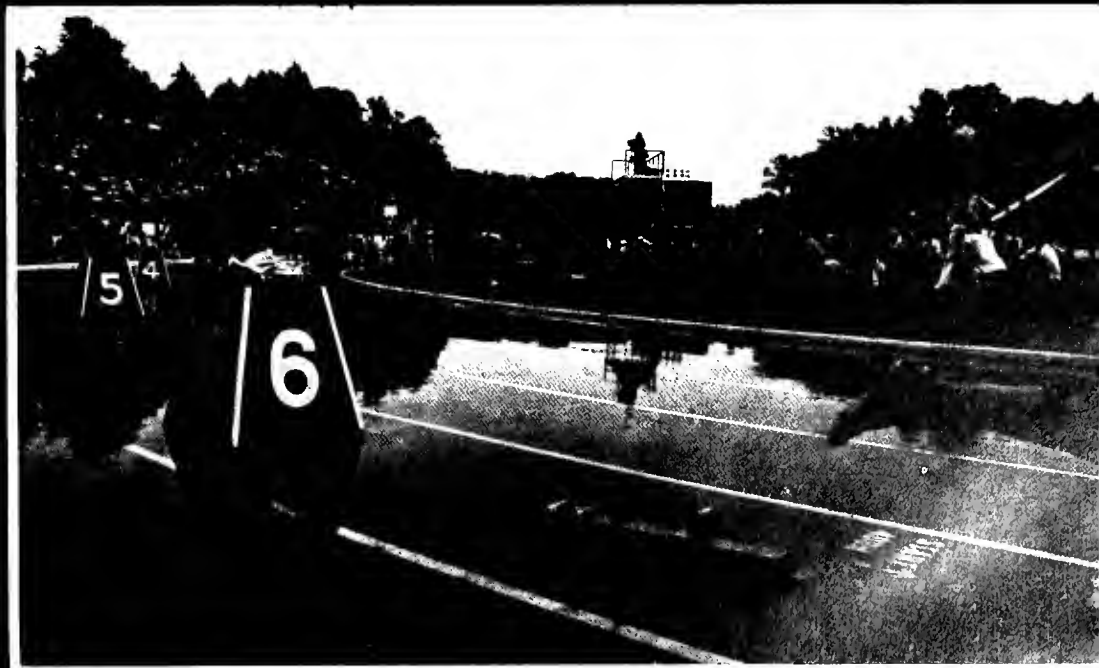


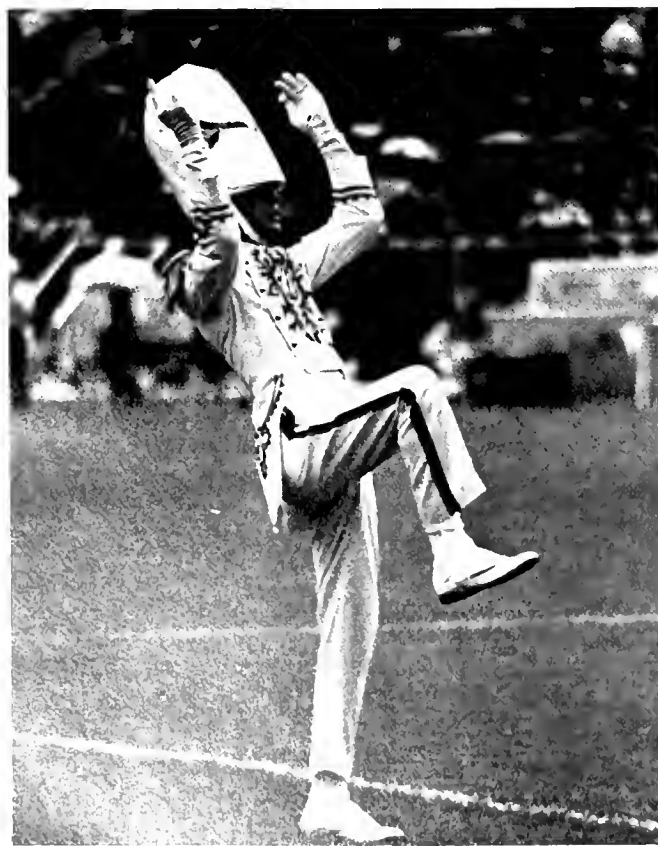


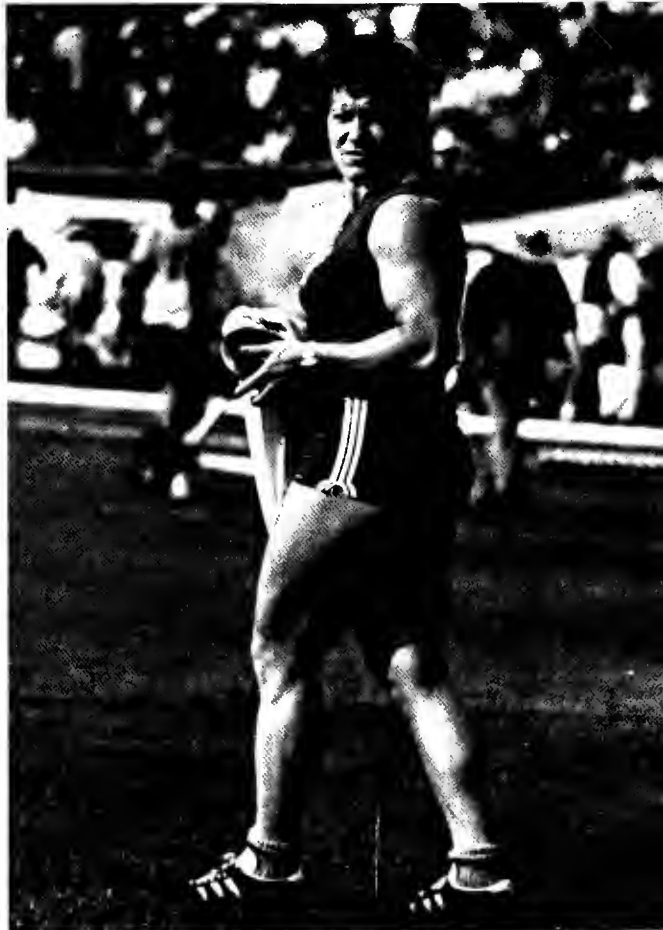




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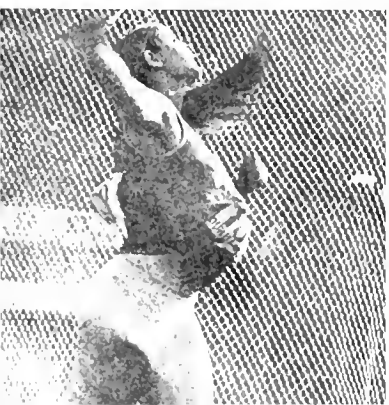


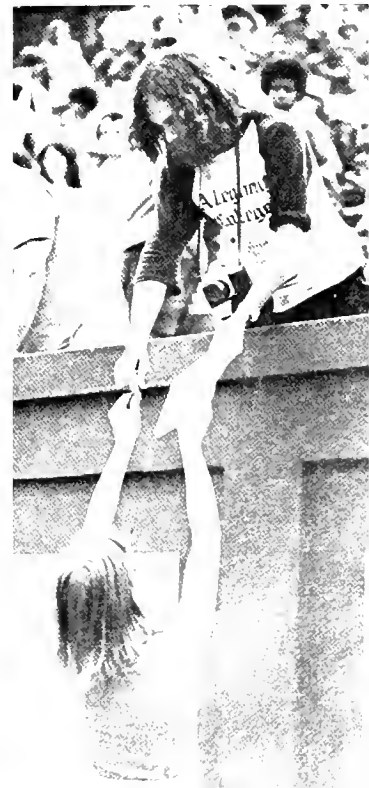
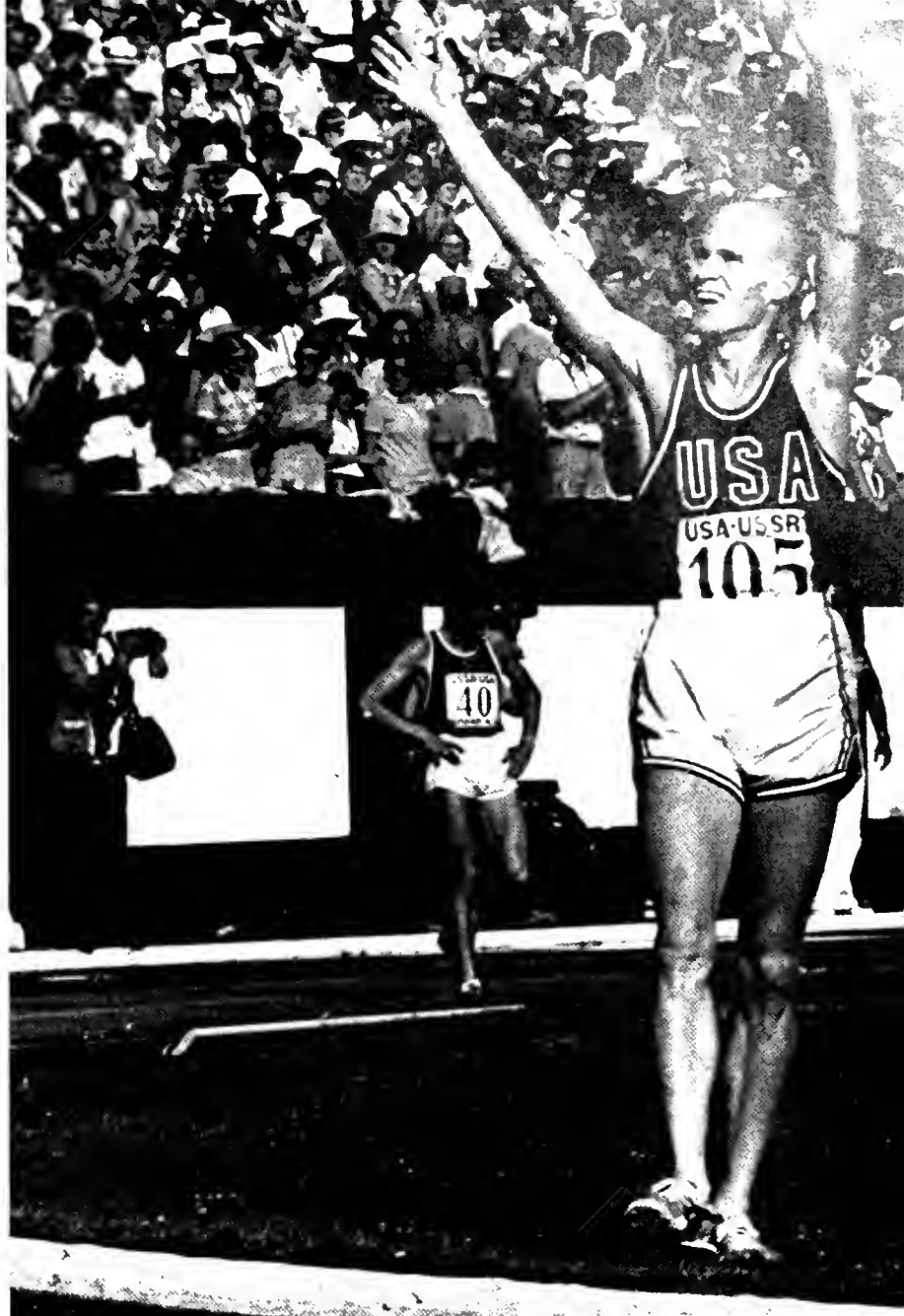










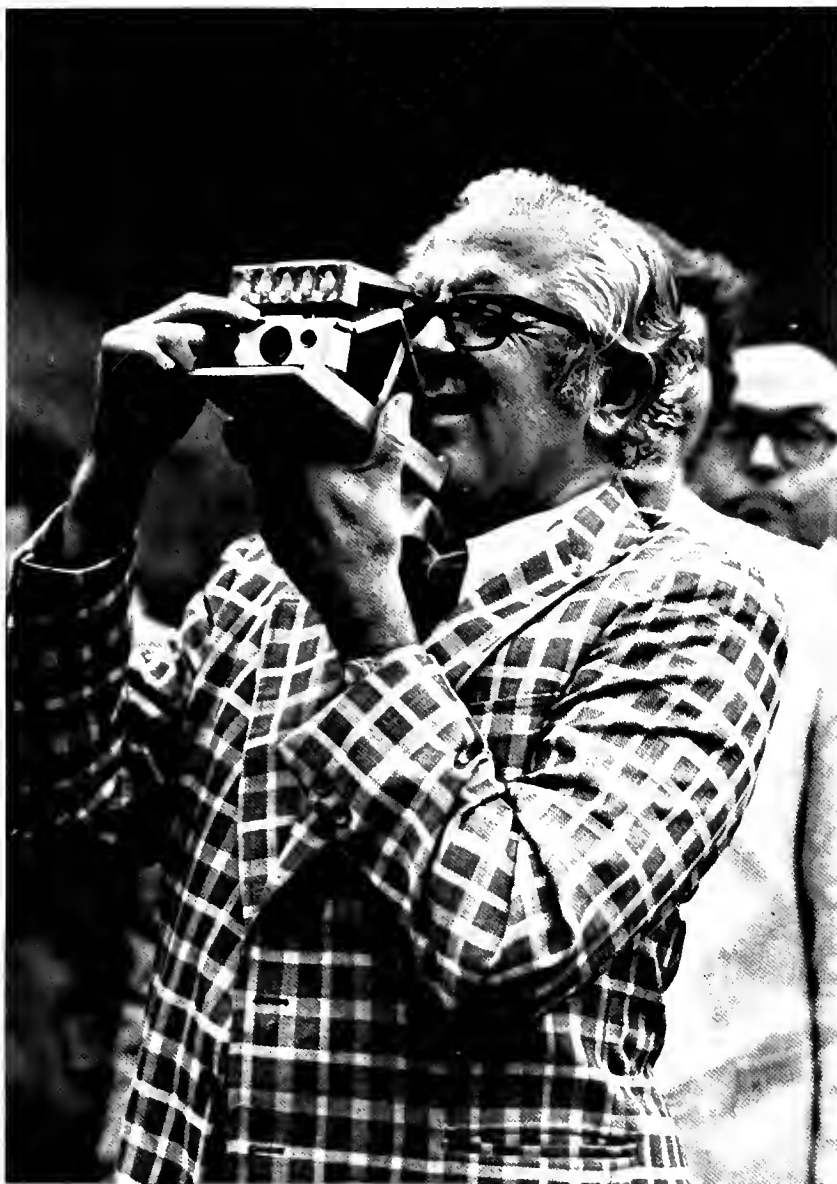




We only need six more.

Would anyone have any extra tickets?

Ah yes. Why thank you sir.



I urge those of us gathered here today, from whatever faculty or discipline, whether graduates honoris causa, or graduates sweat-of-the-brow, not to under-estimate the magnitude of the challenge we face or the extent of the responsibility we bear.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau
Prime Minister of Canada



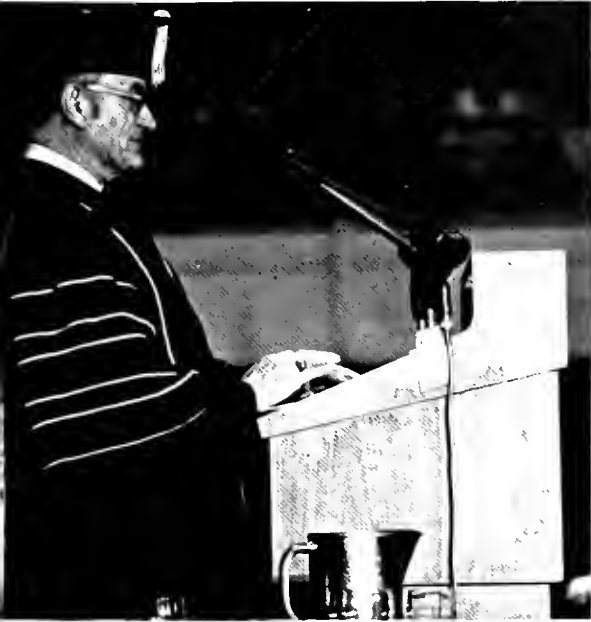
Our challenge is not a gloomy one of avoiding doomsday; it is a joyous one of introducing into the world a dynamic equilibrium between man and nature, between man and man.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau



Will the candidates for the degree of (fill in appropriate degree) PLEASE RISE!

Pierre Elliott Trudeau, by the authority vested in me, I confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws, and I admit you its rights, its privileges, and its obligations.



Holy shit! We finally made it!





chanticleer staff





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Volume 62, the 1974 Duke *Chanticleer*, was printed by Josten’s/American Yearbook Company’s plant in Clarksville, Tennessee in a press run of 4800 copies. The paper stock was 80 pound white gloss. Type styles varied. Headlines were 30 pt. Optima lower case and 144 pt. Franklin Gothic Condensed by Visi-Type. Subheads were 18 pt. Optima lower case. Body copy was set in 10 pt. and 8 pt. Optima upper and lower case. The cover was embossed with a linen grain and inlaid with silver foil. It also was done by American.

We would particularly like to thank two people at American. Terry Maultsby, our sales representative, spent many, many long hours helping us put this book out with some semblance of punctuality. We would also like to thank Gary Dyer, our plant representative, who continuously saved us from ourselves. Without either of these men our task would have been infinitely more difficult.



To this bespectacled, grayhaired, chainsmoking, introspective, humorous, literate, soft spoken, visually sensitive, demanding man we dedicate our efforts on this book.

In a myopic world he has, in his low key way, given us a great gift; the ability to see, truly see, if only for an instant, the things others pass by. As we leave now and go our separate directions, we shall all in our own ways travel through life armed with velvet hands and hawk's eyes. John Menapace, the *Chanticleer* thanks you.

The 1974 Duke Chanticleer Would Like to Thank:

THE 1974 DUKE CHANTICLEER WOULD LIKE TO THANK: Panama Red and his white horse Mescalito, Nikola Tesla, Nippon Kogaku, K. K., G. M. and his friends in the Mafia, Rob Fix, Suzy Creamcheese, Russel Bullock, Ansel Adams, Barbara Hedman & Co., Carlos Castenada, Francis Vincent Zappa, Albert Einstein, Eastman Kodak (The Great Yellow Father), the Secretary in the Chorale Office, Govinda, United Mutations, Pedro and Man, Richard Brautigan, the Man from Glad, Ernst Leitz & Co., Mary Jo Biancho, C. G. Jung, Captain Kodak the V-8 Kid, most of the Duke faculty, one or two of the Duke administrators, and the entire grounds crew, William Shakespeare, the Dope Shop Ladies, Andy Berlin, Sky King, Jim Wilson, Billy the G, Mahavishnu John McGlaughlin, Dr. Russel Dionne, Spiderman and his Marvel friends, Pamela Zarubica, Gotama Sakyamuni (The Buddha), Vince Lombardi, Jesus of Nazareth, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pozner, Katie, Becker, and Cindy, Billy Pilgrim, Hunter Thompson, Oliphant, the Durham Chamber of Chaos, Porgy and Mudhead, Boswell RIP, Nurmi, I. Croom Beatty, Robert Ballantyne, Phranque and Pat, Marshall I. Pickens, Buffalo Bob Smith, Rupp, David Thompson (AKA god, with a small 'g' because we want to remain humble about this), Annie Leibowitz, Ceil Price, Ted Minah, Suitcase Simpson, Tom Harp and Bucky Waters, Katherine Ross and Candice Bergen, Woody Allen, Clint Eastwood, Little Billy Hanenberg and his friends on Tough Street, Mick Jagger, Peter Townsend, The Bear, Bokonon, Elliot Rumsfoord, Dicky Betts and Elizabeth Reed, Waffle House, John Dean, Jim Morrison, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Cooks, Barger, the Clam, Chris, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, et. al., Richard Nixon and John Sirica, Jimmy Olsen, Billy the Mountain, Oedipus, Hieronymous Bosch, Edward Weston, Minor White, Jim Young and the D. U. Publications Board, Ned Earle, Dr. Albert Hoffman, Hugh Hefner, M. C. Escher, Thomas Pynchon, Muhammed Ali, Walt Disney, Steve Rader, Stanley Gumas, Odd Ogg, Bilbo Baggins and Gandalf, Regnad Kcin, Hemlock Stones and the Zeppelin Tube, Sgt. Stedanko and Sister Mary Elephant, Signe Toly Anderson and Grace Slick, the Red Crayola and the Familiar Ugly, Alan Freund, Tara, Confucius, Roger Corless, Lao-Tsu, Wimp the Pimp and Joe the Toe, Hari-Kari, Madge, Marion L. Shepard, J. E. B. Stuart, Willie Ta-Kome, Rex the Wonder Dog, Lt. Col. Charles B. Gault, AUS. Ret., Bunny Bixler, Honda Motor Co., Zora Arkus Duntov, Northgate Camera, Camera and Photo Shoppe, (but definitely not Camera Corner), the Archive, the Chronicle (the alternative publications), WDBS, David Douglas Duncan, Elaine Appel, Tom Wolfe, R. G. Wallace, Jr., Tom Stoppard, John Clum, Ann Pelham, Burger King, Diane Arbus, the Old Trinity Club and, of course, all you wonderful people out there in yearbook viewing land. We want to thank you all for making this year what it was?

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