

A Most Unordinary Clothing Store

By CINDY BORDEN
DTH Staff Writer

"Sascha."
You've seen advertisements for it in the DTH. You've seen the sign on Franklin Street. What in the world is it?
Being the curious adventurer that I am, I decided to find out. After puzzling over the sign that hangs between two beauty-shop signs and has only the word "Sascha," the picture of a violin-playing Russian (complete with furry hat and high boots), and the hours of the establishment, I boldly ascended the steps to whatever "Sascha" is.
I found a most interesting door, painted bright-blue and

green, over which hang another "Sascha" sign, a wrought iron lantern with yellow bulb, and a wicker basket for mail.
Stepping through the door I saw what I was looking for: "Sascha." But I must confess to disappointment. "Only another coed-clothing store," I grumbled to myself. I was soon to learn, however, that this was no ordinary clothing store.
Inside the room, I found giant-sized pictures of James Dean, Ringo, and Jean Harlow on bright-blue and green walls. The ceiling glittered with tin-foil, and pleasant music drifted to my ears. On various clothes-racks hung some

very un-ordinary fashions.
The owner of the store, Miles Eric Ludwig, 24, and his petite wife, Henerieka, greeted me with smiling faces. Miles (as he prefers to be called) is a Senior at UNC, majoring in Radio, T.V., and Motion Pictures, and is last year's winner of the Thomas Wolfe award for writing. He was very enthusiastic about his new business, opened on Oct. 26, and soon informed me that "Sascha" is, indeed, no ordinary clothing store.
"I opened this shop because I was tired of seeing girls in the usual traditional bag," he explained. Miles sports a phi-

losophy which he calls "ecstatic fashion," a getting-away-from the commonplace.
"Since clothing is a media of expression, and since we are living in an age which Marshall McLuhan (a contemporary philosopher) calls 'evolved with the technological stimulation of consciousness,'" said Miles, "ecstatic fashion is an important part of the times."
The atmosphere of the store is purely informal, and Miles encourages coeds to come up and relax; have a cup of tea (graciously served), sit down and read a magazine, or merely browse through the "ecstatic fashions."



JIMMY DEAN and Jean Harlowe are just two of the characters that grace the mod walls at Sascha's. —DTH Photos by Jock Lauterer

His Voice Rings Bible Belt

By SID MOODY

HARLAN, Ky. (AP)—The rusting screen door that advertised "Dr. Pepper" on one of its slats swung open and a tanned man in a straw fedora, red sport shirt, two-toned jacket strode into the general store.
"Hi, I'm Reverend Grady Wilson," he said to a handful of mountain people lounging by the counter. "I'm preaching down at Huff Park tonight and I want y'all to come on down to the meeting."
His heavy Southern accent rang with the hearty enthusiasm of the Fuller brush salesman he once had been. But now he bore a different message.
Grady Wilson is an evangelist, the latest in a long line that has been coming to this mountain country of the Bible Belt ever since Squire Boone, Daniel's brother, first trekked over the Cumberland Gap to bring the Gospel to the frontier.

"As I Remember Hawaii" by Alvino Rey. But his message was the same as the squire's: Repent, accept Christ and be saved.
American evangelism has been a blend of folksiness, humor and hell-fire. It is ingrained in the Bible Belt that runs through the heartland of the nation.
Evangelism endures, and Grady Wilson, who looks more like a 47-year-old non-touring golf pro gone somewhat to flesh than he does a cleric, is nonetheless all evangelist, heart, mind and voice.
Grady has preached in Chingola, in Northern Rhodesia, with six armed soldiers on the platform with him and 150 more surrounding the stadium to guard against Communist agitators. He preached in Maracaibo, Venezuela, where Castroites put spikes on the road to keep people from coming to hear him.

can, as one of his associates put it, "get right down to the roots of sin." In Harlan, standing under a banner that read "Jesus Said 'I Am the Life,'" Grady Wilson was doing just that. He had been drawing 1,000-plus people a night. In the first week 130 people had made decisions for Christ.
After the sermon, Grady started up his car to get a bedtime snack of three hot dogs and glass of buttermilk. A young boy, a parolee from reform school, came up to him to make a private decision. As the motor idled, the boy leaned his hands on the door and Grady said a prayer over him.
"We've been trying to reach that boy for three months," said Bell, standing in the darkened football field of Huff Park. "He probably heard Grady saying God was a forgiving God and it hit him. He has no education, no family and nowhere to turn, nowhere except God."
Bell continued.
"The difference between the evangelical and liturgical

church depends on cultural background, esthetics, taste. The essential thing is proclamation of God's good news to the world. Our tradition is evangelical. Our life, our tastes are based on an agrarian culture. They are simpler than those of an urban society. The prayer meeting here is religious but it is also social. It's a chance for the people from one hollow to see the folks up another hollow."
"We're not doing anything new," Grady conceded. "I put in topical references to the time, to Kentucky, but the Gospel is relevant to the world."

MORE COUNTRY

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