

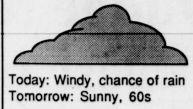
Sports

Cats begin restocking the trenches in spring workouts. SEE PAGE 3.

Diversions

UK grad performs at Comedy on Broadway. SEE PAGE 8.

60°-65°



Today: Windy, chance of rain
Tomorrow: Sunny, 60s

Kentucky Kernel

Vol. XXI, No. 140

Established 1894

University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky

Independent since 1971

Wednesday, April 6, 1988

Board told UK budget still short \$7.5 million

By DAN HASSERT
Editor in chief

The budget compromise reached by the state General Assembly will alleviate some of UK's budget woes, but the University remains \$7.5 million short in its budget needs, Vice President for Administration Ed Carter told the UK trustees yesterday.

The compromise, which awards higher education some \$17 million in fiscal 1989 and \$23 million in fiscal 1990 more than it received under Gov. Wallace Wilkinson's proposed budget, will mean about \$2 million more for UK in 1989-90, according to figures Carter showed.

To meet that \$7.5 million deficit, Carter said, UK will probably start eliminating administrative support positions like secretaries, clerks and maintenance personnel. He stressed that positions, not people, would be eliminated.

After the meeting, UK President David Roselle said raising student activity fees was a possibility, though he didn't elaborate on the issue.

"All in all, the budget situation is better than when we (outlined) it at the Board of Trustees' last meet-

ing," Roselle said, though he said it remained a "difficult" budget.

The compromise budget reached by the Kentucky House and Senate March 30 provides \$1 million for enhancing engineering programs at UK, allows for debt service for a planned Business & Economics building and community college buildings and awards continued funding for the Japanese Saturday School.

With these programs, UK needs some \$21.5 million in additional revenue over the next year. Projections, however, only indicate an increase of about \$14 million in state funds.

That \$21.5 million in additional expenditures includes more than \$4 million set aside for a 2 percent increase in faculty and staff salaries. It also includes a 2 percent increase of more than \$4 million in employee fringe benefits and about \$700,000 each for computing and library materials.

Other existing academic programs designed to attract and retain quality faculty and students would continue to be funded. These include faculty grant programs (about \$1 million), student scholarships (almost \$400,000) and graduate profes-

sional and research programs (about \$1.25 million).

Roselle said three areas of emphasis will be to provide scholarships for students, to improve the personal environment for employees and to attract and retain the best faculty, staff and students. In this way, he said, the administration will work to protect the academic programs and progress made at UK.

"The question always is can the University afford to do these things," Roselle said. "The answer is that the University can't afford not to."

"It's a matter of being able to shift your priorities so you are able to afford it."

Faculty member Mary Sue Coleman said that emphasis was appreciated by UK faculty. In the past, cuts were made "across the board" and were resented by faculty, she said.

Roselle expressed optimism about the budget's final impact on the school.

"The budget is not a standstill budget," he said. "It's a budget that will allow us to (make progress)."

In other action, the board expansion and research programs (about \$1.25 million).

Arts and leisure



Justin Clark, a first year architecture student, rays yesterday morning by the M.I. King Library on a class drawing while taking in a few brary.

Photography prof., 5 others named to Ky. journalism hall

By HEIDI PROBST
Staff Writer

Press Photography Professor Ralph Johnson will be inducted into the Kentucky Journalism Hall of Fame on April 14 with four other distinguished journalists.

"I am especially pleased that Ralph Johnson is among those admitted to the Hall of Fame, especially because he came back to the School of Journalism this spring — at a time when he was needed," said David Dick, director of the UK journalism school.

The other inductees are John Day, former managing editor of The Courier-Journal; George Hackett, a 44-year veteran of The (Kentucky) Associated Press; Bennett Roach, an editor and publisher of the Shelby News; and Earl Ruby, sports editor of The Courier-Journal for 30 years.

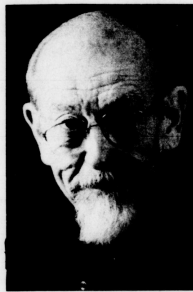
Inductees must be natives of Kentucky or have spent a significant portion of their careers in the state.

Johnson was recognized not only for his outstanding teaching skills but for his career in journalism also, said Donald Towles, president of UK's alumni association and a member of the committee who has selected inductees for the hall since it began in 1980.

While a student at UK, Johnson began his interest in journalism while on the staff of the Kentucky Kernel. Johnson served as sports editor for the Kernel the year he graduated from UK and took a job as a reporter and photographer for a year at the Frankfort State Journal in August 1937. After that he free lanced as a photographer in Frankfort until World War II.

He continued his career with The Associated Press, working in New York as a photo editor and in Atlanta where he was in charge of photographic coverage of the southeastern United States.

In 1955 he began a 14-year stint as



RALPH JOHNSON

Surgeon in heart-lung transplant to talk today

By MARY YOUNGSTAFEL
Staff Writer

Dr. William A. Baumgartner made medical history last year when he performed the first heart-lung transplant operation in the United States.

Baumgartner, a UK medical school graduate, is the featured speaker at the Spring Lecture sponsored by Alpha Omega Alpha, a national honorary medical society. The speech is at 1 p.m. today at the UKMC Hospital Auditorium.

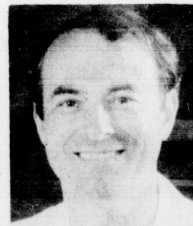
During the transplant operation, known as "domino donor surgery," the heart and lung of one recipient

victim goes into one patient, and then that patient's heart is transplanted into a second patient.

Even though the patient receiving the heart-lung transplant doesn't need a new heart, the lung and heart are both replaced due to the simplicity of this process, Baumgartner said.

It is more feasible to replace one lung and the heart than to replace both lungs, leaving the patient's heart alone.

Dr. Roy Jarecky, director of UKMC Student Counseling and Enrichment, said Baumgartner was a



DR. WILLIAM BAUMGARTNER

Local deli owner once New York banker

By ALAN LESSIG
Contributing Writer

For Asheet K. Yagnik, the pace of life has gone from "100 miles an hour" to a creeping crawl. Until three months ago Yagnik worked as a junior account relationship officer for Citicorp Bank in New York City.

Now he is owner and operator of the Columbia Deli & Grocery that sits quietly on the corner of Columbia and Oldham avenues in a residential area near the UK campus.

Where previously Yagnik dealt with people holding large accounts at Citicorp, he now makes 15-20 sandwiches a day for students, neighbors and UK employees who frequent his deli & grocery.

"The main reason I left New York was that I wanted my own place that wasn't crowded. I miss

my friends in New York but I don't miss the crowds. New York is too crowded," Yagnik said.

Yagnik, who has a degree in micro-biology from Gujarat University in Ahmedabad, India, moved to the United States four years ago. "I wanted to see what I could do here (in the United States) but I didn't have luck finding a job in my field," he said.

However, he did get a job working as an advertising account representative for India Abroad, a newspaper in New York City.

Eventually that led to a job with Citicorp. "Even though it was outside of my field, I had success in banking," Yagnik said. "But I wanted to move to a small town and open my own business."

One day he got a call from his brother-in-law in Lexington who told him that there was a small market up for sale. Yagnik came to Lexington to take a look at the store and decided to buy it. "I

thought that if I let it go now, I might not get what I wanted when I was ready, so I said 'let's grab it.'"

The Columbia Deli & Grocery has been a convenience store for the last 25 to 30 years. The atmosphere is friendly and comfortable in the small shot-gun grocery, which is filled with an assortment of odds and ends mixed in among the staples of bread, milk and soft drinks. The store stocks everything from beer, chips and motor oil to porcelain figurines of unicorns, dogs and cats.

"I offer a convenience for most of the students. For a small item, they might have to wait for a long time at Krogers," said Yagnik.

His customers are quick to agree with him. "It's the closest thing from Cooperstown," said Kim Murrah, a resident of UK Cooperstown Apartments and a regular customer at the deli & grocery. "I miss my friends in New York but I don't miss the crowds. New York is too crowded," Yagnik said.

Arabs hijack 112 on jet in Cyprus

By MONAZIYADE
Associated Press

NICOSIA, Cyprus — Arab hijackers yesterday forced a Kuwait Airways jumbo jet to land in northeastern Iran, threatened to blow it up and demanded that Kuwait release 17 pro-Iranian prisoners. They later released 24 of the 112 passengers.

Iran's official Islamic Republic News Agency said without elaboration that the 24 women were released early today after negotiations with Iran's deputy prime minister, Ali Reza Moayyeri.

Among the other passengers were three members of Kuwait's royal family and a passenger with a U.S. passport, on a flight from Bangkok, Thailand, to Kuwait. The gunmen

warned the Kuwaiti royals would be "in imminent danger" if Kuwait refused to free the prisoners, IRNA reported.

The hijackers, brandishing pistols and hand grenades, identified themselves only as Arabs. But their demands echoed those of Iranian-backed Shiite Moslems holding American hostages in Lebanon.

The Kuwaiti government rejected the hijackers' demand to release 17 prisoners, calling it "blackmail," but said it would listen to other demands, the Kuwait News Agency reported.

After an emergency session, Kuwait's government said it will send a three-man delegation this morning "to help Iranian authorities" secure the passengers' release.

Iran asked Kuwait to send a high-ranking delegation to Mashhad in northeastern Iran for direct talks with the hijackers.

The hijackers earlier demanded fuel for the aircraft and threatened to blow it up if the Iranians approached. IRNA initially said the Iranians refused the plane, but then said the gunmen were still requesting fuel.

Iranian security forces surrounded the plane at Mashhad airport to keep it from taking off. IRNA and Tehran Radio said.

Kuwait urged Iran to handle the incident "wisely" and requested that the aircraft not be allowed to leave. Iran said it would try to resolve the crisis peacefully but said

See ARAB, Page 4



Asheet K. Yagnik, owner of Columbia Deli and Grocery, stands on the front porch of his store located on Columbia Ave.

R
6
8

Judge rejects Meese overture

By PETE YOST
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — A former federal judge and a Labor Department official yesterday turned down Attorney General Edwin Meese III's offer to fill two top Justice Department posts, which were vacated by protest resignations last week.

Arlin Adams, now a Philadelphia lawyer, said in a statement from his office that he was unable to accept the job of deputy attorney general, the Justice Department's No. 2 position, because of a heavy caseload at his Philadelphia law firm.

"Unfortunately, the request came at a time when I was involved in a number of matters that made my immediate availability quite difficult," said Adams. "I have so reported to the attorney general and I've expressed to him my regrets."

Meanwhile, a Justice Department source said that Salvatore R. Martoche, now an assistant secretary in the Labor Department, also had rejected a request from Meese to take the job of assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division.

Martoche decided not to take the job "because of the taint factor," said the source, speaking on condition of anonymity.

Deputy Attorney General Arnold Burns and Assistant Attorney General William Weld, who headed the criminal division, abruptly resigned last week out of concern that the nearly 11-month-long criminal investigation of Meese was hurting the Justice Department's operations and image, department sources have said.

The decisions by Adams and Mar-

Salvatore R. Martoche also had rejected a request from Meese "because of the taint factor."

anonymous source

toche leave Meese with key positions in the department unfilled on the eve of the attorney general's scheduled trip to South America.

The turndown by Martoche represents the second unsuccessful attempt by Meese to fill Weld's position in two days.

On Monday, the White House blocked another planned replacement for Weld, James I.K. Knapp, said a Justice Department source who spoke on condition of anonymity. Knapp, 45, is a deputy assistant attorney general in the department's tax division.

Meese had planned to announce Knapp as his choice to succeed Weld last Friday, Justice Department sources said. But the White House held up Meese's plan, pending completion of FBI background checks on his choices.

Department sources on Monday declined to specify why Knapp's name was being withdrawn.

In his statement, Adams said he was unable to take the post offered to him by Meese because of a heavy caseload at his Philadelphia law firm, where he took a job last year after stepping down from the 3rd U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals after 17½ years on the bench.



Light work

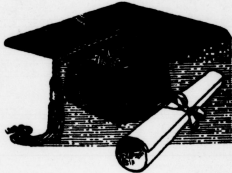
Ernest Talbert and Dan Barbour, both Civic Center employees, check and replace bad underwater lights and prepare to fill the Triangle Park fountain with water yesterday afternoon. The water will be turned on April 15.

JULIAN DHAAN/Kentucky Star

NOTICE:

The 121st Annual Commencement Exercises

will be held on Sunday, May 8th at 1:30 p.m.



A handbook containing information about Commencement activities was recently mailed to degree candidates for whom correct addresses were available. Students who did not receive this handbook may pick up a copy at Patterson Office Tower, or at any college dean's office. For specific details regarding individual college ceremonies, please contact your college dean's office.

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A Navy Engineer Representative will be in the "pit" area, Anderson Hall, on March 30 and April 6 & 7 from 9 a.m.-2 p.m.

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Sports

UK must fill holes to open up holes

By CHRIS ALDRIDGE
Staff Writer

Spring. Most people perceive it as a time when trees and flowers start to bloom and come to life.

To football coaches, however, spring means dusting off the cleats for football practice. And the UK coaching staff hopes it can get a couple of inexperienced offensive linemen to blossom this spring as well.

"Since we started spring drills, there's been improvement everyday, which is what you look for," offensive line coach Farrell Sheridan said. "The biggest thing we have to overcome is inexperience and strength."

Four of last year's five starters on the offensive line — center Brad Myers, guards Dermontti Dawson and Butch Wilburn and tackle Greg Kunkel — will participate in commencement exercises next month. That leaves only junior-to-be Mike Pfeifer, a 6-foot-7, 290-pounder, to anchor the new line.

"We'd kind of forgotten how good these guys were," offensive line coach Jake Hallum said.

How about good enough to be picked in the National Football League draft? Hallum says he expects Dawson's unique blend of strength and speed to make him a second or third-round selection in the upcoming draft. He says he believes Kunkel will also be drafted, and Wilburn will probably become a free agent.

The departure of those seniors took a lot of the offensive line's strength with it, Sheridan said. All four of them could bench press more than 400 pounds. He said only three returnees, one of them being Pfeifer, can handle 400.

However, Sheridan says, finding enough big bodies to fill the holes in the line has not been as much of a problem this spring as it has been in UK teams in the past.

"We're going to be big enough, but we're just not quite strong enough right now," Sheridan said. "So we've got to really dedicate our selves this summer to the weights

more so than we've ever done before."

Hallum agrees. "I think the key to our team is how much stronger we can get and how much our guys are willing to work in the weight program," he said.

Most members of the offensive line will remain in Lexington during the summer to work with strength coach Pat Etcheberry's summer weight-lifting program.

Presently, Sheridan said the first-team members are center Brian Cralle (6-1, 271), guards Bill Huette (6-2, 255) and Brian Denham (6-1, 251), and tackles Bo Smith (6-3, 256) and Pfeifer. Denham and Smith will be the only seniors.

But both Sheridan and Hallum emphasized that these teams are subject to change. Both coaches mentioned as many as 11 players that are in the running for a starting position next fall.

Cralle, a junior-to-be, agrees with the UK coaches that he and his teammates along on the offensive line have to get stronger. But he said he feels they need to get used to playing together as well.

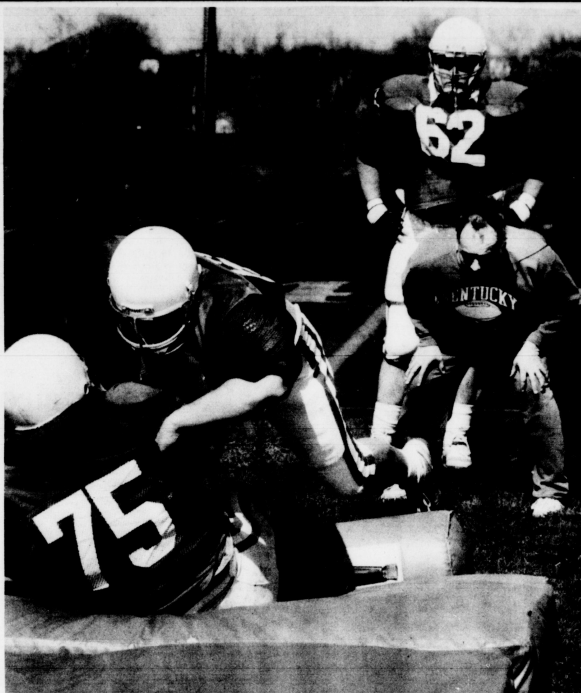
"Basically we've just got to get together as a line," Cralle said. "A lot of us haven't worked together as a complete line. This year is the first year."

The UK coaches plan to use a multitude of formations next year, according to Sheridan, to compensate for the weaker offensive line. He said many will utilize four pass receivers as opposed to only one running back.

That likely means that the Cats' attack will emphasize more passing. The idea, Sheridan says, is to take advantage of the strong arm of quarterback Glenn Fohr and the sure hands of tight ends Charlie Darrington and Martin Pennington.

Huette, a walk-on who will be a sophomore this fall, says he believes it is a system that will help him and the other young linemen.

"It's more finesse and technique than total strength," Huette said. "It gives us an advantage because we don't have to be quite as strong as on a running offense. We're main-



UK offensive line coach Farrell Sheridan and senior tackle Bo Smith look on as two Cats take part in a contact drill yesterday at Shively Sports Center. UK must replace four linemen who graduated.

ly just trying to keep our man away from the quarterback and not trying to move him out of the way of the ball."

Still, Hallum knows, no matter which style of offense you utilize,

you've got to be strong to compete in the powerful Southeastern Conference.

"That offense is no good on paper if you don't have the guys out on the

Baseball team sunk in 6th, defeated 13-4

Staff reports

A six-run sixth inning allowed Indiana State to come from behind and defeat the UK baseball team 13-4 yesterday.

With the Cats up 9-4 in the bottom of the sixth, UK reliever John Ofstun took over for starter Doug Sutton.

Ofstun managed to retire only one batter. He allowed four hits, one walk and five runs. Ofstun then was replaced by UK's Jon Hudson, who gave up one more run before retiring the side.

Indiana State, now 17-6 on the season, picked up three more runs in the eighth inning for the final margin.

UK jumped out to the early lead behind four players who had three hits each.

Shortstop Billy White, first baseman John Marshall and outfielder Sam Taylor had three. Catcher Robbie Buchanan also added three hits, including a double and two-run homer.

Buchanan's homer in the top of the six gave UK the 9-4 advantage. Indiana State's Skip Wiley picked up the win. Hudson was the loser.

UK will next take on Morehead State University at 4 p.m. at Shively Field.

Tickets for Blue-White football game

Staff reports

Free tickets to the UK-Bank One Blue-White Spring Football game on April 23 will be distributed by all Superamerica stores throughout the state beginning Friday. Tickets can also be picked up beginning on Friday at nine Bank One locations throughout Lexington.

Advertisement

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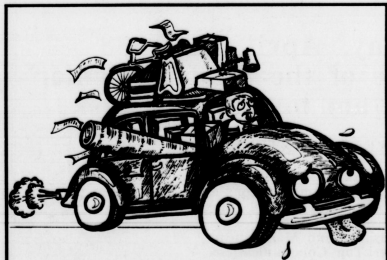
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Since 1960, hormone levels

Flowering iron has replaced plow power. Pinstripes have replaced paisley. And Wall Street has replaced Woodstock.

But of all the major changes that have taken place since the 60s, one is hardly visible at all: the change that has taken place in the Pill.

In 1960, the Pill contained as much as 150 mcgs. of the hormone estrogen. Today, it's down to 35 mcgs. or less. That's a fraction of the original dosage.

Yet, today's Pill is as effective as yesterday's. In fact, it's still the most effective birth control available other than sterilization.

But is the Pill right for you? You should see your doctor to help you answer that. If the answer is yes, then the ultimate decision is yours. And it's important that you learn all you can about oral contraceptives.

First and foremost, what are the risks? Does the Pill cause cancer? Will it make you less fertile? Do you need to take a rest from it? These are just a few questions that have surrounded the Pill since 1960. Questions which must be addressed by you and your physician.

What about the Pill and breast cancer? Although there are conflicting reports concerning this issue, the Centers for Disease Control reported that women who took the Pill, even for 15 years, ran no higher risk of breast cancer than women who didn't. The CDC also reported that ovarian and uterine cancer are substantially less common among women who use oral contraceptives.

The Pill has been shown to have other health benefits as well. Pill users are less likely to develop pelvic inflammatory disease (tubal infections), benign breast disease, ovarian cysts and iron deficiency anemia, not to mention menstrual cramps.

But if the Pill is so effective at preventing pregnancy, can it later prevent you from having a baby when you're ready to have one? Studies

in the Pill have

indicated that if you were fertile before you took the Pill, taking it will not affect your ability to have children later. Some women may experience a short period of readjustment after discontinuing the Pill. Even so, most women usually become pregnant soon.

One piece of advice you may have heard if you're on the Pill is that you should take an occasional rest from it. Yet there's no medical basis for this advice. Furthermore, a rest could turn out to be anything but restful, since switching to a less effective form of birth control increases your chances for unplanned pregnancy.

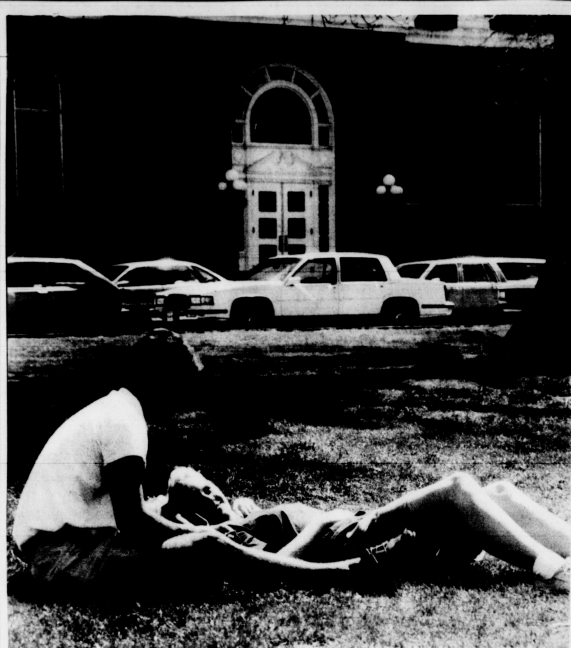
Now that you know what the risks aren't, you should know what the risks are. For example, if you are taking the Pill, you should not smoke. Especially if you are over 35. Cigarette smoking is known to increase the risk of serious and possibly life-threatening adverse effects on the heart and blood vessels from Pill use. What's more, women with certain conditions or medical histories should not use the Pill.

Even if you're already on the Pill, you should see your doctor at least once a year. And read the patient information regularly.

Taking the Pill is easy. Deciding whether or not to take it isn't. That's why it's so important for you to make an informed decision. Continue reading everything you can about birth control methods. Seek out reliable sources. Talk to your doctor. You've already taken a step in the

dropped considerably.

right direction. Just think, since you began reading this, there's a good chance your knowledge level about the Pill has increased. Considerably.



Ray 'fans'

Jim Hill, a communications junior, and Bartley Pratt, a marketing sophomore, talk while resting on the lawn in front of the Administration building yesterday afternoon.

RANDAL WILLIAMSON/Kernel Staff

First of 1,300 U.S. soldiers sent to keep Panama secure

By REID G. MILLER
Associated Press

PANAMA CITY, Panama — The first of an extra 1,300 U.S. troops were sent to Panama yesterday to increase security for American soldiers and citizens in the face of a political and economic crisis.

The reinforcements and a squadron of 28 helicopters were intended by the Reagan administration as a signal to Gen. Manuel Antonio Noriega, the de facto ruler whom Washington has been urging to step down.

The buildup, ordered last week to counter what the Pentagon called Noriega's "heavy-handed tactics," will push American troop strength along the 50-mile-long Panama Canal to 11,800 officers and men. Noriega is head of the 15,000-man Defense Forces.

The action followed reports of harassment of U.S. citizens by Panamanian soldiers and the temporary arrest of several American reporters during a police raid on opposition headquarters in a Panama City hotel.

The Panamanian government has repeatedly accused the Reagan administration of preparing for an invasion and said Panama's army had begun training several hundred civilian volunteers in guerrilla warfare.

In Santa Barbara, Calif., where President Reagan is vacationing, his chief spokesman denied Monday that the president is considering military action or that he would urge further economic sanctions on Panama.

U.S. sanctions imposed in February have produced the gravest economic crisis in Panama's history. The country's banks have been closed for more than a month and the government has been unable to pay either its debts or its employees.

Yesterday's editions of state-run newspapers carried a communique from Panama's Health Ministry that ridiculed the new American troops, calling them potential AIDS carriers and a threat to public health.

The U.S. deployment is scheduled to be completed by Friday.

The units arriving include an

Army battalion of military police, a company of Marines, three Air Force air base ground defense units, two squads of guard dogs and their handlers and an Army aviation unit.

The U.S. Southern Command, which has its headquarters near Panama City, had about 600 security personnel among its 10,000 servicemen and women before the Reagan administration stepped up its campaign to oust Noriega early last month.

In mid-March, the Pentagon sent another 670 security personnel to Panama to help protect military facilities.

The primary task of all U.S. military personnel in Panama is to safeguard the canal until it is handed over by treaty to the Panamanian government at noon on Dec. 31, 1999.

About 13,000 military dependents also live in Panama, along with another 1,300 U.S. employees of the Panama Canal Commission and their 2,600 dependents. Most of them live in the old Panama Canal zone, a 10-mile-wide strip of land bordering the canal.

•Arabs release 24 of 112 hostages

Continued from Page 1

the plane would have to leave if it was not resolved quickly.

The plane was commandeered three hours after it took off from Bangkok with 97 passengers and 15 crew members.

IRNA reported that the hijackers said in a statement radioed to the control tower at Mashhad airport: "We ask you Iranian officials to mediate between us and the Kuwaiti government if you want.

"Our rights have been usurped... We have 17 prisoners in Kuwaiti jails who are under the worst kind of torture..."

"If you do not want to mediate, we ask for fuel and other needs and then we will take off," the statement said, according to IRNA.

IRNA, monitored in Nicosia, said a Jordanian passenger with a heart condition was freed several hours

after the plane landed at Mashhad at 7:30 a.m. (midnight EDT).

The passenger list included 30 Kuwaitis, 22 Britons, eight Thais, various other nationalities and one person with a U.S. and an Egyptian passport identified only as R. Atiaallaali.

But the U.S. State Department said it believed no Americans were aboard.

•BOT expands policy on patents

Continued from Page 1

ed UK's control over intellectual property — knowledge or technology with commercial value — developed by faculty, staff or students using University funds, facilities or other resources.

The new policy extends the definition of such property to include computer software, videotapes, bioengineered agents, plant varieties and other discoveries in addition to traditional patent and copyright subjects like new machines and com-

positions of matter. Producers of the property will retain an interest in the property and share in any financial returns from its commercialization.

This change will not affect the specific policy of the University to give unrestricted property rights to producers of traditional scholarly works like textbooks, reviews, journal articles, works of art, sculpture and music.

The board also:

✓ named Animal Sciences Professor William Moody to replace William Fortune as the new academic ombudsman. Moody's one-year term will begin July 1.

✓ named four faculty members to University Research Professorships. The faculty are Robert Dickson, biochemistry; Mina Miller, music; Daniel Nelson, political science; and Jesse Siskin, microbiology and immunology.

•Transplant surgeon to speak today

Continued from Page 1

very capable and very smart student.

"I think he was probably one of the (most) pleasant students with whom I had contact. He was able to get things done in a way that was non-irritating," Jarecky said.

To be considered a candidate for heart-lung transplant, a patient must have end-stage lung disease, according to Smitty Howard, president of Alpha Omega Alpha and fourth-year medical student.

End-stage lung disease means death is imminent and there is no other way of medically managing the problem, Howard said.

In a heart transplant, one must

first stop the donor heart from beating and then remove the heart. Next the vessels must be reattached with those of the patient, and started again with electrical shock, Howard said.

While there have been 3,000 heart transplants, many more people are in need of transplants, Howard said.

One reason there is such a shortage is because there are so few donors, Howard said. Heart transplant donors must have no heart damage, be under 35 if male and under 40 if female.

An additional problem is that the donor's tissue must be matched, Howard said. Patients face rejection

problems, and sometimes drugs may help with rejection, he said.

Dr. Bruce A. Lucas, head of Kentucky's organ donor program, said the source of organs, such as the heart, are accident victims who are brain dead, from a head injury while the heart is still beating. Dr. Lucas said a DOA victim could be used as a skin donor, or bone donor, but not as a heart, heart-lung or kidney donor.

The Alpha Omega Alpha Spring Lecture, "Advances in Cardiac Disease," includes Dr. Anthony DeMara speaking on "Recent Advances in the Diagnosis and Treatment of Cardiac Disease."

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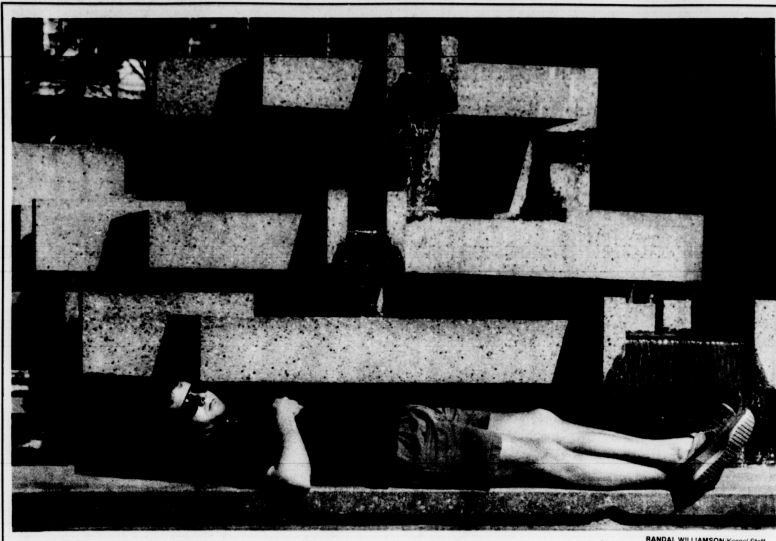
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Cat nap

Jon Noel, a zoology/pre-med senior, takes a break between classes while absorbing the sunshine yesterday afternoon on the

Patterson Office Tower fountain. Today is expected to be cloudy with a chance of rain.

RANDAL WILLIAMSON/Kentucky Staff

Dukakis wins Colo., leads Wis.

By DAVID ESPO
Associated Press

MILWAUKEE — Michael Dukakis moved ahead of Jesse Jackson in returns from the Wisconsin primary last night, bidding to quell Jackson's momentum in their grind-it-out struggle for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination.

The Massachusetts governor also celebrated a narrow victory in Colorado caucuses marked by a slow and controversial count.

Tennessee Sen. Albert Gore Jr. was running third in the Wisconsin returns, despite a costly effort in search of an elusive breakthrough outside his native South. Illinois Sen. Paul Simon ran a poor fourth, and seemed likely to suspend active campaigning later in the week.

The television networks, based on polling-place interviews, said Dukakis would win Wisconsin, a victory that would provide him a boost as the campaign moved to New York and Pennsylvania later this month. Jackson hoped to win in Wisconsin to follow-up on his Michigan caucus victory late last month. He had drawn large and enthusiastic crowds in the state where whites make up more than 85 percent of the electorate.

Vice President George Bush won an overwhelming Wisconsin victory over former television evangelist Pat Robertson in the Republican race. He won handily in Colorado, as well, as he continued his grand march to nomination at the Republican convention this summer.

Returns from the first 7 percent of the precincts showed Dukakis gaining 45 percent of the vote, to 35 percent for Jackson. Gore trailed with 15 percent, while Simon had 4 percent.

Bush was winning 85 percent of the vote, to 8 percent for Robertson. Returns from 73 percent of Colorado's 2,784 precincts showed Dukakis leading with 3,974 delegates, or 45.4 percent, to Jackson's 3,453 delegates or 39.5 percent. The uncommitted delegates totaled 1,069, or 12.2 percent, and Gore received 236 delegates, or 2.7 percent.

The Democratic caucuses were held across Colorado on Monday night, but significant returns were not reported until yesterday by the state Democratic Party. The slow count brought sharp criticism from Jackson, who accused state Democratic chairman Buie Seawell of being "biased and politically unethical" and "deliberately controlling the process" by remaining as party

chairman after publicly supporting Dukakis.

Calculations based on the incomplete Colorado returns indicated Dukakis would win about 21 national convention delegates to 17 for Jackson.

But Wisconsin loomed as a far more important test than Colorado in the see-saw Democratic struggle, partially because it offered more delegates — 81 compared with Colorado's 45. Democratic rivals invested heavily in time and money in their bid to claim the support of Wisconsin's large blue collar vote and gain fresh momentum for the rest of the primary season.

Dukakis held a shaky lead over Jackson in pre-election surveys in overwhelmingly white Wisconsin, with Tennessee Sen. Gore a distant third. Illinois Sen. Simon lagged with single-digit support in the polls and was on the verge of suspending his campaign.

Friday deadline for student rights award

Staff reports

Nominations for the Robert G. Zumwinkle Student Rights Awards are being accepted in the Student Government Office, 120 Student Center.

The award is presented to students and faculty who have "protected, enforced and furthered students' rights," according to a press release.

Each year the award committee selects two recipients for this award.

Recipients of this award will be

announced at the Student Government Association meeting on April 20. At that time the winners will be presented with a plaque to recognize their achievements.

Any full-time student at either UK or LCC is eligible for the award. Faculty and staff, however, must be employed by UK's main campus, the Medical Center or LCC.

The award was named after former vice chancellor for student affairs Robert Zumwinkle.

Nominations should describe in detail what the nominee has done to further student rights at UK.

Five journalists

Continued from Page 1
a news writer and editor in Boston.

After retiring, Johnson said, he found he had nothing to do so he turned to teaching. He taught at UK from the fall of 1974 until 1980.

Johnson returned to teach photojournalism at UK in the fall of 1987 to fill a position left open.

Johnson said he was surprised when he heard he had been nominated to the Hall of Fame.

"I never dreamed in my life that I would be considered for it and when I read the letter that said I had been nominated for the Hall of Fame, my immediate reaction was embarrassment," he said.

He said he was thankful to his fellow journalist for thinking kindly of him.

Johnson said he thought his nomination for the honor was a reflection of his attitude toward students.

"I treated them kindly and was interested in what they were doing," he said. "I try just as hard to mean something to the students as they try to mean something to me."

Johnson said he would like to write and do some editing of his fel-

"I'll try not to sit around and do what I was doing before I came here. I was sitting around in my pajamas, in my apartment dying."

Ralph Johnson, UK professor

low journalist's works after he finishes teaching this spring semester.

"I'll try not to sit around and do what I was doing before I came here (the second time)," he said. "I was sitting around in my pajamas, in my apartment dying."

Johnson said coming back to UK to teach has helped him. "It was like getting a shot of adrenaline or a blood transfusion because this (photography) always inspires me," he said.

Advance registration today

Staff reports

Advance registration begins today and runs through April 13. All students currently enrolled in UK who plan on returning for either the summer and/or fall semester must advance register during this time.

Failure to advance register could result in a late fee.

Students may obtain the course request forms in the dean's office of their college. Course request forms require the signature of an academic adviser upon completion of the forms.

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Advance Registration Procedures for 1988 Summer Sessions and Fall Semester

All currently enrolled students must register during this period if they plan to attend the 1988 Summer Sessions and/or Fall Semester.

DATES:
Wednesday through Wednesday
April 6-April 13

WHO SHOULD REGISTER:
Currently enrolled students including part-time and nondegree students.

PROCEDURE FOR REGISTRATION:
1. See your adviser (preferably before advance registration begins).
2. Go to your dean's office for instructions and a course request form.
3. Fill out college schedule cards. Always use standard departmental abbreviations and reference numbers which appear in the Schedule of Classes.
4. Fill out Course Request Form (with No. 2 pencil) and return it to your academic dean's office. You are not registered if you omit this final step.

HOURS:
The University will be open during regular hours: 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m. with the exception of Graduate School and the Evening-Weekend College. Their hours will be 8 a.m.-8 p.m. April 6-7, 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m. April 8, 9 a.m.-noon April 9, 8 a.m.-8 p.m. April 11-12, and 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m. April 13.

CHANGING COLLEGES:
Go to the dean of the college of your current enrollment to receive instructions about the proper procedure for changing colleges.

DELINQUENT STUDENTS:
Students delinquent to any unit of the University will not be permitted to register until the delinquency is resolved. Students wishing to advance register must clear any delinquencies before the April Advance Registration period ends. Your dean's office

will have instructions for clearing the delinquencies.
EVENING-WEEKEND COLLEGE:
You may register for Evening-Weekend College classes if you are a day student. Evening classes are listed in the Schedule of Classes. Undergraduate students wishing to enroll only in evening classes should register with the Evening-Weekend College Office. Registration for evening classes should be listed on your course request form.
SCHEDULES AND FEE PAYMENT:
Advance Registered students' schedules will be mailed to home addresses around April 21 for the four-week inter-session, around May 5 for the eight-week summer session, and around May 31 for the fall semester.
Fees must be paid by May 23 for the four-week inter-session and by June 22 for the eight-week summer session.
For the Fall Semester, a \$50 advance payment must be received NO LATER than August 3 (postmark date July 27) in order to confirm a student's schedule. Failure to pay the advance payment will result in cancellation of the schedule. This fee applies directly to your registration; it is NOT an additional charge.
Carefully read the material forwarded with your schedule.
For more information: Call the Advising Conference and Registration Office at 257-7173.

Do You Have A Healthy Lifestyle?

Would you be interested in helping other students live healthier lives? If so, the Student Wellness Interest Group (SWIG) may be for you! SWIG's purpose is to promote healthier lifestyles among students. Members will provide peer education and referrals, lead orientation seminars, and develop educational materials in addition to coordinating programs.

For More Information:
Stop by 513 Patterson Office Tower or call 257-3754 to pick up an application or ask questions.

Derby Classic Volleyball Tournament

- Get your team ready!*
- Support your school team and see the Kentucky Derby — May 7th at Churchill Downs.
 - Tickets \$15 per person in advance (through April 30, 1988). Derby Day infield admission \$20 per person.
 - Advance tickets eligible to win two reservations to anywhere in Continental U.S. served by Eastern Airlines.
 - Have a "Ball" in the infield! Join the party — bring your friends!
 - Contact Kathy Cole at 257-3928 for tickets.



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Teacher evaluations a valuable service for UK students

This week students begin the yearly ritual of registering for classes. Many times, scheduling can be a confusing, bureaucratic nightmare, simply because students go into the process knowing what they want, but not knowing who is the best teacher to deliver it.

In the past, word of mouth was perhaps the only way to differentiate between good and bad professors in deciding what classes to take.

But this year the Student Government Association is providing students teacher evaluation booklets.

The booklet is based on questionnaires turned in by students last semester. At least seven students had to respond to each teacher in order for that teacher to be included in the booklet.

Teachers are rated on organization, knowledge of subject, grading and course goals. The ratings are on a scale of "1" to "4," with "4" being superior. General comments about the class and teacher are also provided.

There are, of course, some inherent problems in letting SGA provide a teacher evaluation booklet. Students have biases and a limited amount of interviews might provide a skewed outlook of a teacher. SGA has minimized this skew with the seven-response minimum and by marking where student remarks varied too much to be conclusive.

The booklet is also not comprehensive. Many teachers were not included because of lack of response.

But the problems a teacher evaluation booklet poses are far outweighed by the student service it provides.

Teacher evaluations done in classes each semester are private. Consequently, students have no way of knowing what their peers think about teachers. But a providing a booklet that rates instructors only can make the process of deciding which classes to take a little easier. If 17 students said a teacher was indifferent to student concerns and answered questions in class in a condescending manner, students are forewarned about a teacher's communication skills.

The administration doesn't provide any sort of service like this one for the students. In a story that appeared in Tuesday's Kernel, UK officials said they are not that comfortable with publishing evaluations.

Teacher evaluations, however, are not meant to be a means to torture teachers, or even praise the excellent ones (though some evaluations are brutal and others are complimentary.)

What the booklet provides is a frank and honest appraisal of teachers at this institution by those who know best — students who took their class.

Letters

Horse racing club formed

As many of you avid racing fans know, it is almost Keeneland time again. As a matter of fact, the races start in just a few days. I cannot imagine anyone who gets more excited than I do when "my" horse comes across the finish line in first place. I get so excited about racing season that I want to share that enthusiasm with everyone.

And what better way to spread the feeling than to join an organization which is centered around the horse racing industry.

So you say there is no such organization on campus. You are absolutely right, and I think it is time to change that. Kentucky is known throughout the world for its beautiful horses, but even better known for its horse racing.

One of the finest race tracks in the country is found here in Lexington. That's right, it's Keeneland, one of the only tracks of its kind, where visitors can wander around the barns without being constantly harassed by security.

With such great access to one of the finest facilities for thoroughbred racing anywhere, it is surprising that the University of Kentucky does not have an organization that deals with this interest. That interest is what I want to talk to you about.

If you are interested in horse racing, finding a group of people to run around at the races with, or just have an interest in horses, this is the thing for you.

The organization is still in the process of being registered, and it

needs you to be one of its original members, one of its founders.

Find out more about the organization, stop by the information table in the Student Center this Friday between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. There will also be a meeting at 7:30 p.m. Monday, April 11 in 115 Student Center for anyone interested in becoming a member of the Winner's Circle Horse Racing Club.

Proposed projects for the club are trips to Keeneland, horse farms and training centers. Feel free to make any other suggestions.

Information will be given at the meetings about everything from bloodlines to training to how to read a racing form.

If interested in becoming one of the founding officers for the club or have any other questions, call Amy at 254-5263 or write a small note including your name and phone number to the Student Center and someone will get back to you.

I feel that the interest for this organization is here, and that the Winner's Circle Horse Racing Club is a student organization long overdue.

Amy S. Woosley is a psychology sophomore.

Mistaken identity

Early Wednesday morning (3/30), a friend and I hung a banner with "I Love Heather" painted on it. To be more precise, it was a bed sheet. My intention was to gain her attention, rather than trouble everyone on campus who possesses the first name Heather. Please accept my humble apology.

Stephen A. Elzey is a Business & Economics junior.

Letters policy

Readers are encouraged to submit letters and opinions to the Kentucky Kernel.

Writers should address their comments to: Editorial Editor, Kentucky Kernel, 605 Journalism Building, Lexington, Ky. 40506-0042. Letters should be 350 words or less, with guest opinions should be 850 words or less. All material must be typewritten and double-spaced.

Frequent writers may be limited so that we may publish letters from as many writers as possible.

Writers must include their name, address, telephone number and major classification or connection with UK on all submitted material.

If letters and opinions have been sent by mail, telephone numbers must be included so that verification of the writer may be obtained. No material will be published without verification.

The author's name must appear on all material published unless a clear and present danger exists to the writer. All entries are subject to editing.

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EVALUATIONS



Not everyone in SGA crumbs

Indiana University is currently going through its student government elections. Ours ended last week — fortunately — with James Rose winning the presidential election over Susan Bridges and David Bokris.

Our election was run in traditional fashion with candidates rising up through the ranks of student government to a point where they could make a credible run for the presidency.

At Indiana, however, something a little different is happening. Student government elections are run by parties, much like our national political system. And one party — the Cookie Party — is running on the platform that student government should be abolished.

Cookie Party representatives say that if elected they would give every student a cookie because that is more than the current student government gives students.

In order to get student government abolished, the Cookie Party would have to get 66 percent of the students to come out to a referendum on the issue and get a majority of those voting for it.

The Cookie Party at Indiana University is not a bunch of crumb eaters. The student newspaper, the Indiana Daily Student, has endorsed the group, saying that while the group probably won't be able to abolish student government, it does have good ideas for ensuring fiscal responsibility.

Many people, perhaps, would say similar measures should be taken with our student government at UK. After all, 13 students actually went out and voted for basketball star



Jay BLANTON

Rex Chapman — an obvious show of discontent with the Student Government Association.

But although the goal of the Cookie Party is admirable — to bring better student representation — its actions are irresponsible and show neglect for the type of things student government can and does accomplish.

Some students had a similar proposal a few years ago at the University of Texas. They won, and now students have some problems because they have no voice to the administration about the concerns and problems of students.

Now, I am assuming that the student government at IU is similar to the one at UK. I am sure both have their share of political grandstanders, wastes of flesh and, yes, genuine student representatives.

There are undoubtedly vast improvements that can be made in student government, namely remove the politics and get down to serious student representation through student services. Many times, perhaps way too often, we get the political soap opera which makes us all want to lose our cookies.

But to even propose the abolishment of the only form of student representation is ludicrous.

Student government, despite its inherent flaws, is the only organiza-

tion that can mobilize student support for an issue.

For example, Viji Jegannathan has leukemia. She needs \$50,000 to get a bone marrow transplant. SGA has decided to help.

SGA took up the cause of raising funds for Viji a few weeks ago and has raised almost \$4,000 as of yesterday. Student government representatives are also working on other ways to raise money for Viji such as taking the profits from vending machines for a week to raise money for the fund.

The Viji fund-raising efforts are a perfect example of how student government can mobilize behind a cause and do some good with it. It is an example of how good student government can be when our student representatives decide to do

something for students instead of for themselves.

There is no doubt that our student government has some serious problems. And we at the Kernel take a great deal of pleasure in pointing those problems out.

But that doesn't take away from the fact that student representation is something that is always desperately needed.

And although student government has some problems, more often than not, it is our best alternative for addressing student concerns.

Executive Editor Jay Blanton is a journalism junior and a Kernel columnist.



The "Ribbons for Viji" campaign is an example of the leadership and direction the UKSGA can provide for the campus.

Kernel will shine once again in softball

Student organizations at UK often contend who is the "best." The Greek community seems to have a good way of settling that dispute. Over the school year, a series of events are held, and each event is worth so many "greek points." The fraternity and sorority with the most points at the end of the year is considered to be the best one.

I'm not sure what it proves if one fraternity can eat the most pies, or one sorority can sing the best song, but the ones who participate seem to think it means something.

Here at the Kernel, we also have our own petty way of proving our superiority over our colleagues. In the past, we have shown our dominance in everything from survival games to football to softball.

Usually, the only group who challenges us is the sedentary Student Government Association, and that requires a good amount of arm-twisting.

This year, however, there is a new group who wants to challenge us.

Since Radio Free Lexington went on the air this semester, their heads



C.A. Duane BONIFER

have swelled to immense proportions. And now they think they can beat us in softball.

So this Sunday we are going to show them that just because we work with words, that doesn't mean we can't drive a softball into deep left-center field.

(Since we are going to be using bats and gloves, I would rather play baseball — America's pastime. But someone over there mentioned something about softball being more fair to the fairer sex, and since the Kernel promotes equality, I guess we'll have to oblige them.)

Although I welcome the challenge, I do have some reservations playing the gang from RFL.

Sports pundit Paul Miles, RFL sports director, called the office the other day and asked us where to get

the equipment for softball. Hopefully they know where to get the players.

I'm not sure where I'll be playing — if I'm not on the bench — but I hope I get put in the outfield. In case you haven't seen some of the people at RFL, they have a habit of wearing jewelry that in some states could be classified as a lethal weapon.

And when some of them slide into third, it might very well be like the days of Ty Cobb on the basespaths.

Following our humiliation of RFL, we will have a week to rest before we take on our "friends" in the SGA office.

We've already beat SGA like a drum once this year in flag football.

Last spring when we set a date to play SGA in softball, and only three people from SGA showed up and we

broke our team in half and had an intrasquad scrimmage. It would be nice if SGA has the courage to play this year.

With so much energy in this year's batch of SGA people, they should not have too much of a problem fielding the players, but someone needs to have a long talk with them about the sport they have chosen for the challenge.

It seems that someone thought it would be a cute to play us in volleyball.

Volleyball? Isn't that a sport they only play on the beaches in Southern California and in "Top Gun"? Isn't that a sport played by guys who say phrases such as "Far out," "Like, wow," and "Totally heavy, man?"

Volleyball is about as American as polyester. But it seems they don't realize that in SGA. When will they learn?

Seriously though — even if SGA rarely is — it is probably a good thing that we get to play SGA and RFL. It seems too often we find ourselves on the opposite side of fence on issues and this gives us a chance to put all the pettiness aside.

I just hope they don't mind getting beat.

Editorial Editor C.A. Duane Bonifer is a journalism and political science sophomore and a Kernel columnist.

BLOOM COUNTY



Diversions

Lubbers laughs all the way from bank to stage after UK

By ROSENG Staff Writer

"People say I took my marketing diploma and threw it away, but I use it now more than ever. I do my own booking and run my own business, and, if anything, I learned to be creative at UK."

These are the words of Bernie Lubbers, a traveling comedian who is also a 1981 graduate of UK's Business school. Lubbers will be appearing tonight through Saturday at Comedy on Broadway and on the 19th of this month at Two Keys Tavern.

Lubbers worked as a loan officer for two-and-a-half years at a Louisville bank before deciding that he wasn't happy with his job. Then, one night about four years ago, his friends coerced him onstage during "Amateur Night" at Shirley's (a defunct Louisville comedy club).

"I used to do impressions back in high school and we'd go over to a friend's house who had a reel-to-reel tape recorder and do little routines," Lubbers said. Those same friends were in the crowd watching Lubbers do his impressions and sing humorous songs on his guitar. Call it beginner's luck but Lubbers won the contest that night.

"I think I won because I didn't have the time to be nervous," Lubbers said. The emcees Ron Clay and Terry Meiners (two local radio disc jockeys) promised Lubbers that, since it was his first time, they would put him on near the end. The two surprised Lubbers, though, by announcing him first. "I walked out onstage and the first thing I did was drop the mike," Lubbers said. "I got

a couple of laughs and it got a little easier after that."

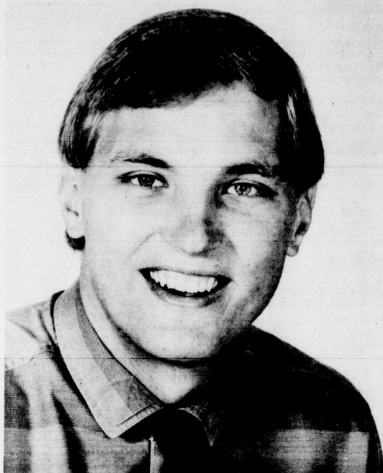
Lubbers decided to give being a comic a try. He saved up enough money and quit his job. Soon thereafter, though, Shirley's closed and Lubbers was faced with no place to try out his material and meet other comics. Before he made some contacts and found the steady employment that he has enjoyed for the last two years, Lubbers estimated that he worked 12 weeks in two years as a comic.

Although he will visit Los Angeles in June while attending a comedy convention in Las Vegas, Nev., Lubbers pointed out that, for comedians like him, the big markets are not economically feasible. "You've got the big showcase clubs where there might be 30 comics performing a night and they might each get \$5," Lubbers said. "Places like that are grooming you for Carson and Letterman by forcing you to cram your best material into five minutes."

According to Lubbers, the big markets are also geographically restrictive. "Out west, you've got LA and that's about it," he said. "Here, you can drive anywhere and work the road and gradually work up to that headline status."

When he's traveling, Lubbers likes to see the sights, and it's on the road that he does his best writing. "The last time I was in Nashville, I went with a bunch of other comics to Twitty City. Hokey places like that are great to go to with other comics because we get kind of obnoxious and have a real good time," he said.

Most comedians fear playing to a room full of people who aren't



Comedian Bernie Lubbers will perform at Comedy on Broadway tonight through Saturday, and then at Two Keys Tavern on April 19. Lubbers is a UK graduate with a degree in marketing.

laughing but for Lubbers, the worst thing is people talking among themselves. "Hecklers aren't much help either because they keep you from doing your own material," Lubbers said. "We've got a lot of stock lines that we can deal with them and, if they're drunk, they're throwing out stuff that you can work with," he added.

On or off the road, Lubbers constantly watches Cable News Network and devotes a section of his show to jokes about current events. "I make fun of everyday things that

people can relate to," Lubbers said, "and I try to pick topics that the other comics aren't doing."

One thing that separates Lubbers from most other comics is his lack of dependence on bathroom humor. "I look like Pat Boone so I really can't get away with cussing," he said. "You expect things like that from people like Sam Kinison but I can't really portray that character. Besides," Lubbers added, "one comedian once told me 'Just tell what you got.'"

Woodstock of the '80s is great recording studio

By DAVID BAUDER Associated Press

Erik Reece Arts Editor

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.—Record producer Bob Clearmountain is used to the skeptical looks he gets when he invites musicians to this upstate New York hamlet to make records. "They get this picture in their minds of a gang of hippies running around," says Clearmountain, producer or mixer for Bruce Springsteen, the Pretenders and dozens of other artists.

Woodstock may always be synonymous with the festival that bears its name, the last great party of the flower children before the '70s set in.

But to a new generation of musicians, this town of boutiques and endless back roads has a growing reputation as one of the best places to make a record outside the music capitals of Los Angeles and New York.

Like Max Yasgur's farm, the Bears Studio is not actually in Woodstock. It's about two miles west, atop a hill reached by a winding, unmarked dirt road that in winter sometimes takes two or three attempts to climb by car.

Despite the location, Suzanne Vega found Bearsville to record her breakthrough hit, "Luka." Robbie Robertson returned to the site of "Big Pink" to mix his comeback album. Artists as diverse as Simple Minds, Cher, Allen Ginsberg and Loudness have laid down tracks at Bearsville in the last year.

The big draw? A country ambience and equipment that makes technicians like Clearmountain marvel.

"It's one of my favorite studios," Clearmountain says. "It's very versatile. The recording room is very large and it's very good for recording drums and guitars. It has a lot of air and a lot of space ... The

studio is part of the late Albert Grossman's mini-empire in the village of Bearsville, a hundred miles north of Manhattan. The one-time manager of Bob Dylan, the Band and Janis Joplin bought a restaurant, homes and offices and built the studio before his death two years ago.

The Bearsville record label, whose best-known client was fellow resident Todd Rundgren, has been inactive since Grossman's death. But the studio, once used almost exclusively by Bearsville artists, has seen more action.

"We just kind of intensified it," says Grossman's widow, Sally, who now runs the company.

Sally Grossman may talk eagerly of the Greenwich Village clubs she grew up around in the '60s, but her studio has the air of a corporate retreat.

Fresh-smelling wood paneling and blackened windows blend the modern and rustic. Framed pictures of the cover art of albums recorded in Bearsville during the past year line the walls of second-floor offices.

But it's the reputation of the studio, not the community, that ultimately keeps musicians coming back, he says. "It reinforces how current we are."

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12:00-12:30 p.m. Theatre - Old Student Center
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WE'VE GOT A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT!)

Like a colt staggering to its feet, *Still Life* is ready to run, perhaps in a variety of directions. Being on the front end of tradition is never easy. It's a lot harder to earn credibility than it is to maintain it. A little over a year ago, when *Still Life* was a concept, it was a good one. Who would dispute that? Now it isn't a concept anymore; it's a functioning medium. What remains now is to make it a respectable and credible one.

Enter *Still Life*, Spring 1988, Volume II. Last spring's edition was a substantiation that we, the editors, were serious about making good, literary writing more accessible to the community. Literary magazines that circulate 250 copies for \$5 a shot are not accessible. A non-cost literary supplement to a newspaper with a circulation of 17,000 copies is. So rest easy. Our motives are pure.

At *Still Life*, we aren't literary theorists or activists trying to bring about social change via this literary supplement. That isn't the purpose of art. And art is one of those precious things that is easier to define by what it isn't than by what it is.

Simply put, there is good writing and bad writing. There is good experimental writing and bad experimental writing, good regionalist fiction and . . . well, you get the idea. The goal of *Still Life* is to take the best writing available to us and introduce it to the public. As you peruse this issue of *Still Life*, I think you will agree that all of these prose writers and poets are serious about their craft and are making substantial contributions to the "literary establishment." You will also notice that we've crammed in as much writing as 16 pages would allow.

Still Life has also made considerable gains since its incarnation. We are happy to publish the winners of the Dantzer Fiction and Farquhar Poetry contests. To my knowledge, this is the first time the winners of UK's only two literary awards have been made visible to the local reading public.

In addition, fiction writers Denise Giardina and Gurney Norman have contributed some "progress reports" of their evolving work. Norman's short vignette is from his novel-in-progress, *Crazy Quilt: An Appalachian Novel*. Norman tells me that the non-sequitur structure of his novel is fashioned after quilt makers who use all of their raw material from worn cloths to construct various sections of their final product. In the same way, Norman is drawing heavily from his heritage and a familiar landscape to build what may very well be the first postmodern/Appalachian novel. His short piece featured here is an introduction to it.

Giardina's chapter from her as-yet untitled novel whisks the reader through several households, a gritty carnival, and across connecting states before returning to rural Kentucky.

As much as any other authors writing today about the people in Appalachia, Giardina and Norman are immersed in their topic and render sharp, lean prose that isn't littered with empty Nachos bags and other consumer paraphernalia. Perhaps the best thing you can say about their work is that it feels true. There is no fancy craftsmanship and the goods are dependable. Unlike other writers who draw heavily for their subject matter from Appalachia (I'm thinking of Bobbie Anne Mason), Norman and Giardina are still deeply rooted in the earth that inspired such rich writing. As was evident in Norman's recent KET special, "Time on the River," this writing is born from subjective experience, not objective reporting.

We also welcome back poet Barbara Mabry, who helped make our first edition strong. Academy of American Poetry-winner John Maruskin and Transylvania University's Bea Opengart were also generous enough to help make the poetry of this second edition particularly strong. Fixed beside these established authors are local writers of immeasurable potential. We thank them also for bringing their raw freshness to *Still Life*.

I could go on and on thanking the contributors who took a chance on themselves and on *Still Life* — an upstart literary supplement that we hope will eventually blossom into a tradition.

Instead, I will let the writing speak for itself. And if your eyes stops to appreciate the art of *Still Life* — particularly the enchanting cover art — credit Kernel editorial cartoonist Michael Brennan who has demonstrated that his talents don't stop on the daily edit page.



ERIK REECE

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Still Life

A Literary Supplement to the Kentucky Kernel The University of Kentucky's Independent Student Newspaper

- Editor Erik Reece
- Assistant Editors Dan Hassert
Scott Ward
Sean Anderson
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Jay Blanton
- Writing Consultant Gurney Norman
- Artist Michael Brennan
- Photographer Thomas J. Sullivan

In the last year, the publishing industry and both the print and electronic media have bombarded us with a multitude of sixties' retrospectives. It's been two decades since the antiwar demonstrations, student protests, peace movements, since hippies, yippies, free love, and drugs; since conspiracy trials and assassinations. Books, articles, and news documentaries have explored many of the aspects and events of the sixties, including the way it was covered by the media.

During the sixties, those involved with the radical youth movements, disillusioned with their treatment by the traditional press, felt the need for their own vehicle of expression. It was obvious to them that *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *The New York Times* were not interested in sparking a revolution. By the mid-1960s, therefore, an underground, or alternative, press had emerged to meet the needs of the radical community. The time-honored medium of free speech, the newspaper, stirred many a young — and not so young — radical to action, scurrying to the nearest offset printing shop.

In the latter part of the decade, the underground press claimed some 150 to 200 papers nationwide, all of them waging their own battles against the war in Vietnam, the government, the mainstream society in general. But the "underground" press was not underground at all, if you define the term as being clandestine or illegal. It was radical, unconventional, and sensational at times, but its operators were not risking life or liberty as many of our forefathers did. Instead, the "underground" press was more an alternative press, alternative to the traditional press, alternative to the status quo.

Although Lexington, Kentucky, couldn't have been considered a radical hot spot, in the late sixties it boasted its own alternative magazine, the *blue-tail fly*. Published by a group of University of Kentucky students, the *fly* had a circulation of about a thousand in its brief, erratic history. The *fly* began from a dispute at the *Kentucky Kernel*, UK's student newspaper, over who was to be the next editor. Guy Mendes, now a well-known photographer, was next in line, but was considered too radical for the job. So, he and other disgruntled *Kernel* staffers left to form their own magazine. The new *fly* staff, consisting in part of Mendes and David Holwerk (who is currently the editorial page editor of the *Lexington Herald-Leader*), immediately realized the magazine's potential as a vehicle for the radical community in Lexington. They intended not only to inform their audience, but to unite them as a voice speaking for the radical community.

The *blue-tail fly* was not successful in terms of its longevity. It produced only eleven issues from October, 1969, through spring, 1971, before it met its financial demise. The *fly* staff realized they couldn't produce it monthly after the fifth issue, so issues six through eleven were not dated, and neither Holwerk nor Mendes can recall the exact date of the last issue. But in terms of its effect in dealing with the radical issues of the day, the *fly* succeeded. The *fly* stressed regional topics such as strip mining in Kentucky and a G.I. coffeehouse in Muldraugh, and national topics such as antiwar efforts and the legalization of marijuana, topics which the traditional press either did not cover, or covered only from the establishment's point of view. The *fly* served to get the "message" across



Guy Mendes was the co-editor of the short-lived 'blue-tail fly'. From October 1969 to the spring of 1971, the magazine gave Lexington a taste of underground literature.

then by unsuccessfully firebombing it. The *fly* ran a series of stories on the developments in Muldraugh, hoping to drum up support for the G.I.s.

Since the traditional media showed no interest in representing the radical movements, it seems even less likely that they would be interested in writers with radical concerns. So, as the *fly* fulfilled its promise of serving as a messenger, it went one step further and became a forum for writers whose views would not get them into the pages of the traditional press. The *fly* was able to tap into a rich vein of regional talent: writers such as Wendell Berry, Ed McClanahan, and the photographer Ralph Eugene Meatyard. They had all had success already. Berry had his first book published, McClanahan had a piece in *Esquire*, and Meatyard had a book of photographs. But there remained a good portion of their work that was unpublisable, due either to the fact that it attempted to affect some change too radical or that it was too avant-garde, as was the case with Meatyard.

Mendes was a student of Berry, who was teaching English at the time. Mendes approached him for contributions, and Berry gave him the text of a speech he gave at the Earth Day Celebration in 1970, later reprinted in the *Whole Earth Catalog*. In addition, the article was the basis for ideas in later works such as *The Unsettling of America*.

McClanahan, masquerading for the most part as his alter ego Captain Kentucky, had been teaching in California. On a trip home to Kentucky he met Mendes and gave him a piece to use for the premier issue, which he later revised as part of a chapter in his book, *Famous People I Have Known*.

Meatyard, an optician by trade, was the *fly*'s photo connection. His unorthodox photography, often pictures of family members wearing grotesque masks, had brought him in contact with photographers across the nation.

Although Berry, McClanahan, and Meatyard had all gained a certain amount of success, the *blue-tail fly* remained a favorable forum for them to show their work. Berry, in particular, supported the *fly*'s mission, since he also recognized the need to establish a sense of community among radicals.

It is unfortunate that the *fly* lasted only as long as it did. Although the *fly*'s editors possessed both a great desire to serve its audience and the optimism to get the *fly* off the ground, they had a lackadaisical attitude about money. Admittedly, it must have been difficult to find advertising dollars in Lexington. With the exception of what few headshops there were and hip clothing boutiques, few businesses would risk advertising in a radical publication that was antiwar and pro-dope. The *fly* never made any money from sales or subscriptions and often literally gave the papers away. They would give bundles of papers to distributors, who very often kept the *fly*'s share of the profits.

Although not probable, it is possible to conclude that the *fly* could have survived longer than it did if its editors had seen beyond their romantic notion to change society. Consequently, it could have done more to change society than it did.

Despite its inevitable failure, the *blue-tail fly* remains a small, but important, fragment of sixties lore. For an all too brief period of time, the *fly* chronicled the events of a group of people out to change the status quo.

'fly' by night

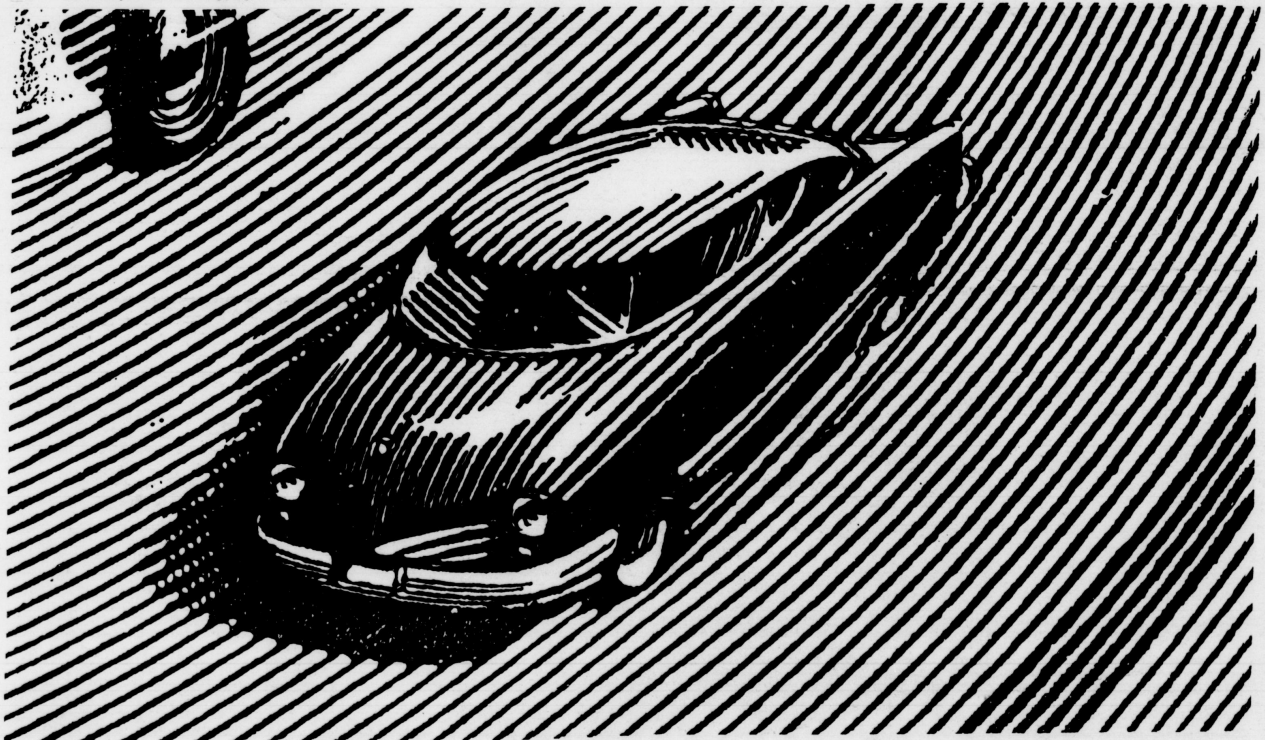
Radical 'blue-tail fly': a retrospective

Mary Anne Elliott

and so acted as a community bulletin board of sorts. The *fly* emphasized local and state issues, rather than national issues. It received the Liberation News Service (LNS), a radical news wire, and although its writers could have filled each issue with national stories, they chose instead to emphasize regional concerns. They devoted its feature pages, indeed its heart, to stories that concerned people here in Lexington, and in Kentucky.

In the late sixties, Harry Caudill, the well-known Kentucky writer, was involved with efforts to stop strip mining in Eastern Kentucky. He gave the *fly* a letter he had sent to then Governor Louie Nunn urging action against the big coal companies that were stripping the land for big profits. He later contributed an article dealing with the human impact of strip mining, the hardships endured by the people of Appalachia. The *fly* further reinforced the plight of the

Appalachians with several photo essays. The story of a G.I. coffeehouse in Muldraugh, near Fort Knox, which was struggling to survive amidst several attempts to close it down, received repeated attention in the *blue-tail fly*. The coffeehouse was home-base for a support group of soldiers opposed to the Vietnam war. The residents of Muldraugh found the coffeehouse distasteful and attempted to shut it down, first by breaking the lease,



THE ANGELELLIS

Denise Giardina

from her untitled novel-in-progress
© 1988 Denise Giardina

Natalie Angelelli was a nine-year-old insomniac. She lay on her back and made a tent of her blanket with her knees, stroked the threadbare ribbon around the neck of her stuffed rabbit and tried to count sheep the way they did in cartoons. Nothing worked. She felt the muscles around her ribs draw tight. Finally she got up and went to the living room, drawn by the high frantic cackling of the television set.

"Daddy, I can't sleep."

He turned his head slightly, not far enough to look at her.

"Go back to bed. You'll sleep."

"I want Mommie."

He was watching Jack Paar again. "You know Mommie's at the hospital. She'll be back when you wake up."

Blue cigarette smoke took the shape of a dancing ghost above his head.

"I want to talk to her." Natalie started to cry.

Her father got out of his chair and went to the phone in the kitchen. She heard him speaking, his words short and flat.

"Come here," he said. "Mommie's on the phone."

She tried to talk but couldn't for crying. It didn't matter. It was Rachel's voice she craved. She listened, satisfied that her mother still existed.

"Honey, I can't talk long. I got a real sick patient down the hall." Rachel listened a moment for the sobs to subside. "You go on back to bed. OK? I'll fix you some pancakes shaped like bunnies in the morning. Everything's all right. Your daddy's there."

Natalie could see the back of her father's chair through the living room door. Smoke drifted toward the blue television screen.

At the Grace Hospital, Rachel laid the phone gently on its cradle. She felt Natalie searching her out, following her as she made her rounds on the fourth floor of the darkened hospital on the top of the mountain. It was the third time that week Natalie had called.

Natalie was surprised when her father said he would take her to the

carnival. It was only the third time he had taken her someplace. Once he showed her his office in the company store where he kept the payroll and hung out the wood signs that said "Work Today" or "No Work Today."

Another time he took her to the Moose Club in Justice. The Moose Club wouldn't let them in until an eyeball watched them through a hold in the door. Then they went inside where there weren't many lights and men drank from dark bottles at a bar like the Silver Dollar on "Bonanza."

"Hey, Tony!" the men called.

Natalie was surprised they knew her father. He left her alone in another room, this one well-lit, with three pool tables. She awkwardly poked at a litter of balls with an oversized stick until she nearly knocked a lamp off an end table. So she contented herself with rolling the balls as hard as she could across the smooth green carpet.

Sometimes she rolled several balls at once and they collided in the middle with a satisfying crack. Sometimes a ball dropped into one of the leather holes. It was fun.

But a carnival would be different. He would be looming over her.

"He won't let me ride the big rides," Natalie complained. Tony wouldn't let her climb trees or turn somersaults. He said she'd break an arm or hurt her back.

"Yes, he will," Rachel said. She was getting dressed to take Betty Lloyd to pick up Uncle Brigham at the hospital in Bluefield, pulling on lavender stretch pants. "I'll tell him to let you ride the big rides."

"He won't." Natalie knew her father didn't listen to her mother. He'll make me ride the baby rides. Why don't you go?"

"He doesn't want me to go." She bent over to tie her tennis shoes. "I've got to take Betty. She can't drive."

In the car, winding up Number Ten mountain, Natalie whispered to herself. "At least he'll buy me a candied apple. And cotton candy too, I'll bet."

Her father always worried that she didn't eat enough. Natalie was skinny

like her mother, while Tony was very round. Natalie had a round face and her father's dark hair. People said she looked like Tony. She hated it when people said that.

The carnival was in Number Ten bottom. Natalie could look down on the lights and the swirling rides from the road that meandered around the top of the mountain. The carnival only appeared for one week out of the year, then vanished into thin air like Brigadoon in the Scottish highlands. Even in the dead of winter Natalie could look at Number Ten bottom and conjure the peaked tents and wine-red trailers. The coal camp houses on the hillside kept a vigil with their windows smudged dark like sleepy eyes, their only purpose to await the carnival.

She rode the merry-go-round first, like she always did. Her father kept looking around while he bought the ticket. A purple speckled horse bore her across the border of a magical kingdom to the accompaniment of a Strauss waltz played with all the gusto of a polka. Natties had read that some merry-go-rounds in special places had brass rings to grab. That must be the difference between a plain merry-go-round and a carousel. She pretended she was on a carousel and reached out for the ring each time she passed her father. Her father was talking to a woman.

The woman's name was Jean. She had curly brown hair pulled up on one side with a barrette and wore a purple and white checked cotton dress.

"What a beautiful little girl," she said, and smiled.

Natalie liked her but didn't quite trust her. "I want to ride the cars," she said. She had decided to start slowly and work up to the big rides.

She rode the cars and a caterpillar that went over humps. Then Tony bought her a candied apple. He talked to the woman.

"Doc the Fish died," her father was saying. "You've heard about Doc the Fish?"

"I read about that," the woman said.

"After all these years. They found him way back in the mine at Winco, about two miles in. No telling how long he'd been underground like that. Since caveman times maybe. You know he turned white after they bring him out."

"I heard about that," she said.

"It was in Ripley's *Believe It or Not*. I should have took you to see him. Old Mister Denbigh used to keep him in a tank in his office, and then Mister Hale got him."

Old Mister Denbigh had been Tony's benefactor. He sent him to business school in Ohio so he could be a bookkeeper for the company.

"I want to ride the Scrambler," Natalie said.

"Naw," said Tony. "That's too dangerous."

"No it ain't. Nobody ever gets hurt."

"Nattie, I know what I'm talking about. They're a bunch of drunks that works for carnivals. They take them rides down every week and put them back together fast. Half the screws is loose. That car might fly right off of there."

"Everybody gets to ride it. Mommy rode it with me last year. You ride it with me."

Tony was angry. "I ain't getting on one of them rides." He looked at the woman. "That's silly."

Natalie knew he was afraid of the rides, like he was afraid of caves and high places and guns. She started to say so but decided it would be cruel, even if it was her father.

The woman was still smiling. "I'll ride with her," she said. "She'll be all right."

Natalie ran for the ticket line. When they climbed in their car, the woman put her arm around her.

"Now you won't go anywhere," she said. She smiled at Tony, standing along the rail.

The woman's skin felt warm beneath her cotton dress and when the ride flung Natalie against her she could smell her anti-perspirant.

Natalie and her mother were moving to Kentucky. Tony was not going with them. Rachel and Tony had been screaming at each other.

"Natalie was right there!" Rachel had accused. "How dare you, and your nine-year-old daughter right there?"

Rachel cried a lot at first but then seemed happier. Natalie was relieved. She always enjoyed trips more when her father stayed home. She and Rachel told stories and played games. They stopped a lot for soda pop, and took wrong turns on purpose just to see where unfamiliar roads led.

"It's just the money that worries me," Rachel said. "You'll have to do without some things. I don't know. It didn't kill me, I suppose, and you'll still have more than I had coming up."

Tony went to work early the day they left. They packed the trunk of Rachel's swept-wing Dodge with suitcases and drove down Blackberry Creek to Justice, crossed the Levisa from West Virginia into Kentucky. The license plates on cars changed from blue and gold to white; the road signs were black and white instead of green. Everything in Kentucky seemed raw and stark and true.

"Can we stop for a Coke?" Natalie asked. She was suddenly thirsty. She loved to drink a soda pop in a small green bottle while riding in the car. "How far is it down to that store at Vulcan?"

"It's UP," Rachel said. "We're going UP Pond Creek, so you should say we're going up to Vulcan."

The only time Rachel ever corrected Natalie's grammar was when she got up the creek confused with down the creek. Natalie always said "down" when they were driving south, when she should have said "up" because they were going against the flow of the creek water. She had no innate sense for such things, and wondered if it was because she watched too much television.

The car twisted around the curves of Pond Creek mountain like a carnival ride. Stickweeds grew high and tangled like little jungles along the roadside. Natalie liked that. When they went on vacation to Myrtle Beach she saw lots of places where the roadsides were trimmed. She got bored looking at those places because there was nothing to imagine about them.

They stopped on top of the mountain to buy a basket of apples for Aunt Mabel. Aunt Mabel was Rachel's older sister. She put up apple butter and dried apples and baked apple pies. Rachel didn't put up fruits or vegetables but she was good at sewing.

They weren't going to spend the night with Aunt Mabel. Natalie was glad. Aunt Mabel lived on a hillside overlooking Grapevine, near the old

Homeplace. Her yard was the size of a postage stamp and bound by a rock cliff which fell away straight down to the highway fifty feet below. Once Natalie tried to dribble her basketball there. It hit a rock, skipped out of her reach, sailed over the cliff and plunged onto the highway where it bounced off the bed of a passing coal truck.

"How does Mary Lou play in that yard?" Natalie asked her mother. But she already knew the answer. Mary Lou didn't play. She was eleven years old, had won the Little Miss Paine County Beauty Pageant and was already dating high school boys.

The visit with Aunt Mabel was short. Natalie watched the goldfish while Rachel explained to Aunt Mabel about leaving Tony. Aunt Mabel just said, "Well, well. You knew before you married him that Tony liked anything in a skirt."

Natalie thought they left early so Aunt Mabel wouldn't feel sorry for them. Then they drove down (no, they drove up - Natalie remembered to check the flow of Grapevine) toward Kingdom Come where Aunt Carrie lived. On the way Rachel said, "Look across the river. That's the old Homeplace where I grew up. And Dillon lived there too."

They could see nothing except a tangle of trees and undergrowth. "The house is gone now," Rachel said sadly.

"Why don't we build it back?" Natalie asked.

"We don't own the land now," Rachel said. "We lost it." While she drove, she told stories about growing up on the Homeplace, stories Natalie had heard many times before. Natalie was tempted to ask Rachel to stop, to park the car and walk to the Homplace. But she thought of it as a place with boundaries, an invisible wall which, once passed, would grant entrance to a magical kingdom. She didn't want to visit, to find out it was only a scrubby piece of land. She sat quietly all the way to Aunt Carrie's.

Aunt Carrie lived in a peeling white farmhouse with an open porch that went around two sides and a screened-in porch at the back. She had a well with wire over the top to keep people from falling in, and a hand pump. She had water in the house too, out Natalie liked to pretend she didn't and haul water. Next to the house was a ramshackle barn with one tenant, an old milk cow.

They took their suitcase in to the guest bedroom and then Rachel made Natalie go out and play. She agreed without argument for she knew her mother was about to cry. Aunt Carrie put a freckled arm around Rachel's waist and guided her through the kitchen door.

Later Aunt Carrie came outside and sat on the front steps. She sat easily despite her age. She seemed the oldest person Natalie had ever seen, all the skin on her arms and neck loose and empty, her shoulders small and round.

"Your mama is taking a nap," she said.

Natalie approached her cautiously. Aunt Carrie sat still and looked out over the yard like she came from someplace else. She even smelled old, musty like a suitcase that has been shut up for a long time.

"How's that cow doing?" Natalie asked.

"Just fine. You want to help milk her in the morning?"

Natalie nodded. As long as she didn't have to drink any of the milk with its globs of fat and little cow hairs floating on top. "Dirty milk" she called it, but not in front of Aunt Carrie, for that would hurt her feelings.

"Can we sleep in the barn tonight and watch for the ghost?"

Aunt Carrie smiled and shook her head. "I wouldn't recommend it. Hit's still yet chilly at night."

"Can we look at your pictures?"

"I reckon so. And we'll make chocolate fudge, too."

Natalie loved the pictures, all faded and brown and pasted on the black pages of the photo album with delicate white stickers at each corner. Aunt Carrie and Rachel sat on the couch while Natalie stretched out beside

The license plates on cars changed from blue and gold to white; the road signs were black and white instead of green. Everything in Kentucky seemed raw and stark and true.

the fireplace with a plate of fudge and the open album. The room was quiet because Aunt Carrie didn't have a television.

Natalie turned the pages and said the familiar names.

"Aunt Carrie and Mamaw Florie." Two middle-aged women in cotton shirtwaists with their arms draped over each other's shoulders. Sisters. Mamaw Flora died of a stroke in 1955 and Aunt Carrie left to do for Papaw until he died in 1958. "Dillon when he was a boy." Dillon was Aunt Carrie's only son, a miner who worked for Tony's company. All the pictures were of Rachel's family, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts and uncles. They were thin and tow-headed. Natalie did not resemble them, because Rachel had married an Italian.

Natalie studied the pictures, tried to wish herself into them. She slept that night on a featherbed, burrowed deep into its midsection so that she lay in a black tunnel that led backward.

They drove to Shelby the next morning for Rachel's job interview at the hospital. Natalie sat in a waiting room and read old copies of *Life* magazine. Rachel was smiling when she came out.

"They're short of nurses," she said. "They'll even take me on day shift. And the supervisor is married to my second cousin."

They went to the Ben Franklin store for hot dogs and french fries. Then they looked at an empty apartment. It was on the second floor of a brick building beside a park. Natalie thought it would be wonderful to live beside a park, like something you read about in books. The floors in the apartment were wood, and very shiny.

"I can't keep floors like that in a coal camp," Rachel told the landlady.

"Wouldn't my throw rugs look nice?"

She put down a deposit of fifty dollars.

"Well," she said when they got in the car. "I reckon I can afford that."

She held the steering wheel with both hands. Natalie thought what a good driver her mother was, and how she was never afraid to ride in the car with her.

Tony was gone when they returned to Winco but he showed up that night with Stopper Johnson in tow. Stopper was the preacher at the Felco Methodist Church, where Rachel took Natalie. Tony never went to church.

Rachel sent Natalie to bed early. She lay quiet and listened to the low murmur of voices. Stopper did most of the talking. Then Tony started to sob.

Natalie lay still, pondering. Then she giggled. She wondered what he looked like.

She crept through her parents' darkened bedroom toward the living room lights. She tried to go quietly but kept giggling, and just glimpsed Tony in the green armchair with his head down before her mother came through the door, pulled her up by the arms without a word and led her back to her bed. Natalie waited meekly for Rachel's scolding but she only stood.

After a long time, she said, "We aren't moving."

"How come?" Natalie asked.

"He wants another chance. Children need a father." Rachel's voice was flat. "Are you glad?"

"Sure." Natalie's fingers sought out the frayed ribbon around the neck of her stuffed rabbit. \$

ICARUS

Andrew Morsink

Winner, Farquhar Poetry Prize

A nurse assigned
to love the dying child
strokes his ugly skull
and whispers stories
as his broken heart flaps
and flaps
and flaps code blue.

In the hospital halls,
red balloons dance
but lose their steps
as the helium goes
and their white strings
drag the ground.

Outside,
in November air, white
strings and the decaying
bones of a box-kite hang
and swing above
the lawn where the boy, balding
beneath his cap, tossed

paper planes and chased each
laughing loop the loop,
until the wind
and a fountain left only white
wings in water.

At dusk, the folding
fan of a jay's flight
stops on a branch
and the shadow of
a dying child retreats
from the sun like the sky
being unborn

As the nurse strokes
his white breast
she breathes with him
panting
a narrow rhythm of stories
only a floating soul
could understand.

MARGINALLY INTELLIGENT URBAN MAN SEEKS COUNTRY AND WESTERN SONG

John Maruskin

Winner, Academy of American Poets Prize

When you left

I gathered up the agave and mescal,
the limes, the salt, the Baudelaire;
ate worms, reduced *Flowers* to dust
and then,

I contemplated murder,
clicking a pen, morosely.

I thought of suicide,

but then realized I envision Egyptian funerals.

Let's get this straight:

I started early and stayed up late
seeking solace from a steering wheel,
enumerating the blisses
blues-ex'd - the image,
a heart in an ashtray
farm burning
sedge withered.

I considered D.H. Lawrence,
and sending big, lugubrious
gentians and dahlias

to make you suffer the musty
crepe and velvet odors of
our dead love. And then

I thought of D.H. Lawrence again,
and hoped you got fucked by a whale big time,
like Moby Dick. And I thought of deep fat frying
that little prick who took you to Butler.

But I ain't no Viking, and you
ain't no Rhine Maiden, really. But you
were the water of life
in this mall world, for a while.

"Viens sur mone couer, ame cruel et sorde,
Tigre adore, monstre aux airs indolents";
etc.

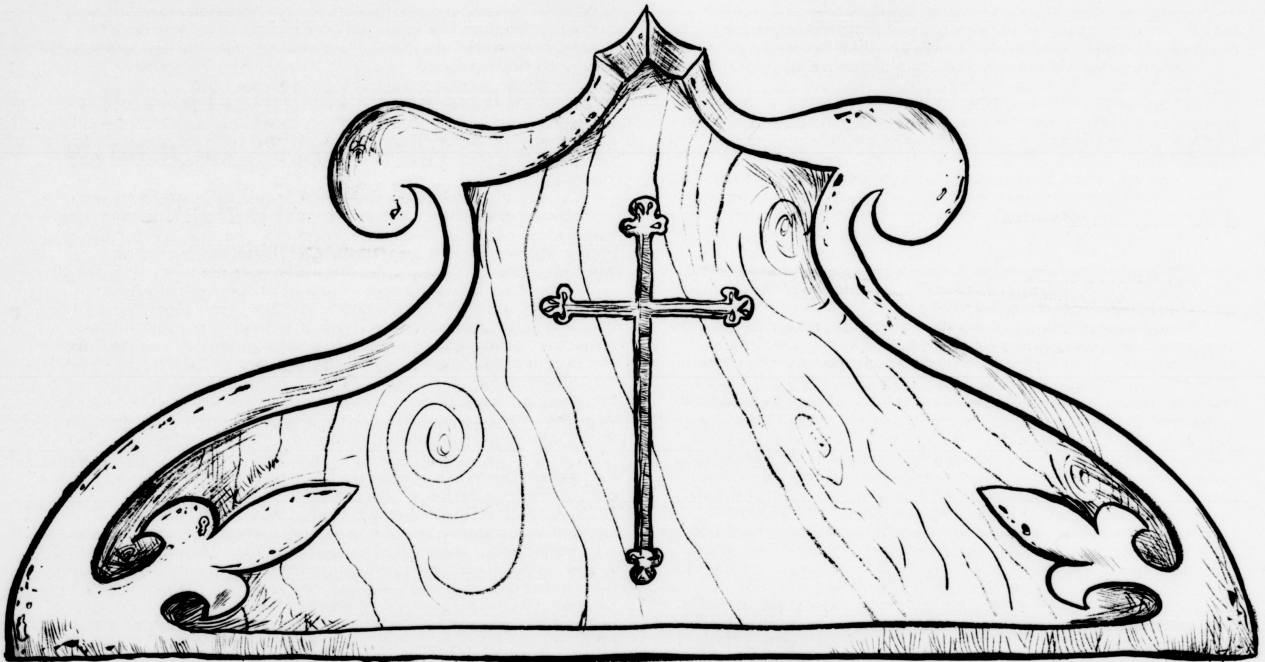
Felix Culpa. When that tequila
was gone, the sun came up behind
the river, opposite the cliff I was sitting on.
I thought about that. And Butler. Walked back to the car,
got spray paint at Ms. Riding's store,
and on the Loveland/Indian Hill overpass
I wrote words true.

- Please Carol, Baby! Please come back!

Just in case you ever do

Crepuscule with Lucy

I find myself writing surrounded by you
the lucent air shadows into sexy saxophone solo dream of
crepuscules when we laze down headache streets
our thighs just brush you say it's time
for a drink & we duck in some bar
always know the bartender you stir
your margarita like Venus her petal nectar
bath even better to discover you
there steaming wet I brush my lips across
the sweat on yours I come
I do back to this when I'm up here
writing surrounded by you.



THE CRUCIFIX DOOR

Diana Keyes

Winner, Dantzer Fiction Competition

Grandma's house was an old farmhouse built by my Great Grandfather. He must have been short as the ceilings were low and so were the door sills. My tall uncles all had to duck when they came in the front door. This annoying little ritual was assigned different meaning years before I remember when someone posted a crucifix over the door. After that, each time my uncles came in they did homage to the crucifix by touching it. It stayed shiny without any dusting from all those touches.

Once past the low doorsill and having saluted the crucifix, you found yourself right in the kitchen. Actually the kitchen was a narrow little room to the left that opened onto this main room at each end. The big room had a large round oak table with plenty of creaky chairs whose seats we trussed up with baller twine. You wouldn't have known about the baller twine unless you inspected under the cushions but I was always curious about the unusual places so I knew. The wall behind the table had a picture of a rather Caucasian-looking Jesus. He appeared distracted despite the motto, "God Bless This House." I figured He knew that all was well here in our kitchen so His mind was on weightier matters.

The far right corner of the kitchen had a short door that opened to reveal a staircase that also creaked. Years later I bought the house I live in now because the staircase creaks the same way. I loved the music of those old boards. They were the herald of bedtime as well as rising. The doorknobs, by the way, were all white china — cool to touch in all seasons and wiggly because they were all loose. They made their own metallic music every time you touched their smooth, beautiful whiteness. In the middle right side of the kitchen was a door that led to the cellar. I considered it dangerous to go down there. A lock high out of my reach made that clear. The lock was really just a bit of wood with a nail hammered through but it served well. I had some anxiety whenever Grandma turned it, opened the door and descended to the cellar through the cobwebs. She always reappeared unarmed with canning jars of applesauce or tomatoes. It did not occur to me that the cellar was off limits because the stairs were narrow and steep and there were lots of breakable things below.

My Dad's old traps were down there too. They were in all sizes and rusty

and the iron teeth stared at you like the mouth of an unlit Jack-o'-lantern. They hung from large iron nails in the overhead floor joists. It made my ankles and wrists hurt to look at them. Whenever a tornado threatened we all went down there and the kerosene lamp made funny shadows everywhere. The wind shrieked and howled around the groaning house and I would watch swaying traps with the agony of wild things pressed into them while my mother tried to quiet my younger brother's frightened cries. I pressed close to Grandma and the lamp at these times. When the wind died down and we emerged from the cellar, I always felt a great sense of release and calm.

One could get into the cellar from the outside of the house by way of a pair of silvery doors that inclined like a slide up against the house. They were too heavy for me to open by the large round iron rings in the middle of each but when my Dad or uncles opened them I got to see the laid up stone and masonry that the doors rested upon and the rough stone steps that led to another door at the bottom — like an Egyptian tomb. That door at the bottom of the stairs was always damp and moldy and it stuck to the floor when you tried to open it. I took this as further evidence that the cellar had things to hide or contained things that weren't supposed to get out. There were also a lot of boxelder bugs that enjoyed the steps down to the cellar because there were always lots to see when we opened the doors. Even as I grew older, the cellar retained some of its black magic.

Just to your right once through the crucifix door was a small rough table barely large enough for an old wooden case radio with glowing tubes in the back. The radio was a necessity at Grandma's because Grandpa kept himself informed about the state of the union by way of Paul Harvey's daily noon broadcast. We kids were making a lot of racket at play while he was trying to listen and he said emphatically, "Whassh!!!!" There was a frayed cloth between the radio and the table. It had remnants of pulled threadwork on it where it was not worn away. On the shelf under the table was a stack of *Field and Stream* magazines that belonged to my Uncle Art. I could see them from the narrow little pallet that laid alongside the wall beside the radio table. There were only two reasons for ever sitting or laying on that pallet. One was that it was right below the window that looked directly out to the long gravel road that ran to our farm from the county trunk road. Whenever

we heard the sound of an engine coming up the road or saw the dust, the window was the focus of a considerable scramble as everyone strained to see who was paying us a visit. There must have been a limited number of possibilities because someone always knew who it was before the car or truck came to a stop in front of the house. Grandma was best at this little family trivia game. I never knew her to be wrong.

The other reason to frequent the pallet was purely to get an experience of what it must be like in prison as it was uncomfortably hard. Actually it was merely bare boards without a cushion. I have no idea what the builder intended when he or she created it as it was equally unsuitable as both couch and bed. A throw of a recycled drape covered it. The gray fabric had a feel of rayon to it and was printed with pink twining vines that my fingers often traced as I lay there in my imaginary cell. The pallet was a fine vantage point, as I said, because of the window but also because of having the best view of everything else in the room — the crucifix ritual, the cellar door, the door to the upstairs and the window directly opposite which looked at the cistern, the privy and the hog lot. This was vital, as a youngster was constrained to time nature's call with the random movements of the hog herd. The latter necessitated by the presence of the privy inside the gate to the hog lot. In fact, the outhouse predated the hog lot. My grandparents, being the practical sort, had not been able to justify taking time to move the privy just because they put in a hog lot around it. It was functionally intact and the adults had no fear of the bleary-eyed, rooting, squealing porkers. It took eleven running steps through the mushy hog mud to get to the privy door. Once there and business finished up with a page or two of the Sears Roebuck catalogue, there was the return trip to deal with. If all went well, the whole maneuver could be performed in about two and one half minutes. If all did not go well, the hogs returned to the privy end of the hog lot before you got done thus trapping you in the leaning, malodorous, drafty privy until they roamed elsewhere. One kept scout from the safety of the rough-hewn half moon window in the door until the right moment for the return dash. When I grew older, I won several medals and ribbons for placing well in the fifty-yard dash. I'm sure that it was because of my intensive training in the hog lot throughout my childhood that I was able to achieve such distinctions.

The hard little pallet under the window was also by the opening to the living room where the piano was. But the living room is another tale. I'll only say that the living room had its own style of vitality and when I curled up in that small quiet corner of the kitchen on that hard little bed, I felt that I had a full view of all universal events. On the left of the crucifix door was Grandma's treadle sewing machine. Although it bore signs of much use, I never saw anyone use it. It was covered with a bit of oilcloth and one or more well-thumbed copies of *The Pick and Gad*. It was a strategic location because it was around the corner from the cookstove in the back kitchen and next to the telephone. Grandmas sat there when she talked with our many relatives and neighbors keeping track of local events with the help of the *The Pick and Gad* and tapping her foot in cadence to the content of the conversation. On her lap she always had a large dented aluminum kettle full of the mainstay of our diet — potatoes. These she endeavored to peel as she commiserated with her fellow householder on the other end of the 'phone line. There was a window above the sewing machine that should have afforded Grandma an easy view of the road but Great Grandma had planted a lilac in the front yard that had grown to such a size that it rendered impossible the sight of anything beyond its dense thicket. Grandma

kept her dime store glasses on the windowsill always in case she had to consult the newspaper during the conversation. Years later when she died and we first saw her at the wake, someone had put the glasses on her. I thought at once how absurd it was to see her with them on her where was no telephone. Nor was there a copy of *The Pick and Gad* in sight. When I got up to the coffin, I took them off but laid them within her reach.

Back to the kitchen. On the other side of the opening that led to the narrow little cooking area was Grandma's chair for her 'phone conversations and the oil stove. That chair was the toastiest spot in the kitchen thanks to the proximity to the oil stove but everyone knew to vacate the spot when the 'phone rang twice.

Once was for the Waydigs over the hill from us. Behind the stove was a long row of makeshift but time-honored coat hooks on which the men hung their field clothes. Due to the stove's powerful radiant heat, the kitchen always had a delightful aroma of man sweat, diesel fuel, animals and Wisconsin loam.

On the other side of the stove was the other opening to the back kitchen. On the rear wall was the door to the cook shanty. Right there by the door was a chipped enamel wash basin on a stand with a faded nubless towel and a cake of Lava. When the men came in from the fields they used that door after knocking the manure off their boots outside the cook shanty door. They took turns at the wash basin turning the soft yellowish cistern water to a deep scummy gray and the towel from stiff and dry to limp and soaked. When they finished at the basin, Grandma tracked back through the cook shanty with it to pitch the dirty water down the little hill from the cistern. The result was that the yard by the cistern stayed slick and muddy. This rendered the trek to the privy doubly jeopardous as there was slick mud to negotiate both before and after the hog loft gate.

The last item in the kitchen was a large fancy dish cupboard. It contained a large crowded apartment assortment of old fancy cups and knickknacks each of which I had a separate fantasy about. The case itself was made mostly of curved handblown glass. One large pane was broken at the bottom corner because Great Grandma had gotten drunk the same night he won it in a card game. By the time he had bounced it all the way home to Great Grandma in the back of the buckboard singing at the top of his lungs, one piece of the precious glass had succumbed. It had never been repaired, just taped — the tape was so old even when I was small that it was yellow and hard. I think that it wasn't fixed to remind us of the wild Irish spirit that was Great Grandpa.

So that was the kitchen — the very center of my childhood — the image that springs to mind immediately when anyone says, "Tell me about your family." My family is the living spirit of that warm, friendly place, composed of all the people that passed parts of their lives in that room in the mid '50s in rural Wisconsin. \$

APPASIONATA

Bea Opengart

© 1988 Bea Opengart

Greenery crowded at the base of orange lilies,
long, arched leaves and stems through the wire fence,
the vine woven through it, the poisonous vine
whose touch is the touch that persists.

How the summer comes on, a denser green.
Three limbs bend their leafy weight.
Why do I remember the autumn and fear it?
The trees, the year will give way.

If I don't know the lilies are flames
at the fence, if I don't know
relief when the thunder dies out,
if I don't see a cardinal flown from the branch,
a passion strung in the sky,
then whose is the pure cry, the full-throated cry
as life leaves the season I love?

I will raise my arms from my sides, to turn
and turn in the deeper shadows.

HEROES

Bea Opengart

© 1988 Bea Opengart

They do what we would
if we were foolish. Bless them
whose hearts are the wind,

the field, the spark as it opens to flame,
the grass as it burns, the light that is fire.
I don't believe they could walk

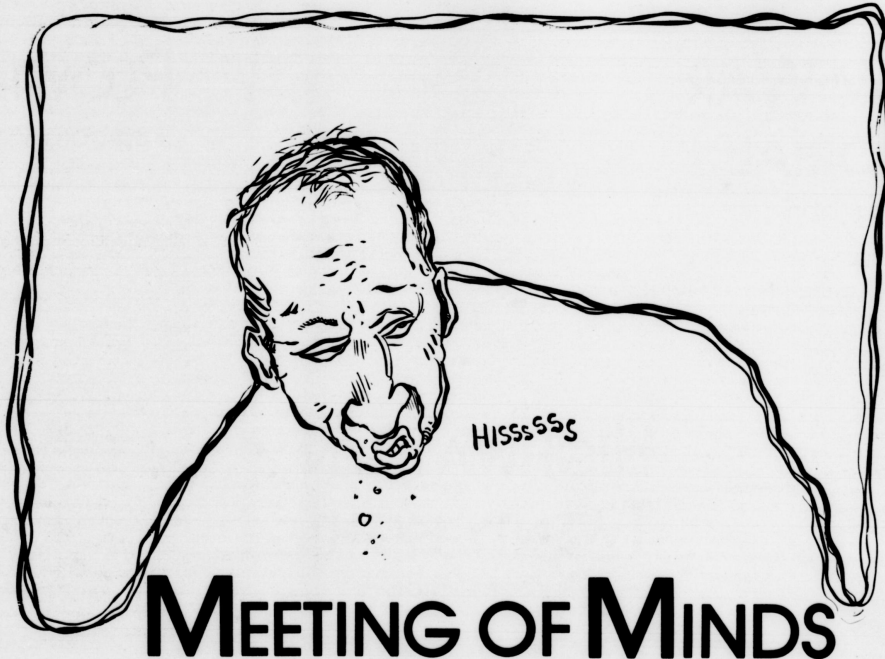
through fire and live, even in stories of rescue,
but see in my mind their bodies
into the blaze, beautiful

forms enfolded. I'd call them back, but then
they would be like us, the children of days.
The room as an island, sleep-tossed

sheets, the bitten odor of lavender.
Also the wooden floor
cold in the morning, walls

four planes of light, the window,
dust on the sill. Who wouldn't
miss these things, walking in hell? When I

asked a friend why he went on
fixing the jet under enemy fire, he told me
he meant to finish and get out alive.



MEETING OF MINDS

Gurney Norman

from *Crazy Quilt: An Appalachian Novel*

© 1988 Gurney Norman

Between what we think and what we are able to say; what we see in our mind's eye, and the words we find to speak about it: language-mental process.

Here at Bluegrass Clinic we ponder such things, in the evenings and early mornings and during the breaks between the sessions. Sometimes we ponder them during the sessions. No holds barred is Helen's motto.

Helen was my shrink for awhile in the late seventies. When I went back to her in '86 I asked her if she remembered my litany of childhood traumas and grownup problems. Refresh my memory, she said. I gave her a quick summary but it all sounded so hilarious in the re-telling we both cracked up before I got half-way through it. War. Funerals. Loss. Grief. Tragedy. Boo hoo hoo. I felt completely healed after that one session but Helen said beware of all forms of elation. So I drove to Lexington to talk with Helen once a week for a year, after which she said you better come live at the Clinic awhile, we've got to get you over the hump.

2.

Boone was a good man, a fine man, a sweet man, a competent man, a grownup man, a modern man, a compassionate man, a "whole man" well along on his process of individuation, a worthy model for contemporary American males. When I said that, Jay the exProgressive hooted and laughed and howled and jeered in such manic glee he nearly fell over in his chair. Boone was an *Indian killer, asshole!* Jay hissed at me and seven of the eleven people in the psychodrama circle nodded in agreement. The lovely Dorothy looked at me with soulful sympathetic eyes even as she nodded her agreement with Jay. *Bitch!* I thought, but equally I thought: I understand. I love you. I'll see you in the evening, I said to her with my eyes. We'll take a walk across the grounds to the spring and the old gazebo, I'll hold your hand and listen as you talk about your drinking days and your attempted suicides, and I talk about my World War II obsession, the Third Reich, the Rising Sun, the Eastern Front, the Americans training at home with broomsticks during the Battle of Stalingrad. I'll tell you what I see at night when I walk the grounds alone. Dorothy smiled and accepted my invitation, even as she nodded in agreement with the exProgressive, who hissed so hard a second time snort flew out his nose.

3.

Listen, I said with some heat. Hiss all you like. But in Western Kentucky there's this big coal-digging machine, three stories tall, with jaws, man, that eats whole truckloads of ground at a bite. It's got legs! It *walks*, man, for twenty years it's been walking on this certain piece of ground, around and around, eating dirt and scooping up coal to heat and light the nation. Gradually the machine has dug a hole three hundred feet deep and a quarter-mile square around the rims of its pit. Finally the coal in that particular spot is gone. And after twenty years, the machine itself is done for, too. Parts worn, design obsolete, there it sits at the bottom of its pit, and they can't get it out! It would cost the company more than the thing is worth to dismantle it and take it out so what's the company going to do? *Leave it there, that's what. Bury it where it quit. Think about it.*

Bullshit! shouted Jay the exProgressive. *You're no drunk. You're an imposter. You're a goddamn nut case!*

Oh, I'm a drunk all right, I said to Jay. And a neurotic and a depressive and a solitary and brooding self-indulgent failure, just as my girlfriend Gretchen said. And I may be a nut case too. I don't want to justify myself or try to appear to anyone in any winning light. I know I'm not a pretty sight to look at, and my recent personal victories are minor ones. But small as they may be, they are actual, I have earned them, I have paid hard dues for them and I will *not* anymore apologize for any information that flows through me. Hiss if you want to. But listen: not three months ago, the government issued a call for someone in this country to write a myth for the nation, to be read by the people of future ages, a story, to be inserted, planted, as it were, like a seed in the public consciousness, that it might take root and be told and re-told in oral transmission for centuries, a story that will explain the nuclear dumps to people and make their presence and their dangers known in a way that no system of physical signs could ever be depended upon to say posted and convey the word for the thousands of years required. Poor government. Poor sad public and its representatives, bereft of all art, legend, lore. I wrote to the government, I told it about the Toyota plant rising on the ground where the ancient bison fed, about the Shawnees and the Cherokees hunting there, and Boone, and the legend of the bluegrass as an Eden. Here is your myth, I told the government. And I will tell more.

Nutcase! screamed Jay the exProgressive. §

(to be continued)

VIETNAM WAR MEMORIAL

Barbara Mabry

We are drawn slowly,
this sultry summer almost-dusk,
into the dark embrace
of those bright-polished
tapering black-granite wings.
Then we are in the presence —
we, nameless now,
of those names,
gray-etched
into the mirrored granite,
names converging at the apex —
1975 meeting 1959.
In the moist rice-paddy heat
a woman hangs over the top
making a pencil rubbing
of a name.

"Get the one on either side,"
a man directs her.
A tall immaculate man
in a blue-gray suit,
with a blue handkerchief
in his breast pocket
leans down to turn off
the last notes
of the Mendelssohn tape
he was playing
and his wife stands by
with the video camera
on her shoulder
pointed at him
as he glues the service ribbons
beside the name
and sticks the carnation cross
in the crack
at the foot of the wall.
He is red-faced, grimacing
with effort of not crying.
His blonde teen-aged son
in long flowered shorts
steps aside
and darts him a quick glance.
"Twenty years today,"
the man says to everyone and no one,
"Twenty years."
Tears collect in his eyes
as he reaches up to touch the name,
and they move off,
anonymous now too
in the press of quiet people.
Name by name by name
by name,
we are with a host,
held too by great black wings,
amid a silent beating clamor,
seeing ourselves in
the shining surface,
being given back
ourselves
in bloody pieces
by the gray etched
names.

HIGHWAY TEN TWENTY-EIGHT

Barbara Mabry

Along the sides
of county highway
ten twenty-eight,
heavy-handed fescue
ripples, thigh-high,
and purple spiky thistles
are white with gravel-dust.
Wild roses bloom, lavish —
pink and white —
in slides of plastic jugs,
refrigerators, wading pools,
and wringer washing machines.
Mobile homes perch
on narrow slate-heap ledges,
and the blue-light tv is always on.
Jeans fill the lines
in rain and sun,
while ragged couches and swivel rockers
moulder on the porches.
Old lilac and snowball bushes
persevere in yards
of empty-windowed houses,
and in wet-weather creek beds
cat-tail-red Ford pick-ups
rust alongside
ancient wheel-less Buicks.

But on the road's-edge knobs —
in the little graveyards —
the dead lie,
mowed and tended,
and their plastic flowers
never fade.

PLOWING

Barbara Mabry

Behind the sweating mule
he plunges through curling furrows,
hard hands grasping plow handles,
thick chest straining shirt-buttons.
He flaps the reins and hallos
to old Bess:
Keep it up, old girl,
we've nearly licked this last piece.
Ma'll be glad we're done . . .
thinks me and you are powerful slow.

They kneel beside his bed
and put their arms across
to hold him down.
Take her down to the water trough
and fetch her feed bucket,
he calls out,
she done a fair day's work.
It's all ready now for dragging,
soon's it dries out a day or two.
Then we can get to planting.
Lord, I'm dust-dry.

They offer him water,
but he sweeps them aside.
Let's get us a drink,
he says,
and kneels by the spring
in the cool of the trees.
The water, cold enough
to hurt his teeth,
is nutty-sweet.
Again he leans over,
fills the big gourd-dipper
and pours it over his head —
shakes his head, flinging droplets.
Hold his head, they say,
he'll hurt himself.
He sits back on his heels,
knees and shirt collar wet,
cool water trickling down his back,
throws his chin up
and smells the rich damp woods-scent,
closes his eyes and rests.
Is he going now, they ask.
Breathing like that,
it'll tear his throat out.
It's shaking the bed — look.

He relishes the breeze
across his sunburnt neck
when he bows his head.
Thank you, Lord,
he says,
for this good work
and this good mule.
Bess, he whispers,
you see to Bess.
Who is Bess, they ask,
Grandma's name was Mary Lee.
Got to get me up, he says,
and go inside.
He claps his knees and rises.
Pull up the sheet,
they say,
he's gone.

A GOOD MOTHER GHOST

Victoria Walker

Old Raimey. She used to rub her breasts with Vaseline. And that's not all. She knew that I watched her through sheets as she stood in the light coming from the crack between the pull-together plastic doors of her room. Such strange doors. They didn't lock, but they didn't need to either. Raimey rubbed her long breasts up and down and up and down while standing and watching the Johnny Carson show through the crack.

"Quit your lookin' and get to sleep 'fore I smack you good."

And my sister and I threw apples at her when she walked under the apple tree. The apples hit the ground like a blanket of hail. Raimey stopped, looked to the roof, and said, "I know you girls is overhead." She kept on walking with her tobacco-stick cane toward the old hickory nut tree behind the barn.

One day when old Raimey was on her usual hickory-nut-tree walk, I sneaked into her musty room. I saw black and white pictures of clean people standing near a picket fence. They had happy faces. I opened old Raimey's dusty wooden trunk. Flowered and faded dresses were neatly folded inside. There was a black vinyl purse with a big golden latch near the bottom. I found a pink handkerchief and some bobby pins. But there in the very bottom of the trunk lay a smiling poppet all sprawled out and gazing up at me with painted brown eyes. A smiling mountain doll that someone from eastern Kentucky had handcrafted many years ago. How many nights had that poppet spent alone there feeling the warm and stale antiquity?

Then Raimey scuffed into her room with a banana and a spoon in her hand. Ignoring my fear, she sat down in her rocking chair. "They'll kill you. Yes, they will. Don't you be eatin' 'em," she warned me. With the spoon, she deliberately picked out those little black tiny seeds running through the center of the banana, and scraped them into the palm of her other hand.

Sometimes old Raimey would sit in that rocking chair with a fly swat in her hand. She rocked and sang:

*Down in the valley
The valley's so low
Hang your head over
Hear the wind blow.*

Then she would hum. Rock and hum. I knew if I got close to her, she would swat my legs before I could escape behind those plastic doors. Old Raimey had a goiter.

"But, Raimey, I just want to touch it."

"No."

"Please."

"No."

"Does it hurt? What's inside of it? Can't they cut it off?"

"It's none of your business, you mean child. Now you get away from me."

I remember telling my cousins at school how I had a mother ghost. Nobody believed me except Nann Kidd. I remember getting off the school bus and running up the graveled lane so I could sing Raimey the new song we learned that day about the little rabbit in the woods. She always wanted to hear me except when she didn't want to hear me or when the rain made her knees hurt.

One day Raimey held my face in her hands.

"But only if you promise to come see me again, child."

"I shall. I promise."

"Promise again."

"I promise again."

Then she handed me that ragged, brown-eyed poppet. She hugged me so tightly while I squeezed her around her neck. That was the time she let me touch her goiter. She told me how the Devil gave her a magic potion and made her drink it. She said it tasted cool and sweet like Grandpa's lemonade. She said when she woke up the next morning, she had a big ball in her throat, and that it just kept growing and growing and that any day now it would pop. She said I would get one, too, because I had touched it.

One afternoon in July, I followed Raimey past the old barn. I watched her fumble with the gate near the pigs' pen. She poked one drowsy, muddy pig with her cane. She walked farther, then sat down on a rock beneath the tree. She just sat there and stared off toward the mossy hill.

Then old Raimey died. She did. They came to take her in an ambulance. Grandpa and Grandpa cried.

At the burial site, I wanted them to sing, "Down in the Valley" because I knew the words by heart, but instead I hummed "Amazing Grace" while everyone else sang. Later that day, I rode my bike back to the cemetery. I dug a small hole in the mound of soft dirt covering old Raimey, and I laid the poppet in its place. It was still smiling even though one of its hands had fallen off somewhere near Mr. Gamble's apple orchard. \$

THE DANCE

Bront Davis

Gray light filtered through angled venetian blinds - morning light that wasn't quite real light. White wallpaper that had faded drastically over the years was crusted and peeling around the single window.

A bed on an unpainted frame was covered by a stained sheet, and in the closet there was a pair of black work shoes that were cracked around the laces.

On the paint spotted window sill there was a crystalline vase; the only ornament of the room. A delicate bouquet of clover sat dying in it.

The man lying on the bed was perfectly still, locked deep within his mind. His eyes stared at the ceiling, and light swaths of hair ringed his head like smoke around a light. Tight skin outlined his ribs. A smooth breeze caressed the aging clover.

When night fell, moans and laughter from the other tenants ran up the stairs past his room and disappeared. He slept alone.

Morning creased the darkness and put it away, and he awoke. With long bony fingers he examined the clovers that were finally dead. The once firm green stems were now limp string, and the white flowers had a leathery appearance.

On shoeless feet he descended the stairs into the yard to replace them. The damp grass wetted the cuffs of his trousers as he picked a new bouquet. He chose them carefully because when the night wraps its sequined arms about the sun, the dance begins. In his mind's eye he saw gowns of heavenly gossamer brush silky on the dance floor, the people as real as a dream.

He wandered back up the steps to his room, and on his way passed another tenant who smelled of cigar smoke and several showerless days being covered up, unsuccessfully, by cheap cologne. In his room he set the vase on the window sill. With it refreshed he rolled back onto the sheets and slept.

A drop of sweet dew hung on a clover, then slid down the stem to mingle with the water at the bottom.

Darkness crept into the light and shoved it aside with a warm wind. Tonight there was a ball, and perfumed and dressed the world entered in.

"No need sir. You are expected," the doorman said when he held out his invitation.

High wooden doors ornately decorated with bars beckoned, welcomed. He smiled and let his polished black shoes carry him like a wave carries a shell onto the hard, packed sand.

Inside, on the dance floor, men with wide shoulders and short hair spun their partners as easily as breath turning a pinwheel. His own black suit, like all of the others, made him feel strong, like he used to feel.

The layers of the ladies dresses looked clear. The whiteness came from some inner purity. Swirls of snow kept check on their warm bodies.

Music played. Violins cried, and oboes offered solace.

A woman sat alone at a table. She was a very delicate beauty that could not be wasted. Thick blonde hair fell sheepishly down her neck, and her eyes spoke of want and knowing and dreams.

His arm cradled her taut back, and his hand gloved hers as they danced on the wooden floor. Apocalyptic color framed her exquisite face and tempting lips, which she bit occasionally in styness.

They were one.

However, the music faded into one song. One note grew high, like a vine, and another spun around it to make it emotion. Her hand gently tugged free of his, and the note strained with their fingertips to savor the touch.

She spoke and a crystal tear -

ran down another stem to the water in the bottom of the vase. Clover lay in a heap. New ones replaced them, white like summer snow. The flowing gowns held painless beauty. \$



EXAMPLE #6 – MEN WITH TATTOOS

Michael Cornwall

There she was. She was sitting there on the couch like one of them mermaids you always see sitting sideways on the rocks and my father came in. I took one look at him and I sort of sang to myself. He's gonna hit her again. It's when he was getting ready to do it that I sang this to myself.

And sure as I'm singing it to myself, he did it. He let her have it. She was eating candy, and the candy? It flew out of the box like a swarm of red birds smashing against a wall. Me, I didn't have to think about what to do next. I moved like there was no tomorrow and hid my ass behind something.

I remember this.

I remember this one time I didn't get out of his way. I stayed right out there and said a few things that he didn't like. I even tried to give him a few little jabs I learned off "Batman." After that, I knew I better stay out of the way where he couldn't get me too. It didn't take me too long to learn things back then.

I remember this one other time Doris Day was singing a song on our black and white TV when he was giving it to my mother. And this was at a time when most people had color TVs in their houses.

But it's this one time I'm telling you about that I remember most.

I was watching from behind the chair and I figured he was going to let her swallow her chocolate first before he hit her again. But he didn't. He grabbed her by the hair of the head and dragged her on the floor while she was still trying to swallow. My mother, she still had the candy box where them chocolates used to be. She had that box by the corner and her fingers were red at the ends.

My mother started in with them whiny sounds like she usually did. They were the same whiny sounds that she made at night when they were in their bed together. I always put my ear on my bedroom wall to hear them. I figured them out too. They're the same whiny sounds girls make when you get on top of them. Like I said, I learn things quick.

But it was this one time that my mother was trying to get away that I want you to know about. Don't get me wrong. She was still whining like she does. But she was holding onto my father's arm and she was pulling away. He had her by the hair of the head, and she was trying to get up and run away from him. And I can tell you right now, by the way she was pulling on his arm and trying to kick him, that something looked funny. She wasn't acting normal.

The rest of the things I want you to know happened in the kitchen. My mother got away from him and ran out of there. The refrigerator was open, and I could only use one of my eyes to see them from behind the corner of the door. I could see my mother best. The little light that was shining out from inside of the refrigerator was shining on her wet face. She was standing there, backed up against the refrigerator door with her sandal in her hand. My father, he was telling her to go ahead! And she was saying to keep away from her. She had enough of his shit! She was saying that to him. She was saying, if he wants some food in the house, then he could damn well go buy some. And he was saying she's a fucking bitch. He was telling her to go ahead with her sandal. He was saying for her to make her move.

That's when I'm wondering to myself: Am I seeing things or what? with my mother standing there like that and saying them things. I can't believe my eyes.

My father was standing there looking at my mother and he was looking like maybe he wasn't sure what to do about it. He was looking at her with the same face I had on. That's when he walked out the door. He walked out the back door and the screen fell out of it when he slammed it closed.

I knew something wasn't normal from the start. I never saw it end that way before. And between you, me, and the lamppost, I think that's why my father took off like he did.

When it got quiet again, I fell asleep on the couch. The TV set was off by then. But I could still see Doris Day standing there in her kitchen with her two kids. She was pouring milk over their corn flakes and singing that song of hers.

That's when I started pretending every night that I slept upstairs in Doris Day's house. I'd be sleeping, and old Doris? she'd be singing - real soft.

When I woke up in the morning, there was my father. He was back. He was sitting at the kitchen table in his underwear and he was pinching the hair that was growing on his arm. He had lipstick on the back of his hand and I was looking at it while he was pinching himself. I figured when I grew up I was going to have hair on my arms like him. I pinched my arm without thinking while I was wondering what it felt like to have hair on your arms. That's when I saw him start moving his lips. He looked like he was talking, but he wasn't saying nothing that I could hear. And he was nodding his head up and down like he was talking to the invisible man or something.

It was when he stood up and went over to the refrigerator and looked in that he started saying things out loud. He had enough of this shit, he said, and slammed the door. He had his cigarette wedged between his fingers and that red lipstick on the back of his hand and he was saying he was getting the hell of of there.

Me, I went to watch "Captain Kangaroo" in the living room and ate dry cereal and Oreo cookies under a tent I made out of a blanket off my bed and two chrome kitchen chairs.

After a while, he came down the hall and went into the bathroom. I could see him in there from where I was camping. He was shaving. He was leaning over the sink and he was shaking his razor in the water. He had this tattoo of a woman on his arm. She had this big smile on and she had red lips. She had on this black cowboy hat and yellow hair that hangs down to here. She had her arms crossed behind her head like she was really laying flat on my father's arm and you could really see her tits. They were falling out of the sides of her polka dot dress and I couldn't take my eyes off them tits when I saw them. Those tits always wiggled when he was working on the car and I'd stand next to him passing him tools. Sometimes when he was in a good mood, he'd slide out from under the car and flex his arm and tell me to hit her. He'd pull the sleeve up on his T-shirt and say, Right there. He said this. Hard as you can, he said. It didn't hurt him a bit when I hit the woman because when I hit her he looked at me and squeezed his lips together like it didn't bother him. The woman, she kept smiling too. But she turned red when I hit it. That's when my father would say that I was a sissy. He said that. And I remember this. s

in lisbon fondly

Dan Nelson

in lisbon fondly they
recalled lengthy times removed
at Macao and Timor
the sails set full, an
eastern heading, jesuits
bidding other landings to
convey what is commanded;

trade winds bring little
solace now among soldiers
quite forgotten,
their lost fortunes and long silent
comrades with still warm
evenings in lisbon
where they fondly
recall.

the greying men

Dan Nelson

greying men wait in halls
of long silence;
they sit and wait,
sit and wait,
like old sweaters
sagging their faces
pull and tug
in different directions;
greying men wait for me
to join in silence
as the face I knew
slips away.

further south

Dan Nelson

there are very few faces here
further south; all of them wiped
clean to mimic, at a moment's notice
anyone who is upwardly
mobile

and here, firmly awash somewhere
within an era I cannot recognize,
each human courts with time's
imagination.

NOVEMBER 24, 1970

Beth Clark Kaufman

Runner-up, Farquhar Poetry Prize

for my mother

A streetgang of crows
clings to the wire,
punks in black jackets
hunched in the wind.
Keen eyes glisten, miss nothing.

A young girl of fifteen
stares to the wire,
transfixed by the vision
of ravens.

*Delores Delores take care
of the pictures the pictures
the children take care*

Something is wrong with
this terrible quiet;
I clump into the kitchen
and break it.
See father, stepmother, they
stand there, not moving.
Keen eyes glisten, miss nothing.
What? What is it?
Do they know I cut school,
know I've been screwing Jarinski?
A jerk then a fluttering
scrap of white paper
"Here."
Keen eyes glisten, miss nothing.
I stare down to the wire
a shivering bird,
concentrate one by one
on every black word:

Betty. Clark. Harper.
died. early. this. morning.
of. a.
cow
gunshot. wound.
in. her. head.
Police. termed. the. wound.
cowcow
self. inflicted.

*all I must do is
close my eyes and
receive the round lips
at my temple like this
like a kiss and then
pull the trigger see
it's easy close my
eyes feel the kiss and
pull.*

A sudden explosion
erupts from the wire
a crazy commotion
slamming into the girl
panicked black wings
idiotic confusion
she covers her eyes
against the blind beating,
screaming and screaming and screaming

THE EXORCISM

Anjali Bhapkar

Make them lie down at railroad crossings
concrete pastures
shaking with heatstroke
and I ran through that Never-never-land once,
years ago. Still-glazed faces
hungry wishes
questions that don't heal
and how much could it hurt them?
Say Mata Hari was innocent now.

Blondes blondes blondes
these children drift like smoke
young as a dream
through the world
their grey-walled nightmares
And what are these tortures
we can't abandon?
words I don't say.

Makes me want to hurt something
think of knives
in odd places, sharp glints of steel
Some phantom scourge
draws back its blue lips and
I can see fangs
taste lies in the wine
it drowns me with
Makes me hiss at it forgive
forgive believe in me
before you die

Hoarse on sulfur words
heart like those rusty railroad tracks
where the tushes burn rags
and fall to grace
These children are paintings
jumping off the walls
stumbling through our museum
and everyday trip towards
the convulsions
behind our marbled eyes.

Run ribbons feather
kiss our blue lips
and I close my eyes to those railroad tracks
that Bastard's fangs
No more blood in never-never-land.

AN AUGUST NIGHT SITTING BY THE RAILROAD

David Reber

A lumbering old freight looms
around the bend
with a dim eye winking.
Its whistle echoes
in the dark.
A signal tower stands silhouetted
against the black and purple sky.
Once in a while
its metal will catch some faint and passing light
to dance up and down.
Sometimes the cyclops eye will change from red to
green,
but not often. Stop seems to be its natural color.
I think I'll catch
one of these freights and go winding on my way
Somewhere in the deep south
I'll write a postcard
and drop it in a mail box
outside a hobo trucker's all night cafe.

STREET SCENE

Charlie G. Hughes

His drooping dog-eared hat
and olive overcoat once fit perfectly
someone else.
Beat cop and traffic light
impose their will on his
coming and going.

Grocery cart overflowing,
stainless steel, squeaky
wheel that gets no oil,
giant plastic bags of emptiness,
aluminum cans, Bud and Coors
and cola, crushed containers
of what might have been.

Sugar free — Caffeine free — Dead soldiers —
no nourishment,
less than one calorie per serving,
no stimulant, no spirit,
no alcohol to fight the cold,
free
for the picking-up

A trip to his center
of recycling brings gasps
of stale sweet breath,
licking his wrinkled lips
with coated tongue, anticipating,
Ripple of a grin
smacking over toothless gums,
he converts aluminum to silver script.

A check for \$12.93
kept briefly in his shirt pocket,
a day's pay for a day's work,
cashed at the corner liquor store,
the only bank he knows
converts eagle to Thunderbird.

Sitting on the curb,
he strokes the bottle
to summon forth his genie.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS

MICHAEL CORNWALL won second place in the Oswald Creativity Award. He has also worked on the editorial staff of JAR, the literary magazine of the UK Honors Program. He is an Arts & Science senior.

MARY ANNE ELLIOTT is the winner of the Wilhelmina Barret Literary Competition Award in the essay division and is a former editor of JAR. Her story, "The Carnival," appeared in last Spring's edition of *Still Life*. She is a publication production senior at UK.

DENISE GIARDINA is the author of two novels, *Storming Heaven* and *Good King Harry*. Her articles have appeared in the *Washington Post* and *Emmy* magazine. She received her B.A. from West Virginia Wesleyan College and a Master of Divinity from Virginia Theological Seminary (Episcopal).

DIANA KEYES is the winner of this year's Dantzer Fiction Contest. She is a junior Gaines Fellow in the Honors Program.

GURNEY NORMAN is the author of *Kinfolks* and *Divine Rights Trip*. He received his B.A. in English from UK and attended Stanford's creative writing program. He is a professor at UK.

VICTORIA WALKER is a Spanish/Italian graduate student at UK. She received her B.A. in Spanish from the University of Southern Indiana. This is her first published story.

CHARLIE G. HUGHES is on the staff of the tobacco and health research department at UK. He received his M.A. in toxicology from UK and his B.A. in chemistry from Transylvania University. He has been published in *Kentucky Explorer* and *Mountain Eagle*.

BETH CLARK KAUFMAN is this year's runner-up in the Farquhar Poetry contest.

BARBARA MABRY's poetry has appeared in *Kentucky Poetry Review*, *Reaching*, *Appalachian Heritage*, *Kentucky Poetry Review*, *Fabbro* and *Still Life*. She is a former associate editor of *Callaloo* magazine.

JOHN MARUSKIN is the winner of the Academy of American Poets Prize. He is an English graduate student at UK. He is a self-proclaimed Duo-sonic poet and a member of the Primary Rhythm and Riff Review.

DAN NELSON's poetry has appeared in *Ivory Tower*, *Pentulum*, *The Bluegrass Literary Review*, and *JAR*. He is a political science professor at UK. He received a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins in political science and a B.A. from Minnesota in history/political science/music.

ANDREW MORSINK is the winner of the Farquhar Poetry Prize for two years running. He is an Arts & Sciences senior.

BEA OPENGART's poetry has appeared in *Poetry Northwest*, *Ploughshares*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Tentrii*, *Greensboro Review*, *The Louisville Review* and has poetry forthcoming in *The Iowa Review*. She received her M.A. from the Iowa Writers Workshop and her B.A. from the University of Arizona. She is the artist in education for the Kentucky Arts Council. She teaches part-time at Transylvania University. She is a recent recipient of a Kentucky Arts Council grant for creative writing and the Kentucky Foundation for Women.

DAVID REBER graduated Phi Beta Kappa from UK with his B.A. in English. He currently teaches at Bluegrass Boys Ranch. He is currently working on his M.A. in Educational Psychology. He has been published in *JAR*.

Biographical information on **BRONT DAVIS** and **ANJALI BHAPKAR** was not available at press time.

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