

Inside: Still Life  
**Kentucky Kernel**

Vol. XCIV, No. 310    Established 1894    University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky    Independent since 1971    Wednesday, April 29, 1992

## Debate begins as new senate starts to work

By **JOE BRAUN**  
Assistant Editorial Editor

Jeremy Bates won the first showdown in next year's Student Government Association presidential race at last night's meeting of next year's senate.

Bates beat out fellow Senator at Large Misty Weaver for the presidential pro tem of the senate. Both have said they are considering running for president next spring.

Bates' margin of victory was not released. The vote was by secret ballot.

After losing the election to Bates, Weaver won the No. 2 position in the senate, senate coordinator. Bates nominated her.

The new senate showed signs of change from this year's tempestuous senate after both Bates and Weaver emerged from the vote with no apparent hard feelings toward the other.

Bates said he believes they "will both be very professional and do what's best for students next year and work together to accomplish our goals."

He said he would not allow the senate to be used for furthering presidential campaigns next year.

Bates said he ran for the position to "build unity within student government, and we need to put some faith back in SGA."

Discussion of SGA President-elect Pete November's executive appointments sparked controversy at last night's meeting.

The absence of former senator Jill Cranston from an executive committee appointment brought protest from about 10 senators who expressed disappointment that Cranston was not receiving an appointment.

Weaver said Cranston's omission was inexcusable. "I just can't believe that she's not on here. I have a big problem with that," she said.

Weaver said Cranston's qualifications in SGA made her "more than qualified" for any of the committee positions.

November said Cranston was considered, but the selection committee



**BATES**



**WEAVER**

See SGA, Page 6

## UK career hotline offers much-needed answers

By **CHRISTOPHER McDAVID**  
Staff Writer

April is a time when the flowers begin to bloom, the sun begins to shine and college students everywhere begin to panic because they haven't found a job.

For those students, UK's Career Center is offering some relief with its new Career Hot Line.

On a two-week trial basis, students can call the Hot Line to have their questions about employment, resumé writing, interviewing skills or other career-related questions answered by the Career Center counselors.

The hot line has two purposes. First is to answer immediate ques-

tions on subjects such as summer job searches, interview jitters, what to do with a resumé and other questions that can be easily answered over the phone. Then, if the question requires more time, students can set up an appointment at the Career Center for further counseling.

"(When we set up the hot line) we thought immediately of seniors," said Diane Kohler, associate director of the Career Center.

However, Kohler said, students from all grade levels have been seeking assistance.

Kohler also said some of the more common questions have been about the average salary for certain

See **HOT LINE**, Page 5

## Derby, finals will conflict until 1995

By **REBECCA BURKHARD**  
Contributing Writer

It's one of the biggest days of the year for Kentuckians, rivaling even the opening day of basketball season.

It's the Kentucky Derby, the Run for the Roses, the first Saturday in May. Everyone who is anyone will be there — except most UK students.

Because of a change in the University's yearly schedule of

dates, final exams fall two days after Derby Day. Needless to say, most students are less than happy about this change of events.

"It's ridiculous that people from all over the country, from colleges everywhere, are coming to Derby, and I may not be able to go," said psychology junior Missy Schellenberger.

Many students share these sentiments, especially those whose plans have been thwarted by the change. Some started planning for this

year's Derby as long ago as last year.

"I've been planning to go," said Jon Ratliff, a political science senior. "I've been trying to get grandstand seats for a year. I thought I had somebody who was going to sell them to me, but now I can't buy them because there's no way I can go."

Although some people are worried about the effect the schedule change will have on their social lives and whether the infield will be

noticeably emptier, others can see long-term problems.

"People will go anyway," math junior Missey Robbins said. "They're just going to do worse on their finals. Grades are going to fall, and it might even cause a decrease in enrollment. And we can't even go and support our own state's industry."

Arvind Ramanathan, a biology sophomore, agreed, saying

See **DERBY**, Page 6

## Churchill Downs prepared for foreign winners

Associated Press

LOUISVILLE, Ky. — Churchill Downs officials have hired translators who speak French, English and Japanese, just in case the horse that brings home the roses has owners,

trainers or riders who speak little or no English.

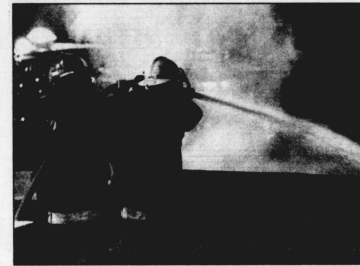
For instance, Derby-favorite Arazi is trained by a man from France; he's owned in part by a sheik from Dubai; and will stand at stud in England. The horse many say is Arazi's chief competition, A.P.

Indy, is owned by Tomonori Tsurumaki of Japan.

But communication will not be a problem. The track has prepared well, hiring two different local firms to provide translators to those who need them.

Arazi's French trainer, Francois Boutin, will have the services of Elisabeth Friszer, a young French woman who works for Languages Unlimited Inc., a Louisville firm founded by Sabi-

See **TRANSLATORS**, Page 6



## TORCHED

The Nicholasville fire department got a little practice as it put out fires one block away from the fire station in Nicholasville, Ky. The dumpster blaze was extinguished yesterday.

Main photo by Sam Carleton.  
Other photos by Greg Eans.

## If elections held today, Perot, Bush could tie

Associated Press

LOS ANGELES — Texas billionaire Ross Perot and President Bush would run a dead heat in California if the general election were held today, with Arkansas Gov. Bill Clinton close behind, according to a new Los Angeles Times poll.

Perot, who is considering an independent presidential candidacy, was favored by 32 percent of respondents to the Los Angeles Times poll published in yesterday's editions. Bush received 33 percent and Clinton 26 percent, the survey found.

More than four in 10 likely Perot voters gave an unfavorable opinion of both Clinton and Bush, the Poll found. However, only about half of those polled knew enough about Perot to express an opinion, with 41 percent viewing him favorably and 10 percent negatively.

Perot was favored by about one-third of Democrats and Republi-

cans.

In a two-way race in California, Bush leads Clinton 49 percent to 38 percent.

A majority of those polled disapproved of Clinton's performance.

See **POLL**, Page 6

### CORRECTION

Because of a reporter's error, the amount of time it takes for the AIDS-causing virus to be detected in the bloodstream was incorrect in an article in yesterday's Kentucky Kernel. Most cases may be detected within six months of contracting the virus.

There is a possibility that the virus will not progress into the AIDS stage for 10 years.

SPORTS	UK TODAY	INSIDE
Bat Cats stomped the Cardinals 20-2 yesterday at Shively Field. U of L coach Gene Baker was kicked out of the game. Story, Page 4.	UK's participation in a national research trial to prevent breast cancer will be announced at a news conference at 11 a.m. For information, call 233-6363.	The Cure's newest, <i>Wish</i> , breaks no new ground. Review, Page 2.
		Diversions.....2 Sports.....4 Viewpoint.....8 Classifieds.....9

# DIVERSIONS

## Kennedy's new novel continues his sense of place

By JOHN AFFLECK  
Associated Press

ALBANY, N.Y. — Before William Kennedy's fifth Albany novel is even published, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author already has a reputation for creating a sense of place that rivals William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County.

But while the Albany setting of Kennedy's work is important, it's not the key to his fiction.

"It doesn't make any difference where I write about," Kennedy said during an interview at his home, a comfortable place tucked away in the hills east of the city. "It's the people that are the most important thing, and they can be from Albany or not."

"Still there's nothing telling me 'don't write about Albany.' Because when I write about Albany, I feel this strength of understanding the characters, understanding the place. There's no need for me to work elsewhere."

Kennedy has returned to his hometown as the primary setting of his latest novel, *Very Old Bones*, which will be available in bookstores nationwide tomorrow.

The characters also are familiar. Like three of his previous works, *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game*, the Pulitzer-winning *Ironweed* (1983), and *Quinn's Book*, the new novel focuses on the lives of the Phelan-

Quinn family, a working-class Irish-Catholic brood plagued by a history of madness and deep personal divisions.

The book is the most structurally complex of Kennedy's six novels. Narrating the tale is Orson Purcell, the unacknowledged bastard son of family patriarch Peter Phelan, and nephew of Francis Phelan, the main character of *Ironweed*.

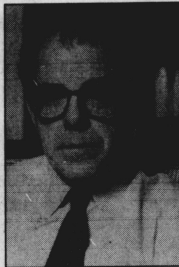
Although the basic framework for the story is a family meeting called by Peter Phelan at the Albany homestead in 1958, the novel follows several narrative threads, such as Germany during the Korean War, Greenwich Village in the 1910s and '50s, and upstate New York in the 19th century.

Again and again, the Phelans are faced with situations that alienate them from other family members — situations that at times drive them into madness.

As Purcell observes on the book's last page: "When you cross the border out of the real world ... the way back, if you can find it, is perilous, at best; and not only for yourself."

The beauty of *Very Old Bones* lies in Kennedy's ability to take readers on the Phelans' journey.

At times laugh-out-loud funny, at others moving, even tragic, the thematic heart of the book is the char-



KENNEDY

acters' need to come to terms with their family — to understand how it has affected them, and their role in it.

Like *Ironweed*, which chronicles Francis Phelan's wanderings and eventual return home, the new novel strikes a hopeful chord when the Phelans can accept their collective past and each other.

"In both books there's this sense of redemption, although redemption for Francis is quite different from what happens to Orson and Peter," said Kennedy, who dedicated the new book to his own ancestors and some close friends.

Because of his illegitimate heritage, Orson is something of a "lost citizen," Kennedy commented.

"When he finally discovers this (Phelan) family and realizes that it is his family, then it's a slow-growth process," Kennedy said. "He becomes, an inseparable element of the family. He is, in a certain sense, a savior of the family — one of the people who helps it stay together and understand itself."

There seems to be a connection between Kennedy, 64, and the book's other protagonist, 71-year-old Peter Phelan — an artist who leaves home but must return to create his best work.

Both author and character are afflicted with an arthritic hip, which Kennedy says he deliberately gave the Phelan patriarch. Their lives also have followed similar paths.

"Peter goes away in order to distance himself from the family, but he can't leave, which is closer to my experience," Kennedy said.

Kennedy was born and raised in Albany, but left the city in 1956 to work as a journalist in Puerto Rico and Florida. He returned seven years later because of a family illness and wound up staying.

"When I left I wasn't trying to get away from my parents. I was trying to get away from this city. I wanted to do something that was

different and more challenging for me — and that's exactly what Peter did."

Kennedy said the new book "gestated" over a 4 1/2-year period. He started work on it before *Quinn's Book* was published in 1988.

"It had a lot of false starts," he said. "What's now Chapter 2 was originally Chapter 1 and it was written in the form of a play and it didn't work. ... It was evolutionary. That's the nature of creating a novel — that's why it's such fun. Because you don't know where you're going."

A strength of *Very Old Bones* is Kennedy's ear for dialogue. His characters' exchanges provide some needed comic relief to the novel, which would be very dark without it.

"I recall loving the dialogue of people like O'Hara and Hemingway, and in journalism I always wanted to develop that end of it," Kennedy said.

"You just have to pay attention to what people say and find out what's funny. I also take a lot of notes. Somebody said about me, 'He writes down everything I say.' And I wrote that down."

*Very Old Bones* has returned Kennedy to the critics' good graces after he received a mixed reaction to *Quinn's Book*, the much-awaited

follow-up to *Ironweed*. The new novel has received favorable reviews from the *Library Journal*, *Publishers Weekly* and *GQ* magazine.

"You put the book out and they either throw stones at you or they throw palm fronds," Kennedy said of the reviews. "Whatever. It's up for grabs — there's no way to fore-fend against that. You just have to develop a thick skin."

"(I just write for) me and that particular audience that I think would like what I write. Good readers and people who care about the things I do — even when I don't know what I care about. I figure they'll figure that out, too."

Although the novel wasn't to be in bookstores until the end of this month, and Kennedy was facing a 10-city publicity tour including stops in New York, Washington, Los Angeles and Seattle, in his creative mind he's already well past *Very Old Bones*.

A screenplay of *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game* is showing promise and a new novel about Albany's rich political scene of the 1930s and '40s also is in the works, he said.

"Also in the works like where I should be," Kennedy said. "I suspect the cycle (of Albany novels) will go on as long as I live."

## The Cure's mediocre 'Wish' should appeal to loyal fans

Wish  
The Cure  
Fiction/Elektra Records

By CHRISTOPHER McDAVID  
Staff Critic

In the good old days, the release of a new Cure album would mark the disappearance of every black clad, manic-depressive teen-ager around as they locked themselves in their bedroom to savor the angst of



have risen to the top of the heap as major stars with the group's last two studio albums going multi-platinum.

Since The Cure's first release in 1979, the only constant in the group has been Robert Smith with his lipstick, his haystack of black hair and his never-ending depression. No relief for that depression is in sight on the band's latest release, *Wish*.

their hero, Cure vocalist Robert Smith.

Those days of the early-'80s British invasion are gone and The Cure

*Wish* is a marriage of the fast-paced pop — well, as fast-paced as The Cure gets — of 1987's *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me*, and the languid, mind-numbing journey of 1989's *Disintegration*.

"High" the first single from the album, already is in heavy rotation on MTV and seems poised to repeat the success of the group's lone top-10 single, "Lovesong."

Only Smith could take such nonsense lyrics and give them such feeling. Not that he's a good singer of course, but his distinctive squall lends itself to some pretty heavy emotion in some pretty silly lyrics: "When I see you sticky as lips/as licky as trips/I can't lick that far."

"From the Edge of the Deep Green Sea" contains lyrics that are Morrissey-sized desperate — "It's all for her/I know this can't be wrong. I say/And I'll lie to keep her happy."

However, instead of pitiful rejection like Morrissey's always receives, Smith's vocals save the day, making it sound more like a mad obsession.

Smith finally cuts loose on the next track, "Wendy Time," which is sure to be a single. For once, he actually is being pursued instead of pursuing. The music has a funky, infectious groove reminiscent of "Hot! Hot! Hot!" and "Why Can't I Be You?" as well as the images conjured up by Smith being hit on by a lady and him screaming spitefully at her — "It doesn't touch me at all!" — are hilarious, easily making this the best track on the album.

It almost makes you wonder what they were thinking when they wrote "Friday I'm in Love" and the first half of "Doing the Unstuck." Has marriage and middle age possibly made Smith go a little soft? His voice is still there, but the lyrics are sure to confound the faithful ("Let's

get happy!"). Thankfully, relief comes by the middle of "Doing the Unstuck" when he is rejected. I don't think anyone could deal with a happy Smith.

The music on both of those songs is a bit of a dilemma also. Both have a jangly acoustic guitar sound that makes them sound any one of a million R.E.M. wanna-be's.

"Friday" is a catchy song and also probably will be a single, but it is comparatively boring.

In fact, in "Friday," "From the Edge of the Deep Green Sea" and "To Wish Impossible Things" it seems that Smith feels he found something that works well and is running with it. All three are rather tender love songs like the band's two biggest singles, "Just Like Heaven" and "Lovesong."

Yet, don't start sticking him on adult contemporary radio with Michael Bolton and Mariah Carey.

Near the end of the album on "Cut" Smith gets ticked off, howling "You Don't Care Anymore!" at his target. An angry Smith is not great, but it definitely is interesting.

Loyal Cure fans will enjoy *Wish*, but people looking to purchase their first Cure album may be better advised to buy something that represents them better like *Kiss Me, Kiss Me, Kiss Me* or *Standing on a Beach*, a collection of pre-*Kiss Me* singles.

As an entire album, *Wish* fares pretty well, but it breaks no new ground for the Cure.

Still, a mediocre Cure album is better than the average Top 40 tunes any day.

**Tom's PIZZA**  
FREE DELIVERY  
253-6700

"The Best Pizza at the Best Prices"

<b>LARGE PIZZA</b> Two Toppings <b>\$5.95</b> Plus Tax Tom's PIZZA	<b>18" MONSTER</b> Two Toppings <b>\$9.95</b> Plus Tax Tom's PIZZA
<b>LARGE "ATW"</b> (All the Way) <b>\$9.50</b> Plus Tax Tom's PIZZA	<b>14" LARGE PIZZA</b> Ten Toppings <b>\$10.00</b> Plus Tax Tom's PIZZA
<b>2 LARGE PIZZAS</b> Two Toppings each <b>\$10.35</b> Plus Tax Tom's PIZZA	<b>2 MED. PIZZAS</b> Two Toppings each <b>\$8.95</b> Plus Tax Tom's PIZZA

**Rolling Ridge Apartments**  
3525 Tates Creek Rd.  
**273-5500**  
1 & 2 Bedroom units  
Come by and see our large apartments and hear about our small prices.

**ATTENTION ALL CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS**  
**EARN \$800.00 IN 3 WEEKS**  
For your organization or your charity with 10 members participating in our plasmapheresis program.



**plasma alliance**  
"People Helping People"

2043 Oxford Circle  
254-8047  
Come by or CALL for Details

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK  
MON. - THURS 7 A.M. - 9 P.M.  
FRI 7 A.M. - 6 P.M.  
SAT - SUN 8:30 A.M. - 3:30 P.M.

**STUDENTS**  
receive \$20  
on first visit

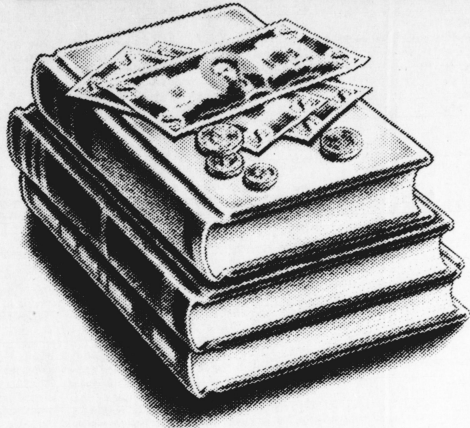
**ALFALEA**  
TONIGHT'S INTERNATIONAL MENU  
Cajun Cuisine

HOMEMADE PASTAS & BREADS  
VEGETARIAN POULTRY & SEAFOOD ENTREES  
BEER & WINE

557 S. Limestone  
253-5001

LUNCH MON-FRI 11:00-2:00  
DINNER TUE-THUR 5:30-9:00  
FRI & SAT 5:30-10:00  
BRUNCH SAT & SUN 10:00-2:00

# READ 'EM AND REAP



Once you've finished your textbooks, reap the reward of getting instant cash by selling them. Act quickly. They'll never be worth more than they are today.

## SELL YOUR BOOKS FOR INSTANT CASH AND BONUS BUCKS,

(\$1 BONUS CREDIT for \$10 in textbooks sold)

### TOO!

Spend Bonus Bucks  
on  
Any Merchandise in our Store!

Student Center Annex  
257-6304

Medical Center  
257-2947



The University of  
**Kentucky**  
Bookstores



ce

The new  
vorable re-  
y Journal,  
GQ maga-

it and they  
ou or they  
nnedy said  
er. It's up  
ay to fore-  
ust have to

nd that par-  
hink would  
eaders and  
he things I  
know what  
y'll figure

asn't to be  
nd of this  
s facing a  
including  
ashington.  
he, in his  
y well past

Phelan's  
g promise  
Albany's  
1930s and  
he said.

where I  
ad. "I sus-  
ny novels)  
g."

ns

ly, relief  
Doing the  
ejected. I  
deal with

ose songs  
also. Both  
itar sound  
y one of a  
s.

song and  
gle, but it

From the  
Sea" and  
things" it  
he found  
ll and is  
are rather  
ge band's  
ust Like

him on  
with Mi-  
arey.

album on  
ff, howl-  
more!" at  
h is not  
interest-

oy Wish,  
hase their  
better ad-  
at repre-  
Me, Kiss  
g on a  
Kiss Me

sh fares  
no new

album is  
Top 40

AL MENU

te

RIAN  
TRY  
FOOD  
REES

WINE

2:00

8:00

10:00

2:00

## SPORTS

# Frazier, Zonger handcuff high-scoring Cardinals

By JOHN KELLY  
Sports Editor

The Louisville Cardinals came into last night's matchup with UK as the fifth-best hitting team in the nation. They also had scored the fifth most runs in college baseball.

But they only scored the second most runs last night at Shively Field as UK pitchers Lorhn Frazier and Steve Zonger combined for a six-hitter, and the Bat Cats defeated Louisville 20-2.

"We wanted this game bad," UK coach Keith Madison said. "We decided before the game that we wanted to make this game as important as Louisville does. In the past, our conference games have always been the important thing. We realize that, if we were going to beat Louisville, we were going to have to make this game as important to us as it is to them."

U of L coach Gene Baker said UK was responding naturally to its two previous losses in Louisville. The Cats lost to the Cards 15-4 in the Big Four Classic at Cardinal

Stadium early in the season and, just last week, dropped a heartbreaker to the Cardinals 12-11 at Parkway Field on the U of L campus.

"Every team has a little pride," Baker said. "They were probably just embarrassed."

The Cardinals, who led the NCAA in home runs last year, got only one last night, a ninth-inning, two-run shot by right fielder Rob Newman that foiled Frazier and Zonger's shutout bid. But for eight innings, the Cards found nothing to hit at the plate, while the Bat Cats went straight for the buffet bar.

The Cats struck early against U of L starter Chris Martinez with a five-run first inning, which included a three-run home run by catcher Billy Thompson, and a six-run third inning, which was capped by Greg Mercer's grand slam home run.



**FRAZIER**

"I woke up this morning and I thought ... 'Louisville.' They scored a lot of runs against us. They can hit the ball. I thought 'Get the ball down. Don't worry about striking out everybody.'"

pitcher Lorhn Frazier

The game got even better in the top of the fourth. With his team down 11-0, Baker had an altercation with the home plate umpire, Baker, who was coaching third base, walked toward home plate to argue a called third strike on Newman, but before he got half way there, the umpire ejected him.

But Baker got his money's worth. He said a few words and headed for the dugout. Suddenly to the delight of the UK fans, the umpire said something that caused Baker to return to the plate to argue some more. The two bumped several times during the argument and Baker had to be restrained by Louisville assistant coach Kevin Kocks.

Baker refused to comment on what the umpire had said that spurred his outburst, but a Louisville sports information representative said Baker later said that the umpire had called Baker a "f---er."

On his postgame radio show he called the umpire "very, very unprofessional."

Louisville didn't respond to the motivational speech that Baker gave them in the dugout before leaving the park. Instead, they just played out the game, while UK continued to increase the lead. Nine more Bat Cat runs, including a three-run long ball by shortstop Jeff Michael would cross the plate before Louisville finally would end its drought.



**ZONGER**

But more than the 20 UK runs, Baker credited Frazier, who got his first UK start, with being the difference in the game.

"Frazier" was doing a good job of throwing the ball away from our right-handed hitters," Baker said. "He was throwing pitchers' pitches, not hitters' pitches. He pitched a smart game."

Madison echoed that sentiment.

"He had outstanding command tonight," Madison said. "The fact that he did it against such an outstanding hitting team makes it even more impressive. He was on top of his game tonight."

Frazier said he woke up this morning, and his first thoughts were about his game plan for silencing the Cardinals' offensive machine.

"I woke up this morning and I thought ... 'Louisville,'" Frazier

said. "They scored a lot of runs against us. They can hit the ball. I thought 'Get the ball down. Don't worry about striking out everybody.' I wanted to get the ground ball outs."

Frazier caught the Cards' power hitters with big eyes a couple times during the game.

"I started them off outside, but the out pitch was an inside fast ball," Frazier said. "I wanted to get them looking outside and then just bust them with a fast ball in and work the off-speed a little because these guys can hit. I just wanted to challenge them a little."

Steve Zonger gave a solid relief appearance for the Cats as well, pitching the final four innings and allowing only two hits, one of which was Newman's ninth-inning dinger.

"His velocity was as good as I've seen it this year," Madison said. "I thought he had good control tonight, too."

## UK fans should take second look at recruiting class

Admit it. When Rodney Dent finally signed to play for UK last week, visions of championships danced in your head.

By bringing in Dent, Rodrick Rhodes, Walter McCarty, Tony Delk and Jared Prickett, you thought UK coach Rick Pitino has found the most talented five since the Jacksons broke up. This class signifies now more than ever that the Cats are back, you thought.

Back to what, though? This class



**Brian BENNETT**

seems to be the best this side of Kentucky since, well, Eddie Sutton's tenure at UK. Remember Sutton's recruits in his short tenure? Teenage legends with names like

Rex Chapman, Shawn Kemp, LeRon Ellis, Eric Manuel and Chris Mills might refresh your memory.

OK, so the Sutton years may be too painful to recall. Who else could we compare this class to? How about the early 1980s when Sutton's predecessor Joe B. Hall brought in more horses than the Kentucky Derby. Players like Sam Bowie, Melvin Turpin, Charles Hunt, Derrick Hord, Dirk Minni-field, Jim Master and James Blackmon had all the recruiting guru singing Hall's praises year after year. This is something you might want to remember before you reserve space for championship banners to hang in the Rupp Arena rafters. After winning the National Championship in 1978, Hall's teams made it to just one Final Four when they were pummeled by Georgetown in 1984 — despite having more talent than anyone in the country almost every season. And Sutton's bunch couldn't muster one trip to the Final Four, even during Rex the Boy King's reign.

Of course, there were much uglier by-products of this talent surplus as well. Egos clashed, babied superstars threw temper tantrums and players revolted against their coach.

Before Rick Pitino came to town, UK players and fans were more afraid of losing than they cared about winning. Not winning by 20 points was as bad as losing in those days. Playing for UK was not about fun then; it was business.

That was just the start of it. Intense recruiting wars emerged as the Cats tried to keep up their tradition of getting the best. Boosters did their best of maintaining that tradition, by generously offering jobs, cash and other perks to willing 18-year-olds. Rumored for years to run one of the dirtiest programs in the nation, UK finally got caught for its cheating during Sutton's reign when \$1,000 bound for Mills' dad popped out of an Emery envelope. Three years probation followed, a penalty which could have been much worse. For further proof of Kentucky's dirty dealings, check out *Raw Recruits*, a book which chronicles some of UK's worst offenses. Or stop by M.L. King Library and see the latest 4,000-plus page addition to the reserve list.

The simple fact is that impressive high school resumes do not championships make. In fact, the steady stream of talent funneled to UK the last 15 years has caused much more problems than good to the program.

Indeed, one would be hard-pressed to find four UK players with more heart, chemistry and dedication to the program than this

year's senior class of Richie Farmer, Deron Feldhaus, John Pelphrey, and Sean Woods. Why? Because they weren't McDonald's All-Americans or projected NBA stars.

Instead, they all, including Indiana native Woods, were home-grown. To them, wearing the blue jersey with "Kentucky" written across the chest meant more than impressing pro scouts. Playing for UK had been their dream since they could dribble a ball.

I'm not saying UK should only sign Kentucky boys and shun out-of-state All-Americans. Talent now more than ever wins in college basketball and the only way to remain competitive is to get a few blue-chippers every year. Just ask Michigan how far they would have gotten without the "Fab Five" this year.

Although Pitino knows he has to have the talent to go to the next level, I hope he does not forget the lessons learned from the past and the examples set by Farmer, Feldhaus, Pelphrey and Woods. He should see the need to sign a few home-grown kids while still getting the All-Americans he needs to compete.

The bottom line is that as long as UK basketball remains the state religion, a coach has to supply the gods. Let's hope the gods don't destroy the temple again.

Staff Writer Brian Bennett is a journalism freshman and a Kernel sports columnist.

## UK names Brown as Rock Oliver replacement

Staff reports

Shaun Brown, formerly the head strength and conditioning coach at Providence College, has been named strength and conditioning coach at UK, Athletics Director C.M. Newton announced yesterday.

Brown, 27, replaces Ray "Rock" Oliver, who recently resigned to take a position with the Tampa Bay Buccaneers of the NFL. Brown will oversee the strength and conditioning program and facilities at the Memorial Coliseum weight room, which primarily serves student-athletes in men's and women's basketball, women's volleyball and gymnastics.

Brown is a 1987 graduate of Canisius College in Buffalo, N.Y. He earned his master's degree in exercise physiology in 1988 from Ohio State University, where he served as a graduate assistant in OSU's strength training department.

Upon earning his master's degree, Brown was named assistant strength coach at Rutgers University. In 1989, he accepted the Providence job. Brown is a frequent speaker at strength and conditioning clinics and has had several articles published in national trade and professional journals. He is a member of the National Strength Coaches Association.

**Blimpie**  
50¢ Off 6"  
\$1 Off Footlong  
Coliseum Plaza 231-9499  
Not valid with any other discount offer. One per customer. Expires May 3, 1992.

Give it the old college try.

When you subscribe to the Herald-Leader, you'll get local, state, national and international news, award-winning sports coverage and up-to-the-minute concert and entertainment news. And you'll save up to 38% off the regular subscription rate!  mail give us the old college try!

**Up to 38% Off**  
Student/Faculty Offer

**Summer Semester**

7-Day (every day including Sunday) ... \$34 (Save over 37%)  
Weekend (Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon.) ... \$23 (Save over 38%)  
5-Day (Mon.-Fri.) ... \$20 (Save over 31%)

Summer delivery will end on August 25.

Enclosed is my payment:  Check  VISA  MasterCard  Discover  American Express

Card Number \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt./Rm No \_\_\_\_\_

College \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Mail with your payment to:**  
Student Subscriptions  
Lexington Herald-Leader  
100 Midland Avenue  
Lexington, Kentucky 40508

For more information telephone 253-1314 or toll free 1-800-999-8881

**LEXINGTON HERALD-LEADER**

**SENIORS!**  
**KENNEDY Book Store**  
Your graduation headquarters!

- Caps & Gowns
- Commencement Announcements
- UK Rings (as low as \$99.95!)

**HERFF JONES**

**George Frakes Jewelry Repair & Fine Jewelry**

153 Patchen Village • 266-7977  
Layaway • Ring sizing while - u - wait!  
Owners: George, Bill and Sandy Frakes  
M-F 10-6 Sat 10-5

**HOT HOT HOT**  
**FUN FITNESS**

Join us for fun and fitness at the Lexington Athletic Club's Nautilus Plus Center with Student Summer Membership 3 months for only **\$69**

Call **273-3163**

**lexington athletic club**  
152 W. Tiverton Way

## Hall of Distinction newest UK addition

### Staff reports

Construction has been a big part of UK in the past year, but the College of Engineering has added a new hall to its list of additions — the Hall of Distinction.

Six members — Samuel M. Cassidy Jr., Elliott D. James, the late Robert C. McDowell, Ervin J. Nutter, the late Earl D. Wallace and W.T. Young — were inducted April 24.

These men were recognized as alumni whose "distinguished careers have contributed to, or reflect credit on, the various academic programs in the college and the University," the bylaws stated. A plaque featuring each of the honorees will be on permanent display in Anderson Hall.

Robert Hemmenway, chancellor for the Lexington Campus, told them their induction came at an appropriate time.

"The expansion and modernization of the College of Engineering, now taking place, will put the University of Kentucky on par with any institution in the country," he said.

The College of Engineering is building an \$11.65 million civil engineering, water resources and transportation building, which is expected to open fall 1993.

Samuel Cassidy earned his master's degree in 1928 in mining engineering. In addition to his many contributions to the coal industry, Cassidy was a driving force in civic, social and political affairs in the remote area surrounding Jenkins, Ky.

Elliott James, a Huntsville, Ala., native, earned his master's in electrical engineering in 1966. James is president and member of the board of directors of Intergraph Corp., one of the nation's leading manufacturers of computer-aided design systems.

The late Robert McDowell earned his civil engineering degree in 1943. He founded several construction firms in the United States, Canada and Venezuela.

Ervin Nutter of Xenia, Ohio, earned his mechanical engineering degree in 1943. He founded Elano Corp., which became a supplier of jet engine parts and eventually was sold to General Electric. The Nutter Training Facility is named in his honor.

The late Earl Wallace, who earned his mining engineering degree in 1921, spent most of his career in the petroleum industry and in investment banking. He is best known for his fight to restore Shaker Village.



CASSIDY



NUTTER



JAMES



WALLACE



McDOWELL



YOUNG

## U of L declares fiscal emergency

### Associated Press

LOUISVILLE, Ky. — The University of Louisville board of trustees has declared a fiscal emergency, a move university President Donald Swain said will help make changes that have been approved in principle for 1993.

Those changes include a detailed study of U of L's student-advancing services, review of the International Center for restructuring by next year and standardizing pay methods for professors who teach extra summer and evening courses.

The fiscal emergency was declared Monday because of an 11 percent reduction in state funds for the school this year. The board made the declaration as part of the approval of a finance-committee motion to drop one program and reduce or transfer four others.

The U of L administration is trying to cut pay for teaching some courses, lay off some untenured faculty members and take other steps to pare the budget by \$6.7 million.

Robert Kreiser, an official of the American Association of University Professors in Washington, D.C., said many schools recently have used language like "financial emergency" to take steps that don't always meet their own guidelines or

### standards set by the association.

Kreiser said he wasn't familiar with U of L's plans. But AAUP standards, which are recognized widely by universities, including U of L, generally call for university administrations to consult closely with faculty groups in making decisions that affect teaching and scholarship. That includes laying off professors.

University counsel Tom Lyons said after the meeting that the declaration of emergency is based on language in the school's "Red Book" manual of regulations that says pay levels established for faculty ranks will be considered minimum, with no reductions allowed "except in an emergency or under the most extreme circumstances."

Making U of L's financial condition clear now and authorizing Swain to adjust budgets and modify pay plans, may reduce questions in the future, Lyons said.

Lyons said he doesn't believe the administration and trustees need to declare a fiscal emergency to cut extra pay and take other steps that have been approved. He said he believes state law gives the trustees and the administration the authority for such action.

## Sue Bennett College wins four-year status

### Associated Press

LONDON, Ky. — After nearly losing its identity as a private institution, little Sue Bennett College announced yesterday it had won four-year status for one of its degree programs.

The Kentucky Council on Higher Education has extended the junior college's license to offer a bachelor of arts degree in business administration.

"This is a milestone in the history of Sue Bennett College," said Sandra McLendon, vice president for academic affairs at the 96-year-old school. She said the school will begin enrolling students for the new degree program this fall.

Facing financial problems, the school's board of trustees voted in late 1990 to merge with UK's Community College System. But the United Methodist Church, which owns the buildings and grounds, objected, and the board later rejected the plan.

Several of the trustees resigned over the controversy, and a handful of employees claimed they were fired over their support of the merger plan.

McLendon said Sue Bennett also is applying to offer a two-year nursing degree. She said an advanced nursing course would be added to the curriculum next fall.

The school has 500 students.

## Hot Line

Continued from page 1

jobs, how to handle an interview and how to identify job vacancies in a certain field.

All UK undergraduate and graduate students, as well as UK alumni,

are eligible to take advantage of the services offered by the hotline.

For more information, call the Career Center hotline, located in 201 Mathews Building, at 257-5216. The hotline is open April 27 through May 8 from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.

## SHOOTERS photography, inc.

School Event Photography of:  
 • Sorority Groups • Fraternity Groups • Society Social Events  
 • Fraternity Social Events • Graduations • Sports Teams  
 • Senior Class Groups • Marching Bands • Proms  
 • Homecoming Dances • Student Organizations • Faculty Events

Capturing the Present for the Future

4051 C. Tate Cross #119 Lexington, KY 40517 8431 Walnut Rd. #143 Louisville, KY 40241 (606) 275-7771 (502) 359-2377

1-800-96-PHOTO

## Be all you can be! Read the Kernel!

Change your life... study abroad!

Find out how April 30, Thursday

11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Bradley Hall, Room 207

Meet AIFS representative Fred von Schmeling  
 RSVP (800) 727-AIFS ext. 6050  
 American Institute For Foreign Study



or send for free catalog of semester and summer programs:  
 AIFS • Dept. CN • 102 Greenwich Avenue • Greenwich, CT 06830

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 Institution \_\_\_\_\_

# The Student Library Campaign

Would like to

THANK YOU, THE STUDENTS

for raising over

\$125,000.00

towards the UK Book Endowment

# Thanks

# Keeping healthy vital all year long

By RICHARD MCCORMICK  
Contributing Writer

As finals week approaches, many students will neglect their health through a lot of stress and late-night cramming.

But many students may not have been taking good care of themselves all year, according to the Student Health Advisory Council. SHAC with the help of UK colleges and local businesses stressed the importance health care at the annual health fair on the Student Center Patio yesterday.

"The purpose is to inform and educate students of areas and aspects of health," said Traushan Spencer, SHAC chairman.

Spencer said students need to be more willing to go to the doctor when something is wrong, instead of overlooking medical problems.

"Most college students just take an aspirin and blow it off. We need to focus more on preventive health care (so that stu-

dents are healthier)," she said.

Spencer also said the reason students avoid medical attention is not fear but because they don't believe they need to go. For this reason, she considers lack of knowledge to be the worst health problem facing students.

Lois Brown, representative of the College of Dentistry, said she is trying to educate people about oral health because it doesn't get as much attention as other health problems; however, digestion and appearance are among the areas affected by the oral health.

"If you can't take five or 10 minutes to brush your teeth three times a day, it can lead to other problems," she said.

Students can easily avoid these problems by following the advice of mothers for centuries, Brown said.

"Brush three times a day and see your dentist at least once a year."

## SGA

Continued from page 1

did not choose her.

Executive Director Stephen Keller said Cranston was qualified, but said he wouldn't speak for the other five members of the committee.

Cranston, who lost a bid for vice president, said: "I felt I would receive a position because my (presidential) platform focused on student services," she said. "I would not have applied if I didn't care about students and student services on campus."

Despite her exclusion, Cranston said she is "still very interested in student government."

November said that no senators had expressed concern about Cranston's not receiving an appointment prior to last night's senate meeting.

"I was concerned that this wasn't dealt with before we got to the (senate) floor," he said. "I was hoping returning senators would learn from their past mistakes and that they would realize they could come in and talk to me (about problems)."

The senate unanimously approved Keller, Resa Wright and Matt Arnold as executive director.

## Derby

Continued from page 1

because of the final exam schedule, "a lot of people are going to do bad on exams, which might hurt the University's reputation."

Students are not ready to surrender their Derby and already have begun to look for solutions.

"All they have to do is what they did last year and start school a week earlier, and everyone will be happy," said psychology junior Jackie Pramuk.

Schellenberger, a Louisville native, said she would sacrifice part of her summer for the races.

"I'd start a month earlier if it means I can go to Derby," she said.

"Last year was perfect," Ramanathan said. "I'd rather start school a week early or take a week off Christmas vacation."

The big question is why the changes to the yearly schedule were made in the first place.

Mary Watts has the answers. Watts is the administrative assistant

in charge of drawing up the calendar and presenting it each year to the UK Board of Trustees.

Watts said the calendar depends on where Labor Day falls each year. She follows a University Senate rule that calls for classes to begin the Wednesday before Labor Day when Labor Day falls on Sept. 1 or 2. When the holiday falls on Sept. 3-7, classes begin on the Wednesday 12 days before Labor Day. Classes began Aug. 28 for the 1991-92 school year, which is the latest they will ever begin, Watts said.

"That happens two years out of seven," she said.

Finals fall after Derby next year, too. And the year after that. And the year after that. The year 1995 is the next time the schedule will be "perfect" for UK students.

"I went to the last two years, and I'm going this year. I have a final on Monday at 10:30, but I'm going to make sure I study beforehand. I'm not going to let finals get in my way of Derby — it's tradition," said art administration senior Julie Wheat.



Anindita Balslev, a UK professor, discussed the importance of maintaining diversity and fostering global community.

## Professor says diversity important to education

Staff reports

"East is East and West is West. Never the twain shall meet."

This attitude, expressed in Joseph Rudyard Kipling's famous line, has to be left behind, said a professor from the Indian Institute of Advanced Study in UK's Lafferty Hall yesterday.

In a program titled "Women and the Indian Culture," professor Anindita Balslev said it is necessary to maintain diversity and foster a sense of a global

community.

Balslev met with UK students and faculty to discuss the problems with cross-cultural conversations and feminist issues.

Balslev has an international background. She obtained her M.A. in Calcutta, East India; her Ph.D. in Paris; and has taught in India, Denmark and the United States.

This semester, Balslev is teaching "Cultural Diversity and Indian Traditions" in the UK Department of Philosophy.

## Translators

Continued from page 1

na Briggs.

"Ms. Friszer is a horse person," Briggs said. "She has lived here (in Louisville) for two years, and she owns and trains an Arabian horse. She's perfect for the job."

Tomonori Tsurumaki will be accompanied by Sid Weeks, a 23-year-old Louisville native who is coordinator of the Japanese Cultural Center at Indiana University Southeast.

Both the Cultural Center and Languages Unlimited have worked with the Greater Louisville Economic Development Partnership in the past, and it was that contact that helped lead Churchill Downs officials in the right direction.

Karl Schmitt, vice president of communications for the track, said last week that he did not know whether the translators would be needed in the winner's circle — assuming Arazi or A.P. Indy wins the race.

But both Briggs and Weeks say they will be available.

"I know I'm supposed to escort Mr. Tsurumaki there," Weeks said, "but after that I don't know what will happen."

Tsurumaki, by the way, isn't in the electronics business or car business or bank business. He's into real estate, Weeks said.

"He's the person who paid \$48.9 million for a Picasso back in January of 1991," Weeks explained.

# "SUMMER SESSION HEALTH FEE"

The health fee is voluntary in the summer. Registered students at UK and LCC who wish to pay it should do so during the first week of each summer session when tuition is paid.

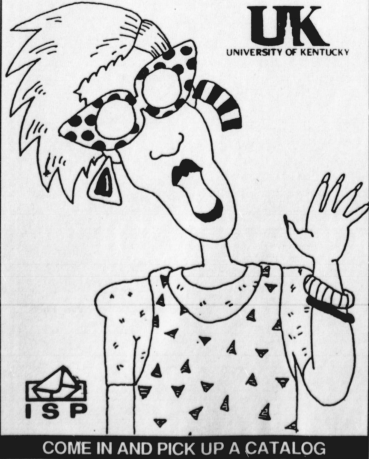
Registered students may also pay the full amount for the entire summer (regardless of which session they are attending) by coming to the cashier's office in the Health Service.

Registered summer session students who do not pay the fee may still be seen at the Health Service, but on a fee-for-service basis. The minimum charge for a student is \$25 a visit. Lab and x-ray services are also charged on a fee-for-service basis.

Health fee coverage is available to UK and LCC students not registered for classes in the summer months. If they were registered in the spring semester and expect to be in classes in the fall, the fee is the same as for registered students. This arrangement allows continuity of care for students during the summer months. Payment of the summer health fee by this group of students must be made to the cashier in the Health Service during May. Health fee payments will not be accepted by the Student Billing Office in the Student Center from students who are not registered for summer classes.

## Are you like, totally bored during the summer?

Well then, take a little of UK home with you for sure and get ahead by taking 3 to 6 hours credit through the INDEPENDENT STUDY PROGRAM Room 1 Frazee Hall • 257-3966



# Alcohol may be root of poor academics

For the HEALTH OF IT

As the semester is drawing to a close, you may begin to assess your scholastic performance. Were your grades as high as you expected? Did you study as much as you had planned? Could alcohol have played a contributing factor, if your grades weren't as high as you had planned?

A University of Minnesota study found that students with lower grades tend to drink more than stu-

dents with higher grades. There may be several contributing factors:

- Alcohol affects your memory and concentration, so it makes studying effectively and understanding lectures more difficult.
- Students who drink a lot may

proved of Bush's job performance, and a plurality said Clinton, the Democratic front runner, lacks the honesty and integrity to serve as president, The Times Poll found.

Classwork may not be completed because of injuries sustained or because of increased illnesses that result from the effect of alcohol on the immune system.

If alcohol played a role in your receiving lower grades or experiencing other problems, use the break between semesters to assess your alcohol use. If you are unsure, perhaps the following self-test will be of some help:

- Warning Signs of Alcohol Use Problems**
- Do you drink to overcome shy-ness and build self-confidence?
  - Do you usually take a drink before going out on a date?
  - Do you drink to avoid academic or personal problems?
  - Have you ever driven under the influence (DUI)?
  - Do you miss classes or lose time from studies because of drinking?
  - Do you often borrow money to purchase liquor or go to the bars?
  - Do you deliberately choose friends who like to party with alcohol?
  - Have you dropped certain

friends since you've started drinking? • Do you drink more than your friends?

• Is drinking affecting your reputation? • Do you hide the amount you are using from others?

• Do you sometimes drink alone? • Do you drink until the bottle is empty? • Does it bother you if someone says you drink too much?

• Do you get annoyed with class or lectures on drinking? • Do you think your use has caused difficulties with (or helped) your social life, family life or friendships?

Answering yes to more than a few questions means you may be taking serious chances with your use of alcohol. For more information, or to get a referral to a counselor, contact the Substance Abuse Prevention Office at 257-6600 or come to 516 Patterson Office Tower.

The office is open during the summer during regular hours and is a service for all UK students.

Cheryl Tuttle is UK's substance abuse prevention coordinator.

### ASPIRIN WON'T CURE THAT "HIGH COST OF COLLEGE EDUCATION" HEADACHE... BUT Student Financial Aid Services WILL!

It's not a pill; it's not a powder. It's a unique new computerized service that provides almost every prospective college student with 6 to 25 sources of financial aid geared to his or her individual interests, qualifications, and needs.

Cost is only \$35.00. Results are guaranteed. Prospective vocational and technical school students are also eligible.

- No restrictions on grades or parents income
- Everyone can find funding with us
- The service you can't afford not to use

For more information, call (606) 273-0084 or stop by our booth at Kennedy's during finals week.

# Celebrate THE Library!

Dr. Charles T. Westington Jr. and the Faculty/Staff Library Campaign Cabinet invite you to celebrate the successful Library Campaign

Thursday, April 30  
11:45 a.m. - 1 p.m.  
Grand Ballroom, UK Student Center  
Refreshments provided  
Program at Noon

This celebration compliments of many friends of the University of Kentucky and its Libraries  
Shuttle service available from South Campus

PHI BETA KAPPA ALPHA OF KENTUCKY

University of Kentucky  
Congratulations New Members

Fall Semester 1991

Tracy R. Burns	Cecilia Eileen Medley
Jay Young Cook	Peter C. Schomer
Ella Wain Drake	Scott Louise Shinn
Monique Fowler Paul	Christopher T. Short
Scott William Gray	Sherrill Singh
Eric Ray Gustamer	Manika Clara Sipple
Ann Catherine Harrington	Leah J. Smith
Karla J. Howell	Ann M. Stallings
David King	Tracy J. Taylor
Sharon Maureen Loy	Alan Lishang Wang
Ananda Magner	Matthew Alan Warren
Rebecca Alexandra McClung	

Spring Semester 1992

Robert Eugene Allen, Jr.	Jill Ann Lovely
Eric C. Bled	Megan Sue Lovel
Rebecca Susan Blakeman	Elizabeth Adams Longback
Angela J. Brady	Nathan Earl Miller
Lisa Carol Brandenberg	Marion Elizabeth Pahlitz
John Burnett	Alex R. Ray
Kimberly Condie	Stephanie D. Ross
Nina Eileen Coonman	Stephen L. Saffler
Catherine Lee Ford Ellis	Ben Joseph Schoenbacher
Margyrene Ann Form	Lark Kathleen Skarone
Katherine Darlington Pechberg	Ella Henriksen Smith
Rachael A. Chidwell	James Renee Smith
David Anna Griffiths	Kelli Jo Sorensen
Kees Hoffman	Jill Dana Story
Kerrie Hopper	Christina St. Clair Truch
Tanya Johnson	Davina G. Warner
Kristina B. Kenney	Nancy Teresa Weston
Shannon Kay Leach	Christine Marie Wright
Laura Lynne Lenois	

1992 Phi Beta Kappa Award

First Place: Kevin Hopper  
Second Place: Laura Whitney Sauer

# After 23-year career at UK, Lihani retiring

By ZOYA TERESHKOVA  
Staff Writer

They came out of White Hall Classroom Building together and sat on the bench for a few minutes to finish their conversation.

In the professor's hands was an old cracked book — *El Infamador*, by 16th century Spanish dramatist Juan de la Cueva.

The notes from prominent professor John Lihani's lecture on the book were in the students' hands. They were sitting, talking and laughing. They appeared carefree and happy despite that the play was a tragedy.

After 23 years at UK, Lihani is retiring.

After the students were gone, Lihani remained on the bench in front of the building, where he gave lectures and discussed life for more than two decades. Lihani had many things to talk about — books and articles, research and teaching, his career and achievements. But the things that belonged to the world of fantasy were the most interesting.

Lihani talked about his unusual destiny that turned a quiet Slovak boy, a craftsman son from a small town named Hnusta in the eastern part of Czechoslovakia, into an American professor of Spanish literature.

The fairy tale of his life started many years before his birth — as long ago as the last century. A girl — his future mother — was born in the same small Slovak town named Hnusta. Somebody told her about America — the wonderful country far away from her poor homeland. At that time, she already knew the

famous tale about the poor girl who was brought by a prince to a wonderful country.

She began to wait for a prince to bring her to the country of her dream — America. She had been waiting for a long time, paying no attention to the local smiles and jokes.

To whom does destiny give her best gifts? The most brave, the patient, to those who dream despite of the realities of life.

Finally her prince came. He did not speak English. Actually, he was a craftsman from the neighborhood. But she made him promise to bring her to America.

He promised. But he had to work hard and wait long to fulfill the American Dream! After 10 years of patience, the man was able to go to the United States, where he worked and saved money for seven years to bring his family across the ocean.

Times were still tough when they arrived in the United States in 1937, at the end of the Great Depression. Cinderella was not young any more — her sons were 10 and 15; yet, she was so happy to reach her dream that everything seemed wonderful in America to her.

As for 10-year-old John Lihani — his feelings were quite controversial. When the ship came into the port and he saw the Statue of Liberty against the shining blue sky, Lihani said he was awed. The second site, which they saw upon leaving the ship and coming to the city, was a disappointment. He used to hear about the "golden pavements" in the States and expected to see them in the New York City.

Lihani's father, who met the family near the ship, knew too well that American pavements were made of concrete. He kept working hard, "so hard that his hands were like shoe leather," Lihani said.

During the war, he worked as a molder in a foundry for the Westinghouse Corporation where he made searchlights for battleships. Hnusta's former craftsman was able to make a good living in the United States. Eventually, he even sent both of his sons to Universities.

When young Lihani chose his profession, three positions were greatly respected in small town Hnusta — teacher, physician and priest. But for Lihani, being a teacher was a decision he made as a child with no hesitation, and foreign languages became his passion.

He knew plenty languages from childhood: German — because it was the international language in Slovakia in his parents' time; Czech — because the religious books in this country were written in Czech; and Hungarian — because his parents attended Hungarian schools. There were many Russians, Ukrainians and Polish in Czechoslovakia, so he picked up these languages as well.

The Lihani's began their American life in Cleveland, where they found themselves among a crowd of people who spoke different languages. Life itself made them poly-linguals.

When Lihani had to decide which of the languages would be his area of specialization, it was hard for him to pick. Finally, he chose Spanish because he had a strong desire to visit his uncle in Argentina after



John Lihani, who has been teaching Spanish in the UK Department of Spanish and Italian for 23 years, has decided to retire after this semester. He is a language expert.

he left Hnusta.

After a several years, he visited his uncle and became a Spanish professor.

"I studied and worked in different Universities all over the country," Lihani recalled. "After being 'a Gypsy' for more than 20 years, I finally became a professor at UK, settled in Lexington, and I've been happy ever since. I love Kentucky. It reminds me of Czechoslovakia — the same hills and forests. I love the University — it's a pleasure to

work here."

Since working at UK, he has written eight books, two monographs and articles and has given numerous prominent lectures. Lihani has educated several generations of Spanish language and literature majors.

"This semester is his last. And he said he's ready to make retirement even more exciting than his past career."

"I never had enough time to do all that I wanted to do," Lihani said.

"Now I will turn to different activities, which I could only dream about during my busy life. Certainly I will travel a lot together with my wife, Emilie, who is retiring from (Margaret I.) King Library this summer also.

"We traveled during our vacations all our life, but vacations were always too short. Our very first trip will be to Russia, which I visited many years ago. Now I would like to show it to Emilie — especially Kiev, which I liked the best."

## Americans should eat healthy every day, government says

Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Here is what the government believes Americans ought to eat every day to stay healthy.

These recommendations, from the Agriculture Department's Food Guide, are featured on a new pyramid illustration that was unveiled yesterday.

**BREADS, CEREALS, RICE AND PASTA** — Six to 11 daily servings. A serving could be one slice of bread, half a bun or bagel, 1 ounce of dry cereal or a half-cup of cooked cereal, rice or pasta.

**VEGETABLES** — Three to five daily servings. A serving could be one cup of raw, leafy greens or a half-cup of any other vegetable.

**FRUITS** — Two to four daily

servings. A serving could be one medium apple, banana or orange; a half-cup of fresh, cooked or canned fruit; or 3/4 cup of fruit juice.

**MILK, YOGURT AND CHEESE** — Two to three daily servings.

**MEAT, POULTRY, FISH, DRY BEANS AND PEAS, EGGS, NUTS AND SEEDS** — Two to three daily servings.

**Pizza Hut**  
VOTED  
AMERICA'S  
FAVORITE  
1984-1991

When Every Year Is An Election Year, You Have To Give The People What They Want.



Now try our latest winner! New and Improved Pepperoni Lover's with 25% more Pepperoni!


<p><b>Medium New &amp; Improved Pepperoni Lover's*</b></p> <p><b>\$8.99</b> For One <b>\$12.99</b> For Two</p> <p>S45 Limestone  Carryout or Delivery</p>	<p><b>Lunch For Two</b> Two Pepperoni Personal Pan Pizzas* and Two Medium Pepsis*</p> <p><b>\$4.59</b></p> <p>S45 Limestone  Carryout only</p>	<p><b>LARGE ONE-TOPPING PIZZA</b></p> <p><b>\$7.99</b> For One <b>\$13.99</b> For Two</p> <p>S45 Limestone  Carryout or Delivery</p>
--	---	---

\*Please mention coupon when ordering. One coupon per party per order at UK Campus Delivery and only valid with any other offer. Pizza Hut is a registered trademark of Pizza Hut, Inc. ©1992 Pizza Hut, Inc. \*designated trademark of Pizza Hut, Inc.

## Have a good summer, but remember next year to... READ THE KERNEL!!!

# GET INSTANT CASH AND BONUS BUCKS

(\$1 BONUS CREDIT for \$10 in textbooks sold)





It's quicker than you think! After you've finished your textbooks, convert them to cash and make more books available for other students.

## SELL YOUR BOOKS

We buy all books with current market value

Spend Bonus Bucks on Any Merchandise in our Store!

Student Center Annex 257-6304      Medical Center 257-2947

 **The University of Kentucky Bookstores** 

# VIEWPOINT

## Kentucky Kernel

Established in 1894  
Independent since 1971

**Editorial Board**  
Victoria Martin, Editor in Chief  
N. Alan Cornett, Editorial Editor  
Joe Braun, Assistant Editorial Editor  
Jerry Voigt, Editorial Cartoonist  
Dale Greer, Managing Editor  
Gregory A. Hall, Associate Editor  
Brian Jett, Design Editor  
Kyle Foster, News Editor  
Mary Madden, Senior Staff Writer

## About Wethington: Past year has been mixed but good

As the school year comes to an end, many students will be closing the book on their college careers. But for UK President Charles Wethington, the test of his abilities is just beginning.

Wethington has been beset by many problems during his first full year in office, the most drastic budget reductions in UK history since the 1930s. Before accepting the position, Wethington surely knew about some of these challenges, like an insufficient library on main campus and the need for a new state-of-the-art facility.

Other challenges, however, such as former Gov. Wallace Wilkinson's self-appointment to the Board of Trustees, came as a complete surprise. Wethington's responsible handling of this potentially damaging situation demonstrated his ability to think on his feet — something indeed necessary to be an effective university president.

Throughout the year, Wethington has demonstrated varying levels of success in his efforts to champion the University's causes. Since our September appraisal of Wethington's performance, however, he has shown that he is growing into the job.

Without question the most challenging task Wethington has been forced to confront has been two recent 5 percent budget cuts, totaling \$26.6 million.

To his credit, Wethington thus far has been able to protect jobs and hard-fought, much-needed salary increases for faculty and staff. He also has instituted a Universitywide analysis of departmental spending in an effort to cut fat rather than bone. We feel, however, that Wethington's criticism of the budget cuts has not been vocal enough, leading to a decline in morale across campus. We understand his difficult position: Whining to the governor about funding for a flagship university during economically tight times never is a politically popular move, as former UK President David Roselle was quick to discover. But if Wethington is serious about maintaining morale and defending the importance of higher education in the state of Kentucky, he must take a harder line when fighting for the budgetary interests of the University.

The second major challenge Wethington dealt with this year is one he imposed upon himself — the campaign for a new library.

As we stated in the fall, Wethington's biggest accomplishment at that time was nothing more than a promise. Almost since the time Margaret I. King Library was built, the University has tossed around the idea of a newer, updated library.

Not until Wethington did anyone commit to it. UK's 10th president stated his reputation on a new library last year, during a speech to the University Senate.

Because of the budgetary restraints, however, Wethington has been unable to secure state dollars for the project until at least 1994, at which time the governor and some legislative leaders have indicated there will be funding for the project. Given the lessons of the current budget dilemma, though, these funds are nothing more than a bird in the bush.

Still, his commitment to this project has enabled the library campaign to meet its initial private fund-raising goal. This money has enabled the University to begin the initial planning stages for a new library — almost a miracle in these trying financial times.

A new library is vital to the scholarly viability of this research University, and we laud Wethington's leadership in this project.

An area in which we have been critical of Wethington has been his visibility on campus and his perceived accessibility to the average student. While every student has the option to see Wethington in his office, many view him as an ivory-tower president. In fact, some students would be hard-pressed to identify the UK president. This may reflect more on the ignorance of the average student than on any fault of Wethington's, but perceptions often are more important than reality. Wethington needs to associate and interact far more with typical students. He must let them know he truly cares about their concerns.

Wethington, however, is taking strides to improve on this shortcoming. He often can be seen walking through the Student Center looking to talk to ordinary students.

Actions like these have a ripple effect throughout the University, especially in a time of low morale. They get people excited about education and move UK forward rather than holding it back in a sea of mediocrity.

Wethington has come a long way, faring well in a difficult year. But with little hope for improvement in the budget situation, his job will, unfortunately, not get any easier.

## Letters Policy

Readers are encouraged to submit letters and guest opinions to the Viewpoint Page in person or by mail.

Writers should address their comments to "Letters to the Editor," Kentucky Kernel, 035 Enoch J. Grehan Journalism Building, UK, Lexington, Ky. 40506-0042. Letters should be 350 words or less, while guest opinions should be 800 words or less. We prefer all material to be type-written and double-spaced, but others are welcome if they are legible.

Writers must include their name, address, telephone number and major classification or connection with UK on all submitted material. Frequent contributors may be limited so that we may publish a wide range of opinions.

We reserve the right to edit all material. Authors who want their opinions returned should include a self-addressed stamped envelope.



Toby GIBBS

## Don't believe predictions in April

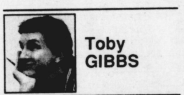
Word on the street is that Bill Clinton can't win in November. Of course, this is only April. We have seven months to go before the election, but why not go ahead and call the election over? But before you listen to the parade of pundits, pollsters, analysts, columnists and politicians, keep a few things in mind...

"The fine folks who are now telling us that President Bush will clobber Clinton were saying that Clinton would fall apart in the primaries February. Clinton may have been bruised by the media and his opponents, but he survived. For all the scrutiny and criticism (much of it unfair) that Clinton has endured, he's managed to hang in there. That says something.

"The same experts routinely dismissed Jerry Brown throughout the fall and winter. They said he had no chance. They thought he would get five to 10 percent of the vote in each state and have little impact. Like him or not, he outlasted four other Democrats — Paul Tsongas, Tom Harkin, Robert Kerrey and Douglas Wilder — that everyone took far more seriously.

"It's April. This isn't October or November. We still have a long way to go. We still have the conventions ahead of us. We still have a long, grueling campaign in the fall. More than likely, Bush, Clinton and independent H. Ross Perot will each go up and down in the polls as events unfold.

Remember 1988? Before the primaries, Bush led all possible Demo-



cratic opponents. Then, after Iowa and New Hampshire, Dick Gephardt and Michael Dukakis pulled ahead of Bush. Then, after Bush won a string of primaries, he pulled ahead of Dukakis. (By the time the Democratic Convention rolled around, the Duke was 17 points ahead.) Then, after the Republican Convention, Bush finally pulled ahead for good and won in November by eight points. All in all, that's five lead changes in about nine months. It could happen again.

But 1992 can't always be compared with 1992. The 1988 Bush isn't the 1992 model. Dukakis isn't Clinton. There was no Perot factor four years ago. Bush can't run a carbon copy of his 1988 campaign (though he'll probably try), and here are a few reasons why...

"Dukakis rolled over and accepted Bush's muddling. Clinton won't. Like every other Democrat in the nation, he learned from the 1988 campaign and won't repeat Dukakis' mistakes. When Bush attacks Clinton, Clinton will respond in kind.

"And Bush has his share of flaws to be attacked. His domestic

achievements virtually are nonexistent. Foreign policy, his supposed strength, is a mixed bag at best. The Persian Gulf War, Bush's "greatest achievement," left Saddam Hussein in power with a capability to manufacture chemical and nuclear weapons. Bush broke his "no new taxes" pledge, he wasn't the environmental president, and he wasn't the education president. The deficit is higher than ever, and the economy slowly is pulling out of a recession that Bush didn't even recognize for most of its duration.

In short, Bush can do little more in the fall than attack Clinton and attack Congress. Bush can't make much of a positive case for why he deserves four more years. And when an incumbent is seeking a second term, attacking the other side doesn't cut it. The incumbent has to be able to point to a record of accomplishment in the past while simultaneously advancing a plan for the future. Up to this point, Bush can do neither.

Given the recent focus on Clinton's personal life, Bush's baggage has got less attention than it ordinarily would have. But that will change before November. Clinton and Perot will step up their attacks on Bush. (Don't forget — Clinton has had a great deal of time and money attacking primary opponent Brown. Only recently has he been able to focus on Bush.) The regular media will begin scrutiny of the Bush record as soon as the fall campaign begins in earnest.

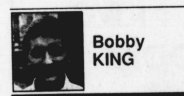
I'm not predicting a Clinton win. Nor am I trying to claim Clinton is the perfect candidate. Clearly, the allegations of the last few months have hurt him. His negatives are high, many people don't trust him, and many members of his own party think he will be "unelectable" and are keeping their distance. But it's premature to say he can't win.

A poll I saw yesterday revealed that people have less faith in their government institutions now than ever before — even less now than during President Carter's so-called malaise period and even Watergate. Given that, and given Bush's lackluster record, Bush's uninspiring campaign style, Clinton's tendency to rebound and then decline time after time, the unknown Perot factor and the amount of time between now and the election, I can't believe any prediction I see now.

The pundits may be right. Bush may win in a walk. But if he does, it won't be because of anything that's happened up to this point. A Bush win, Clinton win or even a Perot win will occur because of what happens in the summer and fall. And this year, more than any other, has revealed itself to be the most unpredictable election year in recent memory. A prediction in April is baseless, pointless and worthless.

Senior Staff Writer Toby Gibbs is a UK employee and a Kernel columnist.

## A farewell to UK and the Kernel



Finally, I'll miss writing about and watching the UK basketball team's revered senior class. In addition to being decent basketball players, they're good people, too.

But before you get the idea that I think UK is some sort of Utopia, let me highlight some of the not-so-memorable aspects of life at the state's flagship institution.

I won't miss being ripped off by the bookstores, the food anywhere on campus or the thousands of pages I was assigned to read but never managed to dent.

I won't miss the long lines, trying to find a parking spot on South Campus or the bitter February winds that slice you in half at Patterson Office Tower.

I won't miss having three stories to the way it should be. A newspaper's job, even if it's a college rag, is to let you know what's happening and to get it right the first time.

But hey, we're still students. We make mistakes, try to correct them and take the lessons we've learned onto the next story.

Editorial Editor N. Alan Cornett (ever I don't know what the "N" stands for) said basically that AIDS was a disease only homosexuals and drug users had to worry about. His column prompted the "candle-

you are now reading.

And believe me, I sometimes share your frustrations with the Kernel. Sometimes I may have been part of the cause.

Most of you don't realize that the Kernel is a learning tool for journalism students (and others) in the same way as an architecture student's final project, or an education major's student teaching (but we don't get college credit down here).

It takes years of school and countless mistakes for a medical student to turn into a fine doctor. Engineering students design and build models that are totally useless and utterly unworkable before they figure out how to do the job right. So why don't we scream at them?

That's easy: 17,000 people don't see their screw-ups on a daily basis. If we misspell a name or get the date wrong for that event you've been planning for months, two-thirds of the campus knows about it by 11 a.m. Then you call us wanting to see heads roll.

It's a bit intimidating, but that's the way it should be. A newspaper's job, even if it's a college rag, is to let you know what's happening and to get it right the first time.

But hey, we're still students. We make mistakes, try to correct them and take the lessons we've learned onto the next story.

Editorial Editor N. Alan Cornett (ever I don't know what the "N" stands for) said basically that AIDS was a disease only homosexuals and drug users had to worry about. His column prompted the "candle-

toting loonies" (his words, not mine) to protest outside the Kernel.

The greeks loved us for a slashing series that thoroughly examined some of the problems with their community.

Ultra-conservative columnist Joe Braun criticized artist Karen Finley for her performances, and his comments angered everyone in the art community and anyone who likes the First Amendment.

And I don't know how many times people have asked me the question: "What's the deal with Kenn Minter?"

Believe it or not, we're not evil monsters who are "out to get the greeks." Joe and N. Alan are nice guys, however brainwashed from the Reagan years they might be. But they have their perspective about the world just as I have mine. (Mine just happens to be correct.)

As I sit here, consumed in nostalgia, trying to sum up my final thoughts from the last four years into one final sentence, a bumper sticker on the wall in front of me reads: Bopo the Clown For President. That about says it all.

College has been weird, wacky and often has made no sense. But it has been fun. Thanks for reading my final piece of Kernel prose.

To take the words of Dennis Miller — the most respected journalist I know — that's the news, and I am out of here.

Senior Staff Writer Bobby King is a journalism senior and a Kernel columnist.

AC 1 5 6 14 15 16 18 19 20 22 23 25 26 27 29 32 33 35 36 37 38 39 41 42 43 44 45 46 48 50 56 1 14 17 20 23 32 37 40 43 52 57 60 63



For Sale

1864 FORD TEMPO - GREY WITH RED INTERIOR. MANY NEW PARTS. \$15,000. CALL 252-3692. LEAVE A MESSAGE.
1986 350 BMW, 4-door, 5-speed, manual, low miles. \$8,750. 272-8822.
1986 Nissan 4 x 4 - 62,000 miles. \$5,500. Call 272-1395.

For Rent

1 APARTMENT AND HOME LOCATING SERVICE. "Hassle-Free" Hunting, Relive While We Find The Right Apartment For You.
SERVICE IS FREE. Call 268-1022 or 1-800-437-1022. Out Of State Only. 2891.
RICHMOND ROAD SUITE 116. THE APARTMENT HUNTING CALL THE FREE, 24-HOUR TALKING APARTMENT LOCATOR.
PHONICAWING APARTMENTS FINISH APARTMENTS. 276-1877.

230-5286 from 8am-6pm or 252-5014 after 6pm.
GREENHARB COUNTRY CLUB golf course.
HELP! Small production and design firm needs a part-time, varied assignments.
FURNISHED STUDIOS - Near UK. Available Now! Well maintained. \$295.00 and up. 254-4000.
FURNISHED STUDIOS - Near UK. Available Now! Well maintained. \$295.00 and up. 254-4000.

3 BDRM. 2 1/2 BATHS. HUNNINGTON APTS. 1515. Call 272-2658.
2 BR UNFURNISHED APT. FOR 6 MONTHS. SUMMER RENTAL. PARKING. AIR. 400. TRANSY PARK. CALL: 268-7881.
2 BR APT ON ROSE LANE. AC. CALL: 263-4097. LEAVE MESSAGE.
2 BR APT UNIVERSITY AVE. Available May 1. Walk to campus. Lots of closet space. 277-4650 or 299-1872.

school year for large nice 3 BR on Limestone. Call: 272-2658.
FEMALE ROOMMATE NEEDED FOR SUMMER. AVAILABLE JUNE 8. 256-2881.
FOR RENT TO RESPONSIBLE PERSON. PRIVATE ROOM IN PRIVATE HOME OFF COLUMBIA. AVAILABLE JUNE 8. 256-2881.
SUMMER NEEDED MALE ROOMMATE FOR 2 BR HOUSE. AVAILABLE JUNE 8. 256-2881.
ROOMMATES NEEDED FOR LARGE 5 BR HOUSE. WALK TO CAMPUS. 1.600. PLUS UTILITIES. 256-2881.

Services

IT'S FAST, DEPENDABLE, TYPING SERVICE. NOW LASER PRINTING. ALL STUDENTS.
A-BARGAIN TYPING/WORD PROCESSING.
ACCURATE WORD PROCESSING.
ACCURATE TYPING GUARANTEED. FREE 24 HOUR STORAGE. LEGAL, NURSING, COLLEGE, BUSINESS, AKA, MATH, STYLES, DORIS 273-2149.

TODAY'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS 57 Leaves out 58 Completed 59 Satisfied 60 Cheap saloons 61 Hoglike 62 Temporal 63 Mammal 64 Transmitted 65 Col 66 Greenbacks 67 Make happy 68 Bye-bye 69 Drama group 70 Of birth 71 Kin of bird. 72 Hopefully 73 Not worth a 74 Snake 75 Cake 76 Decorator 77 Deserter 78 Sleep 79 Cover the surface 80 Turn of lock's 81 Lubricated 82 Wipe one 83 Beach resort 84 Burns, for one 85 Skyscraper 86 Power source 87 Of work 88 42 Fashion 89 Widely spoken lang. 90 Bottle tops 91 Bishop of district 92 Spanish artist 93 Auto part 94 Iron, var. 95 Turkish room

Help Wanted

\$1,000 WEEKLY making our circuits in your spare time at home... GUARANTEED! Free computerized Dept. 1000.
ALASKA SUMMER EMPLOYMENT - Fisheries. Earn \$5,000/month. Free Transportation!
SUMMER MARKETING INTERNSHIP WITH SMALL LOCAL COMPANY. CALL BRIGHT SIDE.
ARTS WRITERS WE WANT YOU! ARE THE KERNELS ARTISTS. YOU ARE PEOPLE WHO WRITE AND WRITE WELL.

Personals

1111 HEY! WE WANT YOU TO BE ON THE 1992 STAFF OF THE KENTUCKY KERNEL.
GOLD SHACK will buy gold chain rings, necklaces, dental gold, etc.
WANTED: Enthusiastic Entrepreneurial services. Call 294-0208 after 5:00pm.

Wanted

EARN \$150 - Male medical research volunteers needed. Must be reliable, non-smoker, healthy, single, 18-40.
WANTED: Roommates. Call 294-0208 after 5:00pm.

Roommate Wanted

2 ROOMMATES WANTED TO SHARE 2 BR APT ON LINDEN WALK. \$200/MO. UTILITIES PAID. 255-5100.
ATTENTION: STUDENTS! ONE ROOM AVAILABLE IN PRIVATE HOME WITH FAMILY OF THREE. Days: Mon-Fri. 5 BR. 3 Baths. 2 Family Rooms, Washer/Dryer, Microwave, Cable. \$250/mo. Non-Smoker. Leave name/number on message. 254-2624/2625.

FREE PREGNANCY TESTING Abortion Services 278-0214

Birthright

2134 Nicholasville Rd. 277-2635

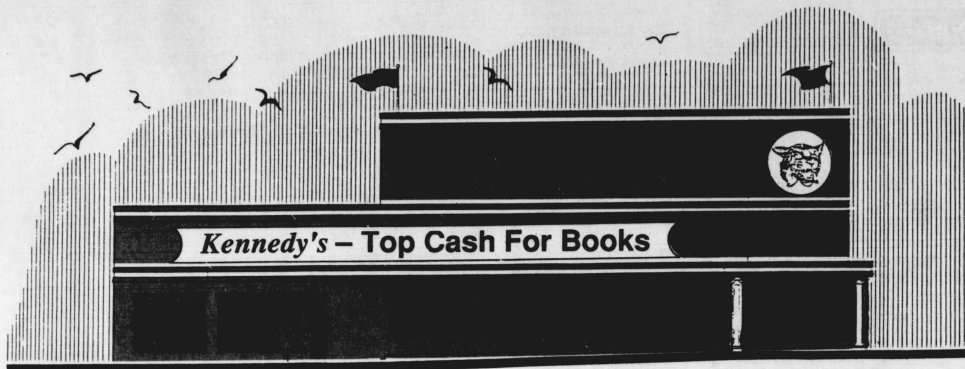
KENTUCKY KERNEL

- Editor in Chief: Victoria Martin
Managing Editor: Dale Greer
Assistant News Editor: Kyle Foster
Associate Editor: Gregory A. Hall
Design Editor: Brian Jent
Assistant Design Editor: D. G. Pike
Graphics Editor: Tyrone Johnston
Editorial Editor: N. Alan Cornett
Assistant Editorial Editor: Sports Editor: John Kelly
Sports Editor: Hunter Hayes
Assistant Arts Editor: John Voigt
Assistant Editor: Jerry Doyle
Advertising Director: Jeff Bruper
Production Manager: Mia Agin
Night Production Manager: Robin Jones
Newsproom phone: 257-1915

Correspondence should be addressed to the Kentucky Kernel, Room 035 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, KY 40506-0042. Phone (606) 257-2871.

Talk to someone through the Persons in the Kernel Classifieds.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51
52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65



# Why Save Bogus Bucks? Come to **KENNEDY'S** and get **MORE**



**OPEN 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday**

the  
pi  
be  
M  
on  
an  
br  
ju  
Th  
su  
ing  
do  
sh  
int  
the  
e  
ev  
and  
wo  
He  
w  
G  
T  
he  
Ed  
He  
an  
It  
He  
the  
Be  
He  
on  
Ho  
It  
gre  
Gr  
Wh  
a  
fell  
He  
He  
wh  
whe  
flew  
as  
w  
and  
from  
his  
The  
like  
as  
puni  
out  
b  
and  
call  
and  
h  
whi  
in  
the  
and  
lay  
in  
on  
the  
A  
Still  
sue  
be  
Life  
Engl  
tive  
add  
dent  
whol  
page  
light  
last  
inner  
and  
tente  
clim  
sions  
This  
pages  
one  
the  
depart  
At  
only

# Still Life

Literary Supplement to the Kentucky Kernel

Wednesday, April 29, 1992

Sixth Edition

Design by Tyrone Johnston

## Come Together

She shifts the baby from one knee to the other, and then, standing, lifts him high over her head, finally placing him down on our rumpled, unmade bed, where he lay gurgling, lulled by the rush of sensation.

Still damp from the shower, wearing only a t-shirt, Maggie then moves to face the antique dresser that was once her mother's, leaning forward to the mirror, balancing on the tips of her fingers with one hand while brushing hair from her eyes with the other. She puckers just a little, taking in her features with a sober glance. The hem of her long shirt rises to reveal a full length of supple thighs, where moisture trickles down soft, sloping curves of skin.

I pull a chair to one side, and let my fingers trail down one expanse of that invitingly dewy surface. She shivers at the cool touch and moves just out of reach, intent on the application of an eyeliner that heightens the impact of her way blue gaze.

The pall that has descended on us, it occurs to me, is evidence of the distance from those late night shows and mid-day moviehouses where, at one time, we would steep ourselves in the chiaroscuro of the black

and white and soft greys of old Hollywood movies, the reassuring crackle and patter of film reels when the actors fell silent for penetrating stares or fevered embraces. And it was in such places that we were felt, with such certitude, as if we were the inheritors of a vast romantic tradition that made the break on lives of our families seem a hale and unreasonable fiction. There was no thought of the possibility then that we too might, like our respective parents, fall short of glamour or intensity or worse, that we might become as bitter and guarded as they, and finally no better.

We met, in fact, just shortly after my father died. As Maggie and I had always attended the same schools it was not long before it was obvious in the way that she carried herself that her family too had seen loss. Her loss though was a

living one; both parents drank themselves into a perennial stupor and had lost, it seemed at the time, any sense of the value of life. They did not even muster the effort for a separation that could have ratified their misery, though such a separation would prove inevitable.

Maybe for these reasons the two of us alone formed an adolescent community, one that most others our age could not fathom. Eventually, in a few years, we would question this isolation and in some horribly self-conscious moment of recognition, there was a sea change, and a falling away of something precious and unredeemable and in its place the failure of the stubborn tendency to commit those acts we dread most.

Now we have a son, a product more of carelessness than intention, which seems, appropriately enough the reason we are here together. Maggie used to deliver some argument about "cloistered virtue" but I think now wishes we had had exactly that. You would think that given the circumstances of our present and past, that between birth and death, we would have learned something of life. Tragedy, after all, is only conscientious where it redeems its principals and that has never been the case with us.

"Are you ready?" she finally asks, smoothing the incipient lines at the corner of one eye.

"This wasn't my idea," I say, shaking my head while looking at the side of her face.

"Fine, what do you think I'm going to do? Run off with Gerald?"

"You've done it before."

She did. In those two years we spoke only once. One Friday she walked into a party, clearly shaken, stumbling towards no one in particular. Gerald had tried to throw her down a flight of stairs during one of their less

*Come Together continued on page 4*

**Kim Miller**  
Academy Honorable Mention

### Sun Dance

He entered the lolling morning  
waist-high grass ready to be cut.  
Grass spread like the hours before him.

Taking the whetstone to crescent blade  
he teased its appetite for the cut.  
Edge-most metal gleamed like gold teeth.

He revelled in the sway of alfalfa, the bow  
and break of cut stalk.  
It swooned like Victorian ladies.

He cut as much as anyone, felling  
the hay as though he were a gentleman courting it.  
Behind him the ground was a dance floor.

He crooned to it, sang to it, hymns that he sang  
on Sundays, in necktie and jacket.  
How the grasses sang with his gospel!

It rustled like skirts, the grass that he mowed,  
green that he swept with his cradle.  
Grass trembled and sighed like a sweetheart.

When noon came, grass spent, he turned to his  
bucket,  
fell on food with all that was in him.  
He fed like a calf new at trough.

### Freefall

He fell out of the low loft  
where tobacco hung,  
where the acrid, flaking stalks  
flew like pinwheel wings,  
as his balance melted,  
as wren-colored dust rushed  
and rose  
from the place where  
his head hit.

The tin roof blazed  
like sky overhead  
as something fast  
pumped blood  
out both ears,  
and men bloomed into motion,  
calling ambulances  
and helicopters  
while his mind floated  
in the palm of God  
and the bowl of his brain  
lay in shards  
on the ground.

**Dantzer Fiction Award**  
Winner  
**John Buzzard**

**Academy of American Poets**  
Award Winner  
**Maurice Manning**

### My Dog is Half Coyote

I have made now  
a handful of half-hearted prayers  
not on my knees  
but in the offhand wishing voice  
I keep to myself  
because I have trespassed  
crossing fences that are not mine  
into woods I have watched forever

you see  
my dog ran a possum through a pasture  
and I was afraid  
he would take up with  
possums coons and skunks  
and other sharp-toothed beasts of the night  
and he would leave me against the fence  
to return home  
alone to a fire  
that needs a dog beside it.

So I held on to a cedar post  
and climbed the fence  
stretching it or ruining it  
springing into my neighbor's land  
like a boy  
who does not yet know his greed  
and splashed into the woods  
up to the bare ridge  
which is the top of a portion of earth  
greater than hill  
but shy of being mountain  
where I saw  
more than a pair of dancing yellow eyes  
sparking their way across the black pasture  
in voiceless laughter  
careless of being  
whipped.

And I am asking  
not forgiveness  
but permission  
to chase my dog  
chasing his dog  
again.

### Notes for the end of Winter

This is the season of mud:  
when the dogs  
cannot help coming home  
with muddy matted  
shins  
that do not even glisten  
because there is too much gray

and the cows  
are dragging their bellies in it  
raking their udders  
making  
snake lines  
in the mud  
wading into the hay  
that is half mud  
itself.

In this muddiness  
there are some men who must  
kneel into it  
whose boots  
are never quite dry  
which is no hardship  
because they are from  
the lonesome land of  
mud.

And there is a girl  
a muddy child  
who has filled her shoe  
from a puddle  
in the gravel where she lives  
and she will know  
one sock that is hers forever  
because it has become  
the dingy color of mud  
and she is running now  
down the gravel  
collecting gentle splatters  
on the bare backs  
of her muddy  
little legs.

*Notes for the end of Winter continued in next column*

**Scot Brannon**  
Academy Honorable Mention

### Wedding Invitation RSVP

Leaves clatter  
in the streets, the first chill  
is on the city. As always in fall  
the ginkgos drop their leaves  
all at once like a skirt.

I like a naked day  
and pearls then, at night, a double string  
hanging from a neck.

Should our thread  
separate under this white weight,  
its pearls will scatter, miraculously whole,  
and for the love of shape,  
mice will gather  
and hide them  
in a dozen places  
a dozen times safer than a jewel box.  
So thoughts are kept  
where we cannot wrong them.

Strange to wear white so soon,  
though lovely as the early snow.

I hear a scraping in the walls.  
With my fingers  
I touch my own lips.

*Notes for the end of Winter continued from last column*

It is time for us  
to fill the house with heat  
and coffee  
during these days  
that are long long mornings until gray night  
and watch the river from the window  
flowing  
rolling without any real  
ravage  
because it is tempered  
with dust made into mud  
and laden with flakes  
of rust  
picked up and mingled  
and one with the mud  
and we must make  
a record  
or at least  
some notes  
of our dreams  
because they are most with us now  
thick and squishing  
out of the mud.

As readers of past issues of *Still Life* will note, this year's issue is a remnant of what it used to be. For its first four years, *Still Life* printed the work of the UK English Department annual creative writing award recipients in addition to submissions independently solicited from UK as a whole in a freestanding, multi-page, tabloid-size publication. In light of financial considerations, last year *Still Life* occupied the inner four pages of the *Kernel* and printed only the award recipients' work because of the need to eliminate voluminous submissions vying for limited space. This year, *Still Life* also has four pages, has an editorial staff of one, and again gives priority to the handful of writers in the departmental award competitions.

At the same time that UK's only campus-wide literary publi-

cation has withered, the writing community has exponentially expanded its numbers and talents. All creative writing workshops offered are filled within days of registration's onset and an active community of writers has met weekly for almost a year now under the name "Writer's Bloc" to hold its own forum for work in progress and writer's concerns.

*Still Life* cannot meet the needs of this burgeoning community of poets and fiction writers. It also should not be the responsibility of the student newspaper to meet it. UK needs its own literary publication, printing at least once a semester if not quarterly. There exists here the talent to fill it and the talent to print it.

Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be the money to print it. Or at least, no *University* money. And would it be desirable any-

## Note from the Editor

way to have the University pulling the financial strings of a literary community heading as earnestly toward freedom as this one is?

But that doesn't mean a UK literary publication cannot be. Student Government Association could be petitioned for partial funding. With enough help, grants or donations can be gotten, and advertising space can also be sold. True, advertising next to poetry is not the most attractive artistic arrangement but it is better than thin air and can be done tastefully. The University of Louisville's long-standing, thrice yearly literary and art publication *The Thinker* proves that, and is even featuring work by Seamus Heaney alongside that of U of L

students in its next issue.

The money is out there, the support for the arts is out there, the opportunity to broaden the chances for writers to get their work in print is out there, but unless a group of earnest writers or patrons experienced in publications come forward, all that will remain out there. The talent in this community deserves more than that.

— Meredith Little, Editor, *Still Life* 1992

Instead of printing several works by the poetry winners and one short story by the fiction winner, this year *Still Life* attempted to print as many writers as possi-

ble who submitted their work to be judged in the English Department creative writing competitions: the Dantzer Fiction Award, the Farquhar Poetry Award (open to undergraduate students), and the Academy of American Poets Award (open to undergraduate and graduate students). *Still Life* printed most of the poets whose work passed the initial cut and was sent on to the off-campus judges for final decisions. Unfortunately, some did not include phone numbers where they could be reached for permission to print their work.

Printing one short story from every finalist was impossible. Instead, the winning short story and the stories that received honorable mention appear in their entirety.

**Dantzer Fiction Award:**  
John Buzzard

Honorable Mention: Barbara Fischer and Steve Heine  
Finalists: Paige Daniel; Neil Farmer; Craig Heck; Kathleen Kaiser; Meredith Little; Marie Stevens; Michael Wright

**Farquhar Poetry Award:**  
Meredith Little  
Honorable Mention: Rebecca Mathis and Faye Carter  
Finalists: Parker Benton; Kelli Anne McAllister; Gladys Pramuk; Amanda Ross Snider

**Academy of American Poets Award:** Maurice Manning  
Honorable Mention: Scot Brannon and Kim Miller  
Finalists: George Bebesee; Parker Benton; Tod Egerton; Ray Geroski; Amy Jackson; Meredith Little; Rebecca Mathis; Gladys Pramuk; Amanda Ross Snider; Joy Welch

**Rebecca L. Mathis**  
Farquhar Honorable Mention

**Ocean**

Skimmed off the surface  
by surging wind,  
sand  
stings my legs  
finds its way inside  
through my blood  
it finds its way  
to my heart.  
In the little light  
that's left  
in the sky,  
hues of blue and black  
and violet,  
violence disappears  
behind dark clouds.  
Water  
stirred by a maddened moon  
flung by the hand of the Sea,  
sprayed by His lips  
into whirling atmosphere  
carried overland.

The power  
becomes part of me  
as I take in every  
salted breath  
and listen  
to the restlessness.

Land dweller,  
you must fear  
Poseidon.

Inland  
lies  
some other life  
now mostly deserted.  
Beside the standard  
silverblue Fiat  
convertible,  
surfboard  
jutting out the back,  
stands  
one of  
the Sea Lords  
strong against the elements  
flowing gold blowing  
bronzed skin glistening  
in the light  
escaping  
from the city,  
from the high-rises,  
the penthouses  
of the drug czars.

They may rule the land.  
We rule the sea.

**Kelli Anne McAllister**  
Wish

I wish you could meet him,  
tennessee mountain boy, candid, fierce and shining  
eyes, with untamed hair, unruffled speech.  
His eyes are tolerant blue.  
Forthright laugh that runs to greet you.  
A disguise, you say? It is seamless  
as a shroud. Persuasive drums! (conga drums ...  
confirming). You'll be persuaded too, to hear  
him weave subtle music. Your heart-  
beat will thump to mingle with those notes.  
He can play charm, enchant, enrapture in any  
color, texture, mood, untempered.  
He is tall as a tale, gentle as a wish.

You'll be there too, talking while he showers,  
vision beclouded by steam.  
You too, will refuse sleep, the nightly  
kidnapper. And when he tells you unlovely  
secrets of the past, I forecast that  
you, like me, will sacrifice premonition,  
quiet the alarming suggestion with a taste of him.  
But when you've contended with his tantrums, tried  
and failed to cleave fury from fervor, I cannot deny  
you'll be wiser than I. You'll pardon yourself,  
brimming,  
from that place and go north,  
blameless, intact, conformed.

**Without**

leaves are mulch, forgotten  
by snow. knotted branches long  
for sky. i am still  
without you, but night is patterned  
with the pinpricks of light  
that are stars, stripped trees  
murmur that letting go is a  
constant season

**for danny o'leary**

if i could have been  
with you in the collapse  
of your last hour,  
i'd have shown two trembling hands  
ten miracles of fingerprint, made them forget  
finalities and sailor knots —

rope would have been a simple thing,  
its noose an easy circle —  
the moaning of frayed ends,  
possible as tomorrow's  
earth turning  
beneath your feet.

**Farquhar Poetry Award**  
**Winner**  
**Meredith Little**

**Tenth Month**

October casts down the stone tablets  
upon which my god scrawls his commandments  
in a foreign tongue  
I cannot pretend to know these ways  
cannot presume that, as in spring and summer,  
I am any longer allowed to guide my days  
and I despair under their weight,  
despair before the relentless madness of coming cold  
at the feet of a stern and bearded winter

My tenth-month disintegration begins  
My tongue rots in my mouth  
fading my voice to little but the futile mumbblings of dying leaves  
and my eyes bleed mutely into their chameleon agonies,  
begging them, my only voice, not to die

Television delivers me to the aseptic corridors of the mental ward  
where I understand the schizophrenics, like the leaves,  
what no one else heard  
"The birds and the bats and the witch in the ditch were me  
I wish the Tin Man would stop dating my mother ...  
the Cowardly Lion  
the Holy Ghost ...  
How long? I'd say I've been sick a year,  
year and two months."

The nurse tells the camera he's been here seventeen years.  
They don't know the time or the year  
but they know they are sick,  
know the disease that crawls about their bones  
and spits their days aside like seeds

Like I know this sickness  
that pulls forth my soul in strings like pumpkin guts  
I know its name to be October,  
when my days die down to heartless grey evenings  
that rush out like a runaway tide  
leaving me stranded on the sandbars of twilight  
with only an endless span of violent moon-scarred sand  
littered with squirming crabs, an old shoe,  
rusted beer cans, fruitless recollections of me and you  
sepia memories of the way my world once was,  
upon which to sit and chew the cud of these, the darkening days

In this solemn prelude to November,  
the churches cradle death in the shadows of naked trees  
turn stone faces to my bended knees,  
withhold their invitations to the resurrection  
My hunger bids me to lay the tablets down  
before I learn to read  
Even the passing mongrels sense my grief  
tuck their tails between their legs  
and slink away, to the other side of the street

I know the spiraling rhythms of falling leaves  
drowning me in forlorn decrescendos,  
know the voided shadows of southbound birds,  
know the winding down of clocks,  
the slow and careful ways in which I walk  
Among the orange streets, the shrinking sun,  
all the things I might have done  
Within my papery skin, my rasping voice  
my whined face, my failing eyes  
Between the goodbyes, the lullabies, all the prayers I never spoke  
the elegant love letters I never wrote  
the Cowardly Lion  
the Holy Ghost

and the last of the leaves redden, burn, and burst.  
I surrender myself to winter's quiet shroud  
and cease this futile rapping at hope's heavy doors.

**Amanda Ross Snider**  
within the foundation

as i hid, i devoured my legs  
to my chest  
holding so tightly  
my eyes were visionless  
but you saw me in the corner  
your deep darkened eyes shone for me  
you brushed my lips and gave me room to speak  
i reached out, the doorknob came to my wearily  
worn knuckles  
seconds of time turning the clock  
as i invaded the doorway  
my nostrils were reintroduced  
i knew you were waiting  
harboring yourself generously for me  
on my knees i climbed the stair to reach you  
the air became lighter  
you were there  
teaching me to see you  
my worries fell out of my holed pockets and  
evaporated  
before hitting the floor  
my eyes could not widen themselves enough  
your beauty was enormous

**dancing with death**

tonight, the blow sailed silently through the air  
to introduce itself to the side of my jaw  
it was meant to send me to another place  
fierce, without a trace of love  
blood decided to leave my mouth and swim  
itself onto the floor  
tears crawled down my face  
meeting blood, laughing in their newly found  
friendship  
my glassed green eyes stared at you  
wondered what the reason would be this time  
unsteadily you stood, boiling  
in your own brim of insanity  
breaths were ragged, as your body vehemently  
possessed the striking power  
fists clenched so tight  
holding no blood except mine

**Gladys Pramuk**  
Sister

I miss you tonight  
Twin  
Mirror image reflecting soul's depth  
Life-energy glowing between us.

Alone, half-alive  
Spiritless  
I'm drifting on a log or  
Struggling upstream against the tide.

Yesterday, we split champagne  
Giddy as two kids at the soda shop  
Shedding self-consciousness  
Pouring love into crystal goblets  
Sharing crazy genes  
lop-sided memories  
Piecing together pasts that merged.  
Speaking code, semaphors siller  
as the bubbles disappeared  
Only you and I remember home  
and Mom and Dad the way they were.

Tonight I tried to find the mood  
but you were in another kitchen  
Schmoozing your cat instead of me.

How dare you leave me alone in my kitchen  
With this empty feeling flooding over me?  
Searching every corner looking for the joy we  
uncorked  
Wondering why I can't have it without you.

One bottle of bubbles won't last me till Spring.

Tomorrow I'll forget what happened  
when we clinked our fragile glasses  
and I'll wonder why my wine is flat.

**The Miser's**  
**Daughter**

Every year he disappoints her.  
She is as an economist,  
revising her figures for the year  
downward, shaking her head,  
anticipating losses.  
But she makes no analogy  
with the economist's mathematical detachment;  
there is no distance between herself and this pain.  
It embraces her without consent  
without seeing her grimacing face over its shoulder,  
it ignores her silences  
it revises the truth  
it tells her it loves her.  
He weaves his robes with her thread  
and leaves her the spoils;  
she makes dollhouses with them, populates them  
with imaginary people he will never desecrate.  
He celebrates his fetes with her wine  
and leaves her the bottles;  
she refills them with scraps of her sorrow, sets them  
afloat on seas of their blood that others may know.  
His praise spans no time and leaves her nothing  
while disapproval carries punishments,  
permanence, the force of memory.  
These losses exceed death  
last longer,  
are more complete, harder to afford.  
Yet she cannot quit him, cannot leave him behind,  
he is her father,  
she cannot redeem herself  
from his blood.  
Her anger shakes, burns, rustles  
like parched cornfields in July.

**Parker Benton**  
My Grandfather's Grave

(15 May 1910 — 13 December 1943)

For years I thirsted at this rock  
webbed with cracks and geranium stems.  
My mother is the miser of your memory —  
I collected clues she whispered  
in the rocking-chair dark:  
your fork and spoon sunk in bleachwater,  
suffocating sulfur candles  
and yards of fabric from the parachute factory.  
That Christmas unwrapped your holy hole —  
mouth of mud an ocean away from burning Europe.  
I never knew you.  
Twenty years gone, they nested my crib  
in the death room to plaster up  
the bloody echoes of your breathing.  
A zoo pattern smothered the fading flowers,  
blue sentinels of your departure —  
I grew by bricked-up grate, learned the world  
through windows painted shut by your hands.  
These days I peel the zebras of that wallpaper,  
track your ghost when November rain bleeds  
marble to water the dead.  
My mind's ear listens at your skull  
splintering in lavender blackness —  
struggling to feel our common atoms,  
stardust rearranged through centuries  
from father to daughter to son —  
my fingers read chipped roses of stone,  
dig for bones rusting  
under acres of Russian snow.

**Wishbook**

The wind sweeps up ribbons of cottonmouth skins  
and withered buttercup leaves;  
once-honeysuckle barbed-wire curls  
at the feet of cold cows planted near the road.  
I sleep between pages of an old catalogue,  
corners turned down like quilts —  
I sift pillow sand to the frosted floorboards  
as plastic falls at the curtain panels.  
Evaporating like springwater  
in the desert air of the stove,  
I travel by the orange glow of coal —  
turn past women's underwear,  
sun skinny legs on redwood patio furniture —  
run electric trains around leather jackets  
and yellow-handled screwdriver sets.  
Winter cracks this old house  
with two front doors — the keyholes  
open on the bottom of an hourglass,  
world beyond the rusty icicles petrifying  
dry moonlight along the porch.  
Masked raccoons skate the green creek  
to the land of Spiegel and Sears —  
the emerald windows of Chicago  
where mannequins glitter under Christmas lights.  
My eye dries at the tiny telescope,  
toes grab at wrinkles in the feet of my pajamas.  
In the corner heavy blankets hang like stone,  
smell of camphor and rotting wool.  
I stand small by the iron footboard,  
sleazy book of listening propped between silence  
and faint snores from the back bedroom.  
The draft goose-bumps my arms  
under flannel — with a face of fire  
I offer slick dream-paper to the flames,  
hear the chimney suck my ashes of wonder  
to a rooftop of blue snow.

**Tod Edgerton**  
Light Years from Pisces

Two-headed cusp-child  
born of a sun of two minds  
rock and wind  
earth and air  
soil and breath  
Little Capricornus only five  
already teeter-tottering on the playground,  
swinging in the backyard,  
dreaming back and forth  
chains screaming  
the noise and motion  
a ritual of release  
of the mind from metal  
and only conducted through the chains  
even years later  
and gone from the yard  
they rattle and creak.  
Six-hoofed goat-dreamer  
clipping rhythmically up the mountainside  
searching for water-light  
— the dark ocean depths weighing on his back.

Lost, from the mountains from the ocean  
The goat, painted by night, painted fish-tailed

Goat-fish, gill-less, blowing out streams of black storms,  
of incensed fantasies, dried aching fish, choking on the haze

Aquarian fish, spitting up poison like a wounded hemophilic,  
star-crossed child,  
carrying fish-blood on an Aquarian back in a goat-body coffin.

**Ray Geroski**  
cold

i remember a late December  
evening in Anchorage  
when my sister and i

age 6 and 7  
decided to run away from

home we got as far  
as the mail boxes nailed

to a brittle grey fence  
at the end of the trailer

court we sat down  
in the snow and found

something hard  
beneath the powder:

a german shepherd pup  
in rigid fetal curl

on the longest night  
of the year  
we shuffled home

**earthrevel**

I have reveled in the smell  
of raw soil unearthed by the  
rough-edged blades of bulldozers

The musk of it has filled  
my nostrils caressed my hands  
I have burrowed in it  
so that even I smelled of earth

The remnants have clung in ochre  
patches to the worn white knees  
of my jeans  
to the tread of my canvas sneakers

I have carried the soil but not its richness  
to my house where  
she has told me to wipe my feet  
remove my clothes before entering

And I have lain in bed at night  
staring at stucco ceilings  
remembering the smell of soil  
raw and dark  
the earth cut open by steel blades

In dreams I have seen the machines  
I have seen the deep tread of man-tall tires black  
as the soil

I have dreamed the fertile smell of earth  
dreamed the texture of moist dark soil  
dreamed rain filling  
the open wound.

"I was young once, too," my mother used to tell me, but I didn't believe that any more than I believed I would one day be old. Of course I knew that my body would change and grow and that someday I might even have children of my own. But by then, I wouldn't really be me anymore. All those grown-up things would happen to someone else.

And that is pretty much what happened. When I look back now on the child I must have been, I feel no more kinship with her than I felt toward any other childhood friend I once knew well and who also turned into someone else. So, if we're all mysteries, even to ourselves, then why am I so surprised that I don't feel more connected to my own little boy?

I am surprised, though. During the months I carried my son, when I knew every time he stretched his elbow, every time he hiccupped, I somehow expected to actually be able to read his mind and predict his future. That isn't what happened. I couldn't even figure out why he was crying, or how to get him to stop. For the first six months of his life, Will was a squalling mass of baby misery. With his face squeezed as tight as a fist and his fists squeezed as tight as knots, he howled day and night. He must have slept sometime, but I don't remember it. What I'll always remember is the way he cried — constantly, inconsolably, and with out tears.

It was a absence of tears that really got to me. Tears are such a small comfort, and it seemed so sad and so strange to be that unhappy and to have nothing to help wash away the pain. None of the many baby manuals I had read told me that newborns don't cry tears for awhile, but even after I found out, it still seemed that Will's pain came from a place too far away for me to understand.

"Colic," said the doctor. "He'll grow out of it." But somehow I thought that if Will would just unqueeze his eyes and look at me, my motherly instincts would kick in and I'd be able to tell what he needed from me to make him feel better. That didn't happen either. Eventually Will's eyes did open and focus, but they never seemed to focus on me.

"Babies are supposed to be fascinated by the human face," I remember complaining to my husband, "but I can't ever seem to get his attention."

Eric had laughed and said, "You don't really think you can compete with a red plastic squeaker dog, do you?" and I had to laugh myself. I also couldn't compete with the fan, his pinwheel, his mobile, or his foot. And, as the doctor promised, he did outgrow his colic, though I think it's much more likely that he simply outgrew the habit of expressing his misery.

Now, at two and a half, Will hardly ever cries, even when he's hurt himself. Instead, he gets angry. If he falls and scrapes his knee, he'll grii his teeth in fury and strike out at whoever is closest to him — me, another child and the daycare, or even himself if no one is near at hand. He often pinches himself right on the spot he's hurt, as if to keep the memory fresh until he can pass it along to someone else. "His motor development is normal," says Dr. Owsley. "He sat up and walked right on schedule, he potty-trained easily. There's no reason to suspect he's retarded. As children develop and out at their own rates. He'll talk and smile when he's ready."

I know that all children develop at their own rates, but I also know what it feels like to understand a child. I've worked at a daycare for six years, and I know the exact look Jessica gets on her face when she needs to go to the bathroom now. I know when Rodney is about to reach his frustration point with the Lego blocks before he knows it himself. I know the time Kelly hums when she's feeling withdrawn and needs attention. But I have never understood Will, and at some point I had to admit that my lack of understanding is more than just one person's inability to ever understand an infant. There is something about Will that defies understanding. But Dr. Owsley can't see it. No one seems to see it but me.

Sometimes I feel like smacking the doctor, just to get through to him, or maybe, like Will, I want to hurt him because it seems the only way to demonstrate the magnitude of my own hurt. I've told him that Will can talk; he just doesn't. He can repeat entire phrases he hears on TV, but always out

**Joy Welch**  
the web

i sat on my knees cleaning the last of rotten apples from the bottom of the cardboard box that had sat underneath my sink for two months. he caught me and said "big lot of good it did me to grow those apples for you. you didn't do a thing with them." i said, "i know, but there just wasn't enough time." "there was enough time for me to go out there and keep bugs off them, but not enough time for you to put them up." "like when was i supposed to do it, i been putting in those extra hours at work, and there is my class, that takes time, not to mention laundry, cooking, and just trying to keep enough dishes clean so you can eat your next meal." "well i won't fool with them next year, that's for sure." "fine, i don't care," i said. "i remember my mom took care of all us kids, had time to dry apples, make fried apple pies, and cakes, she was raising three boys and she had time." "that's all she did."

"she did it all the same and she did it good," he said. i wanted to say go fuck her then, but i didn't. i told you the other night i didn't say the F-word until last summer when my best friends heard me say it because we all went over to my daughter's place to see her apartment and she was going to be there, but she wasn't. and the damn door was locked and i said it big as life, out loud for everyone to hear and they hugged me. i was embarrassed, but that wasn't the first time and i had forgotten about it until now, when i was thinking about apples i was throwing away and how i wasn't doing things as good as she did.

it was summer, the same summer i got so mad when we were leaving for vacation that i slammed my fist into the wall and nearly broke my thumb. it swelled up, the kids cried. he said it served me right and i was too mad to care one way or the other. it was that same angry summer and we had gone to her house again for the fourth weekend that month so that there was no time for us, and i hated it, and she was taking me around showing me her flowers because she and my husband grow them and i kill them. she was telling me how some spiders know how to write and they write messages so people can see them. i loved charlotte's web, cried when she died, but i didn't feel that way now, and i had this kind of funny feeling, that feeling that wells up at inappropriate times and makes you say something you regret, or maybe you don't.

and we were walking around the side of her house so she can show me her spider at the grape arbor, there he is, oblong egg-shaped black and yellow, in the middle of the vine and pole that holds it, two parallel lines of thin filament stretch from one side to the other and he is just sitting there among his handwork, just like charlotte. we examine the web and she asks me in this hushed voice "what do you think he is spelling?" and i stare harder at this intelligent creature. and like i told you before, this thing grabbed me, kind of led me with a rope down a road. as far as i could tell, it started with an f, and then a u and a c, the K was kind of hard to make out, more like a capital K than lowercase k and it didn't seem grammatically correct to me that this spider would spell it out that way, mixing the letters like he did. but the second word was obvious so that neither one of us could miss it, so when she whispered again whether i knew what it was spelling i whispered back "fuck you."

she kind of drew up, i think she thought that maybe it was saying it to her or something, it wasn't like she had never spoke that way before, her antics were often recalled when family stories were passed around the table with second helpings so when she didn't speak to me for six months, and then only politely at christmas, i didn't quite understand

**Barbara A. Fischer**  
Dantzer Honorable Mention  
Inside the Globe

of context, and always to some object like the salt shaker or his pinwheel. The closest he's come to actually communicating on the other morning when I was pointing out the blossoms on the apple tree in the driveway. He wouldn't look up at them — he never seems to look up — but he was interested in the flowers that had fallen on the asphalt next to the car. He had crushed them into a milky pulp with his sneaker and said, "Yucky poop."

Will did not potty train easily. Though it's true he no longer wears a diaper, he has a lot of strange accidents. I recently discovered he's been going in my closet to pee on my shoes — I had been blaming the cat until I caught him.

My husband thinks this is funny. "He's a free spirit," he had said. "A regular nature boy." Eric has an easy answer for everything. When Will pulled the stuffing out of his Cabbage Patch doll, he said, "The kid's going to be a surgeon." When Will crushed the baby hamster in his fist, Eric said, "He doesn't know his own strength. He's all boy." When his stabbal Joshua with the magic marker at the daycare, Eric said, "No one messes with my kid."

More and more lately, I feel like Eric is someone I don't know. I keep having to remind myself who he is. This is the same man, I tell myself, who bought me a Walkman so I wouldn't have to hear the dentist's drill during a root canal when I hadn't even let on that I was nervous. This is the same man who tests Will's bath water with his elbow because he doesn't trust his hand to be sensitive enough. But when we try to talk about Will, we turn into two different people who seem to be talking about two different children.

"Sure he's wild, sure he gets in trouble," says Eric. "He's just high-spirited, that's all. You work with two-year-olds. They're supposed to be a handful."

"We're not talking about high spirits, Eric," I argue. "Not all two-year-olds seem so, I don't know, destructive, remorse, sad."

"What about all the horror stories you tell about the other kids at the daycare? Biting, grabbing toys, throwing tantrums. How is Will any different from them?"

**Amy Jackson**  
Lean into Me

We are going to see all the ghosts of hope dance on the beckoning ceiling tonight. And we, shadow-puppets lingering here below, will have no choice but to watch. The seductive glide, the rhythm of bruised feet so slow; it hurts to see this painful motley show. And yet it never stops. The need of their feet in the bare blue light — I cannot bear it.

**Germinating**

Like a dark seed that becomes black fruit my anger grows in me I suppress it, repress it shove its thrusting stems down struggle to crumple its red blooms but still it grows I try to be calm reasonable not devastatingly temperamental but this only feeds it more It thrives on rejection until the dark fruit bursts out my mouth The perfume of the blooms overwhelms my victims Vines twine around them and hold them shocked and speechless The fruit withers soon after exposure to air and a new seed is planted.

**George Bebensee**  
Simultaneity and the Historic in Chicago

In April 1987, twenty-one people attended a three-day conference in Chicago they said was historic. It's likely that there were other people attending other conferences elsewhere those days and certain that there have been other conferences attended by countless people in who knows how many places at other times. And that while these conferences here and there are and were happening, other things happen and happened simultaneously every where.

Now imagine some video camera, a Sony, a Panasonic, like one on sale in Sunday newspaper ads, only pushed past technological extremes, palm-sized, maybe, with an amazing wide-angle fish-eye lens that takes in the world, a meta-camera that sees and hears everything — on the streets, behind walls, under covers, under ground — with a long tape, taping continuously.

Or a school of alien objective beings floating a little distance above the earth transcribing with incredible speed human activity.

Think of what it means to say, think of what conditions must be necessary to conceive the notion that this foot of tape, this page, this conference on these days in that place with those participants, is historic.

"He is different..."  
"Only because he's yours. You want him to be some perfect specimen of a kid so he won't embarrass you. Face it, you're ashamed of him."

"That's a sick thing to say."  
"So now I'm sick, too? Well, there you go. It's inherited. Maybe we should both see a shrink, go on father-son drugs, sedate the personality right out of us."

"They don't medicate children as young as Will, for your information. We need to have him evaluated, so we know how to help him."

"I thought you had all the answers. Will may not be perfect, but he doesn't need a shrink — maybe you do. There's something wrong with someone who keeps looking for trouble where there is no trouble."

I have a crystal globe that I keep on the high chest in the bedroom. It's the kind that's filled with confetti and water, so that when you shake it, snow drifts down on a miniature scene. Everyone knows what they are, but no one knows what they're called: maybe that's part of their magic.

Mine has two tiny children on a seasaw next to a little red church and three white-tipped evergreen trees. The seasaw might go up and down, but so slowly and so gracefully you really think time has stopped. Even when I was little, I knew it was the water that made the seasaw move with no concern for gravity, but that made it no less magical.

I often find myself reaching for the globe when I'm getting ready for work in the morning. I never plan to — it just always catches my eye when I'm putting on my watch and earrings. I take it to the window, shake it once to watch the snow swirl and settle, then return it to the chest. I probably did the same thing when I was growing up, spending maybe five minutes a week with the children inside the globe, except that now all those minutes have blended together in my mind, so it seems I spent another whole life in that perfectly self-

