Margaret I. King 9 a.m.-7 p.m.

Business & Economics 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Donovan, Blazer and

Complex Commons 4:30 a.m.-7 p.m.

Decrease in voter turnout expected in SGA elections

A smaller number of candidates this year for the Student Government Association elections is expected to result in a lower number of voters this year. "Last year almost 2,400 people (or about 104 percent of the student body) voted." SGA election chairman Jason Vandiver SGA in this way to be a sound that the student body. The student body will be smaller this time.

SGA elections begin today at 9 a.m. and end 7 p.m. tomorrow night.

Vandiver said that a smaller number of candidates usually means that fewer voters will participate.

Almost 40 candidates ran for the 15 senator at large spots last year, whereas only 29 are competing this

year.

In the executive branch race only two tickets are on the ballot. Last year six students ran for president and five competed for vice president.

and tive compessor and dent.

Also this year many SGA observers perceive that the executive branch races — Sean Lohman and Dale Baldwin for president and Sarah Coursey and Chris Woolums for vice president — are not close. Full or part-time students with a validated UK Student ID and activities and are elitable to vote.

Voting places and times

Student Center 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

Education Engineering Arts & Sciences Communication

10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Law School Ag. North

10 a.m.-3 p.m. 10 a.m.-3 p.m. 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

3161) or the SGA Office (257-3191) to find out what college they are registered in.

All polls will close at 7 p.m. to-morrow so the results can be tabu-lated sooner. The last three election results have not been announced until midnight.

See LOW, Back page



SPRING CLEANING: Matt Malone, 76, of Lexington prepares to change the oil in his lawnmon yesterday. With rain in the forecast, many lawns will need to be mowed.

KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE PRIZE

Inmate hopes to earn his degree from UK

By JULIE ESSELMAN

When UK student Dwight Al-

When UK student Dwight Allen was marching in the 1960 Alfor civil rights, he found strength in a
black spirtual freedom song:
"The only one thing we did
right was the day we sturred to
fight. Keep your eyes on the prize,
Oh. Lord:
More than 20 years later, Allen
again is using those words for inspiration as he struggles this semester to salvage the prize he valuses the most right now — his
education at UK. And. to Allen's
surprise, the UK community is
supporting him every step of the
way.

supporting him every step of the way.

Allen, 38, is an inmate at Blackburn Correctional Complex in Lexington serving a 31-year sentence for checking and credit-card fraud.

For more than a year he has been coming to UK during the week on Blackburn's study-release program, working toward a political science undergraduate degree and taking classes in the Honors Program.

Allen is up for parole in October 1991, and if he continues taking classes during the summer and regular sessions, he could complete his degree by then. But the state has discontinued the study-release program, and earlier this year prison officials told Allen that this spring would be his last semseter at UK.

At first, Allen said he was resigned to reluctantly accept the decision. But after help and encouragement from the UK community and through a newfound determination, he is fighting the system — and, in a sense, his past—to continue his education at UK and rebuild his life. "The whole University has reached out and put their arms around me," he said.

**Acey your eyes on the prize.

around me," he said.

Keep your eyes on the prize.

Allen grew up in Louisville,
Ky., where he became active in
the civil rights movement. He
stopped his formal education
when he dropped out of Central
High School in the 10th grade.

See INMATE, Page 2



Dwight Allen has been attending class at UK while an inmate at Blackburn Correctional Institute. But a cut in state funds may prevent the Louisville native from earning his degree.

Cancer information line awarded funding from National Cancer Institute

By REGINA SWIFT Staff Writer

phones.

The Cancer Information Service was awarded a \$725,000 contract to continue operation of a toll-free cancer phone line by the National Cancer Institute yesterday.

The phone line allows individuals to call and "get information about cancer symptoms, diagnosis and treatment," said Gilbert H. Friedell, director for cancer control at the Markey Cancer Center and administrator of the Kentucky Canser December 1997.

The Hopeline joined the national network of offices using the NCI toll-free number and became the Kentucky Cancer Information Ser-

About 50 percent of the ques-tions come from the general public, including those about how to quit smoking and where to obtain a mammogram, Linnville said.

Other questions are from cancer patients' families about diagnosis and treatment. The most popular question is if people are getting the correct treatment. Physicians and professionals also can use the phone line to get infor-mation from the NCI's computer-ized data base, Physicians Data Query.

"The fact that we have a state-wide program" helped Kentucky get funding from the NCI, Friedell said.

Viewpoint

Meet more SGA Senate candidates.



Sports

Castaldo leads thrashing of Morehead. Story, Page 6.

Weather —

Today: Cloudy. High 59°

Tomorrow: 70% rain. High 44°

Inmate works toward political science degree from University

years, but after being convicted and sent to prison, he began to turn in the opposite direction. While in La Grange Reformatory he decided to pick up where he left off in his edu-

cation.

Allen earned his GED certificate and was trained as a legal aid, studying law books, cases and procedures, and working for prisoners' rights.

But that wasn't enough for him. He had his eyes on a higher prize.

"I realized ... I could be more effective, and I could protect my own rights and help other people and develop my humanity if I became more educated," he said.

velop my humanity if 1 became more educated." he said.

Allen began taing classes through a program with Jefferson Community College, in which prosessors came to the prison. He excelled on the college level, earning 73 hours and an associates degree in liberal arts, and making the dean's list five times.

Still, that wasn't enough for Allen. He said that he knew he had the potential to do more, and he saw UK as the place to help him do it.

"When I was a criminal I had low Self-esteem, I was insecure, and I wanted to see if I could hack it," he said. "I knew that the Honors Program was the best program in the state. ... and I said, "This is what I want to do. Let's see if I can hack it."

"I wanted to come to UK because first of all this was the battleship, in my opinion, of universities ... and I was going to try to go to the top because I was rebuilding myself, and part of that meant coming here."

Keep your eyes on the prize.

ALLEN

After Allen was accepted to the Honors Program, he was transferred to Blackburn so he could participate in the study-release program. He started at UK amidst the tension over an alleged racist comment by former Kentucky Gov. A.B. "Happy" Chandler, so he said he didn't know what to expect at UK, or how people would treat him.

But he has met with only encou agement and respect, he said, and has made all the difference in h

In his first semester last spring, Allen took an Honors Program class with Jane Vance, in which his studies included readings of Dante and St. Augustine. Immediately he made comparisons between their works and his own life.

After reading Dante's Inferno. which involves a journey through various levels of hell, Allen put his own journey into perspective through the various stages of the

prison system.

And when he read Augustine's Confessions, which describes Augustine's turn from a sinful life, Allen said he went through his own "spiritual awakening."

Allen said that Vance helped him

"with my transition to being free emotionally because she looked at me as a student, as someone that had a unique set of experiences, and she allowed me to let these things out."

things out."

"I was particularly struck by St.
Augustine because he led a fullcircle life," he said.

Augustine because he led a fullcircle life," he said.

Vance said Allen is "a kind of
student that I like most to see. He
takes everything he learns and turns
it in all angles to see how it fits in
his life. He savors every opportunity that he has."

At Vance's suggestion and encouragement, Allen worked on his
writing skills, with help from UK's
Writing Center. In addition to his
science, in which he hopes to earn a
degree on his way to law school.

Keep your eyes on the prize.

Allen's daily schedule this
enester includes a 6:30 a.m. military
science class, morring classes, aftermoon aerobics sessions, and studying and working with tutors until
he returns to Blackburn in the late
afternoon.

Brad Canon, a political science.

Brad Canon, a political science professor who teaches a course Al-len is taking this semester, said that Allen is a "sincere and able" student and that the program he is in "should be encouraged by the pris-

But the state has discontin study-release program, and Black-burn officials have said they do not have the staff to continue transport-ing Allen to and from UK during the week.

Allen could complete his degree through correspondence courses with other state programs, but he "SPECIALS"

unday - Brunch "All You Can Eat" \$6.98

10 AM - 3 PM

Saratoga M-T-W
Long Nedks 90 e no
imports - Pitcher \$2.75
856 High St. • Well Drinks \$ 1.75



Allen has taken several classes in the Honors Program. He spends some of his time while on campus studying in the Honors Lounge in Miller Hall.

maintains that only through UK can he get the advanced political science and Honors Program courses that he needs. With the support and encouragement of many in the UK community, Allen has appealed the decision to discontinue his studies at UK. Some professors have called state recent article on his situation in the Couisville Courier-Journal, Allen said he received letters of encouragement from people at UK whom he has never met.

agement from people at UK whom he has never met.

UK Student Government Association President Sean Lohman said he talked to officials in support of Allen because his progress "is the perfect example of our Kentucky jails rehabilitating people."

Allen said he hopes an arrangement can be made between UK and

state officials to allow him to complete his degree at UK.

He expects a decision this week.
Canon said he realizes the prison system has limited resources, "but I hink this can be worked out."

"My feeling is he cannot get through correspondence courses ... the same kind of education he can get at UK, especially as he is now a sort of advanced student," Cannon said.

No matter what the decision is, Allen said he has been surprised and touched by the University's

"Within the last three or four years of my life I've seen a lot of people work hard and nothing happens. ... Just because you're in a bad situation and need help doesn't mean you'll always get help," he

Our Huge

"What shocked me most was that an institution this big thought enough of one of its students to take a stand and help me spiritually

and emotionally.

"I can't begin to point out everybody that's assisted me because
I've been surrounded by so many
people to aid me academically, spiritually, morally."

ritually, morally."

The spiritual that Allen sang with groups marching in the '60s has motivated him to turn his life around — become well-educated, practice law and serve the society that his former actions imprisoned

'You gotta take risks," he said. "You gotta be willing to stand up for what you believe in."

SGA Scholarship Applications are here

SGA is offering three \$1000 scholarships for the 1990-91 school year. These scholarships will be awarded to current sophomores or juniors on the basis of demonstrated service to the University through campus involvement and leadership as well as academic success and financial need.

Applications are available from March 24 -April 4 in the SGA office, room 120 of the Student Center. Two letters of recommendation and a college transcript are required.

The deadline for applications is 4:00, April 4.

dnesday Spaghetti & Meatballs ossed Salad Garlic Sticks \$5.99 Thursday - Chicago Baby Back Ribs FF/Coleslaw.....\$9.95 The "World Famous" FF/Coleslaw.....\$9.95 Friday - Cattish "All You Can Eat" - FF/Cole Slaw/ Hush - Puppies\$6.95 Saturday - TB Steak- Baked Potato - Tossed Salad\$9.95 Sunday

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> Deadline for Application : Noon March 28th

Dial: 257-4636 for more information

No previous radio experience required.

Lithuania accuses Moscow of 'aggression'

VILNIUS, U.S.S.R. — Lithuania's leaders angrily accused Moscow yesterday of "inexcusable aggression" and of kidnapping its
citizens after Soviet troops stormed
two hospitals in a harsh roundup of
army deserters.

Later, the Kremlin ordered all
foreigners to leave the republic,
which declared independence
March 11. Soviet troops occupied a
fifth Communist Party building in
Vinius, the capital.

Washington and other foreign
governments urged restraint but
avoided attacking Soviet President
Mikhail S. Gorbachev, who faces
growing independence movements
in several republics as he tries to
institute reform.

The Bush administration, in declining to denounce Moscow, said
tid in ont want to "inflame the situation."

Soviet officials defended their VILNIUS USSR - Lithu

it did not want to "inflame the situ-ation."
Soviet officials defended their actions and condemned the Lithua-nians' aspirations as dangerous.
"Even Vice President Quayle ad-mitted the other day there should be some discipline in the army," Ser-gei Chetverikov, minister-counselor at the Soviet Embasy, said at a news conference in Wash-inteton.

said at a news conference in Wash-ington.

Quayle said Saturday the Soviets should not threaten Lithuania but added that "if the Soviet Union is applying disciplinary measures to people in their own military, that's a different situation."

In a furious letter to Gorbachev, Lithuania's president. Vytautas

pl

In a furious letter to Gorbachev, Lithuania's president, Vytautas Landsbergis, and prime minister, Kazimera Prunskiene, said their government "demands the return of its kidnaped citizens."
They also urged negotiations with Moscow "in neutral territory. Soviet soldiers stormed two hospitals before dawn yesterday and seized 23 Lithuanian deserters who had sought refuge, the official Tass news agency said.
Lithuanian television said two genuine mental patients were accidentally seized but that the soldiers let them go later.
Witnesses said some deserters who had sought refuge, the official Tass news agency said.
A trail of blood led down the steps and out the front door of the hospital.

A trail of blood led down the steps and out the front door of the "They heat them with their first."

hospital.
"They beat them with their fists,"
said a duty nurse at the hospital,
where windows and iron beds were
broken.

Jesus and Mary Chain concert flawed but entertaining

By MICHAEL L. JONES

Toto, I don't think we're in Kan-as anymore.

— Dorothy in "The Wizard of

Imagine walking into a room filled with a large crowd of people, most of whom look like Robert Smith from the Cure and aren't even old enough to vote. Then there is a small percentage of people representing preps, jocks, greeks, hippies and any other stereotypical social group you can name.

and.

So tage a band is playing a cross between guitar rock and industrial noise with a definite Batassi filtenere.

Subliminal messages are flashing on a star-shaped screen in back of the band. Sometimes it's a picture of a gun, an act of violence or it could be the words "Jesus" or "Psychocandy."

could be the words "Jesus" or "Psy-chocandy."

Sounds like something out of a Stanley Kubrick film, right?

I kept waiting for Kubrick to come from somewhere behind the crowd at the Jesus and Mary Chain concert in the UK Student Center Ballroom Sunday night and yell "ent."

cut."
It was just weird.
Lead vocalist Jim Reid never said It was just weird.

Lead vocalist Jim Reid never said anything to the audience the whole time the band was on stage. They came, they played and (after one encore) they left.

But in all the band put on a good, if flawed show.

ist, William, led the band through songs from all three of the group's albums with an emphasis on the band's latest release. Automatic. However, it was songs from the hand's first release, Psychocandy, that got the older members of the crowd moving. Songs from their second, and more laid-back release, Psychocandy, that got it is similar to Psychocandy with its heavy guitar at use of feedback. Lyrically, the band tends to be more down.

"I'm never gonna get out of this place/I'm a stone dead tripper/Dying in a fantasy...Look out kid/You gotta get a hit/Looks like you're never gonna make it off the government list," Jim Reid sings in "Blues from a Gun," the first single from Automatic.

The Jesus and Mary Chain are notorious not only for the group's moniker, but their open drug use; from the second half of the show you would have thought that they'd taken a little too much of sowething.

taken a little too much of some-thing.

The band started out with a num-ber of dance tunes, including their MTV hit, "Head On," but by the end of the show they had evolved into a mass of sonic noise. It was hard to distinguish one song from another.





The Veldt (left) opened for the Jesus and Mary Chain (right) who performed Saturday night in the Student Center's Grand Ballroom

The opening act, the Veldt, fared a little better with the audience. The multi-racial band from North Carolina is exactly what happens when they let people listen to the Ramones in the Bibb Belt. There was even a pretty active mosh going on by the end of the show. The Veldt have an album coming out on Mamouth Records.

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New Service Offered by Commuter Student Office

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a computerized telephone information system Call 258-5970 for information on off-campus housing, parking, educational programs, commuter student board orientation sessions and the new "computerized housing search"

Carson to read at Transy

Jo Carson is an eavesdropper. She prides herself on listening to other people's conversations while at the beauty shop or standing in line at the grocery store. It makes her a better writer.

Carson, a poet and playwright, uses the extracted dialogue along with other language she hears to write what she calls "people piec-

write what she calls "people pieces."

"These poems are really a close to monologues and dialogues with people I have met in the Applachian Region," Carson said.

The Johnson City, Tenn, native said she has lived in other areas of the country, but has returned to the southern region of Appalachia because of its beauty and people.

"I've lived in New York, but I moved back to Johnson City because I wanted to," Carson said. "I grew up with the mountains close and I love them dearly. There is a sense of play with the language there. There is metaphor and simile and use of narrative not heard much in urban centers. It's wonderful and

sense of piay with the language here. There is metaphor and simile and use of narrative not heard much in urban centers. It's wonderful and rich and I love to listen to it."

She is an occasional commentator on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered." She also has been well-received on the stage.

Carson will give a staged reading of Daytrips, a highly-acclaimed play about a family coping with Alzheimer's disease, at 8 tonight in the Coleman Recital Hall at Transylvania University. Daytrips received the National Arts Club's 1989 Kesselring Award.

Carson avoids calling Daytrips a play about Alzheimer's. "It's not about Alzheimer's." It's not about Alzheimer's: about duty and love. It happens to have someone in it that is very old and has Alzheimer's, "she said.

But Carson sould the disease is an issue that should concern "baby boomers," who now are moving into middle age.
"I'm part of the 'baby boom,' which is a generation that is growing older," he said. "As we as the bulge grow older, there will be a tremendous problem. It seems to be a problem of health care, which we do very badly."

Daytrips will kick off the 12th Annual Women Writers Conference that will be held through Friday at the UK Student Center.

Each spring more than 500 regis-

that will be held through Friday at the UK Student Center.

Each spring more than 500 regis-trants from across the country par-ticipate in a series of workshops, discussions, readings and perfor-mances presented by women writ-

ers.

This year's conference includes readings by Pulitzer-prize winning poet Gwendolyn Brooks. Brooks' 43-year writing career includes the Frost Medal from the Poetry Society of America, the PSA's highest distinction. She also has been hon-

Jo Carson will read from "Day-

ored as Illinois' Poet Laureate.
Other writers featured are poet
Toi Derricotte, fiction writers Melissa Pritchard and Anne Redmon,
and satirical skits performed by The
Spiderwoman Theatre, Inc.

Spiderwoman

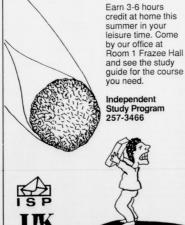
Carson reading or the Women Writers Conference call 257-3295.

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IT'S TIME FOR DOMINO'S PIZZA.

CANDIDATES FOR THE 1990-91 SGA SENATE

Dedication makes Boyd

Dedication is essentia characteristic for any student leader. I became a member of the Student Government Associa



a member of the Freshman Representative Council, Student Advocates for Education and Administrative Director of the Freshman Representative Council. For the past year I have served as a Senator at Large. I organized and served as consultant for the Senate Retreat, sponsored legislation to fund the Black Issues Teleconference, lobbied for higher education and fought for student rights and representation. Through these and other experiences I have proven my dedication to students.

other experiences I have proven my dedication to students.

My ticket (Putman, Payne, Smiley and Boyd) wants to implement a Campus Rap Session Series. Each session will be set up similar to a talk show. The panelists will consist of sudents, faculty, administrators and people from the Lexington community. Students will be invited to ask questions of the panelists and voice their opinions. The Campus Rap Sessions will address a variety of issues, including racism and discrimination on campus and the role of traditional and nontraditional students.

role of traditional and non-traditional students.

Putman, Payne, Smiley and Boyd also will establish a University Life and Relations Committee, Minority Recruitment Program and a Pros-pective Student Program.

Mussler making a difference

ference between holding a posi-tion and work-ing for student



MUSSLER

drive, desire and ideas to achieve benefits for the student body. In addition, we have the knowledge of SGA which will enable us to make our ideas a reality

our ideas a reality.

Personally, I have gained this insight through serving terms on both the Freshman Representative Council and as a Freshman Senator this year. I have learned the proper channels to take to get legislation passed and have succeeded in such tasks. Now, with great anticipation and excitement, I look forward to addressing the issues of our ticket. We have a four-point platform that covers long-range goals and ones we already have put in motion.

√Installment of additional 24-hour study areas to accommodate North and South campuses. √Advocation of fair student repre-sentation on administrative deci-

sions.

√Creation of a more convenier residence hall atmosphere wher items such as copy machines ar more available and computers more

decessible.

√Implementation of a flexible spending account that would enhance the purchasing use of the DinerCard.

nerCard.

After a year of involvement in student government (four years combined), we see our platform and the year ahead as a way to work toward student concerns. Our path has formed, our future is bright, our difference is substantial.

Mussler is a candidate for at Large.

Payne means experience

perience I have gained in the SGA executive



National Issues Forums which ha given me the experience to dea with problems quickly and effec

with problems quickly and effectively.

One of the issues that our ticket (Putman, Payne, Smiley and Boyd) will address is minority recruitment. We would like in establish a Minority Recruitment Program that would be highlighted by a Minority Recruitment Day. The day would chanched established by a Minority Recruitment Day. The day would include displays by the colleges and student organizations followed by a campus tour in small groups to ensure personal attention. The day also would include a panel of such deni leaders and administrators to answer questions from perspective students.

Other issues are a University Life

other issues are a University Life and Relations Committee, a Perspective Student Program and a Campus Rap Session Series.

Putman, Payne, Smiley and Boyd have the experience and drive to ensure that students' needs are met and that their interests are defended

Updike serves all students

eral reasons why I decided to run for Senato at Large. My ticket of Heidi Fugeman, Keith Sparks and Scott Crosbie sees vast chang-es that need to be made at UK.



As a member of Pi Kappa Alpha social fratern tv. I have learned what it takes ty, I have learned what it takes to make an organization succeed. I have the leadership skills to repre-sent students as a Senator at Large, and I am willing to listen to stu-dents' needs and make their voices

dents needs and mase their voices heard.

One of the major areas that needs to be dealt with is education. UK desperately needs more money to enable students to receive a higher quality education. Through greater lobbying efforts in Frankfort, Ky., increased state funding can be accomplished.

Other dilemmas UK faces includes the safety of students and their vehicles through increased campus safety, buildings equipped for handicapped students and more representation of minority students.

My ticket can adequately serve the students as Senators at Large.

Dawson Updike is a candidate for

Hester man with campus plan

I am the best qualified candidate for College of Business & Economics Senator because I have experience from being president of APICS, a business management student group. I also have experience in dealing with the administration because last semester I cooperated a student run business, and we worked with student agencies, a department of the administration. We also worked with the B & E administration to receive permission to sell our product on earnus. istration to receive permis sell our product on campus.

I know the majority of the teachers and staff fairly well, mostly from my classes or from extracurricular activities. I feel that will help me in my job as senator and become a more effective leader.

As a senator I will:

√ Improve handicap accessibility in the new and old B & E build-

 $\sqrt{\mbox{Improve the college's international business department in terms of recruiting and classes offered.}$

√ Ask and use suggestions from

I know the majority of the teachers and staff fairly well, mostly from my classes or from extracurricular activities. I feel that will help me in my job as a senator..

fellow students through the use

Dennis Hester is a candidate for College of Business & Economics Senator.

O'Connell has business mind

As a junior in the College of Business & Ec Business & Economics and a member of the B & E Student Advising Council, I have a great deal of knowledge about what our

about what our student body desires. Here are some of the issues I plan to address if elected:

\$\sqrt{1}\$ am the liaison to Ralph Brown, who is responsible for coordinating career day. I have made announcements at a number of B & E student organizations to get ideas from our student body on what they expect out of career day. Career planning is an integral part of any student's college curriculum and I am therefore dedicated to making career day as successful as possible. Whore B & E student scholarships is another issue I plan to address if elected. I feel many students in our college deserve a financial

ships is another issue I plan to ad-ress if elector. I feel many students in our college deserve a financial break, and I have the ideas and abil-ity to raise more funds for B & E student scholarships. √The study area in the B & E building is being discussed by the B & E Student Advisory Council. There is a desperate need for renova-tion in our study area. This issue will probably be resolved by the S AC, but any lack of funds in ac-complishing this task can easily be obtained from SGA. I possess the ability and resource-fulness to accomplish these goals.

Greg O'Connell is a candidate for College of Business & Economics

Middleton for student money

ed that determined that the No. 1 issue in students' minds is mon-ey. We never seem to have enough of it. That issue



enator.

Let me introduce myself. My ame is John Middleton. name is John Middleton.

I am a history and political science junior from Ft. Mitchell, Ky. I am president of Golden Key National Honor Society and vice chairman of the College Republicans. I have served on the SGA Governmental Affairs Committee for the powers.

Governmental Affairs Committee for two years.

I also have been an observer of higher education left underfunded every year. I have seen large amounts of student government. I have seen students working two jobs so they can go to school. Money is everywhere I look.

I spent last Wednesday in Frankfort, Ky, talking with state sensions about higher education. I have looked into how student fees are being spent.

ing spent.

I also have listened as you, the students, have told me what is im-

ortant to you.

If elected, I will continue to work If elected, I will continue to work with state legislators to ensure a fair deal for higher education in the state budget. I will talk with our national legislators (some of whom I know personally) to make sure our message is heard in Washing-

Most importantly, I will make sure that your student fees are spent wisely for the benefit of all. I also will be accessible to make sure that your voice is heard.

John Middleton is a candidate for College of Arts & Sciences Sena-tor.

Sparks fly in senate race

Making UK a university we all can be proud of is the main factor influencto run for Sec... tor at Large. Having been born and raised



in the Bluegrass region, I have a SPARKS deep love for this University. I now hope to turn this love into service.

In the past SGA has sponsored many programs that have enhanced the life of the UK student. Pro-

ims such as student directories campus busing, escort and tutoria services have helped to prove the potential effectiveness of studen

potential effectiveness of student government.

There is much more, however, that is left to be accomplished. Arteas in which I intend to invest time and interest are programs such as protection of the now unprotected parking lots, better student representation in academic affairs, enhanced minority recruitment, improvement of convenience services and a campus safety program known as "Crime Watch."

Another area in which I feed work is necessary in order for SGA to reach its maximum potential is governmental lobbying. The people of this state must realize the importance of higher education. Who better to lobby for the interest of increased funding for higher education than the students of the state's largest educational institution?

Having lived both on and off

tion?
Having lived both on and off campus, as both non-greek and as a member of Kappa Alpha Order, and having served SGA in the past, I have a background that will allow me to effectively represent diverse student interests. I believe in UK and in my ability to prospent its student interests. I believe in UK and in my ability to represent its students' needs to the administra-

tion.

Keith Sparks is a candidate for Senator at Large.

Cagle masters art of SGA

at Large, and I believe I will get better and



get better and more qualified CAGLE advisers in College of Arts & Sciences. I know of too many students who go through this college and don't find out until their senior year that there are a couple of classes they must have before graduating.

To me that is pathetic — we must have advisers who advise us correctly, not who, because of incompetence, lead us astray. If I am elected as your college senator I will do my best to put an end to this advising proposed. this advising nonsense

Record supports Goodwin

involvement in the Freshman Representative Council, the Student Activi-ties Board, the gram, Omicro



revery interest group.

I also have become aware of several solutions. All that is needed is someone willing to devote time and energy to solving them. I have both the desire and the ability to be that person, which is why I am running for Senator at Large.

My ticket (Mussler, Richardson, Rasnick and Goodwin) is running together because we share the desire to improve UK in every way possible. We have developed a platform including both long- and short-term goals for UK, including these four points:

√ Improve residence hall life by oviding copy machines and com-

uter access.

Vwork for better representation or students on issues like the presentation studential selection committee.

√ Expand the DinerCard to allow roader purchasing use
√ More 24-hour study areas.

V More 24-hour study areas.

These are not just empty campaign promises. We intend to carry these out once elected.

I already have begun working on 24-hour study areas by consulting several administrators to gain support and investigating possible study locations, the cost of keeping these locations open 24 hours and the necessary security. I hope to establish these study areas before the end of the semester, with very little expense to UK. This is just the first of many improvements I hope to make for UK if elected. expense to UK.
first of many improvemento make for UK if elected.

Goodwin is a cand

odwin is a candidate for Senator at Large.

Keoughan knows her business

If elected as College of Business & Ec-Business & Ec-onomics Sena-tor I'd work with the New (B & E) Build-ing Committee to make sure that student needs for more study areas and computers are m



KEOUGHAN

Also, I'd like to work with the B&E Student Newsletter, Outlook.

Also, I'd like to work with the B&E Student Newsletter, Outlook. I would make sure that it is distributed and utilized as the best means of communication between faculty and students. I would like to see more information on recruiting, scholarships, B&E student clubs and University activities that affect us. I also would like to use the newsletter, as well as other means, to give feedback to the University and B&E faculty about our needs. Most importantly, I feel that B&E students are being cheated out of complete advising. Currently, there are three full-time advisers for 5,000 B&E students. I feel that freshmen and sophomores especially need an organized program and individualized assistance to help them decide on their majors and career goals.

hem decide on their majors and career goals.

'I'd like to work with the University to provide incentives for professors to give time as advisers. Presently, they are evaluated on research, teaching and service but not advising. They do it as favor to us, but I feel that they would give more time and energy to advising if given due recognition for it.

I would also do all I can too be a formational business department.

I don't want to be a Senator iname only, but someone who is active and accessible to B & E students. I want to use your suggestions to improve the B & E college as well as UK.

Kristi Keoughan is a candidate or College of Business & Eco-omics senator.

Rasnick a proven SGA leader

I decided to run for Senator at Large because I enjoy being an involved at UK. I am a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, serve on the Freshman Rep-



My ticket of Chris Mussler, Kim Goodwin and Jimmy Richardson developed its platform around stu-dent needs. We all have a well-rounded platform and one that repre-sents students. Our platform is composed of four main points. 'Æxpanding the DinerCard. 'Making 24-hour study areas more available to students. 'Promoting better student repre-sentation.

Making improvement dence halls. We have the motivation to make these points happen. I have really liked running for Senate. It has been exciting and challenging.

Laura Rasnick is a candidate for Senator at Large. √Making improvements in resi-

Davenport asset to Senate

portunity dem Joseph a year of service, I feel confident in my ability as an effective member of the SGA DAVENPORT Senate.

I realize the integral role the Student Government Association plays



I realize the integral role the Stu-dent Government Association plays in the everyday life of students, and if re-elected I will continue to sup-port and represent the students to the best of my ability through my proven commitment to the Student Government Association and the

high ideals it represents

Lea Ann Davenport is a candidate for Senator at Large.

Willhite will do things right

I would like to be elected a Senator at Large because SGA is a vital part of the University and I would like to become in-



volved with such a worth-while organization. As a WILLHITE member of SGA, I could take active part in helping the University and address the needs of the student body.

ya and address the needs of the student body.

There are many things I would
like to see accomplished. One is an
increase in the number of scholarships. The Academic Excellence
Scholarship is the only general
scholarship available to students
and I want to see an increase in
such scholarships.

I also would like to see students
become more involved in the community. Such things as the Little
Buddy Program with Maxwell Elementary School is an example of
the types of programs that help college students interact with the community.

lege students interact with the com-munity.
Services for on-campus students is another topic I would like to ad-dress. The Student Center has a lot of unrecognized potential that could be utilized by students. Businesse such as a dry-cleaning service, a campus bank and a campus pub have been some of the suggestions students have had to revitalize the Student Center.

I also support the campus recycling program. The bins placed on campus are a great idea, and I would like to see it expanded.

Michelle Willhite is a candidate r Senator at Large.

Crosbie bows only to students

Several fac-tors influenced my decision to run for Senator at Large. In the past student voices have not been represent-



past student voices have not been represent ed, and previous administrations have not made students their central concern. I feel that through assertive leadership I will be able to meet the needs of students.

As a member of FarmHouse social fraternity and my involvement with other organizations, I have proven a commitment to UK and its advancement. If we make areas such as campus safety, minority recruitment, lobbying for higher education and handicapped accessibility can establish itself as a quality institution committed to reaching out to students' needs.

I can have a positive impact on UK as a Senator at Large, and I am devoted to the campus' students. My ticket of Dawson Updike, Heidri Eugerman and Keith Sparks sincerely appreciate the support we have received thus far in the campaign

ly appreciate the support we have received thus far in the campaign and are optimistic about represent-ing students.

Scott Crosbie is a candidate for enator at Large.

Smiley is totally dedicated

ial for be essential for being a Senator at
Large. In my
freshman year, I
have become involved on campus by being a
member of the
Freshman Representative



SMILEY

Council, a SMILEY member of SGA's Greek Concerns Committee and as a Legislative Assistant for this year's Senate. I realize the Senate requires time and responsibility, both of which I am eager to give. My ticket (Putman, Payne, Smiley and Boyd) wants to continually better this University. One of the issues we will address is a Prospective Student Program, involving students interested in attending UK. We plan to pair an interested high school senior with a UK student so he or she can see university life first-hand by spending a night in a See SENATE page 5 See SENATE page 5

IEWPOINT

C.A. Duane Bonifer Tom Spak

Man, I can't

People not powerless against leaders

believe this

jerk got elected

Brian Jent

Didyo

Vote

Eastern Europe fighting for right we don't use

At the conclusion of last week's Student Government Association executive branch "debate," moderator J.W. Patterson told the audience that students should be excited about voting in this spring's elections.

about voting in this spring's elections.

Democracy sweeping through Eastern European nations and the Soviet Union should invigorate Americans and cause them to participate more in their own governments, Patterson said. Unfortunately, that probably won't be the case. Few Americans seem to care that 3 million Lithuanians are standing up for their independence against an empire or that Czechoslovakians have formed a new government.

College students are traditionally the worst bloc of voters; many politicians ignore college students while on the campaign trail.

Today and tomorrow elections for SGA president, vice president and senators are held. Usually, only about 15 percent of the student body votes, even though few Western democracies make it as easy to vote as SGA does.

We're not going to pontificate about how this is where political participation begins or that it's not fair to complain about SGA unless you take part in the process.

about SOA unless you take part in the process. If all of the campaign posters, news accounts, letters to the editor and candidates have not moved you to vote, this editorial probably couldn't do much more.

But if you have a valid UK Student ID, take a few minutes to stop by one of the polls and vote. After all, \$3.50 of student activities fees subsidize part of SOA. Voting in the elections can cost you, and besides, people in Romania died for this right.

More senate candidates

Continued from page 4

Beasly thrives on challenges

I have been a Senator at Large for two years and there are

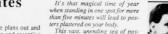
check-cashing

Sheryl Beasley is a candidate for Senator at Large.

Weatherford will intensify SGA

With the same intensity and excitement of Rick Pitino-coached basket-ball game, I, along with Mi-

WEATHERFORD



It's that magical time of year when standing in one spot for more than five minutes will lead to posters plastered on your body. This vast, unending sea of posters can only mean one thing: a huge reduction in the number of trees, which could destroy the Earth's secological balance. Actually, it just means that the annual SGA elections are upon us again. Because of an inadvertent Kernel SGA elections are upon us again. Because of an inadvertent Kernel silp-up, several candidates letters were omitted. In the interest of fuirness, I thought'ld present these extra letters here in place of my usual award-winning comedy joke-fest.

Why do I deserve your vote? Experience. The ticket I'm on has a combined 82 years of experience as human beings. As head beer keg purchaser for the Pheta Beta Theta fraternity, I have handled very large sums of money. In high school, I spent two semesters as assistant treasurer for the French Club, was in charge of bringing pankins to all. in charge of bringing napkins to all student council meetings and re-ceived a Good Citizen Medallion af-ter giving an "I Am An American" speech to our local Kiwanis Club. I



also a two-time blood donor am also a two-time blood donor and have cared for many pets. As you can see, I am more than qualified to hold any office, from SGA Senator to Pope. I would bring the same commitment of excellence to the SGA. Thank you. Rod Bizniff is a candidate for Senator at Large.

As a candidate, I'm for everything, Want a pub on campus? So am I. Want hundreds and hundreds of new programs and services.

pus? So am I. Want hundreds and hundreds of new programs and ser-vices, designed to turn UK into a veritable branch office of heaven? So do I. Want to spend millions of dollars to make those programs possible? So do I. Want an increase possible? So do I. Want an increase in your futifion to pay for all that? No? Then neither do I. My platform is simple: I am for everything under the sun, without explaining how I would pay for it until after the election. But just remember one thing: if you're for it, I'm for it. Melody Fogburn is a candidate for the funny farm.

As vice president of the UK Alliance of Burned-Out Would-Be Hippies, I feel that SGA doesn't tackle enough world issues. As an SGA senator, I would support a resolution demanding that the United States end its military presence in Vietnam, Gettysburg and Valley Forge. In fact, I support an immediate disbanding of the Union. As an SGA senator, I hope to return UK to the activist spirit of the 1960s, when people got stoned on milkweed, blew up ROTC buildings and said things like "vibes." I would support a resolution urging the United States to invade a country so that we would have something good to protest. You may think all this would leave SGA with no time to vote on important campus issues that affect you. Well, when you think about it, that might not be such a bad idea. Tom "Abbie" Planneg is a candidate for an insane asylum.

As assistant deputy rush chair-weep for the I Debug Thi I research

As assistant deputy rush chairman for the I Phelta Thi fraternity. I support an SGA completely dominated by the greek community. As a senator, I would fight for legislation giving all power to the campus' various fraternities and sororities. Everyone else would be powerless. Vote for me while you still have a choice. Ron "Ron"

banan academy.

More than a list of candidates, it's actually a glowing tribute to the spirit of American democracy, not since Dan Quayle and Wallace Wilkinson have such high-calibles office-seckers greed our hallot.

After reading this column, some will claim that Jam saying "don't vote." I am saying nothing of the kind. I plan on voting, and you should as well.

Next year, when the members of SGA do something we disagree with, I will have the satisfaction of knowing that I spoke out. I am not powerless to step these people from doing the things they do. I woted. I control them — they do not control me.

If you are dissatisfied with SGA, then wore. Write letters to this pa-

If you are dissatisfied with SGA, then vote. Write letters to this paper, Talk to people. In general, kick some SGA but once in a while. Run for office yourself.

A noted journalist, H.L. Mencken, said that the American people get about what they deserve when voting. If you don't vote, or you vote for stupid reasons, you are getting about what you deserve.

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PORTS

The system

Bill Curry's philosophy: discipline and desire

Don't expect to hear what a good football team UK has this year any time soon. The UK cadets have, according to their general, a long road of practice and pain before they can call themselves a Curry-caliber squadrum.

What you'll hear instead is a lot of grunting and screaming as the players apply liniment to sore muscles and wounded egos. Key words here: Hard work, you can't hit, intensity, hit and hit again, and hard work.

work.
"We'll meet at 6:30 a.m. tomorrow, men," defensive backs coach Rick Smith said to his squad after the Monday scrimmage. Smith's backs allowed three, count-flower, count-flower, count-flower, count-flower, count-flower, count-flower, men, we'll keep on going until you get it right! No more bombs, men. No more bombs, men. No more bombs, men. No more bombs, men. No more bombs." Yes, the Curry can has begun and these spring practices have the feel more of an army boot camp than a college football practice.
Sometimes at practice, you get

Sometimes at practice, you get the strange feeling that a stiff char-acter standing in a jeep wearing dark sunglasses and puffing harshly

Bob NORMAN

letiny rice and the troops.

It's a system, folks — a strict system designed to produce champi-

Curry disciplines his team like a drillmaster, and he wants them to play on the field like outlaws. With an industrial management degree from Georgia Tech under his belt, he understands and utilizes the primary principle of the psychology of motivation: The more someone suffers trying to reach a goal, the top the propose of the propose of the propose of the propose of the real quality of his original goal.

goal.

The players are responding to the added pressure and higher expectations with vigor and, understandably, a bit of confusion. One senses that the players know that praise

won't come easy from their coaches and that they are truly motivated to stand out in the crowd of nobodies — nobodies, that is, until they are recognized by Curry.

I need to learn the system, adapt to the system, get more aggressive, those words are about as close to a UK foothall player's battle call as you'll hear at this point.

And this is just what Curry wants. This is his style, He, like all great motivators from fratuly presidents to army commanders, knows that the more a player is old he for it any good, then the more that player will strive to prove that he is the best.

That is, if he is really meant to

he is the best.
That is, if he is really meant to wear the UK football uniform.
Undoubtedly, the former Alabam and Georgia Tech head coach expects a lot.
And his players know his expectations are high. And, as Curry will tell you, a quality football player tries his hardest to live up to — or down to — a respected coach's expectations.

down to — a respected coach's ex-pectations.

Curry has been on the other side
of the line. He played and studied
under the king of modivators — the
late Vince Lombard's for the 1966Of Green Bay Packers.

Not only did he play, but he
played that unerviable, get-down
and-get-way-dirty center position.

You know the one, the one
where you snap the football upthrough your legs to the quarterback and then get smashed by the
defensive nose guard as you try to
get your head up out of your hindquarters.

He knows the trenches of foot-ball as well as anyone. That, how-ever, provides very little coaching

ing days (he played profession football from 1966-1974 with for

teams, including one appearance in the coveted Pro Bowl) that separates him from other coaches. It's the "vision thing," man—the "vision thing," He sees and wants to build what he regards as "the perfectly disciplined will." And when he talks about it his eyes intensely focus on something maybe a foot from his face that isn't there — or perhaps something no one else in the room can see.

can see.

Maybe he spies, when he stares
at that point in midair, the intangible quality called intensity. Guts.
Blind discipline. Or something like

that.

He says — with his eyes still focused on the intangible — that he believes teams play at certain levels of competitive intensity, and he always wants his team to play at the optimum level on the intensity scale.

his players. "Don't wallow in self-pity. Get up, follow the football, and go at it!"

and go at it!"

Gone are the days of defensive tackles, linebackers, and corner-backs. Here are the days of "strikes, will and hits," respectively. Strong safeties in Curry's defensive termi-



Wildcat football coach Bill Curry, in his first year at UK, lectures to his team at a recent practice at Shively Sports Center.

and the Rover.

The titles tell the tale. Curry wants intensity, he wants strikes and hits; he wants his defensive players to play like outlaws robbing the offensive banks with both guns loaded. He wants aggressive, attacking football unlike UK has

point, if they ever do reach it, you can bet they are going to fight with everything they have to maintain and even heighten it.

All the time applying that liniment to heal the wounds that hardnosed, winning football demands.

Senior Staff Writer Robert Nor-man is journalism junior and a Ker-nel sports columnist.

Attention

Student Organization Assembly Delegates

Meeting changed to Wednesday March 28th at 7:30

in room 106 Student center. Most important meeting of the semester

Elections-April 12th

Also: SOA Sweatshirts available in room 106 Cash/Check and carry only.

Bat Cats use 23-hit attack to pound Morehead 21-6

MOREHEAD, Ky. — The Bat Cats played outside the tough Southeastern Conference yesterday by traveling to Ohio Valley Con-ference member Morehead State

By looking at the box score the Bat Cats' opponent looked more like a Little League foe than a Division I school, as UK defeated the Golden Eagles 21-6.

Leading the 23-hit UK attack was senior third baseman Vince Castaldo, who went 4-for-6 with a home run and five RBIs. Castaldo's home run was his seventh on the

The win improved the Bat Cats record to 16-6. Morehead dropped picked up the victory. Morehead



the Bat Cats
were shortstop
Brandy Wilson
(four hits) and
catcher Billy
Thompson
(kithree RBIs).
Rightfelder
Rick Norton and designated hitter
steve Casey also contributed home
runs.

sive stars for the Bat Cats

Morehead first baseman Kenny Meadows had three hits, including his first round-tripper of the season. Junior lefthander Adrian Adkins

year. Other offen-

starter Bud Newsome (2-3) was tagged with the loss.

•ON DECK for the Bat Cats is Eastern Kentucky University today. The 3 p.m. game will be played on the EKU campus in Richmond,

Reds' Rijo has sights on team's No. 1 spot

PLANT CITY, Fla. — Jose Rijo didn't want to leave the Cincinnati Reds' bullpen two years ago. Now he wants to be their No. I starter. Rijo opened the Reds' exhibition season with two innings Monday night in a 4-1 victory over Toron-to. Manager Lou Piniella chose Rijo because the right-hander seemed farther along than his other starters.

seemed farther along than his other starters.

It was fine with Rijo, who already has his sights set on something higher — starting for the Reds on Opening Day,

"That's my No. 1 goal this year," he said, "Every pitcher's got different goals. My first one is to the opening day pitcher, then to make the All-Start team and pitch in the World Series.

the World Series.
"That Opening Day start would mean a lot to me. If I accomplish it, I would be right where I want to

be."

Just two years ago, he knew right where he wanted to be — anywhere but in the rotation.

Rijo was madea middle reliever when the Reds obtained him from Oakland in the trade for Dave Park-

He did so well in relief — a 6-1 cord, 2.20 earned run average in record, 2.20 earned run average in 30 appearances — that he was unhappy when Pete Rose made him a

happy when Pete Rose made him a starter.

He's a much different pitcher now. Working with his father-inal, Hall of Famer Juan Marichal, has taught him how to approach the game mentally.

"I have so much confidence and I believe in myself," he said. "I don't make too many mistakes when I'm ready. I just want to be ready for opening day."

At the moment, he has as good a chance of starting April 9 in Houston as anybody on the staff.

Danny Jackson, the team's ace

ton as anybody on the staff.

Danny Jackson, the team's ace
starter, fell behind in his offseason
workouts because of union activities and isn't expected to be ready
to pitch by April 9.

Tom Browning also is behind
schedule, leaving Rijo and righthanders Ron Robinson and Rick
Mahler as the top veteran starters.
Pinicilal doesn't expect to name
his opening starter until next week.



happened one afternoon

It was the day before the big midterm

Steve and Becky had been studying together for most of the day, and both were exhausted. Numerals and letters of the alphabet danced in front of their eyes, keeping them from paying attention to the topics at hand. They needed a break.

Both were having cravings. Becky desparately wanted some coffee . . . not just plain coffee but gourmet. She also wanted some cheesecake. Steve was craving something cooler, like some ice cream or frozen yogurt. They were both caught up in their cravings when suddenly they both looked up at

each other and, smiling, exclaimed "Coffeeshop!"

When they got to the Coffeeshop in the Student Center they found everything they had been craving. They found John Conti gourmet coffee and assorted special bakery goods, as well as tasty ice cream and delicious frozen yogurts.

The next day Steve and Becky did extremely well on their tests because they had become revived enough to keep studying the night before. They are now involved in research concerning the laws of probability.

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> Wildcat: Grill:

Student : Center :

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PRE MEDS
AED's next meeting will be Thurs. March 29, 7:30 p.m. 85 116. This week's topic is AIDS. Every-body's welcome

University uses Merit Weekends to attract top high school students

In two weeks hundreds of potential UK freshmen will be on campus for the 1990 Merit Weekends. Top high school seniors from across the country will arrive on campus to find out more about UK.

To be invited to one of the Merit Weekends, students must have ap-plied for admission to UK and must have a composite score of at least 27 on the American College Test or a combined score of 1100 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test.

tour the campus and get a feel for the University, said Anne Seaberg, a student assistant at Merit Week-ends. During Merit Weekends, students

"This will give them a chance to really see what we are like," Sea-berg said. "They will have a better chance to deal with people they may be in classes with."

Seaberg attended Merit Weekend before her freshman year. She said that although she was seriously considering UK, "Merit Day really clinched it for me."

Another advantage students re-ceive by attending the weekends is

ences, in-end Merit coming freshmen who attend Mer Weekend have first pick at classes

Weekend have first pick at classes.

"It is a really good advantage, since they get to register early and get in sections they want," Scaberg said. "They will be the first people to register and pick up their classes."

es."
"Since better students have more choices available to them, it helps them get registration and advising out of the way," said Don Witt of the Registrar's Office. "Then they can sit back after the weckend and decide whether they like (UK). Since these are top students, who have a lot of decisions to make."

The University expects about 300

The University expects about 300 udents this year for both Merit /eekends, Witt said.

"We keep them (Merit Week-ends) relatively small because if they get too large, you are losing the point of the program," Witt said

Witt said that part of the reason why the Merit Weekends are so popular is because of the personal attention and laid-back atmosphere they provide.

"I think the students are impressed that UK will take the time to welcome them," Witt said. "They are impressed by the time the whole staff takes with them."

Student assistants play a big part in making the participants of Merit Weekends feel at ease, Witt said.

"They feel students are more ap-proachable, and they feel like they can get a down-to-earth answer from students," he said. Merit Weekends have been successful so far, Witt said. He said that 90 percent of the students who attend Merit Weekends enroll at UK.

"It helps us reach our goal of recruiting and retaining students." he said. "We can help the students reach their goals in their major, and they can help us reach our goals because we want those top students."

cause we want those top students."
The 1990 Merit Weekends will be held March 30-31 and April 6-7. The program will include placement exams and fine arts performances on Friday. Saturday students will attend a welcome from Chancellor for the Lexington Campus Robert Hemenway and various interest sessions before meeting with their academic advisers and registering for classes.

Cuba jams TV Marti **UK GOP** endorses

WASHINGTON — The Bush administration began beaming American television to Cuba yesterday — MITV videos, a 1971 World Series tape and a rerun of "Kate and Allie" — but the communist government jammed the transmissions and accused the United States of agpression. "We regret that Cuba has refused to permit the free flow of information and ideas," State Department spokeswoman Margaret Tutwiler said. The UK chapter of the College Republicans endorsed three candidates for the Student Government Association elections at their Monday night meeting. Sarah Coursey received the endorsement for "putting students first and for her vast experience in student government," according to Alan Cornett, College Republicans chairman. Coursey is opposed by Chris Woolume.

Testing the long-planned TV
Marti began on Channel 13 at 1:45
a.m. EST. In Havana, viewers saw
a test pattern "strong and clear."
Two hours later came videos
from MTV dubbed in Spanish, the
World Series tape and an episode
of "Kate and Allie," the longrunning sitcom about two divorced
women who share a Manhautan
apartment with their children.
After that, viewers saw "a report
on the success of Hispanies in this
country," said Jorge Mas Canosa, acciding to Viata Context.

College Republicans chairman. Coursey is opposed by
Chris Woolums.

John Middleton received the endorsement for College of Arts & Sciences Senator for "his stand on spending students' money wisely and his innovative ideas in student advising and unity,"
Cornett said, Middleton opposes Kim Cagle.

For College of Business & Economics Senator Greg
O'Connell was endorsed for his ideas of "a more student-oriented career day" and better B & E study areas, Cornett said. O'Connell faces Dennis Hester and Kristi Keoughan.

ti. Frank Calzon, who heads the Washington office of Freedom House, a pro-democracy group, blasted TV Marti's show selection. "The programs stink," said Calzon, a Cuban exile who is a long-time TV Marti supporter. He said the debut should have featured the opening of the Berlin Wall and the Chilean and Nicaraguan elections. Officials of the Voice of America responded that the programming

Officials of the Voice of America responded that the programming was aimed at determining the technical feasibility of the transmissions more than influencing Cuban public opinion.

While viewers in outlying areas of Havana had few problems during the five-hour test, residents of downtown Havana encountered the signal of a Cuban jamming transmitter after the first 23 minutes of the test pattern. Mas Canosa said that Cuban President Fidel Castro jammed three domestic stations as

that Cuban President Fidel Castro jammed three domestic stations as well, in case TV Marti changed channels. Cuban spokesmen have said they would retaliate beyond the jam-ming, but there was no immediate

Low turnout expected for SGA race

Continued from page 1

College of Agriculture vote from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. After 3 p.m. they can vote in either Margaret I. King Library or at Donovan, Blazer or Complex-Commons cafeterias from 4:30 to 7 p.m. Law students vote in the Law Building from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Students in the colleges of Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing, Pharmacy and Allicel Health vote in the Nursing Building from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Voting for graduate, library sciences and education students is at King Library from 9 am. to 7 pm. Education students also can vote at the Student Center from 10 am. to 2 pm. and in the Donovan, Blazer or Complex-Commons cafeterias from 4:30 to 7 pm. Engineering, architecture, fine arts, social work, arts and sciences, and communication making votes.

and communication majors vote at King from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Home economics students vote at the Business & Economics Build-

Engineering, arts and sciences and communication majors also vote in the Student Center from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. and at Donovan, Blazer or Complex-Commons cafeterias from 4:30 to 7 p.m.

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Senate committee passes tax bill

Associated Press

FRANKFORT, Ky. — A few more goodies were tacked onto the Senate shopping list before the Appropriations and Revenue Committee approved the S8.9 billion biennial budget yesterday.

Another new community college building, golf course improvements and campsites at a state park, and raises for attorneys working for the state were among the additions.

The budget committee also approved additional retirement benefits for prison guards and effectively eliminated the railroad commission by January 1992.

The changes the committee made must be ratified by the full Senate and concurred with by the House before they become part of the state spending plan for the next two years.

The Senate is scheduled to vote

years.

The Senate is scheduled to vote on its version of the budget today.

Differences between the Howes and Senate versions will be re-solved during closed conferences later this week.

The activity in the committee just before approval of the budget continued the practice of the previous three days, when money was earmarked for pet projects.

three days, when money was ear-marked for pet projects.

The committee added \$3 million for a classroom building at the southwest campus of the Jefferson Community College.

Development of 40 campsites and improvements to the golf course at Lincoln Homestead State Park in Washington County would

and improvements to the golf course at Lincoin Homestead State Park in Washington County would be paid for with a \$700,000 addition to the budget. The minimum salary for lawyers in the attorney general's office and the Department of Public Advocacy would be increased by about \$4,000 at a cost of about \$500,000. Corrections Cabinet officers have along sough what is known as hazardous duly retirement, which provides greater benefits after a shorter working life. The Senate committee of the provides greater benefits after a shorter working life. The Senate committee added about \$5.9 million to the budget to pay for the improved benefits.

Sen. Benny Ray Bailey, D-Hindman, added the new section on the railroad commission, an anach-

findman, added the new section on the railroad commission, an anach-tonism of Kentucky's century-old

ronism of Kentucky's Lennary constitution.
Yet the state still elects three commissioners, who are paid an annual salary of \$3,000 with the chairman getting \$3,600. The budget for the entire railroad commission this year is \$84,800.
Bailey's proposal would allow the three commissioners to divide the \$70,000 appropriation in 1991 and \$80,000 in 1992 to open offic-

es in their districts.

But funding for the entire commission would cease with the end of the terms of the incumbent members in January 1992.

The committee also added about \$120 million to the education funding package with more basic state and for schools, more money to match additional local efforts.

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Still Life



Note from the Editors

This is the fourth year the Kentucky Kernel has published Still Life as a forum for the creative work of the University of Kentucky community. For this edition we chose to showcase poetry because of the strength of this year's poe-

try submissions.

As in the past three years, Still Life is presenting works by the winners of the Department of English's three annual literary awards. The Dantzler-Farquhar Awards recognize some of the best undergraduate writing at UK, Dantzler for fiction and Farquhar for poetry. These awards were established in 1953 in honor of two UK English professors, Lehre Livingston Dantzler and Edward Franklin Farquhar, who aught a combined total of 85 years here. Additionally, the department awards the Academy of American Poets Award recognizing the top poetry within the whole University. These awards will be presented formally at the Department of English's Awards Day Ceremony on April 18.

The poetry awards are given on the basis of the strength of the total submissions of a writer, not for one specific poem, so we selected three poems from the collection submitted by

each writer and runner-up.
Lastly, we wish to thank everyone who submitted their work to Still Life and regret that due to space limitations we were able to print only a fraction of it.

– Julie Esselman and Meredith Little Co-editors Still Life 1990

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3:30 A.M
The Short Straw
Farquhar Award Winner
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American Academy of Poets Award Runner-up
The Work of Poetry
Echoes, William Fugate Duet, Susan Parker Weatherford
Lament, Anjali Bhapkar Talons, Susan Parker Weatherford Reunion of Old Friends at a Bar in St. Louis,
George Bebensee
PHOTOGRAPHS
Cover, J.J. Haws Robin Reichart2
Ted Olson
J.J. Haws



Robin Reichart

3:30 A.M.

- Melissa A. Wilson

My insomnia lies next to me, a Great Aunt come to visit, unexpectedly kicking me with her leg spasms that jerk me suddenly upright. I look up at my headboard leaning over me like the scaffolding of a guillotine.

I thrash about on my lumpy mattress like a homesick Girl Scout sent off unwillingly to summer camp, rolling and sliding in her slick mummy-bag onto acoms and twigs, shifting away from roots that push, pricked by fallen holly leaves, poked by small sharp stones.

Feverish, I smell my dank intrinsic odor like the unwashed hair of my little sister hot and sweaty from the rusty slide at the city park's playground. I claw at the cold wetness of the sheets, their threads imbedded under my fingernails the dull pressure of a newly filled tooth.

Trapped by the dusty darkness under my bed, I sink into its desert-swamp of night-terrors the swelling muck filling my mouth with clumps of old sock lint, small body hairs, dried hangnails, after-bath powder gone rancid and shreds of used facial tissue.

Raking out the putrid waste of my entropy,
I dig in my mouth with my fingers, thrusting at the dry-rot with my tongue,
gagging, panting carefully like a scuba diver through his regulator dragged
by a bottom current face-first in the decaying sand of the ocean's floor.

I resign myself to a vigil of exhaustion and lie woodenly in my bed like a surgery patient who submits to spinal anesthesia, awake but numb.

Dantzler Award Winner

Greg Puckett

THE SHORT

I drew my straw and palmed it behind my back; it was short.
They knew; relief flooded

their eyes, but as the ritual goes, each picked their straw, each took their chance.

I closed my eyes and breathed the cold, night air, breathed the cold, night air, wishing I just had a cigarette, but Thorny wasn't sharin'. He never did. God, I hated Thorny, hated his goddamned ideas; hated the way he talked: "You dumbshits, you dumbshits," he called us. I hated his looks; hated his strength, his control, goddamn him. He was always near. him. He was always near, waiting to put us down, to get us in trouble, or something. His threats hovered above us like balloons dancing on the point of a needle — one wrong word, one wrong look, and Thorny ex-ploded. He feared nothing, and no one. He didn't care what anybody thought, he didn't care about anything. He had no friends; me and Kieter and Cherry stayed around him because we were afraid of him, scared of what he might do to us. Tonight, if I hadn't come to the park, he would've come to my house, and banged on the door 'til my parents woke up. And my parents hat-ed Thorny. They'd warned me about him; he's a troublemaker, they said, keep away from him. They hated him, almost as much as I did.

Now, at the Cressy park, he said, "Hey asshole, show your straw.

I opened my eyes. The pale moonlight shined on Thorny's face, illuminating his grin; he mocked me, he was gloating.

I said, "Screw you," and threw my straw to the ground. I turned and walked to the swings and sat down. Gently, I rocked back and forth with my rocked back and forth with my head tilted up, gazing at the man in the moon and his round, white face. The man in the moon was laughing – mocking me the way Thorny did – cause he knew I'd pulled my last straw. He knew I was at the he knew I'd pulled my last straw. He knew I was at the end. No more Thorny, after to-night. I closed my eyes and pushed against the ground and

leaned forward so the swing could go higher, reach the stars (above the moon). The cold air burned my face, and made my nose run, and I shiv-

ered.
Somewhere in the quiet night, Thorny asked, "Hey Crip, you wimpin' out?"
"Yeah, you-uh wimpin' out?" Cherry echoed, his whiny voice cracking and breaking and changing in mid-

I didn't answer. I pushed the swing harder and higher, keeping my eyes closed and my hands gripped to the cold, icy chain. A minute went by in my darkness and I heard Kieter mutter, "Leave him alone. Leave him alone." And I knew

Thorny was near.

"Shhh; be quiet," he said to Kieter, and must've held his fingers to his lips. I guess, he thought with my eyes closed, I couldn't hear.

With each swing, the cold air grew colder, my self-imposed blindness became

darker, and I knew Thorny was closer. Maybe, at the bottom of the swing, I thought. I was scared; he'd hurt me if he could, he'd bruise me, and wouldn't

bother him a bit. He didn't give a damn, it didn't matter to him. I didn't need his kind of pain, I didn't need his hurt. I didn't need anything from

him. Nothing.
I had to stop him.

At the top of my glide, I opened my eyes and let go and tumbled through the air, falling to the hard dirt. I turned, and watched Thorny and ing to the hard cirr. I turned, and watched Thorny and Cherry grab an empty, lifeless swing. Confused, they turned to me, their little, round eyes wondering how I'd escaped

their grasps.
I'd landed painfully on my knees and was slowly rising.
"No," I whispered.
No one heard me, so I said
it again, and Thorny said

I limped to Thorny, and Kieter was at my side, as he always was. If it weren't for Kieter, I'd have been all But he was always my side or on my side or willing to be. I guess, he was like a brother. In a fight, he would've taken a punch for me, if he could've. I trusted him

"What'd you say?" Thorny

I said, "No. No, I'm not out,

gimme a cigarette."
"Screw you; buy your own."
"Sure, shithead," I whispered to myself. Always, he did this to me, keeping his cigarettes to himself, or some-thing. Goddamn, I hated him. He was such a bastard.

"How the hell do you know it's safe?" I asked. "I just do."

"Don't give me that. Tell

me."

Thorny shook his head.
"Don't ask me how I know
what I know. I just know,

His eyes were wide and dark and he

said, "You don't have to do this, you

know? I don't trust Thorny. There's

something he's not telling us."

okay? I know things." Without another word, he turned away, walked to the big slide and climbed to the top, as if he were the king of the mountain; maybe, he thought he was. Up top, he stood tall and looked around the black park, probably only seeing the lights of Highway 87 and the little downtown of Cressy and the water tower. Up high, motionless, he looked as though he were watching for a thunderstorm or something. Kieter grabbed my shoul-

der and stood between me and Thorny.
"What?" I asked.

His eyes were wide and dark and he said, "You don't have to do this, you know? I

don't trust Thorny. There's something he's not telling us." It was spoken in a church whisper, soft and careful, but Thorny knew what he'd said.

Thorny knows everything.

The king jumped up on his mountain. "Leave him alone!" mountain. "Lea Thorny yelled.

Kieter turned to Thorny: "YOU leave him alone!" screamed.

The words echoed in the air and each of us — even Thorny — waited to see wha what

Thorny's reaction would be.
"You asshole!" he said and glided down the slide; at the bottom, he landed on his feet, and rushed toward Kieter, shoved him to the ground, threatening, "Don't ever do that again! Never again! NEVER, EVER, AGAIN! Do you hear me. Can you under-stand?" Kieter hadn't resiststand?" Kieter hadn't resisted; he'd just fallen to the dirt,
and sat there, his innocent
eyes staring fearfully, a tear
falling down his face. I
stepped in front of Thorny and
said, "Let 'em
alone ... I said I
was doing it,
fair's fair: just

fair's fair; just gimme a cigar-ette." Thorny shook his head, but head, without word, reached into his jacket pocket and

tossed me the pack of Camels tossed me the pack of Camels. I asked for a light and he flipped me his lighter, and I lit the cigarette. I filled my lungs with warm, black air, and held it in a least air. and held it in as long as I could without choking; it settled my nerves

I reached for Kieter's hand and pulled him up from the ground. "Don't worry about me," I said. "I can take care of myself; okay?" He nodded. I said, "Let's go, let's get it over with."

Thorny sang, "The Crip's gonna pay the piper.'

His name was Malachi

James Thornberry.
On his first day at Cressy
High, last year, he told us to

call him Thorny or Thorn or Thornberry. Anything but Malachi or James. "The girls at Evan's High, they called me horny Thorny," he said.

By the end of his first week he'd named each of us: Kieth was Kieter the peter; Terry was the Cherry; and I became the Cripple.

I guess I earned the name.
Only five days at Cressy, and he'd bullied his way into the group; or maybe, he created his own group and made us part of it, without asking us. It was almost as if he expect-ed us to follow blindly, as if he thought we'd do every thing he said. And we did Stupidly, we listened to his stupidly, we listened to his every word and watched his every move, and tried to please him by doing every-thing he did and everything he asked. He cursed, so we cursed; he smoked, so we smoked. If we didn't do what he said, he'd tease us and call us names and threaten us. We lived in fear of Thorny, we hated Thorny. We didn't al-ways do what he said. We paid hell when we didn't. Thorny knew what we were ashamed of, and always used it against us when he wanted his way. That's the way his mean mind worked, he didn't

care, Goddamn him.

By the end of his first week, Thorny had named everyone but me. He needed a name I hated, a name that was so much a part of me, that I couldn't deny it and wouldn't deny it. He wanted to make me hate him. I know it. He wanted to control me, with

hate and fear.

It was the Friday of his first week, and we were in his parents' den, talking and goofing off. Thorny was bored. "So, George, you ever played Russian Roulette?" he asked.
I shook my head.

"Do you want to play?"
Even then, I could tell he was mocking me. The bastard's eyes flashed spiritedly, and his lips curved up on the ends

into a smile, enjoying the sub-

"Come on." He reached into a desk drawer and pulled out a black and oily pistol, his father's gun. "Are you a sissy or somethin'?"

God, I hated that. I wanted to kill him. When he taunted like this, it was like someone was hitting me over the head with a baseball bat or in the knees. I stared him in the eye and said. "No. man.

And then I wanted to leave. Everything in my soul told me to get the hell out of there. But I stayed. I watched him But I stayed. I watched him manipulating us, knowing we couldn't win. We'd only lose.

Thorny turned to the othe two. "Cherry and Kieter will play, won't ya?" They glanced at me and I closed my eyes, not wanting to make the decision for them; but they an-swered with silence. "What? Are you all a bunch of faggots mething?

"Leave them alone," I said. Thorny rolled his eyes. "Do you think the gun's loaded? Do you think I'm an idiot or somethin'?"

I didn't answer. I stared at him, hoping he'd let it be and we'd all leave the house, safe and free. But he answered my silence by saying, "So play; it's just a game, no one's going to die. Okay?"

"I won't put a gun to my head," I said.

Thorny laughed. "So, put it against your foot or somethin'. doesn't matter. I'll even go first.

I looked to Terry and Keith, and they were both looking at me, so I nodded at looking at me, so I nodded at Thorny, and he put the gun to his head. The chamber was rolling; when it stopped, he pulled the trigger, click. And he smiled. "Empty," he said. "Next." The gun went clockwise around the table — Terry wise around the table — Terry was next, then Keith, and I was last. Terry put the gun to his foot, and closed his eyes and squeezed the trigger, click; he opened his eyes and smiled. "I'm alive," he said and handed the gun to Keith, who quickly twisted the chamber and fired at his foot, click. He sat the gun on the table and looked at me. "You don't have to do it. va know?" don't have to do it, ya know?" he said. I nodded, but picked the gun up and turned the chamber and put the cold barrel to my bare foot; looking into Thorny's eyes, I pulled the trigger — bam! The sound shocked me; for a brief second, I tried to figure out where it came from. And then I felt the down to my foot and saw red blood and the smoking gun and passed out.That's all I remem-ber — my scarlet foot and the roaring pain and the smell of the pistol ...

That's I'm called Crip.

"So why are you so distant?"

My mind fo-cused, and I glanced at Thorny's dark shape. It was af-ter midnight and we were crossing the path in the path in darkness, heading toward the railroad tracks. Cherry and Cherry walked Kieter walked about ten steps in front of us. "Just thinkin'," I

"About what?

limped about five paces and rubbed my

forehead.
"Thinkin' 'bout the pain in my foot, ya know." And I had been. It was aching, and it was all I could do not to think about it.

He asked. "Does it hurt?"

'Yeah," I said and tossed my arms out at my side and clenched my fists, like Christ at his crucifixion. "On cold days, it's like nails," I said. days, it's like nails," I said.
"Every step is the pounding of
a hammer and I ignore it. And
when it rains, my foot swells
and I can't walk at all without a crutch or a cane. If I do, it's like a sledgehammer crushing the nerves and bones, all the way up to my knee,

But he answered my silence by saying, "So play; it's just a game, no one's going to die. Okay?"

and my legs buckle from the

He was silent for a second, and then asked, "Do you blame me?"

I thought about it. "Yeah," admitted.

"Can you forgive me?"
"Should I?"

He stopped walking and I stood next to him, waiting his answer and dreading his retaliation. For thirty seconds, he was motionless and then he

reached to me and touched my shoulder with his fingertips, and just as sudden, his hand and just as sudgen, his many withdrew. "No," he said, "Don't forgive me." He ran his hand through his long hair, and whispered, "I didn't mean to do it; I checked the gun, there were no bullets, if there were, I wouldn't have let anyone pull the trigger." For a second, I thought he ror a second, I thought he would cry; but no, this wasn't real. It was a mask of sympathy; he was an actor, playing a role. "It shouldn't have happened; I'm sorry," he said.

I wanted to believe him. God, it was so real, so true. But that wasn't Thorny. He didn't know pain. I shook my head and brushed past him and then stopped and turned and said, "No Thorny, you're not sorry." His mask broke and he smiled. I said, "You don't care; you don't feel don't care; you don't feel guilty for anything, do you?" His eyes lit up and he laughed and stepped past me, and laughed again and continued to giggle as he walked away. "Thorny, don't do this," I said, but he kept walking. I jumped behind him and grabbed his shoulder and twirled him around. I yelled, "Listen to me, damnit!"

Anger raged in his face. He

Anger raged in his face. He didn't like being touched, controlled. "What? What the

hell do you want?"
I backed down. mind; nothing. Just forget it.

Thorny turned and ran to Kieter and Cherry.

In silence, we walked the rails, toward the south end of town, through the suburbs and stockyards. Once we had to jump off into the underbrush to dodge a train. For about five minutes, the train chugged by, and I closed my eyes. The ground was cold and wet, and my foot was hurting. The train's steady hum soothed my mind and helped me forget the pain and cold, and I nearly fell asleep. Finally, the train passed and we climbed up the embankment and kep walking. They stayed ahead of me; occasionally, I paused and took the weight from my foot, and waited until the sting had calmed to a throb. In the darkness, they disappeared from my sight, but I could have them and least could hear them and kept walking. Again, my mind was soothed in the aloneness, and I walked without consciousness.
The pain faded, and I was lost
inside myself and my thoughts.

For a while, Thorny wasn't in my mind.

I nearly fell over them.

"Watch where you're goin'," Cherry whispered. They were sitting on the cold, steel tracks, and Thorny was smoking a cigarette, the red coal irradiating his face. His eyes were glazed and dis-tant; he stared into the darkness at nothing. Then he woke

from the trance, and said. You ready to pay the piper?"
"Sure, sure. Why not?" I

"Your foot okay?" The corners of his mouth edged up into a smile as he mocked me; he knew my pain. I ignored the question and asked for a cigarette, and Thorny passed me the Camels. "Take the pack," he said. I knocked a pack," he said. I knocked a cigarette out of the pack and put it in my mouth, and checked my pockets for a match; seeing that I didn't find one Thorny held out his cigarette and said, "Here, use this." I pressed the tel-I pressed the tobacco end of my cigarette against the glowing end of his, and pulled his flame into mine, like blood brothers pressing cuts together.

As I smoked my cigarette we quietly looked through the trees into the backyards of the south end's ritzy houses and Thorny spoke of my mission. "The house with the swim-ming pool," he said and point-ed to a large white-brick structure with a redwood deck. "That's the Reverend's house. The window at the right will be open; it doesn't have a screen, and the lock on it is broken. That's Elaine's room-

"How the hell do you know?" Kieter asked.

Thorny ignored the question. "Just pull out and lift the window, it'll slide up easy. Then you've got it made; climb



Ted Olson

into the room, there's nothing under the window to get in your way ... climb in and find a bar of soap. No, no. Find some lipstick. The Reverend's room is on the second floor You can't miss it. On his mirror, write, I'll see you in hell, and sign it, the Screamin' Demon, or something like that."
Thorny laughed at the thought of this; I shivered.
"What if someone's home?"

"There's no one home. I didn't trust him. I closed

my eyes and asked, "How do you know?"

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'Me and Elaine..." he began but wouldn't finish. "Ne mind," he said, shaking but wouldn't finish. "Never mind," he said, shaking his head. "Crip, it's time." I stared at him, and wondered what he was hiding, and then I nodded.

Yeah, it is," I said. "This is the last straw, Thorny."
He nodded. "I know." I smashed the butt of my

cigarette on the track and stood and said, "If there's trouble, help me." I turned and slid down the hill and climbed the chain-link fence and looked around. The yard was large, with land mines strewn about wildly in the strewn about wildly in the darkness. The larger of these obstacles were outlined by the moonlight; I could see the shapes of a diving board and lawn furniture and a small shapes of a diving board and lawn furniture and a small storage shed. Everything else was in shadows. The house hulked darkly in the background, and tiny spears of fear crept into my heart; I was ready to turn back and go But I didn't. No, I've home. got to do this, I told myself and closed my mind. I crept through the yard, keeping my eyes open and my ears clear, staying in the shadows and bent close to the ground. As I passed the swimming pool, I looked into its darkness and wondered if it still had water; I listened and didn't hear the splashing of waves and concluded it'd been drained for the winter. Finally, I reached the edge of the house and stopped and looked around. Silence and blackness pre-vailed. There were no cars, valied. Inere were no cars, there were no lights in the house. There was nothing to prove Thorny wrong; I was forced to trust him. I leaned against the brick and listened to my steady breathing and my constant heartbeat. Real-ly, that's all I should've trusted. Just myself; nothing

Once more, I looked around and saw nothing but darkness. It's time, the piper's waiting, I thought.

I turned to the window and pulled it toward me and lifted; it gently slid up, as if it'd been oiled. I parted the curtains and peered into the dark room, and saw only shadows. Little specks of fear trickled down my spine and I shivered. I pushed it from my thoughts, and leaned into the warm room and balanced myself on the ledge with my stomach Lifting my feet from the Lifting my feet from the ground, I leaned further into

Just myself; nothing else.

the room and reached with

my fingertips to the floor. I couldn't reach it, I couldn't see

it. I pressed my hands against the wall and pulled myself further into the darkness; but

still, the floor was out of my grasp. Just a little more, I thought and leaned further

into the room and extended my arms and stretched my fingers,

and I could feel my body slip-

ping, but it was too late to catch myself. I lost my bal-

ance and tumbled through the

window. With my arms out, I landed on my palms and then

collapsed onto my head with a thud, and I groaned.

"What?" Elaine Dehays whispered and a light

flashed on. When she saw me, she screamed, "Oh my God!"

She was laying in bed with the bed covers pulled up to her

scrambled on the floor to the

scrambled on the floor to the window and dove through the opening, my arms extended for protection. My head and body cleared the window, but my knees scraped the ledge and I landed hard on my hands and my fingers arched back to my

forearms - like a symphony of popping knuckles. Ignoring the

pain and wiping back the tears, I stood and ran as hard and as fast as I could toward

the fence. My legs pounded my feet like pistons and pushed

my body forward faster and faster, harder and harder.

The ground was soft and grassy, and then it changed

and was hard concrete and I leaned into my run and ham-mered hard at the concrete,

and then I was running on air. I'm flying, I thought.

And I could feel another force pulling me down and I

stopped running and waved my arms and screamed and groaned and hit the waterless bottom of the swimming pool,

My legs crunched and I assed out thinking, goddam-

I had dreams of flying, of

I woke in a small, white,

ned Thorny.

my soul floating.

Before a second could pass, I

Really, that's all I should've trusted.

cold hospital room and my mother was asleep at my bed-side. I was numb and tired. The casts itched on my arms. My fingers hurt. I closed my eyes and slept.

The next day, the doctor stuck pins in my feet, and I didn't feel them. They told me I'd injured my spine and

crushed my legs. That I had a concussion and had broken my

arms. That I'd broken most of

my fingers. That I'd been in a coma for three days. That I

might not walk again. Never, ever again. For the next three

weeks, I was in and out of

sleep and remember little. It's all fuzzy, like a dream, a nightmare. They fed me pain

pills and kept me high just about all the time.

Finally, I woke up and I could think.

The doctor poked and rubbed and pinched my legs

and was pleased that I showed some response. The needles hurt. When I said I

felt the needles, the doctor smiled and laughed, as though he'd saved my life or

something, and then he said I'd probably walk again. My parents and family visited

me. They brought me books and magazines and flowers, and they skirted around con-

seemed it was taboo. They spoke of the weather and Thanksgiving dinner and my legs and always smiled, al-ways laughed. Like they were hiding something; I knew bet-ter than to ask. No words were mentioned of Kieter and Terry and Thorny, as if they'd never existed. What'd happened that night, I wondered. I worried about Kieter and Terry didn't need Thorny trouble. They couldn't survive Thorny, without me.

All my waking hours, I re-played that night in my mind. Six weeks after I drew the straw, Elaine Dehays visited

face was pale. Her voice was soft and quiet; I had to strain to hear it. "That night never should have happened," she said. "I'm sorry about your said. "I'm sorry about your legs." She looked me over and glanced to the floor. 'So sor-

One afternoon. I was alone and the door opened.

Thorny walked in. "Hey Crip," he said.

I said nothing; I stared him down and kept my emotions controlled.

He smiled. "How're your

versation about that night. It

me. "I'm sorry," she said; her

tired, blue eyes were rimmed with dark circles, and her flipped several strands of onde hair from her eyes, and ry," she whispered; before she cried, she ran out of the room. I felt sorry for her.

Alix Roughen

said, "I'm sorry; that night, I didn't know Elaine was I turned my head and ig-"She hates me now; she won't talk to me. Hell, we

legs? The rumor is that you

can't talk, and won't walk." He looked to the floor and

had a pretty good thing goin' and she knows it. I guess the Reverend knows it, too. He called my parents, and said I'd burn in hell for what I did with his daughter; said I'd given their child sin. He doesn't know the half of it." Thorny laughed and said, "Speakin' of parents, yours called mine, and they've got me goin' to a private school for bad boys; I escaped, for today." For a long time, he looked at me and smiled. "Man," he said, "we had some good times, didn't we? Those were great days; but had it, haven't you? It's over: no more Thorny, no more trou-ble. I haven't seen Kieter and Cherry since that night. You know, I heard you scream and I ran and got home as fast as I could. Kieter stayed and told the police everything. The police know everything. Hey, listen, I've got to go. If your old man finds me talkin' to you, he'll kick my ass. That's what he told my dad. Gotta go, ya know."

He turned and walked to the door and stopped. "Hey, I didn't know she was there. Really. You know, I'm sorry," he said.

I didn't want to speak. I pressed my lips tight, and ground my teeth together, and shut my eyes tight. But I couldn't stop it. Softly, I said, "Like you didn't know the gun was loaded?"

"Yeah, sort of," he said and opened the door and left.

When the door shut, i opened my eyes and breathed deeply, breathed easy.

was cold. I tried stretching the blankets around my skin and finding warmth in the letters, but I trembled. He was gone. There'd be others like him, they'd be every-where. But Thorny had made where but Inorny had made me callous. His violent mind had blunted my feelings and made me strong. My skull was a fortress, a solid barrier to my mind. My skin was hard and my ribs were stone, and nothing could pierce my heart, not even Thorny.

Slowly, the cold passed and a sudden calmness fell over me; I'd found peace. For nearly a year, I'd been at war with myself, with Thorny and it was over; he was gone

I was free.

The Farquhar Award Winner

Meredith Little

Circles and **Bell Jars**

You drew the boundaries around you in the shape of a one-sided circle but I stepped inside
like a child wading into rough surf
hitching up rolled pantlegs.
Then you blew your chalk marks away
to draw the circle tighter without giving me a piece of chalk so I could draw too And we both know that it was a game to pretend I never had one foot in. You asked for nothing as if it could be felt by fingertips, maybe a piece of frosted blue glass I could pull from my insides like a thorn and box and ribbon and say here,

here is nothing.
But how could you have known that it is easier for me to turn inside out a color oceans red with my blood than to give you nothing. You drew your circle and made it a base to lower your bell jar onto.

Tonight I want someone to put their words into my mouth so I don't have to think so I don't have to think to hold my eyes open like stars so I don't have to dream to cover my walls with breathless valentines so I don't have to love.

Don't tell me to hold my own hand, because the silver words etched on every fingertip like titles on a trophy cannot be awarded to myself At least, not tonight.
You, put your words into my mouth
so I can taste goodbyes like yours tonight.

All my gifts and vices - sunrise All my gifts and vices – sunrise and sunset – are Baptist preacher storms marked by blood-red snowflakes each hung under a thumbtack cloud with adhesive paper names below. But you checked the forecast of the night stars and charted your voyage around these storms by staying in the harbor. The push-pin over your name falls to the floor. I am solid rock which gives blood at touch but must shut the eyes and hold the breath to give only water.

You knew not what you asked I knew not what I should hold back but if your choice is to stay in circles then I will hold my hand from tapping on your glass.



Alix Roughen

Cycles

All the people swimming upstream in their drinks on this Friday night were delivered here by the hands of children They had doll's fingers and ice-cream smiles and wore shoes with bronze futures. They rode upon the shoulders of their gods and servants yet feared the ponies on the carousel.

Tonight they rotate in my bar to the organ music of beer and cigarettes dancing together into the straggling times when parents once woke to the hungry cries of the selfish who knew no clocks. The band shoves their tight jeans and gold rings against kewpie dolls swaying in billboard dresses, someone's child in colors beyond pink and blue.

The siren-haired woman at the front table The siren-haired woman at the front table finishes a slanted drink and slides between the music to sit close to her one-man audience. Cigarette dreams weave a blue screen around their game as a tongue peeks between lips blurred by midnight. She holds a hand far more dangerous than daddy's, who once needed only a flannel blanket and a story to protect her long silky braids from the night. Now she plays with bar room mannequins instead of smooth wooden dolls.

In time she will walk alone in the park at dusk and the girls playing hopscotch will avoid her eyes, frightened by the shadow of a tapping cane. She will go home to select dinner for the cats, and doze under crotcheted memories beside a silent phone Mornings she will dust her framed family but never raise the sentries at the eastern windows, afraid of seeing her curled shadow against the wall. The hands move slowly as she frets over where to lunch.

But tonight she does not see what I know as she perches on her man's lap like a ship figurehead for he is tonight's flattering hand-mirror and may later be her flannel blanket. For them the hands do not move, and the band plays only one song.

I watch them all from behind the bar, one hand keeping time against a swollen belly.

Empty Phones

I called her all night. I called her all night.
At 3 a.m. the phone rang and rang
like a post-modern baby bleating for its mother.
I think of the streetlight apartment
left alone to brood and sulk
with its deserted Play-doh sculptures
and the tequila bottles sucked dry
to be resurrected as candle-holders,
wax streaming down their sides to melt
into a place of the processor together into one lake and peer-pressure together into a communal mass before they hit bottom.

She tells me she was tripping. My gut jumps like a cat tail caught under a rocking chair runner. She asks if I am angry I tell her I am not her mother. It is not what she wants to hear or what I think she needs to hear but she pauses and lets go. My tail still twitches.

I know where she is.

I don't understand her dust-heap friends or the weekday nights she does with them, things I did when she had to be in by eleven and her ex-nun mother watchdogged the door. I knew the people in the red-line bars living in apartments sick with dirty wallpaper who slanted like a sheath of papers under the slipping thumbtack of blurry midnights. It took enough time for me to stand straight again that I still cringe at the rolling papers on her kitchen table and the rings of the 3 a.m. phone echoing into the dark.

On the Backs of Shadows

R. agan was re-elected that year, and we were getting stoned with pythagorian regularity each day in Daryle's blue van.

We were kafkaesque cockroaches or acne bodied jews herded into soy-burger cafeteria minds which we were told were our own.

Teachers sat above us then, people who had tried to give birth and never succeeded,

like the woman we read about who lost her child but not her milk and gave her breast to a starving man.

So it was here at fifteen years, three square chairs from the door three from the black board, we learned

perfect paragraph communication

Introduction Body Body Body Conclusion

rough draft reflections and rewrites

wasting our rogue dreams on words of Antigone, like we lost our idle sperm when alone.

Those nights I kayaked the streets on a yellow bike which left no wake and called over a sea emptied of whales.

Houses rose like giant cracked moons.

It was in this mid-night that I first opened the yellowed book of words without knowing its name and met his poems clean as a death on a Harlem street. I remember how I felt their breath on my nipples and could not swallow.

Laying on the sidewalk reading page after page, the words drew my breath back like a Bow until that time-blind man

jammed his arrow fingers through me, hoisting me up by my seventh rib.

My wriggling breath finally surfaced to mix with his hot breath. Sweat leaked from under my arms

and we looked into an alley way full of blood said,

this body is not my body! this blood is not my blood! We cried for all the street

and back in the bar wrote about rags, quick hustles and escape.

I felt my back and knew that sidewalks were sledge hammer hard,

and that man still waiting in some Harlem night ready to hoist his pen like an eskimo hunting whale under 40 years of ice.

The Farquhar Award Runner-up

Chris Green

WAX -

Her position in life is cross legged on an unswept carpet, a cold marlboro butt welded to her upper lip. She hunches before a candle like it

is the last hermit born before the precipice of night because she, like all pilgrims, is on retreat, slashing cables – what cables are left.

Under the crib beside her, her shadow twitches around the ginseng tea wilting in the stained "I love to shop" coffee mug.

At once her instinct is to twine her hair about her like a cowl of scalps and sink away as the owl who has shut her eyes goes deep into her self:

but finally she moves.

And it is the way she dips her finger into the wax knowing exactly

what form it will take which tells

about the hope she believes – that the wax will somehow show her some line or crease in her finger unnoticed before. She's seen it happen.

She feels the weight of fire in the middle of the palm – that candle recklessly burning in the silver chalice of her body,

has seen people hold themselves doubled over the flame in fear of wind as it burned hole after hole in their stomaches, like curled children in a dark hut waiting.

As she presses the cigarette in her mouth like Pan tearing a reed from the river to play or a last breathing straw under a flood, her thoughts gush into the bed-still room:

blossom blossom blossom



J.J. Haws

Sketch of a girl in class

Her hands slump into her lap like crumpled cathedrals.

"Because she couldn't strike back," she continues, her voice like a hail stone lobbed from some waterless planet.

"My parents yelled at my sister" she curls up dragging her entire body into her nabel. Each eye in the room expands into her privateness leaving her no place to flee.

"My sister yelled at me"
Only she does not want to flee
wants only to carve a mouth
like the earth creates a volcano
or a girl her breasts.

"I yelled at the dog" but she is yoked to a grey stone sky that is too vast to drag –

"It's human nature."
These are her icons:
a glass of milk
a red and broken tree with
two figures underneath.

"When I talk to my Mom" She hunches over like a crushed can,

"I just tuck my tail between my legs ..."
Her eyes are seas that cannot be crossed, that look towards
the stars as if their meaning were lost.

Finally she sighs, pushing breath from the confines of her gut as if it were the only thing she had to give freedom – clouds into the cold sky

American Academy of Poets Award Winner

Scot Brannon

BLACK BOX

Two ex-lovers:
She mislays bills: tens, twenties.
And you're the type to revise your suicide note with an eye toward style.
This says something about life, how it's whiz-bang.
Anyway, it explains why neither of you is cinched in.

You like to feel your body as she tugs the wheel. The car cants through a turn, straightens and lifts. It is pleasant to have your head rattle with the grain of a good country road.

Then like the dumb fist of God a blank white wall is — a tow-truck stalled making a mid-road fishhook turn. Time dilates to leave room not for action and adjustment, but recrimination: "Shit, sweetheart."

You watch the hood buckle then your head raps the rear-view mirror snapping it at the stem.

Light flash and your slapped picture-making mechanism strains to sort internal fractures from the sudden spiderweb windshield.

Then the still.

No stuck horn, no radio playing a sentimental country tune. For now, no irony.

Then the first brittle ache: a cough. You stoop, collect your glasses, affix them to your face.

Well, there's blood, plenty of that, and no telling its source.

Like a whispered rumor it stains everything. You isolate the leak:

a two-inch gash along her scalp.

Outside a knot of people gathers like a bruise: "Looks bad"
"Yeh. Bad."
"Looks like she was a pretty girl."
"Say she was."
She was.

Then the miracle of sirens. No. Get it straight. This is no miracle. Picking glass from your ear, you had to croak out: "Has anyone been called?" And you meant anyone. The police, the governor, your first-grade teacher.

At the hospital a nurse with hair piled high like cotton candy says: "Your girlfriend was lucky, honey. The cut is above the hairline." This you store under "luck" to touch and probe, compare with what you thought was luck.

All is alien: her hair clumped, blood-matted in a girlish curl, your left ear swollen and numb as a brussell sprout.

When she comes to, ants have carried the pieces of her trauma elsewhere, leaving only the automatic message: "I'm sorry. Was it my fault?" This repeats like the blip of a lost black box pleading. "Find me. Find me."

But you can't find her.
This is shock: The horrible core-cold that comes from having been gathered to God's metal breast then, like a widow, let go.

August, Age 25

Spring was a strange green juice on the chin, but summer's a chrysalis, the butterfly flown. Its pleasures elude me like an old lay's name. Where is a wind Blowing straight into autumn, to string the next bead on my husk-necklace?

Lover, I like how your face-paint lays in your crow's-feet like ash on a grate. Give me your age and start my blood snapping like leaves off a tree.

Solitude

Dark bars sector the interior. In no wind the barn door bends on its hinge. It is winter. Old Scratch, have you come for me? Did you know I've been too much alone?

Outside, beyond brambles turned back on themselves like concertina wire, over the drainage ditch and past the shed where the wolf was chained till it dug up its stake past the volleyball field where the net hangs and rots next to the monstrous mobile home in which no one lives next to the rusted pick-up that leaks fumes, stands a farmhouse built like a ship and in it two women, and each in her way loves me, but the ways become confused in my mind.

And so I find you, my familiar.
I came to this dark barn
like a beggar holding the halves of his brain,
in the left hand, language in the right, space,
asking Stitch me up.
But the barn smells like a liquor made of men.
The tobacco dark smells like a book (a leather-bound
volume of Dumas) that a young son
pulls from a father's shelf
and nods over some midnight
when tales of heroes can slip in.

I have moved in a world of books, dozens of them, half-read, peaked around my rooms like roofs over no houses. One can find fine phrases there, things to say to women.

But tell me this, if you can, how would it be to move in a world of women, an ark of wooden rooms that trap the heat? Could you make me a ghost for a day?

No, not you

Then, let the barn doors flap like halves of broken book. Let a light-stripe flash through and gash my face. If the sun cut the mist, I could see how woods girdle these hills like God's skirt. I could enlarge this temple.

American Academy of Poets Award Runner-up

Erik Anderson-Reece

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Metaphors can not do justice to the image (since they only do justice to themselves)

Quite literally she stands w/ practical aplomb facing the P-T shelves ankles stemming (not as if she were a flower; that's too easy) from leather flats bought off a strip mall retail rack when the price was right

and then burgeoning (stay focused; do not succumb to foral imagery) into delicately tanned calves that don't need high heels to accentuate their shapely unstrained charm

Her thighs (no, they are not appletrees whose blossoms touch the sky) are simply thighs whose biossonis touch the skyl are simple pure and becoming that disappear too early beneath a loose fitting olive drab combo leaving the rest to (and now you can open the floodgates of) the imagination

Even that she pulls a Steinbeck novel from the shelves with an obvious intent to buy and holds it wrapped inside a copy of ELLE cannot stifle my desire (indeed the irony of American realism sandwiched inside French glitz only enhances the attraction)

I am dying for her to turn around so I can leave



Three Cities

the scenerio, set up by Michael Palmer – "Words that come in smoke and go" –

happened simultaneously in three rooms in three cities none of them New York

in Buenos Aires the words rode in from the planes tied their horses to hitching posts outside the saloon brandished knives w/ which they nipped the ends of cigars

in Copenhagen the words stepped naked into the cathedral

covered only in plumes of smoke wearing them like wedding gowns w/ long flocculent trains they were married and escorted out

in the back room of a Chicago club a revolver was pulled from a shoulder holster a silencer was attached six words were loaded into the chamber and fired at a direct object each lighting a trail of smoke inside the barrel as it departed on its trajectory

Portrait of a Lady

The lady is made of leaves Do not leer Her mother was an Irish oak her father was the wind

and she herself is held together by a gossamer skin of green that lets translucent light into her hollow shell of a body

All form and no content more than one thwarted lover has scoffed

leaving her to idle (idol?) worship as she bows low her face and hands bent to the ground her leaf-naked hips resting on olive heels Her concerns are not like those of women who try to predict patterns in

their lovers' lovemaking so they will know when to shave their legs
Indeed how she came to this human figuration instead of the rooted
genetics of her mother and sisters is not known

genetics of her mother and sisters is not known

Some say a sculptor was involved some say a salacious god and a
recalcitant maiden's last dying wish

some say she is the spirit of Eve gone overboard w/ her leaf collection
still ashamed of her nakedness

But this is her nakedness These leaves are no grass skirt they are her
foliage-flesh penetrable only by the wind

Yes, her father visits seasonally and whispers her fragile name Foliose
armysing her passions to fertile heights

arousing her passions to fertile heights
as only he can she being essentially an empty vessel and he blowing

through her raising the leaves on her back and scattering them as he still scatters her mother's around her thick aging trunk Do not look badly on this contingent liaison which may seem to your

mores taboo

mores taboo
Here in the forest they do not live by the same rules we do having
never heard of Levi-Strauss or Augustine
The wind does not know the language of the hunters who desire his
daughter but must submit to him or be beaten back to their jeeps
And that stubborn Nietzschean Natural Selection still haunts these
woods though when trying to impress the ladies he sometimes goes by Chance

SWORK of Poetry

Chris Green

Though innumerable interpretations of the topic of the work of poetry exist, I would like to approach it from the uses that seem most evident from working self-consciously with lan-

Jane Hirshfield suggests in her essay "The Question of Originality" that what we discover is what we uncover. The not-yet-thought-of has always been there, but hidden. This is an example she gives from a Buddhist text:

"You should study the green mountains, using numerous worlds as your standards. You should clearly examine the green mountains walking and your own walking. You should also examine walking backward and backward walking, and investigate the fact that walking forward and backward has never stopped since the very moment before form arose"

This is part of a text written by the japanese Zen master Eihei Dogen. Hirshfield continues quoting him in a final section which I find the most profitable:

"And there are mountains hidden in treasures. There are mountains hidden in swamps. There are mountains hidden in the sky. There are mountains hidden in mountains. There are mountains hidden in hiddenness. This is complete understanding. And ancient Buddha once said, Mountains are mountains, waters are waters.' These words do not mean mountains are mountains, they mean mountains are mountains."

This movement of exact meaning stemming like mountains from words seems to be our goal. Often I find myself trapped by my attempts to sculpt mountains solely of language, forgetting that mountains are there already.

ready.

Opposed to this view of language is the more modern version of Thomas Pynchon in his book <u>The Crying of Lot 49</u>: language as hiding instead of revealing.

"She knew because she had held him that he suffered DTs. Behind the initials was a metaphor, a delirium tremens, a trembling unfurrowing of

the mind's plowshare. The saint whose water can light lamps, the clairvoyant whose lapse in recall is the breath of God, the true paranoid for whom all is organized in spheres joyful or threatening about the central pulse of himself, the dreamer whose puns probe ancient fetid shafts and tunnels of truth all act in the same special relevance to the word, or whatever it is the word is there, buffering, to protect us from. The act of metaphor then was a thrust at truth and a lie, depending where you were: inside and safe or outside, lost."

What I am trying to get across by this extensive quotation is that there is no such thing as metaphor. Our belief in it is an excuse to say that we can not name, that we already know or an assumption that the author does not. To say that I am a pig is not to say I am like a pig, or look like a pig or act like a pig, it is to say succinctly and exactly that I am a pig. Metaphors do not exist. Only what is exists. Metaphor is a linguistic term which is sloppily used by those who live behind words, and the assumption of what is is only itself in total isolation. The dictionary says, "a figure of speech where one thing is likened to another," yet what more is there but relationship in the world which is dependent upon not the separation of all things but their inner-relationship?

relationship?

In this way "metaphor," the most basic connection of blessing, comes to bear by realizing the totality of what we are and may choose to be in all its multiplicity. This is the gift of metaphor, the gift of our being.

Phor, the gift of our being.

Eric Dardel says in his article titled "The Mythic,":

"Man is hardly more than a momentary form of vegetable life. It is through his other, through this co-existence with the tree, through the yam, image of his life, in a word, through the lived and projected myth, that man grasps his existence and knows himself. He sees himself only in the reflection of his being that the world gives back to him, and his life which, by itself, is not justified, finds validity only in the myth which ties it to universal life, to all the living."

Yet we find ourselves torn from the nature which poetry would reflect in its rhythms and tradition by the disorganized nature of modern society, which focuses on fads, denial, and interpersonal separation. I write poetry, yet I spend most of my day encased in a classroom. When separated from nature, how do we discover our nature? What are we left with, in the inner city, or in your kitchen; what reflection of self can we find? We begin to realize that the struggle of life is a struggle for survival first, for enriched holistic survival second.

In a collection of Puerto Rican poents from the New York elymp was do not

In a collection of Puerto Rican poetry from the New York slums we do not find pastoral representations of who we are — instead it is the desperate and rending cry of a people shorn from everything but each other. It is in this situation where language comes to its fullest potential, not in the learned nuances of tradition, but in the mouths of a people forced to come to terms with the world around them or die. There is no room for standardization or stagnation, and each sentence is a drive for the needed expression. In the introduction to Nugorcian Poetry, the editor, Miguel Algarin, writes:

"Oftentimes the newness disrupts. It causes chaos The standardization of a street-born language is always perilous and never easy. Around existing, formally recognized languages whole empires of rules grow. Rules and regulations about speech are conventions that grow at first as patterns of self-expression which become fixed in usage Raw life needs raw verbs and raw nouns to express the action and to name the quality of experience."

Yet we live bound by the desperate attempt to achieve clear communication with the use of rigid rules — are we as old as our language has become? When verbs cease to become nouns and vice versa because we have been taught to be rigid and say we do not understand, then we truly have begun to age, wither, and become inflexible and unable to adapt to the demands of our situation.

The poet is a yoga practitioner of language, one whose hands are hands

but not used as hands, one whose mouth speaks as hands, feet, gut, or teeth — one whose hands are mouths. The mouth becoming a foot-map on its way into the mouth-ear, for even how we hear speaks what we are. Paul Valery writes in his journals that a poet's "ears speak to him."

poet's "ears speak to him."
Thus the poet is one who speaks what we are versus what we have been told to be: poet as outlaw. For instance what history do we really live by? One we are told, the other we know. Padraic Colum writes:

"We have another past besides the past that history tells us about, a past which is in us, in individuals, more livingly than the recorded past. It is a past at which men slowly arrived at self-consciousness while building up the community, the arts, the laws. To-day we are trying to find the means to suggest the unrecorded past in our memories and our attitudes and so give our lives another dimension."

Here Colum is talking about the artist, the seer who looks into what we are. But there are those around us who live in this sight and by whom we must measure our poetry and live—this measurement is not in bricks, megabytes, light years, or I.Q. None of these things begin to measure the totality of our experience, this experience which can only fit into the vast and unsuspecting palm of a child. Here is a final poem thrown to my child who is always found forgotten:

in the smell of my tracks

these words slough off my legs like an old shell or leaves that were left on an oak in spring. I have dreamt myself so loudly he will never go away!

I scoop and brush the flakes of hair and specks of words like dandruff into a pile

and blow them from the cup of my palm into the darkness of the river I have come from.

Duet

glossy grand curves hug melody-ringing strings struck by felt hammers in response to finger's touch

half moon cuticles flash in light

well cut suit tailored to broad back casts shadows on keys quickly rising, falling

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just outside, close to the pane a large orange bucket hangs from cold, weather-rough hands as if to catch every note

filled instead with today's luck from garbage cans and sidewalks to quiet the growls caged in skin-draped ribs

- Susan Parker Weatherford

Echoes

breakfast began with "goddamnit!" (voices laced with hate darted through the house like frenzied ghosts seeking to haunt)

and ended with a slamming door (the silence echoed in my head as the ghosts tucked themselves in)

standing by myself scratching my name on the frosted window watching Nathan's mom warming his hands at the bus stop hot oatmeal never felt so cold in my stomach

- William Fugate

Lament

I had to get
Out into the night, out
of the confines of sanity and light.
when I'm with the night I want
a motorcycle, leather, bodies
to drown in,
dark cape crazy. dark cape crazy in the wind behind me and the anger (that damn I hate grieving) rock'n'roll.

Remembering the smoky desperation that said:
pull this trick off
one last time –
you could kiss me and burn

the stars down. (I loved you once; I knew no better.) Pull this silken cord in your desperation, I Love you no better.

- Anjali Bhapkar

Talons

I want to begin again go back to that moment suspended between two worlds,

two entities when looking back is impossible and the future ascends quickly like a great bird of prey

I want to begin again go back to that moment captured on film – my twin sister and I on the kitchen counter frosted in cake flour.

mom had left us for only a minute to pick up the phone, dad snapped the picture

I want to begin again go back to that moment in the Shoegers' yard, playing with Naomi who had dark skin and a patch over one eye, eating cotton-candy from a homemade machine

I want to begin again go back to that moment before I knew you - Susan Parker Weatherford

Contributors

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George Bebensee is an English graduate student.

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Reunion of Old Friends at a Bar in St. Louis

I watched Jill, who stayed here all these years our lives were going on, drink tequila and smoke. I looked away, then back. She couldn't speak to me – I was far away, at the end of the tables we pushed together. To my left

my wife drank soda and waited for the band with her hands folded on her eight-month belly. Suddenly she cried and asked me to walk with her until it stopped. We heard traffic lights on the wide streets around the block click from color

to color, directing no one, which comforted us, who secretly longed to see no new life in the city we left. We walked slowly, arm in arm, taking in each building as though it were a reproduction of one

we knew. We stopped once to kiss, and when our stomachs touched, I laughed. Back inside, the band played old jazz, and the nine of us, who had left our lives for a weekend here, where we all knew the same things, listened.

- George Bebensee



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