

Kentucky Kernel

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Wednesday, April 17, 1991

Improvise used smarts to get ahead

By **KYLE FOSTER**
Senior Staff Writer

Between the comic book pages of *Swamp Thing* and *Hellblazer*, a 14-year-old boy found adventure, action, madness, mayhem and a college education.

Chuck Moore, 21, opened his first



comic book store in Ironton, Ohio, when he was in the eighth grade by selling a box of comic books from his collection to pay for the first month's rent on the store.

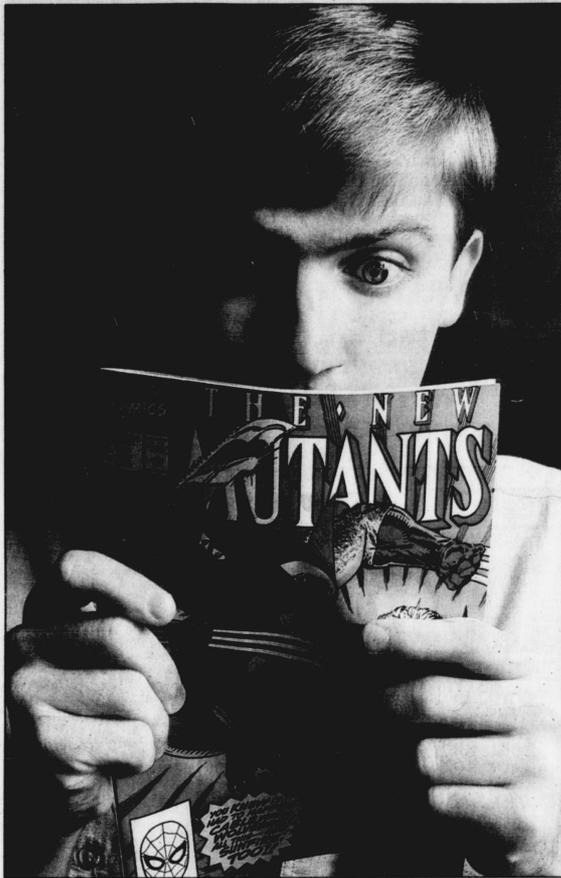
"It was a hole in the wall, and I said if I didn't make it through the first month, I wouldn't keep doing it," said the telecommunications junior.

But he made it and soon opened another store in his hometown, Portsmouth, Ohio, and he worked there after school. Moore's father, who has a doctorate in education, worked for his son at the Ironton store.

His parents helped him, their only child, supporting his hobby financially when they realized Moore had a real interest in the subject.

An old *Captain Marvel*, with yellowed pages was the first comic book in Moore's collection, a gift from his mother, who put the comic book aside for him after finding it on one of her attic searching expedi-

See **MOORE**, Back page



MICHAEL CLEVELER/Kentucky Kernel Staff

'IT WAS THERE, AND I DECIDED TO GO FOR IT.': Chuck Moore, shown above, used comic books and a love for music to find success in college. He credits his success to a diverse lifestyle.

Knight president to universities: control athletics

By **TOM SPALDING**
Editor in Chief

Reform can take place in intercollegiate athletics if college presidents "move in now" and take control and if schools move to adopt principles recommended by the Knight Foundation, its president said yesterday.

Creed Black, speaking in Lexington to about 30 higher education leaders from 11 states, called upon schools to take advantage of what he said was "a great opportunity for everybody who wants to clean up their mess to do so now."

"Today a lot of faculty are coming together," Black said. "People are fed up ... (A) university which wants to run a clean program doesn't have to wait for the NCAA to come in and tell them."

Black's group, The Knight Foundation, issued a long-awaited report from its Commission on Intercollegiate Athletics last month, a damning report on the state of intercollegiate athletics.

In order to avoid government intervention, major college chief executives must recapture control of their athletic departments and restore faith in their academic institutions, the 22-member, blue-ribbon

panel urged.

Black outlined the major parts of the panel's recommendations to the leaders as part of a three-day conference on major issues facing higher education.

"If the Berlin wall can come tumbling down, I find it hard to believe (schools) can't solve the problem of college athletics," said Black, who resigned as publisher of the Lexington Herald-Leader three years ago to join the Knight Foundation.

The speech in Lexington carried particular significance, as just two years ago the NCAA sanctioned the UK basketball program with probation and forfeiture of revenue, in part because it lacked institutional control.

Although there are "a few bad apples in the barrel" only a minority of schools are typically in violation. There are hundreds of schools that don't have scandals, he said. But Knight's target is on those schools that do — or have the potential — to commit violations, like a program with the visibility of UK's.

During the 1980s, he said, 57 of about 110 colleges or universities

See **KNIGHT**, Back page

'Strongest candidate' Stockham to be dean

By **GREGORY A. HALL**
Senior Staff Writer

After receiving wide support from students and staff during a national search, Acting Dean of Students David Stockham will be recommended to be the full-time dean, UK President Charles Wethington announced yesterday.

Stockham, 56, was the choice of the search committee and received the recommendation of Chancellor for the Lexington Campus Robert

Hemenway.

This recommendation goes to the Board of Trustees for its approval on April 30.

Stockham came to UK in 1970 and has held several administrative positions, including director of financial aid, from 1982 to last fall.

His seven months as acting dean weren't without controversy. After an investigation related to hazing, he suspended Phi Kappa Tau social fraternity.

Stockham also was forced to mitigate a conflict between students and the Student Activities Board regarding the location of an SAB event. He made students protesting the Persian Gulf War move from outside Patterson Office Tower to the Free Speech Area at the Student Center.

Later he was forced to tell SAB to

See **DEAN**, Back page

Balls to fly high as activities begin

By **NICK COMER**
Staff Writer

The Little Kentucky Derby will kick off officially at 12:05 p.m. today when 3,000 pingpong balls will be blown into the air from the roof of the Student Center.

The PingPong Ball Drop, which has traditionally been held from atop Patterson Office Tower, has been moved to the roof of the Student Center because of questions which arose earlier this semester concerning use of the building being as a free speech area.

Each ball will contain a number, some of which correspond to prizes like free dinners at local restaurants. Spectators who retrieve the balls can return them and possibly claim prizes at the LKD information tent during Saturday's events at the E.S. Goodbarn.

A new event, being held today, is the Grub Hub. The Grub Hub will run through tomorrow in Clifton Circle and will feature food vendors and entertainment by Red Beans and Rice, a band from Indianapolis. In addition, there will be a volleyball tournament today and the "Run for the Rose" obstacle course tomorrow.

Carnival events like rides and game booths will be located at the E.S. Goodbarn from noon until 10 p.m. today through Friday.

Friday's events will include the naming of the Little Kentucky Derby queen and a free concert by the Marshall Tucker Band at the E.S. Goodbarn. Hot air balloonists will offer tethered balloon rides from 8 to 10 p.m. The rides will cost \$3 per person and will benefit the LKD scholarship fund.

The original purpose of LKD was to provide student-sponsored scholarships for UK students. LKD still awards \$2,500 in scholarships sponsored by local General Motors dealers. Krista Lyn Braunecker, Michael Chalfant and Melanie Blair Julian were awarded \$500 scholarships at the UK Honors Banquet Monday night.

A drawing for \$1,000 scholarship will be held Saturday at 4 p.m. at the LKD tent.

Saturday will cap the week's events off with several hot air balloon specialities beginning with the \$6,000 "key grab" at 7 a.m. A "hare and hound" test of the pilots navigational skills will begin at 5:30 p.m.

Other events planned for Saturday include a live broadcast by WTKT-FM, an SGA Teeter-Totter-A-Thon, benefitting the "Pack the Stacks" library fund campaign and the Aspendale Teen Center, and live music by Dale Stumbo.

See **DERBY**, Back page

THE LITTLE KENTUCKY DERBY FESTIVAL

APRIL 17-20, 1991

WEDNESDAY

E.S. Good Barn
STUDENT CENTER
CLIFTON CIRCLE

Carnival (Rides and Booths)
PING PONG BALL DROP, Oldies 103 WTKT-LIVE
GRUB HUB
(Food Vendors, Rock Bands, and events)
Volleyball Tournament
Band from Indianapolis: Red Beans and Rice

Noon-10:00pm
12:05pm
4:00pm-7:00pm
4:00pm
4:00pm

THURSDAY

E.S. Good Barn
CLIFTON CIRCLE

Carnival (Rides and Booths)
GRUB HUB
Run For The Rose
Band from Indianapolis: Red Beans and Rice
Run For The Rodents, Oldies 103 WTKT-LIVE

Noon-10:00pm
4:00pm-7:00pm
4:00pm
4:00pm
6:00pm

FRIDAY ("LITTLE DERBY EVEN")

E.S. Good Barn

Carnival (Rides and Booths)
Oldies 103 WTKT-LIVE
Food Vendors
LKD Queen Named
FREE CONCERT: THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND
TETHERED HOT AIR BALLOON RIDES

Noon-10:00pm
6:00pm-8:00pm
6:00pm-10:00pm
7:50pm
8:00pm
8:00pm-10:00pm

SATURDAY

E.S. Good Barn

HOT AIR BALLOON EVENT
GM Dealers Auto Display
Taste of Lexington
LIVE MUSIC BY DALE STUMBO
Carnival (Rides and Booths)
COMEDY ON CAMPUS WITH ALEX BARD OF THE BREAKFAST FLAKES, Oldies 103 WTKT
LIVE MUSIC BY DALE STUMBO
Oldies 103, the KAT broadcasting LIVE
Volleyball Finals
SGA Teeter-Totter-A-Thon
U.K. Helicopter
Putt Putt Golf
LIVE MUSIC BY DALE STUMBO
Awards Presentation (Volleyball Tournament)
HOT AIR BALLOON EVENT
BANK ONE Blue/White Game
LKD Queen Presented at Bank One Blue/White Game
Senior BASH (Student Library Endowment Comm.)

7:00am
10:00am-6:00pm
11:00am-7:00pm
11:30am
Noon-10:00pm
12:30pm
1:30pm
2:00pm-6:00pm
2:30pm
7:00am-6:00pm
10:00am-6:00pm
3:30pm
4:30pm
5:30pm
6:00pm
Half-Time
8:00pm-11:00pm

UK TODAY

Bat Cats to host Austin Peay at 4 p.m. at Shively Field. Admission is free with UK ID.

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INSIDE: SHOPPING MALL WILL BE A CONSUMER'S DELIGHT

DIVERSIONS



Land o' Fun

New Lexington shopping mall will be a consumer's delight

The Lexington Planning and Zoning Commission at last has given the green light to the new Hoaxters Mall, a modern, futuristic facility that will allow John Q. Conman to enjoy the convenience of one-stop shopping.

Local officials hope that completion of the Hoaxters Mall, to take place in November 1992, will eliminate the need for hoaxters, grifters, charlatans, schemers and get-rich-quick artists to inconveniently drive from store to store, wasting gaso-



Toby Gibbs

line, to pick up necessary items, including phony oil stocks, bogus Geiger counters and amazing miracle baldness cures.

Tentative plans call for the following stores to be in place by the mall's opening day:

•The Big and Tall Men's Professional Uniform Outlet. As a freckled-faced youngster, didn't you enjoy playing trick or treat? Well, harken back to those simpler days as you try on authentic game warden caps, fire marshal uniforms and clerical collars. A simple health inspector's badge can mean a free meal. And remember: An airline supervisor's blazer or train conductor's cap can get you on your way at a fraction of the cost.

•The Pseudo-Intellectual Book Nook. We all like to talk about the great books we've read. But who has the time or patience to actually read the things? With fine sitcoms like "Growing Pains" and "Hey, That's Not A Duck!" gracing our TV screens, time is hard to come by.

But friends and loved ones alike will tingle with intellectual envy when they see the array of classic works lining your shelves. Specially designed with bent spines, yellowing pages and numerous bookmarks, these classics look like you've read them dozens of times.

And when those oh-so-impressed friends go away, these handsome volumes make ideal coasters for jumbo-sized soft drinks. Works of great dead philosophers are perfect to even up a leg on that wobbly coffee table.

•Sternworthy University. Giving the tri-state faithful service since last Sunday, artificial-ivy covered Sternworthy U is a legally registered "college" you can slap on a resume if you're not an actual college graduate.

For a small "tuition," enroll and graduate from the grueling five-minute curriculum. Though this new branch of SU will be located in the Lexington Hoaxters Mall (between a yogurt shop and a bogus business card printer), the Boston

post office box gives potential employers an Ivy League feel. Diplomas printed While-U-Wait!

•Insta-Image One-Hour Photo. Need to prove to the boss that you were in Omaha at the company convention? No problem. Just head for sunny Acapulco and stop off at Insta-Image on your way back. Their trained professionals — masters of scaled miniatures, trick photography and clever splicing — can put you in Omaha, New York, Belgium or the Sea of Tranquility.

Adorn your rumpus room with vacation photos of you with Hollywood celebs! And don't forget: Insta-Image is a must for the scheming blackmailer.

•Receipts R Us. They can be a real lifesaver around tax time.

•Mr. Couch Potato's "A+." Term Paper Exchange. Any student knows that April is crunch time for tests, papers and class projects. But at the Paper Exchange, just comb through the comprehensive compendium of "A" term papers — alphabetized by subject for your convenience.

Complete with impressive bibliographies, eye-catching cover pages and snazzy computer graphics, these papers come in any subject and can be adjusted to fit your page-length needs.

And while you're at the Paper Exchange, check out the rack of Cliff's Notes Plus, a series of pamphlets designed for the student that finds Cliff's Notes to be a little too lengthy. A list of intelligent comments to make about the book is included on the back.

Other stores — including Spy Guy's X-ray Glasses Optical — also are in the planning stages. At last, all a con artist's needs under one roof. After the mall is completed, you'll be able to walk around in air-conditioned comfort as you pick up Salvation Army uniforms, Latin cookbooks and bogus college diplomas.

You'll be amazed at the wide selection of unethical consumer goods available to you, and you'll thrill at the friendly folks at the Hoaxters Mall help you on the road to long-term financial security.

Senior Staff Writer Toby Gibbs is a journalism senior and a Kernel columnist.

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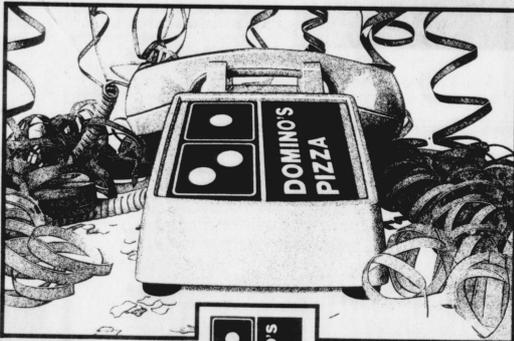
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NBC wins 1990-91 TV ratings

Associated Press

NEW YORK — NBC, as predicted, won the networks' 1990-91 TV season ratings race in a photo finish that separated first, second and third by less than half a point, network executives said yesterday.

NBC won its sixth consecutive season, finishing with a 12.7 overall rating. ABC's average rating was 12.5 and CBS 12.3 rating. Each network had a 21 share, according to the A.C. Nielsen Co.

It was the tightest three-way contest since 1964, when three-tenths of a point separated the finishers, and the second-tightest in the history of network television, network executives said.

The Fox Broadcasting Co., which regularly supplied four nights of prime-time programming per week, finished with a 6.4 average.

NBC drew 372,400 more TV households for the season that ended Sunday night than did CBS. Yet CBS, with its ratings up two-tenths

of a point, or 2 percent, had the only ratings increase — and thus could claim "momentum" for fall.

The season's top-rated show was NBC's "Cheers," with a 21.6 rating and a 34 share. It was the first time a comedy show has been No. 1 in its ninth year on the air. Only the western "Bonanza" hit No. 1 in its ninth season.

1991 Spring Arts Festival

Here's today's schedule for the 1991 Spring Arts Festival. All events begin at noon.

*Margaret I. King Library: UK Trombone Ensemble.

*Student Center Patio: UK Tube Quartet.

*Student Center Patio: Fiber-Mixed Media and Ceramics.

*Medical Center Courtyard: The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year (a play).



Little Kentucky Derby

GRUB HUB

Clifton Circle TODAY, 4:00

- Volleyball Tourney
- Red Beans & Rice, IU's hottest band R & B with a Cajun flair

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Expires 4/22/91

Little Kentucky Derby

GRUB HUB

Clifton Circle
TODAY, 4:00

- Volleyball Tourney
- Red Beans & Rice, IU's hottest band R & B with a Cajun flair

SPORTS

Norton, Frazier rally UK in sweep of WSU

By AL HILL
Senior Staff Writer

UK third baseman Rick Norton drove the Bat Cats past Wright State University and drove himself closer to the UK record books.

Norton had three homers on the day, giving him 17 on the year. "When I hit one, I usually hit a couple," Norton said. "I really saw the ball well and just put the meat of the bat on it."

"The UK baseball team swept a doubleheader from Wright State yesterday at Shively Field 5-4 in the first game, 4-2 in the nightcap."

With the wins the Bat Cats improved their overall record to 31-10, while remaining 6-8 in the Southeastern Conference.

And with 19 games left in this season, Norton needs only four more to break the all-time UK record and 12 more for the SEC record.

He's also in pursuit of the UK RBI record. Currently, the slugging senior has 52, shy of the UK record by only nine.

"I just want to stay hot," Norton said. "If I break the record I'll be happy, but if not I'll still be satisfied."

It was Norton who got things going for the Bat Cats in the first game of the doubleheader.

Norton opened up the scoring with a second-inning lead-off home run — his first of the day's three. The shot lifted over the left field wall.

A UK threat in the third inning ended with Mike Harris being tagged out at home plate after a single by Steve Phillips.

Meanwhile, UK pitcher Rodney Henderson pitched one-hit baseball in the first four innings and denied any potential offensive threat by WSU.

Norton led off the fourth inning the same way he opened the second — with a big shot over the wall. But UK was able to complement Norton's offense against Raider pitcher Jayson Smith this time.

Following the Norton shot, Smith walked Manny Cervantes, and Cervantes went to third on a Billy Thompson single to left center field.

Blake Feeney promptly went to right for a single of his own to score Cervantes and give UK a 3-1 lead.

Soon after Thompson was thrown out at third on a Max Reitz bunt, UK loaded the bases, only to have the slumping Harris smack into a double play to the shortstop.

WSU's offense wasted no time in showing the Shively fans and the UK fielders that they were no pushovers.

The Raider catcher led off the fifth the way Norton had done in the second and fourth — with a towering homer.

Henderson then walked Hampton.

After Bill Osmanski flied out, Buck hit a slow grounder to third which Norton promptly scooped up — and threw several feet over first baseman Harris's head.

Hampton rounded third as Harris ran to get the overthrown ball.

Harris picked up the ball, turned, threw to Hampton who bunted a charge by Hampton and tagged him out.

With two out, Bob Jaspersen stepped to the plate and nailed double down the left field line to score Buck from second to pull WSU within a run at 3-2.

Jon Sbrocco followed the run with an almost identical shot past third base that scored Jaspersen. The inning ended with the game tied at 3.

The Cats tied the score in the sixth when Chris Tews hit a routine single to left field off Raider pitcher Chris Murphy with Thompson on first base.

The rolling baseball, however, got past Raider left fielder Brent Frutwirth and Thompson scored. UK was up 4-3 going into the final seventh inning.

Henderson managed, in that crucial seventh, to get two outs with men on first and second with Dan Bassler coming to the plate.

Bassler nailed what looked to be a routine fly ball to right, a game ender.

Phillips, however, misjudged the ball and Osmanski scored from second to tie the game.

Jeff Reed came in for Henderson and struck out Buck to end the inning.

"I just dropped it," Phillips said of the potential game ender. "It had kind of a slice on it, and it hit off the end of my glove."

"I felt bad because because Rodney didn't pick up the win."

Phillips got his chance for redemption. In the bottom of the seventh, Jeff Michael, who singled, slowly made his way to third after a sacrifice by Harris and a fielder's choice by Jeff Abbott to pave the way for Phillips.

Phillips, with count full, smacked a game-ending shot down the right field line to win the game for UK and erase any bad feeling.

"The opportunity was there and I took advantage of it," Phillips bluntly said of his heroics.

It was Norton again who got things going in the second game of the doubleheader.

Norton led off the second inning with his third home run of the evening, blasting over the fence in left center.

Left fielder Thompson then followed with a double to left field, and then scored on right fielder Phillips double that put the Bat Cats in the lead 2-0.

The Raiders came back to score two runs in the third inning after UK starter Billy Vanlandingham walked four straight batters.

With one out in the third inning Raider catcher Andy Banks reached first on an error.

Then Vanlandingham, known for his blistering speed and questionable control, proceeded walk four straight Wright State players, including two for runs.

UK coach Keith Madison decided that would be enough for his junior fireballer, brought in stopper lefty Lorn Frazier.

Frazier wasted no time killing the rally — striking out the first batter he faced and getting the next to ground out to end the inning.

Frazier never slowed down after that. And neither did the Bat Cat offense.

The Bat Cats took the lead for good in the fifth inning off center fielder Paul Corums leadoff home run to right field.

UK then added an insurance run in the sixth when first baseman Cervantes ripped a double down the left field line. He later scored on catcher Jan Weisberg's double to the gap in right center.

That would be all Frazier would

need to preserve the victory.

Frazier improved his record to 6-1 on the season after pitching 4 2/3 innings giving up only 2 hits while striking out eight batters. He struck out the side in the fifth.

After giving up a couple of runs in last weekend's series with the University of Mississippi, Frazier said he felt good about coming home. And about his dominating pitching.

"I had good location on my fast-

ball," Frazier said. "It felt good to throw off a mound I feel comfortable with."

The Cats are now back on their winning ways as they take on Austin Peay today at 6 p.m. at Shively Field.

"Wright State has an outstanding program," Madison said.

"They compete very well ... Our team has done a great job of coming back. We're having a great season so far."

SEC: By the numbers

Thru April 15

The Teams

Team	SEC	Overall
*LSU	12-2	34-10
*Alabama	10-4	32-7
*Florida	8-5	27-15
*Tenn.	9-6	31-10
*Auburn	7-8	22-17
*Miss. St.	6-7	24-13
Kentucky	6-8	31-10
*Vanderbilt	5-10	22-16
*Georgia	5-10	21-19
*Ole Miss	3-11	21-17

*Does not include last night's game

The Bats

HITTING (Top Five)

Player, school,	AVG.
Greg Thomas, VU	.439
Mike Harris, UK	.427
Joe Vitello, UA	.465
Doug Radziewicz, UG	.395
Mike Basse, UT	.377

HOMERS (Top Five)

Player, school,	AB	HR
Rick Norton, UK	134	17
Greg Thomas, VU	N/A	13
Doug Hecker, UT	N/A	13
Herbert Perry, UF	N/A	10
Mike Harris, UK	156	12

Read the Kernel

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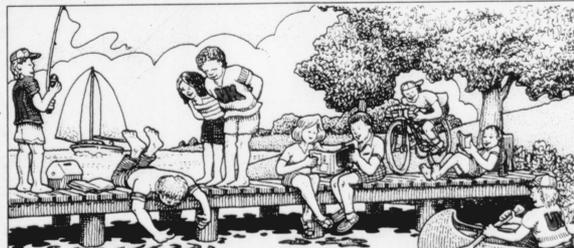
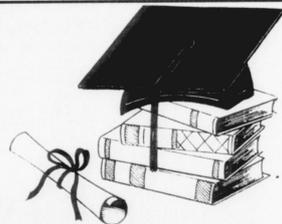
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NOTICE: The 124th Annual Commencement Exercise

will be held on Sunday, May 5 at 1:30 p.m.

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



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'Pained' Maggard stands on side of gridiron war

By BARRY REEVES
Assistant Sports Editor

When you look at Freddie Maggard standing on the sidelines, you can almost see his pain.

A month or so ago, that pain was physical. Now it's mental. The incumbent UK quarterback, who is trying to recover from shoulder surgery, is just starting to throw the football a little bit.

But the senior still is not able to truly compete for his old job — one that he held for the last two seasons. He will not even suit up for Saturday's Blue-White Game.

"It's been real frustrating," said Maggard, a 6-foot-2, 212-pounder from Cumberland, Ky. "I've really tried not to show that to my team-

mates, but it has been tough, though. ...

"As for now, I know I can't be a leader on the field, so I'm just trying to be a leader off the field."

Maggard had started 15 consecutive games before separating his shoulder against North Carolina last September. He saw limited action late in the season, then underwent arthroscopic surgery on his throwing shoulder in January to repair a torn rotator cuff.

"I'm doing everything that the doctors and trainers are telling me to do because all I want to do is get back out there and play," he said after practice yesterday. "Each day it improves, and I can tell that I'm getting more strength back. It just takes time."

While Maggard is limited to handoff drills and a few passing drills, four other quarterbacks — juniors Brad Smith and Ryan Hockman and freshmen Pookie Jones and Mike Kinney — have their sights set on his job.

None have really stood out this spring, which leads one to think Maggard would have a better chance of regaining his spot, once healthy. But Maggard does not subscribe to that theory.

"I was hoping that all of them would really step forward this spring," he said. "I think all of them have improved in their own way. They have each played some good football, just not consistently. But none of them have played bad, though."

Heading into spring drills, Coach Bill Curry said each of his healthy quarterbacks were starting on even ground. And they still are.

"The quarterback picture remains muddled," Curry said at a news conference yesterday. "Nobody has really jumped out front, so all I can tell you is we have a lot of good players at quarterback. Nobody has been outstanding in scrimmages."

With that in mind, Curry is not counting Maggard out.

"He's the guy who understands the offense the best," the UK coach said. "He's played the most snaps ... but he's not been able to throw the ball, so that really leaves a huge question mark over his status going into the fall."

Here is a look at each of the healthy quarterbacks and their springs:

• **Jones, 6-1, 185 pounds.**
"He has shown startling talent — even more than I thought he had," Curry said. "And more maturity of a leader than I thought he was pre-

pared to offer this team."

That was a different thought than a couple of weeks ago.

"I'm feeling more relaxed now and I'm able to learn the offense and my coverages better now," Jones said. "I've calmed down quite a bit since that first week."

"I felt like I was trying to do too much."

"We have to get Pookie Jones a lot more reps with the first unit," the UK coach said. "We need to see him work more with them."

• **Smith, 6-3, 200 pounds.**
"Well, so far I know it's been better than last spring, but there's been a couple of days where my consistency hasn't been there," Smith said.

"Overall, I'm pretty happy, but there is still a lot of improvement that needs to be made."

Curry said: "Brad and Ryan have shown sort of steady progress, but neither one of them have been outstanding."

"I've come along steady," Hockman said. "I think they really wanted me or Brad to jump out, but we haven't, yet ... I just have to keep working on everything, but mainly my consistency."

"Mike Kinney has really been hampered by a death in his family to cause him to miss practice," Curry said.

With only three more practices left, including the Blue-White Game, and Maggard on the sideline, the quarterback puzzle may not be solved this spring. But that doesn't bother Curry. It may be August before the UK coach makes a decision.

"It'll be something that's strictly based on performance," Curry said, "and we'll do what we always do — put (Maggard) and the others under extremely demanding circumstances and see who performs."

"And it'll have to happen in a hurry in the fall. ... Somebody will step forward."

Tennis Kats come home to 'intense' rivalry with Tennessee

By GRAHAM SHELBY
Staff Writer

UK's rivalry with the University of Tennessee extends not only to the gridiron and the hardwood but out onto the hardcourt as well.

The Lady Tennis Kats will set out to prove the intensity of their rivalry in today's 2 p.m. match against the Lady Vols on the outdoor courts at UK's Hilary J. Boone Tennis Center.

The Kats may be anxious to get back on the home court just for the friendly location, as well.

After a weekend road trip that saw their record slip from 10-6 to 10-9 on an itinerary that included major losses to the No. 1 University of Florida, No. 3 Georgia and No.

25 Miami (Fla.), the Kats are wary.

The final tallies on those losses: 6-0, 6-0, and 5-1 respectively. Not numbers that the Kats can really boast about.

"Georgia and Bulldogs are clearly better than we are right now."

"Florida has one of the best teams in recent years; far as women's college tennis goes," UK coach John Dineen said.

The nearest the Kats came to a victory in either match was when Kentucky ace Susan Klingenberg



DINEEN

and Bulldogs were clearly blowouts, Dineen maintained that the Kats' match against the Miami Hurricanes was not quite the blowout the score might indicate.

"We actually played quite well against Miami," Dineen said yesterday. "We were fairly close to being 3-

"The thing that makes Tennessee so tough is that they're equal at almost every spot. They're not like our team where Susan (Klingenberg) and Melissa (Nelson) are clearly the dominant players. Their depth is their strength."

John Dineen,
UK women's tennis coach

3 after singles instead of 5-1. They're a very talented team."

Kentucky's only win against Miami came when freshman Nicky Wanggard defeated Bettina Sommeveld in straight sets.

13th-ranked Tennessee comes

into Lexington with a 15-11 record, (3-3 in conference play) losing yesterday to Mississippi.

After their match with UK, the Lady Vols will begin their charge into Baton Rouge to wind up the regular season against Louisiana

State.

"The thing that makes Tennessee so tough," said the impressed Dineen, "is that they're equal at almost every spot."

"They're not like our team where Susan (Klingenberg) and Melissa (Nelson) are clearly the dominant players."

"...They don't have standouts, their depth is their strength."

Tennessee's parity among spots 1-6 makes it tough to predict the outcome of any particular match.

"All the matches are going to be close and competitive," he said, adding that win or lose he expects today's contest to "a humdinger" either way.

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Foreman says fight is 'destiny'

By ED SCHUYLER JR.
Associated Press

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. — Well, it seems Webster's is wrong. "What is a miracle?" asked George Foreman at yesterday's news conference.

A miracle is someone who eats too much" and fights for the heavyweight championship at the age of 42.

That was what the self-proclaimed, 250-pound cheesburger champion predicts will happen Friday night when he challenges Evander Holyfield for boxing's most important title.

Foreman, an evangelist, sees the unbeaten Holyfield's role in the fight as destiny.

"He was born so I could get my chance to become heavyweight champion of the world," said Foreman, who won the title with a second-round knockout of Joe Frazier in 1973. He lost it on an eighth-round knockout to Muhammad Ali in 1974 and then retired from 1977

to 1987.
"My knees were shaking when I fought Joe Frazier," Foreman recalled. "Holyfield is not the kind of guy who makes your knees shake."
"He hits you with a combination, and if you don't go down, he says, 'OK, I'll win on points.'"

Foreman predicted he would knock out Holyfield in two rounds.

Holyfield, who was 10 at the time, watched on closed-circuit television as Foreman beat Frazier.

"Joe Frazier's style was just cut out for Foreman," the 28-year-old Holyfield said. "He was like a man running into a wall."

Frazier's style was to attack. Foreman knocked him down six times.

Foreman is different now, says Holyfield.

"Foreman was a lot stronger then and threw a lot more punches. Today, he doesn't throw a lot of punches," the champ said.

There's no question that Foreman still punches hard. He has scored 23 knockouts in winning all 24 of his comeback fights.

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Still Life

Layout by Karyn Gatz and Illustrations by Kenz Minster

Wednesday, April 17

Literary Supplement to the Kentucky Kernel

Page 5

Note from the Editors

This is the fifth year the Kentucky Kernel has published Still Life as a showcase for the fiction and poetry work of the University of Kentucky community. Because of budget limitations, this year's edition is a pull-out section instead of the supplementary tabloid of past years. For that reason, space was extremely limited, and for the first year we were unable to solicit poetry, fiction, art and photography submissions.

Instead, we chose to preserve the tradition of presenting the work of the winners of the UK Department of English's three annual literary awards. The Dantzer-Farquhar Awards recognize the best undergraduate writing at UK, Dantzer for fiction and Farquhar for poetry. These awards were established in 1963 in honor of two UK English professors, Leona Livingston Dantzer and Edward Franklin Farquhar, who taught a combined total of 85 years at the University. The department also awards the Academy of American Poets Award to recognize the top poetry from the whole University community. These awards will be presented formally at the Department of English's Awards Day Ceremony this afternoon at 2 p.m. in the Old Student Center Theatre.

The poetry awards are given on the basis of the strength of an entire collection submitted by the author, not for one specific poem, so we selected as many poems as possible from each collection of the first- and second-place winners. A second-place Dantzer fiction winner was selected this year, but due to space limitations, we were unable to print David R. Crayson's extensive story, "Checking In — Chapter One." We wish to congratulate the winners of these awards and thank them for their permission to reprint their work, and regret that we were unable to print all of it. We hope to be able next year to return to Still Life's traditional tabloid format so we may publish creative work from a broader spectrum of the University community.

— Julie Esselman and Meredith Little

Co-Editors, Still Life 1991

It came in the mail today in its long cream-colored envelope, and I knew without seeing the return address that it was my notification. Important things come only in innocuous envelopes in the afternoon mail, there is nothing to fear or look forward to in big packages or manila envelopes. This was the Southeast Writers League's opinion of my work. Of me.

I pulled out the mess of bills behind it and placed it on top, waiting until I got inside to open it. I knew the whole city could hear my heart thump as I walked up the drive to our apartment. I held the envelope close to me, as if trying to protect it from the heavy smell hanging like a fog over our complex from the cafeteria across the street. We could open windows or keep them shut and that smell was always on our clothes and furniture and hair. I stepped inside the apartment and pressed my shoulder blades against the door, listening.

"Bobby?" I called. There was no answer and the house was silent. His part-time job let out at three but he must not have picked Jason and Bj up from Mom's yet. My shoulders slumped as I realized he was probably at the Tavern and I would have to all Mom to have her drive the kids home. I looked up at the ceiling and pulled in a deep breath, already hearing her speeches about Bobby.

But that didn't matter right now. I leaned down and pulled off my white hospital shoes, set the mail down and went to the bedroom to change out of my uniform. There is a ritual to opening big mail; it is not to be torn open instantly. I went to the kitchen, kind of my room. I sat down and methodically opened all the mail but the piece I wanted most. Bills, overdue bills, telephone notices. I picked up the phone and it was dead. Damn him, I thought. We would have to pay a deposit to get the phone, and I had no idea where the money would come from. And I would have to take the bus over to Mom's to get the kids. Damn him, I shook my head.

I swallowed my anger and peeled the last envelope apart at last like the wrapping on a Christmas present. I pulled the letter out and unfolded the top third to read the only words that mattered — "Dear Caroline James: We are pleased to inform you..." and I let out all the breath I didn't know I'd been holding with a squeaky gasp, pressing the unread letter to my stomach with both hands. I leaned back and blinked my eyes to clear their wetness, still breathing in punctuated spasms.

I picked up the phone to call Mom, to call my boss, to call anybody I'd ever known and tell them about this, to tell them that the hours in the kitchen hunched over a legal pad after midnight scratching out the stories I saw in the hospital and on the street and in myself every day had been

read, had gone on to places bigger than here, had gone to Atlanta and won the Southeast Writers League approval.

The silence of the dead phone was like a dousing of icy water. My spirits dimmed, I read the rest of the letter. There was going to be an awards presentation in Atlanta next weekend, at which I would be presented with a plaque and a five-hundred dollar check. My stories were also up for publication by

Speaking Out

Dantzer Fiction Award First Place Meredith Little

Atlanta Books if I wanted.

If I wanted? I had no idea what this meant when I entered, and now I was on another high. I grabbed my jacket and purse and, still clutching the letter, went out the door to catch the 625 to Mom's when Bobby pulled up.

As soon as he got out of the car I ran to him and told him about the award, what an honor it was and that there would be an awards night in Atlanta for me. He pulled me into his arms.

"And Atlanta Books is going to publish them with the other winners..." Bobby's laughter interrupted me.

"That is so wonderful, babe," he said, brushing my hair from my flushed face. "I'm really proud of you."

"Really, Bobby?" I wanted so much to believe the sincerity in his voice.

"Of course I am. It must be a big deal, 'cause I've never heard you brag about yourself like this," he teased.

I laughed with him and hugged him harder, pushing away the half-formed question of how long it had been since we had shared something like this. It felt so good that I said nothing about the beer on his breath.

"C'mon, let's go get the boys," he said as he led me to the other side of the car and opened the door for me, kissing my face before I got in.

As he walked around to the driver's side, I thought about how happy I felt when I read the letter and how it was nothing to how Bobby's approval made me feel.

Bobby started the car and backed down the drive, his hand toying with my short brown hair. I didn't pull away.

"So does this come with any sort of money award, too?" he asked.

I bit down on my words as resentment stiffened my body. Suddenly I did not want him to know about the five hundred dollars, because that was my money. I had earned it with my characters and my scenes and my sleepy mornings after being up most of the night.

"Um, a little, a hundred dollars."

"Well, that's great, hon," he said. "You take that and get yourself something nice."

I felt good again. Since he wasn't going to ask for any of it, I thought maybe I could get our phone back with it. I almost asked him what happened to the

phone money but decided I felt too good to hear excuses. I would ask him tomorrow.

When we got to Mom's I gave her the letter to read, gathering the kids' things as she did.

"I knew you would win, Caroline," she hugged me. "Look Jason, your Mommy won a prize for her writing," she said to my six-year-old clinging to her waist.

"That's a lot of money too," she added.

"Yeah, a hundred dollars is pretty good," Bobby said.

Mom started to correct him but I widened my eyes at her as I ran her sentence over with my explanation of the publication part. She looked at me, not understanding, then looked at Bobby and nodded as her mouth formed a capital O.

"Well, let me get the rest of the baby's formula ready for you to take home," she said as she turned to the refrigerator. I awoke Bj and wrapped him in a blanket for the chilly fall night.

"Do you know what I did with the casserole left over from last weekend, Caroline?" Mom was asking, her upper body hidden by the white refrigerator door. "Betsy

Continued on page 8

Biographical Notes

Farquhar Poetry Award winner Bev Harp is a freshman English major who doesn't like to talk about herself.

Farquhar Poetry Award runner-up Sharon Smith is a student at the Madisonville Community College.

Academy of American Poets Award winner Kim Miller is a graduate of Carson-Newman College in Tennessee and a first-year UK English graduate student. She credits poet Margaret Atwood for igniting her interest in the theme of survival, a subject she addresses in her writing.

Academy of American Poets runner-up George Benese is a graduate student in the English Department. He has had poetry published in *Mudfish* and *The Antigonish Review*.

Dantzer Fiction Award winner Meredith Little is a junior English major who narrowly escaped a career in biology. She said the work of Sonia Sanchez and Margaret Atwood have influenced her to address women's issues in some of her writing, and she continues trying to fathom the poetry of T.S. Eliot.

Dantzer Fiction Award runner-up David R. Crayson is a junior English major who reads John Irving, and who tried to read *Decline of the Roman Empire* but said he just couldn't finish it. He has also read *The Belly of the Whale*. He plans to get a master's in information science, or English, or both.

A group of finalists was selected for each award from a field of 50 or more submissions. In recognition of their accomplishment, the following are the names of these finalists in each category.

Farquhar Undergraduate Poetry Award

Donna Byrns
Denise DeTraccio
Meredith Little
Academy of American Poets Award

Harold Anderson
Maurice W. Manning
Chris Beyers
Scott Brannon
Ray A. Geroski
Meredith Little
Ted Olson
Dantzer Fiction Award
Graham Shelby
Geoffrey B. Trumbo
David W. Overbey

The Mezzanine

The unbreakable plate had arrived on the tall cart, unbroken. Taking it all so well from the mezzanine, it was introduced to concrete by a clerk who had something to prove. This woman wouldn't throw away a vessel. The stock bins slowly filled with dented teapots and chipped bowls she might have meant to heal when she was able. She felt bad for that plate, you'll never know. No doctor can arrest the love of china, stoneware, melmac.

That night she heard stars rattle loose like buttons from a black overcoat. What kept them? As surgeons' thread dissolves, a wound could heal and closure not be needed. Unhooked, they might prefer to stay in place. All night in dreams, the ticking of buttons in glasses, on plates, filled the dark kitchen. The sky with its empty pockets rolled down sleeves to her, called, "Wear me, the night is so cold."

Exercise in Three Parts (for Frank O'Hara)

1
When I woke up this afternoon because I work at night and sleep most of the day which isn't common in this town so lots of times people think I'm lazy but that's not it, I'm just tired, I went over to the new apartment where my friends were sawing hammering painting getting it ready to live in. Well, they had these dogs there, dogs aren't allowed in the building and of all things country music on the radio! But that's the way they are, I try to overlook it. Anyway, I have to go to work. What an amazing pantry!

2
Work isn't fun, there's a sale on Sardines, which people keep buying. Lent's over, but they buy them anyway. When it rains like it's raining tonight, the storm plants a trumpet of clouds inside the roof. Tabloids glisten with news of a fetal galaxy

("Scientists Hear its Heartbeat!"). Happiness sprouts accidentally between shopping carts. I forgive my friends for their help. I forgive Gary Gilmore, Anita Bryant and God (I don't forgive Ronald Reagan). And the sardine cans, filled with their slimy rainbows!

3
Walking home, each step an inquisition, trying not to fall into the sooty habit of ignoring things, stepping over piles a dog left, it's a long way. As usual, I love someone who is unsure of my address. How I wish I'd written "To the Harbormaster" (Someone made a song of it, left the "Polish" out — they didn't know what they were doing and I'm sorry). Home, Marty shows me her new drawing called "New Closet" — darkness holds its bright shelves like a boached root canal. I do not want to live in a house like that, but what choice do we have? One can of shiny white paint, I am on my way.

Jack O'Lanterns

We carved them together last year. All the way home the pumpkins rolled clattered in the back of your red truck. This summer, the weather was dry, but we roam the markets to find them. What mattered, you'd said (just my luck

you're a cutter with theories) was absence; it's what we take out that puts life in them. I don't ask you to prove anything, don't find myth a requirement for living. We cut into them, you were good with your knife, precise. What we remove

and spread out on your floor is just pulp. We don't bake pies with it, but loot it for seeds. What we thrust inside is fire. Remember, it isn't to burn anything, it's more to show off what we make. That night, that same whispering dream feeds me warnings: November, November.

Still Life

Mama Meets Her Dream Man

I. Mama used to wait until the last-gavere flicker of malligths of maidens and kids into worlds separate from hers

then she put scratched plastic bows places one by one into her aluminum pan scooping egg yellows into a pink she carried with her unlatching the back screwdriver flinging margold tooscraps festooning cans, calico, stripey with her margarine kisses

by the time she closed the door wedged a poker under the knob he'd slipped into the fishes' flesh of her bed, arching possessively against it until she returned.

her backdoor man cooed once her until late afternoon when congealed bacon grease smell reminded her of Bus 18

she shook off his twilight eyes his quiet breath knotted her housecoat belt and found the aluminum pan worked through breakfast artifacts in time to have cheese and crackers divided up on clean plates Campbell's Alphabet simmering for children and Gilligan's Island.

II. I fall for him every time give him my chore list my pants, the loose flesh on my thighs, above my forearms anything

I open like the swimming metal hinges of my husband's change purse

grit suspicious gravel worries concrete failures at the last pour in

and he seals me over so smooth I can't lift one mortared hand in gratitude.



Academy of American Poets Award First Place Kim Miller

what my mother had to say

first she began with words — scraps of home and family poems dates of births and deaths the anniversaries of meninasion quotations from parent-teacher conferences huddled in the boxed days of Progressive Farmer calendars

or running over one another in the margins of McCall's, Redbook, or Sears and Roebuck.

or, finally, on notebook paper left over from her two semesters of community college.

she started finding it on cans of Bush's Spinach, Coca-Cola, and the Mennite blue labels of Whitehouse Applesauce

these she saved, can, contents, and all she started curling up against my father's decisions, her feet pushing him out as she crawled into closets hiding her snuff

when tv announcers Donahue the neighbors her notebooks scattered all over the streets of our very small town started saying if he my father almost heard but not before she pulled her knees back into her breasts swallowing her close herself whole.



Bi-Jane

Sweet watermelon seed eyes on a creamy plate face spring to the jet gloss of squirrel no mottle for the choreography of hand and lens.

He slips our chase in an Ottawa park, his surf, his feline back, striped by a sun poised ferris wheel high, disappears.

You pounce from a silver maple, then flutter green-glint hummingbird wings and triumphant waving the Canon like a spear, hilarity carwheeling through carnival-colored air.

My focus is scattered of one nail's once more by the rise of fingers on device.

You are permanent: confetti splash on a perfect turquoise sky.

La Abuela

I enter the lab to read the graffiti of my daughter's anatomy. All laid out, she is neat and meatless and clean, innocuous, now, under the white cloth. Alone exposed in that groove so constantly cut by the expansion of muscle and bone.

The curved yellow chalk of her hipbone invites my rough fingers to explore a le-wet cavity, gliding over the remnant of whiteness. Here she is as loud and inarticulate as screaming.

Some of them take me to her cell. I finger the gray blocks, searching for some warmth, something to swear she has been here.

I find blood. Not the spattering of pain on a wall, but the deliberate setting of living milk. She wrote your name, little one, two-thousand times.

My fingers curl into agreement with you, little-finned-whimper, biting your time. Little indignant lost one.

Carved in my pelvis is the same prohibitive scrawling, mother-to-child mother-to-child notizing occupancy. Before the quickening, precluding the first mute motion of lips, these lines emerged like an arctic scarping of earth, lakebeds and mountains containing evidence of origin.

I have read the wall where she made the promise of you to herself. Now I have found the place where you claimed it, indelible as speech.



Heat Victims

Two hundred National Guardsmen are knocking on doors, asking questions. "Hot enough for you?" the young faces joke with the citizens in their doorways. "Any dead here?" Me? I'd slam the door in the intruder's face,

but I suppose a uniform and a young face may comfort those folks who know the difference a day makes. The Guardsmen wrap the dead in blankets, add the falling to the list, and promise a fan in a few days. The Guardsmen are upset. This intruding heat has got them down.

wrapping and counting, palms sweating, salt dripping from their elbows. This is no war.

Only a little heat. The citizens insist something be done about this heat. They shake the men in uniform who knock on so many doors but never return with a little rain. When this heat dies

there'll be a banner headline, a bold-faced list of names, a photo of the solemn mayor shaking hands with the Guardsman who single-handedly carried three hot old women to safety.



St. Louis Projects

We voted against a field trip in the heat to see the great fettle steel monstrosity that no one could find an excuse for except to go in and ride up and look out We heard rumors that a man fell from up high into the pouring concrete below and there was nothing to do but leave him ennobled beneath the pseudo-sacred symbol

The day they cut the ribbon the evening news interviewed an old black woman who lived in the projects She said they coulda fed a buncha babies for what they spent on that big hunka iron down there on the riva His family received an uncomfortable sentiment At least we didn't walk on his grave

Pruitt-Igo bricks were a penny apiece the year they tore it down My father laid a patio and joked at where they came from It rained and roaches were every where. I could tell it bothered him He hung his head at the mindless jest Bugs made trailer trash no better than that squaker Even when they were exterminated everything was clean again

except for a look in his eyes that warned the world it's not that way and a nightmare of black people and vermin and hopelessness and hunger and hazard People who know me who know my family look at me strange when I say I live there They think it's just a place where welfare whores and freaks and deadbeats all wind up

Academy of American Poets Award Second Place George Bebensee



An Instance

This morning I couldn't stop cracking my knuckles. I pinched my lips and felt rweat.

I ran to the bathroom mirror and clipped hairs from my ears. I undressed and jumped to test the flesh around my stomach. I locked the door and sat on the edge of the tub, pinching and touching. It was hot so I opened the little window and the wind rushed in against my face.

Farquhar Poetry Award Second Place Sharon Smith



Garland

Crack between the edge of the blind and the black wall, frosted slate filaments won't let me sleep. Too spent to correct the lacy sill. I feel swoody and smiling against your satin snoring back,

dream drifting. You're still and suspended by tiny white sticky strings that drape and cling inside me like the garland on that half-assed Christmas tree I took down last week. I'm afraid a creeping scheme will slip over that spaghetti-soft line and call singing. Your man he mates me like a steamroller row baby.

He welds me into a steel blue flame. Hunts me down. Moves in for the sweetest kill.

Instead, let me forget that. Think I'll offer to spoon-feed you breakfast. Say always yes but bulldoze me into the mattress again. Later today laugh me up. Send for coffee in bed.

At Someone's Birthday

I feel wet here in a chair too big for me, while some stand looking at me when I don't look at them.

I ask a question. They answer nicely. They play their instruments around me. From nowhere a cat jumps into my lap. I lower my head.

Some from the kitchen move in for a view. I don't know what to say to them.

Night Train

Evening I pace my sidewalk barefoot with Audrey (suing in my arms. I tell her

names of trees. Sometimes she stops to look at me. Partner in cars

look. Soon the dog falls in, turning at the ends of the lot with us, an eye out for danger.

Behind the window, Gina reists then runs out to lead us — chanting Easter Duddy Easter Duddy — back and forth to the end of the day.

Watching the Buildings

Wind lifts the lake inside and wipes up the day.

From the balcony I watch the buildings as dark molasses their sides. I take a breath.

This is the moment we allow ourselves — the buildings and I take a breath.

You Find Me

You find me in the market picking chestnut in phone booths, in bed.

You ask for news. Look. I tell you, hands reaching for my pocket-bottoms.

You say soon I'll want things, something to drink, to get up. You say

I'll walk to the end of my room and call you in your language, correct you until you whisper let me be the first to say.



Visitation

The warlock knacks softly, rouses me when usually a small bomb dropped might not destroy my reverie.

In careless dreams I conjure him, though cautioned of the wounds that this maniacal alliance could inflict.

Precious apparition, like a child without a conscience, manipulates devout addictions to his remedies.

Infusing with a blue-white moonlight flashing purple shadows weave enchanted spells across the smines walls. Captured curtains flow on frosted air raising silver beads of candleglow.

Too quickly, the thoughtless ticking watch on the alarm starts. Spinel reminder that its quiet precise undulation pulls us seconds at a time apart.

Ohivious, he envelops me back into his velvet increased palace of repose. Only open until dawn.

Puffs the pillow up and tucks abandoned covers closer as he slowly radiates away.

Just as reluctantly as the final grasping drop of tacky poison in a bottle

beside the last choking cigarette left in the panic on the sleepless night stand. Certain I will smoke him here again.

Still Life

Page 8

Wednesday, April 17

'Speaking Out' Continued from page 5

is coming over tonight and I wanted to warm it up for dinner, I'm just too tired to cook — Jason was such a terror ..."

I froze as she continued to talk from inside the fridge. Bobby turned from his stance in front of the television to stare icily at me. We had that casserole last night. He mumbled "you didn't" in my direction, and I looked down at the floor. I knew what was coming.

"Hey Mom, we gotta get home, thanks for watching the kids," he said, pushing Jason toward the door. "Oh, don't you want to stay awhile," she asked, emerging from the refrigerator, looking at me with her head tilted.

"No, Mom, we do need to go," I said as I gathered the baby and went out the door. "Well, I'll call you later, Caroline," she said. "Maybe I put that casserole in the back freezer, I'll go look," and Bobby shut the door behind us.

I braided myself during the tense walk to the car. He got in and turned to me before I had settled Bj onto my lap.

"You stole that casserole we had for dinner last night from your Mom, didn't you Caroline," his question came between clenched teeth like a bullet as he set the car in reverse with a vicious, quick yank of the gearshift.

"I didn't steal it. She would've given it to me if I'd asked." I smoothed the baby's blankets to avoid looking up.

"But you didn't ask, you just took it, didn't you Caroline?" he said, glancing over at me. I know it only makes him more angry when I don't look up at him during these tirades, but I have never been able to meet his eyes when he glares over like they always do. This time, too, I could only look down, my hands folded under the baby, like a child myself.

"No, I didn't ask." "Caroline, why did you take food from your mother, why?" Every word felt like the first stones of a hailstorm. I didn't answer. "Caroline!"

"Look at the road, Bob, are you trying to kill us?" I screamed as our car swerved in front of another because he wouldn't quit staring at me.

I put my head down again, hearing the horns of the cars behind us as Bobby threw on the brakes and pulled onto the shoulder of the road. I had to put one hand on the dashboard and the other on Bj to hold us in the seat.

"Look, don't tell me how to drive and damn it I can't believe you did that. Damn you, Caroline, answer me!" His voice crescendoed at my name and became a low rumble as he leaned over me, close to my face.

I was mad now. Mad about the phone and mad that I had to lie to him about my money and mad that I'd been caught and most of all mad that we were fighting in the car on the side of the road on this night when such a good thing had happened to me just an hour before.

"You want to know why Bob?" I spat each word clearly, viciously. "I did it because you're a sorry son of a bitch who can't hold a job for more than two weeks. I would have asked my mother for that food but I didn't. Why Bob? Because I'm tired of hearing her talk about what a sorry son of a bitch you are. I don't get paid for two more days and we didn't have any food in the house that wasn't in a can." I was so close to him that my narrowed eyes could see only his.

"So get a job and stay out of what I do to get dinner." I leaned away from him, my body limp, before continuing quietly. "What about the phone, Bob? It was cut off today. Did you know that? Is that my fault Bob? I don't know."

He slid silently back to the driver's side and lapped his fingers on the steering wheel. In the echoing quiet I looked out the side window and saw the reflection of Jason huddled in the back seat. I turned to look and so did Bobby. We exchanged glances and a current of guilt ran between us, our only bond. He started the car and pulled out onto the highway.

I looked down at the baby. His face was twisting tightly around his closed eyes, his clenched fists waving in the air. I held him to my chest and patted his back in a guilty effort to unscrew his angry face as we drove home in silence through the wistfully purple twilight.

Bobby pulled up to the apartment and idled the car as we got out.

"Aren't you coming in?" I asked after I handed the baby to Jason and sent them inside. Bobby didn't answer.

"Bobby please answer me," I coaxed, suddenly sweet, leaning halfway in the car. He still said nothing — the only thing that would have made me more angry than if he had spoken. "You're going to the Tavern, aren't you?" I laughed. "I get it. I work my ass off and you go drinking. Great, I love this, Bobby."

He put the car in reverse. "Please leave," he said, just as a hurt child might ask for comfort. But it was not that kind of need. It was just "please leave." He needed nothing from me. I wanted to scream, to wave my fists and cry, but I was so tired. So tired of his anger if I kept fighting and of being left behind if I did not.

I turned away without shutting the car door or watching him pull away into the blackened evening. Inside I fed the baby and warmed a can of Spaghettios for Jason.

After I put the baby to bed I held him next to me and stroked his hair as he watched his Thursday night TV programs. He didn't pull away but he didn't touch me. I let him watch more TV than I allow on a school night. I apologized to him for what had happened in the car and tried to explain that even grown-ups have their differences. I stopped when I realized

I'd said it all to him before. Jason said nothing, so I just held him tighter until he went to sleep. I carried him to bed and stood in the doorway of his room, watching him and the baby in the crib next to the bed. I thought of the icy lance that went through my stomach when I saw him huddled in the back of the car.

I turned the TV off and sat on the couch in the circle of one dim light bulb. Only nine o'clock and a lukewarm ache enveloped my bones like the smell of stale cafeteria food that encased the apartment. I had thought about leaving Bobby, but of course there were all sorts of reasons, the kids, mainly. But I didn't know if I wanted to leave. I hoped it would change, that Bobby could change if only I worked harder or cared more — that he would be, again, the way I used to think of him. Nights like tonight made it hard to believe myself. I leaned back and tried to convince myself that the good moments we had were, if not proportional to, at least worth the other times.

I thought of my writing award for the first time since we left Mom's. The dullness in more than my bones lifted for a moment, but crashed again into the lowest part of my stomach and I felt worse than before. I looked for the letter and remembered I had left it with Mom, also that she said she would call tonight. Well, she won't be surprised to get a disconnected signal, I thought. Mom was conditioned to our financial woes.

I went to the bedroom, running my fingertips down the wall of the hallway to imprint the texture of my life here on my numb mind. I sat on the edge of the bed and leaned back on my hands, and I smiled. I wasn't happy, I just had to smile. I had felt so good earlier, and now I was alone. As I slid between the covers and pulled a pillow tightly to my chest, I almost wished I had not won that award. Sometimes brightness only illuminates my darkness around it.

I awoke when Bobby slid into bed. I looked at the clock, certain I had overslept. After we fight he comes in late and sleeps on the couch until I leave for work, but it was only one. I got up to check on Bj and when I came back Bobby took me into his arms. I did not know what to say.

"Caroline, I'm sorry," he brushed my hair with his fingertips and pulled my head to his shoulder. I could tell from the faintness of alcohol on him that he had not had much to drink tonight. He continued when I remained silent.

"I'm sorry about the fight in front of Jason. I'm sorry you have to work so hard at the hospital, and I promise I'll try to keep looking for a better job, you know I will. And Caroline, I'm sorry we fought on the night you won that prize." At that I cried. I felt like I had only darkness and loneliness inside, and the pain of watching cartoons beside my resentful son.

Bobby held me closer and made shushing noises with his helplessness. Finally the anger and sorrow began to drain and I could lay quietly with my arms around him, listening to the whispering of the trees outside as the wind brushed their dying leaves against the window.

"Bobby?" I raised my head from his wet shoulder and sniffled like a child.

"Yes Caroline?"

"Will you come to the awards ceremony with me next weekend?"

"You bet," he said as he dried my face with his fingers. "You better believe I'll be there." We went to sleep like that, feeling that everything was okay again.

On Fridays I only work a half day so Mom can have an afternoon without Bj. I walked Jason home from kindergarten and the three of us sat in the living room, Jason watching cartoons and me enjoying the warm fall day and feeding the baby. The screen door was open, trading old smells for new ones.

A commercial for a shoe sale caught my eye. It was a slow motion shot of people's legs running across a dappled grey background. I held my breath at the sight of all those people in new shoes, women in sunny yellow heels and men in bright white sneakers, a little black girl in crimson patent leather and a little boy in brown penny loafers chasing a ball — all those people in fancy shoes running across the screen like the prancing ponies in a circus. A woman's voice-over: "Our back inventory, all for a dollar and a penny. Just at JC Penney. The JC Penney one-penny sale, just today."

I remained at attention after the image returned to the G.I. Joe cartoon. I decided that is what I would do with this sunny day, I would get new shoes for all of us. I could even get a nice pair of heels to wear to the awards presentation. I went to get the baby's blanket and told Jason to get ready to go out.

"Mom, I wanna watch G.I. Joe," he whined as I took his hand led him out the door.

"We're going to get you and me and Bj and Daddy some new shoes, Jason," I explained as we walked to the bus stop. "Don't you want some new shoes?"

"Can I get basketball shoes?" Jason fixed his blue eyes on me.

"You can get whatever you want," I promised, kissing the top of his head. This kept him quiet about G.I. Joe and he stared at his feet for the whole bus ride.

We got to Penney's and made our way toward the shoe section, the baby on one hip and my purse with its bus fare and thirteen dollars on the other.

There were rows and rows of new shoes, but they all had price tags of fifteen or twenty or more dollars. I asked a sales clerk where the one-penny sale shoes were. She motioned to

the back of the store and I turned to find Jason at my side, a pair of Nikes in each hand.

"I want these, Mom." Grinning, he lifted them up to me like trophies. I took them and, seeing the white price tags on them, set them on a rack.

"We need to look at the sale shoes, Jason. Maybe there's Nikes back there," I said.

The first cloud of a thunderstorm passed over his face. "But you promised I could have whatever I wanted."

"I meant of the sale shoes, c'mon, let's take a look," I seized his hand to keep him from picking up more shoes and tried to ignore the murmurs of "but you promised" behind me.

The sale table was piled high with unboxed shoes. I had to look to find their mates. My heart sank as I realized they were all imperfects, some with scratches, heels missing, eyelets broken. Still, I managed to find two pairs of matching baby shoes for Bj to grow into and a pair of penny loafers for Bob. I couldn't find any Nikes, only a nameless similar style in black. I held them out for Jason to try on.

"Don't want those Mom," he whined, eyes on the floor. "Want Nikes. You promised."

"I know, but Mommy doesn't have the money for Nikes. These are basketball shoes too. Don't you want to try them on for me?" I tried to convince Jason so we could leave soon.

It was hot in the store and the baby was beginning to fuss. Jason agreed to let me put them on his feet. They fit, so I had him look for a blue pair as I looked for a pair of heels. I finally found a pair of black heels that were not so scratched a polishing wouldn't fix them and headed for the check-out counter before the trip became even more agonizing.

There was a long line and I wiped the sweat from my cheek with the baby's blanket and jiggled him on my hip in an attempt to keep him quiet. I looked to see Jason gone and panicked for an instant until I saw him running toward me with a toy airplane.

"Look Mom, it's G.I. Joe's plane," and he tugged on my purse, chanting "please please please." My temper gave way.

"Jason, you put that back right now and don't talk back to me. You've got two new pairs of shoes and you're not getting an airplane," I snapped.

The baby's fussing became a wail at my angry voice. Then it was our turn and I set the shoes on the counter. I took the plane from Jason and handed it to the cashier, asking her to put it back. I quickly counted out the six dollars and change, eager to leave. My ears were buzzing and I was beginning to feel dizzy from the heat and Bj's frantic screams. People were staring. I rushed outside and leaned against the cool brick wall, shifting Bj to my other hip as I tried to calm myself, unable to quiet his squalls just yet, barely able to breathe for myself.

After several minutes I felt I could go on and we walked to the bus stop, me patting Bj's back and Jason sulkily trailing behind with our shoes.

I made a side trip to the grocery and got home to find a note from Bobby saying he would be out till nine or ten. I started dinner for myself and Jason and heated formula for the baby. Jason had thrown his new shoes down beside the couch. As I fried bacon for BLTs I realized that I really should not have expected much for a dollar. Yet those prancing new shoes on the afternoon television were so compelling, so desirable.

I thought about Bobby. I wondered if he had found a job today. The part-time work he was doing was initially just a way to help us out until he found something better. I wondered if he had even looked today. Money for today was all he needed. I enjoyed my nursing work at the hospital, but the hours were so long that I could not spend as much time with Jason and Bj as I wanted, and money was such that I could not turn down extra shifts. My writing was suffering. I had written most of my submissions for the League contest while in the hospital after having Bj, before Bobby quit his full-time job.

I started to pick up the phone to call Mom and ask if I could borrow a dress for the awards, but then remembered the phone was out. I went to my closet to try to find something and was surprised by my passing reflection in the hall mirror. I was unaware I looked so tired and pale, my hair matted down on my neck. Seen from the corner of my eye, in the casual glance like a stranger might see me, I looked older than I was.

The next Saturday afternoon I was thinking about these things on the drive to Atlanta. I had borrowed Mom's car because Bobby and I had had a fight last night and he had gone out with the car and not come home. Mom drove over at ten to bring me the dress I was borrowing from her and I told her what had happened.

"So this means he isn't going to Atlanta with you." She started to twist her hands like she does when she knows he has upset me.

"Mom, the awards aren't till six. I'm sure he will come down later since I have to be in Atlanta early to talk to the publishing people. I'm leaving a map for him." I was not sure I believed he would be there but it was important that I defend him.

So Mom agreed to stay home and take care of Jason and Bj, even though it meant I would be driving alone, maybe being alone. I left a map for Bobby and a note telling him how much I was looking forward to him being there to be with me. I was certain he would come home, unaware that I was leaving so early, find the note and immediately come to Atlanta.

In the car I replayed our argument of the night before. It was over money, again. He saw the letter I had received and

demanding to know why I lied to him about the amount of the prize money. I had to tell him that I did not trust him with the knowledge that I had money. I was afraid that, if he knew, he would not look for a better job until bills had eaten away my writing money.

The fight grew larger than the issue itself. He had been drinking and he pinned me to the couch with my arms behind my back. I threatened to scream; he dared me to. For the first time I was physically afraid of him. He had never hit me, but sometimes I almost wished he would go on and do it so he could not use the lack of physical abuse as a defense when I try to tell him how unhappy I am with the marriage. I wanted to know what there was to be afraid of. Last night I thought he would finally do it.

When he let me go, I remained folded in the position he had pinned me in. I was afraid to breathe, afraid to call his attention back to me. When he turned his back and walked across the room, I ran out the door.

At that moment I didn't care about him or the boys or the apartment, I just had to get away from being held down, from feeling the couch back against my face and trembling

as I waited for him to hit me. He didn't, but I felt bruised all over. I ran out to the street and leaned against a lamp post until I could stop shaking.

When I came home the door was open and he was gone. Jason was crying. I took him and the baby into my bedroom for the night.

Yet even after that I needed Bobby to be there today. I told myself that the only thing different about that fight from any other was that it had gotten more out of control. I still needed him to be there like he promised me last weekend as we were together in bed.

There, in the car driving to Atlanta, I wondered if perhaps the person I had in my mind, the person I saw as Bobby before everything went so bad, had ever existed anywhere but in my mind.

Then I was in Atlanta. I talked with the publishing people and we signed papers. Then myself and the other writers started talks with them on design and production of the anthology. I kept looking up at the door, waiting for Bobby to walk in.

I left to change clothes for the presentation. I waited outside until the speaker began and then took a seat next to another writer and her family, still glancing at the doors every time I heard them open. The presentations were starting, but I was sure he would be there before mine began. I couldn't imagine getting up on that stage without knowing he was there.

Then I heard the name of my award, and one of the judges stood to speak. I scanned the auditorium frantically, not even hearing what he was saying. My eyes blurred and my fists clenched at my nervousness from being here without Bobby's support.

Through the ringing in my ears I began to hear what the judge was saying. I heard him talk about me, referring to my stories and calling them strong entries in a good field for this year's fiction submissions. A jolt ran through me when he referred to me as a writer. I did not think of myself as a writer, it is just what I do, but here was this author with a string of initials behind his name naming me "writer." This man was telling this audience of a concise writing style and true characters and growing talent because he thought my work merited it.

I was so intent in these thoughts I did not hear my name called until the woman next to me nudged me. I held the handrail up the stairs to steady myself as I heard applause, for me. The judge shook my hand and said something I could not hear, my attention fixed only on the effort it took not to drop the plaque and papers and envelope he handed me. He walked me to the microphone and asked me to speak about the award.

I placed my hand on the podium and recited as my breath echoed from the auditorium speakers. I stood, eyes wide, and as I looked out across that sea of politely interested faces I knew I was alone in that room. No one was there just to hear me and clap a little louder than all the rest when I sat down again. Somehow I breathed around the lump of pain in my throat and spoke.

My words traveled clearly across the room, surprising me with their calmness. I gave a brief thank-you speech, and applause followed me to my seat.

I sat, numb, and traced my fingers over the words engraved on the shining brass plate over the wooden plaque. The presentations concluded and people began to leave. I walked up the aisle, silent in the chattering crowds of people, and I knew that I had received my award and spoken clearly and intelligently to all of them. It had not mattered that Bobby was not there.

In the car I held the plaque and told myself that, finally, I could leave him. I could put him behind me because no longer was there helplessness or anger or pity or even affection for him in me. The battle had not been with him but with myself, and now there was only this title of "writer" and an empty white space. It was the end of a void that had swallowed the way I wanted to live and parent and write for as long as I allowed myself to believe that Bobby would ever change because of my efforts. I knew what I would do with the five hundred dollars and I felt free and hopeful, without Bobby's approval or consent or knowledge.

"I stood, eyes wide, and as I looked out across that sea of politely interested faces I knew I was alone in that room. No one was there just to hear me and clap a little louder than all the rest when I sat down again. Somehow I breathed around the lump of pain in my throat and spoke."

Battle of the sexes

Rutgers sues nursery for feminizing asparagus

By TODD RICHSSIN
Associated Press

NEWARK, N.J. — In the battle of the sexes, males are a far superior breed. Male asparagus, that is.

So says Rutgers University, which is suing a commercial nursery for feminizing its product — a male all-male asparagus — by exposing it to "gross contamination with females."

Rutgers created the "super-male" seed in 1984 and contends that it was contaminated by females sometime last year.

A crop of the male hybrid can yield up to four times as much vegetable than a sexually mixed crop, partly because its energies are not

diverted to produce flowers and seeds.

The unwelcome comeback by the female element is significant in a country that eats almost 245 million pounds of asparagus a year. Rutgers stands to lose more than \$1 million.

Problem is, Rutgers, which filed suit in U.S. District Court in Newark against Nourse Farms Inc., isn't saying how the contamination occurred.

And Nourse, a commercial nursery responsible for reproducing the super-male seed in South Deerfield, Mass., denies it did anything wrong.

Under a licensing agreement, Nourse sold the reproduced seeds to growers and retailers, handing over 50 percent of the gross sales to Rut-

gers.

Last year the university and the nursery made about \$500,000 each on about 2,000 pounds of seeds.

Before development of the macho seed, a mixed batch of seeds produced about 1,300 pounds of asparagus per acre. The all-male seeds — developed to form super-male plants with such names as the Jersey Titan, Jersey King and Jersey Giant — produce more than 4,000 pounds.

The all-male asparagus is superior because of its increased vigor, yield, longevity and disease resistance.

"These advantages are partially because of the specially developed characteristics of the parents, but

primarily result from the fact that these hybrid offspring are all male," said the lawsuit filed this month.

The lawsuit said Rutgers will lose money because it will take two years to develop parent plants that produce the male seeds. The ones it initially produced went to Nourse.

Company attorney John Sikorski said the company followed all directions given by the university and doesn't know how the all-male hybrid became contaminated. Rutgers said it would have no comment aside from the wording of the lawsuit.

Rutgers is seeking unspecified royalties, termination of Nourse as a contractor, attorneys' fees and an order that Nourse indemnify and de-

\$425,000 gift to aid restoration effort

By CAROLINE SHIVELY
Staff Writer

A donation of \$425,000 from the restoration and development of the third building to become part of UK's Gaines Center for the Humanities was announced at a press conference yesterday.

The donation was made by the Margrite and John R. Davis Foundation. This sum will be combined with a previous donation of \$200,000 from the Bingham Foundation to restore the vacant building at 218 E. Maxwell St.

The building suffered about \$10,000 in damages in a fire April 4, UK spokesman Ralph Derickson said.

Two male juveniles have been arrested in connection with the arson case. Their names haven't been released because of their ages.

Because of the suspected arson UK will "probably have to replace the beams between the first floor and the basement, but chances are the floor units were going to have to be replaced anyway," Derickson said.

Damage will be paid for by insurance taken out on the building by the University, not the donated money, Derickson said.

Renovation is expected to begin in late spring or early summer, said Raymond Betts, direc-

tor of the Gaines Center.

After renovation is complete, the building will provide study space and research facilities for Gaines Fellows, 10 UK students chosen each year for studies in the Humanities.

"It will give our students a place to do some serious research," Betts said.

The building also will contain classrooms and overnight space for visiting professors and guest lecturers.

"With the renovation of an additional building, the Gaines Center Complex, the University will be able to significantly expand opportunities for further study in the humanities," said UK President Charles Wethington.

Betts said he hopes the Gaines Center and the renovations will "do something in a modest way for undergraduate education."

The Gaines Center was established in 1985 through a \$500,000 grant from former UK Trustee John R. Gaines and his wife, Joan, matched by funds from UK and the Kentucky Heritage Center.

The addition to the Gaines Center "emphasizes once again the University's commitment to quality undergraduate education and its continuing commitment to the serious study in the humanities," Betts said.

Poland takes step to market economy

by opening its first stock exchange

By ANDRZEJ STYLINSKI
Associated Press

WARSAW, Poland — Poland took another step on the road to a market economy yesterday by opening its first stock exchange since 1939 — on the top floor of the old Communist Party headquarters.

When the session was over, four of the five listed stocks in newly privatized companies had risen and one was down.

"This is a historical moment, no exaggeration," Privatization Minister Janusz Lewandowski told more than 200 guests on the transaction floor.

Lewandowski said he hoped at least three more former state-owned companies would offer stock to the public next month. His ministry intends to convert about 3,500 state-owned businesses to private ownership within the next three years.

It also is expected that some new private companies may seek to raise capital by selling shares.

More than a dozen youthful brokers, specialists and aides clustered around five computer terminals on the trading floor. Some wore red suspenders over their white shirts, a switch on the red ties their Communist predecessors wore in the same room when it was a party congress hall.

One broker, Robert Muraszke, 28, said he had never seen a stock market except on Western television.

"I'm an optimist that we'll have a real stock exchange in a year or two," said Muraszke, one of the 50 graduates of the first class for brokers.

Prices for four of the five listed stocks rose 6 percent to 33 percent from the initial prices paid when shares were sold to the public last fall. The fifth, the Krosno glass factory, dropped 8.5 percent, apparently a result of press reports about the company's financial troubles.

The initial session's trading vol-

ume was small, "but this is just the beginning," said Leslaw Paga, in charge of the Privatization Ministry department supervising the securities market.

Until June, sessions will be held once a week, and brokers' offices set up in more than 150 branches of seven banks nationwide will take orders from customers.

The location of the stock exchange at the former Communist Party headquarters symbolized the political and economic reforms Po-

land has undertaken since Solidarity took power in 1989.

The market is the first in Warsaw since the six exchanges operating in Poland closed at the start of World War II and is the second to open in formerly Communist-dominated Eastern Europe. Hungary's exchange opened in Budapest 10 months ago.

The East Meadow by Zale Schoenborn



Tony the Turdhead was always a greedy, smelly kid, but he put new meaning into his nickname when he lost his first tooth and used it to rob the tooth fairy.

Lohman, Estes named outstanding UK seniors

Staff reports

Sean Lohman and the Cincinnati Reds have something in common: both just recently completed a sweep.

Lohman, Student Government Association president for the past two years, was given the Otis A. Singletary award for outstanding senior male last night at an awards banquet.

He has won the award for outstanding freshman, sophomore and junior.

The Reds, of course, swept the Oakland Athletics in the World Series last fall 4-0.

Page Estes, Student Activities Board president, was the recipient of the Singletary outstanding senior female award.

Outstanding junior went to David Croshaw; outstanding sophomore David Pace; outstanding freshman Jill Cranston.

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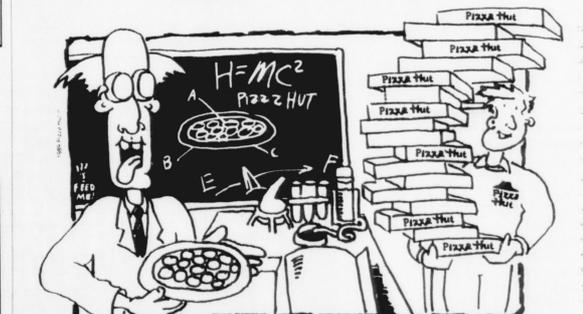
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Iraqi refugees move to lower elevations

By MARY BETH SHERIDAN
Associated Press

SILOPI, Turkey — Bad weather grounded some relief helicopters Tuesday in a remote corner of southeast Turkey, but U.S. troops stepped up relief efforts, setting up a supply base to speed the flow of aid to desperate Kurds.

Relief workers and the State Department say up to 1,000 refugees may be dying of exposure, dehydration and dysentery along the Turkish border daily.

Turkey says there are 600,000 Iraqi refugees — most of them Kurds — on its border, 400,000 of them inside Turkey. Iran says close to 1 million Kurds live there.

In Silopi, the clank of hammers echoed across the flat, grassy plain as the Air Force's 36th Civil Engineering Squadron from Bitburg, Germany, began setting up the supply base.

Nearby, members of the Marines' Medium Helicopter Squadron 264 from Camp Lejeune, N.C., were filling big black rubber "bladders" with helicopter fuel.

Up to 80 choppers will ferry 600 tons of food, water and blankets out of the camp daily, said U.S. Army Col. Bill Tangney.

But bad weather kept the helicopters on the ground Tuesday, far from the refugees. Six heavy-lift Sea Knight helicopters that took

off with food and water had to turn back.

"We could barely see the cliffs 40 feet away," said Staff Sgt. Lee Tibbets, the public affairs officer with the 24th Marine Expeditionary Unit.

Turkish authorities continued moving refugees to better-equipped camps at lower elevations, where conditions will be less arduous.

Three thousand refugees were transferred to a new tent settlement at Silopi on Tuesday. On Monday, 2,100 refugees were moved to Silopi from the remote Isikveren camp.

The Ankara government reversed itself on Monday and allowed refugees to move beyond the border region and deeper into Turkey. In all, Turkey plans to move about 30,000 refugees to the lower-elevation camps.

At Silopi, doctors began examining some of the refugees who had been transferred from a mountain camp on the border.

Many children were suffering from diarrhea and scabies, said Sulayman Uysal, a pediatrician working for the Turkish Ministry of Health.

Iraqi women jammed the camp's bathroom to wash clothes and children after two weeks without washing.

In the mountains of northern Iraq, the Kurdish rebels say they still hold considerable amounts of territory in their traditional homeland.

"The government says the Kurdish uprising is finished, yet here we are with the army unable to dislodge us for all its trying, despite all its superior firepower," a rebel commander known as Jabat told AP reporter Alex Efty, who has been traveling with guerrillas and refugees.

At the State Department, spokesman Richard Boucher said some heavy fighting occurred between Iraqi government forces and armed dissidents between the northern oil center of Kirkuk and the Iranian border.

There was also evidence of some limited skirmishing on Monday in southern Iraq along the Tigris River, he said.

Iraqi authorities, however, sought to bolster the notion that Saddam's troops firmly were in control. The official Iraqi News Agency reported Tuesday that Iraqi President Saddam Hussein visited Kirkuk a day earlier.

The city was recaptured by government forces last month after being briefly held by the Kurdish rebels.

In Washington, the White House said U.S. forces are moving in and out of northern Iraq as part of the relief effort for the Kurds, but will not intervene in the civil war.

More than 8,000 U.S. military personnel are being deployed to Turkey to set up an aid infrastructure for the refugees before turning it over to international organizations.

At Silopi, six Marine CH-46 helicopters flew into the base from the USS Guadalcanal, which recently steamed into the Turkish port of Iskenderun.

Additional Marine, Army and Navy helicopters are expected shortly to help in the airlift.

On Wednesday, the relief lifts were scheduled to go out "from dawn to dusk," said Tangney, the U.S. Army colonel.

Time, receipts for school donated by UK's sororities

By CHRISTINE BOTTORFF
Contributing Writer

Thanks to sorority members who have gone "Krogering," students at Lexington's Johnson Elementary School may receive a brand new IBM computer.

Kroger grocery store and IBM recently have been working together on a joint-venture project in which computers can be purchased by using grocery store receipts from Kroger. For every \$250,000 in Kroger receipts saved, a computer is donated by IBM to the school that has collected them.

Julie Genton, publicity chair for UK's Panhellenic Council, said Panhellenic decided to use the program as a philanthropic

project.

Beginning last semester, all of UK's sororities began a competition after they were challenged by Panhellenic to save the largest total of Kroger receipts. Kappa Delta social sorority won, saving the equivalent of \$7,859.45 in receipts. The sororities raised a grand total of \$59,124.16.

Today at 3 p.m., Genton and Shelley White, president of Panhellenic, will present the receipts to Juliette Blacketer's first-grade class at Johnson Elementary School. The class also has been saving Kroger receipts of their own, but Genton hopes Panhellenic's efforts will bring them even closer to their goal of \$250,000 and a new computer.

Court to study allegations of Mississippi school segregation

By RICHARD CARELLI
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — The Supreme Court is expanding its look at segregation in American education and will decide what states must do to overcome past racial bias in their university systems.

The justices agreed Monday to study Bush administration contentions that Mississippi continues to operate an unlawfully segregated system of state universities.

Justice Department lawyers say a federal appeals court was wrong when it ruled that Mississippi had met "its constitutional obligation by discontinuing prior discriminatory practices and adopting and implementing good-faith, race-neutral policies and procedures."

The high court's decision is expected sometime in 1992, along with a ruling in a Georgia case that should yield important new guidelines on just what amounts to full racial integration of public elementary and high schools.

In Mississippi during the 1985-86

school year, 99 percent of the state's 26,953 white college students were enrolled in historically white institutions. At the same time, 71 percent of the state's 12,826 black students were enrolled in historically black schools.

Mississippi spent an average \$1,351 in 1960 and \$8,516 in 1986 for each student enrolled at historically white schools. The corresponding per-student figures at black schools were \$718 in 1960 and \$6,038 in 1986.

A three-judge panel of the 5th Circuit court ruled in 1990 that "vestiges of de jure (legally required) segregation permeate the public university system."

But the entire appeals court, by a 9-5 vote, reversed the panel's ruling last September.

"Mississippi has adopted and implemented race-neutral policies for operating its colleges and universities, and ... all students have real freedom of choice to attend the college or university they wish," the appeals court said.

The government appeal asks the

Supreme Court to clarify the "considerable confusion over the proper legal standard against which to assess a state's obligation to disestablish a former de jure dual system of higher education."

Such a ruling likely would affect a Justice Department lawsuit accusing Louisiana of operating segregated colleges. A federal judge in New Orleans threw out that suit last October, citing the 5th Circuit ruling in the Mississippi case.

Mississippi today operates eight public universities. At least until 1962, all eight were strictly segregated by race. Five — the University of Mississippi, Mississippi State, Southern Mississippi, Mississippi University for Women and Delta State — admitted only whites. Three — Alcorn State, Jackson State and Mississippi Valley State — admitted only blacks.

The color barrier was broken when James Meredith was admitted to the University of Mississippi

in 1962 under court order.

In other matters Monday, the Supreme Court:

• Agreed to decide in a Tennessee case whether states may ban political speech and activities within 100 feet of polling places while allowing other forms of speech in the same areas.

• Rejected arguments by a Washington state teen-ager sentenced to life in prison without chance of parole for a murder he committed when 13 that his punishment is cruel and unusual.

• Let die a \$16 million libel suit against television commentator Andy Rooney and CBS by the Arizona-based manufacturer of a chemical treatment for car windshield.

• Agreed to decide in a Louisiana case whether prison guards who use excessive force violate an inmate's constitutional rights if his physical injuries are not "significant."

Miss Lexington crown relinquished by Keidann

By CHRISTINE BOTTORFF
Contributing Writer

UK's Stella Keidann has relinquished her Miss Lexington crown because of her residency status. However, UK sophomore Christie Jo Campbell will now be taking over the title.

Keidann was selected as Miss Lexington in February. Campbell was first runner-up in the Miss Lexington Scholarship Pageant, sponsored by the Metropolitan Women's Club.

However, Keidann recently discovered she is ineligible to serve because when she competed in the pageant, she was not a United States citizen. Keidann is a native of Brazil and her parents currently live in St. Louis, Mo.

Gretchen King, executive director

of the Miss Kentucky Scholarship Pageant, said Keidann voluntarily relinquished her crown after discovering her ineligibility.

Keidann was misinformed about pageant regulations by someone not affiliated with the contest, King said. Keidann was under the impression that U.S. citizenship was not required for local pageants, only for the state and national level pageants. In actuality, local pageants require winners to be U.S. citizens as well.

She is in the process of becoming a U.S. citizen and plans to compete in future pageants, King said.

The Miss Kentucky Scholarship pageant, held in Louisville for the past 26 years, will be held in Lexington's Opera House in July. Christie Jo Campbell will represent Lexington.



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- 12 Noon Wright State vs UL
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Officials accused of stalling talks on bill

By WILLIAM M. WELCH
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — Civil rights advocates contend the administration is trying to scuttle its talks with business leaders toward a compromise civil rights bill, just when the negotiations were about to resolve the thorny issue of quotas.

Civil rights leaders said Monday they were near agreement last week with representatives of the Business Roundtable, a group of 200 big corporations, when President Bush's chief of staff, John Sununu, and White House counsel Boyden Gray began urging the companies not to cut a deal.

"The White House is attempting once again to scuttle good-faith attempts by the business and civil rights communities to reach common ground on the civil rights act," said Ralph Neas, executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights.

Two veteran civil rights figures, Vernon Jordan Jr. and William T. Coleman, met with Sununu and Gray at the White House last Friday and asked that they stop discouraging business from negotiating.

White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater said Monday that administration officials contacted executives of some of the companies involved and pressed them to stick with Bush's version of the bill.

"We've run into a problem here where a couple of business leaders wanted to negotiate and represent themselves as all of business, and we've had complaints from independent businessmen and other organizations that their views weren't necessarily represented by these individuals," Fitzwater said.

"And so, we are trying to conduct most of the negotiations ourselves."

Talks between business and civil rights leaders reached an intensive phase last week.

Sources close to the talks, requesting anonymity, said there was substantial agreement on several points, including some that could put to rest the administration's charge the bill would encourage the use of racial quo-

tas in hiring and promotion.

President Bush vetoed the bill last year, arguing that it would prompt employers to use quotas to avoid violating the law. Republicans played on anti-quotas sentiment successfully in the 1990 elections, and it was seen as a potentially powerful GOP issue in 1992.

Advocates of the Democratic bill deny it would lead to quotas and have searched for ways to defuse that argument.

"It should be increasingly obvious to all that the White House does not want to see a good civil rights bill enacted into law," Neas said. "For them, the quota issue is nothing but a smoke-screen and all the White House wants is a political issue around which to demagogue."

The bill is intended to overcome a series of Supreme Court decisions that made it more difficult for minorities to sue for hiring and job discrimination.

The White House-backed version would not go as far as the Democratic bill, and it would impose a limit on the amount of money that could be collected in damages in discrimination suits.

Sources close to the negotiations said the question of limiting damages is the major remaining obstacle to agreement in the talks, and that compromise seemed possible there, too. The White House has not been involved in those talks.

Civil rights advocates hope that agreement on a bill with big business would attract enough bipartisan support to assure the bill a veto-proof majority in Congress.

Among the issues resolved last week was agreement in principle on legal language setting a standard for employers to defend job practices that have an unintended discriminatory effect.

Barbara Amwine, executive director of the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, said White House efforts to discourage compromise showed the quotas issue was not legitimate.

"The irony of all of this is, here a president who allegedly opposed the civil rights act because of quotas now opposes an agreement that, by both parties' admission, would resolve any quotas issue," she said.

U of L president unveils reorganization plan

Associated Press

LOUISVILLE, Ky. — Most bachelor's degree programs in the University of Louisville's schools of Education and Business would be phased out under a reorganization plan announced by President Donald Swain.

The plan, outlined in a 22-page document called "A Strategy for the 1990s," is believed to be one of the most comprehensive reorganization plans put forth in the university's history.

Swain said Monday the plan would reposition the school for the

coming decades by strengthening its top academic programs, simplifying its structure and "making us more responsive to the people and groups we serve."

About \$16.4 million would be funneled into U of L's highest priorities during the next three years.

Organizational changes and savings target shared by all U of L departments would raise about \$9.6 million of that amount. The remaining \$6.8 million would come from new revenue.

Swain said the plan generally would shift undergraduate education toward broad, liberal arts objectives

and away from highly specialized majors. It also would boost graduate programs and research, he said.

Among the steps outlined in the plan:

- The College of Arts and Sciences would be reorganized into four basic divisions.
- The schools of Education and Business would phase out most bachelor's degree programs and place more emphasis on graduate programs.
- The central administrative apparatus in the College of Urban and Public Affairs would be phased out, but most of its programs would be

transferred to other schools and colleges.

- A new interdisciplinary institute of Urban and Public Affairs would continue U of L's commitment to its urban mission.
- The School of Music would become a conservatory focusing on professional instruction.
- A new vice presidency would be established to oversee schools on the university's Health Sciences Center campus.
- The plan must receive final approval from U of L's Board of Trustees.

Scientist says ozone loss worse than thought

By CHARLES CAMPBELL
Associated Press

WASHINGTON — The loss to the earth's protective ozone layer is probably even worse than shown in recent satellite observations, a leading researcher told Congress yesterday.

F. Sherwood Rowland, co-author of the 1974 study that disclosed that chlorofluorocarbons, or CFCs, were damaging the ozone layer, said the total wintertime loss over Canada and the northern United States since 1969 could be estimated at about 10 percent.

Rowland, a chemistry professor at the University of California at Irvine, told the Senate subcommittee

on science, technology and space that it was likely ozone destruction began before 1978, when the satellite measurements began.

Earlier this month, the Environmental Protection Agency estimated the ozone loss over the northern United States since 1978 at about 5 percent. Scientists say the ozone damage appears minimal near the equator, but gets worse as one moves closer to the poles.

The EPA said the result could be an additional 200,000 deaths from skin cancer in the United States over the next 50 years, nearly doubling the current rate of 5,000 deaths a year.

"While the new satellite data are both startling and ominous in their

own right, they do not represent the total ozone depletion which has occurred over the past decades," Rowland said in his testimony.

At ground level, ozone is a pollutant. But in the upper atmosphere — about 10 miles up — ozone blocks some of the sun's ultraviolet radiation, a development that can cause skin cancer and harm plants.

In the 1970s, Rowland and other scientists discovered that ozone high above the earth's surface was being destroyed by CFCs and other chemicals, including halons, carbon tetrachloride and methyl chloroform.

An international agreement signed in 1987 and strengthened last year commits more than 70 coun-

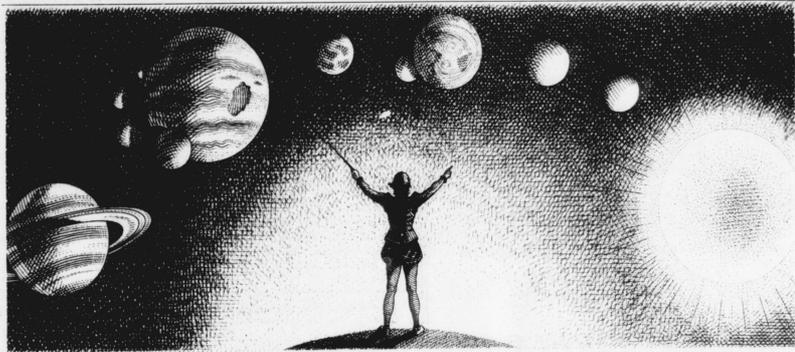
tries to phasing out ozone-destroying chemicals.

Sen. Al Gore, D-Tenn. and the subcommittee chairman, is urging the United States to speed up the elimination of CFCs and the other ozone-depleting chemicals.

CFCs are used extensively in air conditioning and refrigeration, in making insulating foam and as a solvent. Methyl chloroform is a solvent for metal cleaning and is used in adhesives and coatings.

Alternative chemicals are being developed, but some pose environmental dangers of their own.

Also, the alternatives often require expensive alterations to refrigeration equipment designed for CFCs.



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LKD week focus: run, rosé and rats

By TAMMY GAY and
KERI CARTINHOOR
Staff Writers

What do mice and wine have in common on UK's campus?

Hint: It's not that they both go better with cheese or that they put you in a state of frenzy.

Give up? They are the focus of "Run for the Rosé" and "Run for the Rodents," two races to be held during the 35th annual Little Kentucky Derby.

The events, sponsored by Student Activities Board and GMAC, will begin about 4 and 6 p.m. respectively tomorrow at the Grub Hub in Clifton Circle.

Any UK organization or group of students can register and participate in the races. To late register, contact the SAB office.

"Run for the Rosé and 'Run for the Rodents' are races to get students involved with LKD and have a lot of fun at the same time," said Laura Williams, SAB member and organizer of "Run for the Rosé."

In the first race, four people in a tag team will run an obstacle course while balancing a glass of liquid on a tray.

The object of the race is to have the fastest time and to spill as little liquid as possible while walking over ropes, running through cones, swirling a few times and running backwards.

Penalty time is added to the scores for all the liquid spilled.

In preparation for the second race tomorrow, participants will pick out a mouse from SAB and will try and train it.

"Banana" Don Edwards from WTKT-FM (103.1) will broadcast the race live.

Ribbons will be given for the first three places in both events.

"Usually there is a big turnout — especially this year because of the

Grub Hub," Williams said. She said she anticipates many people will go because of the food vendors that are going to be set up and the band, Red Beans and Rice, which will play beginning at 4 p.m.

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SGA J-Board points problems of election rules

Sometimes when you look at the trees, you miss the beautiful picture of the forest. That could be said of the UK Student Government Association Spring Elections Board for voting behind closed doors to disqualify David King from being elected to the SGA Senate. Thank goodness the SGA Judicial Board is not nearsighted and decided Monday to overturn the decision.

After winning a senator-at-large seat in the SGA Senate in the March 17-18 elections, King was disqualified by the elections board because he turned in his expenditure form 45 minutes past the deadline. What a subversion of the democratic process that was for King to be late with such a vital document!

As SGA Judicial Board Chief Justice Ken Walker noted in his decision, it "would be an abuse of discretion" for the elections board to claim that King's tardiness in turning in his expenditure list affected the outcome of this spring's election.

To be fair to the board, it had little recourse but to disqualify King because of the ridiculously stringent SGA elections rules that mandated disqualification of candidates for violating any election rule — regardless whether election was affected by the violation. The election rules were passed earlier this year by the SGA Senate, which rarely reads anything placed before it.

As the judicial board noted in its decision, although King turned in his expenditure form past deadline, the reason for his disqualification was subject to dispute.

Former SGA President Cyndi Weaver, who represented King, argued correctly that the SGA Constitution does not allow a candidate to be disqualified for a violation if the violation didn't affect the outcome of an election.

It is understandable that the SGA wanted to establish fair election rules so no one would question its integrity — especially in a state where vote-buying is a big business and as much a tradition as basketball.

When the 1991-92 SGA Senate convenes next fall, it ought to make sure that reasonable election rules are implemented and not the silly ones that were passed this year.

LETTERS

Right to know

"Warning! M.J. King Library Not Fully Equipped." I would like to see a sign similar to this one posted on the entrance of the University's main library.

Margaret I. King Library has been an issue for quite some time now. Grants and donations have been given to this building for renovations and upkeep. But why does it still seem so hard to find what you need at this certain location?

Maybe it is because every time you try to research there it turns into a wild goose chase to the other libraries on campus.

There are more than 15 other libraries on this campus besides M.J. King. I have never once been able to locate what I need in one place. Every time I ask the reference people to find a call number, the com-

puter screen always says the source is at another library. If you ask me, this is wasted time for all involved.

When UK President Charles Wethington spoke to my sorority at our scholarship banquet, he said a need for a whole new library was something he would like to see done. There should be one condition: A central library with sections divided among the other college libraries in this one building.

This way, everything is in one place, and you don't find yourself running around to different libraries to find your sources.

Although the project will be very costly, it is worth the effort and time to better our university. People will not be wasting their time, and students can be sure that their research will be easier and more convenient at such a place.

Brieny Turpen is a public relations sophomore.

As the semester draws to a close, self-esteem helps you keep stable

Why may John hear his boss or a professor say, "I want to see you in my office right away (or after class)" and feel like his life may be over any minute, yet Carol can hear the same words and experience only mild curiosity? (Fictitious people, real situations.) Or maybe you know people who get involved in one unhealthy relationship after another, seemingly unable to find healthy or positive relationships.

People who automatically expect the worst or who are in a repeat pattern of negative relationships usually have a low personal opinion of themselves — or low self-esteem.

Self-esteem can be defined in many ways. Simply stated, self-esteem involves what we think and how we feel about ourselves as people. Self-esteem develops over time.

As children, we get messages, verbal and non-verbal, from our parents. These messages provide us with information about our value as individuals; what's good about us and what may not be so good (in someone else's opinion).

Children who are criticized frequently or told in some way they are unacceptable will tend to eventually believe those messages and

Counselor's CORNER

develop a lower self-esteem. In contrast, people with high self-esteem are encouraged and praised as children. While they may be punished for inappropriate behavior, their value as human beings is always protected and respected.

The development of self-esteem involves a number of factors, including:

• **Thoughts.** High self-esteem: positive outlook on life, clearly defined sense of self, likes self; low self-esteem: self-critical, pessimistic.

• **Feelings.** High self-esteem: confident, happy, proud, enthusiastic; low self-esteem: confused, worthless, insecure, unlovable, scared, unhappy.

• **Behaviors.** High self-esteem: outgoing, productive, good relationship with others; low self-esteem: substance abuse, troubled relationships.

Most people constantly experience characteristics of high- and low self-esteem. If you identify more closely or feel more familiar



The multicultural 'grievance industry'

By Dinesh D'Souza

In recent years, U.S. universities have witnessed a strong outburst of animus against the norms and standards of Western culture, culminating in Stanford University's decision to replace its "core curriculum" with multicultural offerings. Amidst chants of "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go," Stanford activists expelled Homer, Shakespeare and Freud from the required curriculum, replacing them with the lesser-known productions of minorities, feminists and natives of Third World countries.

Universities are now declaring, in the words of activist and Stanford Afro-American Studies professor Clayborne Carson, that "the age of the white male is over. We are increasingly confronted with a multicultural environment, and it's not enough just to let minorities in the door. The society is going to have the change. Stanford has begun to recognize that, and everybody else is watching closely."

To see how this works in practice, consider *I, Rigoberta Menchu*, the oral autobiography of Guatemalan peasant woman, which is representative of the new sort of textbook that is now required reading at Stanford. Rigoberta first claims that she "speaks for all the Indians of the American continent," and her translator, the feminist writer Elisabeth Burgos-Debray, immediately observes that "the voice of Rigoberta allows the defeated to speak."

As the reader prepares for a thrilling drama of oppression, he may be permitted a nagging question: Where did feminist Burgos-Debray meet the representative peasant Rigoberta? "At a conference in Paris," we learn in the introduction. Rigo-

berta, it turns out, is a social activist who uses phrases such as "bourgeois youths" — not the usual vocabulary of an Indian peasant.

The book does have a lavish sprinkling of Latin and Indian phrases, italicized for impressive effect. For example, "At times, we managed to scrape in the *Altaplano* and didn't go down to the *fincas*." Through this sort of esoterica, Rigoberta established her credentials for the new seekers of "cultural diversity."

But a chapter called "Rigoberta

is an Indian, victimized by Latin culture on the continent. Her greatness seems to derive entirely from her victim status. She is the modern Saint Sebastian, pierced by the arrows of North American white male cruelty.

Now it is her turn to be canonized — quite literally, for her to enter the Stanford canon of required books. What is going on here?

Non-Western countries have certainly produced great books, great art and great ideas. But the modern activists are not interested in a seri-

phobic views on race; repudiate feminism through such practices as female abortion, dowry and *pardub*; and segregate, fine of imprison homosexuals as criminals.

Consequently, Western activists and intellectuals have taken a very selective approach to the Third World, ransacking its history and culture to find eccentric and unrepresentative figures, such as Rigoberta Menchu, who are nothing more than a projection and a confirmation of modern liberal prejudices.

Students who undergo the new ideological indoctrination in multicultural awareness do not emerge with a better or deeper understanding of other cultures. They only emerge (and this is the political objective of the activists who lobbied for such courses) angrier and more toward their own culture.

In other words, multi-cultural studies at Stanford and elsewhere is turning into little more than a "grievance industry," which produces and markets ethnic- and gender-based resentment. This grievance is identified (the Guatemalan guerrilla struggle), packaged (Rigoberta Menchu) and then disseminated for Western academic consumption (Burgos-Debray).

As a India native who is now a U.S. resident, I hope that cultural exchange and understanding will someday be conducted with greater honesty, sincerity and mutual respect.

Dinesh D'Souza, a former White House policy analyst, is a research fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. His book "Illiberal Education: The Politics of Race and Sex on Campus" has just been published by the Free Press/Macmillan.

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with those on the low side, however, you may suffer from low self-esteem.

Choices regarding relationships and sexual behavior are usually a reflection of one's level of self-esteem. A person with low self-esteem, troubled by feeling unlovable, unwanted or lonely, may use a sexual relationship to forget about these feelings.

For a brief time, he or she can feel loved, needed, wanted. These desires can be so strong that the person may forget about safe sex practices, including making healthy, positive choices about the relationship itself.

People with low self-esteem may get involved in relationships that become more painful than positive, are abusive in some way, involve substance abuse or unhealthy sexual decisions or are otherwise self-defeating.

Anyone can make a mistake in judgment and get involved with someone who is not as nice as they thought — especially in the initial euphoric stages of romantic love or if the person has not had much experience with relationships.

But if you find that you regularly get involved with people like this,

that you repeatedly ignore healthy sexual practices or your sexual encounters leave you feeling confused and lonely, you may want to consider how your level of self-esteem is influencing your relationships and sexual behavior.

What are some signs that low self-esteem may be a negative influence on relationships and/or sexual choices? The following are characteristics of unhealthy relationships which frequently affect sexual decision-making. These characteristics are true for men as well as women. Those involved can be conscious or unconscious of their decisions and behavior.

• Becoming sexually involved with someone in order to avoid feelings of fear, emptiness, anger or other forms of emotional or psychic pain.

• Loving someone who does not love you back, all the while trying harder to please that person, sexually or otherwise.

• Being attracted to people who need to be taken care of or "fixed" in some way, as a way of temporarily making you feel better about yourself.

• Having sex even though you don't want to, frequently loaning or giving

your mate money, spending time you don't really have, putting your personal safety in jeopardy (as in an abusive situation), etc., just so you can stay in a relationship.

• Using sex as a "smoke screen" against real intimacy in a relationship (a way of not dealing with feelings and emotional closeness).

• Frequently or always using alcohol or other drugs in conjunction with sex or a date, again as a way of screening out true feelings or anxiety associated with intimacy.

• Backing down on using condoms or taking other precautions sexually, just because your partner doesn't want to.

Unhealthy relationships can become a pattern that may continue for years before those involved in such relationships is that they do not believe they are worthy of better treatment.

The first step in moving toward positive relationships is being able to identify any self-defeating choices and behaviors. As explained by Janet Geringer Weitz in *Struggle for Intimacy*, we need to seek our own approval, or feelings of high self-esteem, rather than relying on sources outside ourselves which may be temporary, superficial or

exploitive.

Seeking our approval does not mean we should not please our partner, not that we won't feel great when we do get approval. But if we usually rely on another person for our sense of value, we are not involved in an adult relationship. We have allowed our partner to become a "parent," telling us, in essence, that we're either good or bad. Our goodness and uniqueness as individuals exists regardless of another person's acknowledgement.

Replacing a low level of self-esteem with a high one means taking an honest look at ourselves, acknowledging positive skills, putting them to good use and giving ourselves credit for the good things we do and the positive traits we have.

Counseling can clarify your self-perceptions and provide additional assistance. Free, confidential help is available for full-time students at the Mental Health Clinic at Student Health, 233-5511, and the Counseling and Testing Center, 257-8701.

Liz Corio is a licensed Clinical Social Worker in the Mental Health Clinic at the Student Health Service. Mary Brinkman is the Director of Health Education at the Student Health Service.

Moore

Continued from page 1

"My mom has always been interested in antiques, and she would always go to people's attics and look around for stuff... She found a comic one day with old yellow pages," he said. She kept the comic book for her son, in hopes that it would be worth some money.

He said he will always keep the first comic because it was a milestone which opened a new world for him.

Moore eventually owned five stores, selling out one store and moving it to another community.

All the stores were open for after-school business, from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m. daily, but Moore said the short hours did not discourage people from visiting his stores.

"It's (comic book collecting) like an addiction. People who buy comics will come whenever you're open," he said.

The money Moore made from the stores was enough to pay for his college education, a computer and his used red Honda CRX.

This headstrong youth kept his customers happy and earned a reputation as a reliable comic book connoisseur, who often catered to those high-paying customers who requested that Moore locate and deliver special editions for them. These are the customers that Moore kept in touch with after he sold his last store and moved to Lexington to attend UK.

After dealing with Kentuckians at his New Boston store, Moore decided Kentuckians were a friendly lot

and that he would like to attend UK. He moved into an apartment in Lexington before classes began in the fall of 1988 and tried to get a feel for the campus and the city. And what better way than to check out the music?

To Moore's surprise, he found what he thought was a heavy-metal station at 88.1 WRFL-FM. "I got really into heavy metal... I was amazed when I heard a station playing old AC/DC, but I thought I had stumbled across an all heavy-metal station."

Moore had stumbled across WRFL, UK's student-run radio station, and he liked what he heard, so he stopped by the station one afternoon to pick up a schedule of the heavy metal shift.

He not only picked up a schedule but filled out an application to work at WRFL, even though he had not had any prior experience in radio.

Although, he started off at the bottom of the staff, Moore soon worked his way to becoming the youngest general manager ever at WRFL.

The position was opening up for the spring semester — so Moore applied.

"It was there, and I decided to go for it. I saw it as a way to pay the station back for what it had taught me."

Moore spent most of his time at WRFL during the year he was general manager, and he slacked off on his comic book fetish.

But now that he is taking some time off from the radio station to concentrate more on his education, he said he will probably collect some more. He has been putting comics away for his future, but he said his collection is too large to

keep in his apartment. "The best of what I had I put back at the end, and I'm putting back for my retirement. It's nice to know that no matter how everything else turns out, I have something to fall back on."

Swamp Thing, Hellblazer and the X-Men Mutant books are among Moore's favorite comics. He said he likes these because they are different from the typical superhero comic — they are geared toward a more adult, more intellectual-thinking crowd.

"They've got a little depth to them and a little bit of strangeness... I like to do everything. I don't like to focus on things," he said.

Besides comic books, Moore has other obsessions, like his Macintosh computer.

"The more I find I can do, the more I like to do with it — it's obsessive."

Role-playing games allow Moore to live another life with as much excitement and adventure as he can conjure up. Dungeons and Dragons, in which the players assume different identities and live out their characters' lives, was given to him by his grandmother when he was seven and he has been playing it for fourteen years.

Moore attributes his diversity to his parents. They have been divorced for almost as long as he can remember, but they both supported him and created a free-thinking atmosphere by doing things that weren't the norm.

Starting in the first grade, Moore changed schools every two years because his parents wanted him to get a diverse education. "I liked it — I knew everybody. "I think I've been very lucky."

Knight

Continued from page 1

were sanctioned, censured or put on probation.

Part of the problem is that the public views universities as basketball and football teams. And the general consensus, he said, is there's a lot of cheating going on.

Titled "Keeping Faith with the Student-Athlete — A New Model for College Athletics," the commission's report was released after more than a year of reviewing the problems of college athletics and considering possible solutions.

Among its recommendations, the commission urged academic and athletic officials to:

• Empower college presidents and chancellors with the responsibility and authority to oversee the operation of their athletic departments like any other school department.

• That would include complete power over hiring and firing of all coaches and athletic directors as well as insulation from what it said was meddling trustee boards.

"The president has got to be in charge on our campus," Black said. "Mandate academic integrity by requiring student-athletes to have a reasonable chance at obtaining degrees and matching the academic progress of non-athletes at all times."

• Mandate financial integrity by banning coaches from receiving outside income in the form of shoe or athletic equipment contracts. Instead such contracts should be negotiated by each school.

• Mandate a national accreditation program requiring schools to meet minimum standards in terms of admission standards, graduation rates and academic progress. Schools failing to meet those standards would be prohibited from competing within the NCAA.

The commission, made up of college presidents and athletic officials, as well as business and civic leaders, was established last year after continuing disclosure of major ethical and rule problems on a number of college and universities.

Though it is only an advisory group, the influence of its membership and its financial backing indicates the commission is likely to remain a key player in the current reform movement in college athletics.

In defining the problems, the commission acknowledged growing

concern that the ills of big-time college sports, particularly football and men's basketball, amount to a threat to higher education in general.

UK's feelings about the report are already known. Two weeks ago UK's trustees endorsed the major points of the Knight study but did not mandate changes in the school's athletics programs.

UK Athletics Director C.M. Newton said then that, because President Charles Wethington is chairman of the UK Athletics Association Board of Directors, it already is meeting the principle calling for institutional control.

Black said after his speech that he's still trying to "get a handle" on the number of schools that have addressed concerns raised in the Knight report. He said, as far as he knows, Notre Dame was the only school besides UK to do so.

When told that UK endorsed the report with qualifications, Black said "that's unfortunate." He said he believed UK — or any other school — does not need an athletics association. "I can't really see there should be a separate" organization, he said.

But he admitted in some cases that not all college presidents — like former UK President David Rosselle — wear a white hat or even want to put a white hat on.

"Humor frailty is always going to be with us," he said. "Some presidents don't have the authority. Some don't want the authority... some have had authority and abused it."

"The best way to guard against that is oversight."

Has media's — especially television's — impact been too overwhelming, feeding the frenzy?

"I make no apologies for coverage," Black said. "... There's a lot of public interest (in it)... the day I see 55,000 people turn out to see kids take public exams, we'll send reporters."

Dean

Continued from page 1

move its annual Little Kentucky Derby pingpong ball drop from POT to the Free Speech Area. Stockham made the decision at the request of the protesters because he said UK has to be "even-handed" in its treatment of students' First Amendment rights.

But as dean, Stockham hopes he can be progressive, instead of just acting as a judge.

"Some people enjoy exercising control over other people," Stockham said. He called it a "task that

has to be done... (but) it's not something that I find personally fulfilling."

He said he wants to "fan the flames" of volunteerism at UK. Currently he serves as adviser for Habitat for Humanity, a student organization concerned with providing housing for the homeless.

He said basic ideas like volunteerism — and others he described in a letter he wrote after becoming acting dean — will be his goals in office.

"You start with the basics, and you work hard to assure that we have the best resources for students that we can...," Stockham said.

Board of Trustees approval is required for most appointments.

When asked if he would call board members to get their votes, Stockham said "I'm not campaigning." However, he joked that "truly concerned" students might try to block the appointment by calling trustees to warn them.

Stockham will replace Douglas Wilson, who resigned in September to be the executive secretary to the Oklahoma State University Board of Regents.

"I feel very good about it," said Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs James Kuder. "Comparing his skills and abilities to the candidates... he was the best choice. He was the strongest candidate."

Derby

Continued from page 1

At 6 p.m., the Bank One UK Blue-White Game will display next year's UK football talent. The 1991 LKD queen will be presented during the halftime festivities.

Following the game, the week's events will end with the Senior Bash sponsored by the Student Library Endowment Committee. The party will feature comedy by Sue Kolinsky of HBO and Comedy Channel fame and music by Only Mortals. Food will be provided by Billy's Bar-B-Que.

The Senior Bash will be held at the LKD across from Commonwealth Stadium.

The Doggy Bag by Kenn Minter

KENN: THE EVOLUTION OF A CARTOONIST...



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Immediately following UK Blue/White Game
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Featuring Entertainment by:
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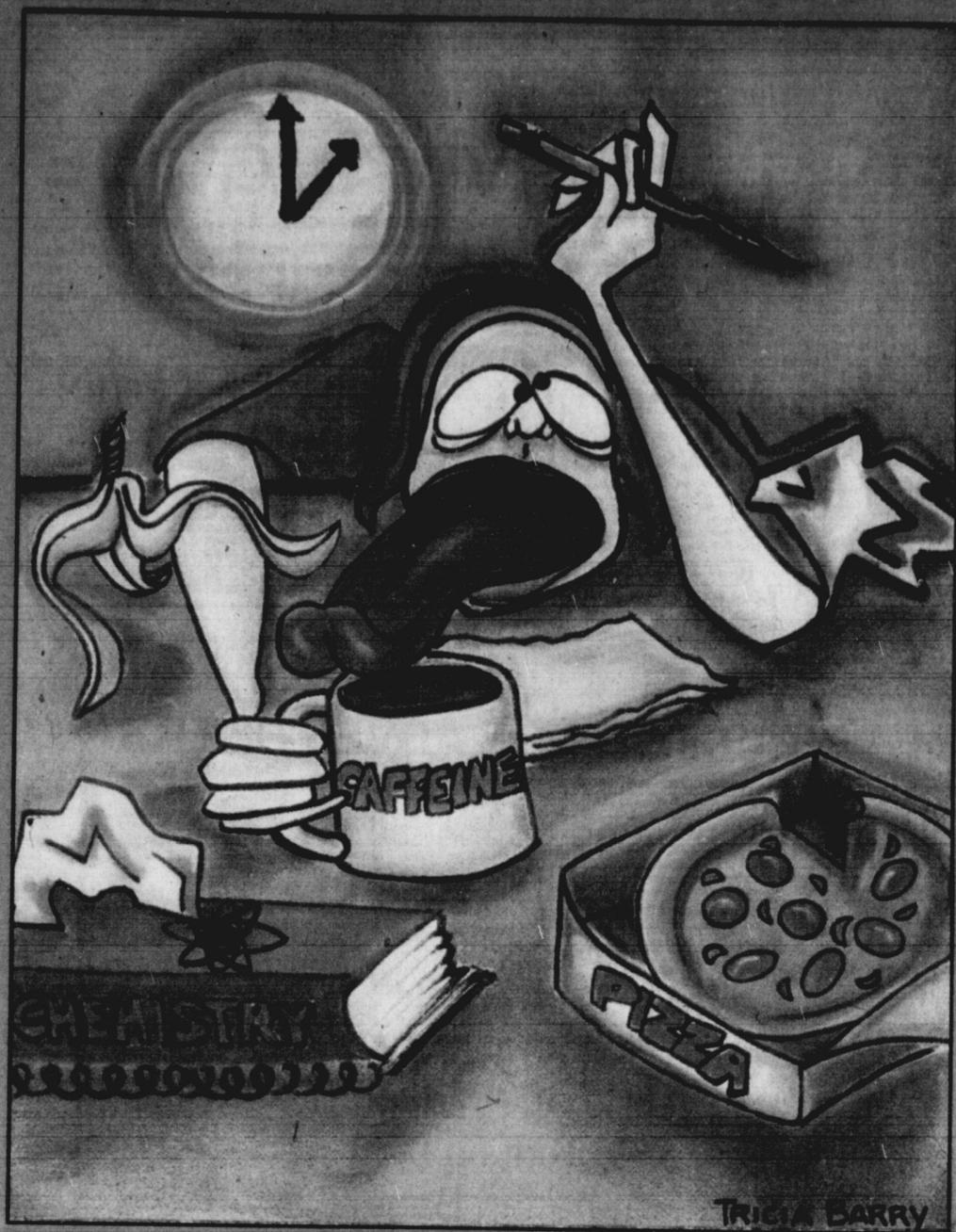
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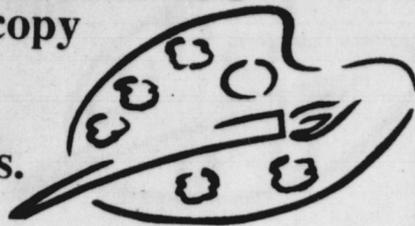
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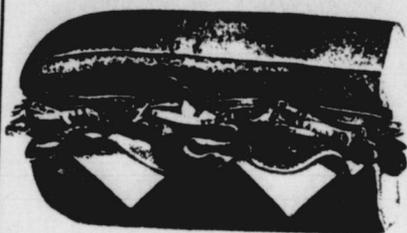
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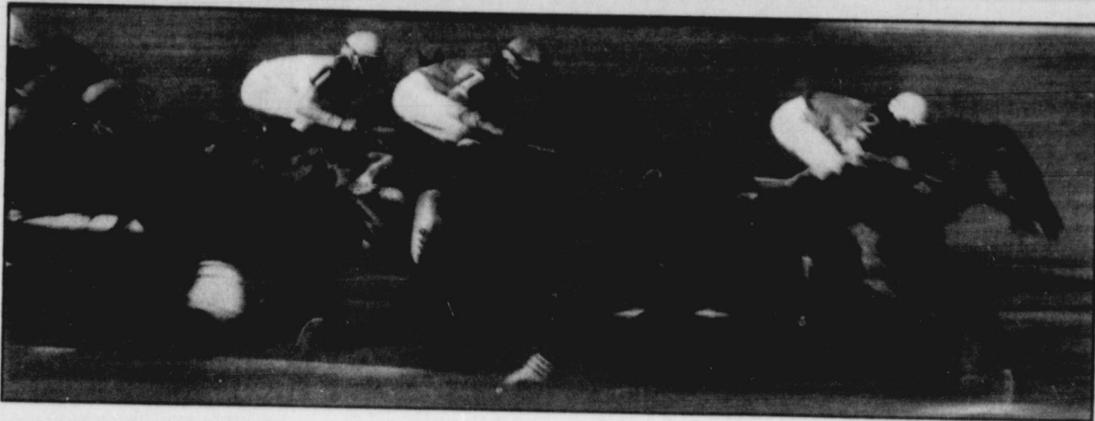


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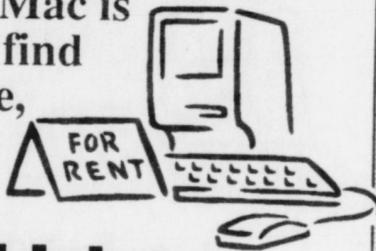
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