

Artists to perform folk tunes

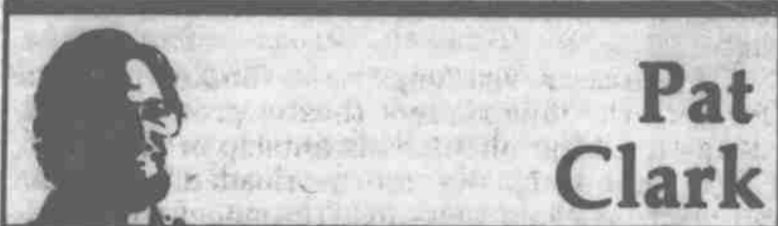
Nationally acclaimed recording artists Ken Bloom and Julian Kytasti will perform in Lincoln Sept. 11, at 8 p.m., at the Joyo Theatre, 6102 Havelock Ave. The concert features music with an international flair, including American, Ukrainian and British folk tunes, as well as jazz and classical pieces.

The concert is being sponsored by the Lincoln Association for Traditional Arts, Inc. Tickets are available at Dirt Cheap and London's Stringed Instruments for \$5.

'Lavender Moonlight': A Mannequin Romance

April May June was so excited, she felt like cheer-leading as she threw open the double doors and stepped out onto the hotel balcony. "I'm in South Africa!" she screamed to nobody in particular. "I'm really in South Africa!" she screamed again, partly for fear that if she did not keep saying it to herself it would not be true, but mostly so that the devoted readers would know which far-flung and exotic land would serve as the setting for this tale.

She looked down over the sidewalk, scanning the Johannesburg streets for her beloved Randall. She could not pick him out of the crowd, but she knew



Pat Clark

that soon he would be at the hotel. He would knock on the door, and throw his arms around her, then she would open the door and ... no, wait a minute. She thought it out again. She would have to open the door and throw her arms around him, then he would knock, then ... nah, that wasn't it either. What the hell, she thought, they would get it right when the time came.

On the sidewalk, an elderly woman with a cane was dragging home a shopping cart full of groceries. "Hello down there," April yelled in her unbridled exuberance, weaving and stomping her feet and jumping around like she expected the old lady to lob her a biscuit for her labors.

The old woman looked up, then slowly raised her cane to point it at April. "You little harlot," she cracked in snaggle-toothed anger. "Put some clothes on before I call the police."

"Wha?" she said, then looked down at herself and immediately recognized the problem. "Musta' been when I ran the bath," she thought aloud, and quickly ducked into the hotel. Just as she did she heard the sound of gunfire, followed by chips of plaster splattering off the balcony.

"Hoobadeeyabadabbadadooba," she said, her voice unable to make real words. Gunshots in the hotel? Gunshots at her? Where was Randall?

As if on cue, a knock came at the door. She froze, wondering what to do. "Who is it?" she finally managed to say.

"White slavers," said a businesslike but friendly voice. "Open the door or I'll blast it off."

The gunshots, she thought. It's them. What do they want with her? "I'm calling the police," she said stupidly.

"April, I'm only kidding," shouted the voice.

"Sure you are," she said, petrified at the realization that the white slavers with the gun knew her first name. Where was Randall?

"No, it's me, Randall," said the voice. "Please let me in."

"Randall who?"

"Randall your boyfriend. How many Randalls do you know?"

He had a point there. It was Randall! She threw her arms open wide to embrace him, then remembered to open the door. He slipped into the room, and she clung to him like a big blonde amoeba.

"Oh Randall," she said between sobs, "there were gunshots. At this hotel room. At me!" She buried her face in his chest and cried, but soon realized that she wouldn't be able to keep this up as she couldn't breathe.

"Shots, eh?" said Randall, rather matter-of-factly. "And you're still alive."

"Yes," she said, with absolute certainty. "Who would have done such a thing?"

Into the hotel room stepped April May's best friend, Angela "Babe" Ruth, calmly brandishing a handgun.

Next week: Babe Ruth steps to the plate.

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