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Vice presidential candidates to debate tonight

By C.A. DUANE BONIFER
Staff Writer

Students will get a chance to see how the SGA vice presidential candidates stand on the issues tonight when the four candidates square off in two debates.

Sponsored by Omicron Delta Kappa and the Kentucky Kernel, the debates will take place in 230 Student Center.

Student Government Association executive vice presidential candidates Karl Crase and Brad Dixon will begin at 7, followed by senior vice presidential candidates Susan Bridges and Keith Clary at about 8:15.



Dixon, a member of Kenny Arington's ticket, said he feels he is at a sort of "disadvantage" going into tonight's debate because he is not that familiar with his opponent, Crase. Since Crase has never been in student government, "I don't know much about him," Dixon said, "and that puts me at sort of a disadvantage."

Cyndi Weaver's ticket, said he doesn't perceive an advantage over Dixon.

"They get their biweekly practices in oratory in senate meetings," he said. Crase said that he is a bit "nervous going into the debate," but he "is confident that our issues will speak for themselves."

Dixon said he expects the topics of Radio Free Lexington, the commercialization of the Student Center and developing good working relations with incoming UK president Dr. David P. Roselle to dominate the debate.

However, Crase said he believes the debate will focus more on the

proposed internal changes of SGA and how the next executive vice president will present SGA's image.

Clary, a member of Arington's ticket, said he is "prepared . . . relaxed . . . and confident" going into his debate with Bridges.

"I've studied, practiced and gone over all the issues," he said.

Bridges, a member of Weaver's ticket, however, isn't as confident about herself.

"I think it will be interesting," she said. The main issues Clary expects to be discussed include the commercialization of the Student Center,

campus safety and the future of minority affairs.

Bridges agreed with her opponent, adding the tuition freeze and child care issues as probable topics during the debate.

Dixon said he believes tonight's two debates will be what most voters use to decide who they vote for.

"People are going to see clean-cut differences between the platforms of the candidates and how they represent the issues," he said. "It will determine what type of leadership they choose."

Arington also stressed the importance of tonight's debate.

"It means a lot to both Brad and

Keith," he said. "They are well-prepared and know the issues."

Both Dixon and Clary said they have both been preparing for the debate by meeting with "a few friends" and going over the issues.

Bridges and Crase said they have been discussing the issues with members of the Weaver ticket — including Weaver and campaign coordinator John Menkhaus — and deciding how to handle each individual topic.

Weaver also said her two running mates are well-prepared for tonight's showdown.

"We feel really good about it," she said. "Everybody feels pretty good."

Vice presidential candidates looking to dodge split ticket

By BRAD COOPER
Assistant News Editor

For the next two weeks, vice presidential candidate Keith Clary says that he and his running mates, Kenny Arington and Brad Dixon, will have to work as one to be elected as one.

But with Clary facing opposition from SGA Senator at Large Susan Bridges for the senior vice presidential slot, some supporters of presidential hopeful Kenny Arington are concerned about a split ticket being elected.

"In the next two weeks we will all have to be one . . ." said Clary, the candidate for senior vice president in next week's Student Government Association elections. "The election won't be the same if one of us loses."

As a freshman, Bridges collected 661 votes in her first SGA campaign while trying out for the Lady Kat cheerleaders the same week. Clary finished ninth with 564 votes. "I'm in the toughest race between the three of us, but that's where the fun is and that's what makes me work harder," Clary said.

Despite wanting to withdraw from the race about two weeks before the Arington ticket announced its candidacy, Clary said he is ready to meet the challenge.

"(Withdrawing) had nothing to do with losing to Susan Bridges," said the 20-year-old political science and finance sophomore from Lexington.

"It's a challenge I knew I was going to have to face anyway. I was

concerned before (about losing), but not now," he said.

Clary said his hesitation to enter the race resulted from "internal conflict" in the Arington camp that the presidential candidate extinguished "in a matter of minutes." Both Clary and Arington declined to say what the conflict was.

With Arington's ticket slowly gaining momentum, Dixon, the candidate for executive vice president, said that the campaign's coordinators are growing less worried about a split ticket.

"Before spring break we weren't starting at the same momentum that Cyndi was, but Kenny was sick then. We're not worried (about a split ticket) now," Dixon said.

Clary said his experience working on two SGA committees — campus relations and committee on committees — combined with his one-year edge in student government experience makes him the better candidate.

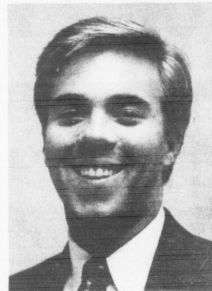
Clary began his tenure in SGA when he was elected as a freshman senator in November of 1985.

If the election comes down to issues, Clary said he believes he holds the upper hand.

"I really think I've put myself on the line. I have worked harder and have been more dedicated than my opponent. I know she's a popular girl, but I'm popular, too," he said.

"If (the election) is indeed a popularity contest, it will be close," he said. "If it isn't, I'll win hands down."

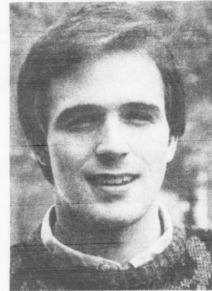
See TICKET, back page



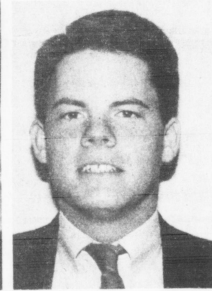
KEITH CLARY



SUSAN BRIDGES



BRAD DIXON



KARL CRASE

Bridges, Crase try to offer unique perspectives in election

By JAY BLANTON
News Editor

Most political candidates would probably not want to be labeled the "nice" candidate or the "dark horse."

However, Susan Bridges and Karl Crase are more than comfortable with those respective descriptions.

Bridges, a Student Government Association senator at large and candidate for senior vice president, describes herself as a people person.

"I like to be with people — I like to do anything that includes people," she said.

Getting along with people is exactly what Bridges perceives to be the primary responsibility of the senior vice president.

The best way that Bridges thinks she can represent the student body is "by fairly running the senate." But "besides wanting to fairly represent the students . . . I know I'd enjoy this job."

The mathematics sophomore from Lexington has been involved in a host of activities since her arrival at UK.

Besides her involvement with SGA, she is a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority, the Student Development Council and the Student Organizations Assembly.

Last year, she was selected the Singletary Award winner for outstanding freshman.

Ken Walker, SDC vice chairman, said that Bridges is a "very hard worker who takes on a lot of responsibility."

"And when she takes it on, she delivers."

Molly Schrand, SDC chairman and one of Bridges' sorority sisters, agreed with Walker, saying that Bridges is a "very dedicated worker and will do just about anything that needs to be done."

But perhaps the quality that Bridges is most proud of is her ability to adjust to any situation that she encounters.

Last year, in addition to her other activities and responsibilities, Bridges served as president of Donovan Hall. She was also a member of the student affairs roundtable.

These experiences kept her from getting any sort of "tunnel vision" about the University.

This year, though, Bridges lives off-campus at home, an experience that has helped her identify with those problems faced only by commuter students.

Next year she will live in her sorority house, where she will serve as social chairman.

It is this diversity of experiences that Bridges thinks makes her the best candidate for the position.

"I understand (students') concerns, because I've experienced a lot of them," she said.

Karl Crase, a biology sophomore from Somerset, has also been involved in numerous activities at UK, but unlike Bridges, he has never been involved in student government before.

In fact, Crase didn't consider himself

See PERSPECTIVES, back page

School of Journalism director to leave UK for Missouri post

By EVAN SILVERSTEIN
Staff Writer

Effective June 30, Edmund B. Lambeth will resign as director of UK's school of journalism to become the associate dean for graduate studies, research and faculty development at the University of Missouri's School of Journalism.

Lambeth, who accepted the position with Missouri last Friday, will step down after four years as director of the journalism school, he announced in a faculty memo Monday.

Lambeth said the Missouri position offers "a unique opportunity, a graduate deanship with responsibilities, not only for graduate studies and research, but for faculty development schoolwide, in the oldest and

one of the best programs in journalism and mass communications in the country."

Lambeth, 54, originally started his administrative career at the University of Missouri in 1968 as a professor and the director of the Washington reporting program at the school.

This program, established by Lambeth, gave graduate students the opportunity to report public affairs for newspapers, magazines and radio, in addition to research projects in media and government relations.

In 1978 Lambeth taught courses in reporting, writing, ethics, government and the mass media at Indiana University before becoming director of UK's journalism school.

Among his accomplishments as director of the UK School of Journalism, Lambeth originated and directed

four national workshops in the teaching of journalism ethics and led a successful effort to get the advertising sequence at UK accredited for the first time.

Lambeth gained grants of \$50,000 from both the Knight and Bingham foundations for endowed courses in business and art reporting.

Lambeth is the author of a book on journalistic ethics titled: *Committed Journalism: An Ethic for the Profession*.

"I'll have many fond memories of UK and respect the faculty members very much," Lambeth said. "Person for person, UK has one of the finest faculties in the country."

Lambeth's goals and objectives in his new position at Missouri are to "strengthen the graduate studies



EDMUND LAMBETH

and research capabilities of Missouri's journalism school and build a strong and unique faculty development program by creative activities in addition to teaching and service capacities."

Students can return late books without paying a fine today

By ERIC GREGORY
Staff Writer

If you happen to have any overdue library books lying around, today is the day to return them.

The Library Student Advisory Committee and Student Government Association are sponsoring Library Amnesty Day for the second year.

Today only, all fines for overdue library books will be waived.

But the day does not erase fines that students owe for overdue books they have already returned, said Paul Willis, the director of libraries at UK.

"Only fines for books brought in today will be forgiven," he said. Keith Clary, chairman of LSAC and an SGA senator at large, said the primary motivation behind Amnesty Day is getting books back.

Last year's Amnesty Day was a success in that several hundred books were brought back to the library, Willis said.

Some students last year searched their residence halls and fraternities and sororities for overdue books to return, he said.

Willis said the library "got some books back that had been gone ten years or more."

Students should bring the books back to the main library or any of the campus branches.

Students can also arrange to be given a receipt to show that they have returned the books and are no longer responsible, he said.

Still, Amnesty Day is not intended to encourage people to hold their books until they have a chance to be pardoned for their fines.

"It would be a mistake to have (Amnesty Day) every year," he said, "because it would add incentive to students to keep books."

"It's a pain for students to go to

See BOOKS, back page

Non-competitive events offered in Greek Week

By KAREN PHILLIPS
Staff Writer

UK Greeks will be supporting Greek unity and spirit this week with Greek Week 1987.

"All year the fraternities and sororities are competing against each other. Greek Week is a completely non-competitive week for Greeks to just get together and have a good time," said Vicki Hesen, chairwoman of this year's Greek Week.

Greek Week started Monday night with an exchange dinner. Each house sent two members each to three fraternity or sorority houses, Hesen said. "It's for Greeks to get to know people they otherwise might never meet and improve Greek relations," she said.

Monday night also was the Greek Week banner contest, in which each house displayed a banner portraying the theme of Greek Week — "Greek Life is a Beach." The banners were judged by Greek Activities Steering Committee members and a sorority and fraternity winner will be announced at the Greek Banquet.

Dessert with UK President Otis Singletary and his wife at Maxwell Place was held last night for three people from each house who had played an active role in their fraternity or sorority.

The fun for all Greeks begins tonight with Greek Night at Two Keys Tavern. Two Keys will be offering drink specials and giving away door prizes. A \$1 donation for the GASC scholarship will be collected.

The Greek Week fun continues on Thursday with Greek letter day and Greek night at the drive-in.

Greek night at the drive-in, being held at the Lexington Drive-In Theater on Nicholasville Rd., starts at 8 p.m.

Friday of Greek Week is committed to improving the UK Greek

system. A presidents' dinner for sorority and fraternity presidents will be held at the Hillary J. Boone Faculty Club.

Greek Week ends Saturday with "Rent a Greek" and the Greek Banquet.

"Each chapter will provide 14 volunteers to perform services this Saturday morning to raise money for the GASC scholarship. 'Greeks will be performing jobs for the Lexington community,'" Hesen said. "It's a really neat service."

The Greek Banquet ends Greek Week with a formal party consisting of cocktails, dinner and dancing and the announcement of several greek awards.

The Greek Man and Woman of the Year will be one of the awards announced. "Greek Man and Woman of the Year is the most prestigious award of Greek community," Hesen said. "It goes to two people who have contributed a lot to the greek community."

Two undergraduate members of the UK greek community will also be awarded a GASC scholarship worth \$500 each. "It goes to two students who have demonstrated outstanding contributions to the greek system and University along with scholastic achievement," Hesen said.

Chapter achievement awards will also be announced Saturday night. Each chapter has a chance to win in 11 categories such as individual leadership, chapter/campus participation, scholarship and service.

"It's a way to recognize all the chapters that have done well throughout the year," Hesen said.

Overall winners in first, second and third place in all eleven categories will also be announced at the Greek Banquet.

"It's what greeks compete for throughout the year," Hesen said.

INSIDE

Gloria Naylor speaks out. For a profile of this Women Writers Conference speaker, see DIVERSIONS, Page 2.

UK lifter makes up for size with strength to win NCAA championship. For a profile, see SPORTS, Page 3.

WEATHER

Partly sunny today with a high in the mid 40s. Cloudy tonight with a low in the mid-30s. Cloudy tomorrow with a 30 percent chance of rain and a high in the lower 50s.

Sports

Andy Dumator
Sports Editor

Weight lifter beats odds to capture NCAA title

By CHRIS ALDRIDGE
Staff Writer

When Richard William was 15, he had a dream.

While other guys in his hometown of Harlan, Ky., dreamed of starring in the Major Leagues, pro football or basketball, William had a different goal. He wanted to be a weight lifter.

Along the way, there were people who said he wasn't strong enough to be competitive in a sport dominated by hulks. But William didn't give up on his dream.

Now, William is a 20-year-old UK sophomore. And he's climbed to the pinnacle of collegiate power lifting — the national championship.

Competing independently against numerous college weight lifting teams at the National Collegiate Championship last weekend at the University of Oklahoma, William walked away with the 123-pound title. It was something he did not expect.

"I was pretty surprised I had a shot at winning," he said. "I expected I could win by my junior or senior year, but this year I was there just to place. It was the biggest meet I've ever won."

William won the meet with a com-

bined point total of 997 in bench press, squat and deadlift. He benched 269 pounds, squatted 325 and deadlifted 413, bettering Virginia Tech's Eric Frahm, who scored 986.

Although he has only been lifting competitively since age 17, William is no stranger to contests.

He currently holds two state records for bench press in the 114-pound class and 123-pound class, in which he now competes. He has held the 114-pound record since October 1984.

While lifting at 114, William won the High School Nationals, placed second in the Teenage Nationals in 1985 and placed third in the Men's Nationals last summer. The Collegiate Championship was his first national meet in the 123-pound class.

For a guy who was told he would never be a competitive weight lifter, those are pretty lofty accomplishments.

"I had people tell me, 'You'll never bench more than 200,' when I first started working out," William said. "Things like that, I never paid any attention to. I wasn't out for anyone else's opinion."

William originally began lifting weights in high school to get strong, but it didn't take long for him to



ALAN LESSIG/Kentucky Staff

UK sophomore Richard William, who weighs in at 114 pounds, proved that he wasn't too small for competitive weightlifting by winning the 123-pound division in the NCAA championships.

realize that he had been gifted with exceptional strength for his size.

"I was training just like everybody else and I was a lot smaller,

but I was bench pressing right up doing just as good as the people that there with a lot of the top people in were competing. I started working out harder and directing myself to my school," he said.

"When I started noticing I was ward competitive lifting."

Baseball team takes on EKU

Staff reports

The weather forecast says cold and windy but the umpire is still going to say "play ball." Well, he's going to try.

The UK baseball team will brave the elements today and travel to Richmond to take on the Eastern Kentucky Colonels at 3 p.m.

Lately, both clubs have been hotter than the weather. The Cats have won seven of their last nine ballgames to up their record to 16-5. UK is 5-4 in Southeastern Conference play.

After a slow start, EKU has rattled off 14 wins in its last 16 games. The Colonels stand 15-7-1 overall.

"This is a very important game because Eastern, year in and year out, has one of the better teams in the area," UK coach Keith Madison said. "If we want an NCAA tournament bid, we have to beat teams like that. Plus, it's a natural rivalry."

Madison will send Steve Culkar to the mound for his first start of the spring. The UK senior has won two games in six relief appearances and has posted a 2.45 ERA.

Senior Jeff Cruce will start for the Colonels. The righthander has won three games in a row to up his record to 3-2, while dropping his ERA to 2.10.

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Erik Reece
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Diversions

Gloria Naylor battles stereotyped image of minority authors

By JEREMY N. HOWELL
Staff Writer

Gloria Naylor, a central figure at the Women Writers Conference, is offended by society's assumption that the creative efforts of anyone who is colored and/or female must contain an implicit message of emancipation.

"There are no conscious issues in my work," Naylor said in a recent phone interview. "I write predominantly about black women because I am one — every writer must take subject matter from their own experience — but what I write is first, foremost and inalienably a work of art."

Her first novel, *The Women of Brewster Place*, which won the 1983 American Writers Award, "grew out of a desire to respond to a trend that I noticed in the black and white critical establishment... a tendency to assume that a black writer's work should be 'definitive' of black culture," she said in an interview with *The New York Times*.

In addition to the somewhat stereotyped image Naylor claims this imposes on a colored writer, "this type of critical stance denies the vast complexity of black existence, even if we limit that complexity solely to America."

Noticing that "one composite picture" could not justify this complexity, "I tried to solve the problem by creating a microcosm on a dead-end street and devoting each chapter to a different woman's life," Naylor said in *The Washington Post*.

In response to her attempt, *Library Journal* compared Naylor's "evocative style" and "rich characterizations" to the writing of Alice Walker while *The Washington Post* wrote: "Naylor's potency wells up from her language. With prose as rich as poetry, a passage will suddenly take off and sing like a spiritual."

"I am very concerned with the environment and its conflict with the human character," Naylor said. "But in my second book (*Linden Hills*), I tried to tone down my descriptive style in portraying this, and to avoid melodrama, which I love to employ."

Since the book's subject revolves around the existence of mysterious and the supernatural phenomena in everyday life, Naylor sees her technique of describing the bizarre in relatively mundane terms as an extremely effective one.

"*Linden Hills* really concerns the conflict between what is real and what is apparition," Naylor said. "It sets out to ask 'what constitutes reality? What do we (believe is reality and therefore) value in America?'"

"It bothers me that if a woman appeared to work magic, she was condemned as a witch; if a man appears to do the same thing nowadays, he is honored as a scientist," she said.

Naylor is currently working on the fourth book of her quartet, which will be released under the title *Mama Day*. She frequently takes her inspiration for a subject from

images that persistently crop up in her mind: "If these images occur, they will somehow be incorporated in my book," she said.

Naylor tends to base her plots around one central character — "a standard-bearer" — and his or (more usually) her interaction with other characters. Her books, she explained, are created by these characters coming to life and creating their own thoughts and actions.

"I pray that my characters will never fail to do this," said Naylor, who intends to continue her novel-writing career, with some diversions into the fields of the short story and screenwriting.

Naylor claims she is a born writer who discovered her gift at an early age by keeping a diary to express her thoughts in lieu of conversation, which she was too shy to hold at length. "I gradually discovered how words associated with ideas, and my writing ability flourished," she said.

Creative writing workshops at Yale honed her style and, with their close *esprit de corps*, boosted the "internal faith I have in my own excellence. Now I value criticism," she said. "I find even negative criticism useful."

In addition to novel writing, Naylor is also the "Hers" columnist for *The New York Times* and a contributing writer to such magazines as *The Southern Review*, *Essence*, *Ms.* and *People*. She is a member of the American Writers Association and a visiting lecturer at Princeton University.

Naylor will take a prominent role at the ninth annual Women Writers Conference, which opens today and lasts through April 4. She will lead a creative writing workshop, give a reading from *Mama Day* and hold a seat on one of the conference's panels.



PHOTO COURTESY OF DONNA DEESARE
Gloria Naylor will be one of the featured authors at the ninth annual Women Writers Conference, which starts today.

Speech tickets available

Staff reports

Students wanting to see the Gloria Steinem speech, "Women Writers: Making the World Whole," will need to pick up their free passes at the UK Center for the Arts ticket office today.

Students will be allowed free admission to all other workshops, readings and panel discussions at

the Women Writers Conference simply by showing their valid UK ID.

Tickets for the general public are on sale for \$17 for the entire four-day event, with single day tickets going for \$5.

For more information, call Betty Gabehart, coordinator of the Women Writers Conference, at 257-3295.

'School Days' again for bassist Clarke

By MARY CAMPBELL
Associated Press

NEW YORK — If superstar bassist Stanley Clarke has a "signature song," it's definitely "School Days."

"It's my most-requested song. I have to play that every time I hit the stage."

The song, written about 10 years ago, has the feeling of a rock tune, he said. "The bass solo — I must

have been possessed that day. It was the absolute best I could do at that moment. I think that's the thing that comes across of the record. It has a very raw sound to it."

"It took me a minute to write that song. I was in my bedroom in Long Island... I recorded it in one take. Other times you spend months on a song."

Clarke, 35, studied classical music

as a child growing up in Philadelphia. He graduated to increasingly larger stringed instruments: violin, cello, then bass.

Clarke launched his solo career in 1976. He plays mostly fusion, though he is heavier on jazz and lighter on rock than other fusion artists.

His current Epic Records album, "Hideaway," contains two tracks that were nominated for Grammy

awards: "Overjoyed," for best pop instrumental performance, and "The Boys of Johnson Street," for best rhythm and blues instrumental.

Critics and fans call him a superstar. "I have no idea why they use that word," he said. "I think it started on my second record ("Journey to Love"), I kind of developed a cult following."

RFL benefit tonight

Staff reports

Radio Free Lexington will hold a benefit show tonight at the Thrash Can to raise more of the money it needs to get on the airwaves.

There will be hours and hours of music. However, there won't be a single band performing in this RFL's fifth benefit.

Mark Beaty, program director

for RFL, announced that for this benefit the RFL staff will show a variety of videos, many of which you probably won't see on MTV.

"This time, we wanted to do something different," Beaty said. "Video Night at the Thrash Can will begin at 8 p.m. Cover is \$1, and all proceeds will go to Radio Free Lexington. For more information, call Paul Davidson, public relations director, at 257-4082."

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Cyndi Weaver vs. Kenny Arington
7 p.m., Thursday, April 2, 230 Student Center Addition

SGA Vice Presidents

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& Karl Crase vs. Brad Dixon

7 p.m., Wednesday, April 1, 230 Student Center Addition

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Writers conference highlights women from across country

The ninth annual UK Women's Writers Conference begins today. If tradition and potential hold true, this conference could do more than any other to demonstrate the contributions of women to the world of literature.

And especially the contributions of Kentucky women writers.

The conference, which is one of the few of its kind in the country, will feature speeches, presentations, exhibits and films written by or featuring women writers.

The four-day event brings together outstanding women essayists, poets and novelists from across the country; writers such as Gloria Steinem and Gloria Naylor.

Although the largest portion of the attendance is from Kentuckians, people from as many as 18 states have attended in the past.

Therein lies its importance.

Steinem's speech, "Women Writers: Making the World Whole," will open and set the tone for the conference.

But along with this national focus is a local function. The conference is very important in the development of women writers from the state of Kentucky.

Kentucky women writers have annually been featured in the conference, and this year is no different.

At 8 p.m. tomorrow, the conference will highlight a Elizabeth Barret's film — "A Long Journey Home" — about the migration of people to and from Appalachia.

Barret is a filmmaker and scriptwriter with Appalshop in Whitesburg, Ky.

This film and other Kentucky presentations can do a lot



to help students appreciate the uniqueness of Kentucky culture.

For that reason, if not for the sheer talent the conference brings together, both men and women should attend the conference's events.

The conference is not just for women. Many of the con-

ference's presentations deal with universal themes that are as relevant to the world of men as they are to that of women.

And even if some deal with feminine themes, maybe it would benefit a lot of men to experience them.

Students must be willing to take a stand with Student Center

Sunday night, SGA presidential candidates Kenny Arrington and Cyndi Weaver made their rounds to the residence halls in an attempt to rally support for the upcoming Student Government Association elections.



Jay BLANTON

At 11 p.m. the two candidates were both at Keeneland Hall. And the one topic that seemed to be most on students' minds was the Student Center — or more precisely the lack of one.

It reminded me for a moment of how important the topic of the Student Center is.

One of the candidates said a student center should be just what the name implies: a place where students can gather to meet, organize and share concerns.

The current Student Center does not even come close to fulfilling those functions.

Instead what we have now is a

white elephant that houses more problems than it does students.

A lot of suggestions have been thrown around about what to do with the current Student Center.

Proposals range from major renovation of the current structure to an entirely new center.

For what it's worth, here's my vote — no matter what it takes — for a new student center.

In January a report was published, by the Committee on Utilization of Space in the Student Center, outlining major recommendations for the current Student Center.

The committee, comprised entirely of students, met for more than a year studying various proposals for the center.

Among the major recommendations were proposals for major redecoration, a consolidation of management and limited commercialization. These recommendations are obtainable and should be undertaken as soon as possible.

However, the recommendations that need to be undertaken right now are the last two proposals of the committee.

The committee recommended that plans begin now to "construct a new student center."

It would take a long time, at least five years, but a new student center is the one thing that could do the most to unite a separated campus.

Students must take it upon themselves to press administration, faculty or whoever will listen for a new student center — or at least some marked improvements in the current structure.

Until a new student center comes along, UK will not have a viable place for its students to congregate.

And at an institution of this size, the lack of a real student center is a sad commentary on the state of UK. The second recommendation calls for the removal of all University administrative offices located in the Student Center.

The Student Center is supposed to serve students, not administrative offices.

Either candidate you elect April 8-9 for the SGA presidency is going to

lobby for changes in the Student Center, either through commercialization or a new structure altogether.

But nothing is going to get done until students make their voices heard. Representation is nice to have, but it doesn't mean a thing until something backs it up. It has to be students.

With new administrative faces on the scene next year, students will have a new opportunity to make necessary changes at the University. At the top of the list should be a new Student Center.

Yes, students should expect their representatives to voice their concerns about the Student Center and in that process students should be asking hard, specific questions to the SGA candidates about what they plan to do once in office.

Solid representation, though, won't get the job done. Students must take it upon themselves to press administrators, faculty or whoever will listen for a new student center — or at least some marked improvements in the current structure.

What we have now in the line of a real Student Center is nothing.

But if we, as students, don't take the time to make our voices heard, then nothing is exactly what we deserve.

News Editor Jay Blanton is a political science and journalism sophomore and a Kernel columnist.

Politics in Italy impetus for parody of American influence

This was no ordinary Sunday.

As always in the past five years, I called; and as usual since early March my father updated me on the week's developments of the political crisis Italy's been experiencing after the resignation of Bettino Craxi from the office of prime minister, four weeks ago.

"You'll never guess who's been given the task to try to form a new government," my dad said. And he was right. I would have never guessed.

Never before had a Communist been asked to become prime minister. We've had lots of clowns since 1948... but a Communist? Never.

Had this happened five years ago or so, I would have screamed and gone hysterical. Now, after five years in Reagan's America, the whole idea amused me.

My dad concluded by telling me not to worry. "They're way short of a 50-percent-plus-one majority in the

Contributing COLUMNIST

House of Deputies. They don't stand a chance.

"However," he continued, "Mom has been dusting off the passports, and your brother has been urged to resume his correspondence with his pen pal in Switzerland."

Switzerland, land of freedom, only a mere two-hour drive from my home. It was like being back in the mid-1970s, when a red scare had invaded Italy and we almost moved to Cape Cod. Then, as today, Switzerland was the first stop on our way to the United States.

But again, while on the phone, I recorded no special quickening of my heartbeat at the thought of a possible Communist prime minister.

All I could think of was our president, Francesco Cossiga, who, the day before, while I was watching Bob Knight on TV, had sent for a Communist and entrusted her with trying to find a solution to Italy's problems.

Poor Francesco, I thought. Tonight he's going to sleep on the couch. His wife is a devout Catholic, goes to church every single day and must have loved her husband's most important political move since his election in the summer of 1985.

I did not mention this thought of mine to my father, of course. At home they will think I'm innocent and I didn't feel like letting them know what sort of a malicious man being a five-year exposure to secular humanism had transformed me into.

But as soon as I hung up I noticed, right across from me, that the red on the Italian flag I have on the wall was brighter than usual. I looked more closely and realized that the

Never before had a Communist been asked to become prime minister. We've had lots of clowns since 1948... but a Communist. Never.

red was rushing upward, devouring the white and already threatening the green.

The amusement was slipping away fast. My dad was no longer there to assure me that they did not have the numbers to make up a majority. I feared this might have been the last time I talked to my parents. By next week the KGB might have disconnected the lines.

And to top it all, I knew what sort of Communist the president had sent for. She's no ordinary Communist. She's a Stalinist. Gorbachev is a liberal when compared to her dogmatic communism.

Then, suddenly, on my way to dinner, it struck me. Here it was. The solution to both Italy's problems and to my own worrying about getting a job once out of UK.

I just knew that the United States could not let Italy join the Reds. Too much is at stake: Italy's valuable strategic position in the Mediterranean, our role as America's tourist land, Luciano Pavarotti.

"Think of poor Harry Truman and the billions of dollars he wasted with the Marshall Plan," I told myself. After all that he's done, we're falling into the arms of Mother Russia

at last. America just can't let this happen.

And here's where I come in.

I am the perfect man to bring Italy back into the family of democratic and peace-loving nations. I, Luca Dal Monte, will be Italy's de Gaulle, the rescuer of the Fatherland.

I readily envisioned a CIA-sponsored insurrection with me as the leader and my old classmates as "freedom fighters."

My mind went wild. "I'm in," I yelled to my dinner companion. The United States cannot doubt my loyalty to this country. I find Sam Donaldson amusing. I worship Bruce Springsteen. I know the "Pledge of Allegiance" by heart. I'm the perfect man the Reagan administration would be proud to install as a leader of a liberated Italy.

Of course there would be some minor problems, the first one — my being a Catholic. Jerry Falwell would not like President Reagan to give me the job, but then again who's not a Catholic in Italy? The Moral Majority would, for once, be silenced.

And then I knew that the Jewish lobby would not be overwhelmed with joy upon being notified of my

selection, given our little misunderstanding a few months ago. But I'm sure that if they've learned to like President Reagan, they'll learn to love me. Besides, given the proximity of Israel to Italy, I would be the lesser of two evils.

This was great. I congratulated myself. Now I was really hungry, and the object of my hunger wasn't certainly the breadstick I had in front of me. I've always dreamed of a hero's welcome after my college years, and here was my chance. Swept into power by the United States, the savior of Italy, The Shah of Venice. The... the... That's enough.

On the one hand I would guarantee Nancy's husband an unlimited access to, and use of, the military bases the United States has all over our territory. On the other, I would give Italy something she's never had: Camelot.

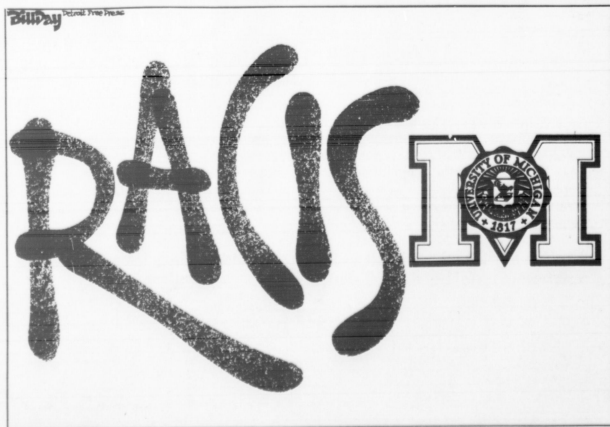
By now dinner was over and, getting ready to leave the restaurant, I noticed that it was raining out there, and I had no umbrella. How could I have worried about picking up my umbrella, 45 minutes earlier, when my country was on the verge of having a rendez-vous with Moscow?

Camelot. In my Italy, rain would fall only after sundown and by 8 a.m. fog would disappear.

Why not?

What did the Somazas, the Marcos and the Palnais have that I don't?

Luca Dal Monte is a history and political science senior and a Kernel contributing columnist.



BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



SPECTRUM

Staff and AP reports

New workers' compensation proposed

FRANKFORT — Members of the Governor's Task Force on Workers' Compensation agreed in principle yesterday to a package of proposals to end the growth in the program's debt but did nothing to pay off the debt itself.

One member, however, said he will offer his own proposal to the General Assembly on how to treat black lung claims. The announcement by House Majority Leader Greg Stumbo, D-Prestonburg, caught many task force members by surprise, because they had just approved their own plan for black lung cases.

Task force Co-chairman Ed Holloway said the package will bring the costs of the workers' compensation program in line with the amount of money paid in by employers. As it stands now, Holloway said, \$3 million worth of benefits are awarded each week, while employers contribute \$1 million.

House votes to override Reagan veto

WASHINGTON — The Democratic-controlled House voted 350-73 yesterday to override President Reagan's veto of an \$88 billion highway and mass transit bill, sending the measure to the Senate for the final round of a bruising political struggle.

The margin was 68 votes more than the two-thirds needed to override the president's action on the bill, which couples more than 100 road projects made to order for individual lawmakers with a provision permitting the states to raise the speed limit to 65 miles per hour on most stretches of interstate highway.

The Senate debated the veto for more than an hour yesterday but postponed a vote until yesterday.

Baby M awarded to father

HACKENSACK, N.J. — A judge awarded custody of Baby M to her father yesterday and stripped surrogate mother Mary Beth Whitehead of all parental rights to the child she bore under a \$10,000 contract.

In the nation's first judicial ruling on surrogate parenting, Bergen County Superior Court Judge Harvey R. Sorkow upheld the validity of the contract on the grounds that just as men have a constitutional right to sell their sperm, women can decide what to do with their wombs.

Sorkow ordered Stern to pay Whitehead the \$10,000 agreed to in the contract. That money had been held in escrow since the contract was signed.

43 and U.S. adviser killed in attack

EL PARAIISO, El Salvador — Guerrillas raided a major army base before dawn yesterday, killing at least 43 soldiers and a U.S. military adviser, the first to die during battle in the 7-year-old civil war.

El Salvador's military commander said the American, identified as Staff Sgt. Gregory A. Fronius, 27, of Greensburg, Pa., was killed by mortar fire near a command post.

The military said 35 soldiers were wounded by leftist rebels who assaulted the base behind a barrage of cannon, mortar and grenade fire. Base commander Col. Gilberto Rubio, who was slightly wounded, said the number of attackers had not been determined.

CAE looking for students in membership drive

By ERIC GREGORY Staff Writer

Collegians for Academic Excellence is looking for new members.

CAE, whose main purpose is to enhance the academic quality at the University, is conducting a membership drive that began Monday and will run until Friday, April 10, said John Menkhaus, its chairman.

Menkhaus said the group judges applicants on the basis of their knowledge of UK, their communication skills and their involvement in activities, he said.

Qualifications for membership also include at least a 3.0 grade

point average and at least one year at UK.

Applications for membership are located in 106 Student Center or on the fifth floor of the Office Tower.

Menkhaus, a political science and music senior, said the organization has had a "banner year" and a tremendous response so far "to the drive."

Being a CAE member looks good on a resume, but the program adds more than that, Menkhaus said.

"(CAE) is by no means just a resume builder. We demand action from our members," he said.

The group sponsors several events throughout the year, including Merit

Day, Governors Scholars' reunions and fund-raising projects for scholarships.

Menkhaus said CAE members gain knowledge about UK history, the hierarchy at the University and "get the satisfaction in knowing they have helped raise the academic quality at UK by recruiting top academic scholars."

Collegians for Academic Excellence began three years ago and is "growing at a very fast rate," Menkhaus said. There are currently 70 members, with 30-40 potential members being examined this week.

Bill Swinford, the incoming president of the 1987-88 academic year,

said the group is going to continue recruitment of top students next year.

Swinford, a political science junior, said he joined CAE because he was "very interested in improving the academic quality at UK." Swinford said he enjoys CAE's work with high school seniors, saying these students relate to college students better than they do to faculty and staff.

Although CAE seems to be selective, Swinford said that they do not try to keep anyone out.

"We just look for people who will put forth the effort we need," he said.

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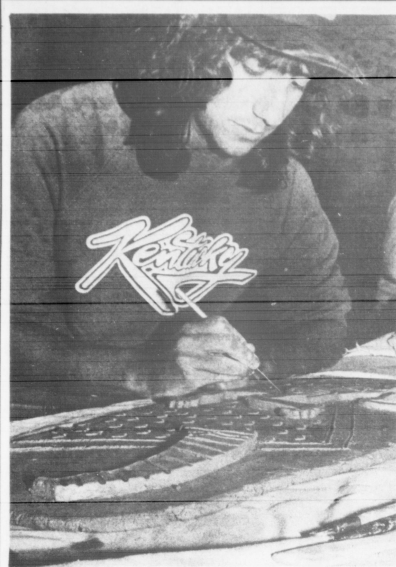
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MARK ZEROF/Kernal Staff

Artwork

Robert Sirota, a fine arts senior, works on a sculpture for art class in the Reynolds Building.

•Ticket

Continued from Page 1

Going into the election "very intense," Clary said he wants students to know, whether he wins or loses, that he cares about them.

"I went into the election with the principles and ideas that I was going to do my best for student government and, win or lose, I want students to know I was doing it for them."

One faculty member, who chairs a committee in which Clary is a member, said Clary is always looking to provide input into issues that affect students.

"Keith has been innovative in the ideas he's had and his ability to interact with the faculty," said Lois Mather, chairman of the commencement committee and a professor of agricultural economics.

"Very clearly, Keith has the respect of the faculty and the respect of the students on the committee," he said.

The other vice presidential race that will be contested is between Dixon and "dark horse" Karl Crase for the executive vice president slot.

Although Dixon said he has been

told "the race is in the bag," he still believes there still a lot of work to be done.

A lot of people have said I've got it in the bag but I don't know," said the 25-year-old business management senior from Henderson, Ky.

"I think because I don't know much about what (Crase) has done or what he's involved in, I can't make an assessment of the outcome."

Dixon, who has been in the SGA senate for three years, placed third in the senator at large elections with 645 votes last spring.

Among the qualities that Dixon has that makes him a good student representative, is his insight into issues, said Student Activities Board President Lynne Hunt, who worked with him on the Student Center commercialization committee.

"I'm not endorsing anyone... but I think he was a vital part of that committee," she said. "Brad is always questioning and providing valuable insight into the issues that the committee faces."

•Perspectives

Continued from Page 1

self to be extremely politically oriented.

John Menkhaus, CAE chairman, introduced him to Cyndi Weaver, SGA presidential candidate, and she asked Crase to join her ticket as executive vice president.

"I wasn't exactly Mr. Politics," he said. But, "I got up here and saw a lot of problems."

Crase, who is a member of Collegians for Academic Excellence, said he became interested in student government because he had some "definite disagreement with student government."

And Crase says that he has never been the type of person to take things lying down.

Katie Daugherty, CAE vice chairman, said that "when he does (disagree), it's something that he's thought (about) and it's worth hearing."

"I've never been somebody that can put up with anything," Crase said. In high school, "I'd always end up in leadership roles."

The main problem with SGA, Crase says, is one of image.

"Student government," he said, "should just be a condensed voice of the students where people can come when they've got a problem with anything."

Crase, who is a member of Sigma Nu fraternity, realizes that critics will point to his inexperience in student government and he considers it a valid criticism.

Mark Tichenor, a chemical engineering sophomore and Sigma Nu member, doesn't buy that criticism. "He's really vocal (and) has connections in and around campus," Tichenor said. "I think his ties (with other organizations around campus) make him qualified for the position."

"I think that he would make an excellent executive vice president."

Crase is confident in his ability to be an effective leader in student government.

"If a student can't aspire to the leadership of (any) student organization, then what's it there for."

•Books

Continued from Page 1

the library and check out books and they're not there," Clary said.

Willis said overdue books are not a major problem for the library. With the new automated checkout system, people who have overdue

books can be prevented from checking out other books.

Willis said the library makes about \$35,000 a year from overdue book fines. The purpose for fining is not to raise money, he said, but to encourage students to get books back on time.

Correction

The Campus Calendar on Monday contained some incorrect information. Tickets for the Women Writers Conference are free to students with a validated student ID. Tickets for the general public are \$5.

The Kernel regrets the error.

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will be closed Wednesday, April 1 & Thursday, April 2 in order for us to convert to a new computer system. The drive up window will be open from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. for emergency transactions ONLY. We will reopen Friday, April 3. Thank you for your patience. Your Credit Union is here to serve you!!

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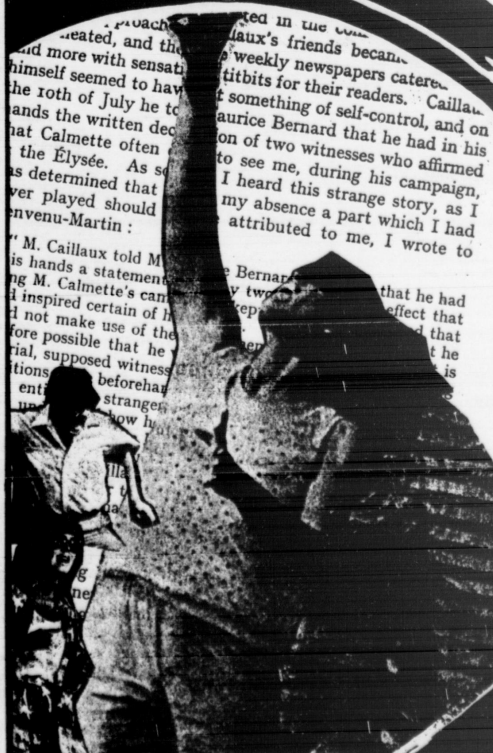
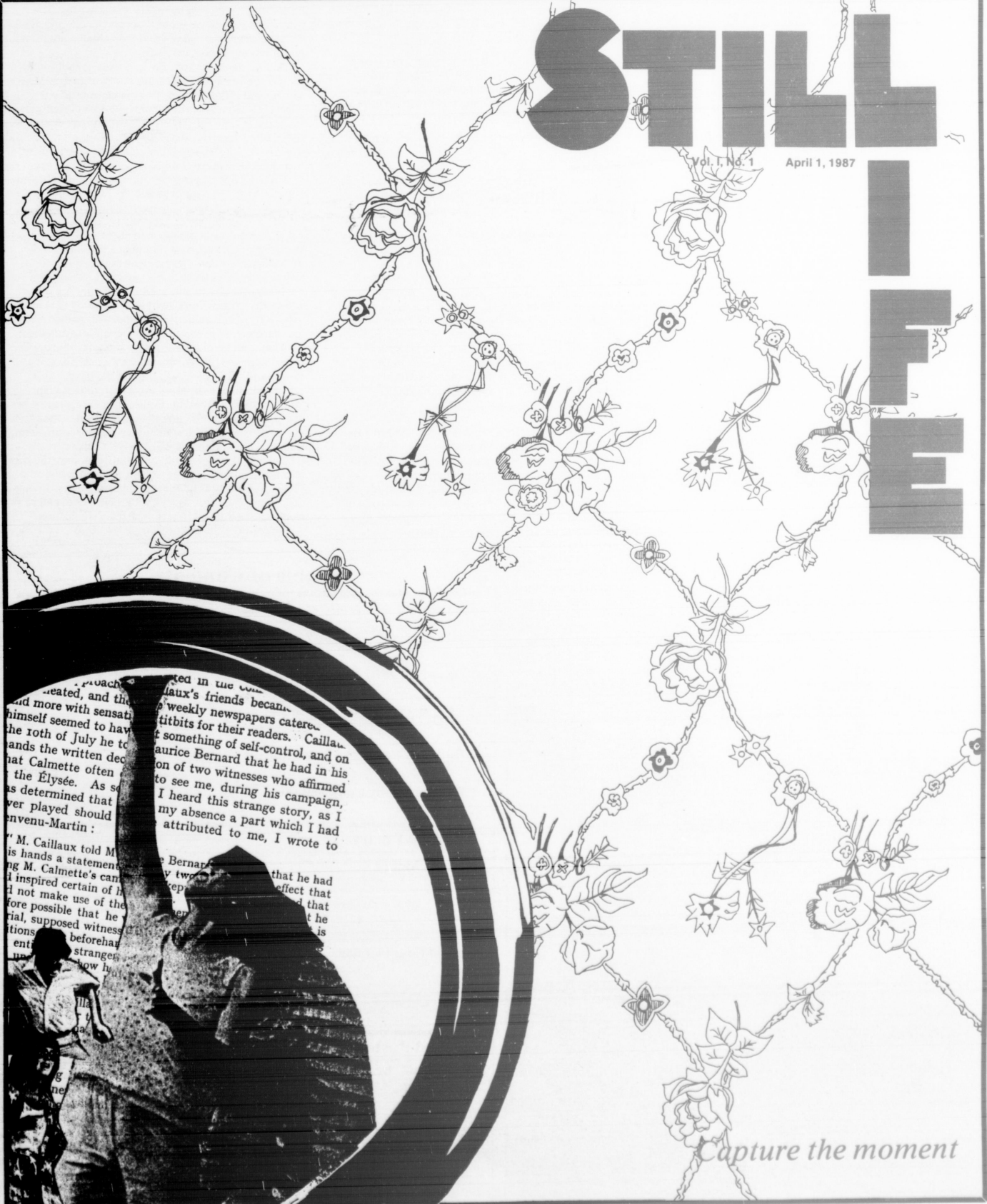
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STILL

Vol. I, No. 1

April 1, 1987

LIFE



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Capture the moment

This is Still Life

The title, *Still Life*, is somewhat of a paradox, especially when one considers that it is in reference, not to painting, but to poetry and prose.

Part of the paradox also lies in that what is contained within the pages of *Still Life* is fixed — is unchanging in its content, in its vision, in its development. And yet it is constantly changing in the mind of the reader. What a story is to one reader, it is perhaps wholly different to another reader. The correlations that readers make will vary, and so the same story will undergo continuous change. Just as Cezanne saw in wine bottles the capacity to undergo physical change in the context of his still life paintings, so the readers of *Still Life* are encouraged to let each of these stories and poems take an individual form and meaning when seen through the mind's eye.

The content of *Still Life* is lasting in the way that all good fiction lasts. It will live in a different way in the mind of each reader and it experiences a rebirth every time a particular story or poem is read for a second time, and for a third.

Seventeen thousand copies of the Kentucky Kernel change hands every day as they are picked up and put down all over Lexington. Thus, the number of people who actually read the Kernel is much greater even than 17,000. However, the content of the Kernel becomes outdated daily and so another edition is issued. It is my hope, however, that readers will take special interest in this particular edition which, for the first time in Kernel history, features a literary supplement — *Still Life*. I hope readers will keep this issue and peruse it at their leisure.

The catch line for the magazine is "Capture the moment." And so I think we have.

Two of the stories, "Dead Fish" and "Aunt Maida," deal with the issue of death in different ways. One treats it symbolically while the other takes a painfully literal approach to this dominant theme. "Aunt Maida" by Linda Piwowarski is an intense hospital drama that plays itself out in the mind of the narrator as she gropes through past memories concerning her dying aunt who raised her and her twin brother since they were 10 years old. In a family where

death is prevalent, the narrator and her brother are brought face-to-face with what is perhaps the most hard-hitting and finally enlightening death of all.

Conversely, "Dead Fish" by William Brymer treats the topic of death from the standpoint of youth and invulnerability. The decadent symbolism literally floats down the river as a college student comes to grips with a lifestyle he discovers must be left behind.



Erik REECE

"The Carnival," by Mary Anne Elliott is a story of compromise and communication (or lack thereof). Elliott gets inside the mind of both characters,

Carla and Wayne, and lets us see their contrasting thoughts. Their relationship is hindered by their age differences and Elliott pays close attention to detail as she develops both sides of the conflict. Wayne, for example, is bewildered by the footwear of young girls he passes while walking down the midway of a carnival with Carla. "Do you like those plastic shoes girls wear? I mean, do you think they look good?" he asks, realizing that her youthful taste is a mystery to him. Elliott upholds a subtle objectivity that is maintained throughout "The Carnival" and makes the final outcome especially believable.

Campbell Welsh's "Relations" and Margie Martin-Campbell's "Dancin' Fool" are both loss-of-innocence stories. The two young protagonists of "Relations" find growing up on the farm a sometimes harsh and confusing experience. On the other hand, "Dancin' Fool" is a charming slice-of-life that plays the naive of the two protagonists against the other's experience on particular matters. Henry, the older of the two, is ignorant to the truth about Patsy Mae Jarvis' older sister, Sarah, just as Patsy Mae is ignorant to the truth about sex and pregnancy. Patsy Mae is trying desperately to shed the reputation Sarah left her with, which led one of Henry's friends to accuse

Patsy Mae, saying, "Those Jarvis girls are fast." A comic vein runs throughout "Dancin' Fool" and makes the awkwardness of Henry and Patsy Mae's situation seem that much more endearing.

Alongside the fiction, the first issue of *Still Life* will present the work of two featured poets, Barbara Mabry and Ronald Edgar Collier. Four poems have been selected from each of these poets. Besides these eight, single poems have also been chosen from the slew of submissions received. The *Still Life* editorial staff found the combined work of Mabry and Collier especially strong in the context of all of the poetry submitted.

Collier's poetry possesses the dense quality first made popular by E.E. Cummings and William Carlos Williams and still found in much of modern poetry. His subject matter, however, is deeply rooted in an Appalachian-like ancestry, in the tapestries woven by the quilter of one poem, thus retaining a certain heritage.

Mabry draws on a tragic element that seems to evolve sometimes from neglect and sometimes from reminiscence. Her poetry is predominantly American and seems to draw considerably from Emily Dickinson in both form and content. Her adjectives and adverbs are sharply precise, never stumbling on overstatement.

That is all I will say to preface the work that appears here. I hope the reader will consider it and digest it as closely and carefully as we, the editors, have.

I would like to thank all those who took a chance on *Still Life* by contributing. Future issues are already in the planning. Submissions can be made year-round. Direct them to *Still Life*/Kentucky Kernel/Journalism Building/UK Campus/Lexington, KY/40506.

I would also like to add one clarification on the part of our consultants, Lance Olsen and Gurney Norman. They acted solely as advisers and *not* as judges. In many cases we, the editors, agreed with their wishes and in some cases we didn't. Let that be their vindication.

So consider the moment, in *Still Life*. **S**

Still Life

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

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Table of Contents

Fiction

"The Carnival," by Mary Anne Elliott	Page 4
"Dead Fish," by William Brymer	Page 5
"Aunt Maida," by Linda Piwowarski	Page 7
"Dancin' Fool," by Margie Martin-Campbell	Page 8
"Relations," by Campbell Welsh	Page 10

Featured Poetry

Barbara Mabry	"Red and Yellow" "Smith '49" "Portrait" "Shedding"	Pages 4 and 5
Ronald Edgar Collier	"Dragonflies" "Old Folks" "Children" "The Quilter"	Page 6

Selected Poetry

"Paradox," by Sharon Mackey	
"Definition," by Helen Mercier	Page 8
"Ode to a Cold," by Gladys Pramuk	
"A Requiem for Ron and his Motorcycle," by Dianna Keyes	
"The Ice Queen's Storm," by Darren Purcell	
"Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," by Parker Benton	Page 10

Working it out

Postgraduate and summer writers workshops: Worth the cost and time?

By ERIK REECE
Arts Editor

Professional writers differ in their beliefs concerning the importance of writers workshops to a young writer almost as much as they differ concerning the importance of fiction to the modern culture.

Thus the question of what a creative writer is to do after college and during the summers of his or her undergraduate life remains as ambiguous as ever. What is the value of summer conferences or graduate studies in creative writing?

Writers Lance Olsen and Gurney Norman offer an objective, cross-cultural view of the pros and cons of the writers workshop. Both are professors in UK's English department and both are graduates of what is largely considered the two premier postgraduate workshops in the country — the Iowa Writers Workshop and Stanford University's master's program in creative writing.

Norman graduated from Stanford's program in 1960 where he studied alongside such literary headliners as Ken Kesey, Larry McMurtry and Ed McClanahan. Since then he has published a novel, *Divine Right's Trip*, and a highly-touted collection of short stories, *Kinfolks*, which was recently re-issued as part of Avon's Southern Writers Series. Norman will also be an integral part of UK's master's program in creative writing, which will be offered next semester for the first time.

Olsen, a self-proclaimed postmodernist, graduated from the Iowa Writers Workshop in 1980. His book of postmodern criticism, *Ellipse of Uncertainty*, is due out this month. Olsen is also in the process of publishing his first novel, *Live From Earth*.

Both Norman and Olsen say they have reaped the benefits of the writers workshop, though they don't necessarily credit workshops as the determining factor in their success. "It transformed my life," Norman said. "The best thing about it was that for the first time I really identified myself as a fiction writer. When somebody said, 'What do you do?' I said, 'I write fiction.' It was a validation. That's what I got from it. On the other hand, in no way is that experience necessary for the young writer."

"It's only been in the last 30 years that we've had a graduate study for creative writers," Norman said. "People like Ernest Hemingway didn't need college, let alone postgraduate stuff. He went right into the university of life. So did Jack London and so did most of the great writers."

"They're great catalysts," Olsen said of workshops. "It's just at that point in your career where you're not a professional by any stretch of the imagination, but you're serious and you need time to focus . . ."

"If you read the *New York Times Book Review*, what you'll notice is that a lot of first novels are coming out from people who studied (in creative writing graduate programs). And I don't think it's

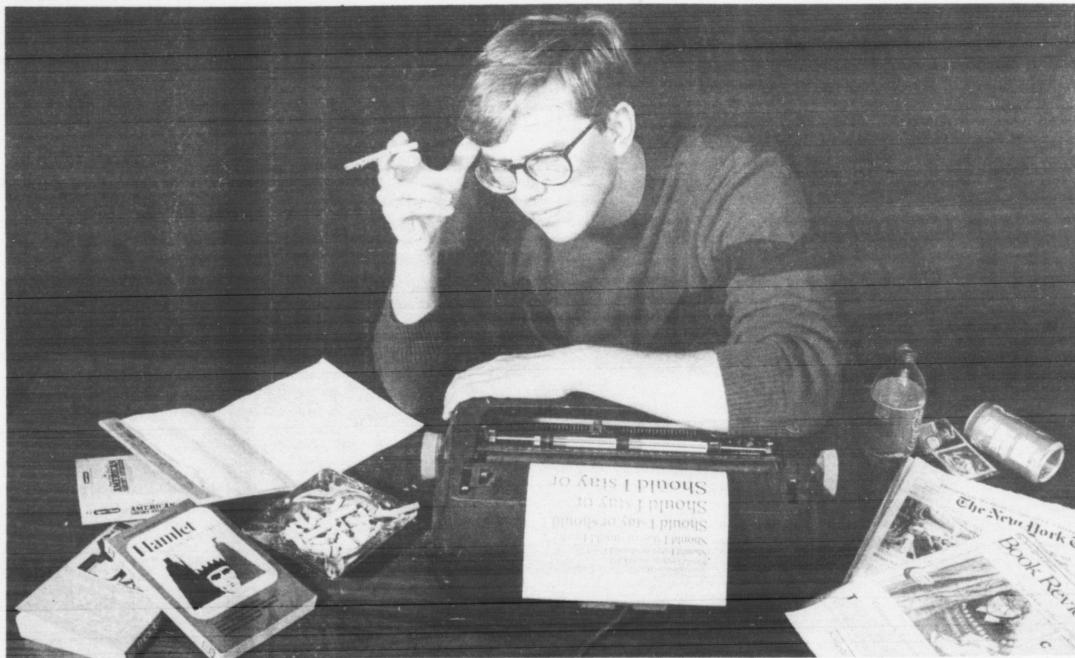


Photo illustration by ALAN LESSIG/Kernel Staff

because they've studied, I think it's because it gives them time to focus so that you're not being a waiter, trying to survive, but you have two years to actually do your thing."

For Olsen, the element of time was what made the experience worthwhile. For Norman, it was the fellowship. "Whether writers go on to graduate studies or not, the one thing I think they do need is a community of writers," Norman said. "The romantic vision of that is that one goes to Paris and lives on the Left Bank and meets all these writer types in cafes and has this wild, bohemian life. And so student life can be a version of that. If it's not a cafe in France, at least it's a beer at the University Club. And good things can happen over a beer at the edge of campus."

Norman and Olsen agreed that the instruction they received in workshops wasn't the most important element of the experience. "Energy, enthusiasm, inspiration — those are the things you look for in a writing workshop," Norman said. "Writing is essentially a self-taught thing. And how to cope with the loneliness of the trade is the hard part. That's why we have writing classes on campus."

Olsen found his experience in the writers workshop to be in direct opposition to the environment Norman found at Stanford. "It's just the opposite at the Iowa Writers Workshop because everybody's ego is on the line," Olsen said. "You sit around this table in this incredibly white, fluorescent room and pick apart stuff. It gets deadly because everybody in the workshop thinks they're God's answer to man . . . A lot of aesthetics get in the way. People who do realist fiction hate people who do fantasy fiction hate people who do naturalist fiction

who hate experimentalists."

"I have a lot of friends who went to the workshop who will never write another word. They just got destroyed morally. Their morale was just killed."

In such a cutthroat atmosphere, Olsen found thick skin and the ability to resist and reject much of the criticism offered to be the key elements of survival. "I tended to be the quiet, unassuming person who would put up a story, not listen to anything that was said, go home and write. That kind of circles around to what I think is good about a writing workshop. I don't think a writing workshop can teach you how to write. I think what it does is put you in an environment where you are continually questioning how to write. When people are continually attacking you for whatever you do, it's good in the sense that you're continually going, 'OK, well should I do it that way? Shouldn't I do it that way?' That kind of thing."

The point where Norman and Olsen are noticeably split in their opinions concerning writers workshops is concerning the two-week and monthlong workshops that take place in abundance during the summer months. The Bennington Writers Workshop, started by Nick Delbanco and the late John Gardner, is probably the most prestigious of this type of workshop. It has graduated such names as Tobias Wolf, Bobbie Anne Mason and Richard Ford. The workshop is divided into a two-week session and one that lasts a month. The monthlong session will cost the prospective writer about \$1,500.

"It is conceivable that it could be worth it," said Norman. "But my own personal belief is that if someone has been in writing workshops at a university during the

regular school year and if you've got 1,500 bucks, I think it would be much more useful to go to Mexico and just work rather than go to Bennington for a month. A compromise would be to go to another summer workshop for a week for \$300 and then take your \$1,200 and get on to Mexico."

As in the case of graduate programs, Norman feels the instruction one receives at summer workshops is of secondary importance: "I think too much emphasis is placed on the value of critique. People write stories and poems and they want someone to read them and comment on them. I don't think the commentary is nearly as important as the social life in that week, as getting to hear writers read their own work and just conversation . . ."

"A writer might go to a weeklong workshop and be there with John Updike. And I don't think it matters what John Updike has to say about one's own story. What John Updike has to say about his stories — that to me would be what's important."

Olsen's opinion concerning summer workshops of any cost, but especially the expensive ones, is that "they're completely useless. You can't learn a damn thing in that short a time. I think it's all glamour. I know people who run those things purely on a financial basis."

"Literally, they just have a lot of parties and drink and talk about writing. It seems to me a status symbol or something for writers who aren't very good to be associated with writers who are very good."

"Those kind of writers conferences foster that mentality of writing as a business and you really need to know certain people. The truth is you can make it without knowing any of those people. But a lot of people get hung up on the social aspect of it. I know people, they're wonderful. They call themselves poets, they dress like poets, they've never written a poem in their life. But they hang out with crowd that do that kind of stuff because it's very arty to do. And that's art as a kind of cocktail party."

It is, of course, ultimately the choice of the individual writer as to where the worth of the writers workshop lies. But the percentage of writers who are currently publishing and who have attended workshops opposed to those who are publishing and haven't is undeniably in favor of those with a workshop behind them. Such a statistic can be realized as easily, as Olsen said, as by picking up a *New York Times Book Review* and reading the authors' biographical information.

A pattern seems to be forming. Publishers such as Vintage and Penguin Paperbacks are now more than ever taking chances on first-time novelists and short story writers. And the ones who are scoring big, in some cases pocketing cool, \$30,000 advances, are the ones who graduated from places like the Iowa Writers Workshop. Whether they benefited from the fellowship or the instruction or the element of time the writer finds there would be an individual's preference. What seems universal is the talent generated by the writers workshop.

The Carnival

Mary Anne Elliott

"You said it'd be fun." Carla looked at Wayne. A chunk of thick brown hair fell over her shoulder as she gave him a disappointed nod of her head. "It wasn't."

"Come on, let's go back down the way we came and get one of those lemon shake-ups. We passed the stand on the way."

"I liked the Scrambler better. What's the big deal about standing in front of a mirror and looking fat? Where's the thrill in that? I like spinning around so fast I can't see. Even the ferris wheel was better. Yeah, I could go for a lemon shake-up, too."

They waited for a young couple, who were wheeling a sleeping baby in a rent-a-stroller, to pass before they could turn the other way. A silver heart-shaped balloon bobbed from the handle. A diaper bag with the words "DIAPER BAG," which was spilling over with plastic diapers, sat on the back rack. They had covered the baby's face with a blanket to protect it from the sun. A tiny, pink, wrinkled hand poked out from the confusion of fabric surrounding it.

Carla and Wayne turned around to walk the other way, back toward the entrance to the carnival, where the lemon shake-up stand was. Carla was watching a scraggly young man in a ragged, white, sleeveless T-shirt tossing little plastic rings at about a hundred Coke bottles, hoping at least to snag one of the many bottles with a ring. He slammed his fist down on the counter as the last of his rings went clinking down in between the bottles. The fat man behind the counter barked his message to the passers-by, trying to interest them in his game, promising big prizes to those who could ring a bottle. "Three rings for just fifty cents. Step on up little lady, and try your luck." Carla looked at the twenty or so neon-pink Pink Panthers hanging from the rafters of the booth. She wondered how one might look on their bed and decided that Wayne wouldn't go for it. Wayne grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the blue-haired grandmother that she was ready to walk into.

They made their way slowly through the carnival crowd. They reached the point where they had exited the House of Mirrors. Wayne had always loved fun houses at carnivals. Going in there had reminded him of his boyhood. Back then when they didn't have Scramblers and all those other crazy rides, that's what you did at these little fairs. He wondered how many carnival geeks had been put out of business by the Scrambler. He smiled wryly at the thought. When he was a kid, the mirrors were his favorite. He remembered being thrown out of the House of Mirrors by one of the carnival operators one time because he had lingered on in there so long.

Wayne was disappointed Carla didn't like the mirrors. He had said, "Haven't you ever wondered what you'd look like if you were fat, or real short like a midget? Look at my face!" It was about two feet long. It had reminded Carla of a time when her older brother, Pete, who was twelve at the time, had lifted Dick Tracy's face off the Sunday comics with silly putty. Then he had stretched and pulled Dick's face all out of proportion. Then the ink started coming off on Pete's hands. It ended up a big mess. She wasn't impressed with either episode. She liked the Scrambler, Wayne thought. Huh, a kid's ride. He'd looked at the young woman, just leaving her childhood behind. Then he thought that maybe Carla really was too young for him. Lately he'd been thinking their age difference was too much. But he thought he loved her. He slipped his hand into hers as they walked on.

His palm dripped sweat into hers. Sweat trickled down the back of his neck. His moustache was wet. The late afternoon sun shone in their eyes. Carla was squinting to keep it out. "Lord, what's that contraption up there?" They approached a crowd that was waiting to get on this ride. Yellow flashing bulbs and a heavy bass beat from the speaker system announced Snow Mountain. Evidently, it was the main attraction at the carnival. "Look at all these people, Carla. We haven't seen this many people at all the others combined." Cars shot past in front of them. They were going very fast, and the people in them were a blur.

"Let's ride it, Wayne. We still have some tickets left." They watched as the cars took off in a deafening roar. Carla squeezed through the crowd to watch at the railing. Machinery ground and clutched. Wayne made his way after Carla to tell her he would not ride it; it looked too dangerous. But when he reached her, his voice melted into the roar of Snow Mountain. His lungs filled with the hot fumes from the machinery.

"Come on, Carla," he shouted at her. She furrowed her brow at him in a questioning look. She couldn't hear what he said. He pulled her by the arm and led her away from the crowd. "I'm not riding on that. We're going to get something to drink." The people on Snow Mountain continued their circular path. The cars were jerked up and down; some of the riders screamed their delight, some flung their arms in the air in hopes they'd be pulled from their seats by the force. Van Halen was blaring through Snow Mountain's loud speakers. David Lee Roth's voice crackled and popped.

"You act like an old man sometimes, Wayne. You really do. It wouldn't kill you to ride the thing. Besides, what are we going to do with these tickets?" She held up a strip of purple tickets.

"We'll decide what to do with those later. I'm hot and thirsty and I want something to drink." The back of Wayne's shirt was soaking wet from sweat. He had an impatient look on his face. "I feel like her father," he thought. He wanted something stronger than a lemon shake-up.

"Are you still pissed about me not liking the House of Mirrors?"

"No, of course not. Don't be silly. I do have a headache, though; the sun in my eyes, all this noise, the heat. Sorry. I really don't want to ride it, but I'll wait for you if you want to."

Mary Anne Elliott is a publication production junior at UK. She is the editor of the 1987 edition of JAR, the Honors Program's literary magazine. She is also the recipient of the Wilhelmina Barrett Literary Competition award in the essay division for "Down on the Farm," a comparative study of Wendell Berry's poetry. "The Carnival" is her first published work.

"No, it wouldn't be any fun without you." Carla reached around his waist and squeezed. "I love you even if you are an old poop sometimes." She had a gleam in her eyes when she looked at him.

"Old poop." That was something she'd call her father, he thought. Two girls passed. They weren't much younger than Carla. Maybe sixteen or seventeen. Cruising, Wayne thought. One girl with dark skin and black hair wore light pink short shorts and a pink and blue plaid cropped shirt. She was eyeing some guy in a muscle shirt. He was demonstrating how his muscles worked under the new tan he'd given them. She bit her lower lip in an attempt to look sexy. Her belly button was exposed and so was half her ass, Wayne noticed. He looked down and saw lace-cuffed socks and black leather Reebok high tops. The other girl had on a white one-piece shorts outfit. Neither her belly button nor her ass showed. She had white frosted jelly shoes on. She had some kind of white frosted lip gloss on. Her blond hair was held back in a ponytail. What an odd pair, he thought. They were sharing blue cotton candy twirled around a paper cone.

"Wayne, where are you going?" Carla's voice broke in. "Here's the lemon shake-up stand right here. Are you feeling OK?"

"Do you like those plastic shoes girls wear? I mean, do you think they look good?"

"You mean jellies? They're OK. Here, you get the lemonade. Give me some money. I want a corn dog. Want one?"

"Yeah, might as well. Maybe that's why I've got a headache. Maybe I need to eat." He reached into the back pocket of his jeans and pulled out his wallet. He opened the black leather case and pulled out a five and handed it to her. Then he pulled out another for the lemon shake-ups. She turned to walk to the corn dog stand when he pulled her back to him and kissed her forehead. "An old poop, huh?"

Carla broke into a grin. "Yeah, sometimes. But not tonight." He wondered if she'd be right. He watched her walk away. He thought he might buy her some new clothes, maybe some of those jelly shoes. Or maybe something to make her look older, more sophisticated. But, on the other hand, he thought, she's only eighteen. She's still a baby. Why make her grow up faster than she is already? His expression dropped when he realized, perhaps for the first time, that one day in the next few years she would grow up and realize she didn't belong with a thirty-eight-year-old man.

Smith '49

Stolidly she stares at me from the newsprint pages of the alumni newsletter: heavy-jowled, mannish haircut, thick dark-rimmed glasses, lips straight, eyes steady. Under the picture is Smith '49

In my dusty yearbook on the still-glossy page she stands with a sheaf of long-stemmed roses, her slim shoulders bare and her long, light hair curling gently onto her bosom. Her smile is perfect for a homecoming queen and her tiny waist is perfect for her escort's hand. I remember how she mugged for the earnest student photographer and broke off a rose for him and kissed him to tease her sweetheart. I remember how he chased her to claim his own kiss now that she was a celebrity.

The article informs me she is an assistant professor of library and government documents librarian at a college I never heard of.

Barbara Mabry is an assistant to the dean for student academic affairs in the College of Arts and Sciences. She is a graduate of Maryville College in Tennessee and holds a master's degree in English from Emory University. She has been a teacher of literature at UK since 1967. She has been an associate editor of Callaloo magazine. Her poetry has appeared in Reaching, Appalachian Heritage, Kentucky Poetry Review and Fabbro, among other magazines.

Shedding

Our valley sloughs its winter skin oh, so gradually, rubbing up against cloud-ribs and brown-boned ridges, shedding dead old leaves and twigs and branches — emerging at last, sleek and shiny and sensuous and all-new again.

— Barbara Mabry

— Barbara Mabry

He turned around and stepped up to the lemon shake-up stand. "Two," he held up two fingers to the kid inside. The guy poured water into a glass that already had ice, sugar, and a lemon chunk in it, topped it with a paper cup, and began shaking the mixture. Wayne pulled a paper napkin out of the holder on the counter and mopped his forehead with it.

"Two-fifty," said the kid after he'd shaken the second one. Wayne handed him the five. The kid smiled through a mouthful of braces as he handed him back the change. "Thanks."

Wayne pulled out more napkins and picked up the drinks: He saw Carla walking back to where they had parted. "Here's a bench over here," he said when he reached her. "Let's sit down."

"Yeah, good idea." Carla said. "I'm starved. I may have to go back to get another."

"How about a candied apple instead?"

"How about both?" she said as she put the corn dog into her mouth. Wayne gulped down half his drink before touching the corn dog. "You were thirsty," she said.

"You really liked the Scrambler?" he said through a mouthful of bread and meat.

"Oh, yeah, sure. It's been one of my favorites since I was a kid."

"Let's use the tickets on that. I'll ride on it with you."

"OK. That would be fun. I don't really want to wait in line at Snow Mountain anyway. It looked fun, though."

They finished eating. Carla was sucking on the lemon from her shake-up. Wayne took his cup with him and crunched the ice. He put his other arm around her shoulder, and they walked back in the direction of the Scrambler. They passed some little kids riding around in a circle in police cars and fire trucks, turning the steering wheels and beeping the horns. They smiled at each other.

The sun was turning orange. It had lost its hold on the day and was surrendering to the moon. The temperature had dropped slightly, but still no breeze blew. The young man in the white T-shirt was still tossing plastic rings at the Coke bottles. He had won a medium-sized bear and it looked as if he was going after the Pink Panther. "Look at those big Pink Panthers, Carla. Aren't they hideous?"

"Yeah. Think how awful one would look on our bed," she said grinning.

The crowd had begun to thicken a little. Wayne bumped elbows with a fat bald man in a denim shirt. They just walked on. They approached the Scrambler. A few people were in line ahead of them, but the operator was loading the cars and the line went fast. Carla handed the man the strip of tickets. He counted them and tore off one and handed it back to her. "A souvenir," she said as she climbed into the car. The operator walked by and locked the safety bar into place. A girl and a little boy in the car directly in front of them were talking excitedly. With a hum and a vibration, the red shells began scrambling in a circular up-and-down motion. The cars went faster and started spinning around in their tracks. Carla let out a squeal of excitement. Wayne let go of the bar and let out a whoop. **5**



Dead Fish

William Brymer

Craig called to find out what I was up to tonight. "I dunno man, what's goin' on?"

There was a pause while Craig chewed up a mouthful of potato chips. "I think a few people are headin' down to Riverside Park. Wanta try it?"

I thought about it for a second. I haven't been down to the river once this summer. "Yeah, sounds good."

"Okay, I'll grab some beer and pick you up in about an hour. All right?" Before I could say yeah, Craig had the receiver down. He can be pretty abrupt.

William Brymer is currently a history senior at UK. "Dead Fish" is his first published work.

We pulled into the park entrance and drove over to the east end. Most of the people we know hang out in the east end of the park while the rednecks tend to hang around the west. It's better at this end; there's rocks all along the edge of the river that you can sit on while you rap with everybody. The west end is just concrete paving and mud banks. When we were in high school we used to fight with the rednecks over the rights to the eastern half, but that was long ago.

Craig got out of the car, I grabbed the cooler, and we headed down to the rocks. There was no moon; I could barely make out the shapes of three people against the lights of the river. They turned out to be Byron, Tom, and some guy that I'd never seen before.

All three stood up when we came over. Tom looked at us with a frown, "Damn Craig, y'all scared the shit out of us." Byron brought a bong out from behind a rock and re-lit the bowl.

Tom reached out to shake my hand, "All right Doug, when did you get back in town?"

"About three weeks ago."

Tom looked at me with a puzzled grin, "Where've you been hidin' lately?" "I've been workin' my butt off tryin' to save up some cash."

Tom sat back down on his rock, "No shit?" He turned towards Byron and pointed at the bong, "Gimme that thing Bogart."

I sat down next to the stranger and put out my hand, "I'm Doug."

He looked at my hand for a minute and then shook it without saying anything. Byron was watching us and said, "That's my little brother Pete."

I looked at Pete in the darkness, "No kiddin'? You two don't look anything alike."

Pete turned to me and said out of the side of his mouth, "That's 'cause Byron's ugly as shit."

Everybody started laughing and then Craig yelled, "Heads up Doug!"

I raised my head up to find a beer sailing on a collision with my face. The beer bounced off my hands; I did all I could to trap it against the side of my leg before it fell into the river. The water wasn't too deep so I fished the beer out and wiped the top off with my sleeve.

Tom passed the bong over to Craig, "It's good weed man."

I listened to the water as it lapped at my feet. Byron woke me from my day dream. "How's Syracuse goin'?"

"All right." I took a swig from my beer.

"You gonna finish soon?"

"Sooner or later, I'm in no hurry." I watched Craig take a bong hit and hold the smoke.

Tom joined in, "What was it that you were majorin' in?"

"History."

"History? What're you gonna do with that?" Tom leaned over and asked Craig for one of our beers.

"I dunno. Teach maybe." I saw that Tom and Craig were laughing about something.

Craig held the bong out for me to take, "Here you go, Doug the teacher." I grabbed the bong and handed it to Pete.

"Take a hit Doug, it's good dope." Tom smiled at me as he opened the beer.

"Naw man, I'm all right."

Tom took a drink. "What's the matter Doug, you turnin' square on us?"

I laughed, "I guess so. Really man, I'm all right. I'll take a hit in a little while." I watched Pete clear that rest of the bowl.

Tom started talking about somebody that I didn't know so I kicked back and looked out on the river. We've been comin' down here for years. It's a great hangout if you can get past the fish smell. The stench seems pretty strong tonight, but you get used to it after about fifteen minutes.

A few speed boats cruised past us, and around the bend you could just see the lights of the Belle of Louisville. If you're really quiet you can hear the paddle wheel churn the Ohio in the darkness. The wakes from all these boats would come splashing against the rocks. The water felt good in this summer heat.

We talked for about an hour. Mostly about people that we used to know, and who was having the best parties these days. I yawned quite a bit.

Tom, Byron, and Pete stood up together as if on cue. Tom tossed a beer can into the river. Byron grabbed his bong and tapped the bowl against the side of a rock.

"We gotta get goin'. I gotta work tomorrow." Tom spoke while he brushed his pants off.

Craig looked up at him and said, "What? On a Saturday?"

"Yeah man, pumpin' gas six days a week. It's a bitch."

Craig and I told him that we could relate. Tom turned towards us as they started to leave, "Well, y'all taker 'er easy."

Portrait

Quiet she lived and quiet died. Her children were little inconvenienced. Six months before she tidily gave away almost all her things, except her books. Eventually she ceased to eat and later still to walk, and kept her bed. There was not much to say. When at last her breathing stopped, they said it was a blessing. During the final visitation they laughed and chattered in front of the closed bronze coffin they covered with red roses and baby's breath. Grandsons she seldom saw shouldered the casket and no one minded the cloudy day. Her footstone waited for her, engraved with her name and birthdate.

They said she knew them to the end.

— Barbara Mabry

Red and Yellow

It was a terrible mischance on a sun-washed springtime day. I was playing jacks out in the cistern's shade when fat white Lucy waddled by, leading her parade of yellow ducklings — yellow-dandelion ducklings. In delight I started up, stepped back one step and squashed a duckling with a not-so-heavy heel — he had broken ranks. Red blood ran from his yellow bill and nothing — not tears, not bloodstained cradling hands, nor a shoe box burial with prayers and sweet peas atop — would make him right. Hard lesson that.

— Barbara Mabry

"You too man. Later Byron, later Pete." We waved to them as they moved on to the parking lot.

Craig turned to me, "Well, what d'ya wanta do?"

I looked out on the river, "I dunno. Wanta stay here and finish the beer?"

"Yeah, we could do that."

We sat there for a while and then Craig said, "You didn't have a good time tonight, did ya?"

"Naw man, I had an all right time. Jus' that sometimes it doesn't feel like I fit in with y'all any more."

"What're ya talkin' about?" Craig lit a cigarette, "You fit in."

I could tell that I was going to have a hard time trying to explain all this to Craig. Besides, it was hard enough trying to explain it to myself.

□ □ □ □ □

I swung by Craig's house about eleven and found him standing in the driveway twirling a frisbee on his middle finger. He got in my car, pulled a baggie of weed out of his pocket, and dumped it into the upturned frisbee. He found the rolling papers in his shirt pocket and then turned toward me. "I thought a little buzz might be nice. Best way to kill a hangover."

Craig had gotten the joint rolled when we pulled into the park entrance. There were cops everywhere. A swarm of flashing blue cop lights and the red of a single ambulance beacon were swirling around the east end of the park. The same spot where we had been last night. We could see the troopers huddled along the edge of the river.

Craig shoved the baggie of weed under the seat and, nodding his head toward the cops said, "Cool, I wonder what's goin' down?"

"I dunno. Want to check it out?"

"Yeah. Pull over there." Craig pointed to a space about twenty yards from the cops. I swung in and we got out, Craig twirling the frisbee on his finger. There were a few people standing around watching the cops, so we went over and joined them.

Craig walked up to an old man in dirty brown sandals, "What's goin' on?"

The old man spoke without looking at us, he kept his eyes on the rocks. Drownin'. They think it's that fella that fell off a barge near Cincinnati three weeks ago." The old man took a drag from his cigarette and then turned to Craig, "I spotted 'em hile I was out huntin' driftwood."

Craig raised his voice, "He fell off three weeks ago?"

The old man leaned back, "Yeah boy. Once this current's gotta hold on a man it'll keep 'em 'til it's ready to spit 'em up. Hell, a body's likely to end up anywhere."

Craig was silent for a second. "Did it gross you out when you found him?"

The old man spit a piece of tobacco from his mouth, "No, shit. I've seen bodies that've been chewed up by a barge's props. That'll make ya lose your appetite, I tell ya."

"I imagine." Craig and the old man turned towards the rocks again.

A cop walked past us as he was heading to his car. The old man called out, "How's it comin' officer?"

"We oughta have 'em outta here in another ten minutes or so." The cop reached into his car, pulled a soda out, took a long swig, and then wiped his brow with his sleeve. "I tell you what, tho'. This 'un stinks like high heaven."

The old man started laughing, "Yeah. It's jus' like I was tellin' that one officer when he asked me how it was that I happened to find 'em. I said, 'Well, somethin' smelled rotten and it sure weren't no dead fish.'"

The cop smiled and finished his soda. Two men in white uniforms came by and pulled a gurney from the back of the ambulance. As they wheeled it past I noticed that both men were wearing rubber gloves that were shining wet. They wore their surgical masks loose around their necks; their pants were soaked up to their calves.

Craig poled me with his elbow, "C'mon let's go watch." We began walking down to the river's edge.

We stopped about fifteen feet from the body. The dead man was lying face down in the water, one of his arms wedged in between two rocks. The two medics had collapsed the stretcher and were standing on either side of the body. Both men reached down and took hold of a leg, while two cops came over and grabbed an arm each. All four started counting together and then in one quick motion, lifted the body up off of the rocks and out of the river.

Water poured off the body as it was raised, I was amazed at how much of the river had clung to him. Water came trickling out of his mouth, and I noticed that one of the cops began to slip on the side of the bank; the thought of that bloated body

hitting the ground made me sick. He was placed on the stretcher and then rolled over on to his back; his hair plastered to his forehead, his body enormous in the oddest places due to bloating. A sheet was placed over him, the gurney raised and pushed up on to the parking lot toward the ambulance. Craig told me that he wanted to watch them load the body in so we walked back over to where the old man was standing.

The three of us stood there watching while they packed the body into the ambulance, Craig twirling his frisbee, the old man clicking his tongue on the roof of his mouth.

Craig nudged me, "That's pretty wild, ain't it?"

"What's that?"

"The thought that," he nodded toward the ambulance, "that guy was floatin' off the rocks last night when we were sittin' right there."

As soon as he said that my stomach began to churn. Wild thoughts of water-logged bodies lapping with the wake filled my imagination and wouldn't leave.

The old man, who had been lost in a daydream, turned to Craig. "What, you two were down there last night?"

Craig arched his shoulders back and said, "Yeah, we sat down there for 'bout three hours drinkin' some beer."

The old man squinted his eyes, "Shew."

The ambulance pulled away, a few of the cops tood around talking. Before long they got in their cars and bolted. The old man placed his hand on Craig's shoulder and, without a word, walked off. I noticed for the first time that he had a few pieces of driftwood in his hand.

Craig flicked the frisbee to me. "You wanta throw awhile?"

"Yeah." I turned my back to the river and pointed to a grass field. "That way." ❧

Old Folks

Old and
enlightened
they
bleed
knowledge
and I
like a
kerchief
soak up
their
wisdom
of
eternal
mirth

— Ronald Edgar Collier

Ronald Edgar Collier is an education and Appalachian studies junior. His poetry has appeared in Pegasus, the magazine of the Kentucky State Poetry Society and in the Mountain Eagle. He is also a folk artist who makes creative abstract sculpture from scrap metal.

Children

Like weeds
they grow.
Nurtured on love,
and sunshine
fertilized by friends
with affection.

Often, they can be found
in between corn rows,
in alleyways
or even in back yards.

Sometimes
after a rain
they can be observed
sprouting from earth
ankle deep
in the middle
of a mud hole.

— Ronald Edgar Collier

Quilter

She sits
with
thimble and needle
through
the past
reconstructing
bits and pieces
of
family life
stitching
memories
into
quilted
patterns
of
time

— Ronald Edgar Collier

Dragonflies

Helicopters
purple-green
warming up,
gauzy wings
buzzing.
Lifting off
full throttle
navigating
next mud hole
refilling
thirsty tanks.

— Ronald Edgar Collier



Aunt Maida

Linda Piwowarski

My Aunt Maida was a Buddhist in an earlier life. I know this from observation, from hearing the reverberations of previous meditations in the things she says now. She says: "Anyone can make soup with fire and a pot," and the echo comes back, life doesn't differ a lot. You've got to cock your head a bit to really listen to Aunt Maida; it's a knack.

Tommy, my twin, has a knack. He's a martial artist in hapkido. That's a Korean street-fighting art and he's very good. He says, as a master, one must execute control and experience pain. Since Aunt Maida raised him, too, I know he's talking about the same thing but less domestically.

We're in the hospital because she's dying. We sit out here in the ICU lobby for 55 minutes at a time (visitors get five minutes every half hour) because we take turns. Right now he's hunched over playing solitaire with a deck of cards Delta give him when he flew in. He's got a book, *105 Ways to Play Solitaire*. Aunt Maida always called it Patience. Patience and hapkido, Tommy's equivalents.

I'm writing a book on yellow legal paper with a pencil. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Like the corporal, not the spiritual, Aunt Maida.

I've noticed that most people are distressed when you mention the spiritual. You have to be careful of how you lead into it. Aunt Maida talks a lot about the spiritual and she is always careful. She knows the old paradox about the Indian who cannot tell a lie and says: I am a liar. Well, we're all Indians, she says. We tell lies and nothing but the truth. I hope you've got the knack.

I took some electrician's tape and laid the top end on the tube that leads from her IV bottle and stretched it down the length of the hose and cut it off just where the needle goes in the back of her hand. I didn't wrap it around the IV tube, you know, I just laid it down the length of it. That's for when Aunt Maida wakes up for a bit, for a smile, a family kind of memory.

I live in the Bluegrass, where all the horse farms are. Everyone knows you mean the nice part of Kentucky when you say Bluegrass; people in other parts of the country might get mixed up, might imagine Lexington sliding down one of the stripped mountains of Eastern Kentucky if you didn't say Bluegrass. Someone always introduces Kentucky by saying its the home of fast women and beautiful horses — puerile and embarrassing — because of the particle of truth. It is as descriptively true of Kentucky as listing the four principle fish of the Atlantic Ocean. Aunt Maida grew up in Eastern Kentucky.

When Aunt Maida was five years old, she lived in a house the size of a room on the lip of a cliff. In the summer she sat on the back stone stoop to eat her breakfast, bread soaked in warm milk. Each morning she'd sit out there, on the warming stone, and a big old blacksnake would curl up next to her. She'd eat a bite and that snake would open its hand-sized jaw and she'd spoon him a bite. Back and forth until it was all gone. One morning her mother looked out before Aunt Maida went in with her empty bowl and that put an end to breakfast outside.

My Aunt Maida and that blacksnake were kin. I remembered that story yesterday, looking at Aunt Maida and the sinuous, cool length of that smooth serpent crawling over the bed edge to bite food into her hand. It would be a little more friendly, I thought, if she remembered that old snake curled at her side. She'll laugh with me.

Tommy placated the nurse. The tape can stay, since it doesn't interfere with the function of the IV. (If you say that crisply, authoritatively, with an educated manner, many people will assume that your request seems eccentric but must truly be reasonable and will allow it. That's why I let Tommy explain it; I don't have the voice.)

There's only the two of us allowed in to see her because we're her entire family. Aunt Maida's a widow. Uncle Clyde died when a mine collapsed. He was 29, she was 27. They had a daughter, Abby.

Three children died and 14 were injured when an elementary school was swiped by the worst tornado of spring 1956. Eight-year-old Abby was the last body dug from the rubble.

Aunt Maida was there, in the still pouring rain, as the rescue team pried through the tumbled wall of bricks. The newspaper was there, a reporter and a photographer. There's a shoe box on the shelf of Aunt Maida's closet with the clippings. There are 10

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or 12 pictures and interviews with a lot of the people standing around. One interview was with this husband and wife — you can see the slanty rain and the excavation going on of the exterior third grade wall, Aunt Maida's back is to the camera — and this husband and wife are in the foreground. They have two children at Cardinal Elementary, both spared by God, they say.

There's another picture of Aunt Maida. She's crawling through the broken bricks and bits of glass to a hand that's been uncovered. You can't see Abby's hand because the picture is too grainy and yellow. You can see the same couple who thanked God. They're at the edge of the photo looking on. Aunt Maida said Abby was wearing a bracelet of hand-carved wooden balloons, red, yellow and blue. It's in the shoe box, too.

While I wait with Tommy and Aunt Maida, my husband Billy is taking vacation time to be home with our two girls. I've divorced them temporarily. I don't even go home nights. Once a day I call. It's awful, like talking through one of those black holes and getting sucked into a psychically distorted universe. Their laws and time are so very confusing. Complicated. It's so simple and orderly in the hospital; five minutes every half hour is the rhythm of death.

Time is altogether different here. I barely understand what Billy talks about. It's a pay phone I call from, here in the lobby. The receiver is fastened to the wall box with a short, thick, metal cable. The receiver is fastened like this, to the wall, you can't even twist the cable. It twists you back, unwinding you and attaching you to this talk measured in mornings and afternoons and nighttime when you can't talk at all because everyone else is asleep. Billy asks about the washing machine, he goes on and on about measurements, how much dry Chlorox, how much wash-time for towels. And I think, I think, how wonderful. There's a machine out there in this other universe that takes towels and shirts and dresses and sheets and underwear and washes them clean! Like new! A machine that reverses the time and grit and wear and makes everything freshly young again! And I try to answer these ritual questions he has — I know I once knew this priestly kind of stuff — with the authority I once had. I'm afraid I've lost the essentials between Billy and the girls and I because I've forgotten so much, because their world is so much more fantastic than mine. I rely on those frantic electrons coursing through the cable, the wall, reminding me of them, translating.

It's my turn. Tommy smiles at me as I push by his chair. I hold her hand. She's still asleep; it's been 43 hours since she last woke. I hold her hand and I pray: Here, take my strength, the overflow of my life, it's yours. I search for a way of feeding this in, through the pulse point of her wrist and mine. I talk to her. I tell her how nice her hair still looks. I gave her a perm just last week. Her hair is sky blue, a crayon shade.

The first time she came home with blue hair it was a mistake. Tommy and I were 11 or 12 years old and she came home from the beautician school — they do inexpensive work because they're practicing — with a short frizzly perm. It was the first time she'd had her hair colored, too. It'd been going white and she'd decided to bleach the rest the same only it'd come out blue. Tommy and I were so enchanted, so charmed with her cleverness, that she didn't tell us for years that it was a mistake the school had promised to correct. We made friends by bringing home kids we'd never invited before to see Aunt Maida's stunning hair. Twenty-five years later her hair is still blue, my favorite crayon color.

The nurse signals. Time to leave. I kiss Aunt Maida's cheek.

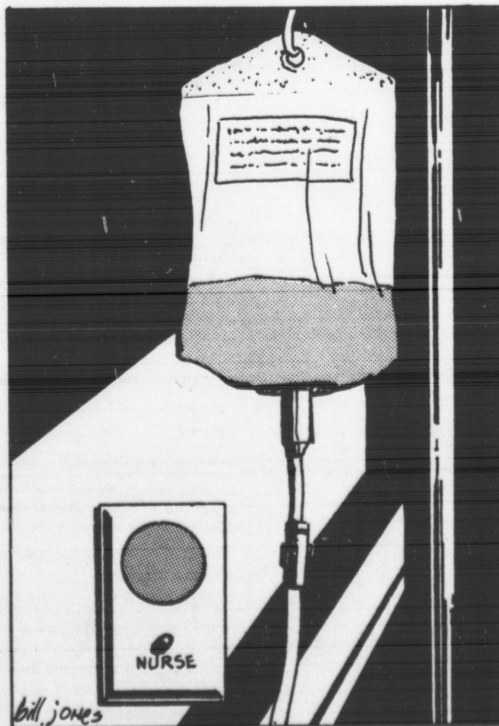
Tommy was in the cafeteria buying some sandwiches and coffee for us when Dr. Thomm strode into the lobby. He's the only solid person here. You can see through almost everyone else, even the nurses, like those transparent fish and the Virgin Mary with their exposed hearts. Dr. Thomm is so dense he radiates; it's hard to look at him. He says he'll wait for Tommy to get back so we can both hear what he has to say.

Aunt Maida is dying, he says. Tommy takes my hand and we both nod, we know this. So we have some decisions to make, Dr. Thomm says. Tommy asks for us, what? Pretty soon, probably today, Aunt Maida's heart will stop. She's slipping further into a coma and soon she'll just run down, he says. He wants to write "no code" on her chart. I know what that means. It means when her heart fails no one will try to start it up again; they won't put her on a heart/lung machine. She'll die.

That's what I say: *But she'll die*. Yes, Dr. Thomm says, she's dying now. It's what you have to face. She's dying. Soon she'll be dead. He can write "code" on her chart and soon they will do all that's medically possible. Machines will pump her blood and breathe air in and out of her lungs but she will still die. He cannot make her wake up again. He cannot make her live.

Dr. Thomm pauses. I think of the washing machine at home. Aunt Maida washed fresh again, crisp and uncrinkled. Aren't they miracles, these machines? Why doesn't he do something? We can't just let her die, throw her out like a half pair of old socks. As long as she's breathing, isn't she alive?

Dr. Thomm asks Tommy, what do we want him



to write?

We should think about this. I say this out loud. I feel sick. Tommy's crying. His beard's been growing while we've been waiting with Aunt Maida, it's the color of his tan so it just makes his skin look puffy, not unshaved. But his tears make a dark curly river down his cheek, like the side of a plowed hill field in the rain. I concentrate on his face. I don't want to think.

Dr. Thomm says he's sorry. He assumed we'd thought about this, knowing Aunt Maida's dying. Would we like an hour or so? Go down and have some coffee, eat. He points to the sandwiches Tommy brought still sitting on the table. He'll go ahead and have her moved to a private room and wait for our call.

We sit here, our arms around each other and we think out loud. We don't want each other to guess what we think, we want to know. When Mom and Dad died in the car accident, we were 10 years old. Aunt Maida was sitting with us while Mom (her sister) and Dad celebrated their anniversary in a hotel downtown. Coming back to pick us up from Aunt Maida's house, they took the expressway. The speed limit was what, 70 then? We've both forgotten. Anyway, a tractor-trailer truck skewed on an icy curve and they were killed. Outright. Aunt Maida took us in, put us in Abby's old room, loved us and talked to us and taught us how to go on. How to be joyful.

I say: Aunt Maida says always be fair, always be kind. You've got to cock your head a bit to hear the echo — life's not fair, not kind, it's what you've got to add to the soup.

Tommy says: Aunt Maida always turned cruelty to grace. She taught us; we should know what to do.

We do of course, so we told Dr. Thomm together. Now we sit with her and there aren't any rules anymore. Billy and the girls are on their way to say good-bye to Aunt Maida. There's no need to watch the time either, we'll have all that's left. Aunt Maida's dying. It's true. Listen. It's a knack. **S**

Paradox

At twenty-one

I felt that I was somewhat incomplete.
I must have for my thoughts made
Him the reason for my
Heartbeat.

But sometime afterward — somehow
I was more intellectually complete
Than he. Why make a wider gap?
Disappointment.

At twenty-two and twenty-three
I thought that
He was sure to be the sole fulfiller
Of this voidable me.

But somehow —
I was more spiritually complete
Than he. Why chance a deeper void?
Tears.

At twenty-four
And pressing on
His eyes met mine and, yes, I knew
This was definitely it,
The find.

And somehow — in time
I found I was more emotionally complete
Than he — the sorrowful truth.
Bitterness.

At twenty-five
Alone and sometime afterward, somehow,
I am complete — settled, happily certain
Of a voidless me . . .

Of this I was so sure,
And then I met
You.
Hope.

— Sharon Mackey

Definition

Unicorns are stately, beautiful;
And in all ways magical.
Often they're measured and monitored,
By profs who are on sabbatical.

— Helen Mercier

Dancin' Fool

Margie Martin-Campell

Some folks might have called him a dancing fool but Henry liked to dance. He guessed it had started when he was a baby and his folks took him along to play parties, square dances and such.

Henry's earliest happy memories were of himself seated in the corner on a quilt while the grown-ups and older kids whirled and twirled about the room to the sounds of "Old Joe Clark," "Shady Grove" and "Shoot the Buffalo." He clapped his chubby baby hands, watching while one by one, farmers and other country folks came together to form the impromptu band. Rough, calloused hands turned tuning pegs on banjos and guitars. Old McMurty resined his bow, dragged the horsehair across the strings — they gave off a groan and a whine. He plucked the strings, gave a nod, then with three stamps of his foot, the music began.

Henry watched everything. The girls swung their skirts high to show off a petticoat or leg. Young men's hands were apt to grab low to feel the curve of hip on their giggling partners. All the while the Mason jar made its rounds at the back of the room.

Henry's mama told him she could remember when he started patting his foot to the music. Then there was the day he toddled onto the dance floor and did a few steps around in his bundlesome diaper.

When he got a few years on him Henry learned the secrets of the Mason jar. "Go ahead, Henry. Take a swaller," Joe Benton had urged. "Hit won't hurt you. Take a drink."

Joe was old, maybe 16. Henry looked him straight in the eye. No, Joe wouldn't lie. Besides, Henry didn't want the other boys to think he was chicken, and there was Joe nudging his hand with the jar. Henry did take a deep long drink. Nothing happened. Then he swallowed and knew why white lightnin' was a proper name for the clear drink. The warm liquid ripped down his throat, through his gullet, and into his gut like sky daggers on a summer night.

The guys laughed. Henry gasped. Butch Miller spat tobacco juice in a long amber stream on the ground. Sarah Jarvis and Hank Bottoms were kissing under the willow tree. The world was moving in slow-motion and there wasn't any way to spit out the drink.

At fourteen, Henry swore off hard liquor for the rest of his life and for the most part he stuck to his oath.

Henry learned a lot of things at dances and play parties. The same bunch of older guys gave him his first smoke and chew. The smoke choked him. The tobacco juice was too much. But he did develop a liking for rubbing snuff. It became a pure pleasure to dip his finger into the little silver can, bring out some of the cocoa-looking powder, and put it into his mouth. Between his cheek and gum on the right side of his mouth — that's where it went. Now when he stood around swapping stories with the guys he could spit something besides clear slobbers. That was for little boys. Little boys who imitated the men would stand all cock-legged — one foot ahead of the other and one hip thrown out — swapping fishing and hunting tales, punctuated by spitting.

The boys had heard so many of the men tell their stories while sharing work or at butchering time while the hog or cow hung to drain, its blood usually spilling on new snow. The men would squat or stand around and swap their stories.

"You shoulda seen old Blue. My, that dog's got a pretty voice. He and Speck can tree anything in this here county." Spit — by turning the head from the group and aiming a distance away — shot rapidly over lower teeth. "One night me and Riley had our dogs out. We was settin' passin' the jar, you know, when we heard the dogs set to barking." spit! "I knewed old Blue had somethin'. I could hear his voice come ringin' through the night air."

"That's a fact." Riley gave his support to the story. spit! "I see there. I seen it."

"We commenced to runnin', and when we got to the tree," spit! "there was Blue and Speck with that crazy Leroy Ben from Crossville up a tree."

"That's true." Riley again gave support. "I seen it all." Riley finished with a he-he laugh.

So Henry learned to rub and swap and spit.

One summer evening when the dancing was in Musser's barn, Henry was there. He stomped and swooped and swung all the pretty girls who were dancing. All of them wanted to dance with Henry.

"Honor your partner. Now bow to your corner. Skip, skip, skip to my Lou. Grand right and left. I'll find another prettier than you. Now swing that gal and bring her home. Skip to my Lou, my darling."

When the set ended, Henry went to the well for a cool drink. The battered tin dipper hung from the shelter roof, for use by any thirsty dancer. Henry pumped a dipper full, drank deep, and tossed the few remaining drops on the barnyard cat. The tattered old cat slunk away without any complaining. She was used to this treatment. Henry laughed, rolled up his sleeves, pumped another dipper full to pour over his sweat-beaded head. With his bandanna from his pocket he wiped his face dry, then ran his hands through his hair and turned back to the barn.

Regrettably, the editors of Still Life were not able to contact Margie Martin-Campbell to obtain biographical information from her.

"Hi, Henry." Patsy Mae Jarvis stood in his path.
"Hi, Patsy Mae."

She was wearing a pink cotton dress with some kind of frilly collar, and lipstick. Bright red lipstick.

"Where you goin', Henry?"

"Back to the dance. They're lining up for the 'Virginia Reel.' Didn't that gal used to wear her hair in pigtails instead of those curls down to her shoulders?"
"You want to dance, Patsy Mae?" he asked, hoping to get her out of his path some way.

"It's too hot to be dancing. I was taking a walk to cool off a bit. Want to go with me?"

Henry didn't really want to go walking with Patsy Mae. People might see them together and she'd been called a fast girl. Oh well, he could hear that the music had already started and he was just a bit curious to see what she did so fast.

Henry wasn't ignorant about women. He'd been to all the county social events — dances, play parties, box socials and church suppers. He knew what went on between males and females. He was, after all, raised on a farm. He'd been around when Deek Winston brought his bull to the pasture to service the cows. He'd seen the hogs frolicking in the mud (as his mother called it). Henry was even a little bit experienced. A couple of years before, Patsy Mae's sister Sarah had taken him behind the barn, as was her habit with young men. At sixteen he'd had his first kiss. It wasn't much — just two sets of dry lips coming together under a full moon. It soon graduated to two sets of teeth coming together. Sarah had buck teeth.

Since then Henry had had several trips behind the barn or under the willow tree. He'd kissed a lot of girls. He'd put his hands on their backs, letting them slide down on hips if the girls didn't back away giggling. He'd brushed his work-toughened hands across young breasts and felt the buds of nipples harden at his touch.

Henry was careful. He held himself away from the Timber County girls. He didn't intend to settle here. Farm work was hard with little reward. He'd seen his mother grow old and plain from hard work and babies. His dad had become an old man with a permanent stoop from following the plow.

Henry had a dream. He was going up the river to one of the towns he'd heard about. There were potteries and factories in the Ohio River towns. Chester, Newell, Wheeling were magic words to him. He'd find some town gal that used perfume and wore pretty dresses. That's the kind of wife he wanted.

He looked at Patsy Mae now in her pink homemade dress. She'd be old some day too soon. He could save her from that life of hard work, he could ask her to go up the river with him. But, no, she didn't fit. She still had too much farm about her.

"Patsy Mae, what do you dream about?"

"Well, one night I dreamed me and Ma was warshin' and we had a hole in the warsh board and all the clothes . . ."

"No, I mean about your future. What do you want?"

"A husband that would buy me one of them wringer warshers." She took Henry's bare forearm in both her hands. Her fingers were rough and calloused.

"Heck, gal, your folks ain't even got the 'lectricity."

"Well, if I had a man I don't suppose I'd still be livin' with my folks. Now would I?"

Henry laughed at her then, but she didn't realize and laughed with him.

"Henry, I'm near old enough. I turned 16 last month and I finished eighth grade two years ago."

Old enough. Most girls married between 16 and 18. She'd finished eighth grade, which was considered adequate education unless someone was bookish and wanted to be a school teacher. Henry had stopped after eight years in school, too. What did a farmer need with more years in school? Besides, Henry had heard from Dutch Polling that education didn't matter in the pottery, or the factories either. Dutch had said the work was hard there but they paid a man for the hours he worked, not by the bushel or dozen of produce.

"Henry, did you hear me?"

"What, Patsy Mae?"

"I'm near old enough."

"For what?"

"To find me that man who'd buy me a wringer warsher." She laughed and Henry did, too. Good-naturedly he pulled her into the circle of his arm.

They were walking in no particular direction. Just two young people on a hot August night under a new moon.

"Henry . . ." Her voice held a question.

"Hm . . ."

"Would you like to kiss me?"

"Might." He gave her a little squeeze.

They were passing the corn crib where Junior Hill and Joe Benton were passing the Mason jar and smoking homerolled cigarettes.

"Hey, Henry," they called to him. "Where you goin', boy?"

Henry waved them off.

"Want a swig, Henry? It'll give you courage."

"Naw," he called back to them.

"Hoo-hoo. Henry." He could hear them calling after him.



"Those boys are nasty," Patsy Mae pouted.

"Don't pay them any mind."

"They're Sarah's friends. I don't like them."

"Don't worry about them." Henry was taking in the smell of the new-mown hay stacked in the cow pasture. It came to his nose sweet and green smelling.

"Now what did you ask me, Patsy Mae?"

"When?"

"Just back there by the corn crib."

"Oh. If you wanted to kiss me." Was this Sarah's little sister blushing beside him?

"Why did you ask that?"

"Ain't that what happens when a guy and a girl go walkin'?"

"Sometimes. If a guy is interested and a girl is willin'."

"Are you askin'?"

"Peers to me you already did."

"Well, are you willin'?"

"I could be." So this was why she was fast.

Henry took the tip of her chin between thumb and forefinger, tipped her head up, and pressed his lips against her closed mouth.

"You ever been kissed afore?"

"Not by a man, Henry."

"Well, open your mouth a bit." She let her chin go lax. "Not that much. You look like a fish takin' the bait."

She looked a little pained, turning her eyes away from him.

"Hey, gal, look up here at me. You want to do this?"

"Yes."

"You want to do it right?"

"Yeah." She was looking up at him. He put his hand on her shoulders.

"Close your eyes." She did. "Now just let your lips go soft and parted." She did. Then Henry kissed her like the old hand that he was. She wasn't too good but she had

an eagerness that made him think she could learn most anything if she put her mind to it.

They sat in the hay, her head on his shoulder, and watched the clouds roll across the sliver of a moon. He kissed her again and again. He felt with delight her breasts harden. He felt himself harden, too. Her thighs were bare under the pink cotton dress. Her panties were cotton, too.

He was moving toward her when he heard the snickering behind him.

"Hey, Henry, what you doin'?"

Henry turned to see Junior and Joe staggering behind him.

"He's doin' Sarah's little sister, 'peers to me." Junior dug his elbow into Joe's ribs.

"Those Jarvis girls are fast," Joe laughed. "Make a man forget where he's aimin' his backside."

The two buddies staggered off.

Patsy Mae sat up quickly, pushing her skirt over her knees. She had begun to cry. "I ain't like her. Not a bit like Sarah. Now you'll hate me and all I wanted was for you to like me." She sniffed.

Henry didn't really know what to say, but he felt he should comfort her. He wasn't all that good with words. He could really cut a rug on the dance floor, but words just fled away from him before they could get from his brain to his mouth. He put his arm around her and said the obvious.

"Don't cry, Patsy Mae. Please."

"You believe I'm not that kind of girl?"

He wasn't sure but he nodded, yes, he believed her, anyway.

"Henry, if I get with your baby, will you marry me?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Patsy Mae. You didn't do nothing to get a baby." She was more ignorant than he expected and possibly not like Sarah.

"Sarah got a baby by one of those guys." She nodded in the direction where Junior and Joe had disappeared. "She had to go away to Aunt Penny in Bearsville. Member when she was gone last winter?"

Yes he did. But the story had been she'd been seeing after an elderly relative through the cold weather.

"She had a pretty baby boy they say, but none of us will ever know 'cause she gave it away."

"Who to?" This was a new idea for Henry's head. Women in Timber County always had too many children but none were ever given away.

"Nobody knows or ever will."

"Do those guys know?"

"Sure. Pa talked to both of them, but nobody knows which one for sure did it. So he couldn't rightly make either one of them marry her."

Imagine, Henry thought. Never seeing your own baby, your own flesh.

"Hey, Patsy Mae. You want to dance with me?" He wanted to cheer her up and get away from these sad thoughts.

"Why, Henry. Everyone knows you're the best dancer. I'm not too good, but if you teach me I'll try real hard to learn." She scrambled up from the hay. "Oh-oh. Henry, have you seen my drawers?"

Sure he had and not too long ago. He fished around in the hay, coming up with the homemade white cotton panties.

She took them, bending forward.

"Henry Sanders, you turn your face away."

"It's not as though I hadn't seen . . ."

"Henry!" She stood erect, staring at him.

"Well, all right," he humored her.

"Ready. Let's go dancing," she said, coming up from behind to link her arm through his.

They went back to the barn. The music was lively and only the best dancers were left on the floor. He guided her through "Billy in the Lowground" and "Birdie in the Cage." She learned quickly. Patsy Mae was a fast girl all right, but not in the way of her sister. When they do-si-doed she threw back her head and laughed. They laughed and clapped and stomped their feet. He swung her around, lifting her clean off the floor.

Henry kept going to dances through the fall. Sometimes Patsy Mae was there and sometimes he danced with other girls. He kissed Patsy Mae more times and he went out walking with some of the other girls, too.

□ □ □ □ □

Just before Christmas that year some place he never heard of in Hawaii was bombed. Henry left Timber County and went to war. Patsy Mae had come to see him off at the Crossville train station.

"Henry, it just won't be the same around here without you. Who's going to teach me all them dances?"

"I'll come back someday and we'll dance again."

"You promise?"

"Yeah, and why don't you quit wearin' that awful red lipstick and stay out of the haystacks."

"I promise," she laughed. ♣

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

The news reads itself, there's nothing to learn.

All night my mind walks

through rooms as silent as insomnia.

Morning pulls farther and farther away

and the crickets follow the sun,

snap in daybreak on the world's opposite side.

My hands take a turn at the damp sheet —

drag the thin waves flat, leaving me to float

undisturbed,

a dead man stuck to a lake of splintered floor.

No stretch of imagination gets that far —

no act of creation can bring the light

and dark to intersect.

I lie blank and awake in the wrong shade,

each possible dream a cobweb strung from star to star.

All morning I haunt the hallway

with my eyes closed.

Afraid of looking, the face to replace

my empty landscape escapes God's inventiveness,

is nowhere breathing,

no place laughing with earliness.

Anticipation stills after resting and falling far;

the distance between here and there is greening,

filling up with miles of water.

From this beach, room of sand and remembrance,

I finally stretch,

give in to talking and walking about.

Inside I close.

The heart sucks you up and stops,

sending me to sleep.

— Parker Benton

Ode to a Cold

O mucous, mucous —
What leaky faucet inspires
Your perpetual drip, drip?

From this rusty nose pipe
Into my soggy tissue drain.

You thief of sleep
Will your constant plop
Never stop?

I'd call a plumber
To get some slumber

But nary a soul
Can cure a cold!

— Gladys Pramuk

Relations

Campbell Welsh

Jeanie stood at the counter beating the thick chocolate batter about the wooden bowl. Her bare big toes thumped the floor in concentration. The light gingham dress shaken in waves as she flexed her biceps while moving the spoon faster than Margie had ever seen.

Margie stood watching the thick brown mixture swirl and crash against the bowl. She began to drool. She stood amazed as she watched Jeanie's hand moving almost as fast as her mother's electric mixer. The clank, swirl, clank spun off the walls of the large bare kitchen.

"Chocolate cake, Jeanie?" Margie asked, knowing it was chocolate cake. She was bored and she liked to talk to Jeanie although it didn't seem to be a mutual thing. Margie thought that it might be because Jeanie was sixteen and she was eleven.

"Yes, it's chocolate cake, and just stop looking at me like that. You'll not get to scrape the bowl like you do at home. Only rich kids scrape bowls. We're poor 'round here and every . . . bit . . . counts." Jeanie ended by sweeping the spoon so close to the sides of the bowl that not a drop could be seen clinging to the edges. Margie stood in fascination and embarrassment. She didn't know why she felt embarrassed, but she did, and she wanted to get away from that strange feeling.

"When's Bobby coming back? He was to be here by now!"

"Some kids have to do chores, Margie. Other kids just gotta stand and wait. That's just the way it is."

Campbell Welsh is an English and history junior. She is a recipient of UK's Academic Excellence Scholarship and is a member of the Honors Program. "Relations" is her first published work.

A Requiem for Ron and his Motorcycle

an angel visited your life last night . . .

did you fly with her?

did you see your still, smothered corpse —
agonized and dazed?

did you shed your earthy garment —
your black hair,
long limbs,
oil-stained hands?

did you hesitate?
contemplate?
integrate?

did the love of a million sensations nestle
in your mind as you watched?

did you hear the call of no*time,
no*place,
no*body?

did the great serene hand touch your cold being?
did you fly?

— Diana Keyes

The Ice Queen's Storm

The Ice Storm came without warning

** Hidden in the Beautifully **

*** Falling Snow ***

It hit quickly, leaving everything glazed

The strongest trees toppled under the heavy coat
Limbs littered the ground
Heart-wood was frozen solid, ice cubes;
Surrounded by bark

Powerlines down — No energy in the air
No warmth from a close body,
No heat of passion on a cold night.

As the storm left, the ice melted
The damage was done: the buds of the future
would never trust a
Beautiful, warm day — and open up.

— Darren Purcell

Margie wanted to ask her why that was so, but she decided that Jeanie's tone of voice sounded like she was bothered, so she backed her way out of the kitchen. She almost tripped over the red thick-coated puppie that bounced out from under the back porch. He clung to her knees and made her feel better. He didn't say strange things that she didn't understand. Lucky and Margie cooled themselves on the rock stoop outside the kitchen door. From there Margie could look out over her grandfather's farm. It was the next farm over from the one Jeanie's father worked. Grandfather not only worked his farm but owned it. Margie just began to wonder if maybe that was why Jeanie didn't like her when she saw Bobby coming from the barn. Bobby ran when he saw Margie waving big waves in the air. He ran fast until he came close, then he slowed and spread his face into a wide shy smile.

"Your freckles are spreading, Bobby Herrington."

"Quit. Quit now or I'll sock you."

"Would you hit me, Bobby? Really hit me?" Margie had seen Jeanie thrust her body against Margie's seventeen-year-old brother. Now Margie advanced toward Bobby, but it didn't seem to be the same smooth movement. The two giggled as they bounced against each other and flopped to the ground. Lucky barked and nipped at their ankles while they pretended a monster was chomping off their legs. They rolled across the grass, wrapped together as protection from the reddish yelping monster. Bobby finally sat up and clutched the puppie, diverting him from further chomps on Margie's ankles.

"Love my Lucky," mumbled Bobby from within thick fur. He stroked the dog hard.

"Get up, Bobby. You ain't finished with the eggs. Get up now!"

Bobby's father stood over the two children. His long legs wrapped in heavy gray pants were all the children cared to look at. They didn't want to look into the stiff brown face.

"Yes, Papa. I was gonna go. I was goin' now." Bobby bounced to his feet and gazed at his left foot.

"And the dog's gotta go. I done told you not to get attached to that dog. He eats food and he's no count. There's no use for him here." The words came deep and strong as if blasted from stone.

"But Papa," Bobby pleaded, "I told you I'd earn his food. He's a good dog, he don't do no harm, and he yells at the hunters hereabouts. You said he did that and that was a good thing."

"Something's been suckin' the eggs. This animal is hungry and he's been suckin' the eggs, probably." With that the big man turned and with a single stride he was inside the back door.

Margie couldn't understand the fear she felt. She knew that Bobby's father would not hit her, but his manner frightened her and from the looks of Bobby she knew he was afraid, too. She wondered if that man had ever hit Bobby. She had never seen any violence around there but even Jeanie seemed to lower her eyes when he came into the room. Margie's father talked to everyone. His voice was strong but reassuring to her. Each night he told her a story before he tucked her into bed. Maybe this is the way poor people talk, she thought. She didn't know exactly what poor people were supposed to do, but Jeanie had told her that they were different from other people.

"Ouch, darn you Bobby! Why are you yanking on me like that. Scare me, why don't ya."

"Come on, go with me, Margie. You can get eggs, too, 'bout time you did. Nothern' to it and this way I'll finish sooner." He took her hand and yanked her up. They walked to the barn slowly as they were trying to wrap their arms around each other and walk at the same time. Gathering eggs, Margie found, was a fascinating affair while Bobby was not only fast at it but bored, too. The rusted out, once blue pickup truck blasted a protest as it bounced past, headed for the fields behind the barn. The roar filled the barn, sound bouncing off the walls and shoving the noise in all directions. Margie stopped her egg gathering long enough to catch the echoes.

"Let's go, Margie. That hen's not gonna hurt ya."

"Oh yeah, well she looks mean to me. I think she's plannin' on hatchin' these eggs here."

Bobby snatched the eggs from under the protesting chicken. Margie thought him to be very brave. She liked Bobby, she liked feeling his body rub on hers when they wrestled. She felt safe when he was next to her.

"Bobby, look! The air is standing almost still. It's over there, see?" Margie pointed to the slabs of light crashing through the spaces between the slats in the barn. Dirt and hay dust caught in the light and made it look almost solid.

"You're silly, Margie. Silly, ya hear — you're silly nilly. Guess I'll knock that silliness outa ya and then you'll just be my girl." Quickly his face spread out his freckles into the familiar shy grin Margie had come to adore.

The two children wrestled over pretend grievances until they flopped down on the hay from exhaustion. They were both sweaty with berry red faces. Margie had almost wet her pants in the excitement of the struggle. Gasping, they watched a slab of light strike Bobby's foot and watched the dust do a dance for them.

"Where's your mom," Margie said, feeling close to Bobby and feeling a false sense of security. She felt like she could ask him anything right then, so she asked a question that had been on her mind a long time. No one knew the answer, at least no one in her family and it appeared to be a big mystery.

"Gone," Bobby whispered. "She's gone," his voice rose in pitch, "and the rest

don't belong to your business."

Right then Margie felt that there was a great secret shared by them, a bond which could never be broken. She decided he was a pure and forever tragic figure who would need a forever love. She was sure she was that forever love. She also decided that being poor must be a very hard thing, but that it caused your life to be mysterious.

Bobby closed the barn door with one wide sweep. He fastened the door by cramming a corn cob into the latch. They were surprised to see the old blue truck parked behind the farmhouse. They couldn't imagine when it had returned, not realizing they had been in the barn for over an hour. Jeanie and Margie's brother, Donald, came out to the back door to meet them. "You're to go get the cow, Bobby. Where's you been anyhow? Papa told me to tell you half an hour ago to get the cow and I called but you didn't answer. Where you been?"

"I been at the barn and you know it. You didn't call me, neither." Bobby seemed to be upset at the looks his sister was giving him. Donald was grinning at Margie and she didn't know exactly why. Those two, her brother and Jeanie, had been acting funny for weeks. Margie wondered if Jeanie could have an allergy to her brother. She noticed that whenever those two were together, Jeanie's eyelids became thick and slanted.

"Get the cow, you get, darn ya. I just got the eggs," Bobby complained.

"I went to get the crazy thing yesterday. Papa says it's gone to the back field and he wants you to get it 'cause I don't have time to go that far. Somebody's gotta cook around here tonight." Margie remembered Jeanie and her brother going off the evening before, after the cow. They had been gone a long time and Jeanie had looked funny when she returned. Her clothes had looked wrinkled and Margie figured that they had done a lot of wrestling. She didn't blame them, she liked wrestling too — with Bobby.

"Come Lucky," called Bobby. The dog didn't pop out of its usual spot from under the porch

"That dog better not be up at the barn suckin' eggs, Bobby," warned Jeanie.

"He ain't up there. Now stop that talk, I just came from there and he's not there. I bet you've been the one talkin' about egg suckin' and Papa has been listenin' to ya." Bobby turned on his heel, grabbing Margie and shoving her away from the house.

"You mad, Bobby?"

"Not at you. I'm just sick of all of this work and the bossin'. I don't like Jeanie bossin' me in front of Donald. She takes pride in tellin' me to do stuff when your brother is around."

The two of them walked past the

barn and out into an open field. Margie loved the sweet smell that hit her nostrils.

"What's that strong smell, Bobby? It smells sweet but it ain't sweet."

"Reckon that's manure, Margie," grinned Bobby. Margie didn't know what manure was and she wasn't about to let Bobby know it, either.

"Well, I'd say that was mighty good manure then."

They had reached the creek by then and Bobby helped Margie step over the deep holes in the stream. She enjoyed the feel of Bobby's strong hands on her shoulders. On arriving in the last field of the farm, the children could not see the cow. They investigated the ravine which ran through the center of the field and not finding anything, they headed for a small wooded area in the furthest corner. Halfway there, Bobby stopped and grabbed Margie by the waist. He smashed a slobber kiss against her lips. Margie didn't like the feel of it and pulled away. Bobby seemed pleased that she had struggled and Margie was confused by the messy kiss and the overwhelming desire to fall on the ground and be held by him. They didn't fall down as Margie had hoped, instead they entered the small growth of trees.

"Watch for snakes," warned Bobby. "I've seen 'em big in this place. Best to keep your head down and not step on a stick 'less you're sure it's a stick."

The two of them strolled slowly through the thicket without seeing the cow. Margie was glad to have her mind on snake and cow watching. She had started to get heady with all the new experiences of the day. They were about to leave the tiny forest when Margie stumbled so hard she almost fell on her face. As her face came close to the ground, she almost touched a reddish hunk of fur. Bobby grabbed her up before she touched the mound and they both veered to the right of it. They were holding onto each other when they looked at the dead puppie Margie had stepped on.

"Lucky? Lucky, no, no, no!" Bobby grabbed the hunk of fur and stuck his face deep in the sagging body. She had never seen anything like it before. The small dog had a thick noose of rope wrapped around its neck. They other end of the rope was tied to a tree. Lucky's brains were hanging out of his head, blood had poured down onto the ground that Bobby was crouched on.

The children returned to the farmhouse without saying a word. Margie didn't think there were any words to be said, but she waited for Bobby to find them. Margie was glad to get back to the farmhouse and turn toward her grandfather's farm. She and Bobby split up to go their own ways without a goodbye. Margie knew that they would see each other the next day and she knew Bobby would probably let her help him gather eggs again. She knew she had done a good job of gathering eggs, and she knew that Bobby would need her company the next afternoon. ☞

