

University of Southern Indiana

Transitions

Student Magazine

Happy Valentine's Day!

Romantic poetry

and fiction: *You*

*never know who's
watching you
from afar.*

Which is witch?

A new perspective

SPORTS TRIVIA CONTEST!

Win dinner for two, details inside

NEW FEATURES NEW EDITOR NEW YEAR

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Staff Writers
Arlene Fortune
Matt Maxwell
Dana Montelongo

Contributing Writers
Jeff Anderson
Eric Eldridge
Melissa Laughlin
M.J. Schenk
Rachel Wilhite
Kevin Wilson

Advisor
Ron Roat

We'd like to hear from you.
Please send any comments,
suggestions or information
in c/o Transitions Editor.

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TRANSITIONS welcomes submissions on any topic. Submissions must be typewritten and double-spaced. Include author's name, address and phone number for verification. All submissions will become property of TRANSITIONS upon receipt. TRANSITIONS also welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be typed, legibly signed, and include a phone number for verification. Publication is based on space and editorial review.

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Behind the Scene...

Dear Readers:

My name is Jude Wolf, and I am the new editor of USI's monthly magazine, *Transitions*. In accordance with tradition, I am yet another student inviting the full weight of *Transitions* thrust upon me. It is my opportunity, or liability, to make this magazine an entertaining, informative and perhaps even profitable venture.

While leaving the magazine's general style intact, we have subdivided the magazine into distinct sections, and we gave each section an individual editor to give each section it's own flavor and attitude, and save myself from premature gray. Heck, we should even meet the deadline once or twice.

Transitions is now based upon sections including Feature & News, The Forum, Fiction & Poetry, Entertainment & Reviews and even a Feature Sports Corner. Many of the

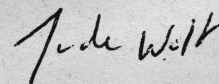
previous issues' popular columns remain intact.

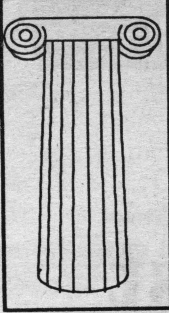
The new sections add variety. The Forum presents readers a chance to express opinions and social criticisms in an intellectual setting. Fiction & Poetry reveals some of USI's finest short story writing abilities. Entertainment & Review consists of two distinct components. Entertainment includes the columns that *Transitions* has previously contained. Review is a composition of new music, movies and the local night life, including up and coming local bands. Feature Sports Corner mixes news and challenging sports trivia.

This will provide something for every reader. As always, however, we are open to suggestions.

Editor in Chief

Jude Wolf





A new twist in justice: School pays pervert's tuition, transportation

Attention men! I know how you can attend the college of your choice while having travel, tuition, and books paid for under no contract of reimbursement. For information send \$79.95 to me in care of *Transitions*.

Actually, because I believe in the importance of sharing information that could lead to a higher and more enlightened education, I won't ask for any money. I'll happily share the knowledge.

All you have to do is be an obnoxious, pestering, immature, thick-

scholarship, "accepted the deal to avoid being suspended."

The ensuing question boils to what does the average college male student have to learn from this excellent example of savvy self-promotion and canny knowledge of college philosophy? Find a timid female student who is guaranteed to resist romantic overtures, ask her out, then for the next few weeks, continually phone her at home and work, follow her to and from classes, sit near her when she eats lunch or studies, and

meaning of "NO."

In turn, however, he has attained newspaper publicity and a free ride (albeit for one semester) to the college of his choice.

Swarthmore College actually believes that sending Ewart to another college will teach him to behave properly. All it will teach him is that colleges endorse sexual harassment and intimidation (as long as Ewart avoids Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio). In attempting to punish Ewart, the college handed him a better deal.

Columbia University, proving that money is more important than the safety of current students and the known reputation of an incoming student, accepted Ewart's application. Does the University really believe that Ewart's transfer will correct his deviance? One can hope that someone, preferably a female, will bust Ewart's head...either one. That will be the best

education he could ever receive.

Although I condemn the blatant ignorance, I see personal benefits by following the examples given. By knowing that my actions show a concentrated lack of intelligence, I admit my wiseness, thus alleviating any responsibility while justifying my behavior.

So, while scanning the U.S.I. campus, I found the woman I want to harass. I know she leaves the OC at 11:50. She's around 5' 2", weighs close to 115, and has middle-shoulder-blade-length blond hair. She wears either a quilted jacket that is primarily blue, purple, and black, or an ankle-length black coat.

By the time this article appears public, I will have already dominated her into placid timidity and fear. With any luck, I'll be enrolled at Cambridge for the fall semester.



EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

headed, arrogant pervert. Most of us already fit those qualifications, so we have no need of attitude adjustments. The rest of us need practice. Fortunately, we have a model to strive for in our practices.

"The Evansville Press" from January 11 reported that Swarthmore College in Philadelphia will pay the transportation and first semester tuition and books for freshman Ewart Yearwood to attend the college of his choice. He chose Columbia University in New York. To earn this distinction, Ewart continually harassed a woman who found him unworthy of her attention. Alexis Clinansmith "accused him of stalking her at the fall formal dance, phoning her at night, and making lewd comments and remarks such as 'I'm going to have her,' Yearwood said yesterday."

"Alfred H. Bloom, president of the exclusive liberal arts college, said 'The resolution of this case makes clear that intimidation is not to be tolerated at Swarthmore College and, consistent with the college's confidence in the power of education, provides the means for (Yearwood) to learn to better manage his behavior.'"

Ewart Yearwood, on a partial


wait for her to complain to the college and the college to give you the option of suspension or attending a college of your choice for one semester with no cost.

Once at the new college, continue the pattern. And when you graduate, your resume will appear all the more impressive for the number and variety of colleges you attended.

But we should also consider the intelligence factor of the parties involved, because they are supposed to be intelligent adults, some who make decisions affecting hundreds of people, others who may assume leadership positions in a few years.

The woman, Alexis Clinansmith, acted wisely by allowing the college to handle her dilemma. In turn, however, she wasn't the beneficiary of a free handout.

Ewart Yearwood, like any typical male with a marred ego, acted like a fifteen-year-old wannabe stalker. His stupidity proves that men should not use a woman's erratic emotions as scapegoats for being unfit to hold public office. Even though attending a prestigious college, he somehow, somewhere during his education, failed to understand the complex



Communications Arts Club

Join us at our February meetings and listen to two guest speakers explain their roles in the Communications field.

Feb. 8 & Feb. 22
3:30 p.m.
UC118

NEW MEMBERS WELCOME!

Topic next issue: A sexual code of conduct at USI?

Respond to: UC 113A c/o Chad Sanderson

The Forum

Truths of present and past

My college education is having adverse effects on my thought process. Instead of spending hours contemplating the endless curves of certain woman, I find myself wondering about such abstract ideas as truth. The endless classes which refer to Plato, Aristotle, and the others who have written the canon of intellectual thought, fill my head with imponderable questions that have no concrete answers. I have even gone so far as to commit the cardinal sin of college students; I bought books by the aforementioned authors, that were not required for classes. And worse yet, I have read them.

The books hold no answers, only more questions which present a new way of looking at things. And with these different sets of glasses (a Dr. Rivers analogy) I see numerous facets which often combine to create a picture that is more confusing than enlightening. Perhaps it is my age or my inexperience traversing such texts, but I believe that from the confusion I am beginning to create a fuzzy picture of truth.

Perhaps there is such a Platonic extreme as the form of Truth, but as Plato points out, we, as humans can only have vague recollections of these Forms. So that leaves us with a puzzle

where all the pieces are ragged. Now the trick is making the edges blend without seams.

I have watched numerous parts of trials recently, from Bobbit and Menendez, to Kennedy and Mayes. I have listened as these people present their testimony, the accusers present theirs, and then various other witnesses repeat basically the same thing over and over. The jury listens carefully to what is said and then retires to a chamber in the bowels of the building and attempts to come to an agreement. Then the verdict is given and it passes from speculation to truth. If the jury finds them guilty, then it must be true. In some cases, the media convicts them long before the trial. The jury agreed, the viewers agreed, and the events past from speculation to truth, from rumor to fact.

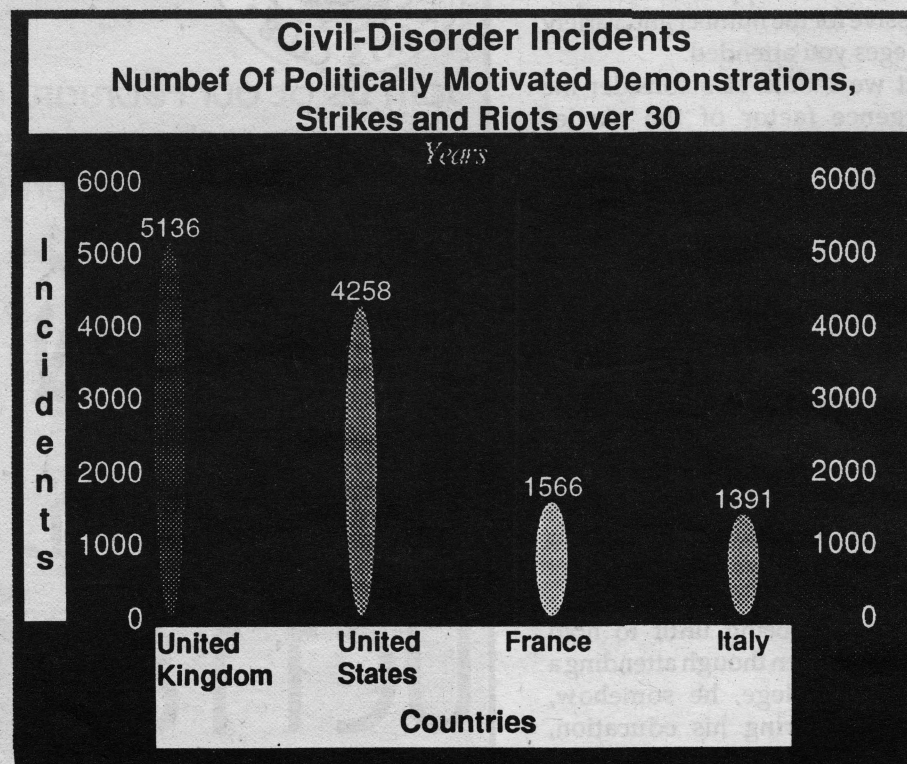
Gossip and rumors leak into the houses of the average person with bills, troubled marriages and difficult children. They take the place of the fears the people don't want to face and become a distraction. They are talked about, commented on, and eventually told to the neighbor, the boss, the taxi driver, or anyone who will listen. From their they travel in any means possible until enough people believe what they have been told that there is no way to

change their minds. The rumor that seeped under the door and into their heads had become the truth with which they attempt to hang the guilty. The rope is strong, woven from different accounts, exaggerations and second hand eye witness accounts. The media stands by the side and watches as it broadcasts the new found truth to millions more that find agreement, and then collectively they kick the chair out from underneath the accused.

What they think they believe, what the accused believes and says happened and what the rest of the world finds out are never the Form of truth, only representations, images that cannot reach the perfection of Plato's Form of Truth. Those directly involved will have different accounts and facts, and what is constructed from there never is truly the Truth.

Since people can't make the pieces fit exactly, because too many people are playing with the pieces, they force them together, dust of their hands and smile at their creation. They have agreed. They have reached the truth, and no one who sees different will convince the masses that there is a piece missing, or even that there is one in the wrong place.

by Chad Sanderson



The opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the editors, staff, publishers or advertisers. In the spirit of free speech, all viewpoints are welcome and will be given equal hearing.

The question of human nature

Does the power we humans have make it easier to choose evil over good? This question has been asked by many over and over throughout history. Some say this question has been answered. But for every answer, it seems ten more questions arise. As ideas and understandings of power have evolved, people seem to do anything to get power. Most think that money is the key to control it. Some believe God is the only true power. All have one overall belief in common. In some way we all need power to survive. In my opinion, the apparent goal of today's self centered society is to have power.

Most people would agree to this and at the same time so not even know for sure what power is. A priest would say power is a characteristic of a good Christian person who can discern the good from bad. A bodybuilder would say power is the ability to lift heavy objects at the blow of a whistle. A drug dealer would probably say power is the ability to control emotions, sex, and money. The simple fact is there are many different definitions for power and most of them are correct.

I believe it is very possible to have a correct definition of power and still not possess the condition of actual power. For instance, most agree that the forces of good and evil are both

very powerful, yet do not always choose one way or the other. On the other hand, it is human nature to make mistakes and gain power by learning from them.

As Christians, we believe that God has power over all things. At the same time, we have the power of free will. We, as human beings, can choose to do reasonably anything we want on this earth. The fact is most don't realize it, but God does have the power to punish us for our choices after our life is over. I believe the fact that most either ignore God, or don't care is the reason for so many selfish people in our society.

Human beings do not seem to care what happens in the long run. We appear to only care about "me, myself, and I" and I want it "now, now, now!" We continue to live by the teenage rule of thumb; "Oh well, let's have fun while it lasts!" I think if we go on doing things because it feels good, not because it is right, then we are only proving to God how weak we really are.

We have the power to choose such amazing and beautiful things as what to believe, what to read, and who to spend our time with. Yet our society chooses such degrading circumstances as abortion, suicide, murder, and homosexuality. What power do those

have that cannot restrain themselves from the original sin that exists in their past, and our's as well?

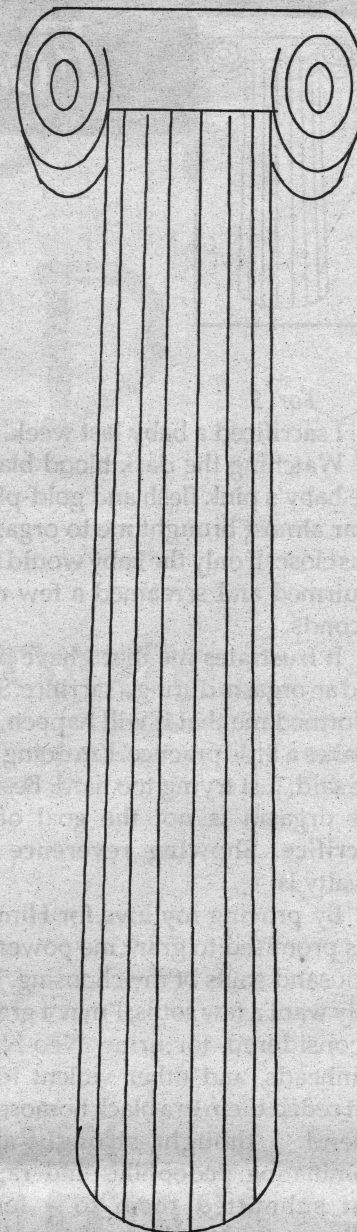
We humans have the power to control our past, present, and future. The reason is simple, the power of choice. The choices we made yesterday control today. The choices we make today control tomorrow. Most important, the choice we should make right now is God!

Yes I believe we humans use the power we have on this earth for evil most of the time. I think the power of God is incomparably stronger than the power of evil. Therefore, I believe no matter how evil our intentions are on earth, God has the power to forgive and forget. He also gave us the power to forgive each other for our evil actions.

I believe to reach the maximum power we humans can have, each person must find God in his own way. In doing so, I know we can overcome the forces of evil.

We must take each situation of everyday and use the power of rationalism to choose what is right. Finally, when we have asked for forgiveness and come face to face with The Almighty, only then will we know what power is!

by Kevin Wilson



The river not Styx

"Get ready Kevin, we are coming to the river!"

"Mom, I hate bridges; can't we just go some other way home?"

"No matter which way we go, we'll have to cross the river."

"No mom, NO!"

"Oh, just close your eyes and it'll be over in a second...see when you go straight at it no matter how afraid you are, the hard and scary parts will get over faster!"

You guessed it; that was me when I was younger. I was afraid of anything I couldn't control. I was afraid of crossing bridges of any kind because I was scared the other side of the bridge would be different that it was before we left. In fact, I avoided any kind of bridge or overpass.

I ducked when my parents drove under an overpass of any kind. I closed my eyes when they drove over a bridge or through a tunnel. I even rode my bike up to five miles extra just to avoid a bridge by my house.

It almost seems that things haven't changed. There is one difference; the

bridge I am travelling across right now is holding me above the wrong decisions in life. At the beginning of the bridge is childhood; at the end is adulthood. In one way I am afraid to reach the end because I want to stay young and ALIVE my whole life. On the other hand, I am ashamed to go back to the beginning because if I don't go on and "grow up", then I will always be an immature kid.

As I look to the side of the bridge and below, I see the current of wrong decisions continue to increase in power and speed. It seems as though for every bad decision I make, it gets harder and harder to turn back around, learn what I did wrong, and make the right decision instead. I can't just give up on my first choice if it is a wrong one.

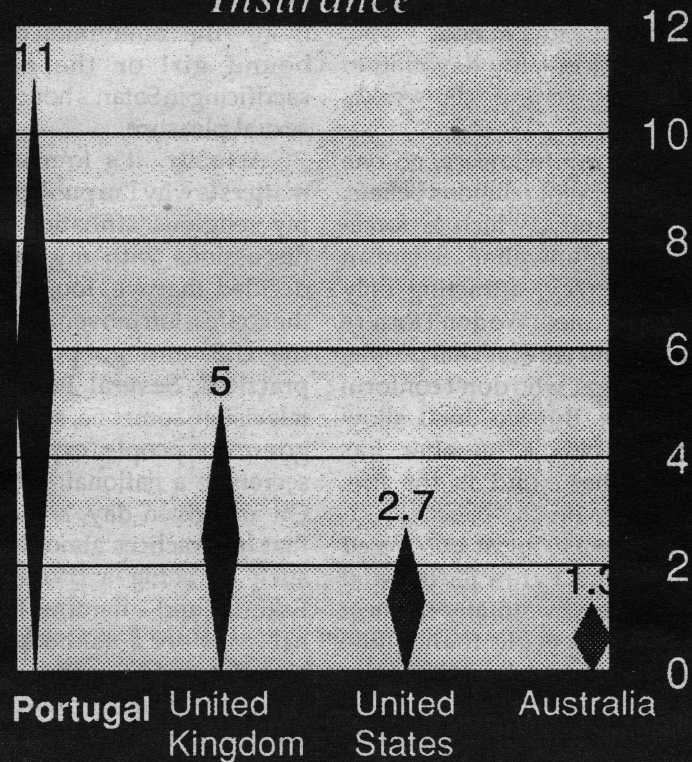
On my journey across the bridge, I turn my head and try to focus on the sky above. I am sure I have travelled a great distance across the bridge, yet I still see the same cloud. Either that is

See "River," page 17.

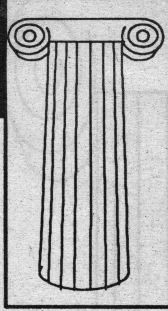
What Comes Out Of Your Pocket

Percentage Of Income Spent On Health

Insurance



COUNTRIES



The Great Misconception of Me

For S.

I sacrificed a baby last week.

Watching the dark blood blanket the baby's pink flesh and gold-plated altar almost brought me to orgasm. I was close. If only the baby would have squirmed and screamed a few more seconds.

It frustrates me that I have never had an orgasm during a sacrifice. Satan informed me that it will happen, that it takes a little practice. I'm doing fine, He said, just trying too hard. Besides, the orgasm is not the goal of the sacrifice. Showing reverence and loyalty is.

By proving my love for Him, He has promised to grant me power of a thousand souls of my choosing. But I only want a few souls; I'm not greedy. I considered torturing Neo-Nazis, skinheads, and other violent idiots, but ceded them to a black homosexual friend. I thought, strongly about dominating pedophiles and rapists, but submitted them to a female follower. So, after long contemplation I chose the moronic hypocrites who judge, criticize, and chastise me when they can't even see past their own reflections.

Oh, how I detest being taken for something, someone I'm not.

That anger feeds my devotion to Satan and enjoyment of the weekly rituals.

Except for my followers, no one knows of my fervent religious beliefs. Unlike Christianity, which is forced even to the unwilling, Satanism believes in secrecy, attracting only those truly interested. We don't torture nonbelievers and we don't kill people, much less groups, who don't conform to our religion. But we don't allow dissension. Once a member has committed, that bond is for life. Faltering means death.

My secret was almost uncovered several years ago. I grew daring, and in turn, careless. Eventually the heat passed over as people found little evidence to substantiate their petty rumors.

Most Tri-State natives should be able to recall the Satanism hoopla several years ago: the local newspapers crammed stories of devil-worshipping and child-molesting, some psycho chic

from Georgia traveling to Evansville to speak at a convention or church, and "A Current Affair" labeling Evansville as "The Devil's Playground" for the rest of America to witness our depravity. According to rumors, most of the rituals supposedly occurred in a blue house, but gossipers couldn't agree whether the house was in the city limits or in the boonies of Newburgh.

Well, to clear any doubts, the house sits in the middle of Evansville, directly across the street from an elementary school. I ought to know—it was my house, my basement we used.

I will also say that we never molested anyone...under the age of fourteen. I am not a sicko. The only thing we stick into a preteen girl is a knife. Other than that, nothing touches her. But any girl over fourteen we consider open territory. I personally bind her to the altar and then the members take turns with our temporary sacrament. Screams of pain and pleasure are indistinguishable.

After several days, I sacrifice her. The adage about Satan needing virgin blood is folklore created to push young girls into having sex at an early age. To Satan, blood is blood. And He also appreciates the spilling of body juices resulting from sex.

I still don't know which I enjoy more—the communion of plugging a bound girl or the covenant of sacrificing in Satan's honor. Both bring sexual pleasure.

Actually, it's immaterial. What matters is why I'm publicly confessing my religious affiliation. After long discussions with my followers, we decided that we, too, should follow the confession movement dominating the U.S. and go public with our practices. Several hours a day on television, someone, sometimes small groups of people, expose their inner secrets to a national, nosy audience. On any given day, someone reveals that he practices abnormal behavior, such as being a transsexual Nazi Eskimo, and attempts to justify his habits before a studio audience that are reformed partner-swapping alien abductees. These people claim to want the public to understand that being such-and-such, or practicing this-and-that, is not a crime and does not merit public excommunication.

Another reason I decided to

announce my affiliation is the wave of tolerance drowning the U.S., the push by any minority group to be viewed as just normal people with different beliefs and habits. By the new Utopian philosophy, no one is inferior, only different. And the public should accept those differences with tolerant understanding instead of derogatory remarks or violence. So, instead of "Satanists," we insist the media call us "Devoted Disciples of the Anti-Martyr and Malevolent Archangel." Should we see any derogatory terms, we will sue.

Plus, the Constitution, along with the prized and overbearing frequently quoted First Amendment attempting to promise the privilege of unhindered speech, guarantees anyone the right to practice any religion they choose. And my Church is an organized religion. Am I to be denied the right to my beliefs and practices because the majority find

them offensive or morally void?

I worked diligently to rise to my power and will fight for my beliefs. I bested many adversities, even some of my own followers, even leaders of other Churches who believe as I do but hold slightly different views or rituals.

Growing up, the darker side of human nature attracted me—I watched the news for murders and suicides and read anything for articles on social deviants. By watching people die, I calloused myself against pity and the sight of massive amounts of blood. As I entered the literary cosmo, I delighted in reading Nietzsche, Poe, Baudelaire, Melville, Hawthorne, Crowley, and Lovecraft. I spent numerous hours and dollars searching for copies of supposedly evil and banned books, but found no help from any library.

See "Misconception," page 17

SHO BAR

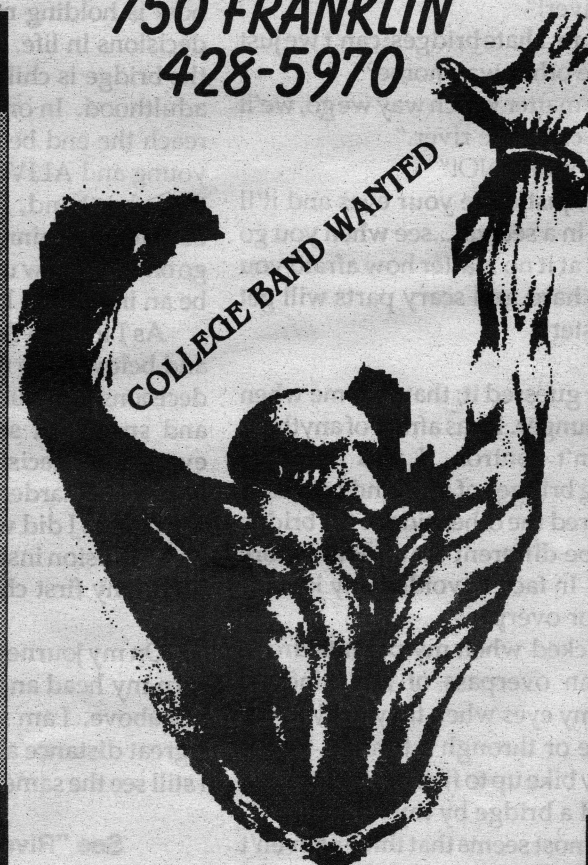
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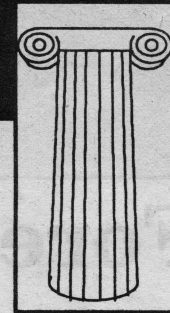
\$2.00 PITCHERS

25 CENT DRAFT

SAT



BUSCH LIGHT DRAFT



Witchcraft: good, bad, fact or fiction?

Which is Witch?

When the typical ignorant person hears the word witchcraft, they hear a story of devil worshippers engaged in wild orgies, the sacrifice of unbaptized infants, and "black magic." When the word witch is heard, the image conjured is of a hag with scraggly hair hanging from underneath a pointed hat, riding a flying broom and petting a black cat. Absolutely nothing could be farther from the truth.

For two years, I have been an actively practicing Wiccan; a Witch, a druid, a mage.

"The word witch comes from the Old English *wicce* and *wicca*, referring to the female and male practitioners, respectively. Others have said the word derives from the Indo-European roots 'wic' and 'weik', meaning to bend or turn. According to this view, a Witch would be as a woman or man skilled in the craft of shaping, bending, or changing reality." (Margot Adler 11).

Witches do not worship the devil. He is a Christian creation. We worship the Great Mother and her consort, the Horned One.

This religion "dates back to Paleolithic times, to the worship of the god of the hunt and the goddess of fertility" (45). Figurines have been found of the Goddess and the God dating back to 25,000 B.C.E. (Before Common Era) (Robert Ostling 73).

When Christianity arose in Europe, it came slowly. The kings and nobles were relatively easy to convert; but it was much more difficult to convert the peasants because "the dwellers in the rural areas, the 'Pagans' and 'Heathens', kept to the old ways" (Adler 45).

The Christian church kept our holy days, but changed the names and perverted the meanings. Yule became Christmas, Ostara became Easter, Beltane became May Day, Harvest Home became Thanksgiving, Samhain became Halloween, and Oimelc became Groundhogs Day. Thankfully, two of our holidays remained untouched. Midsummer and Lughnasadh make up the last two of our eight Sabbats.

Whenever a new religion rises, the deities of the older religions become the devils and demons of the new. Paganism most definitely was no exception to this hard and fast rule.

Pope Innocent II's Bull of 1484 proclaimed the God a "devil" and the Goddess a temptress sent by the "devil" to mislead humanity (Dunwich 15).

The Old Religion was forced underground, and its practitioners, out of fear of being put to death by the Christian barbarians, were forced to flee into the hills and forests, where they sank into legend as the fairies and elves (15). The truth about the Old Religion was greatly distorted by the

papacy and then re-released into the public.

The lies were more than enough to convert large numbers of people. However, the Old Religion refused to die. Families carried the practice with them through the generations, and "in 1951, when England's Witchcraft Laws were repealed, it began to surface again" (Adler 46).

Today, practitioners claim that as many as 100,000 U.S. women and men actively practice Witchcraft (Ostling 73). People from all walks of life are returning to their religious origins. Some of us are open about our religious choice, but many more are private.

Those that keep their practice secret do so out of fear of what would happen should their employers or neighbors find out.

Several years ago in California, Otter and Morning Glory Zell were awakened in the night by the sound of shattering glass. When they went to see what happened, they discovered that someone had thrown a brick through their window. The next morning, they discovered that crosses had been nailed to their door and pounded into their lawn, and they had a nice little message spray-painted on their house, "we don't want you fucking witches here" (103). This is but one of many cases of modern misunderstanding; it is also one of the less dramatic.

Witches come in all shapes and sizes. Some of us are tall and lanky while others are short and immensely obese; most are female but there are male practitioners.

We come from all ethnic backgrounds and all walks of life. There are no features that all Witches share, except that we have found home.

"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble. Eye of

newt, tongue of dog, wing of bat, toe of frog." Shakespeare, like the vast majority of the non-Witch population, is completely ignorant about REAL Witch-Magick. Unicorn horn, Dragonsblood, Coltsfoot, Adder's Tongue, Dogtooth, and so forth are not parts of animals; they are certain parts of certain plants, herbs, and flowers.

"Magick is a force that combines psychic energy with will" (Dunwich 17) and Earth Power to cause a desired effect or event to occur. We use the old spelling of magic with a "k" on the end, because most people think of

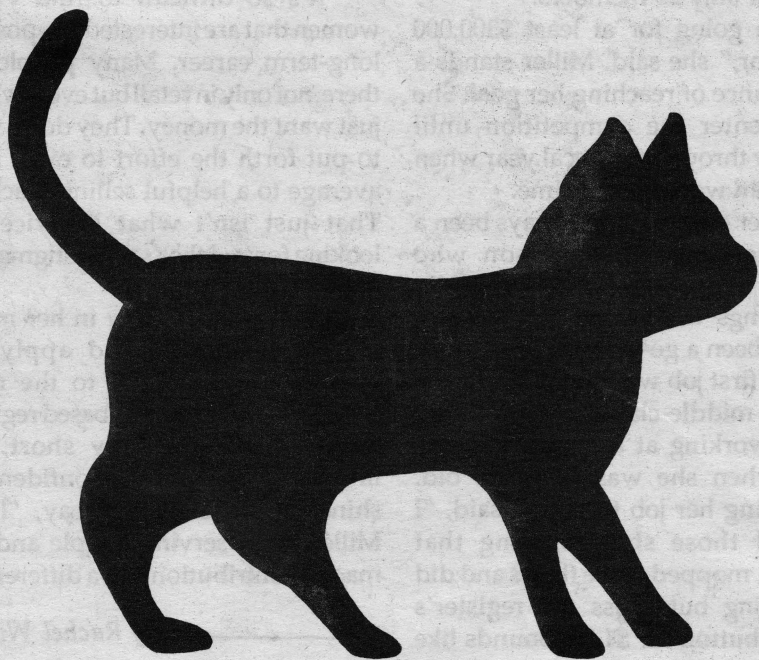
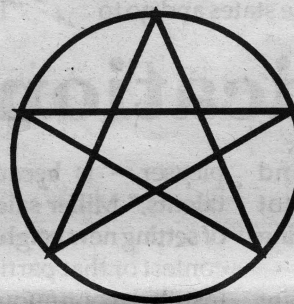
"magic" as a fool stage-mage pulling rabbits out of hats, and sawing people in half. "Magick" is a word that not only denotes, but contains, a certain powerful and mysterious source that is often misinterpreted as being "supernatural," which it is anything but. Magick DOES derive some of its motive energy from outside sources,

but most of the energy needed for a spell comes from within the self. "An it harm none, do what thou wilt" and "What thou send, threefold returns" are two of our mottos. The first one, simply stated, means that as long as you don't act to hurt someone, you can do whatever you want. The second ties in to the first.

The meaning of this phrase is echoed in the phrase "reap what you sow." If we do something for the good of another, that goodness will be returned. If we do something to hurt someone, that pain will be returned. As a result of our belief in these laws, NEVER, ever, would we do anything to hurt ourselves, others, or Nature.

As I have shown, Witches are NOT bad people, quite the contrary. The web of lies is beginning to unravel, and the victims that were once caught in it shall soon be free

by "Willow"
(Author's Wiccan name)



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Feature & News

Foreign student offers unique perspective

Perhaps there is no one more aware of all the interesting and exciting activities a person can do in the University Center than one of the UC Front Desk night managers, Allan Fernandes, who enjoys greeting old and new faces every shift he works. It is his smiling visage that can be seen just topping the desk as he calls out a hello to those who pass, a voice that rings out for all to hear.

Another thing that sets Allan apart is the name of his native land. Far from his home in Tanzania, located in the mideastern section of Africa, Allan is a man attempting to merge two cultures, finding a better understanding of himself.

Allan came to America on the waves of his dream to develop his education. Although he believes it to be cliché, Allan said that America is indeed the land of opportunity (for education) and that prospect drew him here.

"It was my dream to come to the states and go to

school and to also learn of the different cultures. I want to broaden my knowledge by meeting new people for it takes all kinds of people to make this world," he said. "My goal is to graduate and then I plan on staying in the states for a while to gain some experience in my major."

"I eventually plan to carry my education home to Tanzania to use it there. When I do, there will be a world of opportunity," Allan said.

Allan related a few of his less embarrassing culture shocks. When he was on the ground only a few minutes after landing in the United States, Allan was concentrating on the load of luggage in his hands. A man approached speaking too quickly for Allan to understand. Before Allan realized what was happening, the man stuck his hands in Allan's pockets, groping for what to this day remains unknown.

"There was a policeman not too far away, he

yelled and the man took off. He was never caught."

Adding to his chaos, Allan missed his transfer flight at JFK airport in New York City and rushed to La Guardia in hoping to make another connection. However, he ended up spending his first night in America sleeping among the homeless.

Attending the University of Southern Indiana was not Allan's first choice. His original plans were to enroll in Kentucky Wesleyan in Owensboro.

Coming all the way from Africa, one may ask why the decision to attend Kentucky Wesleyan stood as it did.

According to Allan, the answer is simple enough. "Why? Bourbon."

Or, perhaps it was the school's program in computer science.

During that first semester in Kentucky, Allan

See "Allan," on next page.

Communications major makes it in retail

Retail sales associates and management personnel are not difficult to find; however, finding quality leaders in the industry is.

Tracy Miller, 20, a part-time night student at USI, said, "During the time I've been in retail, fortunately I've only had one indifferent manager. But they're out there in multiples of ten" That was four years ago when the bubbly brunette was a sales clerk.

Now, after a year and a half as a team management member at

pleaser -- is because of my earlier talents," Miller said. "Those 15 years of setting new heights to win this dance contest or that particular festival have instilled continuous dedication and confidence in me and now in my job as assistant manager."

Miller has many responsibilities at Maurice's. Besides opening and closing the store, transferring merchandise to other stores or manufacturers, Miller "mans the fort in the accessory department."

this happy?" The answer is 'yes.' Why have a negative attitude? It only brings everyone around you down," she said.

"Retail is tough. I try to motivate myself and those around me... (there are seven co-workers under her supervision) to reach store sales goals.

"I think that is one of the major reasons I've been so fortunate in retail. They appreciate me because I have taken the time to care about them and their performance, not just my own."

She recently blasted her regional co-managers with \$250,000 in sales. "From August to the end of July I sold enough merchandise to be credited in the \$250,000 club." This club is an elite group of only 20 members.

"I'm going for at least \$300,000 next year," she said. Miller stands a sure chance of reaching her goal. She didn't enter the competition until midway through the fiscal year when she began working full-time.

Miller said she has always been a dedicated person, a person who wanted to get ahead. "I never really had things handed to me, so I've always been a go-getter."

Her first job was not at 16 like the average middle-class teenager. Miller began working at a nearby country store when she was 11 years old. Describing her job then, she said, "I stocked those shelves, rang that register, mopped those floors and did everything but press the register's alcohol button for \$1.25. Sounds like

one those pity stories my grandparents have told me and their grandparents have told them," she said.

Miller's story is hardly a pity story. All of her hard work and big cheery smiles have paid off and made her one of the top assistant managers in the company. "It's predicted that I'll have my own store in three years," she said. "It hasn't happened yet, but I'm pretty proud that it has even been suggested."

Maurice's southwest regional manager Paula Ritter, asked Miller to speak at regional job fairs to promote the retail industry. She intends to incorporate her second-year communication skills in her campaign.

"It's so difficult to find young women that are interested in a positive long-term career. Many people out there, not only in retail but everywhere, just want the money. They don't want to put forth the effort to excel from average to a helpful selling machine. That just isn't what Maurice's is looking for and that's what stigmatizes the industry."

Miller plans to stay in her native city of Evansville and apply her communication major to the retail industry as a Evansville-based regional manager. "I want my short, but lifelong, dedication and confidence to shine so someone will say, 'Tracy Miller loves serving people and has made a contribution and a difference.'"

By Rachel Wilhite

PERSONALITY PROFILE

Maurice's, in Eastland Mall, "a store targeted towards high school girls to college graduates," she knows precisely the type of leader she wants to be and how to make her childhood ideals and values a reality for herself and her co-workers.

"I'm competitive and goal-oriented. As a child, I was always the kid striving to be number one," she said. "If Saturday evening rolls around and it looks like I'm going to miss my \$5,000 day, I haul ass and don't leave until I reach my goal."

Miller attributes her leadership her leadership abilities to her dancing career. "The reason why I am what I am today -- competitive and a crowd-

"While I'm restocking and reordering shoes, purses and earrings, I also have to watch the floor and maintain a positive attitude at all times, which can be hectic. Even when a child comes along and knocks 30 boxes of shoes on the ground and precedes to run around distributing shoes to customers. It comes from the 'show days.' The key is making my actions so natural that they are real."

Co-workers describe Miller as "fun to be around, hard working and a great assistant manager."

"It's not difficult to be a likeable quality leader, just be a quality person. Maurice's customers and employees have asked, 'Tracy, are you always

"Allan," cont.

made the acquaintance of a nun from Indiana, who believed that a two-year program would benefit Allan

more.

So he moved on to Vincennes University in Jasper, Indiana, and fell 6 hours short of obtaining an Associate degree.

Not wanting to fill those hours with classes that did not apply to his major, Allan decided to attend USI with the hope of obtaining a Bachelor's degree in Computer Information Systems

It was during his time at Vincennes that Allan met with a host family, with whom he has been living in Jasper for the past year and a half.

"It is amazing how some people are. I mean this family just took me as one of their own and didn't know me from Adam," Allan said. "They sincerely care for me and my success."

Although, Allan has two years of "Americanizing" behind him, he feels the strong prejudice of some of those around him.

"When people hear someone else speak with a foreign accent, they immediately assume that the person is stupid. They may not say it, but they imply it and you can tell a lot from someone's facial expressions. I think if some Americans would open up, they would be able to learn a lot from foreigners," Allan said.

"If you were at my home in Tanzania, I would be patient with you and teach you the ways to get along with the people. I would not stereotype a person," he said.

Though many students enjoy time away from home, the two years Allan has been away from his family—mother and father, one younger brother and a pair of twins—has given Allan his share of heartache.

"It is difficult to get in touch with my family ... when I finally do get a call through, the bill is unbelievable. I talked to my mother yesterday and she had to make me get off the phone so that my bill would not be so high," he said.

The 24 year old appreciates the differences between the Tanzanian and American cultures.

"Everything is at such a faster pace here and people are more open to subjects like at sex. At home, it (sex) is not spoken of," Allan said.

"A group of friends of mine took me to Hooters bar in Chicago."
"They have nice steaks."

by Velvet Litsey

New president shares student interests

Student turnout for the presidential candidate breakfast held on Jan. 18, featuring Dr. H. Ray Hoops and his wife Rosalinda, was lower than expected due to the miserable weather. Eleven out of the expected 20 students showed up. Hoops greeted and introduced himself even to students straggling in.

During the breakfast, Hoops said that his wife, who works as a hotel and restaurant management consultant, will not be relocating to Evansville for at least the first year of his term.

"Her career is just as important to me as it is to her," he said.

Doug Bennett, Student Government Association House member, said, "I worry about this move being hard on their marriage."

Other students didn't think it would affect his performance.

Amy Cowser, SGA Senate clerk, said, "He was very wonderful, very personal. He seemed like he had a lot of really good ideas. He was also

enthusiastic and willing to work with the people," Bennett agreed.

"He seems to want to be a highly visible president and he volunteers information without being asked," he said.

Bailey said he would like to see more interaction between the president and the SGA in the future.

"While I realize the demands of a president's schedule...I believe it would be crucial for a new president to begin his administration with a higher level of interaction with the SGA," he said.

Hoops said he believes a president should keep abreast of the campus. That is why he has made it a habit in the past of popping in on different departments each week just to see what's going on. Hoops said he also believes that the president should attend as many student events as possible.

"After all," he said, "the president is a symbol for students."

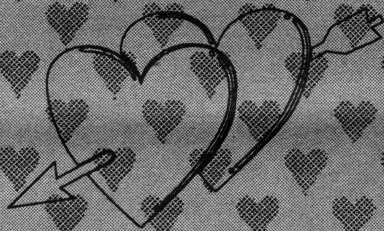
by Amanda Barton



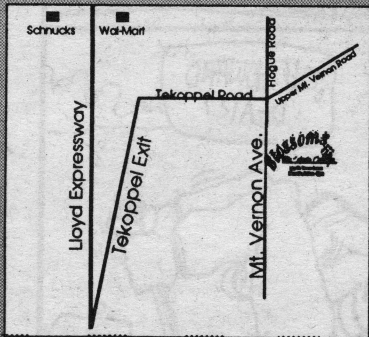
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FEBRUARY

SUN MON TUE WED

<p>Student Education Association Membership Drive Feb. 1 to Feb. 18. Mondays and Wednesdays 12 p.m. to 3 p.m. outside Education Office.</p>		<p>Social Work Club Noon UC 118 Communication Arts Club 3 p.m. UC 118 Political Science Club 1:20 p.m., Poli Sci Office SCF Noon OC2003 DPMA 4:30 p.m. OC 2040</p> <p>1</p> <p>SGA House 5 p.m. UC 118 IFC/ Panhellenic 9 p.m. UC 118</p> <p>Movie "All Quiet on the Western Front" 1:30, 6 p.m., FA1</p>	<p>OA 11 a.m. UC APB Noon UC Math Club 3 p.m. BSU 3 p.m. UC SGA Exec Bo</p>
<p>6</p>	<p>SPAN 11 a.m. UC 118 SCF 1 p.m. OC2003</p> <p>7</p>	<p>Social Work Club Political Science SCF SGA House Communication Arts IFC/Pan</p> <p>8</p> <p>"The Dating Game" 9 p.m. UC Bridge</p>	<p>OA APB Math Club BSU SGA Supreme p.m. UC 113F</p> <p>APB present Girls" 9 p.m.</p>
<p>13</p>	<p>SCF</p> <p><i>Happy Valentine's Day!!!</i></p> <p>BASKETBALL VS. SIU- EDWARDSVILLE IN PAC GIRLS' 5:15 P.M. BOYS 7:30 P.M.</p>	<p>Social Work SCF Communication Arts DPMA SGA House IFC/Pan</p> <p>15</p> <p>Movie "Love Crazy" 1:30, 6 p.m., FA1</p>	<p>OA APB Math Club BSU SGA Exec. Bo 5 p.m. UC 113F</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>SPAN SCF</p> <p>21</p>	<p>Social Work SCF Communication Arts SGA House IFC/Pan</p> <p>22</p> <p>Movie "Citizen Kane" 1:30, 6 p.m., FA1</p>	<p>OA APB Math Club BSU SGA Supreme p.m. UC113F</p>
<p>27</p>	<p>SCF</p> <p><i>SGA & SHA Elections</i></p> <p>Vote in Orr Center between 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.</p>	<p>HAVE A C</p>	<p>Ma</p>

**If you want your events for March in next month's Transitions, please
 located in UC 113F or put it in our mailbox in the basement of**

QUARRY

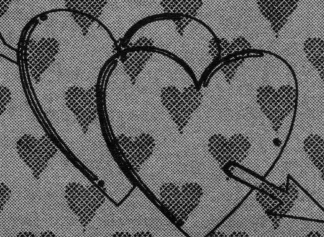
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<p>2</p> <p>UC 118 118 a.m. SC190 113F rd 5 p.m. UC113F</p>	<p>3</p> <p>Student Alumni Association 3:45 p.m. L100 AA 3 p.m. UC118 Student Government Association 5 p.m. UC 118 Medieval Society Dance 7:30 p.m. L100</p>	<p>4</p>	<p>5</p>
<p>9</p> <p>Court 5 s "The Nasty UC309 m. to 4 p.m.</p>	<p>10</p> <p>AA Student Alumni SGA Senate</p> <p>BASKETBALL VS. IPFW IN PAC GIRLS' 5 P.M. BOYS' 7:30 P.M.</p> <p>In Orr Center 5:30 - 7:30 p.m.</p>	<p>11</p> <p>Create a Coach 9:30 a.m. - 1:30 p.m. Eagle's Nest</p> <p>Semi-Formal Homecoming Dance 8 p.m. \$8 couple \$5 per person UC</p>	<p>12</p> <p>Homecoming Parade 11:30 a.m. Starting Point Tech Center Parking Lot</p> <p>Homecoming Games VS. ASHLAND IN PAC WOMENS' 2 P.M. MENS' 4 P.M.</p>
<p>16</p>	<p>17</p> <p>AA Student Alumni SGA Medieval Society Meeting 7:30 p.m. UC 118</p> <p>APB Movie "Blazing Saddles" 9 p.m. FA1</p>	<p>18</p>	<p>19</p>
<p>23</p> <p>Court 5</p>	<p>24</p> <p>AA Student Alumni SGA</p>	<p>25</p> <p>Deadline to sign-up for Intramural Co-ed Volleyball Stop by PAC by 4 p.m.</p>	<p>26</p> <p>Children's Program Movie "Alladin"</p>
<p>GREAT SPRING BREAK!</p> <p>March 6 - March 13</p>			

Please submit the time, date and event title to the office
the University Center by Feb. 16.

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Fiction and
Poetry

Love Letters from the Heart

Keep your eyes open; you never know who is watching and admiring you from afar

To You,

There are no whippoorwills near my apartment, so do me justice. When you read this, don't imagine me stuck on some empty vision, acting foolish and young. The only songbirds here are pigeons in the eaves and their soft romantic twitter is blunted by their tendency to foul everything they roost above in shades of gray and white.

Nonetheless, this apartment was made for trysts and secrets. Polished wood floors the color of fallow corn gleam beneath eye level, smooth to the touch and fragrant like aged leather. Creamy ivory walls are gracefully overhead. A room like this could trap memories. The prized bay window with its view of a century-old maple tree curls protectively around a low radiator with a marble slab for a top. In the winter I stuff the window frame with pillows and sleep on the radiator, warm in a room that can turn a dungeon cold with dampness. Physics tells us that single bodies work much harder on survival, that the world was made for pairs.

I could paint this room for you in oils, watercolor, chalk pastels. I would soften the edges of chairs where my body has been, soften the windows that I loved so much when I first moved in and have since taken for granted, soften the writing desk, the antique couch, my bed that I kept from childhood. In all it would be a blur of lines and shapes. Shading and highlight would fall randomly among the piece. There is no cohesion in this piece I'm painting.

There is no cohesion in me, either. I drift through these rooms filled with loose sheets of paper, half-forgotten notes to myself, and mindless, building clutter of a busy life. Among my list of things to do is housekeeping. I've stopped delegating the work to a season. I know more months will pass before I finish. Sometimes I lie in bed at night, face pressed into a mound of blankets, breathing in the dust of a scruffy rabbit, thinking about the list and hoping I've remembered everything for the morning, the day

and the evening. I've mastered an art of forgetting but at times like these it seems I've just been lost.

But mostly I think of you at night. A million glimpses, unspoken wishes, longs of you. How easy it is for me to make you smile, how my heart races when I suddenly turn and see you've walked into the room, that we can talk for torturous hours without saying anything.

And this is what I've wanted to say to you in all those conversation; this is what I've always meant: the first day I ever saw you I loved you. From across a hectic, crowded newsroom, I saw you and I was lost. I loved you for the mystery you were. The surly toss of your hair, the defiance in your flashing eyes. Your sheer intensity of being. Coming in earlier each night on some pretense or another, I watched you write, *adagio*, creating art from human pain. This was my voyeurism. On the pages I read your stories voraciously, wept and hungered at the same time. I wanted your soul.

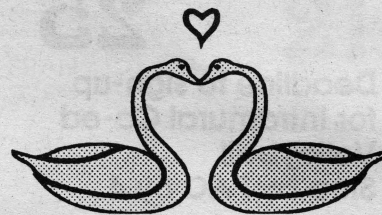
Now I love you for what I know about you, the frightened, empty life, the restlessness and denial. Lost youth and the impossibility to escape. Your need is like skydiving: soundless, wordless, the sting of a thousand water-soaked molecules in the face. Plunging fetal small into absolute destiny. The fall without end, amen.

I'm offering you shelter, my love. My youth, my life force. Us, an atomic couplet spinning endlessly through space, inhabiting dust mores, the night in places where it's pierced by moonbeams, a fragrant upward breeze.

With love,

Me

by Melissa Laughlin



Amanda

Tell me how to say the words,
that will show you how I feel.
To let you know what it means,
to know you'll be there
when I need you the most.
Tell me how to write the story,
a romance story to touch the heart.
Show me how to sing the song,
A sad ballad that brings a tear.
If I were a carpenter, I'd build a house
That would put to shame a king.
If I were a florist, I'd send to you
The world's supply of roses.
If I were a jeweler, I'd give to you

A thousand diamonds on a golden chain.
And if I were a thief, I'd steal for you
every penny in every bank.
But since I merely write the news,
and a poem here and there,
I'll do for you what my grateful heart
leads my soul to do.
I'll write a poem a mile long
and dedicate it to you,
And I'll treat you like the lady you are,
If that's enough from a guy like me.
Humble is the man not afraid of assistance.
Lucky is the man who has you to assist him.
Today I am the luckiest, humble man I know.

by Jeff Anderson

Wanted: Poetry and
short story submissions.
For more information, call
Transitions magazine @
464-1856 or come by the
office in the basement of
the University Center

Fiction and Poetry

Castaways

There are homeless in our midst,
burrowing quietly beneath our feet
in the beds that line the sidewalk
between Spanish and Shakespeare.
They are the refugees of policy;
filtered castaways of a clean reform
forbidding smoke within a cell.
Although silent, their presence
speaks subtlety under our steps,
one behind another, filling in the space.
When it rains, they swell with hope
to float to future destinations,
but solid squares prevent those trips.
Their ancestors stood tall in the sand,
outside the buildings for many years,
missing a chance to go inside,
perhaps in secret, or by some forgotten lip;
but, their cause was overruled
by lungs that cried for air to free them
from the fog encircling above.
Walk softly overhead, disturbing their cover,
for if they suffer more annihilation,
tobacco plants could soon become our lawns.

by M.J. Schenk

Dear Love,

The sun's warmth had waned that October evening when your
light pierced the gloom and fell upon my soul. And even as summer
surrendered her piteous last foliage, we sowed together, tending as
the stark brown stubble of the year's harvest withered in the fields.
Our yoke was light, and the sweat of our efforts was sweet. We grew
together, and the fruit of our efforts was love.

The brown and umber of Fall succumbed to the inevitable and
pervasive grays of Winter. Just as I realized what a part of me you
were, fate swept you away, colder than wind from the North. Time
was fleeting and you are gone, but still we love, enduring the roads
between us salty as the taste of your tears.

Now the snow is time, falling sand in my hourglass world.

I seek consolation in that the white will ebb away revealing the dark
sodden streets beneath. The gutters will fill with runoff from melting
snow piles and we will be together again. When Spring rains begin to
fall, and the frost has danced its last dance upon the windows of the
city, you will return and we will be reunited.

All of my love.

by Jude Wolf

Special Times,

Special Places

Special times and special places
Remind me of...

All the things I find so precious
Together with the dreams of forgotten faces.

While a smile turns sorrow into happiness
Care and compassion seem to become laces;
To bind tragedy with sympathies
For a life shattered with distress.

Special times and special places
Remind me of...

All the things I find so precious
Together with the dreams of forgotten traces.

With tears of joy echoing and as my laughter races
As my thoughts go through their paces;
In my heart the beat fills the spaces
Of shadows in shared hugs and soft kisses.

Special times and special places
Remind me of...

All the things I find so precious
Together with the dreams of forgotten faces.

With life so full of pages
Of what has transpired in stages;
And all of life's treasures
Are wrapped with simple pleasures.

Special times and special places
Remind me of...

All the things I find so precious
Together with the dreams of forgotten traces.

For special times and special places
Remind me of...
Yes, special times and special places
Remind me of you.

by Lee Arrington

EMOTIONAL AND MYSTICAL PONDERINGS IN BLUES AND THRASH

Type O Negative - *Bloody Kisses*
(Roadrunner Records)

Although difficult to find a slant to critique this release, Type O Negative's varying style is sure to attract and repulse. Dominantly morbid, almost evil without being Satanic, it features songs perfect for a low-cost Dracula movie: lost love, pervesity, and death. Too confuse listeners, though, Type O Negative also included more "regular" songs, one a chilling, if not somewhat comical remake, and two typical angry thrash songs.

But the main focus of the CD are the slower, longer songs. Absolutely eerie, full of tempo and tone changes, reeking of spine-chilling keyboards, and short on lyrics, the three songs prominently stand out. The first is "Christian Woman," a song that morally uptight women would not want to hear. The opening verse reveals the song's meaning: "A cross upon her bedroom wall/ from grace she will fall/ an image burning in her mind/ and between her thighs." The character, Corpus Christi, harbors a deep, masochistic desire to have sex with God. The lyrics, although too short for such an expansive topic, are full of puns and sacrilege; the music shifts tones effortlessly and glides through movements with an ease that most metal bands find challenging. As with the other two long songs, the only problem is repetition of a few lines toward the end of the song.

"Black No. 1 (Little Miss Scare-All)" is an 11-minute opus to a female vampire that the narrator has fallen in love with, and some point slept with. Featuring a bone-tinkling piano and haunting cello, "Black No. 1" assaults with its tempo-changing of soft and eerie to slamming and screaming. The lines are catching, and sometimes difficult to discern whether serious or satiric, and again far too short, especially considering the length of the song. Overall, though, "Black No. 1" almost makes the record.

The title song, "Bloody Kisses," is a brief story of a woman who killed herself and the narrator's decision to join her. Extremely slow, it begs for mental imagery, a scenery close to the Dark Shadows mini-series from four years ago. The best section of this song, one that easily raises goosebumps, is a segue featuring a heavily-distorted guitar line with a romantic piano accompaniment. Even though this song, as with the other two, are memorable, after

listening to them several times, most people will fast forward through the last three minutes of each.

Type O Negative's remake is an evil, creeping version of Seals and Croft's "Summer Breeze." Nowhere in this song can one find anything remotely cheesy. Because of the guitar distortion and song speed, plus the singer's voice, many people barely recognize the song until the chorus. The head-pounding, nose-bleeding thrash rant "We Hate Everyone" slams all groups of ideological thinkers, from Nazis to Commies, and

the reputations of being evil.

Candlebox - *Candlebox* (Maverick)

This band deserves national notice. Carrying a definitive blues overtone, Candlebox easily appeals to most any musical taste, be it metal (where they actually fit), alternative, or Top 40.

Unlike many new releases, the music doesn't go through schizophrenic changes on the CD; it just stays the same with its straight-ahead classic rock style. Driven by powerful guitar chords and matching

heart it's for you."

Two other songs take interesting approaches to somewhat perverse love, "Far Behind" and "Cover Me." In the first, the narrator apologizes and tries to justify his actions to his love who has already left; he keeps reminding her that he didn't mean to mistreat her, but still did anyway. "Cover Me" will be shocking the first time because it begins slowly and sincerely, but quickly becomes dark. The lyrics change from "But you'll cover me/ give me shelter from the storm" to "You will feel the pain I bring you."

Candlebox is the definitely the CD to buy. If the music arena ever gives them a decent chance, they should hit big, because they are better musically and lyrically than many of the new bands receiving more attention because of their funky haircuts.

Sanctuary - *Into the Mirror Black*
(Epic)

Long before the "Seattle Sound" pummeled everyone into grunge boredom, Seattle produced a few fast and intelligent bands, among them Queensryche and Metal Church. Following them came the enigmatic Sanctuary, a thrash band whose first release resembled a cross between King Diamond and Megadeth (in fact, Megadeth's lead singer produced that release, *No Refuge*). It received minimal attention except for the song, "Die For My Sins." So, the band members must have held a discussion, because this CD bears only slight semblance to their first and absolutely, without any doubt, kicks ass. Sanctuary's sound is distinct, but a close comparison might be a pessimistic and dark Judas Priest turned thrash.

Although *Into the Mirror Black* was released in early 1990, its topics have not diminished since then. Only "Future Tense," a song about the end of the eighties and the screwed-up world entering a new decade, and soon, a new century, has faded somewhat. But the first two lines have been used, in some form or another, by many other bands: "What do you see on the news when you watch tv/ war in the name of God or a playground killing spree?"

One song is the perfect anthem for anyone who has just practiced merciless vengeance on someone. One verse gloats, "The hate is rising,

...Continued on page 21

CDCDCDCD REVIEWS

scoff at labels, from sexist to racist. They don't imply themselves, because they mention the sickening fact that the radicals receive the most publicity and tv air time. The other songs on the tape are commendable, though not as notorious and the segues between a few of the songs could have been left out and never missed.

Other than the distinctly morbid aura, the other aspect that makes Type O Negative so different and talented is the lead singer. From the opening lines of "Christian Woman," his voice permeates the room. Deeper and darker than any singer, he would have been the perfect choice for the role of any Dracula; in fact, Vincent Price would have went berserk over the voice. The only person who compares might be Tom Clancy, the actor who played Kurgan in the movie "Highlander." (And men, play this around your girlfriend—if she gets turned on by his voice, you know you are dealing with a girl who has dark tendencies.) During the fast songs, the singer tends to resemble early Twisted Sister, but those moments, thankfully, are few.

The CD is slightly difficult to find and will probably have to be ordered, but the wait is definitely justifiable, especially for those with

drums, the music's intensity is fueled by the emotional singing.

Nothing in the band cries for center-stage, and that honesty is a refreshing change that allows Candlebox to quietly slip on the music scene, which can either help or hurt. So far, it has hurt, because basically no one is giving them air time. The best station around, WVJC 89.1, consistently played the first single, "Change" and Mtv's "Headbanger's Ball" occasionally plays the second single, "You."

Besides not having a gimmick other than their honesty, Candlebox's only shortfall is their repetition of lyrics. But the music flows so perfectly that most people won't notice until someone points out the repetition or the lyrics are read. And thankfully the lyrics are provided, because some lines are difficult to understand because of their rapidness and the fact that it is so easy to be mesmerized by the groove and consider the words as inferior.

Their songs mostly deal with emotionally pained people, such as "You," where the singer angrily rants about emotional leeches: "And I'll cry for you/ yes I'll die for you/ pain in my heart is real/ and I'll tell you now how I feel inside/ feel in my

HOMECOMING 1994

SCREAMIN' WILD

MON. PAINT THE NEST

TUES. THE DATING GAME - UC BRIDGE 9PM

WED. THE NASTY GIRLS COMEDY TEAM - UC DINING ROOM 9PM

THURS. WOMEN'S GAME 5:30 PM; MEN'S GAME 7:30 PM;
BANNER CONTEST AT GAMES

FRI. CREATE A COACH 9:30 - 1:30 IN EAGLE'S NEST

SEMI-FORMAL DANCE 8 PM - MIDNIGHT

SAT. HOMECOMING PARADE 11:30 AM

WOMEN'S GAME 2 PM

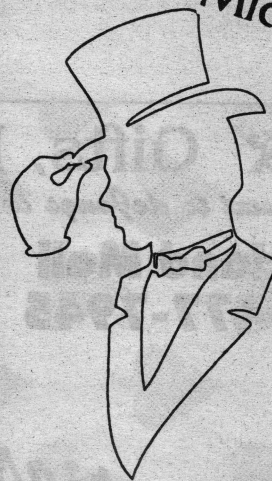
MEN'S GAME 4 PM -- CORONATION OF KING AND QUEEN

* ALL EVENTS EXCEPT DANCE ARE FREE OF CHARGE TO STUDENTS!!

Friday
February 11th

All Campus
Semi-Formal
Homecoming

8 pm - Midnight



DJ: Eric Faith

Dance

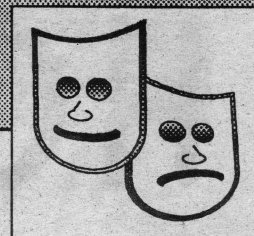
Tickets on sale in Eagle's Nest
after February 1st.

\$5.00 for single

\$8.00 for couple

*ALL STUDENTS ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

Entertainment



Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) You will need a friend real soon, because you will insult your best friend and he/she will refuse to have anything to do with you. If you are going to insult someone, make sure to do it right.

Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Some stranger will enter your life. This stranger will change your life in one way or another. The problem will be that you will not like the change.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Valentine's Day will be here soon. Get your significant other something special and in red. Strawberry motion lotion could make you both happy.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) The key phrase in your life for this month is red satin. Try not to be too enthusiastic and slide off the bed.

Gemini (May 21- June 21) The big thaw is on, in more ways than one. Now is the time to go after that certain someone you have been interested in. He/she will be quite a bit warmer to you than in the past.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) You will be asked to give a presentation for a number of people. Make sure you go through your data and examples before hand. Misspelling words can be embarrassing. Not know that they are misspelled is down right ugly.

Madame Fortune's



Leo (July 32-Aug. 22) The stars are unclear for you this month. I keep seeing rabbits and dogs. Are you planning to open a pet store or are you real fast and like things the back way?

Virgo (Aug. 23- Sept. 2) You need to think ahead for Valentine's Day. Be imaginative in your gift buying for that special someone. Try duct tape, silk cord, and feathers. Have fun!

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) An engagement ring is not a good gift for you this romantic season. You have a lot of time ahead of you yet. Enjoy yourself for a while.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) You have a secret admirer. You will get a small gift from the person. Remember, what is one man's trash is another man's treasure. In other words, you'll hate it, it's trash.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) You have been feeling really great, and everything was going your way. You will notice that I am talking in past tense. That's right, it's downhill for a short while.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) Do not take a long trip this month. The conditions are not right for you to travel. Make short trips or stay home with your significant. That's more fun than a long trip anyway.

Madame Fortune really missed deadline this month, by about two weeks. Amanda has been real nice and didn't bitch much. It's her fault. My editor, Jude, has just informed me that my deadline will be two weeks ahead of everyone, so then I will be on time. Madame Fortune would like to welcome Jude to Transitions and congratulate him on his new position. Something to leave you with. Something that are inevitable, they are fated to occur by destiny. In plain English, shit happens. Until next time.

Trends

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Rubber Stamps
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Misconception

Continued from page 3

But the largest reason behind my religious affiliation is the music I grew up with. No single band is responsible, but the barrage had a tremendous influence on me. I began with Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin, then became a member of KISS's secret cabal "Kids in Satan's Service." As bands such as Metallica, Megadeth, Exodus, and Metal Church circuted the metal underground, I found a genre that tapped into my angers and desire to worship Satan. But now these bands have softened and simplified their songs to attract the mainstream. I avoided the likes of Venom, Celtic Frost, Slayer, and Morbid Angel because they always gave me headaches, even though they wrote about my religious beliefs. So now I just listen to certain songs that apply to me or my followers. Our two main songs are W.A.S.P.'s "The Headless Children" and Judas Priest's "Touch of Evil."

Ironically, my followers used to believe, right after I succeeded the High Priest, that I was detrimentally evil because I forced them to quit all use of illicit drugs before or during ceremonies. To them, their habit was a

tradition, but I viewed their addiction as unnecessary and deleting some of the total experience of our rituals. I wanted them to witness, *feel*, the same reverence as I did. In their vehement grumblings they talked of hating me, even wanting to murder me, but I stood firm in my convictions. After a few months they thanked me for showing them a new light in their religion.

Although that battle nearly cost me my dreams and life, the other major confrontation almost earned me excommunication from the rest of my religious society. Several years ago on All Hallows' Eve, a large convention was held in the woods in Southern Illinois. Almost a thousand disciples were invited, but I and my followers were not because we are the only ones who forbid the use of drugs. It hurt to not be included. But, because I have the longest hair of any local High Priest, I am also the most powerful, so I sent a demon to lace all their drugs with a liquid form of laughing gas. I have been invited to every convention since then; my followers and I just sit to the side while watching fellow followers happily destroy brain cells.

But everything is fine now and our

religion continues to grow as teenagers see the future with bleak pessimism. And I hope that through understanding, the public will accept my religion and more will join. As the population increases, our chances of attracting future members and also souls to sacrifice increase dramatically. If you are interested in joining, know and understand the lyrics Sanctuary's "Communion" and Anthrax's "Burst," then come to Wesselman's Park at midnight on Spring Equinox. The only qualification is you must be deadly serious, because if you aren't, my

River

Continued from page 5

one HUGE cloud or it takes so long to cross this bridge that time and distance seem to fly, but to the rest of the world it seems to stand still.

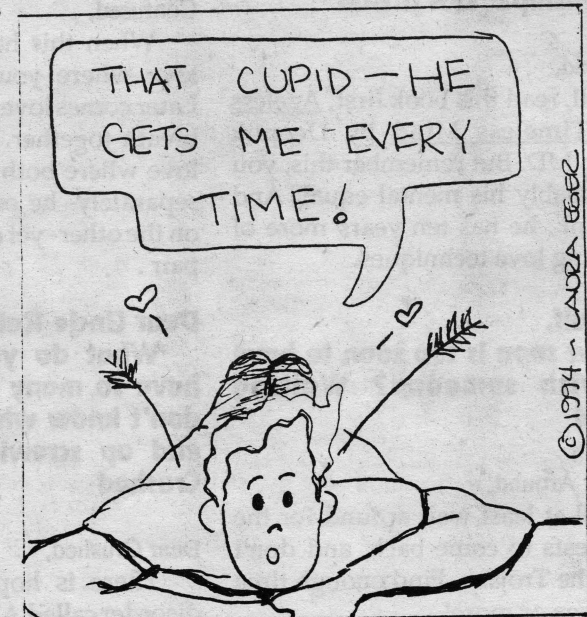
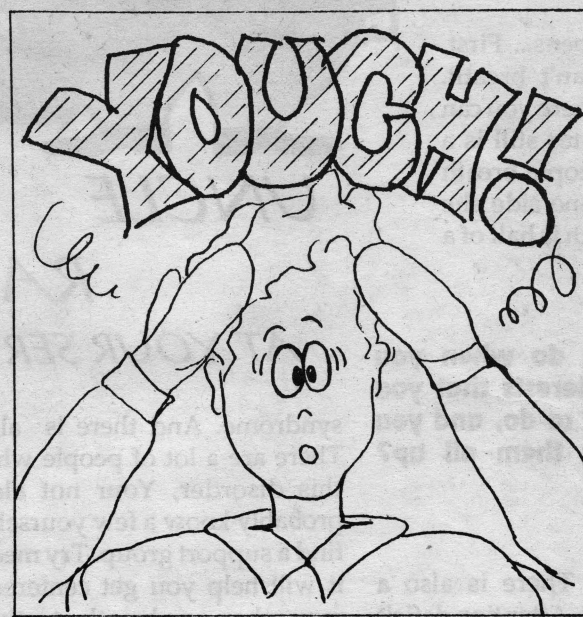
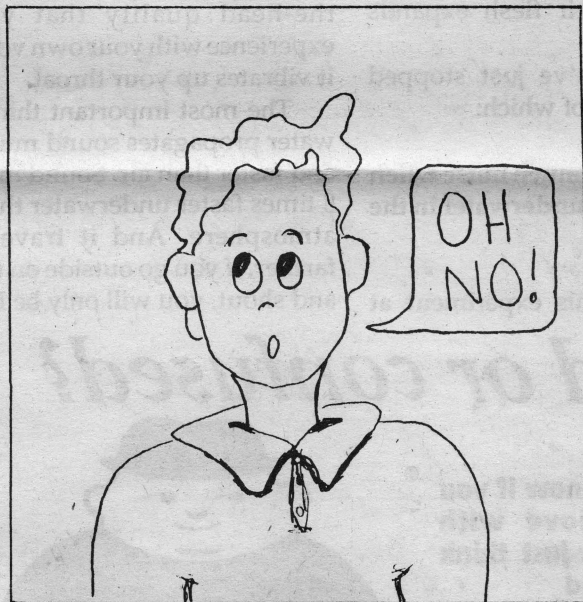
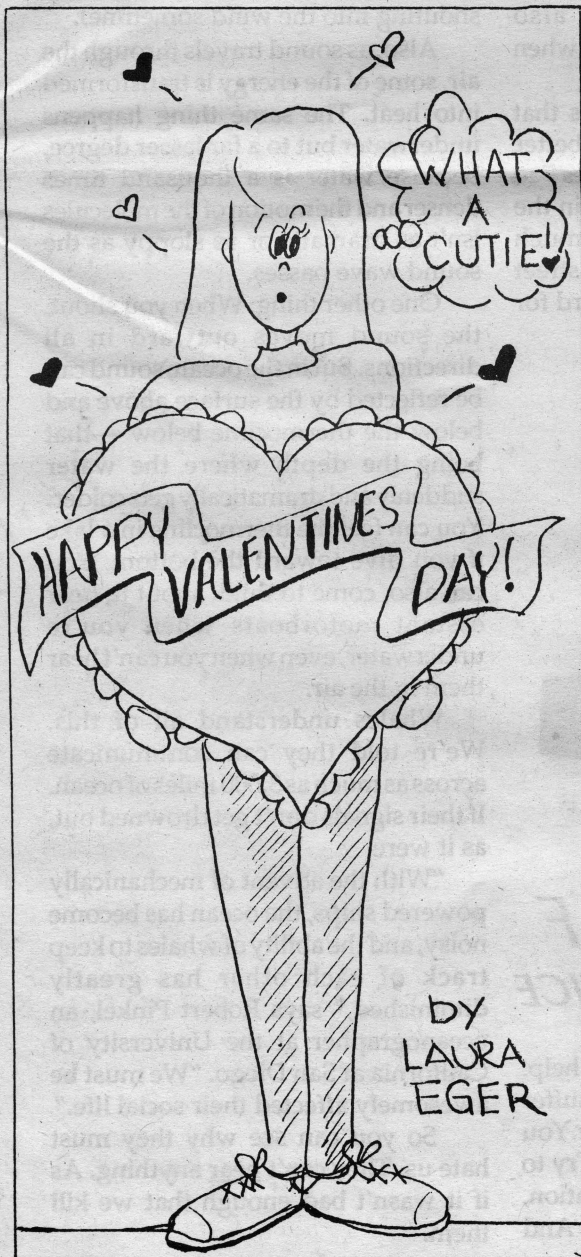
If I don't make the right decisions on this trip, I feel like the bridge will collapse and my future will be ruined! Every choice I have right now could, and probably will, affect my whole life. Sometimes I fear that each and every decision could make or break my future and decide my fate. Just deciding on which classes to take in college is a very big decision.

personal demons will make the rest of your existing life a hellish annoyance.

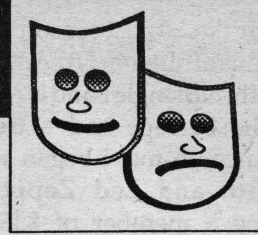
An open note from Matt to all readers who read this far: If you recognized the subtle sarcasm and realized that I'm not a Satanist, my commendations to you on your intelligence; if you failed to see any sarcasm and took me literally, my advice is to go sit in front of your idiot box (the television) because that is the highest degree of intellect your mind can process. I have to be read carefully—I purposefully avoid the black-and-white that so many writers wallow in. But don't hold me to just one truth, because my greatest pleasure is messing with people's minds.

Thanks to mom's advice, I have a better understanding of how to be a success in life. I realize that to be successful, I must first fail and then learn from my mistakes. In addition, I truly feel that if I continue to meet my problems "head on", I can overcome any hard time life can dish out. As for my journey across the bridge, I know I will never reach the very end until I leave this world. Only then, thanks to God, will I not have to face the challenges of human struggle here on earth.

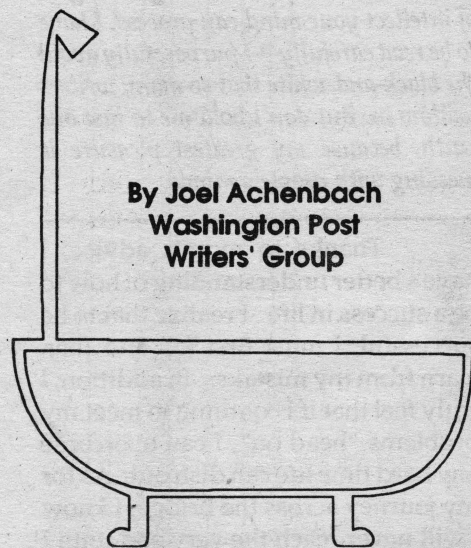
by Kevin Wilson



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Why Things Are *Water, two-thirds of the Earth; what you didn't know*



By Joel Achenbach
Washington Post
Writers' Group

Why do your digits get shriveled up in a bathtub?

There's nothing more sensual and decadent than a long, leisurely, steamy soak in the tub, especially if you have both a propeller-powered plastic submarine and a sub-hunting, depth-charge-dropping surface vessel. The bad thing is that within about 10 minutes you start turning into Prune Person.

Here's the headline: Your fingers and toes don't shrivel, they expand.

Your digits get larger when you take a bath. You literally gain weight.

What's happening is that the dead outer layer of your skin (the stratum corneum, for those of you who insist on everything in Latin; we hesitate that the stratum is also know informally as the "horny layer," because, we're told, it has horn-like characteristics) is being hydrated.

When things get hydrated they expand, because the water molecules are wedging themselves in between the fibers or tissues. Your skin buckles and swell and folds in the same way that wall-to-wall carpeting would wrinkle if it got soaked.

You may have noticed that the "shriveling" of your flesh in the tub doesn't happen as much, or as severely, as it once did, back when you were a tike. The reason is that kids have more resilient skin. Their flesh expands more.

Or maybe you've just stopped bathing. Speaking of which:

Why is there so much noise when you put your head underwater in the bathtub?

You can try this experiment at

home if you promise not to breathe down there.

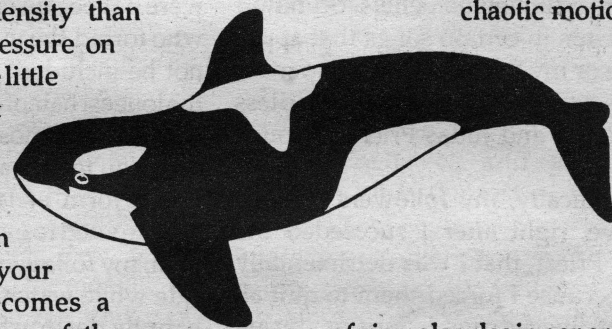
Take the plunge and the first thing you'll notice is the sound of your washing machine throbbing down in the basement as it goes through the spin cycle; or maybe the hum of your refrigerator's compressor; or maybe just the amplified splashing of water in the tub. Why's it so noisy? Because the tub is like a giant hearing aid.

Water has more density than air, and puts more pressure on your eardrum (or on the little pocket of air right next to your eardrum). The water also conveys the vibrations of various machines in your house directly to your skull. Your skull becomes a resonant chamber. Some of those sounds you hear have the weird inside-the-head quality that you also experience with your own voice when it vibrates up your throat.

The most important thing is that water propagates sound much better and faster than air. Sound moves 7 to 8 times faster underwater than in the atmosphere. And it travels much farther. If you go outside on the street and shout, you will only be heard for

a couple of blocks. But sound can travel for hundreds or thousands of miles underwater. In one astonishing experiment two years ago, scientists proved that a sound could travel more than 10,000 miles underwater, about halfway around the world.

The remarkable durability of sound underwater is due to several factors. For one thing, there's no wind underwater. Wind, and the chaotic motion



of air molecules in general, has a drastic effect on sound (just try shouting into the wind sometime).

Also, as sound travels through the air, some of the energy is transformed into heat. The same thing happens underwater but to a far lesser degree, because water is a thousand times denser and the motion of the molecules isn't as dramatic or as sloppy as the sound wave passes.

One other thing: When you shout, the sound moves outward in all directions. But in the ocean, sound can be reflected by the surface above and below the thermocline below—that being the depth where the water suddenly and dramatically gets colder. You can feel the thermocline in a lake if you dive toward the bottom. You can also, come to think about it, hear distant motorboats when you're underwater, even when you can't hear them in the air.

Whales understand all of this. We're told they can communicate across as much as 3,000 miles of ocean. If their signals don't get drowned out, as it were.

"With the advent of mechanically powered ships, the ocean has become noisy, and the ability of whales to keep track of each other has greatly diminished," says Robert Pinkel, an oceanographer at the University of California at San Diego. "We must be awesomely affected their social life."

So you can see why they must hate us. They can't hear anything. As if it wasn't bad enough that we kill them.

Waiting, crushed or confused?

Dear Uncle Ralf,

Do you think age makes a big difference in a relationship? My boyfriend is almost 10 years older than me, and I wondered if the big difference will cause a rift in our relationship? Got it Bad

Got it bad,

Well, read this book first, *Ageless Body Timeless Mind* by Deepok Chopra MD. But remember this, you are probably his mental equal. And just think, he has ten years more of practicing love techniques.

Hey Ralf,

How soon is too soon to have sex with someone? Waiting Around

Waiting Around,

Well at least wait around for the AIDS tests to come back, and don't forget the Trojans. Find enough time to use one or more!

Dear Uncle Ralf,

How do you know if you are really in love with someone, or you just think you are? Confused

Confused,

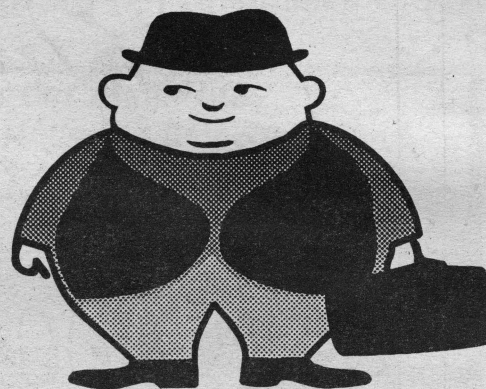
When this happens... First, love where you can't breath. Later comes love where you can breath together. Later still is a love where both people breath separately- he on one side she on the other- yet each is half of a pair.

Dear Uncle Ralf,

What do you do when you have so many interests that you don't know what to do, and you end up screwing them all up? Crushed

Dear Crushed,

There is hope, There is also a disorder called ADS. Attention deficit



UNCLE

RALF

AT YOUR SERVICE

syndrome. And there is also help. There are a lot of people who suffer this disorder, You not alone. You probably know a few yourself. Try to find a support group. Try meditation, it will help you get centered. And remember, one breath at a time.

Feature Sports Corner

Sponsored by

Dillard's

STUCCO HOUSE

USI Basketball Trivia Contest

Win dinner for Two!

by Lee Arrington
Sports Feature Editor

1. Which current USI men's basketball player has been named to more than one All-American team?
2. Two players on this year's USI's men's squad played in all 29 games last season, but started in only one game. Who are they?
3. Which of the following USI men's players is not a senior? a. Craig Martin b. Todd Jones c. Neil Coyle d. Chris Bowles e. Jeff Doyle
4. During what season did USI men's basketball teams score the most number of 100+ points in one game?
5. This current USI men's player attends USI as a Presidential Scholar. Who is he?
6. The widest winning margin for the men's basketball program was 75 points (111-36). Name the school that USI defeated.
7. As a junior in high school, this current USI men's player was named the Outstanding Student of the Year at United Township High School. Who is he?
8. This current USI men's player was named the Great Rivers Athletic Conference Freshman of the Year in 1991-92. Who is he?
9. This USI men's player became the first athlete to transfer to USI from the University of Utah. Name him.
10. He became the first USI player to score 2,000 or more points in his career. Name him.
11. What conference do the USI basketball teams play in? Note: Please spell out the name.
12. Who is the oldest player on the USI men's team this season?
13. Which USI men's player has scored the most number of three-point field goals in one game? (through games of 1/19/94)
14. Who became the second men's basketball head coach of the USI Screaming Eagles?
15. Which USI men's player has the most number of assists in one game? (through games of 1/19/94)
16. Who is the current head coach of the women's basketball program at USI?
17. What USI player scored the first field goal in the men's game versus Quincy here at the PAC on 1/19/94?
18. What do the following women's teams have in common with the women's basketball program here at USI: Chicago Circle Indiana Tech Hanover Lincoln University & St. Mary's (TX)
19. Which current USI women's player was named the USI Most Outstanding Player for the 1991-92 season?
20. Which USI women's player has had the most number of steals in one game? (through games of 1/15/94)
21. What is the USI women's record for most points in one game, and whom did they defeat when the record was set?
22. In 1992, she was named the conference Player-of-the-Year as well as USI's Most Valuable Player. Who is she?
23. What USI women's player holds the record for most number of assists in one season at USI?
24. Which USI player scored the second field goal of the second half in the men's game versus Quincy on 1/19/94?
25. Which of the following USI women's players is not a senior? a. Laura Perek b. Annette Elkin c. Kathy Lauck d. Missy Hart e. Lisa Wells

See back page for rules!

International

Continued from page 9

"If you were at my home in Tanzania, I would be patient with you and teach you the ways to get along with the people. I would not stereotype a person," he said.

There is many the college student who relishes the thought of spending time away from a parent or two. However, the two years Allan has been away from his family—mother and father, one younger brother and a pair of twins—has given Allan his share of heartache.

"It is difficult to get in touch with my family because the phone lines get mixed up and when I finally do get a call through, the bill is unbelievable. I talked to my mother yesterday and she had to make me get off the phone so that my bill would not be so high," he said.

Despite being homesick, the 24 year old appreciates the differences between the Tanzanian and American cultures.

"Everything is at such a faster pace here and people are more open to subjects like at sex. At home, it's (sex) is not spoken of," Allan said.

Allan relates another experience that opened his eyes to the wonders of America. "A group of friends of mine took me to Hooters bar in Chicago." What was his impression?

"They have nice steaks."

by Velvet Litsey

LA's, a place for everyone

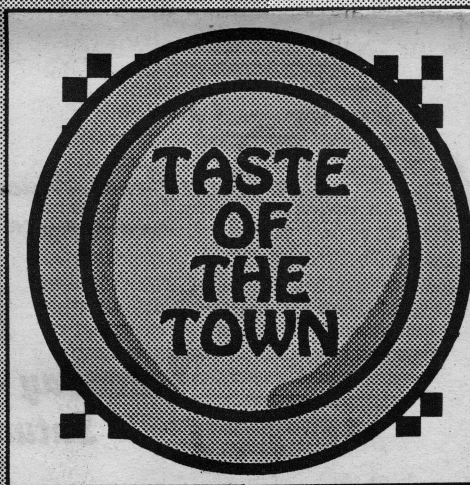
LA's, The Gathering Place, located south of the Lloyd Expressway at 324 NW 6th, is contributing to the growth of downtown as well as providing a new alternative for bar-hoppers.

LA's is a combination sports bar, dance club, and restaurant. Upon entering, the sports bar area appears to be the main attraction. Behind this section lies an enormous room filled with a dance floor and enough tables to adequately accommodate the crowd. Between the two sections is the food counter where you can order your food and take it to wherever you are sitting.

LA's menu includes items like bratwurst, shrimp, hamburgers, and chicken sandwiches. The choices are minimal, but the best part is that the entire menu is "Your Choice, \$2.99."

I ordered the grilled chicken sandwich on pita-bread. My order was served quickly and was accompanied with chips. My suggestion is that they add a selection of appetizers to the menu; hot wings and cheese sticks always appeal to the beer drinking crowd.

It is the atmosphere that makes LA's a different type of bar. The building is designed with high ceilings which helps to alleviate any claustrophobic feelings common to bars. The



chandeliers and oak bar are reminiscent of the "speakeasy" look of the 1920's.

The bands appearing at LA's are those common to other local bars, but if you aren't in the mood to dance, there are plenty of tables to relax at with a good view of the band. The Browne Sisters and Blues 4 U are just a couple of LA's attractions.

Expect to see a large crowd on Sunday and Saturday nights, ranging in age from 21 to 50. While it has a lot to offer the younger generation, LA's atmosphere could make it OK to take along your parents.

Bars in Evansville are quick to come and go, but in my opinion, LA's is here to stay.

by Rachel Stewart

Stucco Sports Trivia Contest Rules

1. Sports Information personnel are ineligible.
2. No current USI Basketball players.
3. Winner will be first person to correctly answer all questions and return to Transitions office, UC 113A, c/o Lee Arrington.
4. Drawing will be held in case of tie.
5. All entries must be received by Feb. 25, 4:30 p.m.

Trivia Contest Answer Sheet

1	_____	14	_____
2	_____	15	_____
3	_____	16	_____
4	_____	17	_____
5	_____	18	_____
6	_____	19	_____
7	_____	20	_____
8	_____	21	_____
9	_____	22	_____
10	_____	23	_____
11	_____	24	_____
12	_____	25	_____
13	_____		

Good Luck!

Deliver to UC113A by Feb. 25, 4:30 p.m.

Dark

Continued from page 14

the swell of fear takes over/ and the taste is sweet my friend/ so bittersweet/" and "As you implore on bended knee/ Do you regret what you've done to me?/ No matter how you plead, I'll take you down."

Three songs deal with social issues. "Seasons of Destruction" is a personified look at the world's violence and patterned destruction. Sanctuary delves into the grim aspect of life on the streets and the apathy of the public concerning murders in "One More Murder."

And "Communion" is probably the most intelligent slam against religion any band has done. The bridge to the chorus screams: "Greater understanding really isn't hard to find/ never will you see unless you open up your mind/ religious misdirection washes out reality/ tear down the facade and see into infinity."

As awesome as those social songs are, the centerpieces of the album are mystical, philosophical ponderings, which won't be revealed so curiosity may incite someone to buy the CD. But the

dominant song, full of tempo changes and exemplary singing, is "Eden Lies Obscured," in which the chorus explains, "No one knows where Eden lies/ between hope and fantasy so pure/ no one knows where Eden lies/ fools sit on high so Eden lies obscured/ from our view."

Sanctuary is thrash, but not the typical thrash such as Megadeth or Metallica. The guitars aren't distorted like chainsaws—they resonate like some Judas Priest guitar riffs. And the singer does not growl like a Rotweiler; instead, his voice is crystal clean and high-pitched. His shifting vocal range takes time to like, but it is powerful.

Although definitely not religious, Sanctuary is not Satanic either; their religion is the mind and the power it holds in thought and reflection. And a wise contemplation would be for any metal fan to buy this before it becomes a cut-out. Which could happen soon because Sanctuary, unfortunately, broke up soon after the release of *Into the Mirror Black*.

By Matt Maxwell

Dillard's

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