

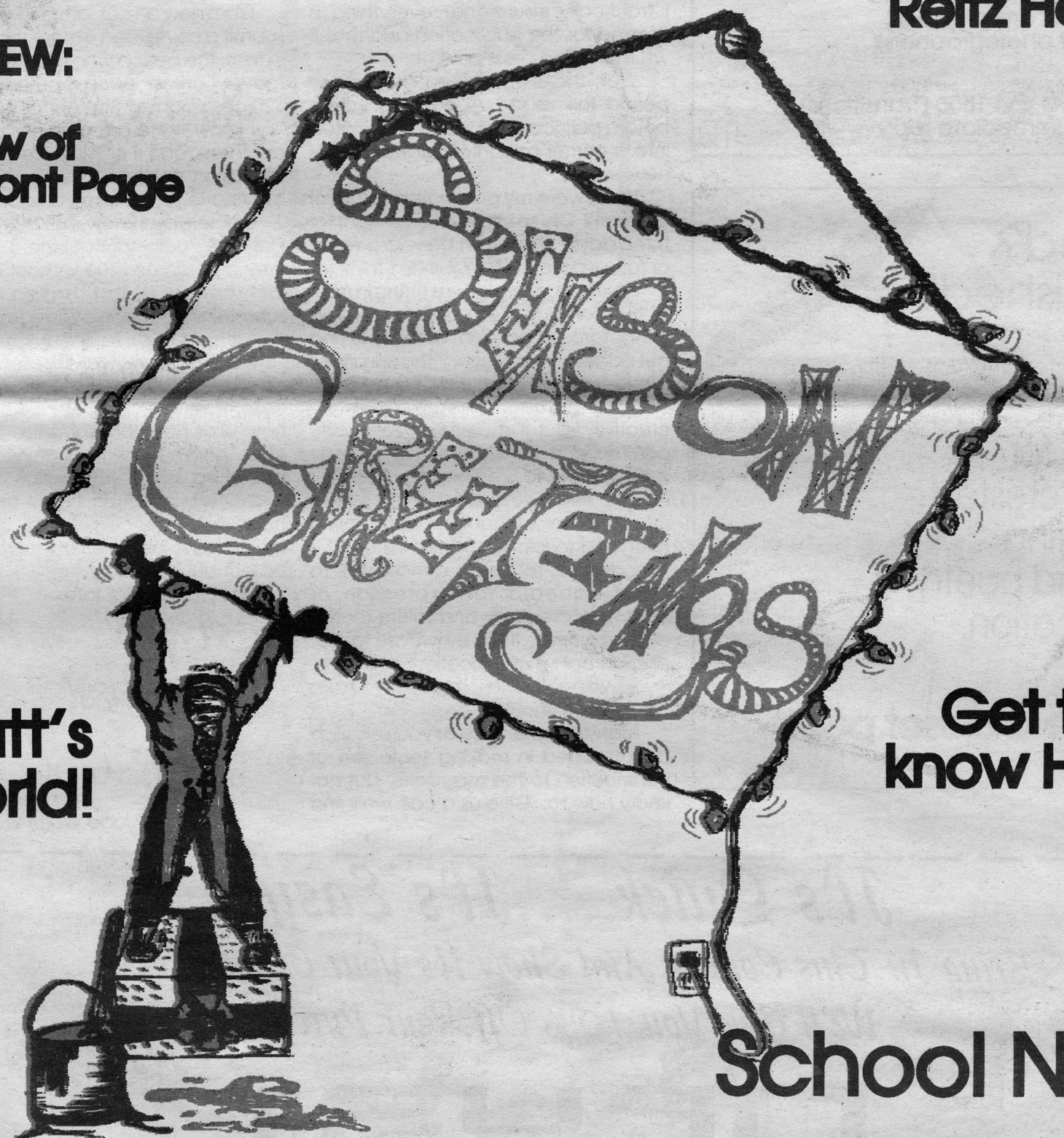
University of Southern Indiana

TRANSITIONS

Student Magazine

Christmas at the Reltz Home

**ALL NEW:
Staff
Review of
The Front Page**



**Matt's
World!**

**Get to
know Hu**

School No 3

Taken any pictures lately?



If you're in a photography class, or you're taking pictures anyway...

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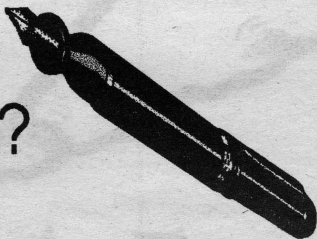
Transitions Magazine is searching for photos for up-coming issues.

We also need a staff photographer-

(Darkroom facilities, and materials are provided for staff photographers)

Call Jude Wolf @ 464-1856 (Transitions) or 465-3350 for immediate reply

Talented? Unpublished?



Transitions Magazine is looking for writers interested in submitting fiction and poetry for publication.

Don't be a closet poet!

New this Issue...

I just finished talking to my new editor. I'll tell you about her. Her name is Tracy Bee. She is rather unassuming in appearance, but don't let her fool you. She has been on my case since I hired her.

But, you know, that might not be a bad thing.

See, if you have read my editor's notes before, you may have heard of my 48-hour pre-publication sleep deprivation periods. During these hours I frantically insure that everything is finished for the publication and that it will make it to press on time.

Well, there is no sleep deprivation period this issue. About two weeks before publication, I was manipulated into a corner and interrogated by my new editor.

What were my publication habits of the past? Oh, so I stayed up all night for three days? That won't be your present or future policy, will it? I didn't think so.

Next thing I knew, I was sitting in front of the computer with over two weeks left before publication, actually laying out pages. I don't know if this will affect the magazine's quality, as desperation has been the true source of my creativity, but it may improve quality control in other areas. And I hate to say it, I'm getting to like sleeping at night.

And since we're starting to have so much fun here, I thought I would invite everyone to join in. *Transitions* really is intended, as far as I'm concerned, to be a billboard for expression of concerns, creativity and talent for the entire campus. It is a showcase for art, photography, and poetry.

Anyone who doesn't take advantage should.

Many people, such as yourself, may be interested in making some sort of contribution to the magazine, but not know how to. Give us a call, we'll find

a way.

I don't think that anyone should judge the magazine as "established." Don't assume that the magazine isn't interested in a topic or idea just because it hasn't been included in the past.

Evolution is the gameplan.

And let me tell you about some of the stuff we've done for this issue. First, I finally resigned as cover illustrator, and gave the job to someone with a vague notion of artistic talent.

From now on out, anyone who wishes to submit a cover idea is more than welcome. In fact, the person who wins this impromptu "cover contest" each month will receive a \$20 cash bonus. Straight out of my pocket.

I know there are a lot of starving artists out there, and it isn't like we're hanging up the losing entries to ridicule. In fact, you may have fun even if you don't win.

By the way, I know that there are a lot of Fiction & Poetry fans out there. I don't ever intend to run an issue without it. But these last couple I just haven't had any submissions. So before you complain, realize that it is no one's fault but your own.

I did receive two excellent nonfiction articles by Dan Jones that I am running this issue and next. That's just an example of how anyone in an advance composition class, or who is writing anyway, can get published.

Anyway, enough about submissions. I hope everyone gets a copy of this before the holidays, but if not, our next issue will not be out until February.

So I'll talk to y'all later.

Happy Holidays!

Jude Wolf

Jude Wolf - Editor

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**We'd like to hear from you.
Please send any comments,
suggestions or information
in care of 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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The Sega Generation

When I was growing up I had to walk four miles to school in the snow without shoes, uphill both ways...

No, when I was growing up sports consumed my life more than did education, food, or parents. I became quite adept at eating room temperature food under the angry glare of a parent because I had decided a baseball game was more important than eating a hot, well-balanced meal in the company of my family.

I couldn't help it. I played some type of sport almost every day. And the season didn't matter—only the clique's whim. It wasn't uncommon for us to spend the morning on a basketball court, the afternoon on a baseball diamond, and dusk and night on a makeshift football field. The weather didn't matter either; we'd play a three-hour game of baseball during the hottest days of August, basketball when the ball bounced on thin layers of crusty snow, football on slushy grass. We would even break sweat on fifteen-degree afternoons wearing one pair of jeans and a sweatshirt.

Of course, the games weren't always structured. Baseball became Indian Ball, which then became a goofy game of fighting for pop-flies and grounders for points. Football easily became kill-the-man-with-the-ball.

Winning counted, but not as much as actually *playing* something. When bored, my best friend, James, and I would spend several hours throwing and punting a football, playing pitch-and-catch, or holding batting practice. Often, our impromptu excursion gathered enough people for a game.

As with any kid, bicycles transported us to school fields and backyards. We rode them for hours, frequently pedaling ten-mile trips across town or through wooded trails.

Unlike most teenagers, after I earned my driver's license, I still rode my BMX bike more than I drove. Until I was nineteen, I preferred my Mongoose to my Chevy. That's one reason why I had such a difficult time getting dates.

I tell people the reason I'm so skinny is because I spent too much time outside. Neglecting homework and chores, I knowingly and purposefully faced the consequences for that three-hour game of tackle football. I wasn't hyperactive; I didn't need Ridallin as a kid. I just *had* to be outside doing something that required energy. When I realized my anemic

stature negatively affected my ability to earn dates, I tried diminishing my activities. That venture lasted until a friend, holding a basketball, knocked on the door.

I went through spells though, where I almost refused to play sports. They at most only lasted a couple of days, often only several hours. But I do recall an interim where, even though I had a truck, I spent the day inside playing baseball on my Commodore-64 or setting up plastic racetracks to test the rolling capabilities of my Hot Wheels and Matchbox cars (another reason girls refused me).

That long spell annoyed the black hairs out of my dad. And yet he rarely said anything—his disapproving looks and impatience were enough. I ignored him though.

I still haven't graduated to adulthood. Responsibilities have replaced the innumerable hours once used for sports, but I still revel in the outdoors when I can. I force time for rollerblading and running through woods with my two Boxers, but I rarely find time for sports. Which brings me to my point—even if I had time for sports, I can't find anyone to play with me.

Sure, if I went to Wesselman's or Garvin Park I could find whatever type of game I desire, but I choose the comfort of my neighborhood and school yards.

And in my relatively new neighborhood, no matter how much coaxing and pleading, no one wants to play. I can understand people my age not wanting to waste their time on frivolities, but children and teenagers also?

I drive by the play-field behind Washington Middle School most every day, and rarely will I see adventurers using any of the three baseball fields, the large expanse for football or soccer, or any of the four basketball goals. That wasted open space could be used for better purposes...say, building more houses.

The surrounding area isn't riddled with crime and most people are respectable, so I don't understand the empty fields. Is it because parents' fears of crime have increased to where children can't leave the yard? Is it because no one owns any type of ball? Is it because they are all too busy with homework?

Actually, from what I have seen, the majority of kids have little or no

interest in sports because they have Nintendo or Sega to play. It's less strenuous, less tiring, less dangerous. It's also much easier. Kids (when saying "kids" I'm referring to anyone under 20, which is not meant as an insult but merely a loose definition) have so much more fun cranking five home runs in an inning on Sega than missing six pitches in a row trying to

During a summer day a few months ago, I strolled through my old neighborhood, visiting family and friends, and found the guy I grew up with, James. Like two old codgers, we sat on his front porch and reminisced about responsibility-free days full of sports. Then we discussed the deficiency of kids who replaced us, as if we were the last breed. We walked

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

hit a real baseball. And the art of catching a football pass while running is reduced to simplicity by Nintendo.

I know of several kids who do not whether they throw left- or right-handed. "Catching" a Nerf football involves more instinctive, closed-eyes, blocking or knocking the ball down than an ability to successfully grasp the incoming object. I'm scared to throw a baseball for fear of an facial injury and then a parental lawsuit.

But hook up a Nintendo or Sega, and Charles Barkley couldn't even hang with a kid too young and small to see over a steering wheel.

Unfortunately, my neighborhood is not alone in this passive subversion. Even my old neighborhood, which always seemed to crawl with bustling and active kids, smacks me with its silence. Both fields of Delaware Elementary School sit deserted, a daytime deviation for penned-up kids only. With four swing sets, two merry-go-rounds, two slides, two basketball goals, several teeter-totters, numerous jungle gyms, soccer goals, monkey bars, rings and ample space for running, the fields are barren of excited kids.

(Several reasons in that area, may account some for this waste of space: one, the area has been steadily declining in the last few years, and it lies on the outskirts of the turf of a brainless band of fifteen-year-old wannabes calling themselves a "gang"; two, the all-wise school board added several pieces of equipment to both schoolyards...almost right in the middle of the fields, making football and baseball hazardous.)

across the street, climbed the school fence and threw a football for an hour. Not one kid passed through the schoolyard en route to a friend's house.

We laughed, with gloomy seriousness, about the lack of initiative in kids these days.

Curiosity guides me to discover why so few children, in both areas, play sports. I see many playing outside, but usually they sit at the end of their yard with G.I. Joes, Batman, or swords and guns. A game of hide-and-seek is acceptable occasionally, but tag is repulsive. As for jumping in piles of leaves—forget it. Raking leaves requires too much energy.

I did ask a kid one day why he doesn't like sports. In the only diction he knows, picked up from watching the electronic baby-sitter and six movies per week, he replied, "Gee, I don't know, boss."

I resent having to grow older, to assume responsibilities that eat hours, time I could use for playing outside. And most of these kids (as every older generation espouses) show no appreciation of the freedom in childhood, the wonders of nature or the thrill of sports.

As I watch Nintendo junkies, I wonder about the handicapped and science. So many children sit trapped in a wheelchair, unable to enjoy sprinting across a grass field, riding a bicycle through water puddles, while able kids waste hours viewing canned experiences, and subject themselves to passive entertainment. I wonder if science can progress to where it can switch the bodies of these dichotomies, and accommodate the wishes of each?

The Transitions Staff Monthly Food Review

Flying rolls, attentive servers greet patrons at The Front Page Cafe

The Front Page Cafe

Dress - Casual

Food - Homestyle

Price - \$5-\$15 a person

Location - 2070 Morgan Avenue

Rating Scale

***** "It's better than CATS, we'll eat there again and again"

**** "Seconds, Please"

*** "Um, what was I going to say?"

** "The charm of the Tennessean, without the tasty vittles"

* "Just say No!"



In our infinite wisdom, we decided to visit The Front Page on a Friday night, right at dinner time.

We were told we had a wait of about "20 minutes," which was more like 35, but we were eating before we got into the door. Overbearingly cheerful people threw rolls at waiting customers. The Front Page is extremely proud of its flying rolls. They were pretty good; they were large, hot and tasted like they'd just come out of the oven.

We were also given menus before we were seated, which helped pass the time and take our mind off of our feelings of alienation. Most of clientele is very mature, to say the least. We felt a little (okay, very much) out of place. We were the only customers present older than 12 and younger than 35.

After we were seated, we ordered and were surprised to have our food in less than 15 minutes. While we were waiting for our food and throughout the meal, more servers came from table to table and cheerfully offered "free pass-arounds". These included cornbread muffins, fried okra, beans, and more flying rolls.

Meals range in price from \$5.79 for various chicken dishes to \$13.99 for the "I Dare You Steak", which is a "one pound slab of sirloin steak" which the restaurant dares you to finish. If you clean your plate, you receive \$2. None of us felt up to the challenge. Jude ordered steak and shrimp (\$8.99), Tracy ordered Fried Catfish (\$6.49), and Matt had a half order of ribs (\$7.99). Besides the regular meals, the restaurant offers hamburgers and BBQ sandwiches both for \$4.49 with a choice of fries (add 50cents). They also have other alternatives such as the veggie plate (\$3.99), two chicken salads (\$4.99 and \$5.49) and a BBQ salad.

Most meals come with a choice of two "veggies". There is a wide selection of so-called veggies. We each chose two and shared. For our veggies, we picked "skin on fries", black-eyed peas, baby carrots, stewed apples, macaroni and cheese, and green beans.

We agreed that the french fries and the stewed apples were excellent, most of the rest of the veggies were adequate but tasted as if they had come from a can (as they probably did). The macaroni and cheese was served cold.

Thanks to the pass-arounds we were full after our main meal and had to forego desert. They offer pecan pie, assorted cakes, and a double chocolate cheesecake. Each is priced at \$1.39. It isn't necessary to spend money on desert. We'd advise having the bread pudding which is one of the free foods servers bring around.

Jude's experience

When we arrived, I knew that they were either holding was a class of 1933 reunion that night, or else this cafe just catered to the geriatric crowd. I have nothing against senior citizens (my grandfather is one.) I just don't think the cafe targeted my age group. It isn't like I feel discriminated against; enthusiastic waiters and waitresses, roll throwing, free fried okra—these are all things that presumably appeal to the silver generation (the place was packed), but I just really couldn't get into it.

The steak I ordered was delivered only modestly warm and without the shrimp, but the shrimp were hot when I did get them. I thought the freebies were a neat idea, but the choices could have been more exciting.

My overall impression? My grandparents would love it. It could be fun for families. Me? I can't wait till I'm sixty; then I'll go back. Till then, I'll leave the place for those who enjoy it now.

Matt's experience

Don't worry about putting on your Sunday best (unless they predate 1982). Don't worry about puttin' Grandma's hearing aid in because she'll have no trouble hearing the servers (neither will the customers at the nearby Hooks Drug store).

If this place had been located on Highway 41 it would easily be a hit with the truck drivers. If it were located near Solar-Bron this place would be filled with customers 24 hours a day. It's a senior citizen haven. Although the place is packed with 'em, I don't think they'll be fooled with the imitation homestyle cookin' (straight outta the can, my man!).

I don't think generation X will go for it either (I hate being labeled that too). Though, if you can eat like you mean it, then this is an economical adventure worthy of one's time.

Although Tracy will mention of the skimpy portions on her plate, it is impossible to go away hungry. Those banshees running around screaming and throwing food at you will keep your plate full the whole time. Ham and beans, fried okra, and softball sized rolls? Hillbilly cuisine (no pig knuckles that I was aware of, though) but good hot food for a college boy or girl.

Sure, the atmosphere caters to line dancers, but I would recommend everybody try it because it's destined to become a greasy place soon and probably unbearable too. Go and see that this is an easy prediction for one to make. It's really out of the way for a typical USI student, so don't expect to run into anyone you might know, unless it's someone from Posey County (I'm talking mass exodus from that county).

Tracy's experience

While Jude and Matt were dismayed at the age of the other customers, I gritted my teeth each time one of the bright, happy and LOUD servers (this is not a place to go for a quiet conversation) walked by our table. I did not want to catch a roll. I wanted my rolls handed to me, which seemed to disappoint the servers.

Fortunately our own server, named Angie, was not so grating. Except for making a mistake on Jude's order, she was courteous, attentive and prompt.

I was also dismayed when I found one of the bowls to be used for the free pass-arounds was rather dirty. We moved it aside and it was promptly taken away by our server when we told her of it. Fortunately the rest of the dishes were clean. I checked.

The fried catfish tasted very good and was served hot. Covered in a light, cornmeal breading, it was not greasy or significantly fishy-tasting. I received three pieces, but they seemed woefully small for the price.

Though I liked most of the food, this is not a place I'd go with my friends. The atmosphere does not facilitate conversation or relaxation, and its all a bit too hokey for me.

The Consensus

The food was average, but the servers were enthusiastic and attentive. In all, it was interesting experience, though not one any of us will probably repeat in the near future.

Rating - ***

Old school holds memories

By Dan Jones

The year was 1939, and it was a bitter cold winter morning on Evansville's west side. Ruth Grossman had just begun the walk from her family's farm house to the one room schoolhouse on Middle Mount Vernon Road. From the distance, she could see the trail of black smoke that rose from the coal stoves used to heat the building. Ruth was now in the sixth grade, and this would be her last year at the school before it closed. Once inside, she hung her coat and stored her lunch in the cloak room just inside the door. All together, 25 students, ranging for grades 1-8 filled the classroom. The day would soon begin with the "Pledge of Allegiance" and joyful renditions of songs like "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" and "America the Beautiful." It was a simple time, when one teacher, and a small room schoolhouse were more than adequate for the few who lived in the surrounding neighborhoods.

The farmhouse Ruth lived in as a child still stands in its original spot on the northwest corner of Middle Mount Vernon Road and Agathon. The one room schoolhouse, which used to be further down Middle Mount Vernon Road at the Eickhoff intersection, is no longer there. Today, it sits in the Bent Twig Outdoor Educational Center on USI's campus. The Bokelman school was moved by the Westwood Garden Club on June 24, 1993 in order to restore and preserve it.

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Ruth, a retired kindergarten teacher from Marrs Elementary in Mount Vernon, recalled her days as a student at Bokelman. She also discussed one aspect that made her experience there unique: the fact that her teacher, Mr. Edward Grossman, was also her father.

The Grossman's farm was roughly 80 acres, and was joined to the east by the Bokelman farm. Perry Township School #3 (known as Bokelman School) was located on the Bokelman farm. A row of swings, a coal shed, and two outhouses were all that stood on the school grounds.

"Because the school was surrounded on all sides by farmland," Ruth recalled, "there was only limited space for playground equipment." During recess, children would play games like "Marbles" or "Mumblety-peg." One particular favorite was a game called "Andy Over." Here, teams would divide up on either side of the coal shed and take turns throwing a ball over the roof, which was to be caught by the opposing team on the other side.

Inside the school, eight rows of desks lined the wooden floors leading up to a platform that elevated

students. Subject matter consisted of the basics: reading, writing, and arithmetic, along with some history, and some geography. Ruth recalled the grades students received for their performance: "E was excellent; G, good; F, fair; P, poor; and U was unsatisfactory."

When asked what it was like having her father as a teacher, Ruth said it provided her with extra encouragement to do well. "At home," she said, "he would make sure I got to my lessons and did what I was supposed to do." She even remembered



the teacher's desk. Ruth could still remember her father standing and pointing to one of the pull down maps used for geography lessons. Behind the teacher's desk, were large slate blackboards and a picture of George Washington that hung prominently on the wall. Two coal stoves sat on either side of the room and provided plenty of heat on cold winter days.

On hot summer months, all the students could rely on to keep cool were the breezes that blew through open doors and windows. Ruth remembered one hot summer day when a dog wandered through an open door: "he got into the cloakroom where we kept our lunchboxes and got into my lunchbox. I can't remember whether he got into other lunches, but, of course, the one that concerned me most was mine."

Because there was only one teacher, and all the students from grades 1-8 were in the same room, the teacher's attention was divided throughout the day. While one class was reciting, the other class would work on their assignments. By teaching in this manner, many of the students learned from listening to the other classes. Also, students in the upper grades were readily available to help with younger

her father challenging her with tests from higher grades to see how well she would do. Though most of the students accepted Ruth's situation at school, she still remembered some comments such as: "I bet you get good grades." However, her recollection was, good or bad, "he always gave me what I deserved."

Ruth's father was a teacher, a farmer, and a Sunday School teacher. She described him as easygoing and soft-spoken, but also as man of high principles. He was well respected by the students and their parents. At that time, she explained, "the teacher was seen as an authority figure by parents as well as students." It was rare that her father had to resort to discipline because, as Ruth put it, they all knew "if you got a paddling in school, you would get a worse one when you got home."

A photograph of the students, taken in front of the Bokelman school serves as a reminder of days long passed. Ruth third from the left, in the back row, stands next to her father. Looking closely at the picture, Ruth noticed dirt on the knees of the three girls in the front row. For a moment, the serious faces of the studious class seemed to carry the smiles of children at play.



The project to restore and preserve the schoolhouse was, for a period, temporarily stalled due to insufficient funds. The schoolhouse sustained damage during the move which included cracks in its thick brick walls. A gaping hole in the roof which used to be the location of the bell tower had to be covered with a tarp until proper repairs could be made. Recently it was decided that steps would be taken by the University to seal the schoolhouse before the arrival of winter. All cracks and leaks will be repaired, as will the water damaged ceiling and floors. Also, the West Wood Garden Club is in the process of raising funds for the construction of a bell tower and the renovation of the interior. For Ruth, the preservation of this piece of history is especially important. "The public needs to be aware. They have a neat nucleus of old time buildings out there, and the schoolhouse would be an added attraction," she said.

Current photo by Tracy Bee



The Reitz Home

Christmas Victorian Style

Conspicuous consumption may be unpopular now, but during the Victorian era keeping up with Joneses was an all-important occupation. In Evansville the Joneses were actually named Reitz.

The Reitz family set the standards for the wealthy in what was once a booming river town.



While their style earned them a place with Evansville social set, their generosity earned them a place in Evansville history. Area churches, charities and schools were benefited from the Reitz family's patronage.

The Reitz Home emphasizes both the family's love for the finer things and their love of giving. Given to the Daughters of Isabella, it was later bought by the Catholic Diocese to serve as a home for the Catholic Bishop. The Catholic Diocese later donated it to The Reitz Home Preservation Society with the understanding that it would become a museum.

Perhaps their most notable legacy, the Reitz Home now stands as an example of Victorian elegance and grandeur.

"The Victorian period was a very showy period," said Reitz Home Preservation Society director, Tess Grimm, "especially for the people who had worked hard and made their fortunes. For America, it was the first time there were wealthy people."

Marquet floors, ornately painted ceilings, stenciled walls, mosaic tile, stained glass windows, and an onyx fireplace are just some of the luxurious features of the house. It is also adorned with period furniture throughout, much of which belonged to the Reitz family. One chair has another historical significance; it belonged to Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Though open to visitors throughout the year, Christmas is a special time at the Reitz Home Museum. Every Christmas for the past 15 years, individuals, organizations and area businesses try to live up to the glamor and glitz of a bygone era and decorate the Reitz Home in high Victorian style for the Yuletide Season. They each sponsor a room and decorate it in keeping with the theme.

This year's theme is "A Christmas Jewel", and though the theme could be applied to the house itself, it is specifically referring to the family-jewel-studded, gold chalice that was commissioned by one of the Reitz sisters and donated to the Catholic Church. Though the real chalice stays in a vault in National City Bank, a painting of the chalice by area artist Marilyn Gerst is now displayed in the Reitz Home.

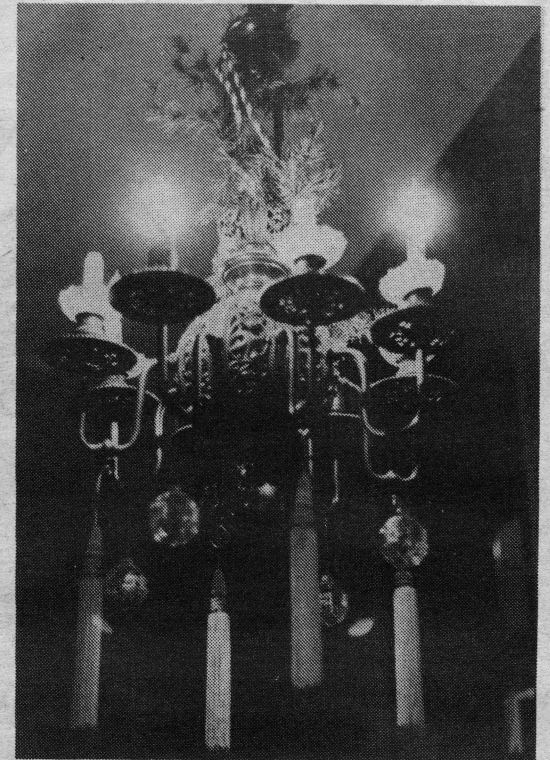
"I've called various museums for ideas for themes. They decorate the same way [each year]," said Grimm. "We are unique in that we have a different theme each year."

"I think a lot of people come just to see what we come up with," she said. Past themes have included "Christmas Around the World," "A Christmas Wedding," and "A Children's Christmas."

Grimm said about a fourth of the year's visitors come around Christmas. "Victorian Christmas" encourages people who wouldn't normally come," she said.

"People are always pleased and excited and say 'How can it get better?', Grimm said. "They come back every year."

The Reitz Home Preservations Society holds other special events throughout the year. Other events include luncheon programs, a Victorian Style Show and an art auction.



downtown Evansville, Ind.

The "Victorian Christmas" display will be open 1 to 4 p.m. until Dec. 30. It will be closed Dec. 24 and 25.

The remainder of the year, the Reitz Home is open 1 to 4 p.m., Wednesday through Sunday.

The cost is \$4 for adults, \$2 for students, and \$1 for children 12 and under.

Photos this page: at left, the chalice painting; above, a chandelier hangs in the upstairs hallway; below, presents adorn the bed in Josephine's bedroom.



CULTURE WATCH CALENDER

Thanks to winter recess, USI's Liberal Arts Department has slowed down its cultural agenda this month. Fortunately, there are still interesting things to do around Evansville, and USI will be back open for business in January.

- Now -Dec. 24** "Eastern Influence" exhibit, New Harmony Gallery of Contemporary Art, 682-3156
- Now -Dec. 30** "Victorian Christmas" at the Historic Reitz Home, open 1-4 p.m. daily except Dec. 24 and 25, 426-1871
- Dec 7.** "Andiron Lecture," 4 p.m., University of Evansville, 479-2562
- Dec. 8** "Jazz Choir", 7:30 p.m., University of Evansville, 479-2562
- Dec. 8** Totally New Theatre's "Ice City," 7 p.m., Old Court House, 423-4506
- Dec. 9** Civic Theatre's presentation of "Greetings," 8 p.m., 425-2800
- Dec. 9** Totally New Theatre's "Ice City," 7 p.m., 423-4506
- Dec. 10** Civic Theatre's "Greetings," 8 p.m., 425-2800
- Dec. 10** Historic New Harmony's "Holiday Ball," Thrall's Opera House, 682-4488
- Dec. 10** Evansville Philharmonic Orchestra, "The Messiah," 8 p.m., Trinity United Methodist Church, 425-5050
- Dec. 11-Jan 29** "Matthew Daub: Passages" exhibit, Evansville Museum, 425-2406
- Dec. 11- Feb. 26** "Evansville Furniture & Lumber Industry Exhibit," Evansville Museum, 425-2406
- Dec. 11** Civic Theatre's "Greetings," 2 p.m., 425-2800
- Dec. 11** Philharmonic Young Artist Competition Winners perform at the Evansville Museum, 1:30 p.m., 425-2406
- Dec. 11** Evansville Philharmonic Orchestra, "Family Series: Candy Cane Express," 3 p.m., Vanderburgh Auditorium, 425-5050
- Dec. 11** Evansville's Children's Theatre, "The Christmas That Almost Wasn't" at 1, 3, and 5 p.m., University of Evansville, Shanklin Theatre, 435-9378
- Dec. 15** Totally New Theatre's "A Story for Christmas," 7 p.m., 425-4506
- Dec. 16** Totally New Theatre's "A Story for Christmas," 7 p.m., 425-4506
- Dec. 16** Civic Theatre's "Greetings," 8 p.m., 425-2800
- Dec. 17** Totally New Theatre's "A Story for Christmas," 7 p.m., 423-4506
- Dec. 17** Civic Theatre's "Greetings," 8 p.m., 425-2800



Photos this page: right, Christmas tree located in the Reitz Home drawing room; lower left, the dining room table set for Christmas; lower right, Mathilda's bedroom.

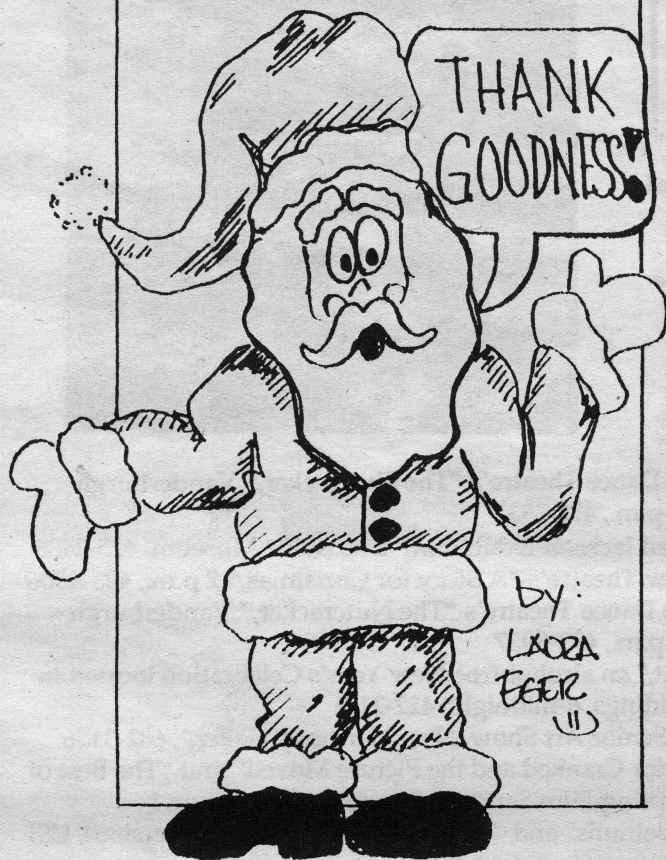


To have your cultural event listed in the Culture Watch Calender, contact the Transitions Office at 464-1856, or write TBEE on email.

- Dec. 17** Evansville Dance Theatre's "The Nutcracker," Vanderburgh Auditorium, 8 p.m., 473-8937
- Dec. 18 - Jan. 29** "Jed Jackson Exhibition," Evansville Museum, 425-2406
- Dec. 18** Totally New Theatre's "A Story for Christmas," 2 p.m., 423-4506
- Dec. 18** Evansville Dance Theatre's "The Nutcracker," Vanderburgh Auditorium, 8 p.m., 473-8937
- Dec. 31** "First Night," an alcohol-free New Year's Celebration located in downtown buildings, 6-midnight, 422-2111
- Jan. 8-Jan. 31** USI Senior Art Show, New Harmony Gallery, 682-3156
- Jan. 10** "The Operator Cranked and the Picture Moved" and "The Best of Melies," USI Spring Film Series, 1:30 and 6 p.m., Forum I
- Jan. 17** "Judith of Bethulis" and "The Floorwalker" (music version), USI Spring Film Series, 1:30 and 6 p.m., Forum I
- Jan. 18** USI History Club presents the film "The Nasty Girl", Red Bank Library, 7 p.m.
- Jan. 20** Repertory People of Evansville's "Equus," 8:15 p.m., 423-2060
- Jan. 21** Repertory People of Evansville's "Equus," 8:15 p.m., 423-2060
- Jan. 22** Evansville Children's Theatre, "Frog Prince and Other Tales," 1, 3, and 5 p.m., UE's Shanklin Theatre, 435-9378
- Jan. 24** "Pandora's Box," USI Spring Film Series, 1:30 and 6 p.m., Forum I
- Jan. 27** Repertory People of Evansville's "Equus," 8:15 p.m., 423-2060
- Jan. 28** Repertory People of Evansville's "Equus," 8:15 p.m., 423-2060
- Jan. 29** Repertory People of Evansville's "Equus," 7:30 p.m., 423-2060
- Jan. 31** "She Done Him Wrong," USI Spring Film Series, 1:30 and 6 p.m., Forum I



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!



by:
LAURA
EEER
!!!

REMEMBER THE OVER-EXTENDED VISA ?!?



OR THAT AWKWARD FEELING YOU GET WHEN SOMEONE GIVES YOU A PRESENT THAT YOU FORGOT.



HOPING THAT "PERFECT GIFT" IS REALLY PERFECT!



THAT 5 POUNDS THAT WE ALL GAIN OVER THE HOLIDAYS...



Rhonda Sheer to keep USI Up All Night

This year, to celebrate the 30th Anniversary of Homecoming, the Activities Programming Board has great expectations to keep USI, "UP ALL NIGHT". This year's theme revolves around nationally known comedienne Rhonda Shear. Rhonda's show, the USA Network's "Up All Night," is nothing less than a cult

phenomenon.

All clubs, organizations and housing units are encouraged to participate in this year's Spirit Contest. To enter, simply fill out the registration blank found in the back of the homecoming booklets. If you do not receive a booklet and are interested in competing, call the Activities

Programming Board at 464-1872.

The group which accumulates the most points during the week takes proud possession of the Homecoming Sweepstakes Trophy! Each group earns points by entering any of the variety of contests and by entering candidates in the King and Queen Contest. Groups will receive first, second and third places in each event.

Homecoming Activities begin early on January 27 with a Midnight Ski Trip to Paoli, Indiana. The week of Homecoming officially begins Monday, January 30 with a "Paint the Nest Contest." Tuesday night is the Gong Show. Each group must enter a "talent" act in the Gong Show and hope they don't get "GONGED!"

Wednesday, Rhonda Sheer is sure to be the highlight of the week.. Rhonda is entering her third year as Hostess of the USA Network's "UP ALL NIGHT". Opening for Rhonda is Ron Feingold. Ron has been on cable shows and appears frequently in clubs nationwide. The show will be held in the Health Professions Auditorium at 9 p.m. on February 1. Tickets to see Rhonda are \$3 and will be on sale in the Eagle's Nest. Signs will be posted

with exact selling times, but seating is limited so purchase your ticket as soon as possible.

Homecoming continues Thursday with both women's and men's basketball games. At the games there will be a banner contest for groups competing for the spirit award. The games are free to all students. Show your student ID and get in FREE!

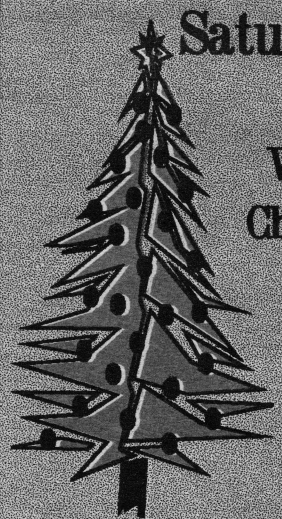
Friday night is a Campus-Wide Semi-Formal Dance. The dance will be in the Dining Room from 8 until 11 p.m. Tickets are \$5 a person or \$8 a couple. Tickets will be on sale in the Eagle's Nest. Look for signs with specific dates and times.

The parade kicks off Saturday with women's and men's basketball games continuing in the afternoon. Several organizations have already begun to work on their floats for this year. It is sure to be the best parade USI has seen. Homecoming concludes with the coronation of the King and Queen at halftime during the men's basketball game.

For additional information on Homecoming or to join the Homecoming Committee call Velvet or Megan at 464-1872.

Children's Christmas Party

Saturday December 10



With Special Guests
Children's Entertainer
Dave Rudolf
&
Santa Claus

Cookies & Punch
provided

11 a.m. - 2 p.m.
University
Center

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RSVP 464-1872 before Friday, Dec 9

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'94**

Up All Night

US!

Rhonda Shear
Hostess of USA Network's
"Up All Night"

Midnight Paoli Ski Trip
Jan. 27

Gong Show
Jan. 31

Paint the Nest
Jan. 30

Rhonda Shear
Feb. 1

Basketball Games
Banner Contest
Feb. 2

Semi-Formal Dance
Feb. 3

Parade
Homecoming Games
Coronation of King & Queen
Feb. 4

Raye offends crowd with lesson in manners

by Julie Rosenbaum

Every time I write about a famous person I have the chance to interview or to listen to, I tell you how great they are. Well readers, we have a different story here.

Recently I was granted an interview with my first country singer. (Besides Willie Nelson, but I consider him in a category by himself.)

On October 29, I was set to interview Collin Raye in Owensboro at 7 p.m. His road manager called and asked me if we could do it between shows. I said that was okay and he left tickets for my cameraman, two friends and me.

My cameraman drove all the way from Bowling Green, Ky. So when we arrived, I told him to just put his camera away and enjoy the first show. None of us are country fans, but his music leans toward easy listening.

I was a little shocked that the star felt he needed no excuses for coming on stage 20 minutes late, yet scolded the audience for talking during the ballad "That was a River."

I am not kidding. He stopped singing and told the audience that he could not sing over their voices. He acted like a school teacher, saying, "There are 16 conversations going on

here. Am I missing something? I can't sing over your voices."

Imagine paying all that money and being told off by the entertainer for talking. Not only that, but we found it a bit unusual when the announcer, before the show, asked the people not the stand or come near the stage.

After the show, my cameraman and I went to the waiting area backstage. The road manager, John Watkins, asked us questions and left us with the promise that in 20 minutes we would be taken to the tour bus and given our interview.

We waited and spoke with the security people. I know them pretty well. Each time the manager came out and said it would be a little while longer, I believed him.

I have interviewed Greg Allman, Lynyrd Skynyrd, The Beach Boys and even the eccentric Edgar Winter. Of all the 18 interviews I have done with a camera, nobody ever gave me a hard time. The bigger the star, like B B King, the nicer they were.

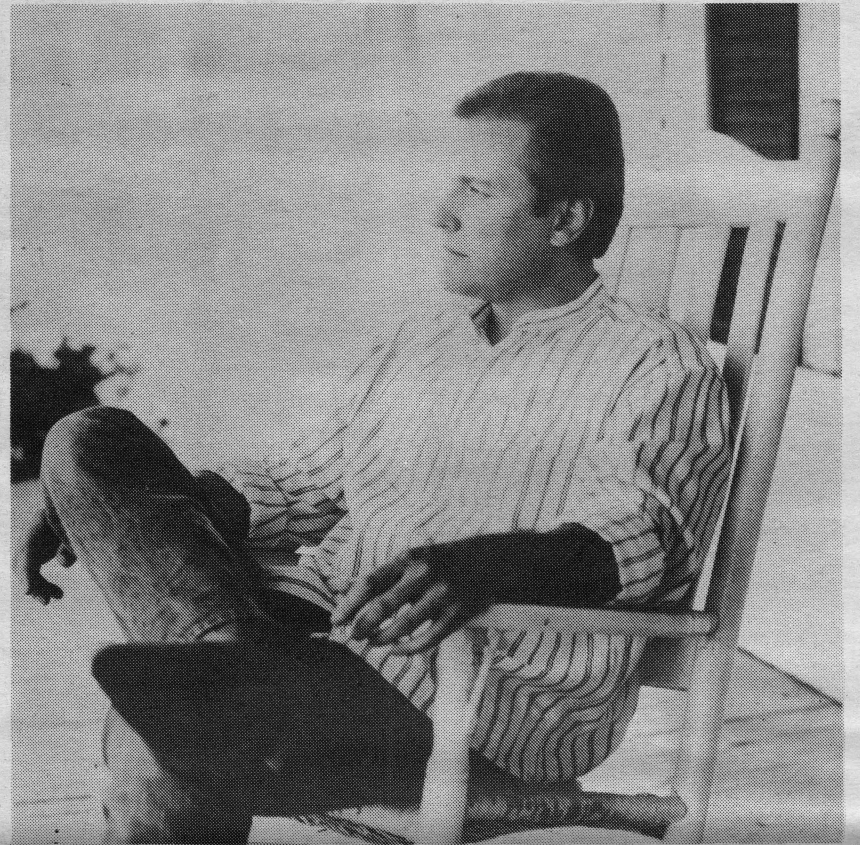
After an hour and a half of waiting, Watkins said that Collins was on the phone and not going to do the interview. If we wanted to wait until 12:30, after the second show perhaps he would talk with us. Right!

We had a little footage of the show and I spoke on camera, apologizing for all the promotion and having no interview. The guys in security told us they never saw Raye off the bus except for when he was performing.

Before my next interview scheduled, with Tracy Byrd a few

weeks later, I called his promoter to make sure that Colin wasn't just an example of how all country singers act. She assured me that he was not and I had nothing to worry about.

Well folks, to paraphrase good ole Collin Raye, this really happened "and that's my story and I'm sticking to it."



Offbeat political writer Thompson does it again

Better Than Sex: Confessions of a Political Junkie (Trapped Like a Rat in Mr. Bill's Neighborhood)

By Hunter S. Thompson
\$23, Random House

Political journalist Hunter S. Thompson abandons retirement for this perspective of the 1992 Presidential election. This is an afterthought to his stunning series of novelistic news reports on political eras gone by.

Thompson, who holds a Ph.D. in Journalism, has made a controversial career as a novelist and National Affairs correspondent for *Rolling Stone* magazine. He embraces a unique, completely unobjective writing style. Thompson said, "(My objectivity) swole up and busted about ten years ago. The only thing I ever saw that came close to Objective Journalism was a closed-circuit TV setup that watched shoplifters . . ."

His style is called Gonzo journalism, and you'll never read it in the *New York Times* or hear it on CNN. The only party affiliation Thompson

can claim is something he calls the Freak Power ticket, but he adopts a democratic viewpoint in order to assimilate into the mainstream.

His latest work includes such journalistic gems as the following true account of his awkward business lunch with Bill Clinton: "... he laughed like a loon and offered me a bunch of french fries that he'd crushed and squeezed in his hands. It was horrible."

In order to fully understand where Doc is coming from, one should read his coverage of the 1972 election, *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72*, or rent the movie based on the tale, "Where the Buffalo Roam, starring Bill Murray as Dr. Gonzo himself.

An "epilogue" to his latest work addresses the recent death of Richard Nixon: "... his funeral was illegal . . . His body should have been burned in a trash bin."

Even staunch Republicans will benefit from Thompson's chemically-induced insights. Liberal Democrats will especially enjoy his observations.

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Tuesday.....	10:00 - 12:30p.m.
Wednesday.....	7:30 - 9:30p.m.
Thursday.....	10:00 - 12:30p.m. 3:15 - 4:45p.m.
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Children (12 and under).....	\$2.25
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Family Night (Limit 2 Adults)....	\$6.00
Skate Rental.....	\$1.25
(\$.50 Discount For Groups Of 25 Or More)	

Special Holiday Hours Dec 26- Dec 31

Call 479-0966 For Schedule

Student Organizations step into spotlight

Ambassadors learn while they serve

Submitted by
Leslie Townsend

The Student Ambassadors serve as the official hosts and hostesses of the University. The primary role of this organization is to familiarize and introduce the University of Southern Indiana to prospective students and their families, as well as the general public, through campus tours and presentations. Assignments are directed by the Office of Admissions.

Student Ambassadors gain excellent public relation and leadership skills which can be useful throughout life. The Ambassadors can make lasting bonds with the University community they serve.

Applications are now being accepted for the Spring semester. Anyone interested in the program may pick up an application at the Office of Enrollment Services. Applicants must be a full or part time student who has attended USI one semester or more, have a GPA of 2.5 or higher, possess strong leadership abilities, and have a genuine desire to assist the University's promotion and growth.

For further information, contact Leslie Townsend, Student Ambassador Advisor, at 464-1670.

Local professionals support communications students

Submitted by
Dana S. Heuring

The Communications Arts Club, along with Career Services, hosted the annual Internship Job Fair on Thursday, November 3, 1994.

The event took place in the Robert D. Orr Center from 11:30 a.m. until 1 p.m.

Professionals from area businesses were asked to set up booths and discuss with students possible internship opportunities.

Companies that participated included: Operation City Beautiful, Impact Entertainment, Red Cross, Evansville Courier Co., WEHT (Channel 25), and others.

A lot of hard work and organization went into this event, but it was worth the results. CAC helped with promotion which involved sending a PSA to 820AM, designing table toppers and fliers, and painting UC windows. CAC officers and members found that painting windows and cleaning them can be a very messy

job (it is harder than it looks).

Marilyn Schmidt of Career Services was very grateful. She said CAC really delivered what it promised. We should all be very proud of ourselves.

Special Thanks from CAC to Dr. Sands for all of her help and support this fall (she even helped us wash the UC windows).

Meeting will resume with the Spring semester. Contact Dana Heuring @ 464-1856 for meeting locations and times.
Don't pass up this opportunity!

International Student Profile

by **Kellie Epley**

Evansville not so unlike Taiwan

January 1991. A young woman boards a plane. She is leaving behind her parents and two younger siblings. Twenty hours later, the plane lands and Kuei-Ling Hu steps off the plane and onto American soil for the first time.

Hu began her college career in the United States by attending Vincennes University for one year. She then completed her bachelor degree in business administration at the University of Southern Indiana. She is currently working toward her MBA at USI and hopes to complete it by May, 1996.

Hu said she had visited big 10 schools like IU and Purdue because "they were well-known and popular in her hometown," but found them to be "too big and not very friendly." While looking at the other colleges, Hu discovered USI, visited the campus, talked with Dr. Wade of the business school, and the rest is history.

Hu said, "USI has an aggressive and helpful faculty-can't find this on a large campus."

Hu enjoys living in Evansville because "the people are friendly" and it has a "big city motto." She compares life in Evansville to that in her hometown in Taiwan.

"We have McDonalds and Pizza Hut," Hu said. "We know who Madonna is and the younger generation dresses like Americans do."

Hu hasn't been home since she boarded the plane in 1991.

"I really miss my family, especially during the holidays," Hu said, "but I'm finally going home to see them this Christmas." Hu's mother and brother, who lives in San Jose, Calif., came to Evansville for her graduation in May. Hu said she was elated to see them.

Hu isn't sure what she wants to do after receiving her MBA.

"It depends on the situation. I love to travel and I want to help people," Hu said. "I'm really looking for a flexible job," she added.

"I love learning about computers," Hu said. Hu is working part time in the Computer and Telephone Services Department on an Internet project. She is designing an easier way for students and faculty to use E-mail. "I'm working on this project so E-mail can become user-friendly for everyone who uses it," she said.

Hu said Taiwan has the potential to influence the world's capital market in the years ahead, and that it is possible that Taiwan's capital could be invested in Evansville.

"I hope I can do something about it. Or help the local business to establish an office in Taiwan."

More than anything, Hu enjoys helping others. "When you see people running into a problem and you solve it for them, it's the most wonderful thing."

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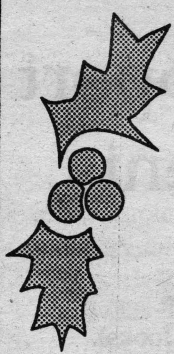
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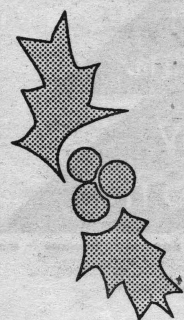
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Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) You are so lucky this month. You are getting that blond you've been drooling over as a gift for Christmas.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) Santa hasn't decided if you should get a lump of coal or presents in your stocking this year. This means you slipped and was nice some of the time. Work on being more naughty. Naughty is more fun.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) I see several inches of something and lots of balls in your future. This can mean only one thing. That's right, it's going to snow for Christmas.

Madame Fortune's



Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) The item at the top of your Christmas list will be hard for Santa to get. Maybe if you ask for something other than inflatable dolls, he can get it for you.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) The key words in your life for the next month are frosting, icicles, and candy canes. There may a lot of licking for you in the coming month.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) You will get what you want for Christmas this year. Santa is a little puzzled as to why you want so many batteries. What kind of apparatus uses so many batteries?

Gemini (May 21-June 21) Your New Year will start out with a Bang! Lucky you!!

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Watch those holiday parties. Some of those drinks you will be having could be real killers.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) Your Christmas will be perfect. Especially if your semester grades get lost in the Christmas mail rush.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Get yourself your own special treat for Christmas this year. This way you will get something you really want. Might I suggest a new lover?

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You may have forgotten to buy that special someone a gift. You are lucky that some of your favorite stores are now open 24 hours. Be careful, at 4:00 A.M., You may run into some really strange creatures.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) You have had a good semester and will have a great holiday season. But watch out, next semester will suck rocks.

Madame Fortune would like to wish everyone Happy Holidays and she would like to thank everyone for helping her through this semester, it's been a tough one. She'll see you all again after break. A little something to leave you with...

What goes up, must come down. But if it can go up again, that's a keeper! Until next time.

Graduate-to-be shares experience, advice

By Cynthia Maddox

As graduation creeps closer for me, it is both a relief and a disappointment. I am glad all the hard work is nearly over, but I have found that I love this environment of slave drivers. I even love some of the slave drivers. Spring will come too soon and leaving is going to be tough.

I have found myself evaluating what I have gained from this experience. Evaluation is a unique experience in itself, and at one time, I really wanted to hurt the professor who made me evaluate my daily life in a journal my first semester. He knows who he is.

I have gained more than an education. I have advice to pass on. I decided to use this opportunity to inform, warn, offend and kiss up before I go next spring. I have never gone out of my way to do any of those things, except maybe kiss up. I am human, after all. I may need favors.

I don't really want to offend anyone, but freshman should be warned that most professors will not be so careful of your sensibilities. If you have thin skin, put on a wet suit or get out now. If you really want to do well in college, listen closely, READ, follow all directions and ASK QUESTIONS. You might actually have to talk to your professors, but this can be good. They might remember who you are around grade time, especially if you ask questions that are related to their lectures.

Admittedly, I am ignorant of other colleges. I don't know if USI is good, bad or mediocre. I do know I have gained so much from the faculty and students at USI that it doesn't matter. I only hope I find a use for it all. In the meantime, I can sure play a mean game of Trivial Pursuit and should be in greater demand socially.

College opened doors to long corridors that, in turn, lead to huge rooms filled with wonderful, interesting things. Many rooms contained frightening subjects, others were fun, but all were worth the effort. I received shock after shock and nearly went nuts. Ask my family.

Even better, ask my advisor, Dr. Pitzer. He smiles, but there is this look when he sees me coming. However, when I leave his office I am sure that the gust at my back is not a sigh of relief.

I would have helped if someone had given me a little warning about classes. For instance, if you are a devoted, fundamentalist Christian don't, for God's sake, take Anthropology and Bible Lit. the same semester, ten minutes apart. That is, unless you are courageous, you really want to learn something new and interesting, or you're just stupid. Dr. Jones will let you walk out of her Anthropology class if you don't like what she says, at least she said so. And please remember it is Bible Lit, not a new religion.

Don't take Geology classes unless you want your whole time-line blown, especially if it really matters to you. I am getting pretty old, by my reckoning, so time has taken on a new meaning. In my Southern vernacular, it just don't matter. Forgive

me, English professors.

I do suggest jazz enthusiasts take Dipietro's Geology class. I'm not a jazz lover, but he is a good teacher and he tells lots of blond jokes.

Don't take any of Dr. Pitzer's history classes unless you really love being bombarded with vast quantities of information. The man's mind is enormous and he tries to give it all away... in one semester. Bring an intelligent sense of humor to class and lots of paper.

Oh, yes, he loves lots of books, too. I have taken about five of Dr. Pitzer's classes and would happily take five more. I crave information and my library is growing, thanks to him. Besides, he's so nice.

Then, there are the communications majors. They are strange people. The professors are a little odd, too. I have never really fit in, but then, I am only a journalism major. I haven't really had the time to develop properly. If you aren't equipped, the best man to teach you is Professor

Roat. That man could try the patience of Job. If I have any talent at all, he didn't give it to me. But, he sure helped me polish it. More important, he made me believe I could do it.

Students have taught me a lot, too. I remember one girl in Introduction to Psychology. She was taking the class a second time because her D wouldn't transfer. A few days ago, I heard another girl admit to same. I wonder if it could be the same girl? Some people thought I was crazy for using a tape recorder in class; they couldn't imagine listening to the same lecture twice.

I also remember the student who never came to class. He was constantly borrowing other people's notes. I never loaned him mine. He's still around,

and there are clones.

If you want to survive, look around for a good friend. Pick someone different from yourself, who'll challenge your opinions with their own, but shares your passion for learning. Be prepared to spend long hours on the phone. My friend and I talk several times a week. If you don't have a passion for learning, get one or find another passion. Preferably one who looks good front and back and can speak without using the word "like".

I don't know if I could have made it through five years with any sense of humor or sanity, without my friend's help. When I wanted to whine, she listened. When my kids were being adorable hellions, she talked me off the roof. When I wanted to kill my

husband for not hanging up his clothes, she understood and helped me plot the murder. When life got to be unbearable, she made me laugh. I hope I've done the same for her.

So you see, college has been more than an intellectual pursuit for me. It has affected every aspect of my life. I made good friends, I hope, among faculty and students. There are lots of good memories, too. I remember Dr. Pitzer's smile when I told him I felt like my brain was going to explode. I remember Professor Roat

reading my first editorial writing paper in class. I remember the day in Anthropology when Dr. Jones said "God only knows what was going on in this period," and the class laughed. I remember the first time I met my best friend. I remember... well, you get the picture. If you don't, you will. I hope.

... freshman should be warned that most professors will not be so careful of your sensibilities.

If you want to survive, look around for a good friend. Pick someone different from yourself, who'll challenge your opinions with their own, but shares your passion for learning.

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Dream Theater — *Awake* (Eastwest)

If every band had the talent of Dream Theater, music would become boring. Fortunately, they sit on their own pedestal of intellectual, eclectic, progressive, yet varying music.

Dream Theater's first release received little media attention, mostly because no one was interested in tempo-changing, complex music. Then they released *Images and Words* and Mtv took notice. Record sales didn't hit the roof, but Dream Theater became a common name among music aficionados. *Awake* proves the virtuosity previously showcased.

Words fail to describe the complexity of Dream Theater's music. Songs average six minutes and morph tempos without exaggerated force; the musicians flit between progressive, metal, light thrash, pop, opera, and fusion in most every song; lyrics are long, complicated, in-depth, and brilliantly composed. Combine all this in a 75-minute CD and the stop button may never be pushed again.

No individual song falls short, but two songs demolish with their intricacies. "The Mirror" begins with a heavy guitar riff that Metallica would like to steal; from there it flies along as the narrator argues his conflicting emotions (regret, love, rage) in a relationship. A piano segue provides the prelude to the hypnotically beautiful "Space-Dye Vest," featuring slow pianos, keyboards, and orchestration.

Production is crystal clean, though lacking a little on the bass drums. And James' voice fills the room just as vividly as it did on *Images and Words*.

Queensryche — *Promised Land* (EMI)

True fans of Queensryche were hesitant about this release considering the obvious commercial appeal of *Empire*. Those who figured that Queensryche would follow the money-making brick road will be surprised by the *Rage For Order*-feel.

Thankfully, the Seattle-born band (before Seattle was notorious for being a grunge factory) returned to their roots of enigmatic and mind-boggling metal of intense, pained, mind-troubling lyrics. For some reason, when they wrote lyrics, an obsession with mental delusions dictated many themes, as three songs deal with mental injuries, three with finding the true individual, and one with the cyberspace possibilities. It may seem redundant, but few complain about Bolton-esque love songs.

The main surprise is the addition of pianos, most notably the piano solo by the powerfully elegant voice of singer Geoff Tate. The pianos may come across as cheesy, but with Queensryche, any instrument is reliably effective.

Add the aura of *Rage for Order*, the delicate pianos, Tate's resonant singing, musical and vocal effects, unclique lyrics, and the patented Chris DeGarmo music and this album more than excuses the pathetic *Empire*. Although Mtv and the radios will inevitably snatch up a few songs, it is obvious Queensryche deliberately wrote this CD without thinking about popular singles and awards. That could, in itself, make *Promised Land* worth buying, but the excellent songs should be the justification.

My Dying Bride — *Turn Loose the Swans* (Peaceful/ Futurist)

Music like My Dying Bride's is difficult to explain. It's not death metal because the lyrics don't espouse the wonderments of mutilation; and it's not speed or thrash metal because the music is often slow and melodic with only occasional bursts of thrash, and it's definitely not commercial metal because the songs average over seven minutes and the topics aren't fully coherent. Several magazine articles have called My Dying Bride's music (along with their brethren Anathema and Paradise Lost) "doom metal." A better description I've heard and read is "gothic metal."

My Dying Bride's music features constantly changing tempos, almost as many as Dream Theater, and they are one of the scarce bands employing a violinist to accompany slow, heavily-distorted guitars and entrancing keyboards. The song topics are often emotional sorrow and suffering and the rage resulting from depression; lyrics use symbolic, poetic imagery to relate the emotions.

The CD begins with "Sear Me MCMXCIII," a seven-minute hypnotic ode of keyboards, pianos, violins, and soft singing (this song will be the first song at my wedding if I ever get married). Track 2 is the depressing epic "Your River," whose brutal and haunting imagery begins in the first two lines: "Your bloodied body is what I cling to/ in powerful rain, they laid down their heads to die." The tempo changes, especially during the three-minute intro, flow as well as any progressive metal band could perform. As the song nears death metal territory, the lead singer, Aaron, trades his singing voice for the typical, deep chainsaw growl; fortunately, the growling is kept to a minimum and used in places where it accentuates the music and lyrical emotion. The other epic song is track 5, "Crown of Sympathy." The crux of the song deals with the narrator's wish for his closest love to comfort him as he dies. It begins with "see the light and feel my warm desire run through your veins like the evening sun/ It will live, but no eyes will see it/ I'll bless your name before I die."

Because of almost no exposure and an extremely limited market of buyers who appreciate dark, forbidding metal, My Dying Bride is a difficult CD to be found even though it is only several months old. Yet, it is well worth the purchase, especially for "Sear Me," the ultimate candle-light romantic metal song.

Fight — *Mutations* (Epic)

Like so many power-groove metal bands, Fight, led by the famous ex-Judas Priest screamer Rob Halford, decided to record industrial-inspired remixes. In order to persuade more people to buy the CD, Fight included four live songs, three from their recent CD *War of Words* and the classic Priest song "Freewheel Burning," which sounds close to the original but with a dose of Fight's anger.

Unlike so many industrial-inspired remixes, these tend not to get boring as quickly, especially when compared to the Pantera remixes on the *Biomechanical* import CD. The best is "Vicious (Middle Finger Mix)" which has a timely-applied pseudo-techno beat and an opera singer and just enough tempo changes to keep the remix from being cliché. Following in close second is the grandiose "War of Words (Bloody Tongue Mix)" which features sections that sound very little like the original. The "Immortal Sin (Tolerance Mix)" mellows out the original song, in an Alice in Chains style. For horizontal dancing, "Little Crazy (Straight Jacket Mix)" offers a solid, pounding drum beat throughout most of the song, and is much improved compared to the original except for the identical chorus and the repetitious ending.

Remixes are great to listen to, especially brutally loud, because of the variation of the original songs, but they become boring after a few plays. However, many can be utilized for their beat for dancing—especially horizontal—and *Mutations* offers a few more remixes for an anthology.

Overkill — *W.F.O.* (Atlantic)

Celebrating ten years of distinctive thrash, Overkill has released their seventh CD to a diminishing fan market. Although their last effort, *I Hear Black*, is almost laughable, the fault of a shrinking market is not all theirs: the fault lies with the market who does not believe in the slamming double-bass drums but prefer the AC/DC simple, danceable beat; also, the increasing popularity of groove-metal isn't helping Overkill's powerful, straight-ahead, get-outta-my-way-before-I-run-you-over attitude.

On *W.F.O.*, two of Overkill's best attributes are still present: the crisp sound production and DD Verni's chuga-chuga bass lines. Very few bands have a bass player like DD who consistently matches every guitar riff yet seems to stand alone.

The entire effort is easily recognizable as Overkill, but for some reason their ability to write a CD full of excellent songs has diminished to, like so many others, seven or eight mediocre songs surrounding three or four premier jams. And lead singer Bobby Ellsworth slowly creeps toward power-groove singing by using more low-end angry growls compared his normal screams.

Although the entire effort is meritable, the best trick is something most CD listeners may never even catch. The track display shows 99 songs, but 12—98 are dead silence. By letting the CD operate normal, when it reaches 99, after three seconds, the CD shuts off; however, by fast forwarding through 98 and 99, track 99 will run to about 4:30, then begin running backwards. At 3:50, the band plays a two-minute version of Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" and then a clip from a song that, unfortunately, I'm not totally sure who originally recorded it, but the chorus is "don't turn your back on the ripper." After that it is a little Jimi Hendrix jam. The clock timer runs backward to zero then forward again 3 seconds before shutting off. This may be the best aspect of the CD.

Why Things Are...

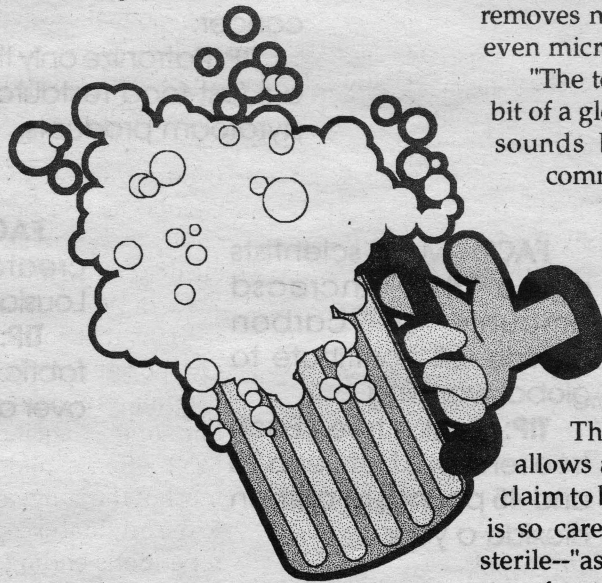
by Joel Achenbach

Q. Why do beer companies brag that their products are "cold-filtered" or "beechwood-aged" or "dry-brewed" or "genuine draft" even though no one knows what these terms mean?

A. In the old days, when we were small children, a "draught" beer come out of a tap, and words had specific meanings. Today, there is beer sold in bottles and cans that purports to be "draft" beer. We are thrilled at the de-Britishizing of the word, but you have to admit that the total subversion of the word's meaning is a strong reminder that we live very close to the End of Time.

Obviously, the main reason beer companies use these terms is that

customers respond favorably to them, and buy more beer. This is called "marketing."



The fact is that all beer is cold-filtered. "Cold-filtered" refers to a type of filtering in which a fine screening removes not only all particulates but even microbes.

"The term 'cold-filtered' is a little bit of a glorification of a process that sounds better from a marketing communication standpoint than 'ultra-fine microscopic screening' or some other term," says Tom Sharbaugh, the vice president for Brand Management at Anheuser-Busch.

This filtering process also allows a canned or bottled beer to claim to be "draft" beer. The filtering is so careful, and the conditions so sterile--"aseptic-filling" is the industry term for a clean operation-- that nasty

bacteria are eliminated. That means that beer doesn't have to be pasteurized. (Pasteurization involves briefly heating beer, which kills not only the bacteria, but also some flavor.)

That is why old-fashioned "draught" beer wasn't pasteurized, either. So that's why this new stuff claims to be "draft" though it creates problems, such as what you call a "Miller Genuine Draft" that comes from a draft keg. A Miller Genuine Draft draft?

But don't be cynical about marketing. It is through brilliant marketing that the beer industry makes the profits that can be funneled in the form of advertising to the TV networks that broadcast the major professional sporting events that provide the jobs for athletes not yet old enough or fat enough to appear in beer commercials.

Why staff monkeys around with Shakespeare

A Conundrum Solved

The Why staff has developed an obsession over a truism, and we have to deal with it before we can return to our normal format (pose a provocative question, give a brilliant answer, retract everything the following week). The truism is: If an infinite number of monkeys pound randomly on an infinite number of typewriters, one of them will write "Hamlet."

There are slight variations on this--you might have just a few monkeys and infinite amount of time. For that matter, the truism works if you have just one monkey, so long as the monkey is given an infinite amount of time to tickle the keyboard.

We decided the truism needed to be checked out. We found that the truism is, in fact, true, but with an asterisk.

First, you have to realize that the mathematical basis of the truism is irrefutable. If a single monkey is put in front of typewriter (we are presuming that the monkey has some innate desire to type, and never grows old or gets tired or runs out of typing paper), there is a very small but nonzero probability that he will knock out "Hamlet" his first try. The more chances the monkey gets, the greater the probability of writing "Hamlet." As the number of chances rises to infinity, the probability of writing "Hamlet" increases to 1--certainty.

You should also recognize a disturbing corollary of the truism: Not only will the monkey eventually write "Hamlet," he'll even write the lesser Shakespearean plays, and all the works of Marlow, Shaw, O'Neill, and he'll write "Moby Dick" and "Soul on Ice," and he'll write that letter you mother sent you last week in which she talked about the beetles in her garden, and he'll write the Great American Novel that will be composed in the year 2078 by and as-yet unliving person.

The monkey, by chance, will eventually write everything that can be written using a typewriter keyboard. (We'll cut him some slack on italicizing

certain stage directions.)

An article in *New Scientist* magazine in 1984 criticized the monkey truism on the grounds that there's not enough energy in the universe to allow a monkey to hit the keyboard enough times to come up with even the line, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But we don't share that objection, because this is just a thought experiment, not a real experiment.

Here's our beef: The same randomness that causes the monkey to write "Hamlet" should leave open the very slim possibility that the monkey will not write "Hamlet."

Let's say the monkey, by chance, is in the middle of pounding out "Hamlet" and is right at the point where Hamlet is holding Yorick's skull, and the monkey types, "Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him . . ." What will he type next? The text says, "I knew him, Horatio," but people often misquote the line as, "I knew him well." Sure, chances are that at some point during the infinite reaches of time the monkey will write, "I knew him, Horatio," but--here's the rub--it wouldn't violate any law of physics or math for the monkey to screw up the line every time, forever.

It also wouldn't violate any laws of physics or math for someone flipping a coin to flip tails, and only tails, forever. Every flip, just as every keystroke, is an independent act and can have any result.

So maybe we shouldn't say the monkey "will" type Hamlet.

This, admittedly, is a hairsplitting point, though not totally inappropriate given the already absurd nature of the truism. Listen to this, from James Cargile, professor of philosophy at the University of Virginia: "Something could have a probability of zero and nonetheless happen, or a probability of 1 and not happen."

His colleague and UVA, Paul Humphreys, helped us understand this paradox. Take an infinite number of monkeys and let them type. The first monkey might hit "Hamlet" after 2 billion years, the second after two weeks, and the third might never (as we've shown) type "Hamlet" at all. At that point, the ratio of monkeys who will type "Hamlet" to the total number of monkeys is $2/3$. The fourth monkey will type "Hamlet" after 900 quadrillion years. So the ratio rises to $3/4$. The fifth types "Hamlet" after a period of time so vast that the imagining of it would cause your brain to explode. The ratio is now $4/5$.

This continues on down the line of monkeys. Occasionally a monkey fails to write "Hamlet"--but at the same time, the ration of monkeys who do type "Hamlet" to the total number of monkeys get infinitely close to one.


And a number that is "infinitely close to one" is, in fact, one. A mathematician will say that these are simply two ways of expressing the same number. You might raise some philosophical objections, but on the chalkboard it's undisputed.

So the bottom line is: There is a probability of one that a monkey will write "Hamlet," even though you can't rule out the possibility that he might never write out anything better than "Titus Andronicus."

We're glad we could clear this up.

(For the record, the preceding was typed in two hours. Pretty much randomly.)





Green Tips

1994 Kevin A. McLean, Tampa, FL
 Please send your tips to:
 Green Tips, Suite 280,
 W. Kennedy Blvd., Tampa, FL 33609

FACT: Americans drive nearly 4 billion miles a day, using 200 million gallons of gasoline.

TIP: Don't exceed the speed limit. A car is 20 - 30 percent more efficient travelling at 50 MPH than 70 MPH.

FACT: The coolant in auto a/c units is a major source of Chloroflourocarbons which destroy the protective ozone layer.

TIP: make sure your a/c is repaired or recharged at a service station that uses a refrigerant reclaiming system.

FACT: Radial tires increase fuel efficiency by 4 percent.

TIP: Use radial tires and be sure to always maintain proper tire pressure.

FACT: Chloroflourocarbons (CFCs) are emitted in the manufacturing of styrofoam products. These CFCs break down the protective ozone layer which may lead to increased ultraviolet radiation and skin cancer.

TIP: Patronize only those businesses (such as fast-food restaurants) that do not use styrofoam products.

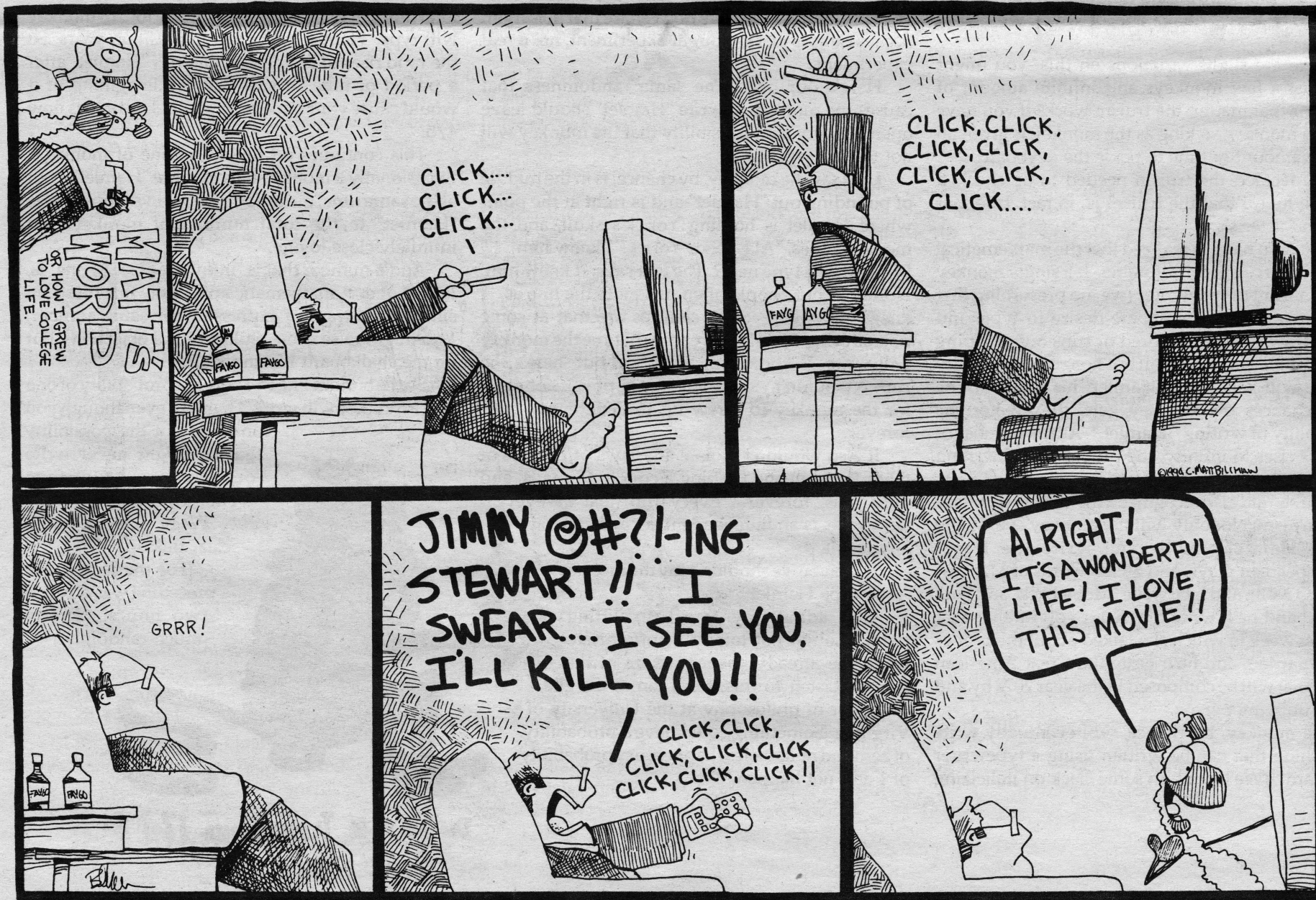
FACT: Most scientists agree that increased amounts of carbon dioxide will contribute to global warming.

TIP: Plant a tree. Each tree removes between 25 and 45 pounds of carbon dioxide a year.

FACT: Every twelve hours, Americans create enough garbage to fill the Louisiana Superdome.

TIP: When shopping, use your own fabric shopping bag which can be used over and over. Or, reuse your old bags.

Help save our world a little bit at a time.
 We can be the start of a global conscienceness, caring for and maintaining the planet. It isn't like we can pick up and move.



MATT'S
WORLD
OR HOW I GREW TO
LOVE COLLEGE LIFE.

THANK YOU FOR THIS
HOLIDAY SEASON. THIS
YEAR I WOULD LIKE
PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL
TOWARDS SHEEP.

I WOULD LIKE TO MEET
A NICE GIRL SHEEP. I
WOULD LIKE A SUBSCRIPTION
TO T.V. GUIDE, I WOULD LIKE
A GARDEN WEASEL, I WOULD
LIKE A PASSING GRADE IN
ART HISTORY, AND...

PITTER
PATTER.
PITTER
PATTER.

ANDA PAIR OF
THESE!!

WHOA!
AND A
BIG PAIR
OF
THOSE!!

WHAT AM I
SAYING?!!

GOD WON'T ACCEPT
A WISH LIKE THAT?!
NOW I'VE GOT TO
START OVER AGAIN.

PIPE DOWN!
OPRAH IS
TALKING

Fu Man Chu

You missed the poor
students at U.S.I

I don't
give a
SHIT!

You WILL give them
the presents

You, **Will**
Die

Merry Christmas
FAT BOY!

I take over...
I am now Santa Chu

HAPPY HAWKKAH! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Holy
cow

STEELAH!!!
TWIT

University of Southern Indiana

December/January Student Activities Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday																																																																																																																		
			7	8 Midnight Breakfast in Housing 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. in New Rec. Center	9	10 Children's Christmas Party 11 a.m. to																																																																																																																		
11 New Rec Center Open 24 HOURS (for finals)	12	13	14	15	16	17 End of Fall Semester																																																																																																																		
FINAL WEEK																																																																																																																								
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To see YOUR club's events here for next semester, campus mail schedules ASAP to ATTN: Transitions Magazine, UC 113.																																																																																																																								
25 Merry Christmas!	Coming up in January... <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Mondays</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.</td> <td>Thursdays</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>1:30 - 2:30 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>SPAN</td> <td>SC 190</td> <td>3 - 4 p.m.</td> <td>Social Work Club</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>4:30 - 6 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Math Club</td> <td>GLH</td> <td>7:30 - 11:00</td> <td>SGA Senate</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>7:30 - 10 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Pep Band</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>Medieval Society</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Tuesdays</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>2 - 3 p.m.</td> <td>Fridays</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>3 - 4 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Strange Puppy Society</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>3:30 - 4:30 p.m.</td> <td>Alpha Chi</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>1 - 2 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>CAC</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>4:30 - 6 p.m.</td> <td>Bible Study</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>SGA House</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>5 - 6 p.m.</td> <td>Sundays</td> <td>UC 353</td> <td>5 - 10 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>IFC</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>7 - 10 p.m.</td> <td>Delta Zeta</td> <td>UC 352</td> <td>5:30 - 10 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>MASH J-Board</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>7 - 8:30</td> <td>Alpha Gamma Delta</td> <td>UC 351</td> <td>6 - 10 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>HOPE of Heart</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>Alpha Sigma Alpha</td> <td>UC 350</td> <td>6 - 9 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Wednesdays</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>9 - 10:30 p.m.</td> <td>Lambda Chi Alpha</td> <td>UC L 100</td> <td>6 - 10 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sigma Tau Delta</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>Noon - 1 p.m.</td> <td>Alpha Kappa Psi</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Strange Puppy Society</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>Noon - 1:30 p.m.</td> <td>Phi Delta Theta</td> <td>GLH</td> <td>6:30 - 11 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>APB</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>2 - 4:30 p.m.</td> <td>Alpha Kappa Lambda</td> <td>UC 118</td> <td>6 - 10 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>MASH J-Board</td> <td>FA 58</td> <td>Noon - 1 p.m.</td> <td>Alpha Sigma Phi</td> <td>TBA</td> <td>9 - 11 p.m.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>SCF</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>3 - 5 p.m.</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>BSU</td> <td>UC 113F</td> <td>9 - 11 p.m.</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Panhellenic</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table>					Mondays	UC 118	11 a.m. - 12:30 p.m.	Thursdays	UC 118	1:30 - 2:30 p.m.	SPAN	SC 190	3 - 4 p.m.	Social Work Club	UC 118	4:30 - 6 p.m.	Math Club	GLH	7:30 - 11:00	SGA Senate	UC 118	7:30 - 10 p.m.	Pep Band			Medieval Society	UC 118		Tuesdays	UC 113F	2 - 3 p.m.	Fridays	UC 118	3 - 4 p.m.	Strange Puppy Society	UC 118	3:30 - 4:30 p.m.	Alpha Chi	UC 113F	1 - 2 p.m.	CAC	UC 118	4:30 - 6 p.m.	Bible Study			SGA House	UC 113F	5 - 6 p.m.	Sundays	UC 353	5 - 10 p.m.	IFC	UC 118	7 - 10 p.m.	Delta Zeta	UC 352	5:30 - 10 p.m.	MASH J-Board	UC 113F	7 - 8:30	Alpha Gamma Delta	UC 351	6 - 10 p.m.	HOPE of Heart			Alpha Sigma Alpha	UC 350	6 - 9 p.m.	Wednesdays	UC 118	9 - 10:30 p.m.	Lambda Chi Alpha	UC L 100	6 - 10 p.m.	Sigma Tau Delta	UC 113F	Noon - 1 p.m.	Alpha Kappa Psi			Strange Puppy Society	UC 118	Noon - 1:30 p.m.	Phi Delta Theta	GLH	6:30 - 11 p.m.	APB	UC 118	2 - 4:30 p.m.	Alpha Kappa Lambda	UC 118	6 - 10 p.m.	MASH J-Board	FA 58	Noon - 1 p.m.	Alpha Sigma Phi	TBA	9 - 11 p.m.	SCF	UC 113F	3 - 5 p.m.				BSU	UC 113F	9 - 11 p.m.				Panhellenic						31 NEW YEAR'S EVE
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