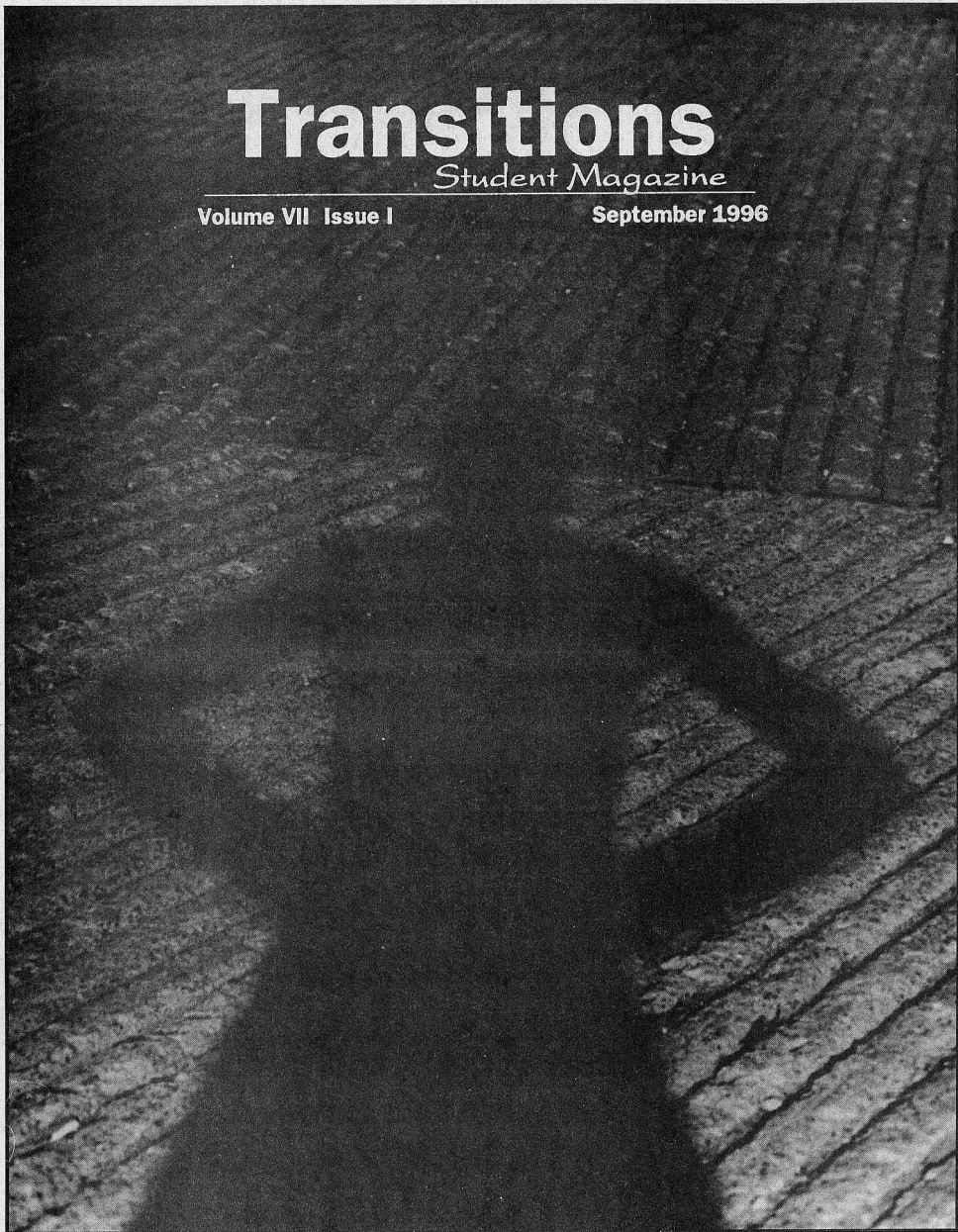


Transitions

Student Magazine

Volume VII Issue I

September 1996



Inside

Vol VII Issue I September 1996

Editor
Tracy Bee

Assistant Editor
Tracy Ford

Poetry Editor
Shannon Neese

Contributing Writers

Jennifer Hunley
Joni Hoke
Jamy Schuler
Sherri R. Zeller

Artists/Cartoonists

C. Matt Billman
Monica Blanc
Bill Johns

Advisor
Ron Roat

Cover Photo by John Farless

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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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Evansville, IN 47712

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Good News and Bad News

As last year's editor of *Transitions* I would like to welcome my successor and wish her well. I would like to tell her she can call on me for guidance or late-night crying jags. I would like to say good luck and thanks for letting me write one last editor's note.

I would like to, but I can't.

Ah, you think, perhaps I am bitterly jealous of this young upstart who has taken my job. Already I am mourning the loss of my power, fame and glory, you think. It hurts too much to say good-bye and good luck.

Hardly.

No upstart exists. No one, besides me, applied for the position of *Transitions* editor -- again. This absence of candidates was not from lack of trying on my part as any regular reader of this feature knows.

Watch this semester as each editor's note become a little more jaded and bitter as I burn out and try to juggle classes and other responsibilities with this job. How's that for a teaser?

The headline? Like all headlines, that was a teaser, too. The good news and the bad news is that the old editor is back. The good news is that I learned a lot last year and will do a decent job this semester and even the next, if I have to. The bad news? Some one capable is losing out on a valuable experience. I'm losing out on other experiences. Readers are losing out on a different perspective.

Resigned to my fate, I sincerely want to welcome returning students back and say hello to new USI students. Some friendly advice to these new students is offered on page 8. It took me years to realize some of the tips on that page, but I give my hard-won knowledge freely. A few of my favorite professors also give some priceless advice.

Being a first-year student or a transfer student isn't easy. Sometimes it is hard fitting in or finding friends. I was miserable my first two years at USI. Actually, I'm miserable now, but it is a more contented, grouching-for-the-sake-of-grouching type of misery.

To make the transition to college or at least *this* college easier, consider becoming involved with extracurricular activities. I hate to tow the party line, but besides the obvious resume padding, you do meet people and learn to budget your time.

USI also offers a vast array of under-utilized services which make life easier. Details were included in the orientation package you threw away.

Services include career counseling, therapy, tutoring and research and computer facilities. Don't be timid. Remember: The people who work in these services are paid to help you.

Oh, and did anyone tell you greenies we have a pool? This isn't like high school where some clever senior tries to sell pool and elevator passes to innocent freshmen for the privilege of using nonexistent pools and elevators. USI has these perks. Passes are available in the *Transitions* office for a nominal fee.

For returning readers, *Transitions* will offer many of the same features this year. Some of these features are missing from the first issue because this magazine was, after all, thrown together during summer vacation. Next issue, Glenn Hasenour will return with his music reviews while Mike Whicker will offer his version of conservatism this election year.

This issue isn't completely bare. The poetry pages live on thanks to the work of poetry editor Shannon Neese. Joni Hoke returns, but critiques older movies rather than books. The staff restaurant review returns on a smaller scale for this summer issue. And Jen-

The editor runs in and out all day, every day, but the best times to catch her are:

Monday

1 - 2 p.m.

Thursday

2 - 3 p.m.

Or, be original and make an appointment.

If you find anything amiss in this or any other issue of *Transitions*, please call 464-1856.

nifer Hunley joins the staff to write, of all things, poetry reviews.

Wanting to know what readers want, we published a reader survey in the last issue. I was pleasantly surprised by the quality of surveys returned, though a little dismayed at the quantity. A synopsis of survey answers follows on the next page.

We will try to fulfill some of our readers requests and follow some of the suggestions. Expect more reviews of all types, more photographs, and more feature articles.

Some of the requests, however, require more staff members or contributing writers. If anyone is interested in becoming involved in *Transitions*, give us a call or stop by the office.

We are especially interested in brave individuals who would consider taking the editor's place next semester or school year.

Tracy Bee
thee@risc.usi.edu
or thee.ncs@stmp.usi.edu

Survey Results: Some people like *Transitions*

We didn't expect any responses to last semester's *Transitions* Reader Questionnaire. Imagine our surprise when we received not one, but 12 surveys back. Of course, it is impossible to draw conclusions about our readership from so few surveys. Of course, we're going to do it anyway.

As we predicted, most of those who responded like *Transitions*. And, most offered constructive criticism. One respondent, however, called *Transitions* a "book of the devil." We can only guess that person has never picked up *The Necromacron* or even *The Anarchist's Cookbook*. I think he would find our little magazine really doesn't compare.

We intend to follow some of the advice given by readers and some will be considered as situations permit. One student would like more short essays and short fiction. Others want more "background articles on USI events" and profiles on professors.

Some of the suggestions include movie reviews, R&B music reviews "since there isn't an R&B radio station in Evansville," and articles about alumni, Greek activities and fashion.

One anonymous respondent said

he/she "would like to see the writers of *Transitions* get more involved with the minorities on campus. It seems that no one cares about this group."

Another interesting suggestion called for "less news and more creative work -- *The Shield* is for news."

Two people disliked the "boring, whiny poetry." Others said they liked that feature of the magazine.

One person expressed dismay over our "weird" cover photos.

One wish that was duly noted (because it is our wish also) was for more photography and art to accompany articles. John Farless was one of those who offered this suggestion. As punishment, John is now be one of our photographers. We'll be calling the rest of you shortly.

John also appreciated "the freedom from annoying advertisements."

Unfortunately, the lack of ads was not by design. This year we hope to have more ads. More ads mean more money. More money means we can do cool things like add color and enter journalism contests. Sorry.

We received only one faculty response, but that person made up for the lack of attention from the others. In large

blue marker, the respondent wrote that *Transitions* was "getting better every year!"

Three of the 12 really liked the editor and sung her praises. Since three of the respondents were friends of hers we don't find that so surprising.

We've already mentioned the person who found nothing in *Transitions* to his liking. He returned his copy ripped to shreds and made assumptions about the religious persuasion of our writers. This respondent, who answered with his name and number, gave us no reason to doubt his earnestness.

He says he "would like to see [*Transitions*] banned" and that "it give publications a bad name." He found the magazine "perverted and heretical. A waste of time."

He must have read our feature on the diabolical Eagle Gran Prix.

Fortunately, the other respondents disagreed with him for the most part. Respondents said they like the variety, the organization, the lack of censorship and the fact that the magazine is printed in English.

One funny person said, "I like *Transitions* a lot--I also like it as a magazine."

Submissions Guidelines

Transitions accepts feature articles, essays, reviews and other opinion pieces as well as poetry and fiction. Cartoons, photos, artwork or unique features are also welcome.

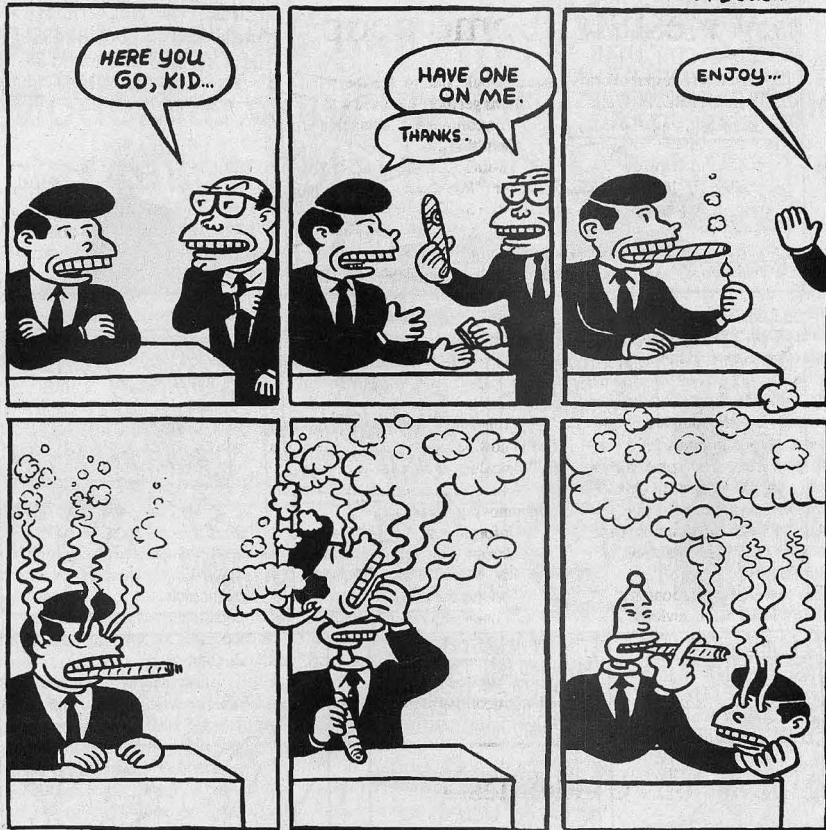
Please submit articles on IBM-formatted 3 1/2" computer disks accompanied by paper copies. Typed or legibly-written submissions unaccompanied by disk are grudgingly accepted.

Submissions will not be returned unless arrangements have been made with the editor.

For more information call 464-1856.

THE CIGAR

© MICHAEL
94 DOUGAN



Fact: The average American consumes twice the energy of the average European and eight times the energy of the average in developing countries.

Tip: When cooking small portions, use your microwave. While it may use the same energy per minute, it can usually cook much faster.



DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THIS MIGHTY ARENA, IN THE "A" LEAGUE TOWN OF CEDAR CITY, UTAH, IS AN ACCOUNTANT WHO IS THE HEART OF THIS BASEBALL TEAM...

...AND FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS WEEK HE HAS MANAGED TO LOCK HIMSELF IN THE RESTROOM... ITS ONLY WEDNESDAY!

ERNIE! ERNIE! DEAR GOD, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

JOEY JOEY JOEY!!! CALM... DOWN... JUST DON'T CALL ...MY... FIANCE... ..JOEY... JOEY?! DON'T...

HE DID WHAT?! IT'S ONLY @#?! WEDNESDAY!!

THAT'S THE THIRD @#?! TIME THIS WEEK??!!... @#!*#?!

SPEAKER PHONE'S WORKIN' GOOD...

ERNIE MORGAN, CPA, ACCOUNTANT GENIUS BEHIND THE CEDAR CITY SPATULAS BASEBALL TEAM. (CURRENTLY LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM)

THE TEAM HAS DREADFUL PITCHING BUT THE LOCAL SPATULA FACTORY DOES PROMOTE SPATULA NIGHT FOR EVERY THIRD HOME GAME.

GOD I HATE THIS CITY.

OH THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE. UH...HE'S LOCKED IN THE JOHN... AGAIN...

HE'LL BE SO GLAD TO KNOW YOU'RE HERE... AGAIN.

THIRD TIME THIS WEEK BY OUR COUNT.

JOEY! IF YOU'VE CALLED THOSE MANIACS AT THE FIRE DEPT AGAIN IT'S GONNA BE YOUR JOB!!

Drinking with Baby

Moderate drinking during pregnancy can cause Fetal Alcohol Syndrome

Casi is at a party. She just learned today that she is six weeks pregnant, but her impending motherhood does not worry her as it would some young women. She and her fiancé are planning to marry in six months anyway, and the baby will only speed up the

on studies regarding the dangers of maternal alcohol consumption to the developing fetus. In the beginning the studies concentrated on heavy drinkers, those who consumed five or more drinks on some occasions and at least 45 drinks per month. Recent studies,

however, suggest that even small to moderate levels of alcohol can have an ad-

verse effect on the fetus. FAS afflicts an estimated 5,000 or more children a year worldwide and is the leading known cause of mental retardation in the United States. FAS is 100 percent preventable.

Terri Risen, a social worker at The Rehabilitation Center, says determining an accurate account of the number of FAS children is difficult. She works with children who have been diagnosed with FAS, but says she feels The Rehabilitation Center deals with many undiagnosed FAS victims. Actual diagnosis is hampered by the mother's reluctance to disclose her drinking habits during pregnancy.

Alcohol consumption at any time during the pregnancy is potentially harmful to the fetus. Early exposure, during the first trimester when the mother may not even suspect she is pregnant, poses the greatest risk for serious physical and neurological defects.

Binge drinking during the second trimester may cause fetal distress. The greatest brain development is during the third trimester.

It is also the period when the fetus undergoes rapid and substantial growth. Alcohol can impair this growth.

Research has shown, however, that babies born to women who reduce heavy drinking before the third trimester have fewer problems than babies born to women who continue drinking throughout pregnancy.

Although Casi is a fictional character, many of us may find ourselves in similar situations. If you, like Casi, are pregnant and are tempted to drink, please stop and think. Think about the damage you may cause to your unborn child. Your drinking now could cause your child problems all of his or her life. Is your drink really worth that risk?

—*Sherri R. Zeller*

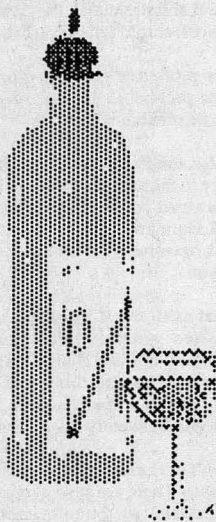
SURGEON GENERAL WARNING: Women who are pregnant should avoid the consumption of alcohol because of the risk of birth defects.

wedding. She always wanted children and the prospect makes her a little excited.

At the party, a friend offers Casi a beer. She has always enjoyed a few beers at parties and doesn't hesitate to drink tonight. Oh, sure she has heard the warnings about drinking during pregnancy, but Casi doesn't consider herself an alcoholic; she only drinks on the weekends and usually not enough to get drunk. Those warnings are only for women who drink hard liquor or are alcoholics, right?

Wrong. No matter whether a pregnant woman has a shot of bourbon or just sips a glass of wine, the alcohol she drinks passes through her bloodstream to the placenta and into the baby's bloodstream. Because the fetal metabolism is 50 percent slower than the mother's, the effects of alcohol are likely to stay with the baby longer. In fact, the unborn baby's blood alcohol concentration is higher than the mother's during the second or third hour after a drink is consumed.

The term Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (FAS) was introduced in 1973, based



Advice to Freshmen . . .

and Really Slow Upperclassmen

Tips for surviving your two to ten years at USI

Ninety percent of life is just showing up a wise man once said. Another 8% could probably be ascribed to keeping your mouth shut and following the rules until there's a really good reason to break them. The following tips are designed to help college neophytes fulfill those prerequisites to success with grace.

Show up with style and perhaps someone will give you credit for being much smarter than you really are. At the very least, this handy-dandy list of tips might keep you out of trouble.

1. Read the syllabus. Some professors spend hours on this useful tome with your best interests in mind. Of

course, others remembered it 30 minutes before class and furiously typed it out while muttering repeatedly under their breaths: "The little rodents won't read it anyway."

Good reasons to read the syllabus:

- It's your helpful guide for the class. It tells you what to expect and when, more or less.
- After reading the syllabus, you can decide if your interests and abilities match the class.
- You look stupid when you ask a question that's covered on it.
- Some professors give pop quizzes over the syllabus.
- Some professors list assignments on the syllabus that won't be mentioned in class.

2. Listen the first time. Don't ignore your professor while you try to think up questions to impress him. Chances are he answered your question five minutes ago.

Redundancy annoys professors and makes you look stupid, or worse, a brown-noser. Other students won't play with you.

3. That said, don't be afraid to ask stupid questions. Professors are paid to answer your stupid questions. There's also the slim chance that your question might not be as stupid as you think. For every person muttering, "Man, what a stupid question," when you speak, three others will be silently thanking you.

4. Don't skip class. This seems so obvious, but you'll do it anyway. There are several reasons why you shouldn't:

- *Intellectual Cost:* You miss important information. Even

if you get notes from someone else, those notes won't be as good as yours. No one's going to listen when you whine: "It wasn't my fault I failed. Joe's notes sucked."

- *Financial Cost:* A 3-hour class costs you \$240 a semester for in-state tuition. Missing classes means you (and the state which subsidizes your education) lose money.

- *Kiss-up Cost:* Miss a class, your professor will hate you. Just try to get an A.

- *Point Cost:* USI has an attendance policy. Most of your professors will take attendance.

Many figure it into your grade. Some of them resent teaching to apathetic, half-filled

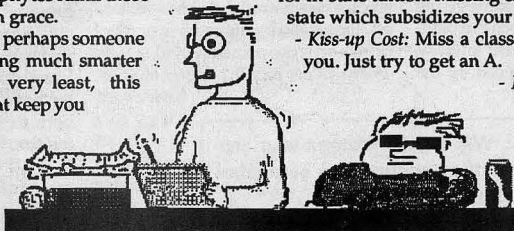
classrooms so they weigh it heavily in your grade. Just try to get an A. Ha.

5. If you do miss a class, don't ask your professor if you missed "anything important." They consider everything they say important. Asking if you missed anything "for the test" will annoy some of them, too. Some professors have policies on missing classes; consult your syllabi. Otherwise, tell them ahead of time that you will miss a class or apologize afterwards. Let them know you care about your education and that you're not just some slouch who skips classes to make their lives miserable, even if this is true. Get notes and handouts from a fellow student. See number 8.

6. Take advantage of office hours. Professors at USI are more accessible than those at many other universities. Most post regular office hours and some even keep them. Some students learn much more about their favorite subjects in a professor's office than in class. Visiting professors also helps shake the feeling that you are just a number in another impersonal institution.

One of the things that kept this writer in school her sophomore year was visiting professors during their office hours. That and the fact the Peace Corps rejected her.

7. Don't make a habit of showing up unexpected outside of office hours . . . unless your professor welcomes it. Professors are busy people. They like to take naps and hang out with their friends just like the real people. They also need private time to reflect, unlock the mysteries of the



universe and, perhaps most important, grade your tests and papers.

What happens if you interrupt your professor as she grades your really awful comparison/contrast of Disney's Peg-leg Pete and Melville's Ahab?

Reminded of how annoying you are, the professor might be tempted to give you the grade you deserve rather than the one dictated by the trend of grade inflation.

8. Befriend a fellow student in each class. This person will share the torture with you, study with you, help you when you do skip, and bail you out of jail after you're arrested for underage drinking (but only if he really likes you).

Something to consider: Do you really want to sit in the back row with Joe whose notes suck, but who can mimic the Budweiser Frogs perfectly? This is your future we're talking about. Where will Joe be in 10 years? Well, probably your boss, but if you want to be any good at that job, you'll stay away from him now.

9. Don't pack up early. Your professor probably isn't an idiot; most professors can tell time. Some advanced degrees require it.

And, your mamma didn't raise you to be rude.

Besides breaking every etiquette rule she taught you, there are other ramifications. Professors who hold the keys to the universe often use the last few minutes of class to share them. If you noisily pack up, you miss the meaning of life.

10. If you decide you can't stay another minute in a class, the last thing to do is just stop going. Professors aren't going to assume you're not coming back. It's amazing that some professors get to class themselves. They can't be responsible for you. Fill out the form to drop it *immediately* or you'll receive an ugly surprise at the end of the semester.

—Tracy Bee

Advice for students from professors

Don't have the same relative die more than twice. Keep records. Some professors remember.

Don't miss class because it snows or rains. Don't have your mom call to tell the professor you can't come to class because of an inch of snow. Most professors are not impressed with an inch of snow.

Observe deadlines. Don't blame your failure to meet them on (1) computer labs (2) car failure (3) the line at the writer's workshop (4) library hours, and so on.

Ron Roat
Journalism professor

Do not pummel professors with 1000 questions in the first 30 seconds after she walks in the classroom and is trying to set up.

Do not turn in a research paper lacking footnotes and a bibliography.

Juliana Starr
French professor

Don't sleep or read newspapers in class. Even in large classes, professors really do come to know the faces (if not always names) of their students, and sleeping on desktops or unfolding papers--beyond the obvious drawbacks for learning--produces a notoriety students really don't want to have.

Do take written notes in class or get permission to record the lectures on audio cassette. Beyond being a bit unsettling to the teacher, a student who stares back for the entire class simply will not be able to recall the material when the exam rolls around.

Casey Harison
History professor

A Night on the Town

Police ride along proves exciting

"Two Sam two-two," over the radio.

"Two Sam two-two," back into the mouthpiece.

"Domestic violence in progress at 115 Adams Avenue."

"Clear. En route." Sirens and speed.

It's a good thing these doors are locked from the outside, I thought, as my body slid across the squad car's vinyl back seat and slammed hard into one rear door, then the other during quick turns.

Riding along with local police was something I had wanted to do for a long time.

Up front, officers Hoene and Hammer prepared for the run, arranging clipboards and weapons. I tried to prepare mentally for what we might find at the scene.

This turned out to be a man lying on his back in the middle of a side street, his head surrounded by smudges of blood.

Officer Hoene told me I should probably not get out of the car on this one and closed me in, leaving me to scramble into the front and out of the

car, if for no reason other than to smoke.

The entire neighborhood, it seemed, milled around discussing what had taken place. Most people agreed that the man had deserved whatever he suffered as remuneration for the arson he had allegedly committed months before on an inhabited home next door.

Some were more concerned with who I was, and why I had just escaped undisturbed from the squad car. One wiry, irate man with a shock of white hair and no shirt carried a cheap beer in one hand, a broom handle in the other, demanding to tell someone his side of the story.

He hadn't actually been present for the fight between his neighbors, but he felt he knew enough personal dirt on each to have them both "hauled off."

I wanted to assess the injured man's condition, and since no one hovered over him, and since he seemed to be having trouble seeing, I leaned in to check it out—a very gruesome move, since he had been relieved of an eyeball.

A few stray mutts shared my curiosity.

By now, a detective had pulled up in an expensive mint-green Lincoln and an expensive mint-green suit.

"Um, excuse me, ma'am, but unless you're certified in emergency medical care, you'd better step back. There are some things we just don't need to examine that closely.

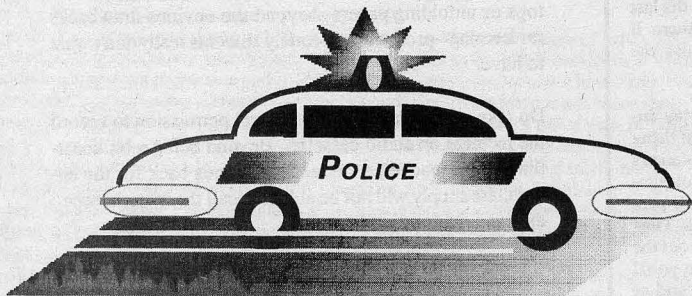
This was just as well, because the dogs never did move, and they were practically struck down by the careening ambulance.

Then, I tried to fetch my sunglasses from the squad car, intending to lay low with the rest of the spectators and perhaps try to ascertain more about the house fire a while back. Problem was, the detective didn't know I was making a ride along and reached for the butt of his pistol as I reached for the door handle.

"What in Hell, young lady, is your problem at this location?" Officer Hoene saved me with one word yelled across the street: "Ride-along!" he said. The detective wore a look which said he thought they should tighten the restrictions on their ride along policy, but he did leave me alone.

I felt safest with Officer Hoene thereafter and wandered over to listen to the confession of the Remover of the Eye, who gave several solid reasons for what he had done and could back them up by obtaining statements from everyone on the block. The confessor was then removed to Downtown.

The victim had



been taken away, too, leaving only the matted, hungry-looking mutts sniffing the bloody street.

"Well, that should just about do it for the exciting stuff," I thought.

But my timing and location had been carefully plotted, being in the South sector (Downtown) on the second shift right after the beginning of the month, when I knew welfare checks had been distributed and cashed. I craved more action.

That craving was satisfied after a few routine "expired plate" stops. A call came in on a possible burglary of an abandoned school a few blocks away from us. Another unit would meet us at the scene.

This time, knowing my intentions, Officer Hoene made time to open the rear door for me.

"Do what we do. Stay close to the wall," he said. I stuck with him as the other officers spread out to the other three walls.

We edged along with our backs scraping the bricks, craning our necks and listening for the slightest indication of burglars. It was all very Miami-Vice-like (except we wore socks) and made me feel like a dangerous woman, but I would have felt a lot more involved if I'd carried a gun.

Suddenly, we noticed two well-dressed men brazenly emerge from the school and saunter toward a metallic mauve, late-model Caddy parked across the street.

"I need you both to stop and turn around slowly, please," said Officer Hoene. How polite. I think he was confused, as was I, about the neat appearance and easy stride the two shared. It wasn't as though I expected them to be like classic burglar caricatures, in black eye-masks and skillet caps, but there are certain conceptions one has about burglars, and these two

matched none of them.

The Caddy's driver turned out to be the minister at a local Baptist church who had just purchased some merchandise stored inside the school. He and his friend were checking out the condition of their new wares. He even had a letter from the owner of the building, giving him full access. For a guy who entered near-empty buildings in the dark, this man really knew

He was almost too friendly up front. Now I was suspicious. While he was digging for ID, we all saw a bright flash of silver in his pocket.

how to cover his bases.

Next, we spotted a kid of perhaps 19 walking down the street in a black trench coat. The weather didn't really warrant this kind of garb, but that alone was no reason to hassle him. Apparently Officer Hamner had a bad feeling, though, and followed the kid when he ducked into an alley.

Rather than approach him right away, he parked in an empty lot and watched the kid walk by. I didn't care for this tactic. No one deserves to be toyed with in this manner. One should not need to speculate about whether one is in trouble.

The kid was almost too friendly right up front. Now I was suspicious. While he was digging for ID, we all saw a bright flash of silver in his pocket. The officers asked if he would mind being patted down.

He had no problem with that. He happened to be carrying a cache of weapons, including a knife, a gun and a collapsible steel rod with a ball on the end which, when closed, resembled nothing more than a penlight. Incredibly, it was all legal and he was released.

Next, a child's bicycle was stolen. This was sad. There was little chance

of recovering the bicycle, but the children seemed to thrill at talking to the cops.

On to the home of a hit-and-run suspect, the owner of a car whose plates had been identified leaving the scene of an accident. Both officers went to knock on the door, just to question the man. This sounded dull, so I stayed with the car.

From this vantage point, I saw shadows moving on the wall inside. No one answered the door, and only I knew someone was home.

I didn't rat on them because if they didn't wish to answer their door,

there was nothing some warrantless people could do about that. Hell, I didn't blame them for ignoring the knock and leaving their living room.

With nothing else to do, we patrolled my neighborhood and the parking lot next to my apartment building. All was quiet on the home front. The officers promised to remember me when they patrolled thereafter and to keep an eye on my place.

I enjoyed this ride along so much that I would do it monthly if I could, but they like to restrict people to one per year. Anyone over 18 with no criminal record may do this. The officers like it because it lets them feel sided-with somehow, that the public interest is with them. Plus, it keeps them on their best behavior.

I admit that the release form you must sign is a little intimidating. It's chock-full of scary phrases like accidental death and maiming, none of which may be sued for afterward. But, overall, a police ride along is well worth the time (about five hours). Besides, if you're scared, you can always stay locked in the car.

—Joni Hoke

A crazy time at The Crazy Tomato

The Crazy Tomato Italian Restaurant is located on the stretch of Green River Road between the Lloyd and Lincoln. Countless annoying commercials on the radio finally prompted us to visit this eastside establishment. In this case, I guess the radio commercials worked.

Jamy's Experience

I was impressed. I guess that I don't know exactly what I expected; however, I left very pleased. We were seated immediately, and the restaurant had a rather quiet atmosphere. We did

The Crazy Tomato

Price: \$10-15

Food: Italian

Dress: Casual

**** - !Primo!

**** - !Bravo!

*** - !Cheeri-oi!

** - !Uh-oh!

* - !Oh-no!

go on a Wednesday evening, so that may have some bearing on the amount of customers that were there. Our server, Nidal, was very friendly and took quite a lot of abuse from one of our party, Jennifer. But he always kept a smile on his face and a light tone in his little Italian voice.

We started with salad and rolls as we waited for our entrees. Tracy ordered a really wonderful mushroom appetizer. My entree was a Chicken Parmagiana platter that consisted of two chicken breasts sautéed with mushrooms, etc., and was smothered in marinara sauce and put over pasta. It was part of the "light" menu; however, I wonder just how light it really was. Nevertheless, it was delicious and very filling.

Dining with the Gang

Transitions Staff Restaurant Review

For desert, I ordered Spumoni (\$2.50), the Italian fancy word for Neapolitan ice cream. The only complaint I have was that it tasted freezer burnt. The evening was a success in my book and I have no qualms about returning again.

Jennifer's Experience

I arrived at the restaurant about 5 minutes early and was greeted by the server, who then not only told me his name but wrote it in crayon on the paper tablecloth. I settled down to read the book I had brought and munch on the "hard" rolls placed next to the mason jar of water.

About fifteen minutes after the time everyone was supposed to arrive I really began to fume. Since this was my first review, I wondered if Tracy had played a joke on me about the time because she assumed I would be late. Jamy finally walked in and then everyone else; our editor was fashionably late. We all began to peruse the menu and much to our dismay the prices. The Tomato isn't that expensive but when you're a college student at the end of the summer ...

I decided to order the Gnocchi Di Patate, potato shells smothered with marinara sauce and mozzarella cheese (\$7.95). All of the entrees get salad so we gobbled down a bowl that had a tangy but not too much garlic dressing. By the time I got my entree I was too full to eat anything else.

Everyone got a kick out of my interrogation of the waiter but once I got my entree, I realized I had no idea what it was! I wanted to know exactly

how it was prepared and what the contents were. The dish was explained as being a type of Italian dumpling. It would be better served as an appetizer. Anyway, I ended up getting a carry-out box that I ditched in the Goodwill's trashcan.

All in all it was acceptable cuisine but I work at an Italian eatery so I must remain loyal. If the coffee gets fresher I might reconsider.

Shannon's Experience

When the evening's conversation goes from lingerie to tacky gifts to hermaphrodites, it can only be the *Transitions* staff food review.

I really don't have much to say about the Crazy Tomato, except Jennifer dissected her food like it was a biology experiment, and I know WAY too much about the group's lingerie choices.

I'm sure readers know about the Crazy Tomato, so I won't be bothersome with details. Drinks: Huge. My lemonade was watery, a major *faux pas*. Salad: average, basic lettuce, tomato, black olives, onions, and hot peppers with typical Italian dressing. Food: I ordered Manicotti (\$7.95) which consists of two big shells stuffed with ricotta cheese and smothered with marinara sauce and mozzarella. Good for the non-adventurous, it was fine, basically like any other Italian restaurant. I coveted the seafood menu. Most of those dishes were about \$12.95, however. Everything else costs about \$7.95.

I enjoyed most, aside from the group's general zaniness, the bread. Round rolls of white, they came hot and plenty with olive oil for dipping. And the stuffed mushrooms, filled with bread crumbs and covered with cheese, were good, but expensive. Tracy Bee paid, so I can't grouse.

The Crazy Tomato is a good restaurant, but it reminded me of the Olive Garden and other chains. For atmosphere, go to Angelo's. It's smaller and

seems less commercial (and their rolls have a cool green butter!). I found The Crazy Tomato a fine restaurant, not overly spectacular. It's informal, fun and a great place to discuss bras.

Tracy's Experience

On my way to join the group at The Crazy Tomato, I heard the newest radio commercial for the restaurant. This prompted my stomach to rumble. When I actually got there, our esteemed editor had not yet arrived, so we munched on some rolls and ordered drinks. One thing about these items: HUGE drinks (actually served in canning jars) and delicious rolls. The first basket of rolls were cold, but they'd been sitting there awhile. When the next basket of rolls came, we could barely pick them up they were so hot.

YUM!

Well you've probably all heard the radio commercials yourselves, so I'll get right to it. Tracy ordered an appetizer of stuffed mushrooms. Now I'm the fried mushroom lover. I don't normally like regular mushrooms without breading so I refused one at first. Then Jennifer suggested that these stuffed mushrooms were just like the fried ones, only the breading was inside. So I tried one. YUM again!

The entree I ordered was Cheese Ravioli (\$7.95). What can you say about Ravioli? Not much. The only thing I can think of to say about this dish was that it tasted just as good as the Ravioli you can get at any Italian restaurant.

Oh, and it is better than the USI cafeteria's Ravioli.

Like everyone else, I had stuffed myself so much on bread and salad that I had some Ravioli to take home. The conversation was, well, um, it was *interesting*. I agree with Shannon that I know more about my friends than I really needed to know. But I don't remember any talk about hermaphrodites. I must have been chewing on my bread too loudly.

Tracy's Experience

I love Italian food. My problem is one of restraint. I ate so much salad

and so many rolls that by the time the entree was served I was no longer hungry. The Crazy Tomato serves large plates of food and I had no hope of finishing.

Rolls are served with a dish of garlic-laden olive oil, but if butter is more your thing, ask.

The salad arrived quickly after I did. Served in a huge bowl to be divvied up among the diners and covered in oil and garlic, the salad was rich on lettuce and poor on tomatoes and other goodies.

I ordered an appetizer to share with the group: Funghi Ripieni (\$5.95), mushroom caps filled with crab meat, sauce and cheese, then chose Rigatoni Carbonara (\$8.95) which is pipe-shaped pasta mixed with a creme sauce, mozzarella cheese, mushrooms, bacon, onions and the ever-present garlic. The crabmeat of the Funghi

Ripieni is almost undiscernible under the cheese and sauce. Fortunately, the cheese and sauce are tasty enough to make up for it. For the price, however, there should probably be more meat.

The Rigatoni Carbonara was rich and plentiful. Our waiter was quick, courteous and patient.

I have eaten at the Crazy Tomato before and will probably return.

Consensus - ***1/2

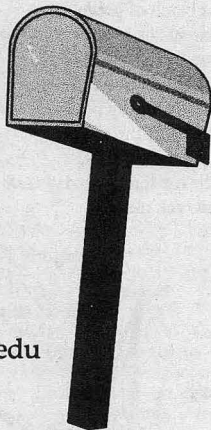
All in all we all had a very good evening. Though some people compared The Crazy Tomato unfavorably to other Italian restaurants, the food was good, the service was great, and the atmosphere was excellent for talking and catching up on each other's summer. If you're into Italian, get into The Crazy Tomato.

To send a letter to the editor of *Transitions* write:

Transitions
8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712

E-mail: tbee@risc.usi.edu

Fax: (812) 465-7021

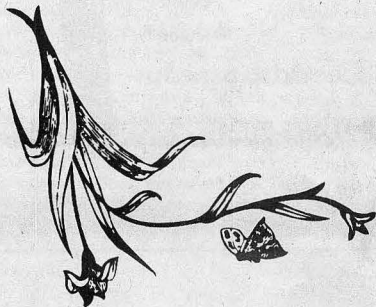


POETRY

Your Bed

It is quiet here,
I stand beside
The patch of green
That makes a cover for your bed.
I want to lie beside you,
Feel your warmth,
And the steady beating of your heart.
A voice in the stillness,
Whispering softly,
Tells me that someday God will pull back the cover
And tuck me in.

Marjorie Todd



Lingerie

The city is full at night
with the fantasies of men.
They caress the mind like
so many empty I love you's.

These whispered confessions fill their hearts
and the dripping shot glasses aligned on the bar,
left up-side down for someone else to clean.

The bartender--the priest--
hears these confessions and prescribes the remedy
for a forgotten fee:
go home, sleep it off, get a fresh start
in the morning. When they awake to the throbbing
in their heads, they find their love gone
with one swift twist
of consciousness.

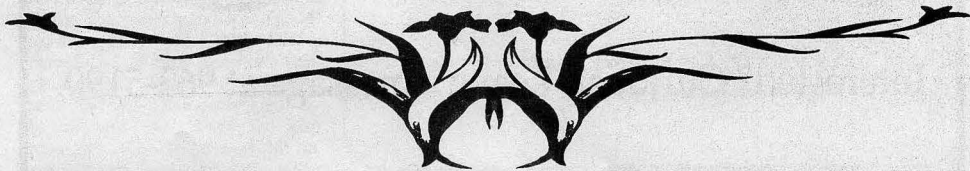
But the thirst lingers,
as do their whispers as the sun pulses in the sky.
Only now, they are pleas for their lives
to be laced with lingerie.

Tracylyn Ford

A Condo With Sand Colored Carpet
-After Stephen Dobyns' "The Delicate and Plummeting Bodies"
-After John Steinbeck's "The Chrysanthemums"

Death's wife pulls the pot of stew from the stove
and checks a list.
"Harry Krupnik, 81." This one shouldn't
struggle. He should be home soon.
She sighs, rubs her eyes, and thinks of her husband's job.
Young ones are hard. They fight.
The soft older ones surrender quietly
and hasten to see babies, mothers and others gone before.
She pours martinis from a shaker,
a lemon twist, never an olive, to garnish the glass.
They want to retire to Florida, she and death,
a condo with sand colored carpet and some Monet flower prints,
her collection of Chaucer on the window sill.
Perhaps they'll collect shells,
get drunk and make love on the beach.
Death comes in and hangs his black robe on a hook.
He doesn't see her as young and pretty, only as his wife.
They have no children.
She tends to her flowers with
her hair knotted at her neck,
an old pair of overalls loose at her hips.
Maybe she'll leave him to fix his own stew.
With the little she has saved she could buy
her own condo with sand colored carpet.

Shannon Neese



Forbidden Words offers poems based in reality

We all run away from ourselves at times; reading poetry can make us sit back and take reevaluate who we are and what we are doing. A poet is able to break experiences down to the emotional realm, a place we don't always want to look to. A place where the facts and raw nerves lie.

In writing this review, I struggled to find something to say that would make you want to read the book I was going to suggest. I was told that no one would want to read a review on a book of poetry; poetry isn't something that students at USI are interested in.

I disagree. I think there are many people who find solace and familiarity in poetry.

We may not all identify with Keats and Wordsworth anymore, but in *Forbidden Words*, Patricia Traxler's third book of poems, the poet offers verse in delicate but forceful language: poems we can relate to.

Traxler uses the joys and fears that make up the events of our lives to speak honestly, and say that which we are afraid to sometimes say aloud. In "The Driver," Traxler explores how we yearn for the excitement of change at the same time we are stuck in the security stasis offers. Through imagery and frank narrative, she traces the course of turns where life curves and forms into what we never expect: "Is it possible that nothing in the world / lasts un-

less you leave it intact and don't go back/ again? Her grandmother died loving a married man/ she hadn't seen in fifty years,"

Many people shy away from reading long poems, but in "Confession", Traxler carries us swiftly through a woman's admitted spousal abuse "He never really hit me,/ and anyway it was so long ago."

This dialogue of pain gives way to some understanding. Traxler uncovers the feelings that can still lurk behind the door even after it appears the tragedy has passed and we are healed. "And why do I bring up all of this now, after / so many years? Because I still shake, remembering."

Looking objectively at memories and creating order in the disarray life can provide is the focus of many poems in this collection. The landscape is different; Traxler lives in Kansas and that western state is the setting in some of the poems, but she uses language and a crafted technique to make it familiar to any reader.

She remembers what being twelve years old was like, receiving parental orders that seemed foolish at the time. She knows what happens in a relationship before and after, and doesn't let us forget there is so much in between, so much that gets left unsaid.

—Jennifer Hunley

Dare To Be Different!

Strange Puppy Society Needs New Members.



Interested? Curious? Leave a message at 963-5190.

After Hours: One man's nightmare in arty New York

(Author's note: I recently found a statistic which said only three percent of Americans read as a hobby. So why bother with book reviews? What are the other 97 percent doing with their time? Watching movies, maybe? This column will highlight some of the best video picks for those times when you just can't bring yourself to pick up a book. All the selections will be "old releases," which will also help save some cash. I hope you all come to trust my judgment.)

"Old Release" Video Suggestion

After Hours
Geffen Films, 1985

Quick—name one Martin Scorsese picture without a single bloodbath. At a loss? *After Hours*, a Scorsese comedy, offers 97 whole minutes of prime entertainment, and not one person gets whacked.

Griffin Dunne stars as Paul Hackett, a workaday data processor living—where else?—in New York City. Fed up with his boring life, he decides to make a late-night call to a girl he met in a coffee shop (Rosanna Arquette).

She invites him downtown to spend some time comforting her, as she's just had a fight with her boyfriend. Hackett finds that looking for a little excitement can get a guy like him in over his head. Everyone Hackett comes into contact with turns out to be a lunatic.

The cast is peppered with big names like John Heard, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Cheech & Chong. They work together as a good-guy bartender, a stuck-in-the-Sixties waitress, an off-duty ice cream vendor and a pair of common burglars to make Hackett's life a living Hell. By the time he's through with the Soho crowd, he's been implicated, hit on, duped, injured and hunted down like a dog in the streets.

Hackett sums up his predicament during a snap-fest in front of a stranger: "I just wanted to leave, you know, my apartment, maybe meet a nice girl, and now I've gotta DIE for it?!"

After Hours takes the viewer back to a time of rotary telephones and big-box TV remote controls, before automatic teller machines, one little convenience which would have saved Hackett a load of trouble.

The soundtrack is very low-key, with selections from Cole Porter, Joni

Mitchell and the Bad Brains.

This movie is for people who know how to pay attention. Don't watch it with friends who obnoxiously talk through all your videos. Or, watch it after hours, when they've all gone to bed.

As always, if you wish to give me feedback or grief about what I've written, e-mail me at jhoke@risc.usi.edu, or drop a note at the *Transitions* office. If you have a favorite old video you think others should see, do the same.

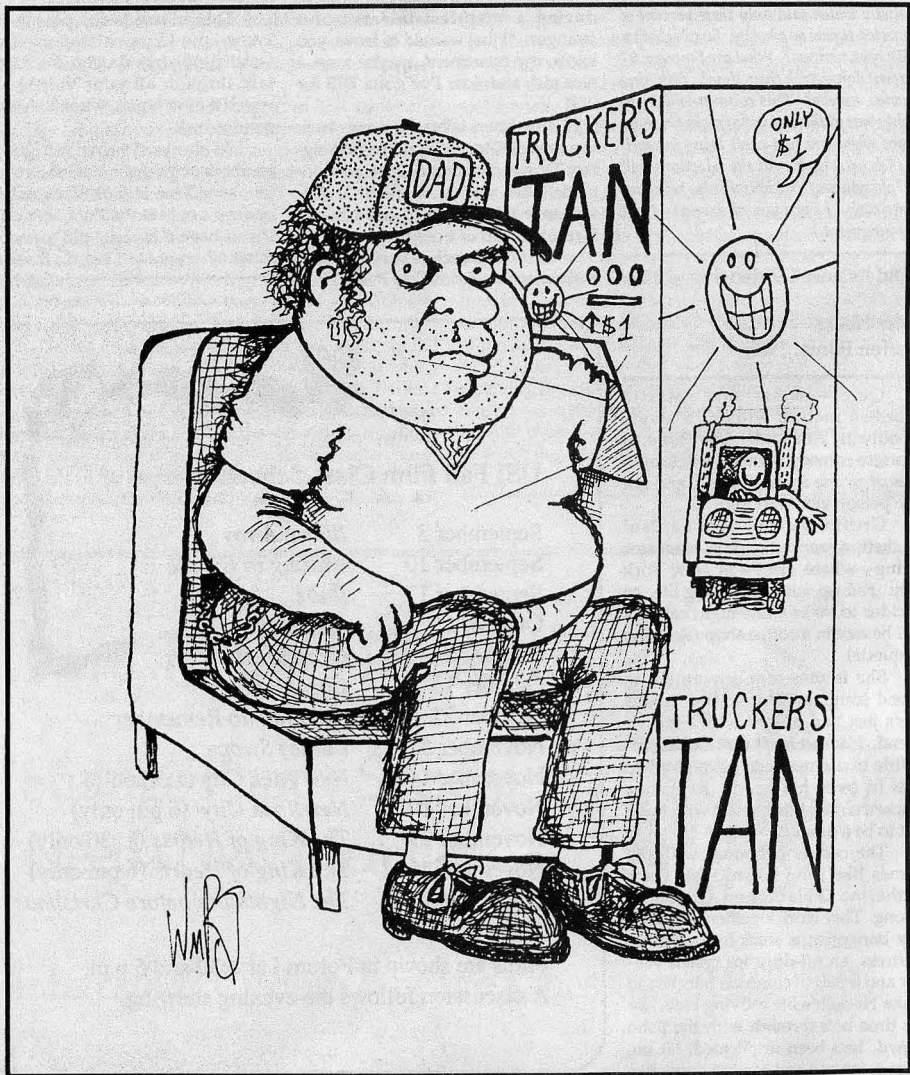
—Joni Hoke



USI Fall Film Class Schedule

September 3	<i>Blown Away</i>
September 10	<i>Waiting to Exhale</i>
September 17	<i>Babe</i>
October 1	<i>Metropolis</i>
October 8	<i>Grand Hotel</i>
October 15	<i>Casablanca</i>
October 22	<i>An Affair to Remember</i>
November 5	<i>Putney Swope</i>
November 14	<i>New Jack City</i> (1:30 only)
November 19	<i>New Jack City</i> (6 pm only)
November 21	<i>The King of Hearts</i> (1 :30 only)
November 26	<i>The King of Hearts</i> (6 pm only)
December 3	<i>The Nightmare before Christmas</i>

Films are shown in Forum I at 1:30 and 6 p.m.
A discussion follows the evening showing.



Horoscopes for the Hell of it

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Did you sign up for classes? We know you're going to classes, and your professors are calling your name during roll, but how do you know you are really signed up? Did you buy the right books? Are you sure you're in the right rooms? Something's just not right. Maybe it's your clothes.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) Mistaken identities abound this month. You aren't who you think you are. Beware of the color ecru.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) You meet the love of you life soon, but this person is much too good for you. Our advice: Improve yourself or aim lower.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 22) One of your friends can't shut up. Now is the time to make a decision: Find a new friend or invest in earplugs.

Capricorn (Dec. 23 - Jan. 19) September means Greek Rush. Or maybe it means something else? But in your life it means letter sweaters and tailgate picnics ... or something like that. Talk about a retro horoscope.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) Job opportunities occur this month, but you can't take advantage of them because you have classes. Fish or cut bait, whatever that means.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - March 20) Love is in the air ... and it makes you sick. Perk up. Your turn will come. Not this month, or the month after, but soon. Doesn't your mother always say so? Wouldn't she know?

Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) Water, water everywhere. Either you win a cruise or a water main breaks down the street. Maybe your toilet explodes. At any rate, you're going to get wet. Dress for it.

Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20) Beware of infatuations and romantic entanglements. They could lead you someplace you don't want to go. From our end, it looks like Gary, Indiana.

Gemini (May 22 - June 21) Weddings. We see weddings. Yours, a friend's, your favorite supermodel's? Who knows? Someone close will tie the noose, er, we mean knot. Good wedding colors are orange and teal or blue and silver. Your choice.

Cancer (June 22 - July 22) In one of your classes, the person sitting to the right of you is not to be trusted. Affect a polite demeanor, but do not befriend this person. On second thought, maybe the person sits on your left.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22) Something happens to you this month.

ATTENTION

The next issue of *Transitions* will be available
September 26.

The deadline for submissions of
art, poetry, fiction and articles is
September 13.

The deadline for advertising is
September 16.

Late submissions and ads are accepted on a space-available basis.

Call us at 464-1856 or stop by the *Transitions*
office in the basement of the UC.

Submissions may be left in the *Transitions*
mailbox or sent to:

Transitions
University Center
8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712