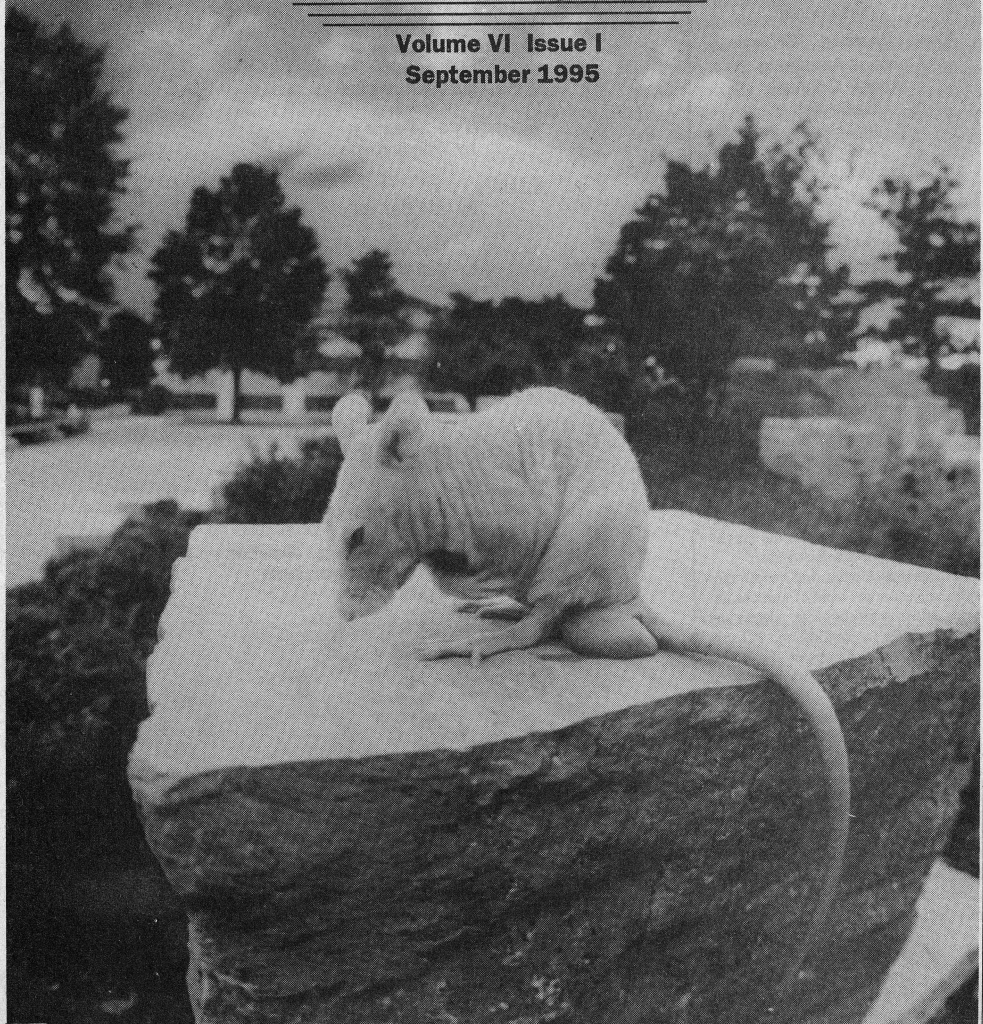


Transitions

Student Magazine

**Volume VI Issue I
September 1995**



Editor

Tracy Bee

Assistant Editor

Maria Tudela

Wendy Knipe

Consultant

Jude Wolf

Advertising

Thomas Leggett

Contributing Writers

Christine Armstrong

Angela Conner

Lisa Barnett

Joni Hoke

Wendy Knipe

Matt Maxwell

Lynnette Reine

Eric Titzer

Artists

John Lankford

Damon Dawson

Advisors

Ron Roat

Tammy Barnett

Cover Photo by Damon Dawson

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Transitions also welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be typed, legibly signed, and include a phone number for verification.

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Inside

Vol VI Issue I September 1995

- 3 Editor's Note**
- 4 Around Campus . . .**
- 6 Goodbye Jerry**
by Wendy Knipe
- 7 Lilith**
by Lisa Barnett
- 8 Eden Lies Obscured**
by Matt Maxwell
- 9 Greetings from Lotus Land**
by Wendy Knipe
- 10 Leaving Evansville**
by Tracy Bee
- 11 Goodbye Steven Williford**
by Wendy Knipe
- 12 Bad Writing**
by Christine Armstrong
- 14 Campus Spotlight: Society for Creative Anachronism**
by Angela Conner
- 15 Used Book Review**
by Joni Hoke
- 16 Bytes**
by Eric Titzer
- 17 Poetry**
- 21 Why Things Are**
- 22 Sex and the College Student**
by Amanda Barton
- 23 Horoscopes for the Hell of It**
by Lynnette Reine
Tracy Bee

Editor's Note

Welcome to this year's first issue of *Transitions*.

In keeping with our name we've made a few changes this year. Most notable is the format change. Now, *Transitions* actually looks like a magazine.

Behind the scenes, Jude has stepped down from the editor's pedestal (um, I mean chair).

I am in charge now, though Jude is still here to help.

Of course, the Student Publications Committee had little recourse but to choose me. I impressed them with my charm, wit, intelligence . . . and lack of competition.

I was the only applicant for this position. This situation seems to be a tradition here. Jude had no challengers when he faced the committee. Looking back at old issues of *Transitions*, I learned that his predecessor Melissa Laughlin was a lone applicant at least one of the two years she applied for and won the position.

This knowledge keeps me humble. It also annoys me and reminds me of another change that needs to take place this year: increased student involvement.

Most of the students who attend USI are commuters. Some have occupational and familial responsibilities and little time for activities outside classes. Some do not.

How much talent lies dormant at USI? What does it take to attract people to this office? My sixth-grade math teacher asked me once if he had to tap dance on my desk to make me pay attention. Now I find myself doing my own song and dance routine. I hope someone is paying attention. This spiel is the closest I will ever come to begging.

As much as I love the idea of having my own government-subsidized 'zine in which I can let the whole world (or at least a dozen people) read my ideas and opinions as well as those of my friends, I would rather print the ideas and opinions of a few strangers. We all like a little variety.

This magazine is yours. You pay for it. At least a dozen of you read it. Why not write for it?

Some of you are writing essays and articles for English, journalism or perhaps even other classes. We welcome such manuscripts.

Some of you are first-year or transfer students. Perhaps, you are little shy about becoming involved. Perhaps you think no one wants you. We want you.

Some of you complain about the quality of student publications. There is room for improvement. What are you going to do about it?

The level of quality is one final change we hope to achieve.

Being the self-involved person that I am, I want the magazine to be wonderful because it is a reflection of my talents and abilities. You, however, should want the magazine to be wonderful because it is a reflection of the quality of your university and the people who attend it. People look at what USI produces and judges it accordingly, then they judge you.

We are dedicated to increasing the quality of the magazine this year. We need help to do this.

Warning: not everything you send in will be published, but then would you want just anything published in your magazine?

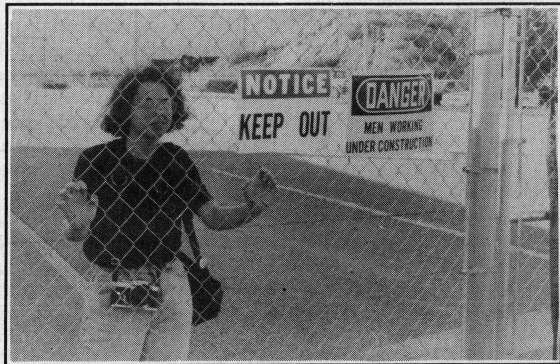
From now on I plan to say very little in the Editor's note. I would rather reserve this space for letters. If you have praise, complaints or ideas for this magazine or one of its writers, send us a letter. Our address is on the opposite page.

Our office, by the way, is in the basement of the UC. Walk past the Shield Office which is mislabeled as "Student Pubs", to the Student Life Center. Our office is just beyond the mailboxes.

Tracy Beece
tbeece@isc.usi.edu

The editor on assignment

photo by Miguel Latorre



Office Hours

Though people are in and out of the office all day, these are the editor's office hours. These times are subject to change. The editor makes every effort to be in the office at these times, but we make no guarantees, just promises.

Monday, Wednesday
1 - 2 p.m.
Thursday
2 - 3 p.m.

—Around Campus and Beyond...—

University Theatre Schedules Announced

Both of Evansville's Universities have announced their theatre schedules for the 1994-1996 season.

University of Southern Indiana's Theatre Schedule

"Crimes of the Heart" by Beth Henley. It runs Oct. 12 through Oct. 22.

"A Christmas Carol" adapted from the classic novel by Charles Dickens. It runs Nov. 30 through Dec. 20.

"Baby with the Bath Water" by Christopher Durang. It runs Feb. 22 through March 3.

"Candida" by George Bernard Shaw. The last play of USI's season runs April 18 through 28.

USI Theatre charges \$7 for general admission tickets and \$5 for students and people at least 60 years old. The USI Playhouse is located at 3001 Igleheart Ave. For more information, call 465-1668.

University of Evansville's Theatre Schedule

"Vinegar Tom" by Caryl Churchill. The play runs Sept. 29 through Oct. 8.

"The Secret Garden," a musical adaptation of Frances Hodgson's novel. It runs Nov. 19 through Nov. 19.

"Dancing at Lughnasa" by Brian Friel. The play opens Feb. 16 and runs through Feb. 25.

"As You Like It" by William Shakespeare. It plays March 29 through April 7.

Single tickets cost \$9 for the plays and \$10 for the musical. A \$1 discount is given to students and those 60 and older. Season subscriptions are available. For more information call 479-2031.

Unmask a spy

Looking for something out of the ordinary to do? Then join in for an evening unlike any other, and help its for a good cause, The Reitz Home Museum.

On Friday, Sept. 8 at 6:30 p.m. watch as USI's President Ray Hoops, Professor Matthew Graham and Coach Chancellor Dugan along other members of the community are transported back in time to the year 1919.

A play unlike any other, "The Reitz of Passage: To Catch a Spy," will be presented. The performance will work in a strange way, instead of watching it on stage, the audience will wander through the home watching a play in progress, moving from room to room where different characters are located. Through their lines, some of the characters will be dropping clues—clues that when put together will reveal one of them as the spy.

The member of the audience who uncovers the spy will win a trip. For \$50, learn how to unmask a spy.

30th anniversary documentary features history

An hour-long documentary, "University of Southern Indiana: By the People, for the People," will be aired at 6 p.m. on Sunday, Sept. 10, on WNIN-Channel 9, telling the USI story in commemoration of its 30th anniversary on Sept. 15.

The documentary was produced by Nancy Briggs Johnson, director of Alumni Affairs and a 1983 USI graduate who, upon completing this project, received her Master in Liberal Studies.

The Posey county native is a past president of United Way there and had created a promotional video for the agency.

That effort prompted urgings from Sherrienne M. Standley, USI vice-president for Advancement, and Dr. Karen H. Bonnell, assistant professor or communications, that she produce a 30th anniversary video for the university.

The video documents the persistent struggle that first made USI a branch of Indiana State University in 1965 and 20 years later, turned it into Indiana's fifth baccalaureate-granting institution.

University officials and community leaders and lawmakers in Evansville and southern Indiana had held fast to the goal of a sepa-

rate state university for the pocket area.

The goal was achieved on July 1, 1985, when then Governor Robert D. Orr, signed the enabling legislation in a ceremony at the Physical Activities Center, amidst cheers from area legislators, USI officials and many others from the University family.

The video will be available from USI to interested organizations after the Channel 9 airing, WNIN, which is a cosponsor of the documentary presentation, will provide a free transcript of the show on request.

Evansville to be invaded by 4-inch yellow ducks

Step aside hydroplanes! There's a new duck in town. Sept. 9 for the Ducks on the Ohio race.

"Ducks on The Ohio" is a charity event making its first appearance in the Evansville area to benefit the Goodwill Family Center, the Evansville Goodwill Industries' transitional housing program for homeless families.

Racing fans have the opportunity to "adopt" one of the blue-billed, 4-inch tall yellow rubber ducks at area businesses for \$5.

Race time begins at 2:02 p.m. The first duck to cross the finish line near Dress Plaza will win its adoptive parents a brand new Dodge Neon from Expressway Dodge. Additional prizes will be awarded to runners-up.

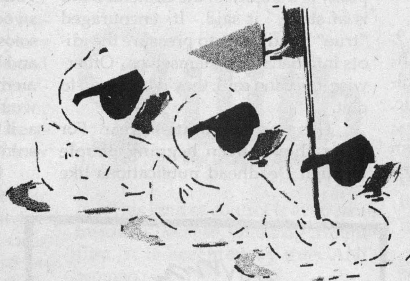
Dress Plaza will be closed from 6 a.m. - 6 p.m.

Don't worry, the ducks have had prior experience in the racing circuit, not to mention you have a choice on whether you want a female or a male duck. A quick tip, the female ducks have won more races than the male ducks.

Duck racing may sound quite new to the Evansville area, but to places such as Nashville, Chicago and Louisville duck races have been all the rage for quite a few years.

Evansville hopes to float at least 19,000 ducks this year on the Ohio, and if the race is a success be looking to buy your duck again next year.

For more information on how you can adopt a duck, or even two, call 479-DUCK.



New publication to unite UE and USI students

The last few years have seen the proliferation of local publications, especially those written by and for the 20-something set. Yet another publication has been born, but this one promises to be a little unique.

The Bridge, a weekly newspaper, started by six University of Evansville students is designed to "bridge" the UE, USI and Evansville communities. One of the founders, Michael Klotzotsky said *The Bridge* has more freedom than UE's campus newspaper *The Crescent*. The newspaper will cover community events and have a literary section.

The first issue of *The Bridge* will be available on campus Thursday, August 31.

The Bridge is seeking submissions from USI students. For information, call 424-8861.

USI Film Schedule

September 5	<i>Sleepless in Seattle</i> (1993)
September 12	<i>Lethal Weapon II</i> (1989)
September 19	<i>Back to the Future II</i> (1989)
October 3	<i>Mr. Deeds goes to Town</i> (1936)
October 10	<i>Citizen Kane</i> (1941)
October 17	<i>Notorious</i> (1946)
October 24	<i>To Catch a Thief</i> (1955)
November 7	<i>Inherit the Wind</i> (1960)
November 21	<i>Planet of the Apes</i> (1968)
November 28	<i>Germinale</i> (French, 1993)
December 5	<i>6 degrees of Separation</i> (1993)



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

Fare Thee Well, Fare Thee Well

"The dream is over." --
Grateful Dead hotline, Aug. 9, 1995

There were two deaths on Aug. 9, 1995: Jerry Garcia's death, and the final death of the "Deadhead" subculture. The former was far more tragic, and the latter was certainly more expected after this last summer tour from Hell. Some might argue that the scene actually died years ago, and, witnessing its disintegration over the last 5 years, I'd be inclined to agree with them. Since my first show on July 4, 1990 in Kansas City, Mo., I have witnessed fewer acts of kindness, more aggressive vending, and finally, acts of violence which led to the cancellation of what would have been my last chance to dance to Jerry's guitar.

The July 3 show at Deer Creek in Noblesville, Ind. was the first that the Dead had to cancel because of the crowd's behavior. On July 2, gate-crashing so-called Deadheads threw rocks and bottles at police and were gassed in retaliation. After the concert (and riot), instead of a few security guards shooing us out of the lot, my friends and I were greeted by a line of at least 100 police in full riot gear. An irate 'head ran by us yelling, "Say goodbye to Deer Creek. Thanks a lot people. Say goodbye to The Creek!"

What awful irony that it ended that way. It was once the closest thing I'd witnessed to a utopian community. I describe it that way with full comprehension of the cynicism a comment like that invites, and I don't care. It would take more space than I am allowed here to explain the beauty that it was to those who never experienced it.

If the boys in the band were oblivious to what was happening to the scene, the rioters at Deer Creek put it right in their faces. They released a statement advising 'heads to get their act together.

"We're all supposed to be about pidity ... the spirit of the Grateful Dead is at stake," it said. It encouraged "true" Deadheads to pressure the idiots into behaving themselves. Otherwise, the band said, they'd be forced to quit.

This was their thirtieth year. For years they'd been begging people through Deadhead publications like

analist and longtime Deadhead, in USA Today (Aug. 10, 1995): "...The audience swooped and soared with his guitar solos. He'd start with the song's melody and build, fueling the Deadheads frenzied dancing, reaching peaks that would have people screaming "whooo" as if they'd hit a steep roller coaster descent."

It was sheer ecstasy; a spiritual high. You had to scream when you reached that peak because the music kept building and Jerry wasn't about to let up. Screaming at that musical climax was the only release. Your thoughts and inhibitions dissolved as the music overtook your body.

Cultural anthropologist Joseph Campbell witnessed a Grateful Dead show and wrote of the dancing masses, "When the great beam of light would go over the crowd, you'd see these marvelous young faces all in utter rapture ... this is a wonderful, fervent loss of self in the larger self of a homogenous community. This is what it's all about!"

Campbell compared Dead shows to ecstatic religious gatherings he'd witnessed in various cultures all over the globe.

I and hundreds of thousands of others felt that ecstasy, and that was one of the many gifts that Jerry gave to the world (along with his extensive charity work, his art work, etc., etc.). Bob Weir (a member of the Dead) said on the day of Jerry's death that if mourning fans were going to dwell on anything, they should dwell on the positive impact that Jerry made. That's where I'm trying to keep my head at these days.

Thank you, Jerry, for a real good time.

—Wendy Knipe



"Dupree's Diamond News" not to come to shows without a ticket, not to vend, and not to sell drugs. The same things were asked of everyone who mail-ordered tickets, but most people were not listening. The scene was rapidly becoming more about partying than anything else. A lot of 'heads were distressed by it, and some left. But the music kept others of us coming back.

The best description I've read of what it was like to dance to Jerry's music was written by Peter Eisler, a jour-

75 Years

How much has changed for women?

Women's Equality Day was August 26. It has been seventy-five years since the 19th Amendment was passed granting the right to vote. The amendment came after seventy-two years for struggle by women for equal treatment and respect by men. But how equal are we?

Consider a recent "Cathy" comic strip. The setting is a public swimming pool. An overweight man is unashamedly lying in the sun, seemingly unaware of his "unsightly inches." Cathy and her friends comment on their struggles with weight, bathing suits, and body image. The women note that the man seems unself-conscious.

Cathy reasons that the man must be masking his embarrassment and insecurity. After all, men must feel just as insecure in a bathing suit as women, right? In the last frame, however, the man is thing to himself that Cathy "could be cute is she lost a few pounds."

As a feminist and a woman, this double standard has always infuriated me. Why must women continue to struggle to achieve physical perfection? Why are we not allowed to be comfortable with ourselves, whatever our appearance? Most men expect women to conform to a standard of physical beauty not easily (or healthfully) attained. Women rarely make such outrageous demands of the men in their lives.

I often ask myself why women allow themselves to be manipulated in this way. Women have made grate strides in the struggle for equal treatment and recognition. We are slowly entering male-dominated fields in record numbers. Still, there exists this form of male control and domination that keeps women seeking male approval.



This kind of control is even more insidious because, unlike discrimination, it is accepted by men AND women.

While images in the media contribute to the distortion of a woman's body image, the most damaging messages are those that come from the man in a woman's life. It is very easy for a woman to buy into a controlling, demanding man's idea of perfection. I know because it happened to me. I am not proud of myself for accepting this kind of treatment. Having long railed against women who allowed themselves to be controlled, I was surprised to find myself in a manipulative relationship.

I wasted years of my life on a man who constantly reminded me that I wasn't quite good enough. I could never be pretty enough of thin enough to please him. When I objected to this treatment, he made me feel as if the ensuing argument were my fault. Somehow, he made me believe that it was MY responsibility to meet HIS expectations. I felt terrible, guilty, ashamed. I had given him the power to control my self-esteem.

The moment I knew I had had all the abuse I could take was the day Hooters opened in Evansville. He wanted me to go to lunch with him and "check the place out." He was a "connoisseur" of Hooters restaurants and constantly reminded me how much I didn't resemble the Hooters employees.

He knew I would be intimidated, not by the Hooters staff, by his expectations and comparisons. He wanted me to feel uncomfortable and hoped that I would be "inspired" to work hard toward "perfection." I adamantly refused to go to lunch with him that day, and by refusing his invitation I also refused to be controlled by him any longer.

That was the end of the relationship and I feel relieved. I finally realized that the standards I was attempting to meet were not my own and were not very realistic. Suddenly, I was angry. I was more angry at myself for allowing his behavior than I was at him for leaving me.

I has been one year since was liberated from a destructive relationship. I am healthier and happier now that I've stopped trying to something I am not. Of course, I still have normal bouts of insecurity. The point is my feelings are my own again.

The saddest part of this story is that it is not uncommon. Women are taught from a very young age to be critical of their physical appearance. Girls as young as 9 and 10 diet because they perceive themselves as fat. The normal feelings of adolescent insecurity sometimes do not go away with age. They are reinforced by messages from the media and from the men who love them. It is emotional abuse.

In this anniversary year of women's liberation, I would like to say to all of you (men as well as women) who are in a destructive relationship: GET OUT! Don't allow yourself to be controlled and mistreated. Life is too short to play by someone else's rules. Oh, and the man who left me? I hear he's with someone else now. I hear she is pretty, thin, perfect ... and probably miserable.

A NEW TREND

When all else fails, some lucky people blame their parents

Since childhood, television provided me with attitudes, emotions, philosophies, complexes.

I progressed through the years learning rites of passage, the proper and improper things to say at important moments, and minute details of behavioral patterns from TV shows.

In fact, until I quit watching the mind-numbing machine a few years ago, I fully believed the underlying themes of goody-goody shows, mainly the deceitful theme that nerds can, and often will, by being subdued and almost chivalric, get the hot nympho-

lent hatred of fake-tanned pretty-boy preps.

Importantly, I discovered TV's errors. I finally got the hot nympho-babe, but not by presenting myself as a human treadmill. I became a cynical, arrogant, obnoxious, immovable, unpredictable, uncouth, long-haired shithead. And it worked.

So one night as I drank a beer to relax my maddening heartbeat, I realized television has taught me almost nothing of life. Until...

While watching a clip from a television talk-yell-cry-bitch show the other day, I listened to comments made by one of the self-esteem deficient whitebags constantly gracing the vapid wastelands of the electronic baby-sitter.

A man the size of a small pickup truck, with enough tattoos to be a human collage, long hair unwashed since the Persian Gulf skirmish, and a three-syllable maximum vocabulary, cried (real tears, too, in front of thousands of pathetic viewers). Seeing this ... this ... well, person who seemed devoid of thought and feeling, shocked me.

After listening to this freak of chromosomes, I shut the TV off and contemplated his sobbing. I confronted a powerful insight into myself. As I nursed this punch in the neurons, I was glad the television saved me from several hundred dollars in psychiatric bills.

This time, I knew believing the TV would be the wisest choice. The truth

that pounded in my head enraged my blood.

Of all the parents I could have had, how and why did I end up with ones as uncaring as these two? It's not fair. If they were rich, I'd sue.

When I saw the advantages this man, and so many others like him have, I cursed my parents for depriving me during my youth, the formative ages of emotional and psychiatric development. Here I sit, several years past legal drinking age, with the sudden brain slap that I can never be normal. Worse, I will never be the same person after this epiphany. And my parents are now deposed aliens.

In fact, I may just commit a violent crime, an act of glorious, unprovoked inhumanity to make myself feel better. Other disadvantaged people do it freely and frequently. It angers me greatly to know, because of my shoddy rearing, I can not earnestly blame my parents for any transgression I commit.

Why should my every action rest on my bony shoulders? I'm a tall, skinny runt who should not have to accept the weight for my deeds. They may crumble my frail frame. I'm not built to handle much weight; that's what parents are for.

And my lousy parents are immune. I'd be lying if I threw blame at them. But it's not right that I must face the difficult game of life face first while most other people—those with proper rearing—have crutches under both arms to aid them in times of self-inflicted adversity.

Me? I'm on my own. As others use parental trademarks for assistance, I trudge forward, without even a cane.

If I flunk a simple test, I can't say it was because my parents force fed me bananas instead of the candy I

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

babe. During the teenage years I allowed my back to be tread upon as I waited—often impatiently—and convinced myself the popular consensus of me at school was wrong.

The shows taught me that I am unique because I am an individual, and no one is like me; I should be proud of my individuality, I was taught, while preps ridiculed and girls scoffed.

But yet I believed someday I would have revenge. The wonderful role models in "Revenge of the Nerds" showed me that nerds can rise above their social strata.

Eventually, though, I withdrew from the idiot box and into the real world of social life, and reality set in. I was a nerd, despite my athleticism. I've dealt with it in a mature, masculine manner so far ... except for a vio-

cried for. If I arrive at work late every day, I can't blame my parents by contending they left me with a sex-crazed female baby-sitter when I was nine.

It's just not right I accept responsibilities for what I do when, if my parents had raised me correctly, they would be accountable for my actions. But, no, being insensitive jerks, they left me with no overbearing complexes or dark emotional wounds to use against them according to my will ...or psychiatrist's or lawyer's. If they cared for my emotional sanity, my mom would come out and admit that any emotional oddities are because she led me to prefer the right breast, or my dad would pull me aside and confess to putting his motorcycles before my welfare. Or anything that damaged my Self.

And I can't honestly blame my failed responsibilities on them. How could I earnestly prove a character defect on one childhood incident? If I were to tell someone (i.e., girlfriend, boss, probation officer, AA moderator, shrink, judge) the justification for an unorthodox or deviant action, it should be the truth, if only for verification to protect my rear. Not that my parents would admit to parental failure—no way would they empathize enough to accept blame for my behavior.

But I should be entitled to some type of crutch to help carry myself through the long hours of daily existence. It's my right as a person who has parents.

I'm who I am because of them. When I receive honors or awards or certificates or plain old good grades, they pat themselves on the back. I've seen them do it. I've seen my dad grin selfishly when I proved talent on water skis or bicycles to a skeptic. I've overheard my mom praising my grades and baseball pitching.

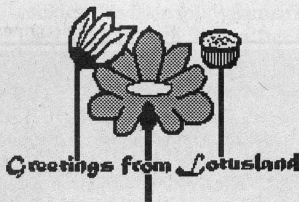
But when I mess up, the friendly hand turns into an accusing finger: the blame is on myself, and I must accept the repercussions.

Sure, *their* reputation may be tar-

(Continued on page 24)

Greetings from Lotus Land

No, the title of this column is not some hippy-dippy bastardization of Buddhist symbolism. The lotus is a



sacred flower to the people of ancient Egypt, India and China and symbolizes both purity and fertility; sexuality and innocence, and although I've taken part in a pagan rite or two in my day, that's not why I chose it, either. The title derives from Homer's "Odyssey." In book nine, Odysseus relates the story of the island of the lotus-eaters. When his men eat the lotus of the native people, they forget their duties and want to remain on the island, eating of the lotus and dreaming their days away. The phrases "lotusland" and "lotus-eater" have become synonymous with procrastination, stagnation, avoidance and general sloth.

As someone who appears to be having the longest senior year in history (remember when there was no Orr Center?) I can relate. Every time I see art professor Lenny Dowhie on campus, he asks me when I'm getting tenure.

I spent much of my summer in a state of dreamy indolence reminiscent of the lotus-eaters. I read a lot, then I would stare into space and think, and then I'd write about what I was reading and thinking. Man, it was hectic. But you know, "the unexamined life

is not worth living," and it seems to me that a good citizen of the '90s doesn't have time to reflect on *anything*, much less smell the roses.

In his poem, "The Lotos-Eaters," Tennyson speculates upon the ruminations of Odysseus' men after they've eaten of the lotus:

*Death is the end of life; ah why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the
grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death or
dreamful ease.*

Thoreau said, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," ... and then they die. I recently saw a cartoon that showed a businessman worriedly working at his desk in the middle of the night next to a gorilla reclining under a tree, eating a banana. The caption said, "Who's the dumb ape?"

Not all of my columns will be tributes to a life of languor, but if I've irritated any of you Type-A personalities out there, let me know. I'd be glad to debate the merits of living life like a rat on a treadmill with you.

By the way, it looks as if I might actually graduate at the end of this semester—but wherever I am, you can be sure I'll be merrily wasting my potential.

—Wendy Knipe

Leaving Evansville

USI professor moves on to new career

One of USI's most popular professors left the university this summer. Steven Williford left his position as director of Theatre and professor of communications to pursue a career in free-lance directing.

Five years ago, Dean Jim Blevins hired Williford as Artistic Director of the New Harmony Theatre. Williford is credited with helping to turn New Harmony Theatre into a strong professional theatre program.

But he is also noted for his teaching. When a faculty position in the communications department opened, Williford applied for it and won the job. The two jobs complemented each other. "You're always a teacher of a kind when you are a director," Williford said.

Classroom teaching, however, is a little different from directing.

"I discovered how much I love to teach and how rewarding it is," he said.

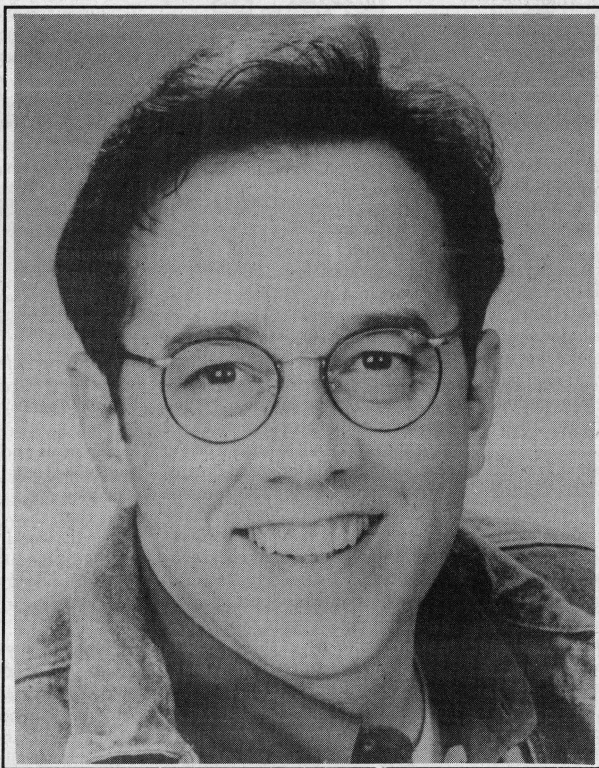
In addition to directing at New Harmony's theatre and teaching, Williford directed USI's student theatre.

His favorite USI plays were "Reckless" by Craig Lucas and "Buried Child" by Sam Shepherd. He said he like the philosophical messages behind the plays. He enjoyed "Reckless" because of its portrayal of the nature of perseverance and overcoming adversity. He liked the "Buried Child"'s message "that it is necessary to take the steps to heal, to not let shame rule your life," he said.

His favorite New Harmony play was "The Trip to the Bountiful." He said the play was suited to this region and audience.

His most challenging play in his tenure here was also one of his last, "Orpheus Descending."

"It is a stylistic challenge for anyone who works on it," he said. The play's contents are difficult also. It deals with "what it means to be human. What it means to be alive. It is very pain-



Williford hesitated to name a favorite play he had done at USI or New Harmony.

"Whatever play I'm working on is always my favorite play," he

ful. It deals with loneliness which is part of being alive."

Knowing the difficulty of the play beforehand, Williford said he did not hesitate to produce it. "I enjoy challenges," he said. Plays such as "Orpheus" contain "more to chew on intellectually."

Though Williford has no plans to return to working at a university, he said he would like to come back to USI to visit.

"In a few years when the new artistic director has had a chance to become established, I would love to come back and guest-direct a play," he said.

"In the six seasons at New Harmony Theatre, I feel I've established a really solid foundation for the company. I'm committed to it," he said. "I want to see it grow and prosper."

This fall, Williford plans to attend a nine-week-long workshop at the Saratoga International Theatre Institute. After the workshop, he will start free-lance directing. This career will take him all over the United States.

Williford said he had personal reasons for moving on to other things. He said he was concerned for his "own growth and education."

He said he would miss the "collegiality" and sense of community of USI. He said the university was "a very personable place to be."

"I've enjoyed my time here tremendously. I came here with the understanding that I would commit five years. This is the end of the five years.

"I considered staying on, but given my line of work, it's important to move on," Williford said.

—Tracy Bee

Goodbye

A student remembers Steven Williford

I could gush about Steven Williford until all of you toss your cookies. It's been four years since I last worked with Steven, but he is the kind of teacher and friend you don't easily forget. I always felt that USI theater was so lucky to have him, and in the five years he was here he built ties with UE theater (which had previously ignored us), enlarged the reputation of New Harmony Theater, and touched the lives of students and members of the community.

When Steven arrived here, I bragged to anyone who would listen that we had a new Director of Theater at USI who had won the New York Theater Festival's 1988 Director's Award. Until I worked with Steven, I had no idea what it would mean to be taught by such a talent. If I knew anything about acting, I learned it from Steven. He gives everything he has to a play, ripping it to shreds, analyzing it, discussing it, dissecting the motivations for every line. He is utterly honest, and because he expects his actors to open themselves up and become vulnerable, he never hesitates to rip his own heart out and lay it on a plate in front of them. I remember that there were times when he was so sensitive to what was going on with me on stage that I was almost convinced that he was psychic.

He is the best kind of teacher because he is an example of a won-

derful human being—the kind of person you want to emulate. He's brilliant, hysterically funny, and charismatic as hell. (Always humble, Steven is probably tossing his own cookies at this. I can hear him protesting, "Oh puh-lease. Stop!" in that rich and theatrical baritone of his.)

In preparation for this article I went back and read the acting journals Steven had us write for his classes. I am amazed at the patience he had with my antigovernment ravings and galloping dogmatism. I was becoming critical of theater as my politics became more radical, and I would sit in Steven's office and speculate about whether his art, the love of his life, was much more than navel-gazing.

I was too stupid to notice that the plays I performed in for Steven actually had the strongest socio-political messages of any I'd ever done. During "Desert Storm" he had us performing "Antigone", a play which supports the act of speaking up for what one believes in the face of authority.

I did quit the theater, and so missed the opportunity to work with Steven again. I have no doubt that he will find success wherever he goes, but I hope that he returns to teaching some day, because he's a natural. Those of us who were lucky enough to learn from him here at USI won't ever forget him.

—Wendy Kripe

Bad Writing: Who's To Blame?

Meeting the writing requirements of classes poses a big problem for some new college students. Full-time students are often bombarded with several papers from different classes at the same time. Furthermore, they have to rewrite and edit several times before a paper is finally acceptable. Papers come back covered in red-ink corrections of grammar and style. It appears as if these students are not prepared with the writing skills expected of them at the college level.

According to Bosse High School English teacher Carolyn Hines, "Learning is always the student's responsibility." Jeanne Armstrong, USI graduate and first-year teacher at North High School, agreed with her. Both teachers maintain that it is the students' responsibility to prepare themselves for college, and that teachers simply cannot compete with things like sports, part-time jobs, laziness, and lack of interest.

"If they choose to put their priorities in the wrong place, I can't do anything about it," Armstrong said.

Part-time jobs cause the biggest problem with completing homework assignments. Students often come to class too tired to even stay awake

room for creativity even, because it is disruptive."

Armstrong expressed concern that there are no straight grammar classes offered at the high school level. She resented that composition teachers must teach grammar to students. She said her classes would move more quickly and easily if students possessed adequate grammar skills.

Despite the faults both teachers claimed the system had, they still insist that learning is essentially up to the student. Subject matter

not learned in the classroom should be studied by the individual at home.

"The problem with learning for college is not that the information is not there. For the students who want to learn, it is there," Hines said. "And for the students who don't want to learn, it is there."

Dr. Laurence Musgrove, Director of Composition at USI, looked at these issues differently. He sympathized with the high school teachers. He proposed, however, that it should not be a question of who is to blame for the student's lack of knowledge, but rather a question of why is the student lacking the knowledge and how can teachers teach it to him or her.

Dr. Musgrove said that it is easy to get caught in the "blame game." Teachers often blame other teachers, the students themselves, parents or the education system. Placing blame, however, does little good for the students.

"When I have students who aren't prepared," Dr. Musgrove said, "I prepare them."

According to Dr. Musgrove, many teachers believe that if they teach it, students will learn it. Teachers insist if they have presented the material

"Learning is always the student's responsibility."

—Jeanne Armstrong
North High School Teacher

much less pay attention and possibly learn something. Armstrong complained that her students who work do not complete reading assignments simply because they lack the time.

Both teachers, however, were quick to admit the high school curriculum is not perfect. Teachers are often restricted in subject matter and time they can spend on any one subject. A curriculum provided by the English department in each high school helps

the teachers stay on schedule. This curriculum also, however, limits the amount of exploration teachers and students can give to each subject.

Mrs. Hines said that teachers cannot discuss subject matter that may be found offensive or inappropriate by some people. She went on to add that "you can't allow kids

Writing Workshop

In the Academic Skills Office, help is available for those having problems writing papers for class. By the second week of classes, the Writing Workshop should be staffed with tutors from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Thursday and 8 a.m. to noon on Friday except for a few hours when tutors cannot be available due to scheduling conflicts.

The Academic Skills Office is located in OC012. For more information, call 464-1743.

than they have done all they can do. Dr. Musgrove said there are several questions teachers should be asking themselves. For example, "How do we create a situation where students can learn?" He explained that students will only learn writing when faced with personally significant contexts for writing.

As for grammar, Dr. Musgrove referred to what research has shown. According to some research, he said, straight grammar classes are a "false prescription" to the students grammar skill problems. Formal grammar classes have been shown to be ineffective in teaching students grammar. Students must learn grammar as it applies to their learning of other areas, such as writing.

Dr. Musgrove suggested that students may not have a problem with

grammar, but are more interested in the content of their papers and are unconcerned with grammar at a particular stage of their writing.

It is most important for teachers

"When I have students who aren't prepared, I prepare them."

—Dr. Laurence Musgrove
USI Professor

to "help their students to take responsibility for the expression of their ideas," he said.

It is obvious, as pointed out by both Armstrong and Hines, that there is a problem in the classroom with a lack of motivation. As Dr. Musgrove said, there are many problems amongst the teachers as well.

True learning is the students re-

sponsibility, but it is the teacher's responsibility to make learning seem interesting and worthwhile. Perhaps a lack of motivation, what seemed to bother the two high school teachers most about their students, is a problem of their own as well.

As Dr. Musgrove said, it is not important why a student lacks certain skills and who is to blame. What is important is taking the time out to teach that student in the areas he is lacking now so that he doesn't continue to the next class un-equipped.

Students may be lazy or have other interests outside the classroom that interfere, but it is the teachers' responsibility to challenge each student's intellect and encourage each student to learn.

—Christine Armstrong

ATTENTION:

This next issue of *Transitions*, the campus' student magazine, will come out September 27.

The deadline for submissions of
Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles
is September 18.

Late submissions accepted on space-available basis

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

The Society for Creative Anachronism:

Fighting, Feasting and Festivities

The clash of wood against metal resounds through the trees. Several armor-clad warriors are engaged in battle. Ladies, dressed in long, flowing, brightly-colored garments, sit watching on a blanket nearby.

Sounds like a scene from a King



Arthur, right? Actually, it is a typical Tuesday evening at Wesselman Park. The people are members of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA) who have gathered together to watch the group's fighters in their weekly practice. The SCA is a nonprofit educational group that focuses on recreating the Middle Ages.

SCA members concentrate on bring forward the best features of the Middle Ages such as chivalry, pageantry, dancing, feasting, and tournament-style combat.

Calligraphy, illumination, cooking needlework, jewelry making, fencing, archery and armory are some of the other arts and sciences that SCA members enjoy. Most of the men and a growing number of women enjoy armoring, that is making armor and weapons. Of course, the best part is actually getting to fight with them.

USI student Paige Miller became interested in the SCA when she saw an SCA fight demonstration. "From the first time I ran across a demo I knew that I wanted to fight," Miller said.

Tournament-style combat is one of

the main events in the SCA. It is similar to the contests in which knights of old participated. Combat is usually one on one. Most fighters prefer to use swords and shields.

There are strict requirements for armor and weaponry to ensure the fighters' safety. Weapons are made of rattan, a bamboo-like wood, and must be covered with duct tape.

The only metal allowed on the weapons is the hilt, or the handle. All combat is to be marshalled to ensure that no one is injured. All fighters must be 18 or older and must sign a waiver for insurance purposes.

The center of social activity for the group is attending events. Every weekend there is usually an event hosted by another SCA group with a day's drive of Evansville. SCA is international, with thousands of local chapters scattered throughout the United States, Canada and Germany.

Some members like Miller, travel to events to fight in different tournaments. Linda McWilliams, however, like to go to events to visit old friends.

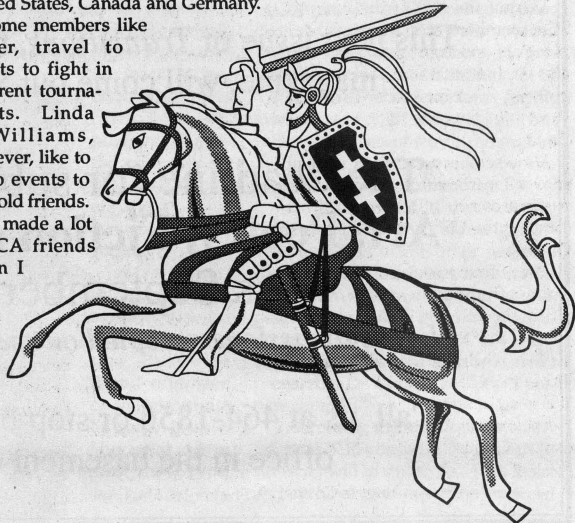
"I made a lot of SCA friends when I

was going to Purdue and now that I am back in Evansville I don't see them very often, so when I go to events I like to visit," she said.

The local group, which has its share of students from USI and UE puts on an annual event in late September at Camp Carson. The theme is "Rendezvous at the Bridge: based on the story of Harrald Haradrada and the Battle of Stamford Bridge which took place in England in 1066, right before the Battle of Hastings. Harrald was killed by an arrow in the eye so the event offers several archery competitions as well as a bridge battle for the fighters.

The event weekend starts Friday night with people arriving from all over to set up their tents. A big bonfire is started so people can get together to chat and sing.

On Saturday, the tourney starts with an armor inspection around



9 a.m. It lasts until about 4 p.m.

The merchant area is filled with vendors selling everything from jewelry and costumes to books and crafts. Classes on various medieval subjects such as calligraphy, illumination, costuming and dancing are offered throughout the day. Competitions are offered on a variety of subjects. Embroidery and cooking competitions and scavenger hunts are usually held.

Around 6 p.m., everyone gets dressed in his or her finest garb and comes for the feast. Six course of delectable dishes await them. Roast pork, noodles and gravy, herbed chicken pie, fruit ices, and Russian cream with berry sauce are a few of the foods prepared for over 100 guests by SCA member and USI adjunct Sue Goodloe and her helpers.

After the feast the revel begins. Guests gather together for Medieval dancing and socializing, which often continues until the wee hours of the morning. Someone usually lights another bonfire and those wearily of dancing drift outside and listen to stories and songs under the starlight.

During the rest of the year, local SCA members hold meetings, dance practices and fight practices. They also do demonstrations for interested groups. Demonstrations include a short talk about the Middle Ages and the SCA.

Members perform a few dance, show off medieval clothing, and demonstrate combat. The group also performs at the USI Madrigal dinners in December.

Every first and third Thursday of the month the group meets on campus in the US. On Tuesdays and the second and third Thursdays of each month, fight practice is held at Wesselman Park. Anyone interested is invited to attend.

For more information about SCA, contact Charla Kinzel at 479-7114.

—Angela Conner

"Disappearing Acts" found to be a disappointment

"Disappearing Acts"
by Terry McMillan
Washington Square Press, 1989

Welcome to Used Book Review. We'll start the semester with an urban love story.

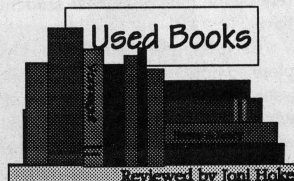
Terry McMillan scored with "Waiting to Exhale," but I have to call a foul on "Disappearing Acts." If you're not quite bitter enough about relationships, this should bring you around.

Meet Zora Banks, lonely music teacher from Toledo and Franklin Swift, Brooklyn-born construction worker. They both live in New York; they're both black. Also, both have soured on love (with good reason—love stinks, and they should have known that). The similarities between them end there.

The initial feeling on Zora is that she's a classy, intelligent lady with a potential singing/songwriting career. She compromises her ideal for Franklin, based upon the overwhelming physical passion she feels for him. Hey, we've all been there, but some of us know when to when.

He'd "unofficially" divorced. He has two kids, no education, the usual dysfunctional parents and a suicidal sister with "all the symptoms of a lesbian." But, Zora's in l-u-u-v (pronounced you-know-how), so she moves him from his flophouse to her tasteful brownstone.

She works hard. He gets laid off and bitches about "the white man." She cooks. He drinks all day and hates



her friends. She buys his children gifts. He watches "Love Connection" and bosses her around. They DO enjoy great sex and challenging Scrabble games together, though. Ain't love grand?

Their story is told in alternating first-person. In his private thoughts, Franklin seems to care for Zora, but I just couldn't buy it. His permanent excuse is macho pride.

If Zora were half the woman McMillan would have us believe she is, she would tolerate about one-sixteenth of the B.S. he unloads on her.

Zora's friends, NOT in love with Franklin, have a clear picture of what's going down, but Marie, Claudette, and Portia (pronounced like the car) are stereotypes straight out of a Ricki Lake audience. Their girltalk is so contrived that their input ceases to matter to the reader.

One final observation: McMillan insults the reader's imagination with overly-dialectic writing. That's fine, but it's like roller-skating all day, then trying to walk normally; reading from Franklin's perspective will make you think you's a black man done been raised in Brooklyn for hours afterward. But that ain't no thang—it gon'pass, just like everythin' always do.

Where Are The Computers?

A variety of computer labs and programs are located throughout campus

A new school year has started. For many students it is a new beginning. What do I major in? What classes do I take? Where can I type this up or print it out? These are just a few of the questions new students have.

Each issue in this column, I explore computer-related issues. This issue I will give the very basics of where to find the computer labs and what programs are available. I hope to delve deeper into explanations of certain programs and uses of computers in further issues.

I recently went on an exploratory trip to the third floor of the Orr Center and lo and behold what should I find? Four, yes I said four, labs with brand-spanking new Gateway 2000 computers. Now, I wasn't told about

this when I got my information from the Computer Center on where all the labs were, and I was frankly surprised.

Also sharing the third floor space is a Macintosh lab which is only used for classes at this point, so I will not discuss it.

BYTES

The other four labs, though, all have Word for Windows, Lotus, and various programs depending on which lab you

choose to use. Room 3066 has ten computers currently set up for internet access in addition to the above mentioned programs. These are the first ten computers you will come across as you enter the room. The other ten computers only have Word, Lotus and Business related programs for now because this is, after all, the business school's lab. Room 3068 is a mainframe access room which also has internet access besides data retrieval programs designed to be used for the mainframe. Orr Center lab 3073 is what is termed the Keetrain Lab. Keetrain is a program which teaches the user to use the computer.

Lab 3074 is the continuing education lab and this has internet access and all the above mentioned programs.

Now we move on to the library. The library has a lab and various computers in the open lobby area, also. The lab has a total of seventeen computers which have Word, Lotus, and other word processing programs. The open area has three computers dedicated to internet access. The library's open area also has computers used specifically to aid in the search for reference material and general use books.

In the Forum Building, there are a total of three labs in the hallway which contains all the English department lecture rooms. These labs are FA53-A, FA53-B, and FA54 which is a MAC lab for use by the general student population. The computers all have, for obvious reasons, Typing tutors, Word, and various other word processing programs resident in their hard drives.

From there we move to the Science Center attached to the Forum Build-

USI Computer Labs

Orr Center	3066	IBM
	3068	Mainframe
	3073	Keetrain
	3074	IBM
Library	Lobby	IBM
	1st fl. rear	IBM
Forum Blding	FA53	A/B
		IBM
	FA54	Mac
Science Center	SC292	Math Lab
	SC 290	Education
McDonald Apt	New Rec Bld.	IBM
O'Daniel Apt.	Convenience Store	IBM
	Complex	
Tech	TC249	IBM
Health Professions	HP2016	IBM

ing and here we find the Math lab (SC292) and the Education lab (SC290). The Math lab has Word and various math-related programs which you would use if you were majoring in a mathematics-related field. The Education Lab has Word, Lotus, and programs designed for the Education Department.

For those of you who will be living on campus, there are computer labs in both sections of student housing. For the students in the O'Daniel apartments, there is a lab in the convenience store complex. This lab has nine IBM's with such programs as Word and Lotus. For the students who will be staying in both the old and new McDonald apartments, there is a lab located in the new Recreation Building. These have the same programs as the O'Daniel apartment lab. Both labs are networked with the on-campus system for access to those programs on the network.

If you plan on spending plenty of time in the Tech Building, there is a CAD (Computer Aided Design) lab. This lab is primarily for the use of CAD by the technology majors. The Computer Center plans to add another Tech lab in room 249 in the Tech Building by mid-semester. This lab will have access to MUSIC, VM, COBOL, SPSSX and Fortran along with Word and Lotus.

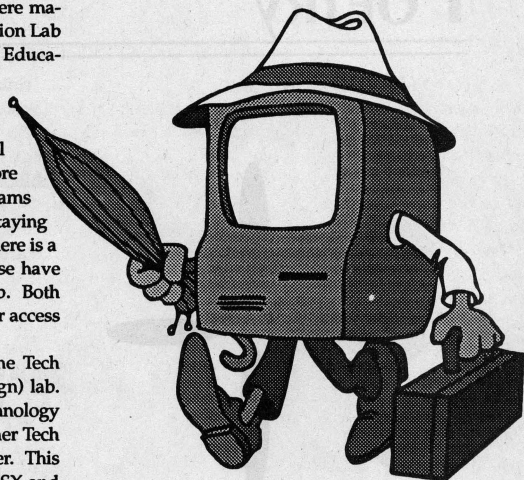
And last, but certainly not least, we come to the newest lab on campus thus far. This is the communications lab in the Health Professions Building room 2016. This lab contains 21 Gateway 2000s with such programs as Word with both Internet and network access. This lab is being primarily used for communications classes and communications students on request.

All labs are slated to have Internet access by the mid-semester break. All labs are networked with the on campus network computer for access to all the programs on the network server. The room numbers for each lab reflect the floor number and location of each lab, respectively. I hope this can be of help to you in locating each lab.

If you have any questions as to where the buildings are or even where the room number is located in each building, there is a receptionist at the Orr Center front desk whose job is to answer those types of questions. Or if you are the adventurous type, I suggest you get a campus map from the University Center front desk and find each lab for yourself.

If anyone has any questions concerning this column or suggestions for future columns, you can send your questions and comments to me through eMAIL at: etitzer@risc.usi.edu or just drop a note in the *Transitions* mailbox located in the Student Life Center on the lower floor of the University Center.

Eric Titzer



Students

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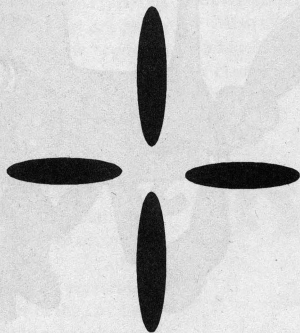
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POETRY



**Born 7-27-66
Died 4-18-89**

**The lingering odor of death hung over the room that night
Clinging to the shadows like a small child in his mother's arms.**

**As he feebly rolled to one side, he cursed his diseased body -
His last hold on precious life fast slipping.**

**Surrounded by familyfriendsloversdoctorsnurses
His hacking cough caused a tear.**

**Before the all-star athlete said goodbye
Before the faithful lover slipped from the grasp of his companion
Before the loyal friend was freed from his torment
Before Castle High School Graduate 1984 faded like a whisper**

**A last smile, and with a dying breath
The words came forth from his cracked lips...**

**"This disease is mine for the sin of pleasure
This disease is my punishment for loving."**

Brian Harris

A Lost Love

The pain I'm feeling
Nobody will ever know

The love I've lost
Has suddenly grown cold

The tears I've shed
Has helped me to know

That I can do better
God only knows

The nights go by
Ever painfully slow

With each heartbeat saying
Just let him go

One day I'll find
A new love to be

One that won't hurt
But a love that will be free

Jennifer Masterson

Before and After

We look through a box of old pictures
Memories that belong to my latest love,
Memories of his life before me.
One picture of him is cut
Strangely oblong. One arm and shoulder
Are gone, but he smiles broadly
In the picture.
He takes the picture and throws it aside,
And puts his hand on mine.
My life started with you, he says,
Then smiles.
A cold chill passes through me.
I look at the new pictures, the ones of us.
Arm in arm, we both smile broadly
In the pictures.

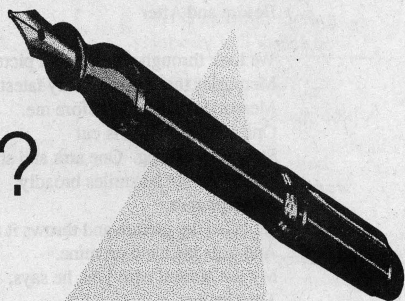
Tracy Bee

Sad is the Blueman

Catch the forever tears of the Blueman
in a bud of the Black Rose.
Mix in the gloom of the Ice Crystal Heart.
Protect it by the mental wall of imagined crepe paper sanctity.
Creativity stocks the mind of the Blueman
and maintains the flower petal flame in his heart.
Time runs cut-throat short for the blueman who dwells on the end,
but the end of what?
Could it be the rock candy of life,
hard luck humanity, or the skunk-smell sadness?
Lonely is the blueman who exists among the gumball-jewelry nobodies.
Surrounding himself with the faceless lemon friends,
the Blueman thrives on the codfish embraces of the vast voids
living off the generic kisses of the zombie
the Blueman is cemetarily lost because of his lack of cornered
animal vision.
Your factory ears may not hear the dog-ear howls and your plow-
horse eyes may not see the frowns of the seven vells but be aware
of oak tree changes.
Sad is the Blueman, I am the Blueman

D.O.A.

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fiction and poetry
for publication.

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Why Things Are

Why Things Are

Q. Why did people once upon a time believe in vampires?

A. We are pleased to report that the answer is not simply, "Because they were a bunch of superstitious numbskulls." The strange, chilling truth is that vampires myths are based, in part, on real scientific phenomena. Specifically, they arise from a misunderstanding of what happens when you drive a stake through the chest of a corpse. (This item will be intellectually stimulating but also kind of yucky.)

Centuries ago, in places like Bulgaria and Rumania, a vampire was not necessarily a sensuous, pale, Bela Lugosi-like bloodsucker who roamed around at night hoping to do some "necking." A vampire was the spirit of a dead person and could do all kinds of nefarious things, like alter the weather or prevent a farmer's cows from giving milk. (People would say, "Is it raining again? Damn vampires!")

It was pestilence and plague that drove the vampire myth. According to Paul Barber, author of "Vampires, Burial and Death: Folklore and Reality," survivors of plague would hunt for a scapegoat, and often would blame the plague's first victim. This person was presumed a vampire, and there would be an excited rush to the grave and exhume the body and kill it again.

You would think that when the frightened villagers dug up the body they'd just find a rotting corpse and would then realize the absurdity of their fears. Not so, says Barber. What they'd find was a fully well-preserved body, bloated as though gorged with blood, with blood on its lips. A corpse in the ground does not decompose as quickly as one exposed to the elements; the swelling of the body is caused by gasses released by microorganisms; the blood comes from the lungs, which are squeezed by the bloating of the body.

So people would say: "Hey! This guy must be a vampire! Where's that darn stake?" Or whatever. There are many written accounts of these incidents, and they are consistent in describing what happens next; The corpse would appear to spring to life and utter a cry. How very scary.

Are these tales merely fiction? No, says Barber, they are describing what really happens: The movement is a normal case of Newtonian physics as the stake hammers through the body; the cry comes from the air being forced through the throat.

"The vampire lore was a folk hypothesis intended to account for the events of death and decomposition,"

Barber says. "I don't think it shows any kind of unintelligent perception of the world. Their observations are clinically accurate."

Why are Americans today so enraptured by vampires? "People admire the power," says Norine Dresser, author of "American Vampires: Fans, Victims and Practitioners."

"Sometimes it's great to feel powerless. He takes them under his control. Sometimes it's great not to be the one in charge."

To this day in Eastern Europe, there are people who prefer to bury their dead "staked" says Dresser. It's an ounce of prevention, apparently.

Q. Why is there an asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter rather than a planet?

A. Speaking of belts, why doesn't anyone worry about the Van Allen Radiation Belts anymore? During the 1960s every kid knew that if you flew up into the Van Allen Radiation Belts you'd either die screaming or undergo some kind of Fantastic Four-like experience and return home with the ability to turn your body into rubber and slip under locked doors and so forth. Space used to be more exciting.

Now, we all know that the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter is made up of the remains of a destroyed planet. Like many things we all know, this is wrong. In fact, planets are made up of the remains of asteroid belts, if you will. That's how you make a planet: Get a lot of rocks (asteroids) and dust and comets and space junk and let it glob together and fuse and coalesce until you eventually have a large roundish object.

The reason this didn't happen in that large pocket of space between Mars and Jupiter is that Jupiter is too big. Jupiter's gravity attracted most of the rocks and dust that would otherwise be a planet.

Which brings up to the fact: There aren't that many asteroids. Put them all together and you'd have the equivalent of about 3 percent of the mass of the Earth's moon.

Dating: College Brings New Rules, Higher Stakes

Dating in college just isn't like high school. The stakes are a little higher and it's a little more dangerous. After all, living away from home without parental supervision requires a little more thought.

Living on campus means having your own place, with few rules. Cohabitation is illegal on campus and is defined as having someone of the opposite sex in the apartment after midnight Sunday through Thursday and after 2 a.m. Thursday through Saturday. That doesn't mean you

what to do and when. You just have to learn when to do what.

For many college freshman, boundaries on dates slip away. Setting limits requires self-discipline. The passion and fire is a little harder to put out, when there are no parents lordng over your shoulder.

Relationships tend to get more complicated in college. Sex and marriage enter the picture more often. People begin to think about the rest of their lives.

This new situation can be stressful. But, college is a time to explore new relationships and to learn new things. Students should try to meet and date people from different areas.

Unfortunately, that means many college freshman have sex

frequently and with many partners. Sex is easier to find and more adventurous in college. Students typically feel more free to do what they want. They normally have more chances to try new things.

But, safer sex must be kept in mind. Most college upperclassmen have been educated on the basics of safer sex.

Safer sex means using a condom cor-

rectly and consistently. It is approximated that 1 in 4 college student by the year 2000 will be HIV positive.

AIDS does exist here and needs to be considered. How well do you know your partner? Do you know their sexual history? These type of questions should be answered before any sexual contact takes place.

Other problems occur with college dating. Date rape is a problem at all universities. These apartments don't help in the matter. Any time, someone forces you to have sex against your will, it is considered rape.

If you are raped, there is assistance for you. Call security at 7777 and call the police. If one person is raped and doesn't prosecute, the rapist typically will continue to rape others. Counseling is available and all available resources should be used. Rape is a terrible crime and victims should seek help.

But, not all dating is gloom and doom. Students normally begin to explore more relationships and to have a good time doing it. They can stay out dancing and partying until the sun rises and there's no one to yell at them.

Just remember to be careful and always use a condom.

—Amanda Barton

SEX AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

are actually sleeping with someone of the opposite sex. Even if you are sitting in the living room watching television, if you're caught, it's considered cohabitation.

No one, however, is going to give an apartment inspection every evening. Students must police themselves and that can be difficult. There is no one to tell you

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Horoscopes for the Hell of It

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) I see a love triangle in your future. The question is do you get to participate or just watch. Don't wear synthetic fibers this month.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) "They" are watching you. You've been called paranoid before, but remember even if you are paranoid that doesn't mean "they" aren't out to get you. On the up side, this is a good time to buy kitchen appliances.

Scorpio (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) Someone really is watching you. Tall, dark and politically correct. Maybe you should say no. This is a good month to meet people, especially since classes have just started. Don't, however, talk to strangers.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) I saw what you did last week. Don't you think you should apologize?

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) You elect to take your speech class this semester and decide to demonstrate safe sex with a banana. Too bad the condom has a hole in it.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) You start this new semester with the best of intentions: highlighters, a pocket planner, an ink pen. You even buy all the books you need. I'm impressed. You deserve a treat--too bad you're now broke. Not to mention no self-respecting bouncer would let you in their bar. The pocket protector was a bit much.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) A new roommate is about to move in your dorm and is involved in satanic rituals. I see a life of living hell ahead of you. The up side is you spend all your free time in the library and your grades improve.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) The reason you can't find your classes is you're at the wrong school. Go home and try again, but don't be surprised if your parents have moved and left no forwarding address.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) Someone close to you is talking about you behind your back. Don't worry, though. Every word is true. Well, maybe you should worry. Puce is your lucky color this month. (Maybe that's why someone's talking.)

Gemini (May 22-June 21) A major decision is headed your way. Mere mortals would stand aside and let it miss them, but with your fat ego, you think you can handle it. You can't.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Speaking of majors (not that we were), isn't it time to change yours again? Keep changing until you find the right advisor.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) A relative hands you an envelope. Don't open it. Someone in your life is about to ask for your hand in marriage. Avoid them at all costs. Your life is about to end. You also need a haircut.

Eden Lies Obscured continued

nished; and embarrassment is normal. But because they didn't teach me that I can and should transfer any blame to them, I have been stuck with facing the reactions to my actions. This is about me, not them. I should be protected.

As I find more reasons to alienate my parents, I reprimand myself for worshipping the dirt they treated me like. Never—not once—did I throw a party when they left me the house for several days. How much more respect can a perfect child harbor?

And the most they have given me is massive confusion. Unlike lucky children, I wasn't taught that something is always right or wrong. They drilled into my psyche a habit of ethical relativism, confronting an issue from as many angles as possible, which inevitably leads to a temporary brain meltdown, and sometimes no answer at all. Even when I was committing some transgression against someone's rules, they allowed me to continue so that I could face the consequences when the storm rolled in. Rarely did they warn me, and even more infrequently did they stop me.

How perverse to give a child unrestricted freedom only to spank, ground, scold for not following an unknown guideline. If they would have sat me down and listed all the improper, unethical, sinful, inhuman, and unmanly things to avoid, I would have spent less time cursing them under my breath.

So maybe I have some complexes to blame them for. But I can't look a judge in the eye and honestly say, "Yes, sir, I killed my manager because my parents did a shitty job raising me. It had nothing to do with his being an incompetent, arrogant, slave-driver."

And now that I am in the parenting driver's seat, I find myself doing the same things my parents did—following the same footpaths that eventually led to my writing this rant against their pathetic attempt at child-rearing. Like most people's nightmares, I have become my parents.

Thanks a lot, Mom and Dad.

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