

Transitions

Student Magazine

Volume VI Issue IV
February 1996



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Vol VI Issue IV February 1996

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Transitions is published monthly by the University of Southern Indiana Student Publications. It is distributed throughout the campus and city of Evansville, Ind. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of distributors, the university, its faculty or administration.

Transitions welcomes and encourages submissions on any topic or medium. Include author or artist's name, address and phone number for verification. All submissions become property of *Transitions* unless prior arrangements have been made.

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.

Transitions is printed by the Princeton Clarion.

For more informations about advertising, subscriptions or distribution, call (812) 464-1856 or write:

Transitions

8600 University Blvd.

Evansville, IN 47712

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Student Journalists: Some Days We Work

Welcome to the new semester and to the new and improved *Transitions*. I now have a large, very hard-working staff dedicated to keeping me healthy and sane.

If you find the magazine rough around the edges, it's because these new staff members are just learning (or maybe the edges got caught in the printing press cogs). If you thought the magazine was just wonderful, well, that is because they are proteges, every last one of them.

If your opinion falls somewhere in between the two extremes, perhaps you were reading something else. We don't stand for mediocrity around here.

Don't be put off by our swelling numbers. We can always use more staff members and more submissions. As that wonderful, uplifting folk story goes: "There's room for one more."

There's room at our sister publication *the Shield* also. More room, perhaps. While *Transitions* faces a more or less monthly schedule, *the Shield* hits the stands twice a week every week with a minuscule staff and a young editor.

While *Transitions* has the good opinion of a small, loyal audience (I

have many friends), *the Shield* has few fans.

Transitions has the added advantage of an "Editor's Note" written by an editor who feels no compunction at airing all of the problems of publication. Editor Brandi West and *the Shield* staff toil in silence.

A sophomore, Brandi took over the job this semester from the workaholic Brian Harris who graduated in December. Though she felt she wasn't ready for the job, she sacrificed herself to the journalism gods because no one else wanted it.

I think she's done remarkably well so far. Because she's my friend and I've witnessed how hard she works, it now hurts me to hear ugly criticism of *the Shield* (as opposed to the constructive sort).

A friend tells me that the *Daily Student*, Indiana University's campus newspaper is a subject of derision just as our own campus newspaper is.

I wonder if this is fair.

Sure, any of us could do a better job. A couple of monkeys could do a better job, right?

Ah, but could those monkeys take a full load of classes and keep a part-time job while working on a college newspaper?

I think not.

Readers also forget about the "student" in the term student publication. The people who bring you the campus news are learning the craft. Readers sometimes forget that fact and expect a level of quality that is often absent even in so-called professional publications.

Maybe students in campus publications should be glad of the low regard their peers hold them. It prepares them for life as journalists who are considered just slightly higher organisms than pond scum.

Granted, student newspapers print many mistakes and overlook events that should be covered. But readers could help turn a mistake into a learning experience. A calm phone call or letter is usually enough to inform the offending reporters of an error.

Readers shouldn't ignore mistakes or oversights in student publications, but they shouldn't deride students who are trying, with few resources and little assistance, to cover the campus news.

I admire *Shield* Editor Brandi West and her staff. You should too.

Tracy Bee
tbee@isc.usi.edu

We're Broke.

Can you help us?

Transitions still needs people to sell and design advertising.

Contact Tracy Bee at 464-1856

Clarification

After reading the last issue many people were dismayed to find Pisces missing on the Horoscope page. They assumed we forgot to place it there. Of course not. The absence of Pisces should have been read as *the horoscope*.

We apologize for the confusion and hope people under that sign weren't ignored too much last month.

If you spot a blunder in this issue of *Transitions*, do not hesitate to call us at 464-1856. Yes, that is our actual phone number.

Letter, Editor's Comments Unfounded

To the editor:

I graduated from USI in 1993. My fiance attended a workshop on campus in November and brought me a copy of *Transitions* because he knows I enjoy reading it. *Transitions* continues to be a fine publication which has progressed well since its dubious beginnings.

I write because I was dismayed by a letter from Glen David and an excerpt from the "Editor's Note" addressing the value of Greek life on campus.

I was a member of a women's fraternity while I attended USI. Every day in my career I use skills learned in the fraternity experience. Meeting people, for example, and making conversation with strangers are skills acquired during rush.

Delegating responsibilities, following through, and preparing well-written and well-spoken reports are skills I obtained as a fraternity officer. Learning to conduct business, work as a team, resolve conflict maturely, and enjoy each other's company after busi-

ness ends are abilities realized by all members.

Finding creative and effective ways to benefit the community was a rewarding part of my fraternity experience. Working with my sorority sisters added to the fun. We do care about philanthropy or we wouldn't do it.

Finance is always an issue. It costs money to do anything. We know that. The dues were moderate and low in proportion to the benefits received from the banquets, guest speakers, and social opportunities they paid for.

People with common interests and goals will form friendships. Fraternity members will eat, drink, laugh, dance, and socialize together. So will other students.

There is not always time to party in capital letters as Mr. David believes. Sometimes, though, we will. We are friends.

The accusation of buying friends was exhumed again in Mr. David's letter, yet remains untrue. I stopped paying dues long ago; still, I have my

friends. We get together for fun and we support each other through marriage, career changes, and other milestones.

USI's Student Life and Student Housing divisions welcome and support Greek life on campus. Greek organizations provide a fine way for a student to develop his or her education into a well-rounded experience. So do the other organizations on USI's campus. They all involve work. They are not for everyone.

It is simpler to stand aside and criticize them. However, as long as fraternities continue to offer to students the kinds of benefits I gained, Greek life, pesky to some, will remain.

In regards to Ms. Bee's "Editor's Note:" According to the advertisements in *Transitions*, the magazine is somewhat lacking in assistance. Making one of its contributors look foolish is at least unwise and probably bad business.

Natalie Tindle
1993 USI graduate

Do You Care about *Anything*? Write a Letter

Send letters to:
Transitions Magazine
8600 University Bld.
Evansville, IN 47712

Or place them in the
Transitions mailbox located
in the basement of the
University Center.

Send eMAIL to:
tbee@risc.usi.edu or
tbee.ucs@smtp.usi.edu

USI Political Clubs Cater to All Persuasions

Due to lack of interest in the "Activity Forum," the job of informing students about campus organizations fell to me. In each issue I will give an overview of two or three clubs or organizations. I want everyone on the campus to be involved. I feel if you know the different clubs and what they are interested in you will know where to fill the club void in your college experience.

This month I am going to tell about the political organizations at USI. We have three organizations dealing with politics and political issues.

The Political Science Organization has been active for quite some time, but has made a few big changes lately. You don't have to be a poli-sci major to be a member; you only need

to be interested in political issues. It is totally nonpartisan.

The big project for PSO is a trip to Indianapolis where members will visit the statehouse and see our state legislators in action. PSO meets every Wednesday at 3:30 in UC113F.

For those of you who are more politically inclined, the Republicans and the Democrats have formed their own organizations at USI. The Collegiate Republican Organization and the Collegiate Democratic Organization are looking for new members.

The goals of both organizations are to involve more people in party politics and to educate them on party platforms. They both plan to have speakers from their respective parties and their prospective candidates address their meetings periodically. The

CRO will meet on Tuesdays at 3:00 and the CDO will meet on Tuesdays at 4:00. Both organizations meet in UC 113F.

These three organizations work together to bring the political issues of the day to the university student. They also want to keep people involved in the process of politics in the future.

The CRO and CDO want to invite you to their meetings. All three organizations are open to people of any political background.

If you would like more information on the PSO or CRO contact Brian Hollis at 422-6619.

If you need more information on the CDO, I can be contacted at 464-2250 or in the New Horizons Office at 465-1125.

APB

Where Classes End and the Fun Begins!

**IF YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO BE INVOLVED
IN THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS... HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!**

**EAGLE GRAN PRIX, HOMECOMING, COMEDIANS,
LECTURERS, FILMS**

**MEETINGS HELD EVERY
THURSDAY AT 5 P.M. IN UC 113F
OPEN TO EVERYONE!**

Around Campus and Beyond . . .

Compiled by Jennifer Masterson and Tracy Bee

Homecoming Week Activities

February 5-9

Voting for King and Queen in the Eagle's Nest 11 a.m.-1 p.m.

February 5-8

Voting for King and Queen in the OC atrium 4:30-6:30 p.m.

February 5

Battle of the Wits in Mitchell Auditorium 9-11 p.m.

February 6

Spirit Competition banner contest during women's and men's basketball games.

February 7

Student juggling contest in Mitchell Auditorium at 8 p.m.
Juggler Mark Nizer in Mitchell at 9 p.m.

February 8

Spirit Competition face-painting contest during women's and men's basketball games.

February 9

Delta Zeta "King of Hearts" dance in the University Conference Center at 8 p.m.

February 10

King and Queen coronation at half-time of men's basketball game.

Black History Month Events Scheduled

The annual Soul Food Extravaganza will kick off this year's 1996 Black History month on Wed., Feb. 7 between noon and 2 p.m. in UC 350. Students, faculty and staff are all invited to stop and sample a variety of African-American dishes.

On Mon., Feb. 12 a forum on "The Underrepresented: Black Faculty and Administration in America" will be presented at noon in OC 2008.

The Eagles Nest will be the site by Kathy Culmer: "Storytelling from African American experience," on Feb. 14 at noon.

A highlight of the 1996 Black History Month will be Athol Fugard's *My Children! My Africa!* This play will be presented Friday, February 16 at 7 p.m. in the Reitz High School Auditorium. This event is sponsored by USI's Activities Programming Board, Black Student Union, and the Multicultural Center. It is free and open to the public.

On Mon., Feb. 19, a Diversity Workshop will take place at noon in UC 118. Presidents and Vice-presidents of clubs and organizations are encouraged to enroll their groups.

A Black History Bowl will take place Feb. 26, 27, and 28 at noon in UC 350. Clubs and organizations are encouraged to participate. Groups must register in the multicultural center by Feb. 9.

Thurs, Feb. 29 will closing out Black History month with Club 8600: "I'm Black and I'm proud," at 8 p.m. in the Eagle's Nest.

For further information about these events, call the Multicultural Center at extension 7188.

USI & UE Theatre Productions

USI Announces

Baby with the Bath Water
by Christopher Darang
Feb. 22-March 3

For more information and
reservations please call
(812) 465-1668

Adults \$7/Seniors,
USI family, & students \$5

UE Announces

Dancing at Lughnasa
by Brian Friel
Feb. 16-25

For more information and
reservations please call
(812) 479-2031

Adults \$9/Seniors and
students \$8 UE
students free with I.D.

APB Film Series

Walk in the Clouds	Feb. 14
Money Train	Feb. 29
Jumangi	Mar. 20
Dangerous Minds	Apr. 17
Ace Ventura Two: The Call of the Wild	May 1

Admission is \$1 for each film or \$3 for a pass to all. Films are shown at 9 p.m. in Forum I.

Web Pages Worth Perusing

Alta Vista (Search Engine)

<http://www.altavista.digital.com/>

Internal Revenue Service

<http://www.irs.ustreas.gov/prod/cover.html>

Library of Congress

<http://lcweb.loc.gov/homepage>

New York Times

<http://www.nytimes.com>

PoliticsUSA

<http://www.politicsusa.com/>

Varsity Student Magazine

(Chinese University of Hong Kong)

<http://www.cuhk.hk/journal/varsity/>

The White House

<http://www2.whitehouse.gov/WH/>

Aerie Submissions Solicited

USI's creative writing magazine, *The Aerie*, has returned and seeks submissions of poetry, short fiction, essays, art and photography. Submissions are due March 1.

Take submissions to the Liberal Arts office located on the second floor in the Science Building.

The magazine will be available the week of finals.

The Bridge Changes Distribution Dates

The staff of one of Evansville's student publications has declared a change of distribution. *The Bridge* will go from publishing weekly to monthly. In explanation of this change, the staff lists three entities: "the bodies, the build, and the no-bullshit intentions."

The first issue under the change came out Jan. 25. *The Bridge* can still be found on campus next to stands that hold USI's publications *The Shield* and *Transitions*.

Archibald Tryouts Announced

On Sunday, February 4, 1996 at 2 p.m. in PAC 200, there will be tryouts for USI's mascot, Archibald Eagle.

The mascot is required to be at all home basketball games.

Requirements:

1. To be able to put on an outfit and perform in front of a crowd
2. Like to have a good time
3. You have to like kids because they love to talk to Archibald.
4. The tryout is nothing to get stressed about; it is in a very relaxed atmosphere

For further information call Christina at 468-2434

Discrimination

We're all Victims, Let's Sue

Not that I ever held a strong desire to work at Hooters, but I wish now I would have filled out an application or sent in a resume.

I knew then I would never make any money from a table of overweight, middle-aged, immature, upper middle-class men who expected a voluptuous and flirtatious girl to be at their beck and call.

If I were to walk up to a table of men, if they had any class at all, they would either leave the building or scream for a manager and a server with tits.

But, because hindsight is always 20-20, I could have made quite a bit of money from the recent settlement with

Discrimination was the cry of the lawyers and the dejected man ... in that order. But why the lawsuit in the first place?

Maybe it was the only way Jerry Springer would have him on the show. Or it could have been a double-dog dare from a few of his mental-midget friends.

It could be because this enterprising man wanted to prove something by fighting a corporation who would not have allowed him access had he not sued.

Other institutions are losing their homogeneity (largely to women), so why not an established sanctuary such as Hooters?

money are won plus the adoration of a few other nutcases who consider the person a pioneer in the advancement of discrimination.

I realize my name will never be recognized for my editorials — hell, only my closest friends can recall my name. And most of those don't bother reading what I toil and purge to write. This column is what I know to be my only (in)significant contribution to society.

In fact, I am such an unrecognizable person, because my first name is the same as the former and popular USI cartoonist who was fascinated with sheep, people immediately get happy upon meeting me ... until I correct their assumptions. Then they mumble, "Oh," and amble away.

However, now I see a future occupation or hobby, if you will, that, if not handing me enough money to live luxuriously on, will allow my name to be known to the general public. I've spent the last few days, in those brief moments of spare mental time, to create a list of possible lawsuits.

Please feel free to write this magazine about additional ones that never entered my brainstorming. If I win the case you advise, I will you award you 35 percent of my settlement, so please include your name.

These lawsuits are not in any particular order of monetary or vendetta importance.

1. Nebraska Cornhuskers. Seeing as how I have never been arrested, I could not be a starting football player on the team that has won two national championships in a row.

2. Geraldo. For not featuring me on his show about people who

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

Hooters, where a court ruled Hooters must pay retribution to all the males who applied for serving positions and were denied simply because they are ... males.

Why shouldn't guys be able to flaunt their bodies and receive above-normal tips from customers, just as the lucky women do? (Maybe, just maybe, it's because there's not much of a market for that type of service from men.)

Thanks to some idiotic fame-seeker (I heard one guy call him the male equivalent of Shannon Faulkner), Hooters now has to employ male servers on top of shelling out money for those whose image and psyche and emotions and pocketbooks were damaged by not being hired.

Following that example, are blacks going to demand inclusion into the KKK? Or Jewish businessmen asking to be a part of Louis Farrakhan's elite? Or a middle

school dropout suing to be part of NASA's engineering team?

The possibilities are endless so long as some type of criteria is set by the governing bodies. Unfortunately, for those who choose (for one unsound reason or another) to be admitted into an exclusionary group, the damning criteria is viewed as discrimination.

And luckily, most forms of discrimination are able to be challenged in court. Even if the goofy individual loses the case, his or her name is in the papers and known to a few people other than relatives who might still claim acknowledgment.

Upon winning the case, which seems to happen quite frequently these global-unity years, heaps of

sometimes consider themselves transsexual Nazi Eskimos who have been abducted by and bred with female aliens.

3. Gordon Eliot. For wanting to feature me on a show about neurotic college students who bottle anger and then release it on paper rather than hiding on a roof while holding a high-powered semiautomatic rifle with a powerful scope and catching unsuspecting pedestrians in the cross hairs and flipping a coin to decide whether or not to pull the trigger and blast the brains out of one more diseased individual who consumes valuable natural resources and adds to the scumpot of collection called the human race.

4. The local nudie bars. For not giving me the opportunity to swing my stuff in front of a bar full of drunken (male) sots holding money they can't wait to hand over.

5. All NBA teams. I want to play forward, but they won't allow me to play because I am a short white guy.

6. All NFL teams. I want to play receiver or safety, but they won't allow me to play because I am a slow white guy.

7. All single rich women. For not giving me the time of day because I'm nobody.

8. Madonna. To make sure she doesn't give me the time of day because I can breathe.

9. Mensa. I am not good enough for them, but I still want to be a part of their society.

10. The bodybuilding competitions. They refuse to let me compete because I resemble baseball bats and wood splinters taped together.

11. Televangelists. For not writing my name down for a reservation into Heaven because I can't af-

17. Deductibles. Why should I have to pay \$100 to have my car repaired because some moron talking on his cellular phone ran into my car as it sat so menacingly still in a parking lot?

18. The 17-year-old babysitter who watched me when I was six. For not having sex with me after I finished showing off by doing eight somersaults in a row.

19. Whiners. Because they make me sick to my strong-willed stomach.

20. All hospitals. For not allowing me to experiment with some aspects of brain surgery I think could revolutionize modern science.

I've been discriminated against. So have you. I know you have.

We have a complaint and a voice. Let's all band together and start suing.

(Do you feel like you're watching "Revenge of the Nerds," where at the end the one main nerd calls out to the crowd, asking for all those who have been ridiculed and shunned to come and join in the center of the field for a group hug? If not, then go away. Did you see?!?! I discriminated against you personally. So now you can join.)

You know, I would like to exclude some types of people, especially those who only step above their apathy to cry about someone who questions or ridicules religion or college Greek organizations, but, damn it, then I would be discriminating.

It's impossible to win from either side of the coin.

On male waiters at Hooters

Why shouldn't guys be able to flaunt their bodies and receive above normal tips from customers, just as lucky women do?

ford to send them money that I bust my ass to earn.

12. Smokers. For making me, and everything around them, smell unpleasantly disgusting.

13. Country music fans. For making it such a popular music that Evansville no longer hosts metal concerts and for playing it in so many places that I can't escape its maddening whining, which is making me extremely neurotic, and thus likely to climb on a roof and pull out my high-powered rifle with a scope ...

14. People who try to ban books. I wasted a lot of my youth reading the books these people contended I should never read because they (the stories, not the people) are intrinsically bad for me.

15. Idiots. For the never-ending stream of brutally stupid questions that I endure everyday as an electronics salesman and a human. Because of these people, I have all but lost my faith in the human intellect.

16. The (Ex)Princess Di. For not asking my advice on her marriage and divorce situation.

Mafia Pals Remembered

I had been impatient to investigate our city's newest industry--the Aztar casino riverboat--and, having never been opposed to a friendly game of chance, it wasn't long after the grand opening in early December that I found myself on board.

While walking the boat's three floors which were filled with slot machines, roulette wheels, craps, poker, and black jack tables, many memories came flooding back to me--you see, I learned the high art of gambling from the ultimate professionals.

This education took place in Denver, Colorado--my home in the '70s. I worked in a small (I was the only employee) plumbing and heating equipment supply house.

This was the means by which I met a wide and colorful assortment of "wiseguys" and even the "Don" or "Godfather" of organized crime in Denver--Clarence "Checkers" Smaldone. For, along with the selling of furnaces and porcelain bathroom wares, my boss did a brisk business in the commerce known as "bookmaking."

Jack, my boss, was a fast-talking, hard-drinking, sixty-year-old Runyonesque character who had spent time at sea and owned the tattoos and the vocabulary to prove it. He was a product of Denver's Little Italy, a tough, old neighborhood on the northside where you could find--with equal ease--a great spaghetti dinner or a beating.

As a boy, Jack had grown up with, and became fast friends of, the Smaldone brothers and other assorted neighborhood toughs. The Smaldone boys--Clarence, better known later in life as "Checkers," and "Chauncey" (the real given name of this younger brother eludes me)--would eventually establish themselves as the city kingpins of assorted rackets including loansharking and illegal gambling.

The Smaldone reputation around the city was substantial. In the '70s, it



Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

would have been hard to find a Denverite who had not heard of this family. The Marlon Brando movie "The Godfather," just recently released at that time, had only succeeded in increasing the local media's infatuation with organized crime.

Glamorized, the many Smaldone court battles were front-page fare for years in Denver newspapers. Practically every male member of the Smaldone family had, at some point in their lives, been acquainted with the inside of a jailhouse.

Of course, when I started working for Jack, I had no inkling of his association with these underworld figures.

Upon reporting for work my first day I fully expected to undergo an indoctrination in company procedure, merchandise, and the handling of customers.

But Jack's simple instructions were: "You stay up front and wait on the yo-yo's (his favorite term for legitimate customers) and make sure your holler if someone calls for me on the phone." With that he disappeared into the warehouse. It was apparently no concern of his that I knew nothing

about plumbing and heating supplies.

I have previously mentioned Jack's great dedication to the telephone. Not knowing of such matters, it did not occur to me why such a small company, with but one wet-behind-the-ears employee, would need twelve phone lines. I found out why soon enough. Jack had barely disappeared into the back when the phone rang.

I answered, fully expecting to be asked puzzling questions on the workings of a commode or some other mysterious mechanism of personal hygiene. I picked up the phone and, with what I felt was a friendly, professional tone, uttered, "Surplus Plumbing and Heating Supply Company."

"Who the hell is this?" grumped a scratchy voice on the other end.

"This is Mike."

"Mike! Mike who? Where the %@#& is Jack! Get that @!* on the phone!"

"May I tell him who's calling?" I asked, proud that I maintained a professional manner.

"&@# you! Get that *&#@ on the phone!"

"Hold on please."

Over the years, much of my time as an employee of Surplus Plumbing was spent in this manner--funneling dark voices to Jack. Eventually the various callers, many of whom I never met, began to recognize my voice, and I theirs. This saved time.

"Surplus Plumbing," I would answer.

"Get the &#@!-head on the phone."

"Okay."

It was never a boring job. I even managed to learn the plumbing and heating business since my main duty was to insure that normal customers, the "yo-yo's," did not distract Jack when other business beckoned.

Although most of Jack's unadvertised business was handled over the phone, some of his associates

would occasionally pay a visit. One of the more notable was Jack's best friend, Albert "The Nose" (I kid you not) Giracci. The reason for his nickname was immediately understood.

"The Nose" was a large man, 55 years of age, with a facial protrusion of magnificent size, and he stopped by often to talk with Jack. The brunt of their discourse normally took place in the back room.

One day, as I busied myself filling bins with copper fittings, a voice behind me asked, "Is Jack around?" I turned and there, dressed in an expensive, tailor fitted suit, with a light tan trench coat hanging loosely open, was the man the newspapers referred to as the Godfather of Denver's organized crime--Checkers Smaldone. I recognized him straight off, as would anyone who occasionally perused a Denver newspaper.

In a flash, all the stories that lent themselves to this man raced through my mind. Newspaper reports of convictions in his youth for various illegal activities, most of them centering around bootlegging ventures during the latter days of Prohibition, and innuendo that he now controlled the cities loansharking and gambling rackets. Beatings and thumb breakings to those who fell behind on loans or gambling debt payments were rumored.

Even well-publicized accusations of murder were directed at this man.

The latest of these concerned a man named Deluzio, a former associate of the Smaldones, who had made the sad mistake of being involved in a breach of Mafia etiquette (some sort of perceived double-cross). Early one day the indiscreet Deluzio stepped outside his home to retrieve his morning newspaper and quickly had his face and the top of his cranium efficiently removed by a shotgun blast served up by someone lurking in some convenient bushes.

The murdered man's wife went public, accusing the Smaldones of ordering the gruesome killing. The Denver media energetically followed

the story for quite some time, but, for lack of evidence, charges were never filed.

It was this man who now stood gazing at me. The eyes were in a pleasant, well-groomed face that was perhaps 65 years old. Just above these eyes was a checkered houndstooth hat. He patiently awaited my answer.

Acting like I did not recognize him, I swallowed and said, "He's in the back, would you like for me to call him?" He nodded while lighting a cigar.

**"Standing before me
was the Godfather of
organized crime."**

Time passed. Albert the Nose visited frequently, Checkers occasionally. I met others like them. Men whose last names ended in vowels and who did not rebel at the idea of settling disagreements with brass knuckles, stilettos, or .38 Specials.

Eventually, for whatever reason, the Nose and even Checkers himself seemed to take some sort of liking towards me. Whether it was my manners or my ability to mind my own business--a quality these men valued--that eventually lead to their acceptance of me I do not know, but one day, out of the blue, Checkers offered me one of his cigars!

The cigars the Godfather smoked were the expensive imports, fat, and of Herculean strength. After thanking him and lighting up, I wondered if this friendly gesture was instead a secret Mafia test of manhood--or could it be gangster humor.

I puffed on the vile creation while being watched intently. Somehow I succeeded in retaining my recent lunch and proudly lied, "Boy, that's a good smoke!" The three men stared blankly then turned, walked away and resumed their discussion.

Over the years The Nose took it upon himself to educate me in various games of chance. With him, I went to

the dogs (races) and learned the fine art of parimutuel wagering on greyhounds. The Nose was an expert, seemingly always a winner.

He taught me cards--black jack and the grand game of poker (and its many variations). He schooled me in game conduct, and how to spot an amateur or a player who did not belong, such as someone who could not afford to lose.

It was in the way they positioned themselves at the table The Nose told me. If they sat close with their stomachs touching the table, they were easy prey. Crowding the table was a sign of nervousness brought on by inexperienced, or the fear of losing. They were the ones to go after.

The Nose was unselfish in sharing these tips with me, information learned from a lifetime of wagers.

"Always be the boss when you gamble kid," Nose would say, "and never try to impress the dealer or other players with high risk bets, only suckers do that, or James Bond and that sonuvabitch ain't even real."

"Thanks Nose," I would say.

Jack, Checkers, and Albert the Nose are all dead now. Jack had a heart attack in 1989 and dropped dead at home, in his bathroom. Perhaps a fitting place for the owner of a plumbing company. Checkers eventually paid for his sins. He died in Leavenworth Penitentiary a few years ago, sent there at the age of 73 on income tax evasion. The Nose has also passed on.

Although I did not see any "wiseguy" types in the well scrubbed atmosphere on board the "City of Evansville," sitting at a poker table brought back memories of these men.

I paid attention to the way I sat, and I tried to play smart, like I was taught. I walked off the boat with thirty-two dollars more than I had walked on with. Small potatoes to the old boys from Little Italy, but I think The Nose would be proud.

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Hidden Messages

Silence Speaks Louder than Words

Is silence ever silent?

Silence speaks in a variety of tones, a whisper barely audible to the listener is easily recognized. Whispers of silence may become audible the first time you watch a sunrise alone. The beauty of an awakening day may unleash the whispering silence. Should you contemplate the newness and wonders of a fresh falling snow, you solitude shares the eloquent whispers of the voice of silence.

These moments can overflow with beauty, reverence, and tranquility as you enjoy the invigorating whispers of silence.

Time, place, and activity affect silence in many ways. Consider how the mood and voice vary as a wrong or inappropriate answer is met with silence in a classroom setting. An awkward readjust-

ing pause occurs as the instructor, faced with an unexpected answer, guides the class back to its intended course. During this fleeting moment of silence the student often experiences embarrassment, humiliation, and even reprimand.

Silence frequently speaks through solitude, loneliness or isolation in a very subtle way. Sometime the language is soft, a gentle urging, tugging at our emotions and occasionally can reach a crescendo demanding our attention. When circumstances or events stagger our ability to comprehend or reason, we are often besieged with silence.

The internal battle for understanding, control, and our inability to change current circumstances adds volume to the voice. Silence sometimes casts recriminations, doubts, uneasy feelings, and often anger. Look at the helplessly unemployed parent. "I'm willing to work, why can't I find a job?" When reason escapes our logic, silence speaks.

Couples young and old possess the ability to express emotion silently by gazing into each other's eyes. Promises, wonders, and love are voiced without sound. Momentary glance often reveal desires, hurts, anger, or even hatred. Silence is never silent when a couple finally realizes the utter impossibility of conciliation. When people are unable to compromise a misunderstanding, silence speaks louder than an accomplished orator.

Happiness and joy are often celebrated with laughter

and noise, but the quiet, haunting voice of silence can be harsh. Anyone who has ever sought futilely for answers to overwhelming problems understands that silence employs an extensive vocabulary. Here you may find the homeless, elderly without family, or young people struggling to find elusive answers. "Does anyone care?" For anyone alone and without friends, silence can be a dreadful enemy, creating apprehension and fear.

Surely the voice of silence speaks loudest through human discomfort, loneliness and pain. The silence urgently desires to be noticed, answered by anyone, while wishing to remain anonymous because of diminished self-esteem or feelings of inadequacy. Silence can speak with beauty, reverence, and dignity. Have you ever seen young

people suppress strong wants because they know that their parents can't afford to purchase a special item?

Perhaps we possess an internal reflex to shy away from the terrible sounds produced by silence especially in instances where a tragedy has befallen someone and we don't know how to respond.

Serious illness, broken dreams, divorce or an unexpected death can sometimes steal speech when it is most needed.

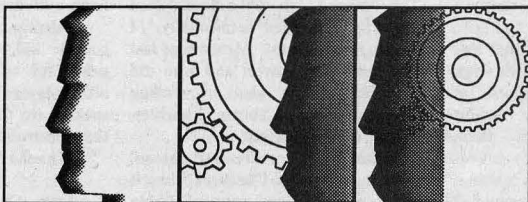
Silence reverberates in a thousand different tones from people in our community asking — no, pleading — does anyone hear? We may become accustomed to — or simply don't care about — the message it carries.

Sometimes we may not be able to help or even know how to respond, but the voice remains.

Silence is never silent when we are unable to deal with its rhetoric. A German proverb reminds us that "silence is golden," but in the vast areas of human emotions where we fell and experience beauty, joy, and awe, silence refuses to be silent.

When we are embarrassed, incapable or inadequate, silence speaks. Through deep pain, loneliness and sorrow, silence conveys our emotions beyond the limits of a spoken language.

— Charles Baize



Time To Grow Up: Dealing with Money

A recent graduate from Indiana University was in a quandry. She had a new job in the big city with a Fortune 100 company. Needless to say, she was happy. But in a phone conversation, her mom told her to save her W-2 because she would be doing her taxes by herself for the first time.

The graduate asked her mom, "What's a W-2?"

Sounds unbelievable? Not really. Many college students who went to an out-of-town school or whose spouse took care of the finances really do not know how to deal with money matters. Some people learn about money management after getting their first job; others learn after a divorce or the death of a spouse.

Never fear. Although it is a tedious task, anyone can become master of his or her personal finances.

The first key is to get organized. Buy an expanding folder and organize important papers involving student loans, checking accounts and insurance. The computer program Quicken has become a popular, yet inexpensive, tool for organizing household finances.

After collecting the information, it is time to make a budget. A budget, like a diet, should not be unrealistic. For example, if you have to eat cat food for a month to meet the food budget, something is wrong. Good budgeting can answer that ever-important question, "Where in the world is all of my money going?"

To set up a basic budget, write down your regular "take-home" pay and the major categories and sub-categories detailing how you spend your money and reasons why you save money (e.g., emergency or retirement). For example, the major "Housing" category might have several sub-

categories like "rent, maintenance, telephone, electricity, and water."

After budgets are set for each category, a budget sheet can be constructed.

Put the monthly budget on the left-hand side of the page. The income is listed at the top of the page, and the expenses and savings categories are underneath it. The categories should equal the income figure. Each month, a column is added for the actual amount earned, spent and saved, as is a column for the surplus or deficit spending.

An important part of becoming financially responsible is budgeting enough money to dig out from under the pile of unpaid credit card bills. With a booming use of credit cards in the U.S., many college students are finding themselves in debt for thousands of dollars.

If you cannot pay off your credit card bill every month, you might be overspending. Look at the bills and ask yourself, "Did I really need all the stuff I bought?" If the answer is no, make some spending cut-backs, save your money and pay off those interest-charging income leaches.

After budgeting, the next important step to financial independence is learning about saving. Take my grandpa's advice: "Don't spend your money all in one place." Saving money is crucial for buying a house, going on vacations, providing for a family and, eventually, retiring in Florida. Diane Floyd, investment broker for A.G. Edwards & Sons Inc.,

said, "You can't start too early." In addition to regular savings, she uses a target for retirement saving at 10-15% of income.

Many financial institutions have interest-bearing savings accounts with minimums as low as \$50. Certificates of deposit tend to carry a higher interest rate; however, there are higher minimum deposits, and the money cannot be taken out of the bank for the length of the certificate. A plus to depositing savings in a financial institution is that the account is most always insured against loss up to \$100,000 through a federal program.

One mistake that investors tend to make, said Mrs. Floyd, is to be too conservative with investments.

Mutual funds are a riskier but more profitable way to increase an investment. A mutual fund is a company that pools together people's savings and invests the money in stock and/or bond markets. A publication by Morningstar Inc., located in the reference section of most university libraries, rates all of the mutual funds available.

The minimum for starting a mutual fund account is usually from \$500 to \$1,000. Many mutual funds offer an automatic monthly investment plan. Once an account is opened with the minimum investment, the mutual fund can transfer as little as \$25 out of the investor's checking account and automatically deposit it in the mutual fund account. It is necessary to go through a stock broker or a discount broker (usually offered at financial institutions) to start an account with a mutual fund.

Before committing your nest egg to a long-term investment, some of your savings need to go to an emer-

gency fund. A common rule for an emergency fund is three months of take-home pay. In the age of corporate downsizing and re-engineering, an emergency fund and a really big bag of peanut M&Ms can make the blow from losing a job a little less painful. This money could also be used for a medical emergency or for the resection of a dead automobile.

Accountants around the country are doing the dance of money during this dreaded time of the year, tax time.

Here's a suggestion that will save anyone fifty or a hundred bucks: do your own taxes! In the spirit of "Saturday Night Live," you are good enough; you are smart enough. And gosh darnit, your budget will like you. In fact the IRS has tried to make it easier to perform your civic duty.

In addition to the IRS's toll-free help line (where it is extremely difficult to get to talk to a living, breathing IRS employee), the IRS has a World Wide Web address where taxpayers can download forms, read summaries of the answers to most frequently asked questions, and work through an interactive "Tax Trails" session. The address is <http://www.irs.ustreas.gov>.

If you've made it to the end of the article: Congratulations. You didn't jump from your chair, pulling out your hair, frightened from the idea of managing your money.

With new-found interest in personal finances, there are plenty of good informational sources for the beginning financeer. The David L. Rice Library has several good textbooks written for personal finance classes. Take notice, tax laws have changed greatly in the past few years; so, if you want advice on your taxes, go buy an up-to-date book.

At the Red Bank Public Library, some of the good finance books include *Guide to Understanding Personal Finance* by the Wall Street Journal and *Take Charge of Your Financial Future* by Marvin Roffman. If you want a bit of inspiration, check out the *Beardstown Ladies' Common Sense Investment Guide* at a public library. For a more advanced book on long term wealth building, Floyd suggests *Never Out of Season* by David Hunter.

—Julie Ruminer

With Honors

Second Honors Program Proposal Awaits Approval

What do most state universities have that USI lacks? According to Dr. Arno Wittig, Dean of the Honors College at Ball State, most state universities currently have or plan to implement honors programs.

If all goes as the members of the now-dissolved honors program task force plan, USI will establish an honors program within the next year or two. Last Fall, English Professor Dr. Phyllis Toy of that task force wrote a honors program proposal which now awaits administrative and budget approval.

Though it was specifically designed for this university, USI's proposed program is based on the programs at Ball State and Illinois State as well as another USI honors program proposal written in 1983.

Wittig visited the USI at Toy's request for an open forum in which he explained Ball State's honors program.

An Integrated Program

"We have talented students who I think deserve the opportunity to face the kinds of challenges an honors program would offer," Toy said.

But, Toy said the proposed program would help the university as a whole, not just a select group of students. "Faculty would be challenged. They could work with highly motivated students and work in new areas that aren't possible under the current curriculum," she said.

"It would give the university

a greater ability to attract and retain good students and faculty and allow it to provide a comprehensive education to students at all levels of intellectual development," Toy added.

Toy said a major difference between USI's proposed honors program and Ball State's Honors College is a matter of integration. Ball State's program is segregated, but USI's program would be integrated.

Ball State's honors students are often segregated from other students. They live in an honors dorm and take honors classes which are open to other students only by special permission from instructors.

Students at USI would take a freshman honor course and a senior synthesis course, but most of their honors requirements would be met in regular classes by doing extra or substitute course work. Students will be required to complete 21-27 credit hours of honors. These courses would be designated by an "H" in the university bulletin and on student transcripts.

The senior synthesis course requires a senior project or thesis. At Ball State, projects include artwork or papers that might be submitted to professional journals. Most projects are done within a student's major.

In addition to course requirements, honors students will be expected to perform a certain amount of community service appropriate to their majors.

The honors program will require students to maintain a 3.3

GPA overall and a 3.0 GPA in honors courses. At Ball State, honor students must keep a 3.333 GPA to stay in the program, though some tolerance is given for students who dip below the minimum. The average GPA is a 3.58 for the students in Ball State's program.

At Ball State, strict GPA, SAT, ACT and class rank requirements must be met to be accepted into the program, though students who prove themselves as undergraduates and enter the program late bypass these requirements.

USI's entry requirements will not be set until after the proposal is accepted. Toy said test scores, class rank and GPA will be considered, but that a student's extracurricular activities will be examined. Emphasis will be placed on personal interviews to minimize talented students falling through the cracks created by standardized tests.

Dollars and Sense

"We're stretched to the wire," one forum attendee said. "How do you add something else to a system that's already overloaded?" she asked Wittig.

Wittig said a university's financial situation is always the most important thing to consider when planning an honors program.

He gave the example of one college which wanted an honors program but couldn't find the funds without hurting its other programs. The plan was postponed until money could be found.

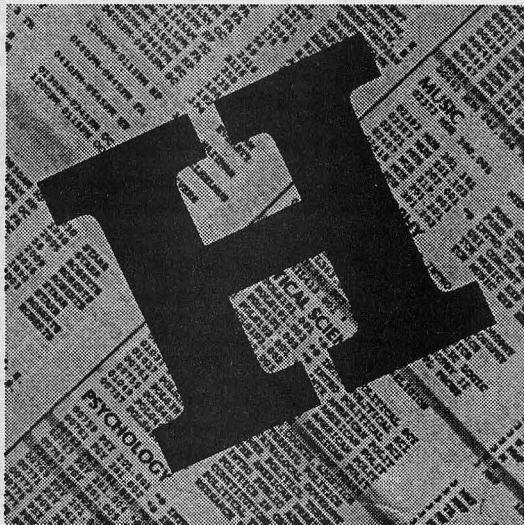
That fate might await USI's proposal. When the 1983 proposal was put forth, it failed because of budget constraints. Toy said that if this proposal fails it will be for lack of money.

Wittig said that honors programs

often gladly make do with leftovers from the rest of the university: a spare room in a new building, old furniture or equipment that is being replaced elsewhere on campus.

At Ball State, honors students volunteered their time to fix up honors program facilities. Professors volunteered to teach overload classes which pay little extra.

The costs of extra classes, extra secretarial staff, and incidentals such as extra printing can add up he said.



But Wittig stressed the benefits that an honors program brings to a university.

Besides helping current students, these programs attract prospective students. He said students who might go to universities such as Northwestern come to Ball State because of its honors program and the difference in cost.

He offered anecdotal evidence that most of the students who come to Ball State for its Honors program bring a friend who enrolls in the university.

Toy noted that she knows of a few

students who left USI for universities such as Ball State because they have honors programs.

Wittig said the program benefits the university in other ways as well. Special events planned for Honors program students often benefit the other students. Speakers invited by the Honors College speak before the whole university or small groups which may include students outside the program.

Wittig cited a USA Today article that said Honors programs are a new trend at universities. He said they are necessary to attract and keep the best students.

Desire and Anxiety

To make a new honors program work, Wittig said a university needs a tangible plan, good publicity and support.

Except for a class of nursing students brought by a professor, few students attended the open forum.

Lack of publicity or the morning meeting time could have been culprits for the low student attendance. Faculty, staff

and students who did attend kept Wittig busy answering questions, however, and the forum ran over its scheduled 2 hours.

Toy said many students and faculty want an honors program, but others criticize the idea with charges of elitism.

Toy said that USI's program is designed to avoid elitism. She said the proposed program would benefit the university by helping good students, attracting others and raising the standards for all.

Tracy Bee

Spreading God's Word

Christian Students Spend Vacation in Mexico

In Reynosa, Mexico, people pay \$450 for a piece of land at the garbage dump to build a small shack-type house with whatever material they can find. They have no electricity and no running water.

While many students and faculty spent Christmas vacation with family and friends relaxing and possibly even earning a few extra bucks, scenes such as this one greeted Evansville student missionaries as they visited Mexico over winter vacation.

Ten USI students from the Student Christian Fellowship (SCF) and 33 students from SCF and InterVarsity at the University of Evansville ventured off to Reynosa for eight days during break.

One student from SCF at Western Kentucky University as well as two women from California joined the group. The group was fortunate to have a missionary from Ecuador and seven other leaders from the Evansville area.

The group went to Mexico en el Nombre de Jesus Cristo (in the name of Jesus Christ). The purpose of this trip was to bring the love of Jesus Christ to the Mexican people. The group stayed across the border in Mission, Texas and went to Reynosa everyday. The women were housed at Melody Lane Retreat Center while the men bunked three miles down the road at Valley Baptist Church Camp.

The group had two main rules, besides not drinking the water in Mexico: Pray and be flexible. "We were constantly praying," Chris Huber, the missionary from Ecuador said. "It didn't matter how small or

insignificant the problem was, the overall attitude was to constantly pray for everything."

Everyone had an opportunity to be part of a different ministry team which included: clowning, drama, puppets, music or giving testimonies. While in Reynosa, the group handed out Spanish New Testaments, gospel tracts, rice, beans, painted, cleaned and exhibited the love of Jesus Christ.

"As a group, our objective was to love some of the needy people

away from the monotony," UE student Ryan Hobbs said.

On Saturday, Oakley was responsible for fifteen members of the group to go and minister to the youth at Tamaulipas Consejo Tutelar, a juvenile detention center.

Pastor Manuel Padilla, a minister in Mexico at the Templo Emanuel was the other contact that the group had for doing mission work. He took the group to many different places in Reynosa starting New Year's Eve.

On New Year's Eve, the group went to Pastor Padilla's church and helped participate in their church service. After church, they went to the garbage dump.

A one-room building serves as a church called Iglesia Vida Nueva (New Life Church). The mission team handed out beans and rice and encouraged the people there to come to the church for a presentation. "There was a lot of joy in the faces we saw," USI student Brian Sullivan said. "The real impact however, was from the spirit of God."

That evening, thirteen members of the group went to the Bread of Life Church in Texas to celebrate the event. Each year, the Bread of Life Church has a pitch-in dinner, sings songs, has communion, and then celebrates on the stroke of midnight.

Monday was a day of painting for most of the group at Pastor Gregorio's church, Iglesia Dios es Amo (God is Love Church). The team painted the outside of the church as well as the inside and outside of the Sunday school classrooms.

While many painted, others

"We gave them arms to love like Jesus and a break away from the monotony."

Ryan Hobbs, UE Student

in Mexico," Mike Luzzadder, Evansville SCF Associate Minister said. "We wanted to do this by two things. The first, through playing with the kids and giving money to the Josiah and Bethany Children's Home. The second, to go to different churches and areas in Reynosa to tell about Jesus with an American program."

Chris Oakley, director of the children's home and a missionary from the Calvary Commission, was the group's contact at the children's home. Every day, the group made a stop at the children's home to either work or play with the kids.

Chris's wife, Mirella, made a comment to the group that it was the first time that they had all of their laundry clean with no place to put all of the clothes.

Not only did the group get the laundry finished, but they also gave love to the children. "We gave them arms to love like Jesus and a break

scraped the paint off of the pews so that they could be painted at a later date. A small part of the team stayed at the childrens' home to do work and play with the children. However, when the work was all finished, there was a church service at the church in which the Mexicans and the mission team ministered to each other.

Joy and laughter were shared Tuesday morning with the kids at the children's home as they celebrated UE student Allison Mcvay's birthday with the breaking of a piñata.

Later, the mission teams power of prayer was tested heavily when Father Padilla took the group to the Red Light District which is a legalized prostitution district. At the Red Light District, beans and rice, as well as gospel tracts were handed out. Members, especially the clowns, attracted many children and adults to the church, which was a burned-out nightclub to make their presentation. After the service, many Mexicans accepted Christ into their lives.

As the service was closing and members were playing with the children, a fight broke out between two Mexican men outside the church.

As members of the team looked about, one of the men took a razor and stabbed the other man on the left side of his stomach.

Two members of the mission team Huber and Sajit Sasi, a UE student, tried to carry the injured man to an open area for the ambulance. The man did not want any help and became very irritated. He began kicking and thrashing, ripping clothes, and he bit Huber in the arm. Soon the ambulance came, and the

group left and drove back to Texas praying and singing.

After meeting up with Pastor Padilla on Wednesday, the group went to a place called Colonia Ferroviario, a railroad track colony. This was a place where people built homes alongside the railroad tracks.

Once again, the mission team handed out beans and rice, gospel tracts and encouraged the Mexicans to come watch the program that the mission team was going to perform.

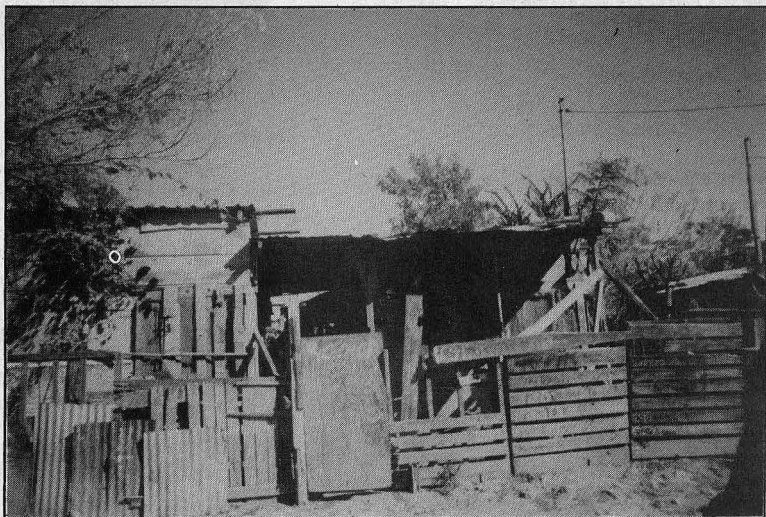
Few places had any electricity or any running water. As a result of this, a family that had killed a pig had to leave it outside because there was no place to put it. Another dis-

forward to accept Christ into their" lives.

The group was off to have lunch at a nearby Methodist Church, Templo de la Trinidad (Church of the Trinity). After lunch, they left to give their final presentation at the Iglesia Aqua de Vida (Water of Life Church), which was another one of Pastor Padilla's mission outreaches. This was another one of the poorer "colonial villages."

Despite the cold weather, many Mexican people came to the service and afterwards accepted Christ into their lives.

"I went on this trip last year when we came to Mexico and I never saw



Student missionaries encountered make-shift homes in Reynosa, Mexico.

Photo by Jennifer Masterson

turbing thing in the area was a huge rat dead in the middle of a road where children played. Not only was a dead rat seen, but a dead dog was also lying around in an area in which children were playing. Despite these factors and the Mexicans' poor living conditions, the group performed as usual. After the presentation, several Mexicans came

Pastor Padilla as excited as he was that night about the people who came forward to accept Jesus," USI student Brett Barrett said.

After going to the Iglesia Aqua de Vida, the group went to a Mexican restaurant called "Dejarvis Taco" and had supper. This was the first time

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POETRY

The Clatter of Winter

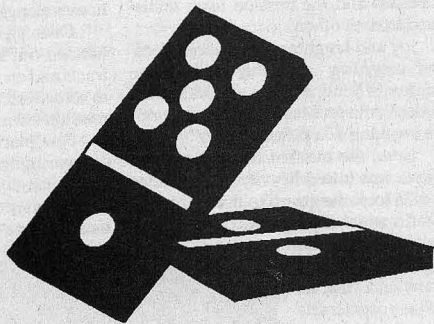
The oak leaves are not at peace;
they shudder against death
who rides the wind.
They clatter in horror
as each dry, wrinkled leaf clings
to live for one more season.

But the vibrant maple exalts in death
feeling no such desperation.
When the death-wind comes,
her bright red, yellow leaves
leap from their life source
eager to begin a new journey.

Thus, how will we face Charon
when he pulls to our shore?
Will he grasp our beds with white knuckles?
Or will he reach for his hand
and leap into his boat
anticipating the adventure?

Yes,
nature speaks a warning;
it will do us well to listen.
Because one day too,
our winter will come
and there will be no escape.
Our minds and our souls
had better be ready
when our death wind blows.

Richard Whitney



I Miss You

I miss you when the dark
Unwraps a new day
And holds it out to me,
And when a touch of sun
Shines through the dawn
And fills my world with warmth.
I miss you when the night
Folds its arms around the day
and holds it close
Until it fades into memory.
I miss you when Autumn fires
Burn your image in the sky,
And when the frozen white
Rocks my world to sleep.
I miss you when Spring
Reflects the dawn of life,
And life respects the memory
Of your death.

Marge Todd

Gone Again

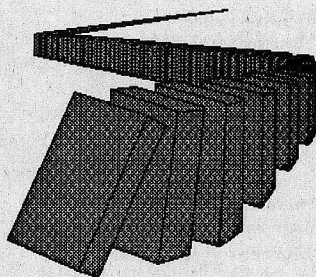
I found her footprint waiting
on the carpet next to the emptiness
that until recently held her clothes.
On the sink in the bathroom
I found a bristle her tooth brush
graciously gave up, and in the mirror
I can see an echo of her arms around me.
The few hairs I pull from the sheets
aren't enough to weave her back,
and the pillows are like magazine
samples of her perfume that fade
when I turn them.
The walls are too thin
to hold the paintings that fade
with the movement of the clock,
and reality snapped back an hour ago,
leaving me breathless and immobile,
as if her departure had been an accident
I couldn't walk away from.
When I crawl into bed the sheets cover me
like a bandage filled with her,
but it isn't enough to heal
the wounds we created together.
When I close my eyes searching
for the silence found only in her voice,
I find only the absence of light
rather than her calloused hands,
or the weight of her body;
and it is only then that I give in,
allow myself to accept the shallow nights
ahead that I don't want to wade through;
the nights where her foot prints fade,
leaving me with nothing
but the emptiness
that until recently she occupied.

Chad Sanderson

Midnight Dream

She came to me in darkness.
She took away my warmth
She took away my comfort
And with a kiss she became both
I don't want to open my eyes.
I'm afraid she's gone.

David Russell



Bockelman's Family Dining and Bar:

New-found Old Treasure

Dress: Casual

Food: Home Cookin'-known for their fried chicken

Price: \$10-15

***** - Your friends will have to tell you to shut up about that damn restaurant!

**** - You'll ask your mom to take cooking lessons there.

*** - Good enough food to make you remember the name Bockelman's.

** - "It tastes like chicken."

* - Ever tried baked grubs?

Nestled in the rolling hills of Southern Indiana (how many times have we heard that one?) is the quaint Mom-and-Pop's restaurant known as Bockelman's Family Dining and Bar. Ten minutes from USI, it is easy to locate. Drive north on Red Bank Road until you can't go any more, turn right on Harmony Way, and it's just 500 feet ahead (parking in rear). The place was hopping, but we had reservations and were seated immediately. Reservations (even on a Tuesday night) are a good idea.

Jamy's Experience

Two words: COLD SALAD. In my humble opinion, the temperature of a restaurant's salad is the classic "first impression." Just ask the others I dined with: I was in salad heaven. They must've stored it in liquid nitrogen! Then on the flip side, our fried appetizers were scorching hot! Between jalapeno poppers (\$4.50) and a regular combo platter of onion rings, cheese sticks, and fried mushrooms (\$4.95), I think we were all very pleased. That's when the food lapsed. It seemed to take a very long time for our entrees to arrive. But our drinks were kept full and plates were cleared off, so we were still

happy campers.

I ordered the "Mound of Shrimp" with french fries for \$8.95.

Uh-huh.

Does anyone understand popcorn shrimp? Sometimes I think it's just breading with a side of shrimp sauce to fool you. Never again.

And the french fries--STONE COLD! Major turn-off.

But because of the heavenly salad and pleasing appetizers, I'll return--hoping that it will be better next time.

Mike's Experience

I ordered that evening's special, which was pork Chops (2) and all-you-can-eat mashed potatoes, corn, green beans, and coleslaw (\$6.95).

My wife will confirm the fact that I am a mashed-potatoes-and-gravy junkie, and on this subject I consider myself an expert, having driven through the state of Idaho. Although I like my mashed potatoes thicker than those served that night (I lean toward lumpy), the white gravy was excellent, which means hot, creamy, and not greasy. The gravy was good enough to earn the mashed spuds an encore (I had seconds).

The pork chops were very lean and grilled just right--fully cooked, but still juicy. The corn and green beans were corn and green beans. How sexy can you get with corn and green beans--and would you want to? The appetizers I sampled were tasty, especially the jalapeno poppers Jamy ordered and Tracy's breaded mushrooms.

Overall, mine was a good-ole-down-home, mom's-cooking, rib-sticking meal.

Glenn's Experience

Bockelman's instantly struck me as being a very down-to-Earth restaurant. This point was underlined by our homey-looking, homey-sounding waiter. The service that we received was excellent,

but apparently the cooks were a little slow. It seems as if our entrees took a little longer to come out than they should have.

The salad was better than average with slices of tomatoes, eggs, and cucumbers. The Combo Platter of appetizers only included three of the many choices there. They were good, but I thought that more could have been included for the money. The Marinated Chicken Breast was excellent with its sweet and tangy taste, but, once again, I expected a little more for the \$8.95.

Kim's Experience

Bockelman's was cool! The atmosphere was very "homey" and mellow. I had never eaten there before and didn't know what to expect, but the menu covered all the bases.

The appetizers were fried to the maximum artery-clogging degree. Yum. The salad appeared fresh and tasted that way, too. I ignored the mushy tomatoes, you just can't expect ripe and firm when they are out of season.

I ordered chopped sirloin steak (medium-well) and a baked potato (\$8.95 after tax). Lo and behold, I got just what I ordered. I wanted to hug the waiter right then and there. To top it off, it tasted great, too.

I think we may have waited a long time for our food, but with seven people at a round table, time passed easily with conversation. Overall, I would say I enjoyed my meal. The quirky, seemingly forgetful waiter that can only be described as a "big lug" made the whole experience just that much more fun.

Shannon's Experience

I enjoyed my chicken with Swiss sandwich, which consisted of a marinated chicken breast topped with Swiss cheese, lettuce, tomato, and onion. The cheese was not overwhelming and blended nicely with the spices in the

For Deeper Reading, Try Salinger

Raise High the Roof beam, Carpenters (and Seymour, an Introduction)

by J.D. Salinger Bantam, 1955

I feel (for the first time since assuming the role of literary critic) thoroughly unqualified. Have mercy and forge on, if only to witness my foundering.

I'm a good reader, but I'm not very well-read. Perhaps many of YOU have never read this selection. It's a challenge in terms of pleasure-reading.

J. D. Salinger packaged this book in two parts. First is Buddy Glass's first-person account of his elder brother's tumultuous wedding event. The Glasses are a family of seven children descended from performers who themselves are featured on a children's radio quiz show during the '20s and '30s.

Eldest brother Seymour is introduced at length—FAMILIARIZED, rather—to us in the second installment. Buddy is now a 40-year-old writer and university professor. He retreats to a mountain hideout devoid of every excusable modern convenience to lash together the words to adequately describe his late brother Seymour. The task

is clearly important to the writer, because he writes in "semi-diary form" and as though he expects this "World-meet-my-brother" story to have societal impact.

I was left feeling that, although the story meant a great deal and should in any event be written, the impact was wholly upon Buddy himself, who canonizes his departed brother while seeking his own sainthood.

Seymour's introduction is one rambling recollection with time-outs for Buddy to work and sleep allotted in between. The clever use of language, pleasingly visual in nature, kept me reading though. In discussing students of his writing class, Buddy writes, "...if I were to ask the sixty odd girls (or, that is, sixty-odd girls)...." Now that's not stuff you see every day.

Coupled with the author's incessant and desperate apologies and pleas to continue, these propel the reader forward, as though Buddy Glass were YOUR endearing professor across your lunch table, spilling his guts to you alone over too much coffee. You don't just wipe your mouth, push out your chair and walk away in the face of that scene. I didn't either.

First things last, the "Raise High"

chicken. My complaint, however, is about the fries. I consider myself a connoisseur of fries, and these did not please my fussy palate. Crinkle cut fries usually please me, but these were cold and not worth eating. I found vindication for the worthless fries in the appetizer plate—fried mushrooms, cheese sticks and onion rings.

I never once lacked for a drink as our waiter was always ready with a refill. I found the atmosphere relaxing, a pleasant place to hang out with friends. The prices (\$4.95 for my sandwich) were reasonable. Bockelman's is definitely worth visiting again.

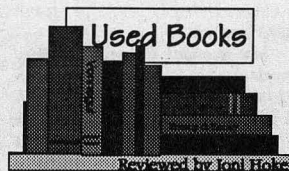
Tracy's-Experience

Though the others were dismayed

at the wait for the food, considering the kitchen had to prepare seven meals at once, I thought it was justified. Our waiter was attentive and accepted the stragglers in our party with grace. I was especially impressed that he kept my water glass full. (I usually go through about 3-4 glasses a meal.)

I ordered an appetizer combo, German fries (\$1.25) and the chicken filet sandwich (\$4.95) which came with potato chips (and I almost finished all of it).

A west-side establishment, Bockelman's serves excellent German fries. They weren't too greasy or cut too big. The cooks must have been fixing my fries while everyone else's



part of the story is a jewel, bursting with surprises and telling gestures from each character. The premise is that young Buddy, on leave from the military, gets caught in the breakup of a wedding party after his brother, the groom, "abandons ship." Riding in a rented car with unsuspecting friends of the bride (the Matron of Honor, no less), Buddy's fate belongs to his wits.

You'll finish reading this because of its unpredictability and ample bits of wisdom, like the one I'd like to leave you with now. It's a bit of Eastern wisdom pertaining to this very review, forced upon me in favor of a lesser challenge by my slave-driving friend Miss Hunley: "The sage is full of anxiety and indecision in undertaking anything, and so he is always successful." -Book XXVI, The Texts of Chuang-tzu

French fries grew cold, because they were hot.

The appetizers came in at a close second, especially the beer-batter cheese sticks and the jalapeno poppers. Next time I think I just might order a large combo platter (\$8.95).

The fried chicken filet disappointed me after the mouth-watering, I-want-more appetizers. I found it rather dry.

I'd go back again.

Consensus****

I believe we were all pleased with our visit. Bockelman's offers an array of food choices—I'm sure even the most finicky of eaters will find something to please them.

Garbage

Nothing more than mediocre trash

Fair Warning:

My musical listening history sounds about as confused as a drunk trying to find his way home in a blizzard. In the second grade, it started with Michael Jackson. I couldn't believe this was rock-and-roll. I was under the impression that rock-and-roll consisted only of my father's old 45's. I had discovered music.

It went from Michael Jackson to Wham to Madonna to Bon Jovi to Skid Row to Motley Crue to Guns N Roses to Nirvana. I fell into the pop music world initially but have slowly fallen a little away from the world of mainstream. The transitions that I have made have been from pop to metal and from metal to alternative. I hope that you now have an idea of where I'm coming from and what to expect.

The band Garbage attempts to get you to buy their album by giving you the single "Queer" and by showing their lead singer Shirley Manson in their video for this haunting melody. If you are looking for a CD filled with such melodies throughout, this is not the album you are looking for.

Instead, you might take a look at



Glenn Hasenour

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the second single titled "Only Happy When It Rains." This song is about the old adage "misery loves company," but it adds to that idea by implying that misery also loves sympathy. This is a fine sentiment, but I don't think that the music works well with the message that it is trying to send. It seems a bit too upbeat and outrageous.

The album does have its high points though. "As Heaven is Wide" is a song about breaking a commitment in any type of relationship. Lyri-

cally very blunt, the song seems to tell of a person who would do anything to get out of this relationship.

"Queer", the first single, is about sexual dominance. Its melody, pace, and lyrics make you want to listen. "A Stroke of Luck" asks the question: Fate or Divine Intervention? The lyrics make you think and the music fits well.

The cassette version falters on the B side. The first song on that side, "Vow," is about revenge. I don't see this as a bad topic but the song sounds a little too much like Joan Jett. The song "Fix Me Now" seems to be about a female on the rebound. Don't we hear enough about this subject in pop music?

"Milk" is the final song on the album. It contains lyrics that seem to have been written by Paula Abdul and music that sounds like Suzzane Vega. I didn't see this as a pretty combination.

I don't think I would buy this album again if I lost it, but there are a few songs on it that I will listen to since I have it. I give it a 2.6 on personal 1-5 scale. If you're interested in Garbage, go look in a trash can and save \$10.

Mission Trip - continued from page 17

the group had a Mexican meal while on their trip.

On the way home, as the group was praying and singing, the bus acquired a big gash in the tire about half a mile from the border. Not taking any chances of the tire going totally flat, the group got off the bus and walked across the border into Texas. While the group was waiting for the bus to cross the border, they kept on singing and praying in the Immigration office.

The bus finally made it across, and a mission group from Iowa, who

was staying at the same place the girls were, came to pick up the group.

Thursday, the group lounged around and packed as they waited for the tire to get fixed. Once the tire was repaired, the group headed off to Mexico to say goodbye to the children at the childrens' home and to go shopping at the market. Thursday night festivities ended with the breaking of a piñata and volleyball.

Early Friday morning, the group headed to Harlingen, Texas, for the airport. After a long trip of flying they

were finally in Louisville, Ky. Many headed back to Evansville with their memories of Mexico, making it in time for the snowstorm, while others headed back home to their families.

Going on the mission trip put a whole new meaning into the following saying not only for the people in Mexico but also for the group: "Our lives are before us... Our past is behind us... but our memories are forever with us...."

—Jennnifer Masterson

February 1996

Horoscopes for the Hell of It

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) Your goals for the month are cleaning one room of the house and finally feeding the goldfish you won at the fair a year ago.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) You decide to go on your long-awaited trip to Florida only to find yourself in an unsanitary hotel which never has enough towels. A hurricane hits and forces you to evacuate due to flooding of the building.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Try a new thing this month: magic tricks. You may know the object of the more complex trick, but they never seem to work with an audience. Just stick to the basics.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Investing in the stock market seemed like a good idea, but Ed's Indiglow Speedo Corp. was not a good pick. You blew all \$1000 you bet --I mean invested. Maybe you should stick to riverboat gambling and just spend \$20 a night. You can't afford much more than that.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) You have tons of Christmas candy and gain more weight after the holiday season is gone. So much for your New Year's resolution. Maybe you should try a little long-distance running to lose your weight. And if that doesn't work, try swimming. Remember, fat floats.

Gemini (May 22-June 21) You have trouble seeing out of your new glasses, so you revisit your eye doctor. Bad news. Your eyesight will get worse unless stringent measures are taken. You know what they say about poor eyesight. Maybe you should choose some other leisure time activity

Cancer (June 22-July 22) You decide to broaden your horizons with a different type of music. Forget about Pearl Jam and Hootie and the Blowfish, you are down with O.P.P.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) You want advice on what is to come in your future and know a psychic that could answer all your questions. But you find your future to have only dark meaning. According to this prediction, you decide to leave the country. I see that your happiness lies in the former Yugoslavia.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You want to play doctor and house like in your childhood days, but with an older crowd now. You like to try new things, but you are not into leather or chains. Much too kinky for you. Other good news: an elderly relative visits.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You are scoping out a new major for the fifth time. Since you are good at arguing, lying and cheating to win your side, you decide law is the career for you. If you could pass one class, you could get further than just being the client. Don't despair. Two words: Dan Quayle.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov.21) This month of valentines your grades fall, your new love falls for your best friend and you break your leg falling down the OC steps. The future is not set, though. Avoid those steps.

Pisces (Feb-March 20) The highlight of your lonely evenings is watching old reruns of the Brady Bunch. Sorry about your luck, or is it you're a loser and have no better way to spend your weekend nights. Try venturing outside; there might be a huge party next door. Those Brady kids could party.

Attention:

The next issue of *Transitions* will come out
February 29.

The deadline for submissions of
Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles is
February 16.

Late submissions 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*
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