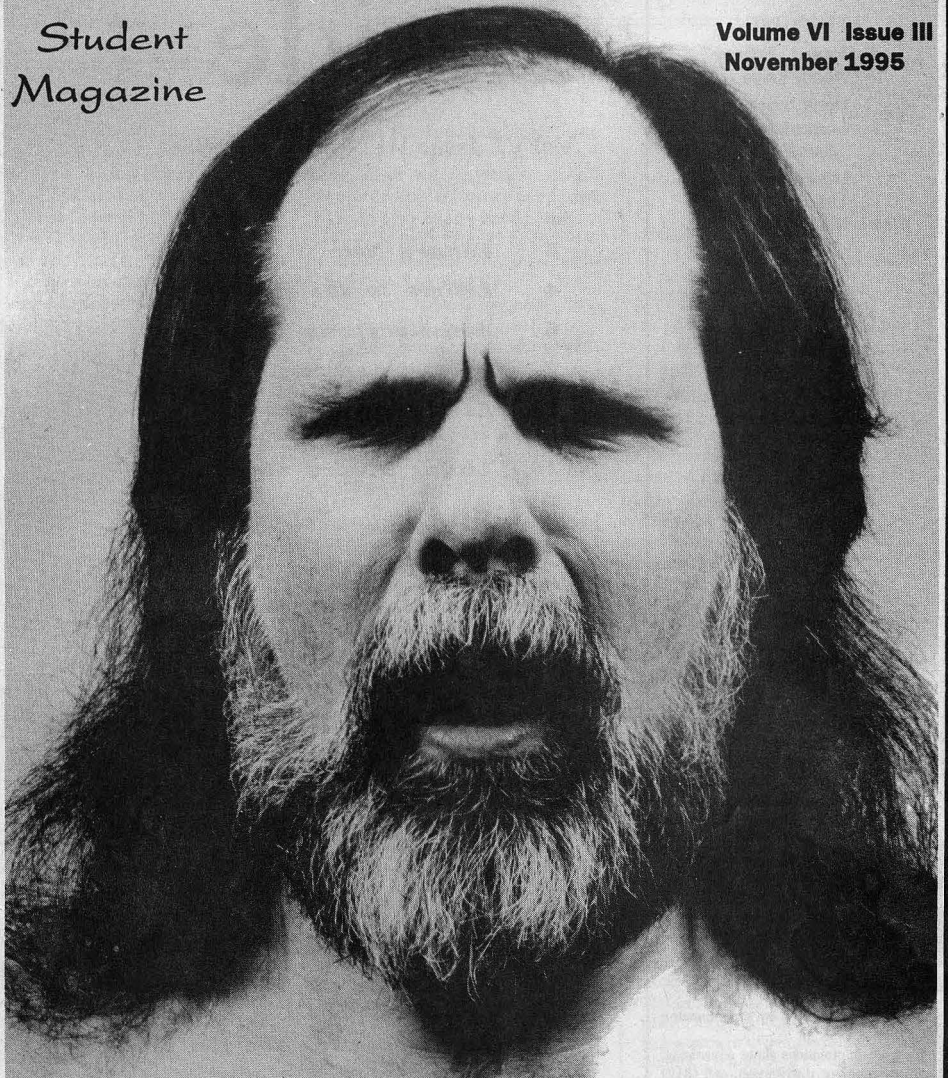


Student
Magazine

Volume VI Issue III
November 1995



Transitions

Editor

Tracy Bee

Assistant Editor

Wendy Knipe

Maria Tudela

Consultant

Jude Wolf

Advertising

Lisa Schenk

Contributing Writers

Joel Achenbach

Kim Clark

Joni Hoke

Jennifer Masterson

Matt Maxwell

Lynnette Reine

Eric Titzer

Mike Whicker

Richard Whitney

Advisor

Ron Roat

Cover Photo by Damon Dawson

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

All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is prohibited.

Inside

Vol VI Issue III November 1995

- 3** *Editor's Note*
- 4** *Letters to the Editor*
- 6** *Activity Forum*
- 7** *Around Campus . . .*
- 8** *Eden Lies Obscured*
by Matt Maxwell
- 10** *Listing T'ward Starboard*
by Mike Whicker
- 11** *Sit out or Take the Penalty and Play*
by Richard Whitney
- 12** *Greetings from Lotus Land*
by Wendy Knipe
- 12** *Why Things Are*
by Joel Achenbach
- 14** *Campus Spotlight: The Rugby Club*
by Jennifer Masterson
- 16** *Poetry*
- 19** *Used Book Review*
by Joni Hoke
- 20** *BYTES*
by Eric Titzer
- 21** *Staff Restaurant Review*
- 22** *Senior Citizens Defy Stereotypes*
by Kim Clark
- 23** *Horoscopes for the Hell of It*
by Lynnette Reine

Happiness is ...

When I was five years old, my mother bought me a book called *Happiness is ...*. Inside Snoopy and his friends illustrated various aspects of happiness. Happiness is a warm puppy. Happiness is hug from a friend. You get the idea.

It contained many other observations of happiness that I, as a cynical 20-something person, will not be able to appreciate for a while. I can't find the book now, but I think I remember one illustration in which a smiling Charlie Brown stands by a mailbox with a letter in his hand. Happiness is getting a letter.

Putting aside my aloof, cynical 20-something demeanor for a moment, I feel like Charlie Brown getting a letter. (Sort of. His letter was probably from the little red-haired girl. My letters are from strangers or at least people I don't know very well.)

After two issues, we have letters to print and plenty of them. When the first one came, I did a little Snoopy dance.

If you are wondering where these euphoria-inducing letters are, they are located on the following pages.

While I am temporarily happy, Wendy Knipe is dismayed that noone challenged her reign as USF's longest-

attending full-time student. Since Wendy offered my services as a foot masseuse to anyone who beat her, I have yet another reason for happiness.

I am also happy about the increased diversity that can be found in *Transitions*. We have a few new additions to the magazine.

Worried that this magazine was leaning too far to the left and had little to offer our more conservative readers, we advertised for a token conservative columnist. We found one in the form of Mike Whicker, a 40-something realist who hopes to delight the 7,642 conservative people on this campus and challenge and annoy the rest of us.

Another addition which might annoy many people is Amanda Barton's column about Greek life. We have already received one letter disagreeing with her views; I am sure we will receive many more. Those pesky Greeks just aren't popular on this campus and many people do not want to see a monthly column on the topic.

To paraphrase Voltaire, I may not agree with what you say (I may, in fact, find it quite annoying), but I will fight to the death for your right to say it. Well, maybe I wouldn't fight someone to the death so that Amanda can

Office Hours

**Monday, Wednesday
noon-1
Thursday
10-11 a.m.**

wax poetic about sorority life, but I certainly will print what she has to say.

Amanda's column is not in this month's issue, but look for it next month.

The final new addition is a service to the campus' many organizations. Called *Activity Forum* until I can think of something better, it is an open forum (hence the name) for clubs and organizations to present themselves to students.

I hope that with the advent of these features more people will find something that pleases them in *Transitions*.

Are you happy yet?

I hope so. If you are happy with the magazine, write us. If you aren't, then you can just ... well, write us.

It would make me happy.

**Tracy Bee
tbee@risc.usf.edu**

We're Broke.

Can you help us?

Transitions needs someone to sell and design advertising.

Contact Tracy Bee or Lisa Schenk at 464-1856

Correction

Some of our readers thought we were so productive earlier this semester that we had two (count them, two!) September issues. Well, no. The second issue was actually the issue for October. Though the inside pages attested to this, the front cover did not. We apologize for the confusion.

If you spot a blunder in this issue of *Transitions*, do not hesitate to call someone who cares. Or, you can call us at 464-1864.

Faulkner Fails as Hero

To the editor:

I recently read the article in the October issue of *Transitions* concerning Shannon Faulkner, and I find myself rather concerned with the way the article depicts Ms. Faulkner and our modern society. The last two lines of the article read, "You are not a failure because you abandoned the fight. You are a hero because you began it" and it is here I shall begin to demonstrate why I find the article problematic.

If, as Barnett contends, Faulkner should be viewed as a 'hero,' then I question her definition of *hero*. The last two lines would suggest that simply by challenging the tradition of the Citadel, she has earned such a title, but I disagree.

The article also points out that Faulkner did not withdraw because of physical requirements, but rather because of the emotional stress. Excuse me while I damage my ethos, but Boo Hoo!

Also, in attempting to define the word hero, I would question Faulkner's motive for attempting to enroll at the Citadel. If it is as Barnett suggests, and she simply wanted to effect change so "woman are able to enter the male domain of the Citadel," then I must contend Faulkner did not understand the Citadel and attempted such an action simply to receive her fifteen minutes of fame, which she enjoyed to its fullest by appearing on the *Oprah Winfrey Show*.

Surely Faulkner could not have been ignorant of the fact her actions would demand national attention? But she obviously did not understand how her responsibility would change once she had achieved such fame. When the eyes of the country became trained on her, Faulkner was no longer fighting a battle for herself, but for the

entire women's movement, and the responsibility, in my mind, was too much for her to handle. Faulkner should have realized what she was up against, should have known that she would not be welcomed with open arms by a school that prides itself on tradition.

Also, once Faulkner became an icon, her actions should not have been motivated by personal pleasure or pain. She wanted attention, and she received it, but she was obviously not prepared for the weight of it all. Her actions became a symbol for the country, and is it no through symbolic action that change is affected? Not in this case, because Faulkner stumbled and fell on her face.

Faulkner, if some wish to call her a hero, is a poor model. True, Faulkner started something; she challenged a tradition, but she failed, plain and simple. If we applaud her for her failure, what does that in turn say about our society? Doesn't applauding her remove the responsibility from her shoulders and dissipate it among those that say, "It's OK sweetie, you're still a hero to us"?

If she truly wanted to be seen, respected, hailed as a hero, she would not have folded when the barriers seemed insurmountable. She would not have concerned herself with the other cadets and their opinions, she would have remained faithful to the idea, to her goal of being the first woman to graduate from the Citadel. She would have dug her heels in and stared straight ahead, even if it meant her death. (Which would have made her a martyr and not a hero.)

But she did none of these things. What Faulkner accomplished was to make herself a pop culture icon, a tiny piece of trivia to be discussed over the family dinner where few really cared

what it all meant. She became just another guest on a talk show. Another strange individual who wanted to air her dirty laundry in front of millions of people wanting to find someone worse off than themselves. A hero? No. A fool? Yes.

I am not trying to say that what Faulkner faced was not indeed formidable, but perhaps Faulkner was not the one to face such obstacles. Faulkner was not the one to be thrust into such conditions, into such a challenge, to become the flag bearer of a movement Faulkner obviously knows little about.

If we are to praise her for her failure, if we are to call her a hero simply because she dared attempt to enter the Citadel, what does that say about people who refer to her as such? Are we to praise good intentions above results? Are good intentions enough to create a change? Or should we judge a person on what they have achieved, accomplished, overcome?

Faulkner overcame nothing. Her attempt to change the tradition of the Citadel was less effective than a fly attempting to knock down an elephant. To call her hero is to hand out that honor too liberally. She did nothing that no one else couldn't have done, or even done better.

Before anyone calls her a hero, ask yourself, if she really made a case for admitting woman to the Citadel, or simply became more proof that woman shouldn't be there. Ask yourself, if she had truly been a hero, would she have shown up on Oprah. Ask yourself, if she truly deserved the title of hero, would she have withdrawn from the Citadel so quickly.

Chad Sanderson
USI student

Former Editor Likes What She Sees

To the editor:

Three tremendous cheers to the new *Transitions* staff! As an alumni and a former editor, when I re-visited the campus during fall fest week in October, I was prepared to cringe my way through yet another ill-prepared issue of reprinted cartoons and half-page pleas for articles.

But, nay. Instead, I found a creative, insightful, NEWSY, bold and innovative campus magazine – exactly what *Transitions* was intended to be.

Editor Tracy Bee has been the second editor to take the reins of the near-failing publication, and through the hard work that comes from true dedication to the art of reporting, produce a publication about this community

worth reading on a regular basis.

I can assure you that when students and visitors from other cities pick up a copy of the new *Transitions*, they will have a favorable view of this college and the city it resides in.

Whatever doubts administrators and faculty may have had in the past about the value of this magazine are surely obliterated every time they see the product that sits on the racks today.

Respectfully,
Melissa Laughlin
Transitions Editor, Fall 1992-Fall 1993

P.S. And personal thanks to Tracy for listening to me rattle on all afternoon about "the good old days."

Greek Life Offers Little

To the editor:

In response to the article in the October issue regarding Greek Life, I would like to respond from a non-Greek perspective. I represent the major majority of students who attend USI that believes that the "Greek Life" is not the only way to go.

According to the article by Amanda D. Barton, Greek Life's purpose focuses on friendship, a sense of community, striving to be your best, plus a sense of family. I realize that this is only one person's viewpoint but lets face facts; people join sororities and fraternities to PARTY!

People don't attend college and join the Greek Life to better their communities. If these people really cared about their communities they could volunteer on their own without the help of a sorority or fraternity.

Why pay the outrageous dues to become popular and party? If you are yourself, anyone can make friends for free. Wake up! These people aren't your family! Are they going to be there when you really need them? I don't think so.

I have had the opportunity to join a Greek organization, but chose not to waste my money. There are more important things to spend it on. Contrary to popular belief - some people actually attend USI to achieve an education and focus their energy on that goal instead of making Greek Life their #1 priority.

One closing thought - Do these Greek members like you for who you really are, or do they like your check-book? Think about it.

Glen David
USI student

Do You
Care about
Anything?

Write a
Letter.

Send letters to:

Transitions Magazine
8600 University Blvd.
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

DPMA Offers Contacts, Learning Experiences

Fall is upon us and classes are in full swing. Although class work is extremely important that is just one step each one of us takes in achieving our career goals. One should realize that actively participating in a professional organization can provide numerous advantages in achieving the career of one's dreams.

I would like to share with each of you the value that can be gained by active participation in the Data Processing Management Association (DPMA). By joining the student chapter of DPMA, you meet other students who share common goals.

You will meet other individuals who have endured the courses you are about to encounter. At some point, each of us will be given an assignment or project in which we could use the support and/or help from another individual who has previously underwent such an as-

signment. DPMA can provide you with the contacts that might help in this exact situation.

I can honestly say that our members are always willing to help share their survival techniques and provide moral support.

I have been a member of DPMA for the past three years. During that time I have developed some very close friendships.

But there is more than friendships. through participation in DPMA I have gained organizational, communication, and leadership skills, among many others. These skills continue to be refined and developed so that when I approach an employer, I will be able to feel more comfortable with my abilities.

By participating in the student organization people can learn where their strengths and weaknesses may lie.

Learning where your weakness are

allows you to develop a strategy to overcome them.

Another advantage of DPMA is the ability to network with professionals. The USI student chapter is actively involved with the Greater Evansville Professional Chapter. This gives you the opportunity to meet individuals who may very well offer you a job after graduation. It also provides you with a chance to talk with and ask questions of those individuals who are currently working in your field.

DPMA holds meetings in OC 3052 at 5:15 on the first Thursday and third Wednesday of each month.

Publicity about activities will be posted in the Orr Center. A DPMA bulletin board in located on the second floor.

July Wuebbels,
DPMA President

APB Needs More Than Just an Audience

The Activities Programming Board is back with a fresh new attitude and a new constitution. It is also looking for new faces. APB is an organization of students and Student Life administrators that plans, organizes and sponsors the widest variety of student activities and entertainment on campus.

If you were involved with Homecoming in high school, then this is the thing for you at USI. Homecoming Week festivities begin Feb. 5, and peaks with King and Queen coronation during halftime of the USI men's basketball game.

APB shows movie favorites. Past APB films include: *The Lion King*, *Like Water for Chocolate*, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Schindler's List*.

APB has hosted great lounge acts including Barry Williams (Greg of *The Brady Bunch*) and Margaret Cho (*All American Girl*).

APB also sponsors informative speakers like Holocaust survivor Michael Vogel and USI's own Dr. Daniel Scavone, author of books on the Shroud of Turin and vampires.

The annual Spring Week activities begin April 15, and climax on Saturday with APB's biggest event of the year, the Eagle Gran Prix bike race, which is USI's version of IU's Little 500.

APB also sponsors Oksoberfest, dances, children's activities, Family Day and events like the recent toga party.

Despite USI's rapidly growing student body, behind-the-scenes involvement in APB activities continues to suffer.

Joining APB is easier than ever, and requires no membership fee. Okay, there is a fee involved, but let me explain. Last year, APB amended a new constitution that makes all USI students APB members. When you enrolled, you had to pay tuition which included a campus services fee. This not only pays for free admission to home sporting events, it budgets about \$45,000 to APB for programs and operating costs. So, if you are a USI student, you are an "active" member of the Activities Planning Board. Congratulations!

Keeping that in mind, you are wel-

come to attend our regular, open meetings each Thursday at 5 p.m. in UC 113F. There you can hear what we are planning and offer your opinions and ideas. Plus, you will be invited to help us with hands-on set-up and staging of APB events, attend leadership retreats and parties and travel to national conferences.

What's in it for you? You can join a committee or become a committee director some day, make new friends, learn interpersonal skills, enhance leadership abilities, and get experience working with equipment, money and people. Skills you learn from APB help you in a real job, and will look good on your resume.

APB needs both your personal support and your feedback. If you like our events, let us know; if you don't like what we do, please, please let APB know how to better serve you. Contact the APB office in UC 133N by dialing 464-1872, or go to the Student Life office for information.

Mark Grassman, APB

Around Campus and Beyond . . .

compiled by Maria Tudela

Aerobics, Body Sculpting Classes Offered

The USI Intramural Trim and Tone Shop, in conjunction with the Student Housing Authority, are holding body sculpting and aerobics classes for any current USI student, faculty or staff member.

Fifty-minute body sculpting classes will include a warm-up, arm workout and floor exercises on the arms, hips, inner and outer thighs. The workout sessions will be on Tuesday and Thursdays from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. in the McDonald West Rec Room.

Fifty-minute aerobics classes will be held on Monday and Wednesdays from 9 to 10 p.m. in PAC 200. The aerobics classes are suited for beginners, as well as advanced students.

The fee is \$5 for four sessions or \$1.50 per session. Signing of a waiver of liability will be required prior to participation. For more information call 464-1904.

Circus Science Comes to the Museum

Run away and join the circus Nov. 5 through Jan. 28, 1996, when "Under the Big Top" lets you in on some of the basic principles of science in the show of all shows—the circus.

The exhibition at the Evansville Museum of Arts and Sciences will look behind some of the circus' most amazing feats including death-defying demonstrations of bravery high above the floor—such as the high wire act and the human cannonball—to how cotton candy is made. Visitors will learn how it is possible for objects to roll uphill and how mirrors may be used to pull off seemingly incredible illusions.

The museum will also provide an additional interest to visiting patrons; a collection of circus posters from around the world will be on display.

Special events during "Under the Big Top" will also occur on weekends during the exhibition. Face painting for children, magic shows and complimentary cotton candy making demonstrations will take place on Nov. 11, 12, 18 and 19; Dec. 9, 10, 16 and 17; and Jan. 20, 21, 27 and 28 from 1 to 4 p.m.

Tour the Art and Culture of PARIS, France

Including: the Louvre, Notre Dame, the Palace at Versailles, Cartres Cathedral and the Loire Valley, Musee d'Orsay

9 days, 7 nights \$1190 plus tax
(price includes: airfare, 2 meals per day, hotel stay)

Contact: Eric D. Braysmith @ 464-1740 or
Professor Sherry Darrell @ 464-1754

Tri-State Cinema Society Presents Final Film

The Tri-State Cinema Society presents *The Postman* as its final film in its Fall 1995 Film Series.

The Postman, directed by Michael Radford, focuses on the relationship between the famous Chilean poet Pablo Neruda (Philippe Noiret) and an ordinary fisherman (Massimo Troisi) who becomes a postman so that he can deliver Neruda's fan mail to him.

The film runs Nov. 12 - Nov. 16. Shows are at 7 p.m. Sunday - Thursday and include a 3 p.m. Sunday matinee at the Old Orchard Cinemas in Henderson, Kentucky.

UE Literary Magazine Seeks Submissions

The University of Evansville Literary Review is accepting submissions of poetry, short stories, essays, photographs and art work from individuals outside the UE community.

Deadline for submissions is Dec. 1. Mail submissions to *The University of Evansville Literary Review* c/o University of Evansville Department of English, 1800 Lincoln Ave., Evansville, IN 47722.

Include your name, address, phone number and title of work on a note card as well as a self-addressed stamped envelope. No more than five poems or two stories should be submitted, and stories should be limited to 15 pages.

Where are Your Children?

Little Johnny May Learn More Than You Think from Video Games

Eleven-year-old H.B., tall and chunky, caught up with the kid everyone else called Rolly-Polly but who he called Chris. Weezing, H.B. asked, "Are ya ready for today's lesson?"

"Uh-huh. I've been practicin' since I got home from school."

"Me, too."

"Hey, whadjya get in the half-mile today?"

"I think it was four minutes and fifty-two seconds. I ran some, but my stomach started hurtin'."

"Haha! I beat you! I got four minutes and thirty-nine seconds."

"How much didjya run?"

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

"Part of a lap."

H.B. nodded. Then, as if suddenly remembering, exclaimed, "Hey, didjya hear about Doug?"

"No. What happened?"

"His step-dad thinks he's too lazy. I heard he's gonna make him run every day and play basketball."

"Aw, man! Does that mean he can't come to class?"

"That's what I heard. David said that his step-dad said that if he doesn't lose some weight, he's gonna be grounded from the TV for a long time."

"Tbet Doug wishes he had his dad back. His dad wouldn't have made him do anything like that."

"Yeah, his step-dad's a real prick. Hey, look at all the guys waitin' outside John's house! We better hurry if we want to get a good seat!"

Kids from around the neighborhood flock to the Mecca that is Johnny's living room. In that large,

bright expanse they sit, listen, watch, and experience Johnny's talented drive.

When kids tell parents they are going to Johnny's, parents smile in pride that their youngsters have found a wise friend with a (safe) man in his twenties.

"Followin' dis path will make ya loose ya power," Johnny explains as kids listen attentively. "Ya want ta look fo de secrets ta use when ya reach de end."

The children stare at Johnny, absorbing his experienced wisdom. When Johnny expounds an axiom of behavior, the children engrave the lesson in their heads. As Johnny models appropriate behaviors in certain situations, they note facial expressions, body movements, gesticulations, concentration. Then, they practice under Johnny's guidance.

Finally, after several hours, the monitor screen goes blank, and red-eyed, the children sluggishly leave for home and schoolwork. After the pupils depart, Johnny begins practicing for tomorrow's lessons.

So how did Johnny earn the adoration of the neighborhood? What made him so different that kids beg to enter his living room instead of throwing eggs at his windows?

Johnny was raised in a liberal home—he conducted himself by ethical relativism and was rarely chastised for exceeding his parents' taste. With the right touches and prodding, his parents bought many gifts, and for special occasions, expensive toys.

At the age of six, Johnny's parents bought him an Atari. He practiced it dutifully for several months. Then came the Intellivision. He spent

hours mastering it. He held competitions with friends for championship cookies and won consistently.

When the Commodore 64 became available, his parents purchased it. Within months his collection of games exceeded 500 and his hours of practicing increased dramatically. In order to master all the games, their levels, their intricacies, he practiced whenever he could. Friends visited, providing competition.

Nintendo changed his world. The number of games, the number of levels, the increase of challenge sent him into shivers of delight. He rarely went outside. Textbooks lay on the floor, rarely ever opened. Every day, whether rain or shine, he sat on the edge of his worn bed and practiced advancement.

The few times when his blisters inhibited his playing abilities, he plopped himself in front of the television. Sometimes he read magazines searching for hints he didn't know; rarely, if ever, was he enlightened by something new.

Super NES only broadened his horizons. Now came better games, graphics. And more competition.

He entered the next level with the introduction of Sega Genesis. His devotion to Nintendo waned some in favor in Sega. He played Nintendo (as with the other systems occasionally), but Sega, with its advanced graphics and more complex games, became his love.

He spent his money at video game parlors, where he fed the machines as much as his parents' pockets would allow. He practiced the games that would be hitting the sales floor of his nearest electronics store ... all to get an edge on practicing.

Johnny's favorite games were combatant simulations, where he choose a character whose mission was to slay as many enemies as possible in

order to find and fight a mutant sentiment of some kind. He also enjoyed one-on-one conflicts, fighting against the computer or against a pupil. He knew that as his warrior talent increased, as he won more bouts, his reflexes and knowledge would come in handy in the real world (in fact, every Thursday he conducted fighting simulations with the pupils because he remembered how unenlightened peers tease video lovers).

Graphic reality, especially with the introduction of digitized image—incorporating live-action footage with computer graphics—became a catalyst for purchases.

With modern, popular games such as Doom and Mortal Kombat II, in which one-on-one brutal and unnatural combat necessitates survival, his collection of graphically real and violent games increased. Using uncanny weapons, from flying electricity to Freddy Krueger-inspired claws to spinning swords, the characters in Mortal Kombat II battle each other until one is bloody and dead. Games such as this epitomize the will to survive and the thrill of deadly conquest.

Through all the years and thousands of dollars, Johnny's parents supported, by purchasing systems and games, Johnny's addiction.

They figured the games were better for Johnny than drugs. And playing computer-generated sports was safer on his welfare than if he played with schoolmates and neighbors. And, best of all, the games developed hand-eye coordination.

And, they reasoned, the cost of his addiction was surely cheaper than the hospital bills Johnny would have incurred had he actually participated in the sports he played on his game systems. Plus, his father remembered the humiliation of not being able to hit a baseball in the outfield, and he desired strongly to save his son from that mockery. Johnny now smacks home runs with little effort.

Friends came and went as they developed and changed passions. His social life was vapid by peer evaluations. Girls were uninterested. But game buffs called daily for information and he wrote articles for several game system publications (they were, of course, touched up some to fit the stylistic format of the magazine).

The same teachers who flunked him came to him for advice on computers, game systems, games, questions from their children. His parents wanted his grades to be better, but in order to accomplish that they knew they had to diminish his hours with the games. Better to accept his low grades, they thought, than experience

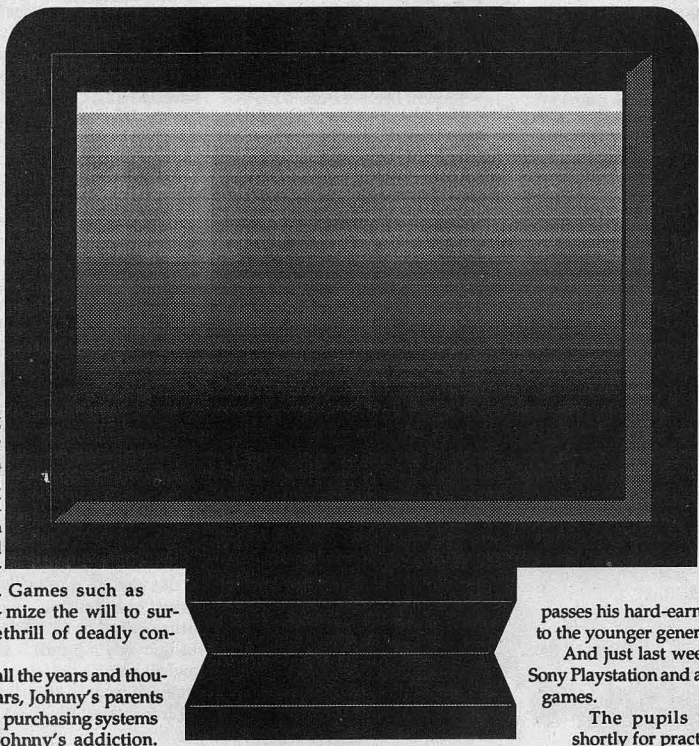
his withdrawal symptoms and psychiatric counseling.

Now, years later, with the popularity of Super Nintendo, Sega Genesis CD, CD, Magnavox Real, Philips CD-i, CD-ROM multimedia and games, Johnny, living in a house his parents bought, uses the wisdom he learned growing up and eagerly, lovingly,

passes his hard-earned knowledge to the younger generations.

And just last week he bought a Sony Playstation and all the available games.

The pupils will be over shortly for practice.



O.J. Trial Inspires Questions

Let's get started. Last month, editor Tracy Bee told me I had garnered the job as the newest columnist for Transitions. It will be my job to serve up a conservative viewpoint on political, social, or current event issues.

Yes, my leanings are generally to the right, but I am also forty-three years old. I mention my age not only for sympathy but because, as I get older, things seem much less clear than when I was twenty-three.

Back then I was always correct, the cocky assurance of my youth told me this, but somewhere in the years between the Beatles and gangsta-rap this confidence drifted from me (probably during the disco era).

Now the reactionary right would most likely be ashamed of me, as some of my current musings would likely be branded as liberal. However, I still regard myself as enough of a right-winger that my writing should be capable of vexing any self-respecting hippie.

What to do for my first column. Current events? I thought of O.J., but every possible opinion on this topic has been expressed, and reexpressed. I feared I might have little new to offer, so, instead of rehashing already stale views, I sat down and composed a short test on the Simpson case for Transitions readers.

Hopefully this quiz will aid some of my fellow students when instructors ask current events questions. The answers are included and in fact listed first to save time.

The O.J. Quiz:

Answer: Mark Fuhrman sings "Motown's Greatest Hits."

Question: Name a music CD we are not likely to see on the shelves in time for Christmas.



by Mike Whicker

Answer: Reasonable Doubt

Question: What does someone with a brain have when asked if they think the Simpson jurists graduated the third grade?

Answer: 65

Question: Name a highway speed limit and the average I.Q. of the Simpson jury.

Answer: Billy Graham and the Simpson Jury.

Question: Who can make millions of television viewers shout, "Jesus Christ!"

Answer: Lance Ito

Question: What is the name of the procedure when a doctor cuts open your ito?

Answer: A ton of coal, Red Bank, Johnnie Cochran

Question: Name a load, a road, and a toad.

Answer: DNA

Question: Where does the Simpson jury think Dee was before she was in B?

Answer: Side bar.

Question: Where do Sides go to pick up women?

Answer: Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman

Question: Name two people we think had something to do with the Simpson trial, but we can't remember exactly what now.

Answer: Not Guilty

Question: What is the real "N" word?

Anyone wishing to express an opinion to any of the main players in the Simpson case may write to the following addresses:

Simpson Jury Members
900 Wilshire Blvd.
Suite 200
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(please do not use big words)

Johnnie Cochran Jr.
4929 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90010
(letters to Simpson may be sent here)

Marcia Clark or Chris Darden
District Attorney's Office
County of Los Angeles
18000 Criminal Courts Building
210 W. Temple St.
Los Angeles, CA 90012
(letters to the Goldman family may be sent here)

Letters to the Nicole Brown family:
Nicole Brown Battered Women
Foundation
15 Monarch Bay Plaza
P.O. Box 380
Monarch Beach, CA 92629

As for me, receiving your comments, questions or suggestions for future columns would be a happy thing. My Email address is mwhicker@risc.usi.edu or a note or letter can be dropped off or mailed to the Transitions Office on the USI campus.

Sit out or Take the Penalty and Play

Non-credit courses help students score in the game of learning

According to a recent article in *The Evansville Courier*, USI freshmen will now be tested and evaluated to determine if they have sufficient writing skills to produce prose that satisfies the proficiency standards required by the university.

If students are judged to be incapable of writing a thoughtful, well-organized and grammatically-correct essay, they will not be allowed to take English 101.

Of course, the university is not going to reject these students because they used a comma when they should have used a semicolon or misspelled a few words.

These types of errors are common when students are forced to turn thoughts into words and somehow transfer them with pen or pencil to a bare, white sheet of paper while at the same time confronting test anxiety which promotes writer's block.

No, students who fail to meet the writing requirements for English 101 will be offered the opportunity to improve their writing skills by taking noncredit writing courses.

Noncredit writing courses are designed to teach students the basic writing skills necessary to produce an essay that would be accepted by most college instructors. But they are not free, and the classes do not count toward your degree.

In other words, noncredit courses are like a 10-yard penalty in a football game. They set students back from their goal, but they don't stop them from moving forward the rest of the game.

Thus, the students must make a choice. They can quit and go sit in the bleachers, or they can accept the penalty and continue to play the game like true scholars.

Ten years ago, a 31-year-old student at the University of Evansville decided to play the game and achieve

a degree. After completing a psychology course (the first course of his college career), this nontraditional student decided he had better learn to write if was going to be successful in college. Consequently, course number two was Comp. 104.

The first night of class the instructor asked the students to write an essay. The students were given the freedom to write about any subject of their choice. The 31 year-old freshman wrote about his best friend's divorce. Even though nine years had passed, the freshman had never purged the divorce from his mind.

At the end of class on the second night of Comp.104, the instructor returned the essays that the students had written their first night in class.

At the bottom of the last page of the freshman's essay he deciphered, with much difficulty, the following note of advice from his professor: "Dr. Klinger and I think you would be better off at this point in Comp. 100. The content really isn't bad, but there are a number of basic errors you wouldn't get a chance to drill on in Comp.104.

"Could I suggest you transfer to Mrs. Miller's Comp.100 on Monday and Wednesday at 6 p.m.," the note continued.

The referee had blown his whistle, and the yellow flag was on the ground. The freshman had three choices. He could

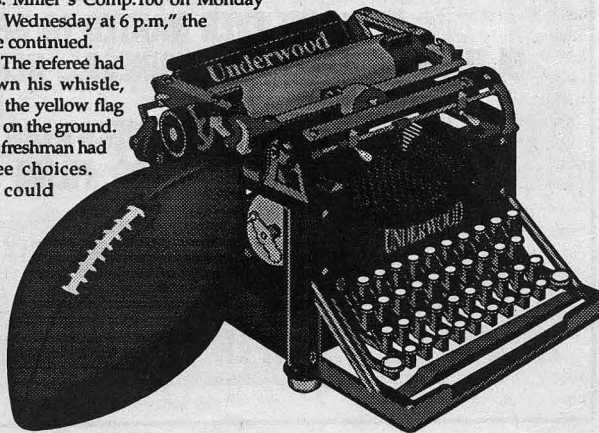
throw a fit and be ejected from the game for disorderly conduct; he could quit; or he could accept the ref's decision and continue toward his goal.

After a little thought, the freshman decided that there would not be any future in watching the game from the cheap seats. So, he got down in a four-point stance and started working his way back up the field. His intensity was matched only by his determination to offset the penalty.

The freshman received an "A" in Mrs. Miller's class which gave him a first down. He then worked his way down the field and received an "A" in Comp.104. Finally, after playing the game for 10 years (with a few more penalties along the way), the freshman became a senior and crossed the goal line at the University of Southern Indiana with a Bachelor of Science degree in English.

Life is full of choices. Students at USI can choose to take a noncredit course and work their way back up the field, or they can go sit in the bleachers. Life is too long to sit in the cheap seats.

—Richard Whitney



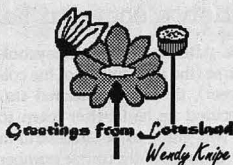
A Fantasy: A Life Uncluttered by Things

This is a fantasy of solitude.

The room is one of several single-occupant dwellings in a large, eccentrically-designed boarding house. The occupants themselves come and go and mind their own business. I catch glimpses of them opening and shutting doors in dim, musty hallways. Most of the time, however, the doors are closed. I only know what's behind mine.

My room is that of an ascetic. Its austere cleanliness is in contradiction to the Munsteresque decor in the lobbies and halls: cobwebby corners, chandeliers, cracked mirrors in grotesque gold frames, threadbare oriental rugs and claw-footed furniture of velvet over sharp springs.

My room is a place to breathe. It is wide and rectangular. The ceiling is high and the floor is bare. Blinds on



the two enormous windows on each side of the front wall are never drawn. Between the windows hangs a large mirror and in it I float in space. It is a place full of space and light and little else. There is nothing in this room to cloud my thoughts. There is nothing in this room and it is never empty.

This is a fantasy of the 20th century.

Two large closets take up the right wall. Behind the folding doors of the left closet are clothes and a black tackle box. The right closet holds my stereo, CDs and

the books I've brought with me. I've only the music I love and the books I haven't yet read. On the top shelf of this closet is a box in which there are several notebooks, black-bound and full of blank white pages.

The closet doors are always closed. I want no clutter— not to be weighed down by *things*. I want to read and to write and to think. To stare. To dream. I need space. I want to breathe.

This is a fantasy of order.

The other two walls are blank. The rear wall holds the door, which has an unused keyhole. Keyholes are intrigue. I like the mystery of this house. The mystery is less in its gothic style than in its occupants—strangers who share a toilet and a phone, but not a home.

This is a romantic fantasy. One of self-imposed exile.

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!**

Why Things Are

by Joel Achenbach

Why Things Are

Q. Why are our dreams illuminated even though our eyes are closed?

A. We know where the light comes from when our eyes are open, so where does it come from when they're closed? Does light "leak" into the brain through the somewhat translucent eyelids? Is there a Coleman lantern tucked down by the hypothalamus?

This is a really dumb-sounding question so naturally we called a Nobel laureate for the answer: Francis Crick, who along with James Watson discovered the DNA molecule. Crick is now researching how the brain works, and is author of a new book, *The Astonishing Hypothesis*.

Crick says that the mental process known as vision can flow in two directions: forward and backward. Forward-moving vision is the most familiar type: You open your eyes, light strikes the retina, and you "see" things. The mental processing of the image is fast but incremental. One set of brain cells detects the out-

lines of what you're looking at, another set fills in the contrasts, another set adds details, and finally an elite group of neurons "recognizes" the thing you are looking at ("Wow, is that a bad hairpiece!")

But the reverse also happens, only less vividly. You start with an idea—bad hairpieces—and from there move backward, constructing a mental image, from details to contrasts to outlines. The moral of the story is that there's not a huge difference between seeing with your eyes open and seeing with them closed. Both visual processes are basically "imaginary."

"We know the flow is in both directions but we don't understand the details of the backflow," Crick says. "It's just what you get in a firm. You get people lower down sending information up to the top and people at the top sending information lower down."

Powers of visualization seem to vary from person to person. This is even more true of sounds. Some people can conjure up the sound of music in their mind, with perfect fidelity. For them the mind is like an orchestra, with trombones and oboes and woodwinds.

But other people seem to have instruments permanently out of tune. The mental orchestra is undisciplined, inept, and can't do much of anything other than bang a gong. (You can just picture it, can't you?)

Q. Why didn't Supersonic airline flights catch on?

A. We called British Airways to find out what a round-trip jaunt to London on the Concorde would cost, and they told us, in a flat tone of voice that suggests years of training to avoid cracking up, \$7,800. We offered to stay over a Saturday night. They still wouldn't budge.

So here's part of your answer; Supersonic flights didn't catch on because most people, rather than parting with \$7,800, would sooner attach chunks of raw bleeding meat to their limbs and swim across the Atlantic.

The Concorde, though a technological triumph, is old. It's 1960s technology. It only holds about 100 passengers, because it's a thin, sleek plane. And it has a range of only

about 3,000 miles. Even that distance requires 200,000 pounds of fuel, half the weight of the entire plane. Adding significantly more fuel isn't possible because the plane would be too heavy.

With so few passengers the Concorde has a high operating cost per "passenger mile." And the short range means it can't fly the increasingly popular Pacific routes, which require a range of closer to 6,000 miles.

But here's the headline: Supersonic travel is about to have a renaissance, though it will still be limited to transoceanic flights. Numerous U.S. and European aircraft makers have already come up with designs for planes that can fly

up to Mach 2.4, about 1,600 miles an hour. Right now it takes 10 hours to fly between Los Angeles and Tokyo, but with supersonic planes it would take only 4.

There are two problems. First, plane exhaust can damage the ozone layer at the altitude where supersonics cruise, around 60,000 feet. Second, the new generation of supersonic planes need to be quiet as they come in and out of airports at subsonic speeds. Ideally the engineers will also find a way to dampen the noise from the sonic boom.

Rugby: Not a Sport for Sissies

Rugby Club Excels Despite Lack of Support

It originated in 1823 when William Webb Ellis, a soccer player at an English school, picked up the ball and ran with it.

On September 4, 1991, the sport made its debut at USI with the help of Eric Mitz.

The sport: Rugby.

Ellis who was from Rugby, England yearned for something more. Apparently,

gressiveness of football with no equipment. Every player tackles, runs with the ball and possibly kicks.

The game is played with a white ball, shaped like a bloated football, for two 40 minute halves with only one five-minute halftime break. Passing must be lateral or backward.

Unlike in football, when the ball hits the ground it is not out of play. Both teams literally fight for possession.

Perhaps the most familiar feature of rugby, aside from its ever-popular shirt, is the scrum. The scrum occurs when a group of eight forwards, including two props, a hooker, two second rows and a

can be attempted as a result of a major penalty.

Surprisingly, there are fewer injuries than in American football because there are less tackles, and players do not wear helmets, which can actually cause harm. Most of the time a player meets a defensive player and is not knocked down but held up while players try to rip the ball out to gain possession. Once a player in rugby is tackled or put to the ground, that player must release the ball and play resumes.

Rugby at USI

With the USI rugby team ranked in the top ten in the nation, two players will



rugby was that something.

Eric Mitz a student at USI had similar feelings as Ellis nearly four years ago. Mitz played rugby for four years in the Evansville and Indianapolis rugby clubs. He decided that he wanted USI to have a team so he met with the appropriate officials.

While rugby has always been one of England's favorite sports, its popularity in the United States has waxed and waned. President Bill Clinton, Senator Ted Kennedy and Pope John Paul II played on rugby teams in their "younger" years.

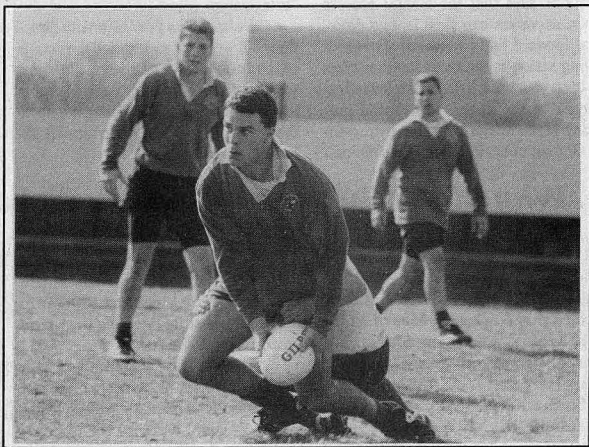
Though more than 290,000 people play in the U.S., rugby is not a sport for the faint at heart.

"It's not a sport for the faint at heart because of its lack of equipment," rugby faculty advisor K.C. Grosenick said. "It's an English sport that came to us with no [protective] equipment like football, but has the same contact."

USI has annihilated several of its opponents. They beat Western Kentucky 73-0 this season and Paducah 101-10 three years ago.

The Game

Rugby, a cross between football and soccer with no specific similarities, demands the stamina of soccer and the ag-



Scrum-half Danny Woosley prepares to pass the ball as he is tackled.

number eight man, link their bodies. They clash with the opponent's scrum to vie for possession of the ball in set play. It looks something like a football huddle.

A rugby touchdown is worth four points and is called a try. A conversion, similar to football's, is worth four points. A three point goal, kicked from the field,

be trying out for the national team. The team is currently third in the Midwest region as a whole and first in the South Midwest region. The Midwest region is broken up into four smaller regions: North, South, East and West. The champion from each smaller region will face off in the Midwest finals to vie for who

will represent the Midwest in the national tournament.

Rugby is considered a club sport here at USI. Since it is a club sport and not a sanctioned sport in the conference, the team receives no financial help from the university.

"USI rugby gets nothing," team captain Jeff Beidl said. "There is no way you can tell me or anyone else on this campus that there is not money available for club sport funding."

According to athletic director, Steve Newton, the rugby team receives no money from the athletic department because it is not sanctioned by the Great Lakes Valley Conference. Newton said that if Rugby was part of the intramural program it would be eligible for money.

So if rugby doesn't fall under the direction of the athletic department, where does it fall? It is under the direction of the Student Life office.

Student Life supports rugby in that they allow the team to rent vans from the university. But rugby does not receive financial support from the university. The team is already over \$700 in debt to USI.

Beidl said USI gives too much to the Activities Programming Board. Instead of giving them so much money, he said some of it could be divided among other

programs such as rugby.

The rugby team recruited six players to come to USI just to play rugby this past fall. Most students leave the rugby club because of the cost. Dues are only \$50.00 a year, but the players put a big chunk of their own money into uniforms, travel and other expenses so that they can reserve some funds for the club.

Three of the teams that USI plays, Ohio State, Notre Dame and Penn State are all varsity sports and receive full funding from their respective schools. The other non-varsity teams, Purdue, IU, Wisconsin, Western Kentucky and Cincinnati all get some type of funding from their respective schools as well.

"When we go somewhere, we feel like the Beverly Hillbillies because we don't have decent uniforms, etc. like the other schools that we play," Beidl said.

The club recently held a raffle to purchase new jerseys for the mid-west regions.

Why play?

Players say they stay on the team because they love the game. It gives them a sense of high idealism and respect for themselves and teammates.

"Hand in hand they play because every time they are on the field they battle. They bite, scratch and claw, basically any-

thing they can do to win. They do things on the field they probably wouldn't do for one another normally," Grosenick said. This rough play tends to bring out the a sense of camaraderie. They play for themselves and the team, not for big fan turn outs or big stadiums.

Players also feel a sense of unity from playing rugby.

"There is true unity on the field," Grosenick said. "This unity is more true in rugby and English sports in general than every other sport."

The players' sizes and backgrounds vary greatly. Size doesn't necessarily mean effectiveness.

"They come from all different backgrounds; basketball, soccer, football, wrestlers, etc.," Grosenick said. "There is a position for every size and weight."

One of the most famous rugby traditions passed down from England is partying with the opposing team after competition. This is a main attraction to many Americans who enjoy getting together for hours on end discussing the day's game and enjoying a few laughs with each other.

The players say they expect little exposure and no money from USI. Perhaps the sport's underdog status at USI lends to the team's strong sense of camaraderie.

—Jennifer Masterson

This year's Rugby Club members pose on the practice field behind the Library.

Photos courtesy of K.C. Grosenick



POETRY

Outside the State Hospital

In the shimmering hours just past midnight,
the muted green leaves play tag
with the distant stars, never quite settling
on base, never discovering the safety in being immobile.
Clouding the horizon like a judge of adolescent games
is a building which can't find a spot of darkness
big enough to cover the pock marked bricks and cathedralesque
windows which traded colored glass for steel bars - so it stares
at the games around it, eyes electrified by the nurses
doing rounds, the patients who find sleep a technicality,
and those who can't find anything. In between the midnight
breezes, a rusted gate sits to the side; a gate which used to lead
to the cemetery, but now guards a four lane highway
built to bring point A closer to B. Under the concrete
of convenience, beneath the broken yellow lines and reflectors
the cars don't understand, are the empty graves of patients
who never got tagged, never found their way
to base, and became nothing more than an afterthought
to engineers who didn't know anything about them.
Their tombstones have been replaced with oil stains
too faded to read and empty cans thrown from cars
moving too fast to care and the recently dead are buried
somewhere else, freeing up space for others on their way
to somewhere, or nowhere, and new doctors with less answers.
Now, in the middle of May, surrounded
by freshly cut grass lost in between car exhausts and the gate
which is only an antique - the hospital is silent;
almost inviting in its landscaped frame,
but it is the invitation of the stranger,
the one parents warn their children of,
the one nobody will accept out of fear
of becoming the last one tagged
just as the game ends and everyone disappears.

Chad Sanderson

I know . . .

I know by the way you sling
your backpack on your broad shoulder
as soon as class is over
and stand outside to talk just to me.

I know by the way you eyes flash
when they meet mine across the space
of the fully crowded lecture hall
instead of the girl's next to me.

I know by the way you run
your fingers through your hair
to keep from falling asleep in class
but stay awake to speak to me.

I know by the way you sit in the back
of the room so you don't have to talk
unless you want to; yet, you manage to save
some time to sit outside and discuss the world with me.

I know by the way you catch my glance
and call me over to meet a friend
or ask how things are going
when I've missed a class.

I know you like the way
my mind turns over new ideas.
I know you like to hear me speak
and argue against your opinion.
I know you like to hear me laugh
and see me smile when we converse.

I know I don't have a chance in hell.
Believe me.
I know . . .

Tracylyn Ford

Familiar Phrases

I'm too young
You're too old
I'm not ready for this
You're not ready for that

You're too jealous and possessive
I just want to be free
You don't respect me or notice that I am here
But you watch too close and reprimand me

I need time
You need space
My head hurts
Get out of my face

Life is too short
We've been together too long
We need to talk
Honey, is there something wrong?

I just want to be friends,
Maybe go on a few dates
You know you're the only one
I just need some air

I just don't want a commitment
Is that so bad?
I want to experience my freedom
So just cherish what we've had

So what does this mean?
Is this the end?
You know I still love you but ...
I want to see other men

We've had a lot of fun
But it's just not the same
It's no one's fault
I'm the one to blame

He just makes me feel different
Not smothered like you
I'm not seeing anyone else
Don't worry about what I do!!!

I want you back
I realize I was wrong
Do you want to get married?
Sure why not!!

Chris Cooper

Panic

tinsel ties hang loosely around the necks of ants scattering scurrying swarming across sidewalks and into and out of the cracks in the sidewalk that serves as the island kingdom spat upon by monarchs of concrete surveying their desolate empire of smog and garbage and a big chunk of concrete the gem in the crown of man a demon pawn on a chessboard of kings and bishops who preach and rave and spout garbled fire and brimstone for the good of their flock of sheep who may question but mostly just follow heads down eyes averted not wanting to offend or draw attention from anyone eager to point out and expound at length on their hollow blind existence anyone being the same as those who presume to peddle a new combination of boards nailed together to cover a vacant window in the shack where someone used to live but until recently stood abandoned devoid of life when abruptly noone and his wife moved in and began living the life they didn't want but unfortunately noone couldn't break the mindless routine of trudging down to the corner store and back for milk and bread and eggs and crack cocaine harvested from the veins of vanishing farmers or rather manufactured by big business striving to extract synthetic milk from imposter cows a fitting source of sustenance for some who swirl round and round in the shit-clogged commode they think of as getting along keeping the margins tidy and the writing in black ink quickly drying on the contract belonging to the man who grinning broadly just swindled you out of your soul for a handful of bright shiny beads clinking and tinkling prettily for awhile amusing distracting but soon lose their luster and fade and it becomes apparent that they have no sustenance no worth just trinkets a fair trade then with the man grinning ever broadly and clutching possessively an empty husk by the heartstrings so the joke's on him I suppose or perhaps the joke's on me.

Fisherman Kite

Steven

I

Years have passed by
but it still
seems like yesterday.

Shadowy figures,
forgotten dreams,
a dear voice
and endless laughter
from a golden summer
just like yesterday
or like yesteryear
when I was younger
just barely ten.
Ages of time
away from me now
but I still remember
you, Steven.

Strange how clear
things are now.
Passageways in the fog
that makes up my memory
that I travel.

The golden summer--
June: the family reunion.
We went off together
with my brother and sister
to explore Burdette Park
lake.
Who wanted to stay
and listen to the adults
reminisce about old times?
We were young
and brave.

Maybe we should have
asked permission,
but perhaps we knew
that permission would
be hard to get--
especially from your mom.

As I remember it
we were catching
tadpoles-- really wild
animals--
when your mom
discovered us.

Even though the water
was ankle-deep
she acted
as if you could have
drowned

her precious
eight years old son.
How dare we take
such a risk?

My sister
really paid for it.
She was the oldest
and should have
known better,
at least your mom
told her she should have.

If we only have known
about August....

II

I didn't see you
after that day.
You lived out of town
away from me
until August
when the future stopped
for you.

Damn!
I still hold the tears!

Your mom took you
to visit grandma
up in
Peru, Indiana.

(I've been there
it's a lovely place)

In the month of August
nice, hot
ice cream weather.

Parked cars.
Empty streets.
At least it looked empty
except for the approaching
ice cream truck
on the opposite side
of the street.

Ice cream truck slowing.
You running.
Another car
coming from the other side
driven by a young woman.
Disaster looming.

A mad dash
between parked cars.

She doesn't see you.

Crash.
Screams.
Tears.
Maybe a thump.
A fade to black...
and

DEATH....

III

A few days later
I realized my lost
of innocence
during visitation.

For the first time
I understood death.

You weren't just sleeping.
You never were coming back.
It was final.
Life was over.

I cried...
oh dear lord,
I cried!

Cousin Mickey and I
didn't run around
like the children
we once were.
The freedom of youth
vanished.

Sometime during
the visitation
Mickey and I
talked quietly.

I still remember the
conversation.
It was short.

**I WOULD GIVE MY LIFE
SO STEVEN COULD LIVE!**

I meant it then
and even today
some twenty-four years later
I feel the same.

PVD

3/10/95

Return to the '70s with *The People Next Door*

The People Next Door
by J.P. Miller
Dell, 1970

Now we're talking used. We all know about the '70s. (Barry Williams was the star attraction at our Homecoming, for Chrissakes.) You know the clothes, the music, the lingo.

Well, picture this: Mike and Carol Brady were each other's first spouses. Greg and Marsha were their only children. And Marsha was an acid-head.

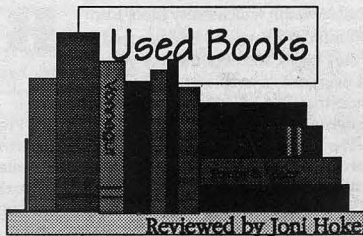
Such is the plight of the Masons. Except Eddie Haskell lives next door and lives to become his own legal representation.

Doesn't make much sense? Neither did the '70s. Point being, this novel is in keeping with the times.

This book is sympathetic to both sides of the generation gap. Parents are exposed as the alcoholic adulterers they are. Kids are exposed as kids living as teens in the '70s.

Ultimately, it is a silly, dated story with a weak message and one-dimensional characters. But, it is funny. One of the kids wears a Tom Jones t-shirt.

Read the book. I'm not doing this



for my health. That is beyond repair. (Besides, you don't want to KNOW what I'm doing this for.) Or rent the movie. You like Hal Holbrook, don't you?

ATTENTION:

The December issue of *Transitions*, the campus' student magazine, will come out **November 30.**

Warning: No new issues will be produced until next semester.

The deadline for submissions of
Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles
is **November 17.**

Late submissions accepted on a space-available basis.

What is This Thing Called the Internet?

It was developed by the Defense Department for communication during a possible war in which every other form of communication would be destroyed. It was the biggest secret of the day yet, almost everyone uses it now. It is said to be indestructible. It is none other than the Internet.

The Internet began in 1966, when a researcher at the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) set about to teach computers to talk to each other.

This was such a complex task by the standards of the day that a separate dedicated minicomputer had to be installed at each location to mediate between the site's main host computer and the others in the network.

Known as the Interface Message Processors, these smaller computers managed the newly developed process of packet switching. To this day, packet switching is the most fundamental characteristic of the Internet.

BYTES

From the Defense Department's point of view, the key advantage of a packet-switching network was that it would keep working even if parts of it were destroyed in a war. By nature, these networks are flexible, resilient and able to keep data flowing around the areas that are not working.

The idea is simple; unlike the phone system, in which an uninterrupted circuit—a length of wire—has to be continuously kept open between the two parties in a conversation. A packet network divides everything that is sent along it into small chunks, thus the name "packet."

Each of these packets is encoded with the address of its destination. A packet can then take any number of different routes because the routing computers along its path know how to interpret its address and thus can just send it off in the general direction of its destination.

The data eventually gets where it was meant to go (which usually takes less than a minute), and is reassembled into the original message.

Borrowing the ARPAnet's concept, nonmilitary organizations spawned their own networks, and these were eventually merged, or internetworked, with the ARPAnet to form the Internet.

In 1982, the Transmission Control Protocol/Internet Protocol (TCP/IP), which remains in force today, was introduced as the common language of the Internet.

The Internet Protocol is the addressing scheme used to designate destination computers, while the Transmission Control Protocol handles the tasks of breaking down data into packets and then reassembling it.

Four years after TCP/IP went into effect, there were approximately 5000 computers on the Internet. Three years after that, there were over 100,000. By the middle of the last year, there were more than 2.2 million. And that merely sets the stage for a surge of growth unlike any the Internet has ever seen before.

— Eric Titzer

Internet Terms

World Wide Web (WWW) - Allows you to jump around the Internet with hypertext while using a multimedia browser.

Uniform Resource Locator (URL) - The address used to access a Web site.

File Transfer Protocol (FTP) - Software and standards used to send and receive files between computers.

Archie - Helps you locate files available by FTP.

Gopher - Organizes information into a hierarchy of menus so it is easier to find.

Veronica and Jughead - Help you find Gopher menus containing the information you want.

Telnet - Lets you log into a distant computer to execute programs and look at files.

Transmission Control Protocol/Internet Protocol (TCP/IP) - A common language that holds the Internet together.

Source: *Popular Mechanics*, April 1995

Correction

Last issue, we reported that the Computer Center was located in the UC. It is actually on the bottom floor of the OC or Orr Center. We apologize for any confusion or inconvenience this mistake caused.

Take out a Loan to Eat at The Outback

The Outback
Dress - Casual
Food - supposedly Australian
Price - (\$15-20)

***** The place to be if
you're a helluva mate.
*** We like saying "shrimp
on the barbie."
*** You'll boomerang back
** Oh, great, first Paul
Hogan, now this.
* A dingo ate my baby.

The staff decided to review one of the East side's newest restaurant chains.

The Outback is located off the Lloyd Expressway. Its accessibility is convenient, but that's about all that is. If you don't mind waiting between one and two hours to be seated then hop right along, mate, to the Outback.

Although we choose to go on a weeknight our wait was still over 45 minutes.

Tracy's Experience

The road to Newburgh is quickly starting to look like Hickvilles's answer to Chicago's Rush Street. Bright techno-colored neon lights blaze from the signs of restaurants and "superstores" in what used to be a corn field. I don't like it. The lights at the Outback are just as gaudy and out of place.

Blinded by these lights, I arrived late, and found Kim with a pager on the front porch. Yes, there is a porch

and yes, the Outback gives waiting customers pagers. When a table is available they buzz you. Cool. It made us feel important and eliminated that annoying loudspeaker.

Pagers are expensive though, and I wondered how this luxury would reflect on the price.

It reflects.

The last time I spent this much on a meal I was in a dress, my date wore a tie and a violinist came to our table. Broke as usual, I had to break out a credit card. Good news: they take Discover.

The meal itself was delicious. I ordered the Queensland Chicken 'N Shrimp (\$10.45). Ask me how much that "N" bothers me. I guess I would not make it in Australia. Actually, I don't get along well with the natives here, either.

Back to the meal: Grilled Chicken and Shrimp plopped on a huge mound of fettucine Alfredo and topped with lemon sauce.

It was spicy and way too much to eat in one setting. I took the leftovers home and ate greasy, reheated fettucine for a week.

Maria's Experience

Alas, this was not my first encounter with the Outback.

I expected this visit to be as nice as the first. I was mistaken.

Now, don't jump the gun. The food was delicious, but the service, well, it left something to be desired.

I ended up ordering the Alice Springs Chicken (\$9.95.) It was a huge grilled chicken breast and bacon smothered in melted Monterey Jack and Cheddar Cheeses. Mine came minus the mushrooms, but with a generous helping of Aussie Chips (the Outback's rendition of spicy french fries with a

unique name.)

The Outback's meals are well-prepared and displayed. The atmosphere of the restaurant fits the billing of what they tried to create—a nice place with excellent food; however, the price you pay for what food you actually get is a little steep.

Granted, you receive generous helpings, but for \$20 one should expect great food, as well as great service. A chicken breast and french fries do not merit \$10 a pop.

Lynnette's Experience

When we arrived at the Outback, I was impressed with the pager because it made me feel important while we waited. Proceeding to the table, I carefully looked at the menu to find something daring, but safe.

I chose the Jackeroo Chops (\$10.95) which consisted of two huge pork chops, a baked potato and cinnamon apples. I thought it was very good, but I'm not sure I would spend that much money on it often.

Needless to say, I even took one of my pork chops home because it was too much for me to eat. I did not rate the service number one, but I did enjoy the entree I chose and the atmosphere of the place. I can give it a "nine", minus one for the service.

Maybe our waitress, Dottie, was having a bad day? Who knows?

Kim's Experience

The atmosphere inside the Outback reminds me of Lonestar. It is kind of dark, there is a bar, and the waitress will park right next to you at any given moment. The comparison ends there.

I ordered the 8-oz. prime rib with a baked potato and house salad (\$11.45). I asked how much margaritas

were -\$4.00— so I had a Coke. The salad was good, the bread was good, the potato was good, the steak was . . . a long time coming!

The first time I got it, it was very pink all over (I ordered it medium.) Normally, I would just eat it, but I couldn't cut it! So, in my sweetest of tones, I asked the waitress if I could get it cooked just a little longer.

Basically, she tried to talk me out of it. It almost worked, but then I remembered how much this was going to cost me. "Just another minute would probably do it," I said in my almost confident voice.

At least I got to watch everyone else enjoy their food while I waited an extra five or ten minutes (out of vengeance, I'm certain).

In return for my old steak I got a 12-oz. prime rib, which was cooked. This time, the waitress said that my first steak probably looked pink because of the lighting. (Then, why didn't the second look that way. No, ma'am, I am not looking at the world through rose-colored glasses.)

Frankly, the steak was a little dry.

I tried to soak it in the soy sauce they gave me, but that just gave it a rancid flavor.

I hate to complain, but I just don't think the whole dining experience was worth the 45-minute wait outside, the hour and 20 minute process of ordering, waiting, eating and digesting.

The Outback is down under alright, down under about 10 other restaurants I would rather go to.

Consensus

The Outback Steakhouse **

While some of us differed in opinion about the quality of our meal, we all agreed that the food was not worth the wait or the money.

Although the restaurant itself made a good impression, the service and the prices left something to be desired.

If you haven't tried the Outback yet you're not missing a thing, mate. Grill some shrimp on the barbie at home; it's cheaper!

Senior Citizens Defy Stereotypes

I wonder what I'll be like when I'm old. Will I be quiet and feeble or a cranky complainer? Will I be surrounded by grandchildren, or perhaps painfully alone?

My part-time job as a cashier at a cafeteria has afforded me the opportunity to observe the lives of older people. I wouldn't go so far as to say all the customers are elderly, but on senior discount day, I can count on one hand the number of people who don't get 10% off.

Some of the patrons are regulars. They come in every day, get the same food, and sit in the same spot. There is a group of ladies that come in daily (I'd swear they were all named Mary). It takes them about an hour to eat, and then they sit and talk for an hour.

What could they possibly talk about that had transpired since the day before? Boys? Zits? ... Menopause? I'm not qualified to speculate, so I'll let it remain a mystery.

I'll admit the annoyances of this job are starting to get to me.

I'm tired of people hiding their extra butter squares or crackers to avoid the five-cent charge. I'm tired of able-bodied people wanting their trays carried for them. And finally, I'm tired of those persons who give me hell for how much their food costs.

For example, recently, a man and his wife both got a tray full of food. The final total was \$9.27, or thereabout. He looked at me as though I were crazy and asked me to repeat myself. So, thinking he just didn't hear me, I yelled, "\$9.27, sir!"

He looked as though the sky was falling and said, "That's outrageous!" He gave me an icy look as if I was going to personally profit from his fruity jello and Salisbury steak.

The fact that I make only a baby's breath above minimum wage made it impossible for me to muster anything more than a blank stare while he sifted through his roll of twenties to give me a five, four ones, two dimes and seven pennies.

It is quite ironic that those who appear to have the least are the most generous. I feel that I, as a college student, have a certain bond with the elderly on a fixed income.

Perhaps, it is the pitiful look on my face that causes old ladies to give me a small tip. I just know my face expresses sheer delight over a quarter. And, it is sincere! That one-fourth of a dollar will go straight to the belly of my hungry car. (Or, I could be selfish and splurge on crackers and butter.)

As I wait patiently at the end of the serving line, I am forced to observe the effects of time. There are canes in many arthritic hands. Some of the patrons sit in wheelchairs pushed by a loved one.

Don't get me wrong, not all old people are feeble. The slowness and indecisiveness of some is in direct contrast with the dire impatience of others.

In fact, some are very spritely and go around telling their age just so people will be amazed at the good shape they are in (or that they are not dead yet).

The one thing I have learned and changed in my own thinking is that "old people" cannot be generalized as being a certain way, no more that younger people can. Not all of them are grouchy, nor are all of them sweet. They are not all either stingy or generous.

I would say, however, many of them are full of corny jokes.

—Kim Clark

Horoscopes for the Hell of It

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) You spend your weekends watching reruns of old TV shows because you don't fit in with your friends anymore. Face it, you have no life! You are better off at home anyway, your funds are a little low this month.

Scorpio (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You decide to go skinny dipping in the lake near your house, but the neighbor's dog takes off with your clothes. A neighborhood cop catches you and brings you in for indecent exposure. After the booking, the two of you make a date.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) You win a major shopping spree from the grocery store and have 30 seconds to grab everything you want. You decide, however, to eat what you can instead. It looks like Weight Watchers and a major exercise program for you.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) You protest outside all the schools that condoms should be distributed for safe sex. Wanting to make it more interesting, you pass out ones that glow in the dark. Then, people will not forget to wear one. Your motto: "Make safe sex even safer. Watch what you're doing."

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) You want to participate in some campus activities and decide to try out for a play. You've never taken any drama classes, but are a real natural at the bedroom scenes.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) You have a tendency to be at the wrong places at the wrong times. Lightning strikes close to you; don't stand too close to trees.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) After realizing a serious relationship is not what you want, you decide to date around. However, you either can't find anyone cool or you find someone who wants to commit. Maybe you should think about investing in a blow-up doll.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) You have many things you need to accomplish and make many promises to others this month. You never fulfill these obligations, however. It doesn't matter because you were never a person of your word. Be careful. Someone takes it personally.

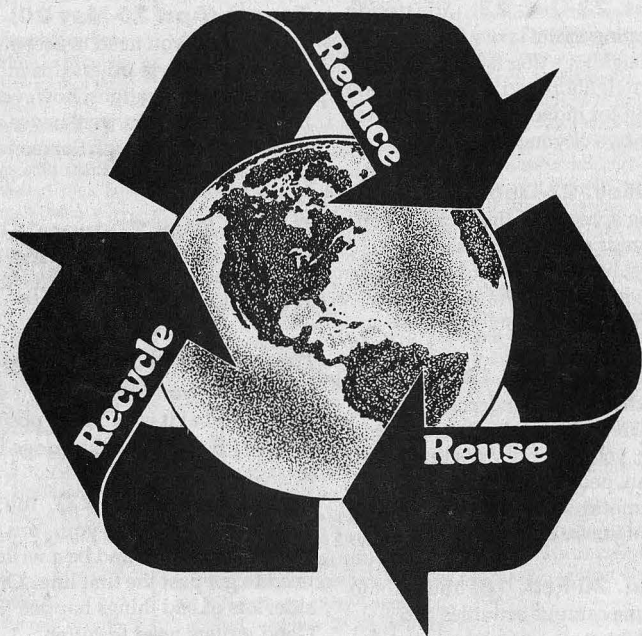
Gemini (May 22-June 21) You undergo severe mood swings and it affects everyone around you. You don't mind. You want others to suffer too.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) You discover a talent that you never thought you had. I am not sure what it is, but I am positive it is good for you. Beware of naked dogs this month.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) You are still searching for a career that is you. You decide to pursue your goals and be a writer. You just need to get past the first line. On the bright side, lots of bad things happen this month. Good writers need to suffer.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You are destined to wreck your car and ruin your clean driving record with nine speeding tickets. Look on the positive side of things; you're still alive. The police get to you in time. Can you say "Jaws of Life"? I knew you could.

**THINK THIS
MAGAZINE IS TRASH?**



THINK AGAIN