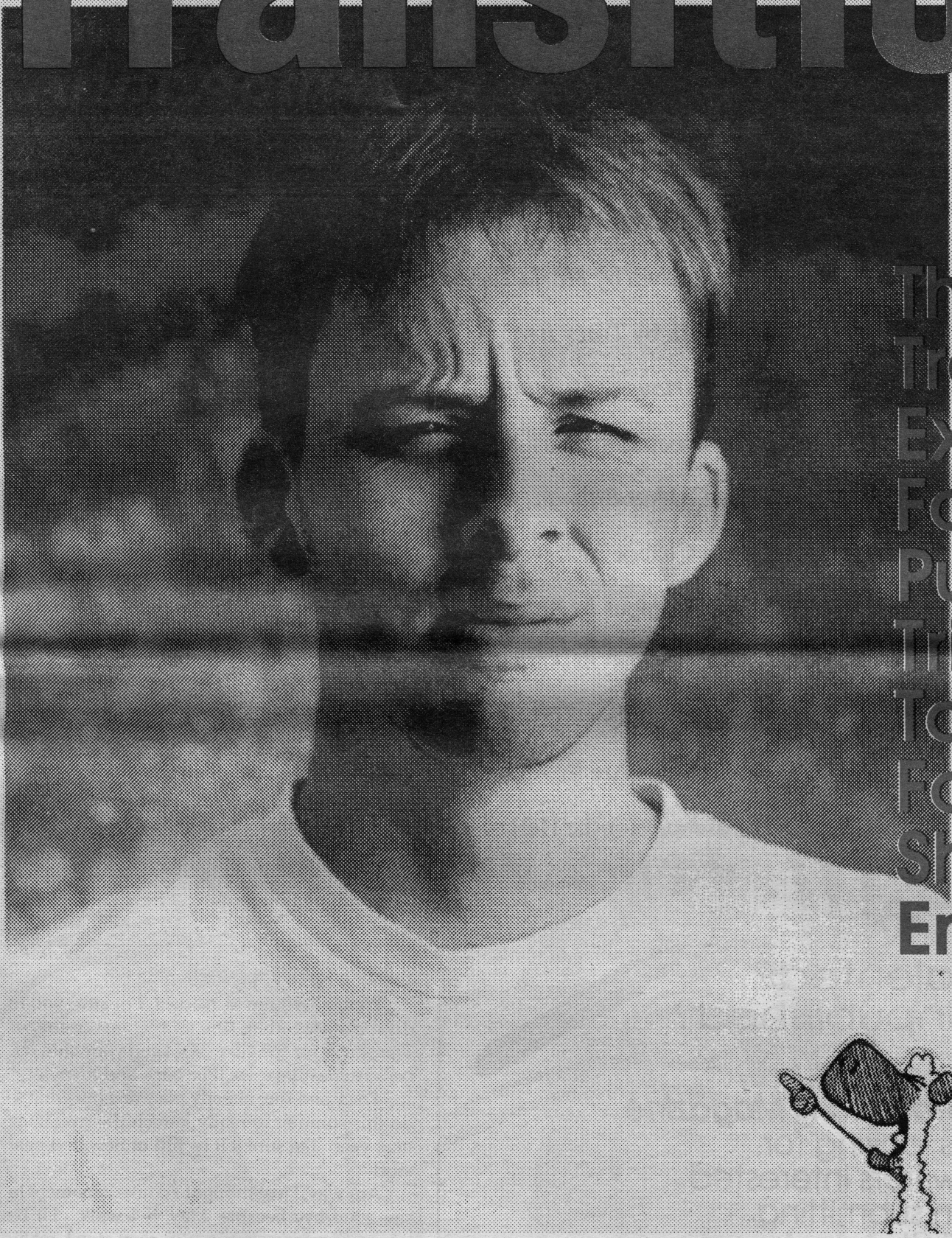


University of Southern Indiana
Student Magazine

Transitions



**This Issue:
Transitions
Exclusive
Four Page
Pullout
Tribute
To USI's
Foremost
Sheep
Enthusiast**



Also this Issue:

- Dogtown: We found it, Can you?
- Rope Walk: New Harmony Retreat for Writers
- Bolivia: A Trip Back in Time

Editor
Jude Wolf

Assistant Editor
Tracy Bee

Advertising
Dana Heuring
Brian Harper

Staff Writer
Matt Maxwell
Eric Titzer
Kevin Wilson
Amanda Barton
Arlene Fortune

Contributing Writers
Amy Lantaff
Joel Achenbach
Shannon Gerton
Mike Whicker

Artists
C. Matt Billman
Laura Egar

Advisor
Ron Roat

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

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

Transitions welcomes and encourages submissions on any topic or medium. Include author or artist's name, address and phone number for verification. All submissions will become property of *Transitions* upon receipt 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 information about advertising, subscriptions or distribution, call (812) 464-1856, or write:

***Transitions*
UC113A, 8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712**

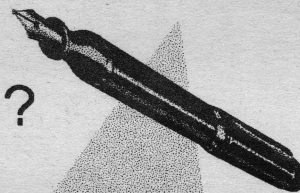
All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited.

inside

Vol V Issue III April 1995

- 3 Eden Lies Obscured by *Matt Maxwell*
- 4 BYTES by *Eric Titzer*
- 5 Dogtown Tavern *Staff Review*
- 6 Trip to Bolivia by *Maria Tudela*
- 7 Rope Walk by *Tracy Bee*
- 8 Poetry *various contributors*
- 9-12 The Sheep Enthusiast Pullout Section
by *C. Matt Billman*
- 13 Take a Chance by *Kevin Wilson*
- 13 Sex on Campus by *Amanda Barton*
- 14 APB Elections! by *Amy Lantaff*
- 16-17 NonTraditional Profiles
- 18 Why Things Are by *Joel Achenbach*
- 19 Horoscopes for the Hell of it by *Arlene Fortune*

Talented?
Unpublished?



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

Don't be a closet poet!

Editor's Note

Well, all you avid readers, I'm sure you're disappointed that this is the last issue of *Transitions* for the year. But keep your chin up, because next year we'll be back and in style!

Tracy and I are already planning out what to do this summer to really launch the magazine next year. I'm sure it'll be full of new and neat stuff.

Anyway, I just thought I'd take a moment to say good-bye because May 6, I walk. I'll be taking Summer classes but, they don't really count, right?

Well you've been a tough crowd, but a lot of fun, but I'm sure you'll see bits of me here and there next year. Bye!

Jude Wolf, Editor - *Transitions Magazine*

On my return trip to the land of the Naciremas to observe their dating rituals, I enlisted the help of an experienced friend. Don, being a naturally handsome fellow with a six-page resume of credentials, knew enough to recognize bizarre rituals worthy of attention.

they received the attention they wanted. I couldn't believe children at that age had developed such an addiction to pain they would taunt an opposing group into hurling insults and projectiles.

As the age increases, physical violence abates somewhat. Name call-

grows with age, so does the subterfuge of the mental and emotional war. After puberty, as hormonal urges dominate the blood stream, the torment each side causes the other reaches levels of psychiatric proportions.

The girls, now caught in a per-

the pain has toppled over acceptable levels, suicide becomes a welcoming alternative because now the girl can carry her intense, cathartic pain with her to the casket. Don said he noted a large number of girls clinging to pain because of the sensual joy.

Then, slowly, sadomasochistic

A revealing return to the land of the Naciremas

I forced him to sign a contract swearing he would not defile any Nacireman female whether she wanted it or not. After days of contemplation he finally signed.

ing still exists, and the brutality matures to the point where mere words cause tears and fights. Emotional torture becomes the normal route of attention. Cruel mind games are fought

sonal war of kneeling to their desires and fending off attacks by friends and enemies, play an emotional game of hide-and-seek where the roles are undefined and constantly changing. The boys, also caught in a personal struggle, argue over loyalties to the Self and to friends, even though the person willfully caught in the dilemma suffers.

During this period, two noteworthy rituals enter: one, the occurrence of self-destruction increase dramatically to the point where elders, who smile at the old dance, have now determined that maybe the suffering should be eased slightly; two, besides the emotional games, attention is earned by peril of some sort.

These youngsters commit suicide at an alarming rate, most often as a result of the emotional turmoil caused by the lack of definition. I was told by Nacireman outcasts and Don witnessed how quickly favoritisms changed. One week ago a girl sought the attention of a certain guy; now she tells her friends that he is unworthy of her. Both genders do this consistently.

Add to this the experimentation of flesh compatibility and inadequate maturity levels to comprehend the complexities of their actions, and the

experimenters enter the realm of toxins designed to induce an ephemeral exhilaration followed by hours of pain. The "good feeling" is followed by demons of paranoia, nausea, imbalance, headaches, shakes, and numbness.

The most accessible toxins are potent and rank liquids drunk by both sides, often as preludes to regretful or unwanted sex. (And yet, this tribe's religion is pain.) All forms of toxins, especially the liquid ones, are considered to be powerful aphrodisiacs. Don hypothesized that for a people to be so infatuated with ritual pain, maybe these toxins heighten the discomfort of sex.

Unfortunately, the confines of length dictate that my preliminary report soon end. Don and I witnessed more examples of violence as an innate aspect of the dating rituals; but, it seemed that as the age increased, so did the subtlety of violence and suffering.

To reveal any particular anecdote would entail that Don and I remained in Nacirema long enough to be included in their customs, an idea neither of us is too keen on. I, at least, want to remain friendly with the simple people, but becoming that friendly is frightening and unethical in my position.

Don and I both concluded that the age groups we watched harbored fascination with two areas: pain,

the entity of their religion, and sex, the curiosity of all humans. Reconciling the two facets proved a daunting and impossible task, especially when the equivalent of peer pressure coerces certain children to lean toward uncompromising positions.

Having neither the emotional capability or age to confront the dilemmas objectively, the tug-of-war between parental upbringing and biological curiosity wrecks havoc on the youngsters (which could also be a purposeful achievement designed by influential forces). We like to hope as their age increases the dichotomies are conciliated. As of right now, though, we can only hope.

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

For those who didn't read the results of my first travel to the land of the Naciremas, a little background may be important, (although I truly feel it's not my responsibility to define a group of people featured less than three months ago).

The Naciremas are a little-known tribe of people who practice sadistic and bizarre rituals for various purposes, usually as a form of religion to them. They cause physical pain or suffering to their own body quite frequently as part of their beliefs. Pain is an inducement to enlightenment and an important facet of their everyday life.

The dating process, like most everything in the Nacirema life-style, entails blatant, condoned violence. When the children should be concentrating on athletics or their schoolwork, they often gather in groups based on gender, popularity, and social status and endeavor, as militantly as possible, to annoy a group of the opposite sex.

During an instance such a gathering, several boys wrapped their arms around each other, and in a show of camaraderie, pranced around a large, populated field while loudly proclaiming their hatred and disgust for the female species.

Girls responded by kicking, throwing rocks (which, as I continually witnessed during the visit, was an extremely popular form of retribution), and calling the boys spiteful names.

After each side returned to its encampment, Don pointed out that the boys had smiles on their faces—

on each side of the gender encampment. Strategies are concocted, I was told by spies from each side, to win the favor of someone.

Friends become willing pawns in the battle for supremacy of attention. Often, the emotional torment caused by the purposeful uncertainty of someone's (anyone's) feelings leads to violent confrontations or crying fits resembling nervous breakdowns.

Around the age of puberty, male violence returns. In the male encampment, a smaller boy is considered the catalyst for the proof of machismo of a larger boy—but not necessarily a "bully"—proving his masculinity to a

small group of watchers. After his imminent victory, females swarm around him to commend his testosterone and to monopolize his attentions for the rest of their female encampment to be jealous about. But, if by some strange miracle, as I actually witnessed once, the smaller boy, in a gust of gallant knight-hood, stands up for himself and wins the fight, he is still considered the loser. The girls flock to their fallen hero and dote on his injuries and mend his marred ego.

Don said the girls are developing their natural, self-preservation instinct and are attracted to the larger boy who, years later, will be a better provider and protector than the frail boy. The one loss, in the scheme of the war, is insignificant.

As the complexity of their minds

I couldn't believe children at that age had developed such an addiction to pain they would taunt an opposing group into hurling insults and projectiles

solution for escape usually is suicide. Although the action is not considered the act of a hero, it is still admired.

Stunts prove the valiancy of a person, often a boy who uses his daring to attract a girl. As the thin line between dangerous and ignorant narrows to invisibility, the rewards increase. Of course, as the interests change, so do the stunts, until a contest emerges in an encampment over who can proclaim to have accomplished the most dangerous stunt.

Although the girls rarely find themselves in this brand of competition, they are known for diving blindly into courtships for often insubstantial reasons. After the error is realized, and

Family keeps in touch via the Internet

By Eric Titzer

The Budasi family is not much different from many American families of the 1990s. Angelo, a sheet-metal worker, and Andrea, a clerical worker, reared three children in their modest, blue-collar home, then watched them go on to their own lives.

The Budasi daughters, Teresa and Sabrina headed to Cook county for jobs. Son Christopher moved to Guam. And Mom and Dad headed for the Georgia mountains to open a restaurant. But, unlike many families, the Budasis haven't drifted apart. Instead, they say they're closer today than they ever were—and the credit goes to the suddenly ubiquitous but still mysterious Internet.

Though separated by thousands of mile and dozens of area codes, the Budasis are under one virtual roof. Using their home computers, they keep in constant touch through E-mail, just one of the electronic tools changing lives around the world. "We send birthday and holiday messages and important family info," said Andrea. "Sometimes we [go on-line] just to say, 'I love you and miss you.'"

You thought the Internet was a place where engineers and other lonely guys spend their free hours? Well, it is, but its greatest wonder is that the system is accessible to anyone willing to invest the time, and the energy, needed to learn how to use it.

An estimated 35 million American families own PCs, and many are already equipped with the high-speed modems and software required to go on-line with such popular services as Prodigy, America Online or Compuserve, themselves all easy, if limited, gateways to the Internet. And direct "Internet providers" also are becoming commonplace in most major U.S. cities. At least a half dozen such services are available nearby, giving more extensive access to the Internet for as little as \$10 a month.

Yet for most families, despite the thousands of dollars they invest in their PCs, the computer lies idle when it comes to this most valuable resource. What many need is a tour guide to help them take advantage of the wonders of cyberspace. Like riding a bicycle or driving a car, navigating the Internet cannot be learned without effort. And it often demands a new mind-set. The user may be challenged, but the rewards will be many.

The day undoubtedly will come when every American home is connected to the Internet—the Budasi story embodies too many truths for it

BYTES

to be otherwise—but for now, and for most of us, this part of cyberspace remains largely unexplored. It can be scary too.

Who hasn't heard the stories of on-line pedophiles? Or of shady stock dealers duping on-line customers? Of women being sexually harassed by strange and unknown men? Or of veteran cybersurfers browbeating newcomers? All are true. The Internet is, after all, no more than an electronic reflection of the world we live in. It also can be frustrating, especially for the novice. There is nothing more irritating than spending several minutes making an Internet search only to be told by your computer, "Internet error. Host not found." Yet you know you did everything in that was instructed.

Still, the Internet cannot be ignored. As surely as the automobile made the horse and buggy only a quaint reminder of our past, the Internet will make our everyday ways of communication obsolete. Like driving, it is something you have to learn, but consider the possibilities. The tools that make many of the things possible on the Internet come with largely unfamiliar names: newsgroups, gopher, file transfer protocol, World Wide Web, Veronica, listservs and a host of others.

But the vocabulary needn't frighten anyone away. These words are just names of tools, analogous to dictionaries, encyclopedias, telephones and maps. They are, says Eric Gagnon, author of the suddenly popular, *What's On The Internet*, the "best thing that ever came out of the Cold War." And in the ever political environment of ever changing regulations, the overused term "information superhighway" was born to describe the Internet. In trying to explain its wonders however, something far more simple will do the job...E-mail. E-mail is, after all, the easiest to use of all the on-line features. It also ranks among the most powerful of the new generation of tools that are the hammers and nails of the Information Age.

And so, back to the Budasis' story and, with it, the Internet story.

Hardly a day passes when the cyberclan Budasi doesn't trade E-mail, sharing each member's hopes and dreams, Christopher wrote in a note to me from Guam.

Christopher's service provider, a small company in Guam, sells planet-wide E-mail access to its island-bound customers for as little as 10 dollars a month. His parents get their E-mail access from Compuserve, an on-line service with about 2 million members. In Evansville, Teresa Budasi also uses Compuserve. Sabrina Budasi Martin gains access through her employer, Northeastern Illinois University in Chicago. Northeastern, like virtually every college in the U.S., offers such links to its staff and students for little or no cost.

"It's comforting to be in touch with the family via the Net," Budasi Martin wrote. The family shares much more via modem than idle on-line chatter, she said. Writing from Guam, Christopher volunteered that loving messages from his family are a big help as he pursues a 12-step recovery program for substance addiction. He added that he also posts E-mail to others in the recovery move-

ment all over the world.

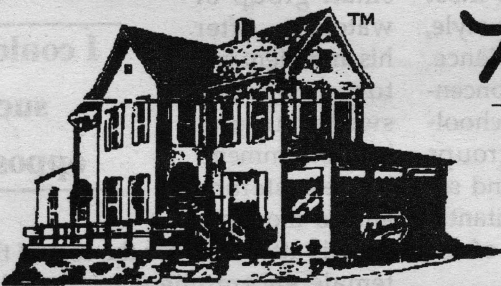
Before he began using E-mail, Budasi said, he spent 30 dollars every time he phoned his sisters in Illinois and still more when he called his parents in Georgia. But sending E-mail costs only pennies, the price of a local phone call by modem to his service provider, which forwards the messages overseas.

His mother, Andrea, said the parents draw comfort from the e-mail. "We have a lovely log home in the woods," she said, "but missing being with the kids is the hardest thing. The computer helps to keep us in close touch." And thus the story of Internet E-mail has been revealed. An average E-mail user can virtually open up the world or bring the world and family closer. Until man finds a way to make Internet a little more user-friendly, hang in there, it is well worth the time and effort needed to learn how to drive on the "information superhighway."

If you have any questions or comments, you can contact Eric Titzer on E-mail at ETITZER.

LIVE JAZZ THURSDAY!

Enjoy a Milky Way Cappuccino while you listen to the jazz stylings of Matt Kincaid on guitar and Michael Gray on bass. Both artists are members of the After Hours Ensemble and will be appearing at the Blue House on Thursdays starting at 8pm. Look for more events to come soon. Our outdoor patio opens May 1. See you soon!



Melanie

MELANIE'S
BLUE HOUSE
COFFEE

- Espresso
- Cappuccino
- Bottomless Cup
- Bulk Coffee
- Carmel Apple Granny
- French Silk
- Key Lime Mousse
- Gourmet Tea
- Muffins

3004 Mt. Vernon Avenue

(Take Barker Ave. North to Mt. Vernon Ave.)

Monday-Wednesday 10am - 9pm
Thursday-Saturday 10am - 11pm

LEGENDARY DOGTOWN TAVERN LOCATED!

Dogtown Tavern

Dress- wear any ol' darn thing

Food- Want it? They have it.

Price- \$5-\$15

Location- Old Henderson Road
(by Dogtown boat ramp)

* * * * *Shooee! Keep them fiddlers coming!

* * * * *One of the best on the West.

* * * * *River camps make great scenery.

* * * * *Couldn't find it.

* * * * *Didn't want to.

Editor's note

A few months ago, I arrived at a friend's apartment after leaving work, hoping to sit around and have a few beers. When I walked in, everyone was loading up a cooler with ice and drinks (nonalcoholic of course) and packing their car.

It wasn't long before I was following their car (I was driving people too), on the way to get there. That is when the legend of Dogtown took its course.

A left turn, a right turn, another left; it became pretty clear that these people didn't know where they were going. We drove down miles of rock roads, dust billowing up from their wheel and covering my car.

"Didn't we pass that exact same mailbox an hour ago?" My passenger inquired.

Deciding that my luck could be no worse than theirs, I set off on my own. (I was about out of gas anyway.) When I finally found a paved road we were at the Busler's half way to Mt. Vernon.

I had some theories going by then: Dogtown was a fictitious place that you really don't go to... you just drive around drinking...nonalcoholic beverages... of course. Or else it was kind of like snipe hunting.

I made it back to civilization, but I couldn't stop wondering, "Does Dogtown really exist?"

I heard accounts of it here and there the next few months, and became determined to find it. So boldly, to where we had never gone, I led the *Transitions* staff to find it. (I also got directions from a few veteran West-Siders.)

We were successful, and now you can be too.

DIRECTIONS

You can take Shuttle to Broadway to Tekoppel from the West, or the Tekoppel exit from the East.

Once you reach Tekoppel, follow it South until it comes to dead end at a "T."

That SHOULD be old Henderson Road.

Turn right and follow until you pass the Dogtown boat ramp.

Look for it on your right once past the boat ramp.

You can't miss it.

.....

Of course, Jude ordered the 16 oz. Porterhouse steak dinner (\$14.95). His dinner came with salad, spoon bread and a choice of French fries or baked potato. Tracy chose the marinated chicken breast sandwich (\$4.25) and an accompaniment of potato wedges (\$1.50). Matt gave the farm-raised Fiddler dinner (\$7.25) which came with the same stuff as the Jude's. Amy decided to try their Grilled Pork Chops (\$9.75) and Ian, Matt's guest, settled down to a chicken Liver dinner (\$5.95).

We "shared" an order of cheddar cheese Poppers (\$3.50; Armadillo Eggs according to the table stands) and an order of Breaded Cauliflower (\$4.50).

The poppers were spicy but good; Tracy ate all of them but one, which Jude barely managed to grab. They were whole jalapenos, filled with sharp cheese, fried and served very hot. They are also available with cream cheese.

The cauliflower was good; even if you don't care for it raw, you may still like it.

Tracy's Experience

To set the record straight, I did not hog the Poppers. Jude burned his mouth on one and everyone else was afraid to try them. I'm not one to let food go to waste.

I'd been to Dogtown Tavern once before, but I'd ate in the family room. The bar is different. Imagine if your grandparents had a bar in their garage. The atmosphere is homey and eclectic. The wall behind the bar is covered in old knickknacks as well as a bottle and can collection. For those not interested in memorabilia, Dogtown also sports a juke box, big-screen TV, and an arcade game.

Someone's grandmother waited on us. The woman was courteous and attentive, if a little slow.

My chicken sandwich was large, tender and juicy. It was served on a slightly toasted bun. I would order it again.

Lightly seasoned, the fried potato wedges were delicious, but the order seemed small for the price.

Jude's Experience

A bit of history in itself, I found the atmosphere of the tavern comfortable, as if the edges had been worn smooth with time.

The arrival of our food was prompt, and the food was really good. My instinct was to call the waitress "Ma'am" when addressing her. Our glasses stayed full, and she never let us run out of their spoon bread.

I did send my steak back to be cooked more, but it was because I ordered it wrong, not because of the kitchen. I encountered no problems in getting my steak returned and cooked just the way I like it.

I really did like the poppers, but letting them sit to cool was a big mistake.

I recommend the tavern to just about anybody who likes to sit back and relax when they go out.



Amy's Experience

Upon our arrival at Dog Town, the tavern appeared a bit decrepit. As we passed through the swinging doors, however, we were greeted by a friendly but elderly waitress.

She took our order and brought us drinks. Our salads followed rather quickly. Not a lavish salad but still tasty.

The cauliflower was superb. Literally dipped in cheddar and deep fried is just the way I like it. Matt and Jude liked it so much I had to fight them off the plate.

Pork chops are one of my favorite dinner items. They must meet stringent standards for me to call them delicious. Delicious they were! Thick and juicy. Perfectly white in the middle and well done on the outside.

The German fries that accompanied my meal were also well done. Perhaps even too well done. The onions were black and the potatoes were on the crunchy side. I bet fresh, they would have been delicious.

Matt's Experience

TWO Electronic slot machines!!!! This was a subtle bonus that I found when I arrived at the house of Dog. You'd think that with two of these babies one might be able to get a little P. T. in on one but no such luck. Those old guys that were playin' on those bad boys wrote at least two separate checks to the bartender to get cash for these machines of the devil (as my grandma would say). I forget what I ordered. I think it was catfish fiddlers. They were okay. I do see this place being a possible college hot spot. I also see the owners frowning on that. The bartender and the hostess/waitress were quite old and didn't seem like the type that would work very well with the likes of Situation Grey or the Crowd blasting away in the corner. They did, however, have a juke box with all your favorite country hits on hand!!!

Consensus

We consider Dogtown Tavern to be the best restaurant we've reviewed this semester. The friendly, hometown service and hot, homemade meals almost persuaded the staff to give up chain restaurants. Or, maybe it was the beer. At any rate, we'll return. We recommend that USI students visit this Westside legend at least once.

***** (And that's a first!)

Student writers find encouragement, inspiration at RopeWalk Retreat

By Tracy Bee

For the last six years, RopeWalk Writers Retreat has brought professional and amateur writers together. Though RopeWalk is open to anyone interested in writing, many of the people who participate are linked to USI as students or staff.

"I went in thinking all poems rhyme," sophomore Charlene Drake said of her first creative writing class. She attended RopeWalk last summer. Drake changed her major from psychology to English this year. She said that RopeWalk influenced her decision.

"[I enjoyed] just getting a feel for the culture [of writing], the type of people. Rope Walk helped

Drake, Barr and Schenk all studied under the poet, Heather McHugh. "Her workshops were wonderful," Drake said. Barr, who has attended two retreats and Schenk, who has attended three, said McHugh is their favorite workshop leader. "She gets so excited," Barr said.

"She knows how to relate to many different kinds of writers and she's very encouraging with her remarks," Schenk said. "She has a unique way of communicating with people to encourage creativity in each artist."

Besides the workshops and individual conferences, RopeWalk offers lectures, readings and receptions open to all participants throughout the week. Readings are open to the public.

At Professor Tom Wilhelmus' suggestion, Schenk attended readings during the second RopeWalk. "The readings really made me want to go [to the retreat]. "Living in the Evansville area, we're not exposed to many writers. Hearing a writer read his own words adds a lot of meaning to the piece."

"I think it is a positive experience for apprentice writers to spend time with master writers and I like being involved in making that happen," Professor Matthew Graham said. "It exposes my students and the local population to some very well-known writers and their work." Graham and Wilhelmus founded RopeWalk seven years ago.

"It's good to get a different perspective from another successful writer other than your professor," Drake said. "I think any time you are exposed to a different writer it's very beneficial."

Senior Amy Ramsden said students shouldn't expect great changes in their writing if they attend. "It's supposed to put you in the mindset for writing," she said. "It did that for me."

At RopeWalk, Barr discovered her work had value. "In poetry or any kind of writing, you're never sure. It may be just your select group of friends or [the people at your] school who think your good."

Hearing positive comments from the writers at RopeWalk encouraged her to continue writing.

Schenk said RopeWalk has given her confidence in her poetry. "It was a quite charge to carry on and write that one perfect poem," she said.

"I'd never been exposed to any other writers than Matthew," Barr said. "Matthew is a professional and I respected his opinion, but I wanted to see what other professionals had to say about my work and that was a unique opportunity to do that."

She said it is exciting meeting some of the writers. "These people are famous, people that we've read in class. There are people there who

were in our text book."

She said she enjoyed meeting other people who were interested in writing.

"The best part of the week for me was talking to other writers," Ramsden said. "I was really impressed with the people who come to RopeWalk from other schools."

Barr said there's a higher level of seriousness and commitment to writing at RopeWalk as opposed to a class or workshop at USI. "People have traveled from all over the country to be there."

"I made a lot of contacts there with the writers, people who are publishing now," Barr said. "Heather McHugh runs a graduate program and invited me to use that when I graduate." Barr also enjoyed meeting the other students. "[These are] people I can visit or compare my work to," she explained.

"Loneliness is one of the biggest parts of writing. [At RopeWalk], you finally felt like you were part of a community of writers," Barr said.

Many students plan to go back this year or next. "I know I will learn something," Drake explained, "and I'd like to try the fiction side." Drake attended a poetry workshop last year.

If she goes back this year, she'd like to study under Pam Houston, but even if she doesn't attend the workshop, she intends to go to the public readings.

"I really want to come back and see the readings at least," Drake said. Ramsden agreed. "Barry Hanna and Pam Houston are going to be here, and I'm a big fan of both," she said.

"Bob Schacochis does such wonderful readings. He'd be worth the trip alone," Drake said.

Many people find New Harmony an extra incentive to attend RopeWalk.

"They couldn't have picked a better spot because of the convenience, the beauty and the serenity. It's very conducive to writing and to learning," Barr said.

"The environment in New Harmony is so conducive to retreats in general," Graham said. "Historically it has an intellectual and artistic background."

Schenk enjoyed "the entire atmosphere. The idea of being in such a place with so many creative minds, being able to talk with them and listen to them. Sometimes it feels like utopia," Schenk said.



The tranquil New Harmony setting gives Amy Ramsden the perfect environment for reading. Picture courtesy of News and Information.

me understand what professional writers do," Drake said.

During the retreat, participants attend workshops lead by a professional writer of fiction, poetry or new this time to RopeWalk, creative nonfiction. In the workshops students share their works with other participants and face peer critiques.

Most students value the peer critiques and consider them an important part of the retreat.

"Each person has a different perspective. It's good to hear everyone's point of view," Drake said. "There are a lot of times when you know where you're coming from and you assume everyone else does too."

Mary Jane Schenk, President H. Ray Hoops' secretary and USI graduate, has attended RopeWalk several times. "Writing is a private, personal thing that you do and you're never quite sure if anyone is listening," Schenk said. "In a workshop you get feedback from who is listening and you see the things that hit them."

Students also meet individually with the writer leading their workshop. Annabette Barr, a USI student who is taking the year off, said, in the workshops guest writers "would go over the poems in an expansive way so that everyone would get something out of it. In private, they would get really into the details. [These] kinds of details separate the good poetry from the great poetry. It was fun and exciting of course, because here was this great person devoting all their time to you."

RopeWalk Retreat will be held June 11-17 and costs \$375. Indiana residents receive a 10 percent discount. To attend a second workshop costs \$200. A registration fee of \$100 is due May 10. The retreat is limited to the first 60 people who send in registrations and fees.

Several merit scholarships are available. Broshures with registration forms and information about scholarships are available in the USI English Department office and at area libraries.

For more information call (812) 464-1953

Bolivian vacation inspires cultural awareness

Students spend their spring vacations a variety of different ways. From heading to Florida's sunny beaches or other similar destinations to staying home and working. Whatever is decided one thing is for certain: rest and relaxation, at least from school.

I had the opportunity to visit another country during my week of "R&R".

I spent 10 days in Bolivia, South America. Although, it wasn't Florida, it still had plenty of sun and plenty of enjoyment.

Bolivia is one of two landlocked countries found in the continent. It was named for its liberator Simon Bolivar who freed the country from Spain in 1825.

Bolivia is surrounded by the countries of Peru, Chile, Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil. Its capitol, La Paz, is the highest national capitol at 12,000 feet.

My mother and I left Evansville in the afternoon as it began to snow. We were greeted in Santa Cruz, Bolivia the next morning by beautiful 78 degree temperatures and a blazing sun.

Travelling to another country is almost like being suspended in time. You experience another culture, strange and interesting people and, in other words, a completely different world.

I am sure almost everyone is familiar or has heard about the "good old days." You know, the stories your grandparents tell you about in their day or when your parents think you don't appreciate what you have and they try to make you feel guilty by saying "When I was your age I didn't have.....etc."

Or how your father had to walk a mile to school, uphill, in the snow, with no Nikes.

Or how they didn't have color televisions; hey, they didn't even have electricity. But that was years ago. Right?

How about visiting a town that the electricity comes on at six in the evening and goes off at one in the morning. Or where there aren't telephones located at every house. Communications to other cities or countries is done by short wave radio or En-Tel.

In many ways the small country of Bolivia mimics everyday American life.

The people get up and go to work in the mornings and the children go to school. But differences can be found in the average work day, as well as in the school systems.

The work day begins in the morning, but at noon everything is interrupted, from the banks, to your everyday businesses, for a three-hour lunch break or siesta. Schools and businesses resume at three in the afternoon and then close at six p.m.

Unlike Evansville, where going out begins around seven or eight, in the city of Trinidad the weekends don't start till ten or later. The same goes for during the week.

Bolivia's young people do things similar to Americans. They have a strip where they cruise, although many young adults do not have cars. The reason being, in Bolivia most people do not carry insurance and driving in the cities could be hazardous to your life.

There isn't a speed limit and the only street lights are found downtown, and even then there are not many. Pedestrians definitely do not have the right-of-way and if you are not careful they will just knock you out of their way.

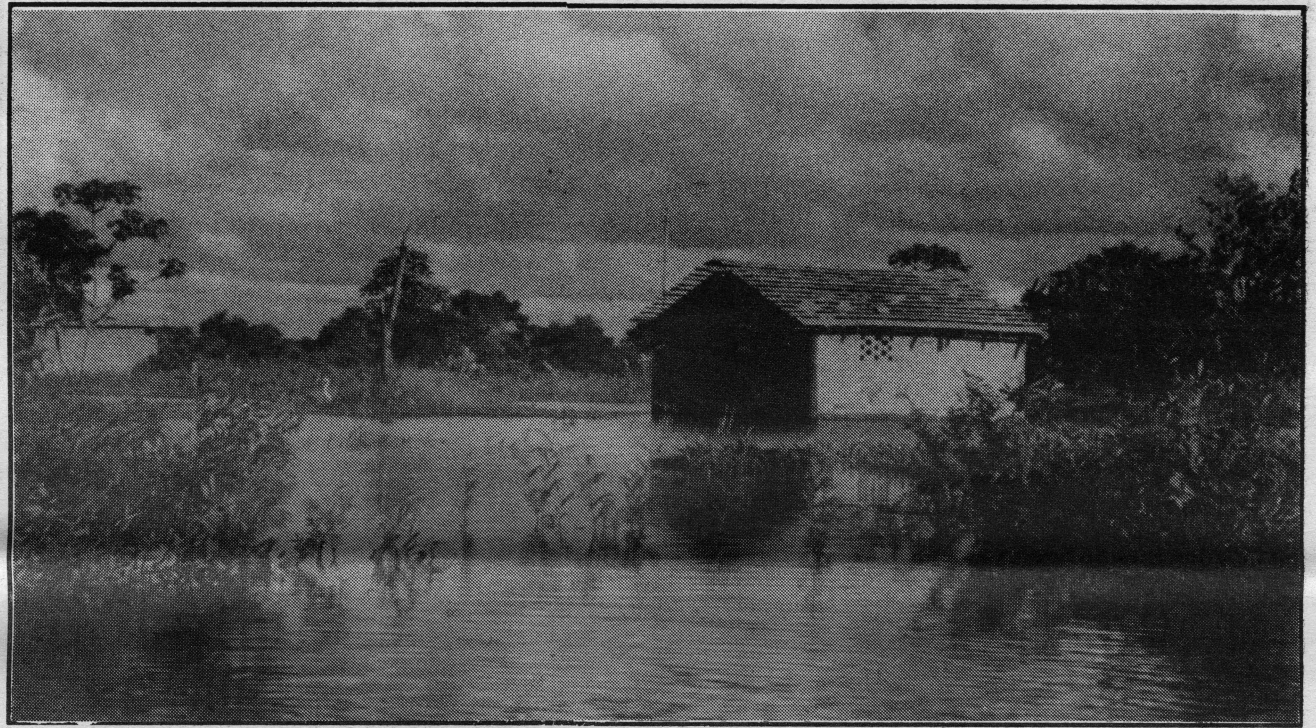
By the way, in some cities the street lights are still operated manually. An officer of the army sits in a chair, much like that of a lifeguard, and

fore, many houses do not have carpet or air conditioning. AC is still considered somewhat of a new concept that only the wealthy can afford.

In many ways this country still lives as it did hundreds of years ago.

While in Trinidad I visited the city paper. The day-to-day functions are like what goes on here, but in some places they still use old typesetting procedures. There are no computers, no printers; everything is done manually.

There are many very beautiful places to visit from the largest river in Bolivia, the Mamoreh. The Lake Titicaca brags about having the largest frogs in the world. Some are as big as a full grown cat.



High waters cover the Bolivian landscape sending many from their homes to seek dryer areas

decides when a light should turn red or green.

Of course there is shopping, but most of the clothes are imported from the United States or Brazil. One shopping center is called "Siete Calles" or "Seven Streets." Seven streets lead to one huge shopping center complete with three floors of little shops that have everything from shoes to souvenirs. There are even some places which we would call outlet stores that cater such famous American clothing as Guess, Polo and Benetton. Some trading is still done in open vegetable markets and ancient languages are also still in use.

Recently Bolivia has been experiencing record amounts of rain. In the city of Trinidad many of the streets leading out of the city have been destroyed or are completely unusable at this time due to the high water that almost covers an entire automobile from tires to its roof.

In ways the country is still primitive with water sewage running alongside the sidewalks and streets that are still unpaved.

Trinidad is known for its extremely flat land. There are no mountains nor an abundance of trees to act as a shield against the blowing dirt. There-

Food is an experience all in its own. Do not go to another country looking for hamburgers and french fries. You may be sorely disappointed. Rely on your sense of adventure and try eating new animals; some that taste like chicken, or what would be considered a delicacy here, duck.

In the smaller cities you do not see much crime or poverty. But in the big cities that is another story. While I was there last year a Mafia boss was decapitated in broad daylight with no witnesses to the crime, and this time a building was blown up, killing the doctor inside and injuring a bus full of innocent people outside. Again, there were no leads, but it was suspected to do with illegal drug dealings. It makes for quite a story here where occurrences such as these rarely happen.

Visiting Bolivia was something I will never forget. It was an opportunity not only to visit family, but to experience another way of life that is different than my own. If given the chance, I would do it all over again.

If anyone ever has the opportunity to visit another country, take advantage of it. Make the most of your experience and you will never forget it.



Luna

Here I lie, sacrifice to the night.
I hear the rain outside my window
and I, unable to sleep
contemplate endless nights past-
And like an angel risen;
the eye of the night stands before me.

Unable to clear my mind of the vision,
I begin to drift,
to wander into icons of bleached reminders-
yellowing love letters, wrinkled from the tears.
It took me years to get those souvenirs;
how could I have let them wash away from here?

All that waits for me
is the cold-fire of the night;
it is always there, and always shall be.
Not in the physical does it remain,
but as a vision on a dark wall-
And again it will ease me through the night.

Shannon D. Gerton

Melting in the darkness,
Undefined anger - a bloodthirsty beast
Stalks the nothingness
Until it smells a fawn.
The stealthy animal creeps,
Attacks from behind,
Stealing the innocent's soul...flesh...blood.

The carcass is discovered.
Manhunt ensues - beast becomes prey
With nothing to fear
Vengeance, preservation: life-forces,
Will to survive marries violence.
Finally, trapped, bound, hauled in.
Then, probing...analyzing.

A calm man asks the fiend
About his mother, father,
Pets, masturbation,
Childhood,
And decides blame sits elsewhere.

In a silent room, the animal broods.
Revenge after release.
Someone...somewhere...
Another innocent fawn
Shall fall victim to the victim.

And somewhere, in a sullen house,
A tiny voice says,
"Daddy, is Mommy in Heaven?"

Matt Maxwell

My brother died the other day.
He languished long.
He languished hard.
They had him for a year.
The hospital.
They wouldn't stop cutting on
him.
They removed a foot.
Then a leg.
I would visit him every day.
Except last weekend I was too
busy.
He died on Sunday night.
Alone.

Mike Whicker

Graduation, graduation
Ever you seemed so far away
And now I find myself enrobed
and ready for that day.

Time passed me so quickly;
Wind, blowing assignments by
in swirls of midnight papers
and missing syllabi.

And all the nights that passed
in type and paste and pace,
I drempt the life of editor
and ran the deadline race.

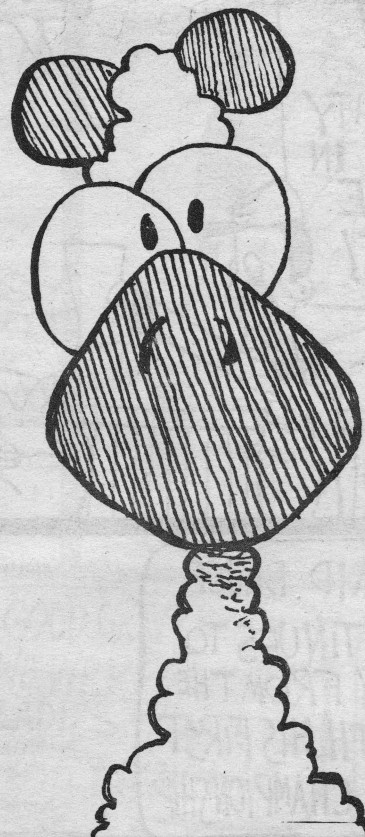
I bear forth to you, this final ode
within my last month's deed,
on pages filled with work not mine
that most will never read.

I'll leave you not with such ill haste,
or half-filled notebooks left behind
I'll even have time to clean my office;
God knows what I will find.

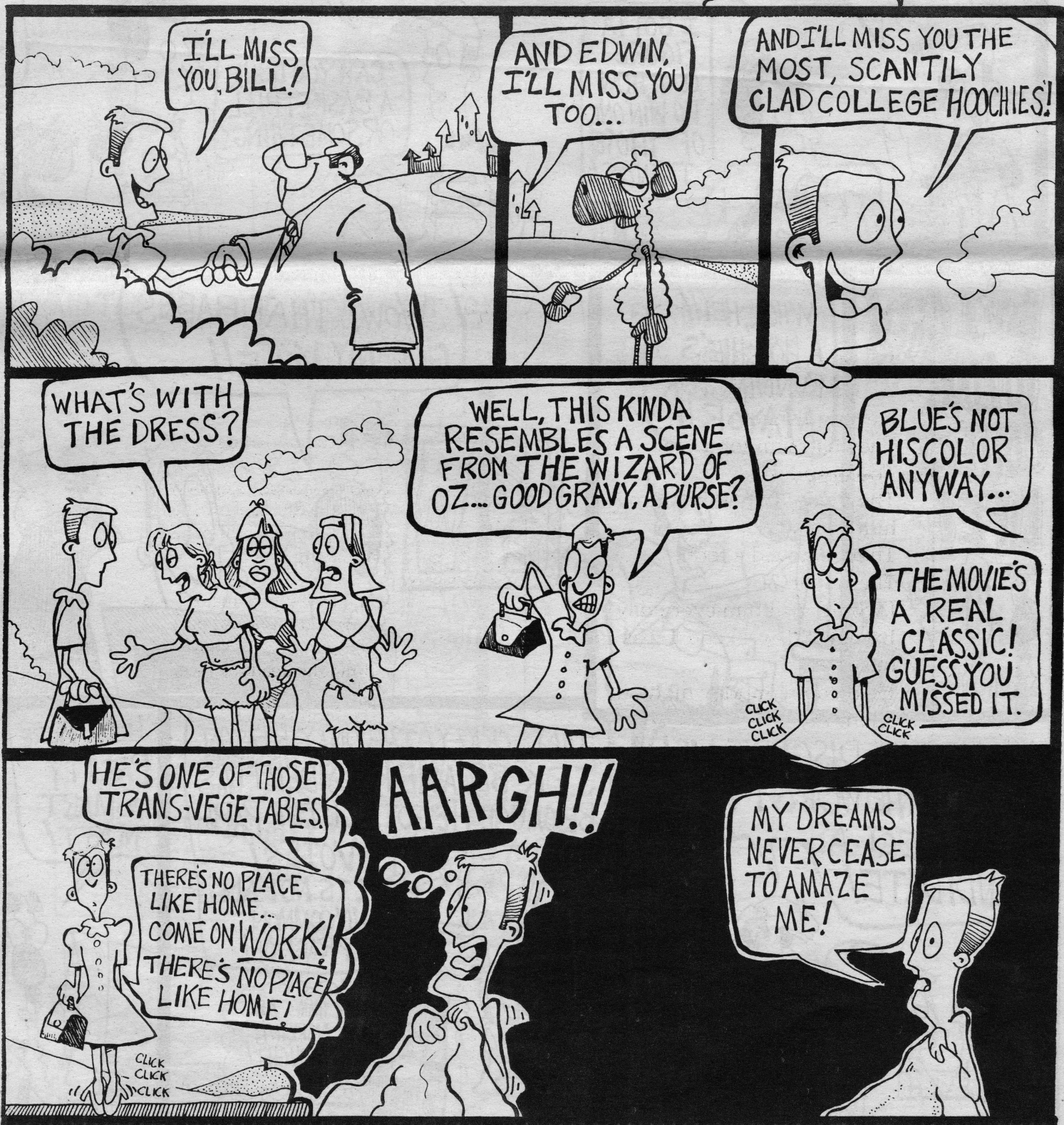
Because my credits added short,
I'll be back smelling chalk,
not one, but every summer session.
(But at least in May I'll walk.)

Jude Wolf

HOW I GREW TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE!



©1995 C. MATH BILLMAN.



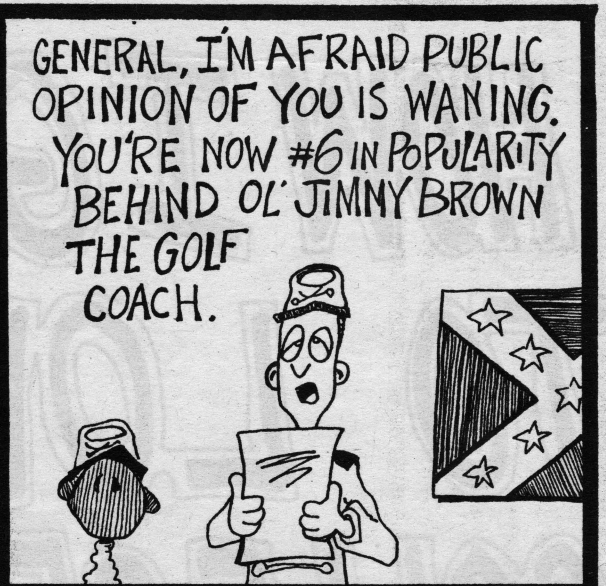
BY: C. MATH BILLMAN



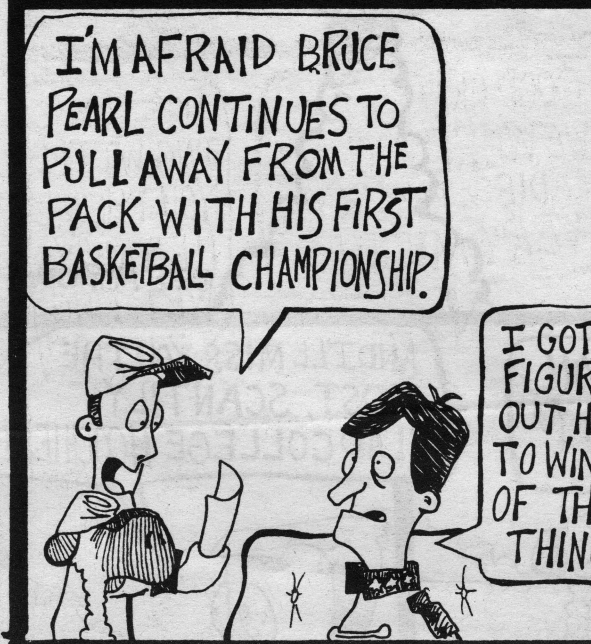
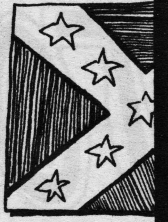
SIR!
POPULARITY
REPORT IN
FROM THE
FRONT!

BAD NEWS SIR!

WHAT
THE
SAM HILL.



GENERAL, I'M AFRAID PUBLIC
OPINION OF YOU IS WANING.
YOU'RE NOW #6 IN POPULARITY
BEHIND OL' JIMMY BROWN
THE GOLF
COACH.



I'M AFRAID BRUCE
PEARL CONTINUES TO
PULL AWAY FROM THE
PACK WITH HIS FIRST
BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

I GOTTA
FIGURE
OUT HOW
TO WIN ONE
OF THOSE
THINGS!



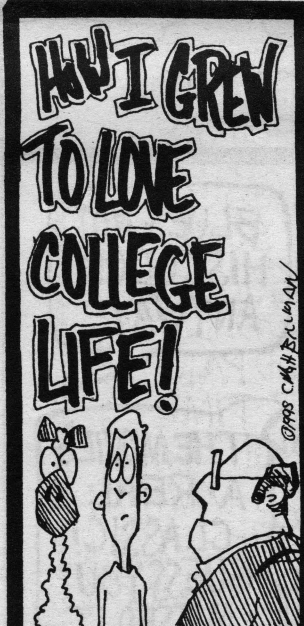
BUT DON'T WORRY, SIR.
IF MICHAEL JORDAN WORKED
HERE, HE'D BE IN SECOND.... OK.
A DISTANT SECOND.

CAN YOU DUNK
A BASKETBALL
OR SOMETHING?

UH....

WE'RE
SCREWED

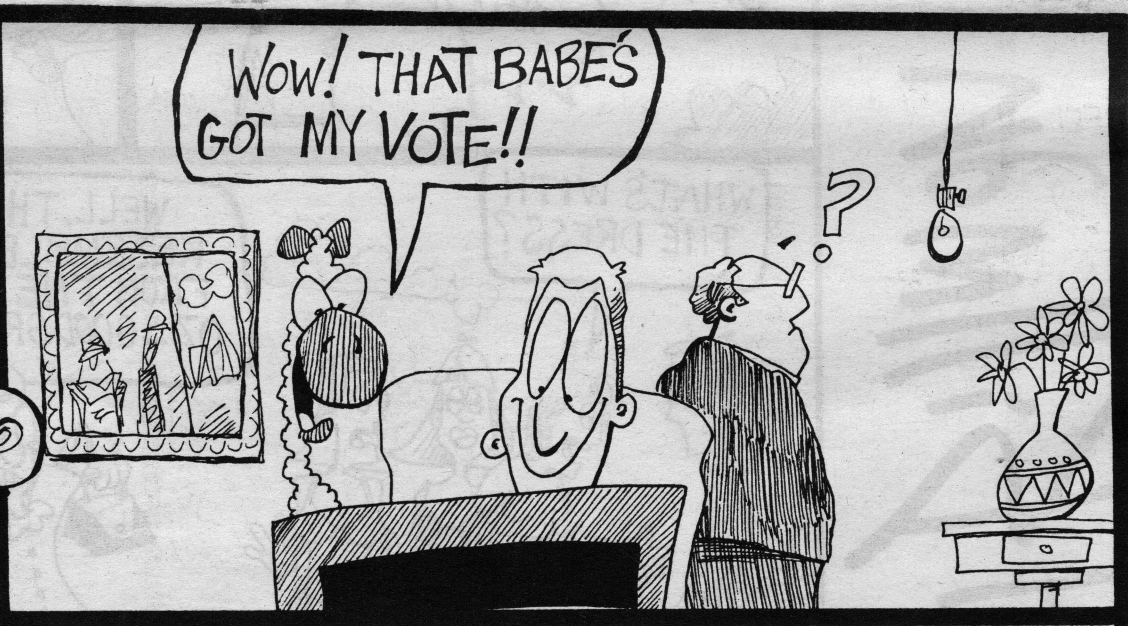
©1995 C.M. BULLMAN



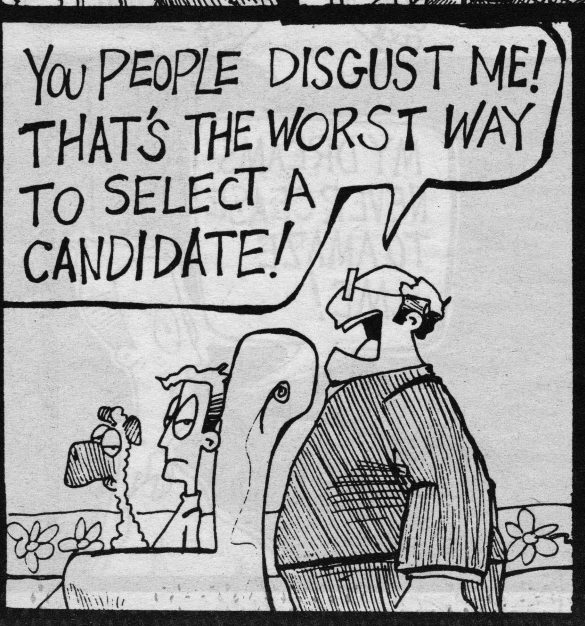
WHY I GREN
TO LOVE
COLLEGE
LIFE!



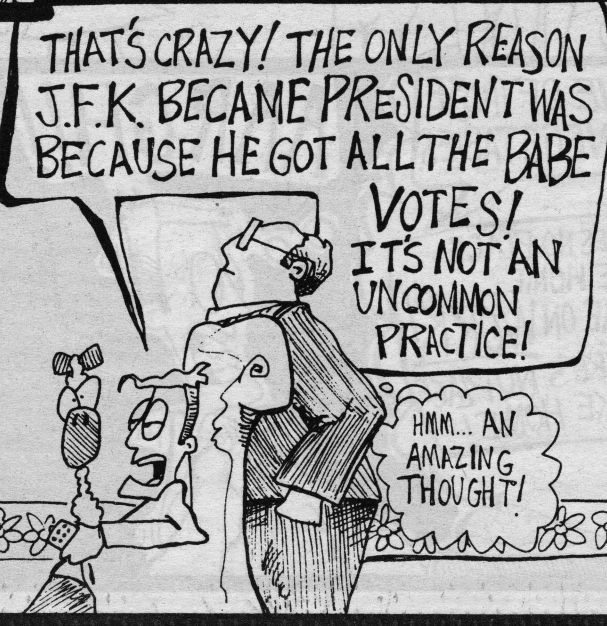
WHOA, HEY!!
A HOOCHIE'S
RUNNIN' FOR
MAYOR!!



Wow! THAT BABE'S
GOT MY VOTE!!

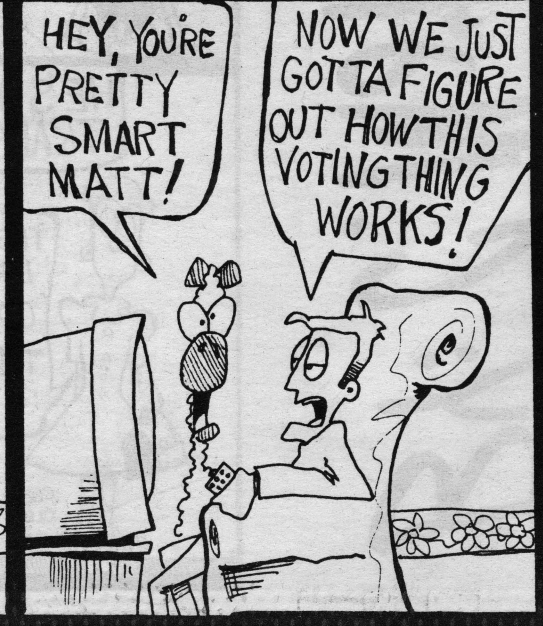


YOU PEOPLE DISGUST ME!
THAT'S THE WORST WAY
TO SELECT A
CANDIDATE!



THAT'S CRAZY! THE ONLY REASON
J.F.K. BECAME PRESIDENT WAS
BECAUSE HE GOT ALL THE BABE
VOTES!
IT'S NOT AN
UNCOMMON
PRACTICE!

HMM... AN
AMAZING
THOUGHT!



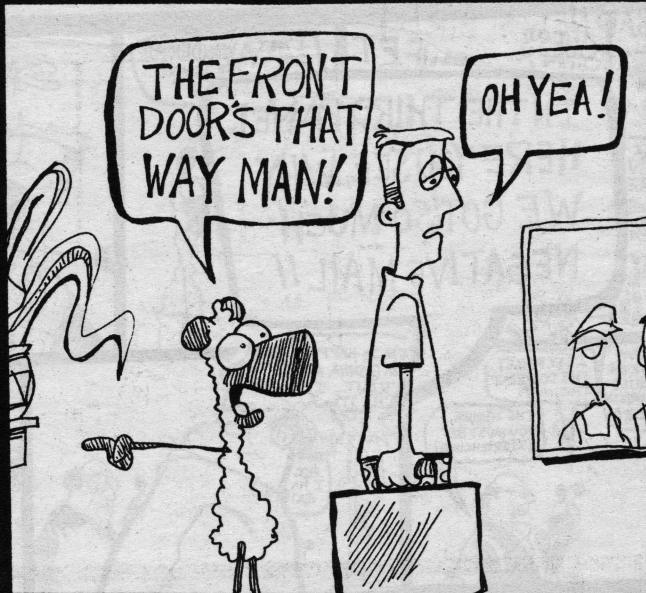
HEY, YOU'RE
PRETTY
SMART
MATT!

NOW WE JUST
GOTTA FIGURE
OUT HOW THIS
VOTING THING
WORKS!

HOW I GREW TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE!

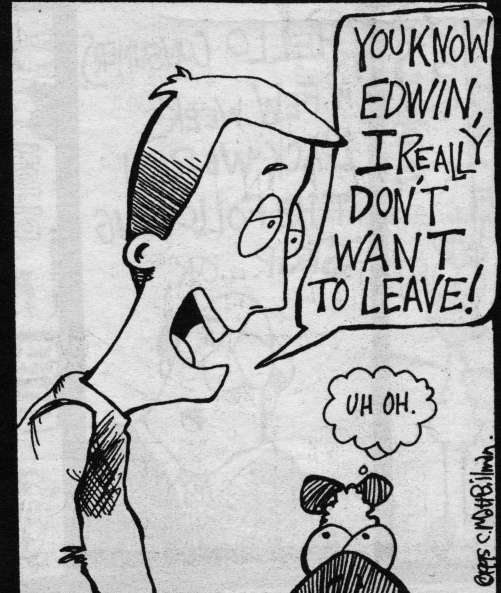


WELP! I GUESS THAT'S IT!



THE FRONT DOOR'S THAT WAY MAN!

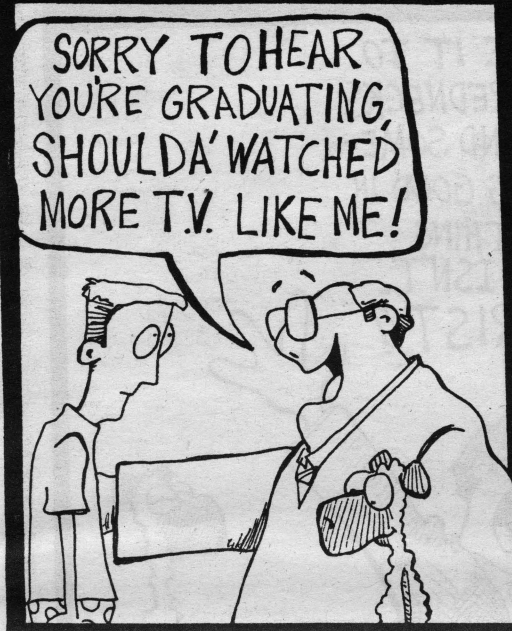
OH YEA!



YOU KNOW EDWIN, I REALLY DON'T WANT TO LEAVE!

UH OH.

©1995 C.M.H.P. ILLINOIS



SORRY TO HEAR YOU'RE GRADUATING, SHOULDA' WATCHED MORE T.V. LIKE ME!



WOW, THEY'VE GOT SHEEP AND EVERYTHING!

BYE MATT. WE'RE YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT YOU NEVER REALLY GOT TO KNOW. SORRY THAT YOU'RE LEAVIN' CUTIE!

EHP?



GOOD GRAVY! WE WERE SO CLOSE! LADIES, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



HE'S ROOMING WITH YOU THEN. HE'S ALWAYS WETTING THE BED!



HOW I GREW TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE!



SIR! I'M AFRAID THE U.C. EXPANSION PROGRAM WILL NOT HOLD THE TROOPS!

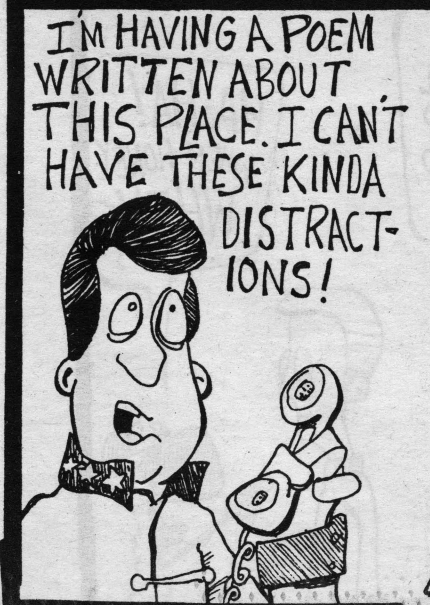
HOLD STILL GENERAL.

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW SCHONBERGER, IS WHAT YANKEE PLANTED ALL THOSE TREES?



BESIDES, IF I'VE SAID IT ONCE I'VE SAID IT A THOUSAND TIMES! WE NEED CASH CROPS!

NOT SOME FLIPPIN' TREES. SOMEBODY SPENT A GOOD PART OF THEIR TIME KNOCKIN' THEM TREES DOWN IN THE FIRST PLACE. COUNTERPRODUCTIVE.



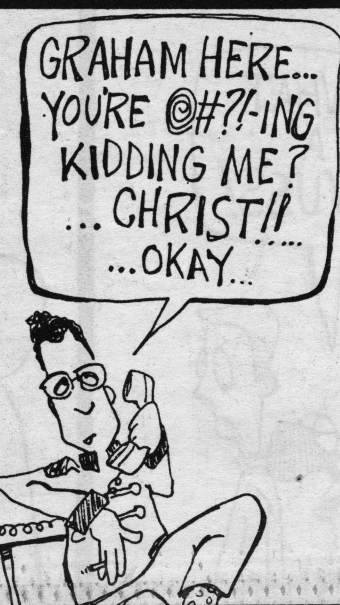
I'M HAVING A POEM WRITTEN ABOUT THIS PLACE. I CAN'T HAVE THESE KINDA DISTRACTIONS!



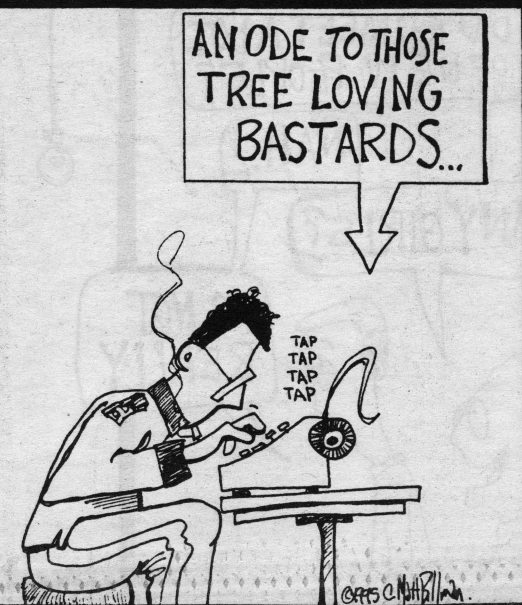
...WITH ITS BARREN LANDSCAPE IT CALLS TO MIND THE MIGHTY GOBI DESERT... BUT GREENER

Ring! Ring!

TAP TAP TAP



GRAHAM HERE... YOU'RE @#?!!-ING KIDDING ME? ... CHRIST!! ... OKAY...



AN ODE TO THOSE TREE LOVING BASTARDS...

↓

©1995 C.M.H.P. ILLINOIS

HOW I GREW TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE

HELLO CONSUMERS
A FEW WEEKS
BACK WE RAN
THE FOLLOWING
STRIP...OK.



WORLD
TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE
BY BILL MAN

GUESS WHAT?
CAFET
I MET A WONDERFUL
GIRL AT THE SCHOOL

IN THE THIRD PANEL
HERE YOU SEE WHY
WE GOT SO MUCH
NEGATIVE MAIL!!

SMOOGH!

...AND HERE'S THE
CLOSE UP!... WE GOT
MANY FORMS OF
RESPONSE... HERE ARE
A FEW... OK. ROLL IT!

SMOOGH!

@#&?!
★!@#!
SMOOGH!

ANIMAL RIGHTS
ACTIVISTS, FIND
AND KILL THIS
CARTOONIST...

WE DID GET THIS
LETTER FROM TWO
GUYS NAMED BUDDY AND
EARL. THEY SAID, "HOPE
TO SEE MORE IN THE
FUTURE."

LEAVE IT TO
TWO REDNECKS
TO FIND SOME-
THING GOOD IN
SOMETHING
THAT ISN'T...
CHRIST!!

HOW I GREW
TO LOVE
COLLEGE
LIFE...
BILL MAN

WHO IS
IT?
YOUR SON...
PROVE IT!

OH, IT IS YOU. BACK FROM
COLLEGE ALREADY? GOODNESS,
MED SCHOOL DOESN'T TAKE
VERY LONG ANY MORE.

I TOLD YOU.
I STUDIED
ART...

DID YOU MEET A LOT
OF NEW PEOPLE?
NAH...
ANY GIRLS?
NO, NOT
REALLY

WHAT
A
WUSS!

SO, WHEN DO YOU
START MED. SCHOOL
BOY? YOUR MOM AND
I ARE LOOKIN' TO
RETIRE SOON..

HA-HA!
WHEN HONEY,
WHEN?
OH WHEN
HONEY,
WHEN?

Take a chance or lose out: guaranteed

by Kevin Wilson

"What do you want to have accomplished by the age of 65?" --a question asked in a class as a personal introduction topic. Money? A family? Benefits from a rewarding career? What do YOU want to have accomplished by the age of 65? I submit that if a person dreams, but does not strive to reach those dreams, then he might just as well be 65 years old, or dead for that matter.

Bungee jumping, white-water rafting, skydiving, rock climbing, surfing, skiing, parasailing and scuba diving are senseless, or downright crazy dreams. Maybe aspirations are quite outrageous when life and death are in question. But, in many cases often overlooked, neither life nor death is a consequence. Most opportunities come from everyday life. For example, whether or not to ask a person out on a date, working out, studying and what career path a person elects to travel are common decisions, but are rarely viewed as "reaching for the stars."

Crazy dreams are com-

pared to customary dreams as lying on opposite sides of the stick. But the same rules of motivation for seeking for them may apply. For instance, how do you take that gigantic step out of the warm bed into the cold world every morning? In one way or another, a choice is made, and an action is taken. Sure, it is usually accompanied with fear, the gritting of teeth, and a few words any mother would be ashamed to hear from her child, but some form of action is taken.

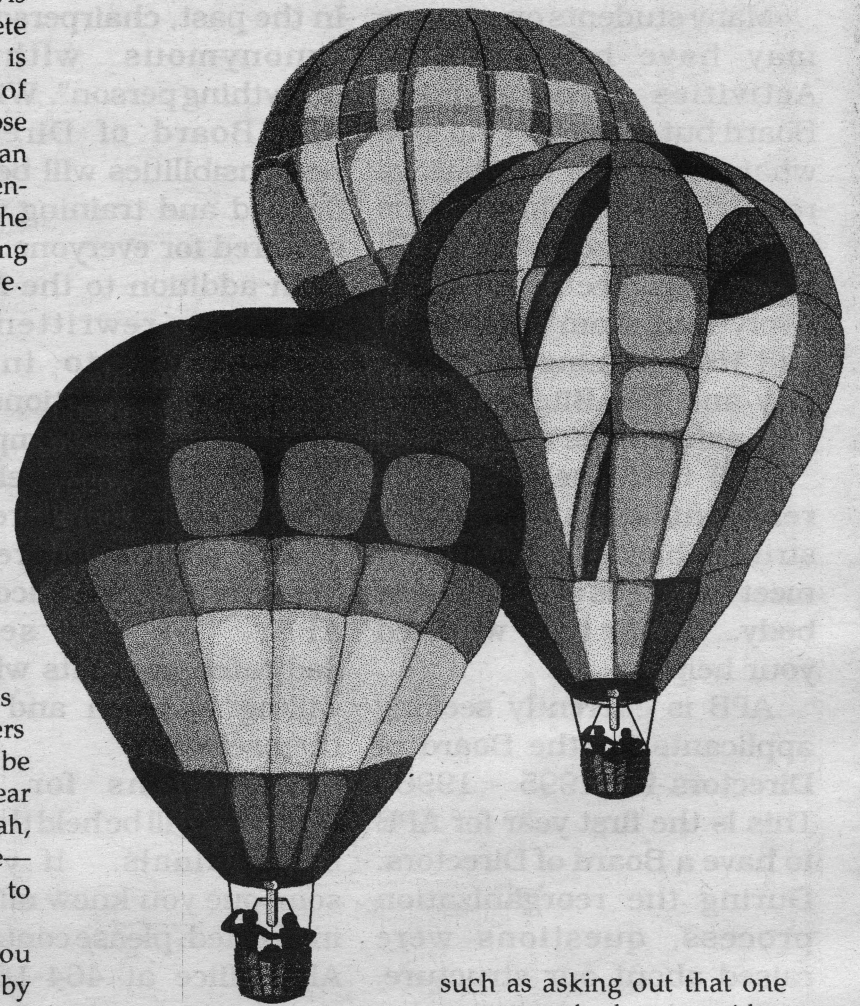
In this heyday of mass communication, gossip included, the trend seems to be to observe life. The television, VCR, radio, and movie theatres are all examples of this: society's ambition to sit on its ass. However the mass communication industry is not liable for any person who has a healthy brain and body. The only one to blame is he who lives his life as though he is still under those cozy covers (for the sake of those he may rub off on, he should stay under them).

Two reasonable excuses for a lack of participation in life exist: money and fear.

The previous sentence is nothing other than complete and total bullshit. Money is opportunity. The owner of this opportunity may choose to purchase something he can hold in his hand, and eventually drop and shatter, or he may decide to buy something invaluable: an experience. Granted, the benefits for the experience may not come as soon as the material purchase, but in that one moment when a grandchild's attention is utterly locked onto the voice of the storyteller's soul, the yield will be immeasurable.

And as for fear, the only one who doesn't want you to achieve happiness is Satan. Don't let his whispers stun your charge. Sure, be scared, but don't let the fear of heaven stop you (oh, yeah, some of you don't believe—well, I guess you will have to be scared of death!).

So, what is it that you want to have accomplished by the age of 65? I encourage you to ask an older person about his or her life. Pay attention to the number of times the phrases "should have,"



"could have," and "I wish I would have" are spoken. I also encourage you, to take action on your "crazy" idea, or dream

such as asking out that one person you've been considering in the back of your mind. As a wise man once said, "Get busy living, or get busy dying."

Sex & the College Student

Abstinence and Virginity aren't dirty words; they are choices!

by Amanda Barton

Sex is everyone's favorite topic in conversation it seems on college campuses. Are there people in college who don't have sex? Yes, there are.

Not all of these students are virgins. Not everyone on campus has had sex. Virginity definitely has its advantages. Sex tends to complicate lives. The sexually active have to worry about sexually transmitted diseases and pregnancy. Virgins are alleviated of that pressure.

Abstinence can also alleviate those pressures. Contrary to popular belief, engaging in abstinence does not mean precluding any sexual activity. Manual stimulation, kissing and intimacy can still occur. Intimacy can be enjoyed without intercourse. Referred to by some as "outercourse," noncoital sex may include holding hands, embracing, kissing, massage, mutual masturbation, dancing, and watching sexually explicit movies.

Abstinence is not against the law. It is a choice that is being made by more college students every day. Many choose it on moral grounds. They decide to wait until they marry

to engage in coital sex. Others believe that sexual intimacy belongs only in a serious relationship. They don't want to have sex with every Tom, Dick or Susan on the block.

For most of these students, the most obvious reason they don't have sex is to avoid pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. They realize that their chances of contracting a sexually transmitted disease increases with every sex partner they have.

Abstinence is the only 100% way to protect yourself against pregnancy and STDs, which are only transmitted through sexual intercourse. Not having sex also protects students emotionally.

When people engage in sexual activity, they share a very private part of themselves with another person. They open up and allow that person to see what they are really about on the inside. They are more likely to feel intense pleasure and happiness, but also intense pain. You need to be able to trust your partner with this very vulnerable, intimate part of yourself.

Not having sex allows time for

the friendship to grow. By learning to spend your time doing something besides having sex, you can explore more about your partner and have time to share before adding sex.

This time can be used to share experiences and really learn about each other. Adding sex to a relationship too soon can rush things and actually hurt the relationship in the long run.

Sticking to the decision to remain abstinent can be difficult. If you have a partner now, you need to explain your decision not to have sex. You should share your feelings and needs with them. Then, you should listen to your partner. It is best to talk when you are not in the middle of a passionate moment. You should try to plan ahead of time what you want to say.

Finding other ways to spend your time can be exhilarating. You can go the zoo, to Garden of the Gods, or just out to the park. These experiences can be fun. They can also be very safe.

Until next time...be careful; and if you do have sex, use a condom.

APB Elects Board of Directors

Many students on campus may have heard of the Activities Programming Board but most have no idea what it really is or what we really do. The majority of the campus-wide events at USI are sponsored by APB. Everything from comedians and Homecoming to Family Day and The Bite Me Tour. You name it, we sponsor it!

APB is in the process of reorganization. We are striving harder than ever to meet the needs of the student body. To do this, we need your help.

APB is currently seeking applicants for the Board of Directors for 1995 - 1996. This is the first year for APB to have a Board of Directors. During the reorganization process, questions were raised about our structure.

In the past, chairperson was synonymous with "do everything person". With our new Board of Directors, responsibilities will be more defined and training will be required for everyone.

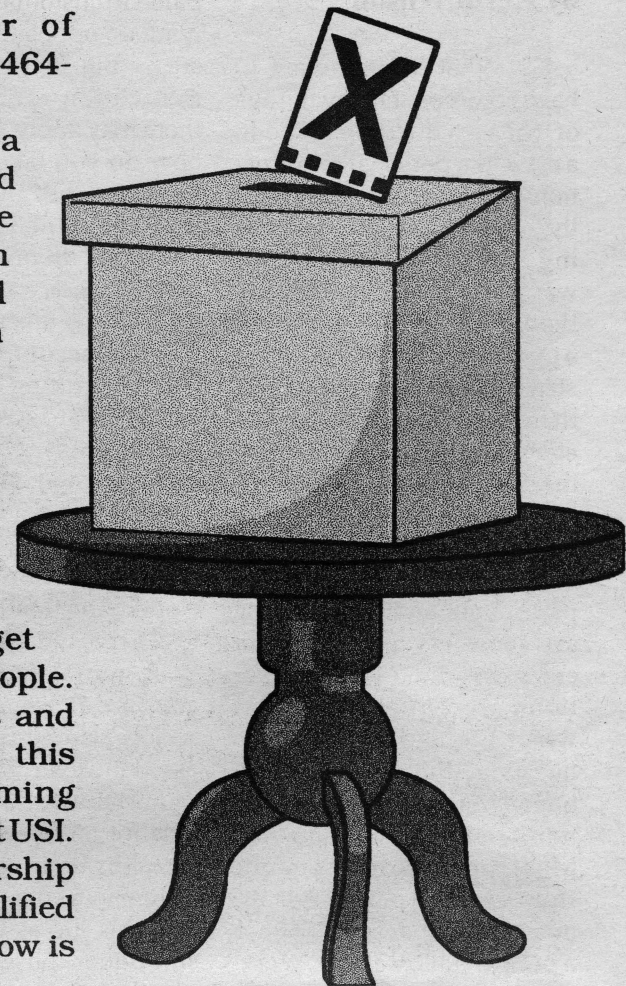
In addition to the Board, we have rewritten our constitution to include campus-wide elections. We want the entire campus to get involved in the selection of the 12 Student Directors. These positions are very important to the success of APB. We are seeking dedicated students who are willing to learn and enjoy themselves.

Elections for these Directors will be held the week before finals. If you or someone you know might be interested, please contact the APB office at 464-1872 or

Deb Foster, Director of Student Activities, at 464-1862.

Now is the time to be a charter Director and enhance your college experience. It is a proven fact that involved students get more from their college education than those students who only attend class and become homebodies.

APB is turning a new leaf in the Fall of 1995. I hope that you take this opportunity to get involved and meet people. The Board of Directors and the New APB will lead this campus to programming never thought possible at USI. With enhanced leadership opportunities and qualified advisors to train you, now is the time to join.

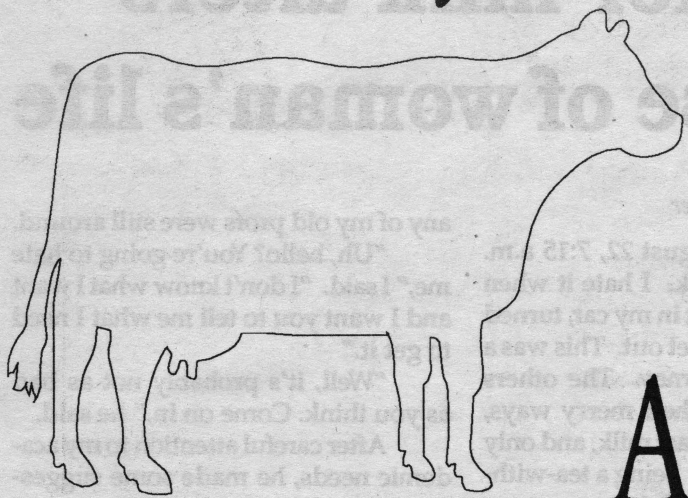


Eagle Gran Prix teams are currently practicing

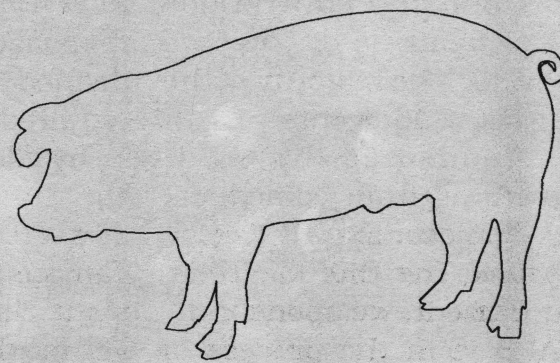
Please
Use Caution
&
Be Aware of Them



APB presents



Spring Week



April 17 - 21

Voting for "Kiss The Farm Animal"
will be April 11th - 19th from 11 - 1 in the UC

Tuesday, April 18

11 am - 1 pm
BBQ Cookout
Ribs, Baked Beans & Soda

&

Kite Flying
\$1.00 for
Inflatable USI Kites

Wednesday, April 19

9 pm
The Nasty Girls
meet the "Grandma
from Hell"

Free
UC Dining Room

Rob Kerney's (aka Spam Armadillo)
farewell performance

Thursday, April 20

Noon
Kiss the Farm Animal
UC Dining Room

9 pm
Dance in Eicher Barn

Friday, April 21

2 - 5 pm
All Campus
Garden Party
Sponsored by
Volunteer USI!

Eagle

April 22

Gran Prix

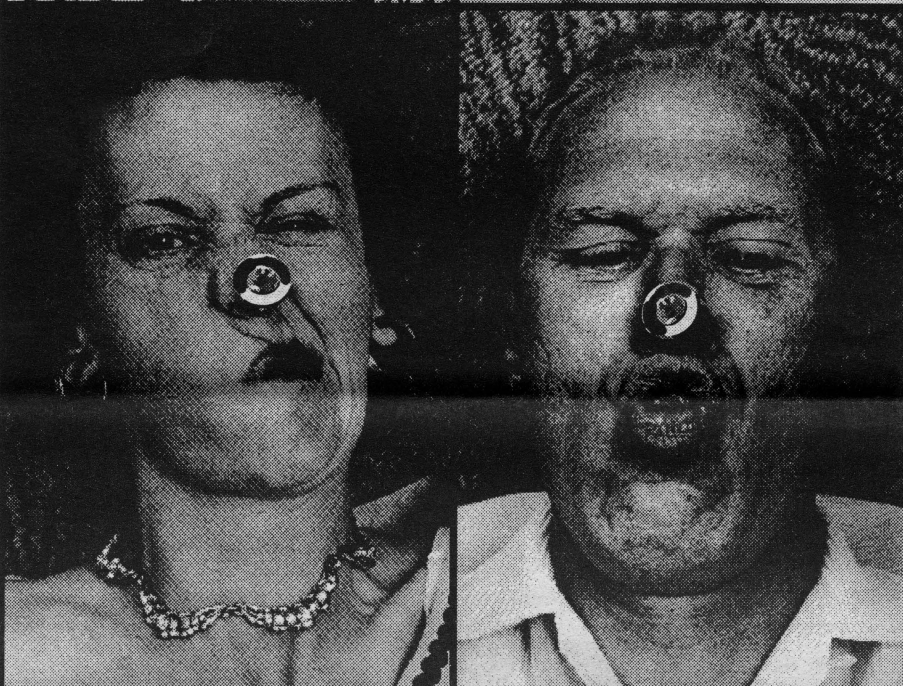
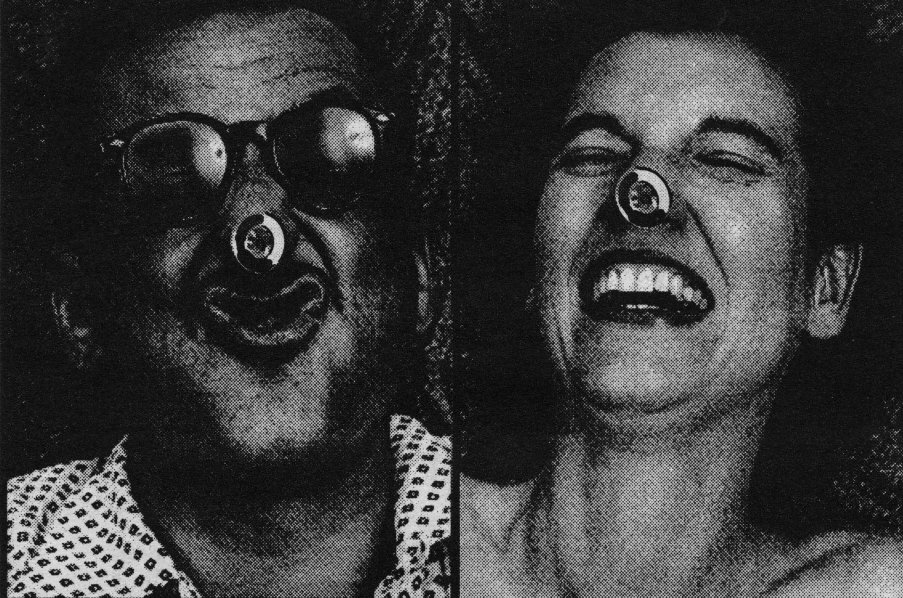
Opening Ceremonies
10:30 a.m.

Free Food and Pepsi
All Day Long

Celebrity, Co-ed, Men's & Women's Races

Call 464-1872 for more information

WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR A



QUARTER BEER

WED. QUARTER
BUSCH LIGHT
DRAFT
\$2 PITCHERS

SHO BAR

750 E. FRANKLIN
EVANSVILLE IN.
812-428-5970

APRIL 7-8 MOBY DICK

14-15-21-22 39 MILES

28-29 DENNY WARD
BLUES BAND

Trip for milk alters course of woman's life

By Gretchen Schroeder

Monday, August 22, 7:15 a.m. Damn! Out of milk. I hate it when that happens. I got in my car, turned on the radio, and set out. This was a purely selfish journey. The others were already on their merry ways, having drunk the last milk, and only I was left milkless. Being a tea-with-milk drinker, I couldn't even get my morning caffeine quota without it. This was not selfish, I countered, this was essential.

Flipping the radio stations, I came across a woman, seemingly older, giving advice. She had a list of five things that separate winners from losers. One vividly jumped out at me: losers make excuses for not doing things. Winners keep trying.

Yeah, yeah, I know that, I told myself. I also knew I had been making excuses to myself for a long time about why I should not go back to school after dropping out of ISUE 20-odd years ago. I was too old. I didn't want a job that required a degree. I had already taken most of the English courses I liked; now only the others were left. I had four kids and three grandkids—Granny Coed?

Well, it wouldn't hurt to call USI and find out how much more you need to graduate, would it? (Do you even want to graduate or just take classes? You still don't know, do you?)

I got my milk and returned to the car. The host of the radio program announced that the tape is old; the lady is dead. Great. I'm taking advice from a dead lady I've never heard of, at 7:15 a.m., before I've even had my tea.

At 11 a.m. I made the call. No, they couldn't send the transcript without a signature. Yes, I could get one if I went in person. Why not? It was a pretty day for a drive.

At noon, I was on campus. Tons of people were milling around, and standing in long lines in the Orr Center. It was the first day of the fall semester. I didn't know that.

The Registrar people had my transcript ready and suggested I see an advisor in the English Department since I had been an English major. Where was it? Second floor, Science Building. Hmm, some things never change.

Well, I thought, it won't hurt to go and see someone. I wondered if

any of my old profs were still around.

"Uh, hello? You're going to hate me," I said. "I don't know what I want and I want you to tell me what I need to get it."

"Well, it's probably not as bad as you think. Come on in," he said.

After careful attention to my academic needs, he made some suggestions, punched up his computer, and voila, I was given a proposed-schedule printout.

GOOD GRIEF! What had I done? I had not discussed this with anyone, not family, not strangers on the street, not anyone. I had simply run out of milk. Was this a mid-life crisis or was I certifiable?

"Go have this signed and come back," he said.

"Okay," I said. What was I saying? Who was that speaking on my behalf? Do we need to call the exorcist?

After returning with the signature, I was sent off with instructions to reenroll in the University and come back to him for the final signature which would allow me to take these four (FOUR!) classes I wasn't even sure I wanted to take.

Functioning on automatic pilot, almost like a dutiful schoolgirl on an errand for Teacher, I completed the assignment. It was now 2:15 p.m. Well, I could go the bookstore and see the texts. Where was the bookstore?

At the bookstore, I found *Emma*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Mill on the Floss* for Women's Literature class. I would probably really like it. I don't know anything about mythology. I probably would like it. Oh, don't forget the two education classes.

Get in line, pay up. (You can always return them if you don't go through with it.) Its 2:40 p.m. Where was my schedule? Oh, I had class at 3 on Mondays—well, today was Monday. I thought I might as well go... it wouldn't be nice to drop out before I'd even dropped in.

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood ...*

Life is amazing. Life is difficult. Life is wonderful. Life is what you make of it. Thank you, advisor, for giving me the push I needed. I love school. It's already the end of second semester. What if I hadn't run out of milk?

Success Story:

Former USI non-traditional student finds a job in EVSC

by Christina Armstrong

"A degree from USI is not a deterrent," USI graduate Jean Armstrong reassuringly commented when asked how she ranked among her competition in the job hunting field.

Jean said that companies don't screen applicants based on where they got their degree, but on their individual qualifications. For her, a degree from USI may have even given her a home advantage because when applying for Evansville jobs USI graduates have references that are easy to check.

Jean started to pursue her education after high school and completed one and a half years before dropping out. She returned several years later, at age 27, to finish her education.

As a non-traditional student with a husband and two small children, Jean spent an additional five years at USI in order to obtain a Bachelor of Science degree in English in 1993. She minored in Journalism and obtained her secondary education teacher certification as well as the middle school endorsement.

Jean's youngest child, Steven, was only ten months old and her eldest, Katherine, was three when she decided to go back to school. With her husband often working out of town, Jean had to find a way to get the kids to separate day care centers, attend classes, and find time for homework and studying.

After achieving her degree in English, Jean immediately began searching for a job. She had several interviews in various cities in the tri-state area, but had little success in finding a job. At this point she decided to go back to school and add the minor in journalism.

She completed her minor in two semesters and went to school during intersession to get her middle school endorsement. She then started interviewing again and by late June she had landed a job.

Jean is a first-year teacher at North High School this year. She is teaching composition, American Literature, and is the advisor to the

newspaper staff. Jean teaches mainly junior and senior level classes.

Her biggest shock as a teacher was that the kids "do not know how to write." She was somewhat alarmed by the fact that the high school no longer offer straight grammar classes, and that too shows in the students' writing. Her students experience difficulty with spelling, they practice random capitalization, and have trouble editing their own work.

Jean has been somewhat challenged this year by the curriculum guide provided by the English department. But, she enjoys the freedom of bringing in newspaper covering local topics as well as controversial issues. For example, she shared a Mike Royko column from the Evansville Courier with her students concerning the dismissal of a teacher in another city. This teacher refused to participate in a daily moment of silence required by the school because he felt it violated the laws segregating church and state. She then asked her students their opinions on the issue and asked them to give supporting evidence for their opinion.

Jean expressed a strong concern for her students who are working part-time jobs and don't see their school work as their first priority. She complained that many of her students fail to turn in homework assignments or are not getting enough sleep as a direct result of their part-time jobs.

As advise for new teachers, she suggests constantly giving students words of encouragement, compliments, and individual attention.

She is aware that not all of her students will continue their schooling at the college level. "Every kid is not destined for college," she admits, "but I don't let them know that I've given up on any of them."

She thinks only those who want to be prepared will leave the classroom ready to enter college, but the rest will at least have improved their ability to communicate and function in a technologically advance society.

Private Beaches Tanning

New Accelerator Bulbs!

Single - \$5
Five - \$15

Ten - \$25
Twenty - \$40

"2 for 1" weekends!

Weekly
FREE session
drawings!



1913 W. Franklin St.

467-0249



Weekly
FREE session
drawings!

Harpole's

Main Street Exit

Monday Night
Adison Ellis

\$4 pitcher \$1 Shot of Red Hot

7/8 **THE CROWD**
14th **Almost Noah**

On the 15th
BOB & TOM
(From 103 Fm)

Autograph Signing!

Band:
Duke Tomato

21/22 **THE CROWD**
28/29 **THE CROWD**

We Serve:
Plate Lunches and Beverages
(Under \$5.)

Harpole's
Main Street Exit

Why Things Are by Joel Achenback

Susan B. failed because we love paper bills

Q. Why did the Susan B. Anthony dollar bomb?

A. If the government asked you to design a dollar coin—and by you we literally mean *you*, Bob Dingerknocker, of 797711 Enormousbutt Terr., Columbus, Ga.—you'd probably sit right down and make a list of design objectives, starting with:

1. Don't make it look anything like a quarter.

Unfortunately, the government didn't seek your assistance, and thus American has been blessed with the professionally design Susan B. Anthony dollar, which, although slightly larger than a quarter, doesn't seem to be 75 cents larger than a quarter. (Though we have to admit we are taking that from memory, since the Anthony dollar is nearly extinct in the wild, surviving only on the graces of grandmothers who understand that grandkids deserve big shiny coins.)

In 1990 the US General Accounting Office concluded that the "Susan B" failed for several reason, including the quarterish design. But the big mistake, said the GAO, was the failure to be brutal with the public: the dollar bill should have been eliminated.

Canadians, for example, have accepted their new dollar coin, but only because the old bill is gone. People prefer bills to coins, generally, because coins are bulkier and heavier. American in particular are fond of the good ol' greenback. It has symbolic resonance that exceeds its face value. The U.S. Treasury in 1979 wanted to replace the dollar bill with the Anthony coin, but Congress decreed, stupidly, that the paper and coin dollars should try to coexist.

The Mint stopped making Anthony dollars in 1982. Almost half of the 857 million Anthony dollars are still in government storage.

This doesn't mean that the Treasury Department has abandoned its dollar coin ambitions. Deficit-minded bureaucrats know that the United States would save money if it replaced the bill with the coin. Although the cost of making a dollar coin is several times the cost of making a dollar bill, a coin lasts about 30 years, while, a typical dollar bill lasts only one year and four months.

(We found out, incidentally, that the federal government has an Office of Mutilated Currency. Did you just discover that there's a secret pocket

of your bluejeans with a twenty-dollar bill inside, barely recognizable after 79 trips through the laundry? The Office of Mutilated Currency will examine your money under a microscope, if necessary, to determine that it's the genuine article. Say your thanks tonight for the Office of Mutilated Currency.

Anyway, a few years ago some lawmakers pushed the idea of creating a new dollar coin commemorating Christopher Columbus. Critics pointed out that Columbus was what you might call a foreigner. (Why not just put Yelstin on a coin? Why not Saddam Hussein?) The main obstacle, however, was still the old dollar bill. Your average congressperson may be an old greedhead, but he's not so stupid as to think his constituents want their dollar bills literally taken away and replaced with a mere *coin*. And there was on final thing wrong with the Columbus dollar: the size. You'd think they'd make it bigger than the Susan B. Anthony, right? *Nope*.

Same size. Another quarterish dollar. For financial and technical reasons, the Mint didn't want to make a bigger coin.

The motto in the U.S. Government is, if at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again.

From the Mailbag:

David S. of Rio Rancho, N. M., writes, "I remember reading somewhere, that according to one of Albert Einstein's theories of relativity, all time—past, present, and future—is essentially happening simultaneously, and therefore, we should be able to remember the future as well as the past. How 'bout it?"

Dear David: Actually, one of Einstein's best riffs was pointing out that no two events are ever truly simultaneous. He nuked simultaneity.

What he might have said, only in German, was something like this: time and space are intertwined in a seamless fabric called space-time, in which objects can be described as having temporal and spatial coordinates, and in which no position is superior or more remarkable than any other.

No physicist has ever said we "should" remember the future as well as the past, but many physicists have wondered why we don't.

There's nothing in the laws of physics that says time must flow from past to future.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Graduation is near. Will you make it? YES!!! That's quite remarkable if you are just a freshman. You will see your finances improving greatly when those old, dilapidated relatives, who you thought were dead, give you monetary gifts.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) The keywords in your life for this month are sheep, lubrication, and celibacy. Take that however you want, it was Jude's idea.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) If you keep a chair and a rope in your closet during finals week, this means you suffer from test anxieties. Do something to relieve that stress the night before. I suggest bedroom aerobics.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) You will be approached by some prostitutes. Don't buy anything. Why pay for something you can get free here on campus?!

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) You will be meeting some men from Mars. They will look like everyday people and you will be confused. These Martians will want to do strange things to your body. Hell, you might as well do it, it will be the best offer you get this coming month.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept 22) Words fail me on how to describe the month for you. Now, action is another story.

Madame Fortune's



Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You will get exciting news in the next few weeks and will begin to hyperventilate. An ambulance will be needed. I will think of you while you are in the hospital. Just remember, the news will be good.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) One must remember that there is a difference between diagrams and diaphragms. The first tells how to find things and the second prevent other things from happening. Try them out, you may like them.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) Great things have happened to you. You are first in the nation. Great things will continue to happen to you. Congratulations!

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) Lions and tigers and bears, oh my. And other monsters will be jumping out at you. Just remember Dorothy had them in line with one good smack!

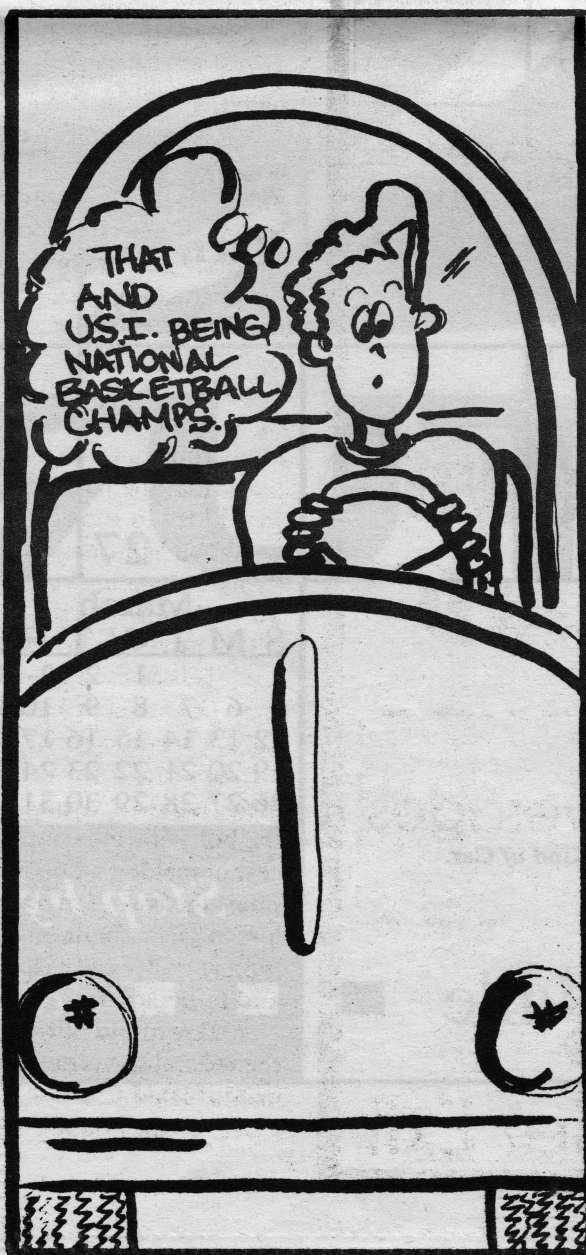
Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) Your hunger is growing and you are becoming obsessive with it. I have some coupons for Pizza Hut if that would help you out.

Madame Fortune would like to congratulate the Screaming Eagles on being National Champions. You have always been champions in her eyes.

This is Madame's last issue, because she will get here BS in May. Of course, she has always had a little BS. She has enjoyed screwing with your minds for the past three and a half years. It has been a wonderful experience to write horoscopes for all of you. It has enhanced her college life.

She would like to wish Tracy good luck in seeking the editor position of Transitions. Tracy will have a most difficult job in replacing the best Fortune Teller in the world. She would like to thank Amy for her help this month, and tell Amy, Dawn, Doug, Bob and Rob that she loves them.

Something to leave you with. Some of the best experiences are not realized until they are over. Some are so good you repeat them over and over again. Until next time. NOT!



USI

University of Southern Indiana

This Month's Highlights
EGP!

1995 April Activities

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
						1
2	3	4	Michael Vogel Holocaust Lecture- 7 p.m. Mitchell Auditorium	Schindler's List 7 p.m. Forum	6	EGP TIME TRIALS 8
	New Horizons Bake Sale				NO SCHOOL!	
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
EASTER SUNDAY 16	17	BBQ Cookout 11 - 1p.m. @ UC	Nasty Girls 9 p.m. UC Dining Room	DANCE! at Eicher Barn 9 p.m.	20	Eagle Gran Prix 22
23	SATURN					
30	24	25	26	27	28	29



A Different Kind of Company. A Different Kind of Car.

Sponsored by

Saturn of Evansville

March							May								
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S		
			1	2	3	4				1	2	3	4	5	6
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
26	27	28	29	30	31		28	29	30	31					

Stop by for a visit!

812.471.0011