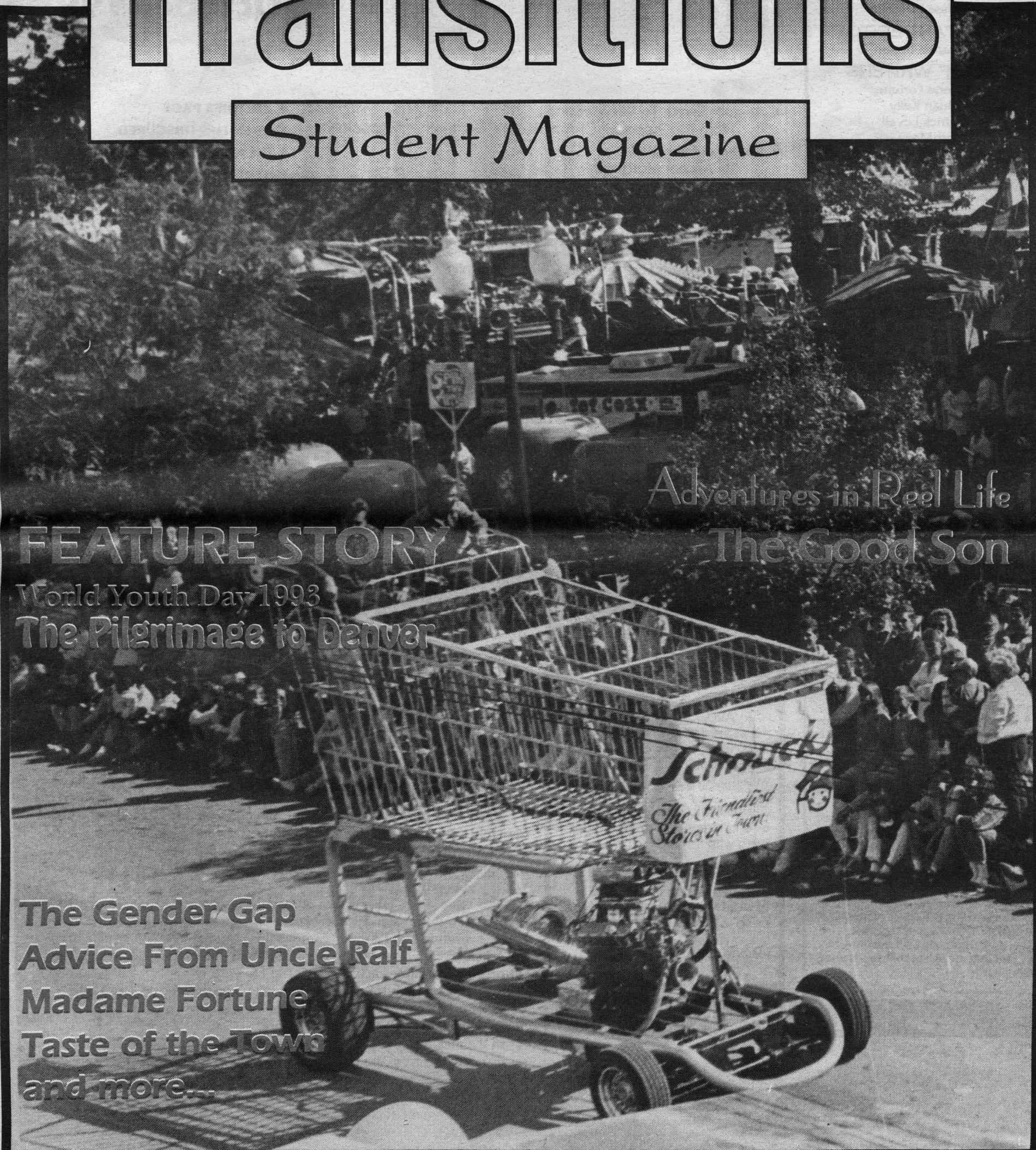


10/93

University of Southern Indiana

# Transitions

Student Magazine



## FEATURE STORY

World Youth Day 1993  
The Pilgrimage to Denver

Adventures in Reel Life  
The Good Son

The Gender Gap  
Advice From Uncle Ralf  
Madame Fortune  
Taste of the Town  
and more...



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

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**AIDS STATISTICS  
 COURTESY OF THE AIDS  
 RESOURCE GROUP**

**COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCHOOL  
 OF MEDICINE**

World wide at least 70% of all reported AIDS cases are from heterosexual relationships.

**INTERNATIONAL AIDS CENTER AT  
 HARVARD**

It is estimated that in the year 2,000 there will be about 110 million people in the world living with the AIDS virus.

**CENTERS OF DISEASE CONTROL**

One in every 250 Americans is living with the AIDS virus.

**INDIANA DEPARTMENT OF  
 HEALTH**

To date, 82 AIDS cases have been reported in Vanderburgh County. 21 cases have been reported just this year.

## *NYPD Blue* to be shown at USI

The premiere episode of the new crime drama *NYPD Blue*, which was not aired locally due to citizens' complaints about content, will be shown Oct. 7 at USI. The Cardinal States Chapter of the Society for

Professional Journalists is hosting the two-hour show and will discuss censorship issues beforehand.

The event is scheduled for 6 to 9 p.m. in Forum 1 and is open to the public.

## Behind the scene...

Hello again. Pardon if I'm breathless, but it's probably the cold I've gotten from sleeping in the basement of the University Center this week.

None of us can figure out why the air conditioning is still running down here mid-way into fall. At least it feels like it is. One night, the staff was so desperate for warmth, we all sat huddled around yon space heater, toasting marshmallows on X-acto knives and telling, well, space heater stories. It was a real bonding session.

This issue we've taken a new step with the concept of our feature story. If you pull out the calendar and hang it on your wall, not only will you be hep to everything going on on campus this month, but you'll be able to read the article like it was meant to be read. Reader-interactive literature is the future and Transitions is bringing it right to you.

Speaking of the future, our next issue will be the fabled Censorship Issue. Be prepared for frank coverage of the Reading for Real campaign, the unaired episode of *NYPD Blue* and more.

In the meantime, check out our new advice column: Uncle Ralf at your service. Straight from the mouth of one of the wisest people you could ever know. Also, don't miss the halloween events going on this month: OKSOBERFEST, The Haunted House and APB's Murder Mystery night. They'll be a scream. (I couldn't help myself.)

More later

--Mel

## FEEDBACK

9-28

Transitions,

I went to USI last semester. I live in Henderson now. I miss reading your paper! Can you mail me one?

Desperate,  
 Jack Davis Jr.



# One well-proportioned blonde, please

"Little girls should no longer play with Barbie," proponents of "anatomically correct" dolls proclaim. Barbie, it seems, subliminally teaches little girls they must own Barbie's 36-26-36 figure in order to enjoy life's materialistic offerings. Barbie enforces the notion a woman must have drop-dead beautiful looks; long, blond hair; firm cantaloupe breasts; a flat stomach; wiggly, round rear and taut legs.

Companies manufacturing these new dolls argue that few women are endowed enough for such luxuries. Most women have rather plain faces,

Famous models earn thousands upon thousands of dollars for being "exploited" for their impressive beauty. It's a grueling job. Someone else styles their hair, applies makeup and chooses the clothes. Then the model must stand in front of a camera while smiling and moving no more than six feet in any direction.

Some of the best-paid actresses are aesthetically gifted: Kim Basinger, Michelle Pfeiffer, Julia Roberts, Sharon Stone, Demi Moore. They earn several million dollars per movie and thousands more from merchandising

they had never seen a woman before. During one of these Neanderthal outbursts, a female friend commented to herself, but within my hearing, "Why can't I look like that?"

But consider role models from a male's point of view: Women have Cindy Crawford. Men have Patrick Swayze. The only difference is men don't publicly whine about who we are supposed to resemble. We may jokingly comment about it with the girl of the moment, but our machismo won't allow us to raise any insecure ruckus.

I'm not ashamed to admit I have everything Tom Cruise has...except looks, money, and talent. I have justifiable reason to whine about failing miserably at being the kind of guy that takes a woman's breath away, the kind she closes her eyes and sees while making love to her plain, ordinary man of the moment.

It doesn't matter how much Brut cologne I could wear, I still wouldn't resemble any of the Adonis-chiseled men in Kelly LeBrock's commercial.

Those who know me can, and will, quickly attest to that proclamation. One time I visited a pool hall where no one knew me and, as I was standing against the wall watching a game, some Chevy S-10-sized mutant 18-year-old grabbed me from my spot and began applying chalk to my head. It wasn't until I screamed that he realized his mistake. He apologized sincerely and bought me a Mello Yello. Later in the same night, while lining up for a shot,

I drew the butt end of the stick into some guy's groin. He wanted to fight, so I hid behind my pool stick. It would have worked if the bill of my cap hadn't been visible.

Stand-up comedian and former MTV veejay Colin Quinn delivers a sketch about men taking their girl of the moment to a movie staring someone such as Jean Claude Van Damme and watching him pulverize six men who whistle at the girl he's escorting. Colin, like many of us lesser mortals, says he would just go on about his business. If the six guys want her, he wouldn't do anything to stop them.

Men look for opportunities to prove masculinity, but the majority of us are not gifted enough or stupid enough to take on six guys, especially for a girl. We can always find another girl, but not another face. On the other hand, if we resembled our role models, we would take on a whole city if it meant being idolized and worshipped.

Maybe in the future people can change physiques as we now change clothes. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. wrote a story titled "Unready to Wear" about people who shed their skin, enter manufactured bodies and parade around town, or the bedroom, without shame.

Maybe someday. Until then, the only option—and one I'm considering resorting to—is shelling out several hundred dollars for a full-body tattoo of Ken.

## EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

sagging or small breasts, a little paunch to the stomach, a drooping rear and flabby legs. People pushing these dolls say girls need realistic role models for their future physical and mental welfare, so they should play with dolls that reflect the "normal" build.

Proponents argue that when little girls are inundated with the notion of mirroring Barbie, they are more susceptible, as they age, to develop anorexia or bulimia. But they're missing the big picture.

A friend battled anorexia through high school, and although she is now almost 27 years old and possesses an attractive figure, she is adamantly self-conscious about her weight. She developed anorexia because of childhood teasing about being chubby, not from playing with Barbie. And children are notorious for unmerciful chiding and malicious harassment, not because of their toys or television shows, but their substantial lack of etiquette.

For some reason, these proponents are only attacking the toys aimed at very young girls. They avoid mentioning the power of models and actresses. Maybe they think if a girl's ideals are not formed by her toys, she won't succumb to media pressure.

and tabloid lawsuits. Hollywood contributes when it shamelessly uses beautiful women for their looks—rather than their exemplary acting talents—as advertising and selling points.

Movies do occasionally grace the public with plain-looking actresses, which is far better than soap operas can offer. And TV sitcoms aren't much better. Except for Roseanne, the stars are well above average-looking. Roseanne proved, although to no avail, that if the script writing can be blistering and sarcastic the public will watch a show in which the stars are average-looking or worse.

And why stop at reality? Cartoons are no better in providing realistic role models. Walt Disney's females are consistently thin, pretty, dainty, vulnerable and perfect, except for whimsical thought processing.

I often hear females complaining about what men drool over and hang on their bedroom walls. At the sports bar where I work (and this doesn't just happen in bars, just where groups of men are gathered), anytime a bikini-clad woman is shown, or ESPN shows aerobic competitions, the men lose all language functions except for guttural noises and painful howls and act as if

## TOP 10 INDIANA TOWNS WHOSE NAMES SOUND LIKE ICE CREAM FLAVORS

- |                 |                |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 10. Orange      | 5. Pekin       |
| 9. Ripley       | 4. Klondike    |
| 8. Walnut Grove | 3. Carmel      |
| 7. Newberry     | 2. Kokomo      |
| 6. Bourbon      | 1. French Lick |



## The Origin of An Assistant Entertainment Editor or: What I did on my summer vacation

Greetings and salutations, vertebrates. My name is Patrick J. Levell. Poet. Artist. Raconteur. Assistant Entertainment Editor. I know what you're saying, and you're right. "Why *Transitions*?" Why would I turn down offers from many of the world's most powerful news-gathering agencies and information brokers to work here? Well, it all began about three months ago...

I was on a small island off the coast of Paraguay, recovering from a two-year stint on a small-town newspaper. Two 14-year-old native girls were massaging my lower back when the peaceful sounds of the ocean were interrupted by the roar of a seaplane's engines. The airship skipped across the peaceful waters coming to a gentle stop along the shore. From the gangplank stepped my houseboy, Dmetri, carrying three large bags. I had only been away for a week. Man, had the fanmail piled up. So, as is our normal routine, Dmetri and I sifted through the mail.

It was pretty much business as usual. We pitched everything that contained the words, "Concerned Mothers of America," or "Final notice" and searched tirelessly for naked photos and bribes.

"Time Magazine needs you, Mr. Levell..." Pitch it.

"The *New York Times* would be honored if..." Toss it.

"The *Shield* needs someone with your..." Burn it.

"*Transitions*..." Ah, I've heard of these guys. I folded up the letter and put it in my pocket.

"You may already be a winner..." Pitch it.

"President William J. Clinton cordially invites you to..." Whoa, back up there, what did that say? "President William J. Clinton cordially invites you to join him for dinner on July 2, 1993." That was a scant two weeks away.

And those next two weeks were a grueling hell. According to the letter, Bill wanted to eat at an area Bob's Big Boy in D.C. It had been roughly six years since I had been in a fast food joint, and, always the perfectionist, I had Dmetri rigorously train me in order to hone my fast food ordering skills to a razor sharp perfection. I didn't want to blow a possible political future because I couldn't order onion rings like a true politicrit. This could be my big shot.

At last, the day arrived. It began with the piercing shriek of my doorbell. I threw on some jeans and a t-shirt and stumbled to the door. A man who resembled the third blues brother asked me if I was ready to go. Great. My big audience with the president, and I overslept. What could I have said? "Oh...oh no...can you wait a sec...I need a shower?"

I excused myself, grabbed a sportcoat and did a shot of Scope. I returned to the door, borderline refreshed, and made my

way to the waiting Limo.

After the jet touched down at Dulles, much to my surprise we went straight to the restaurant. I stepped into the grease-laden Big Boy and saw the president himself. Clad in a jogging suit, he was waiting in line with his lovely wife Hillary, gleaning the yellow neon menu posted on the far wall. The secret service agent introduced us, we made small talk, and then came the time of testing. It was time to order.

President Clinton skillfully ordered a

I exited the Roosevelt bedroom renewed and refreshed, and went downstairs for a light snack. The dark kitchen was lit only by the dim glow of the refrigerator light. The Commander in Chief was searching through the icebox, looking for the perfect compliment to a peanut butter and banana sandwich. I suggested chocolate milk, and together we shared a poignant moment and a tasty snack.

Bill and I became fast friends. It was early the next morning when we had to say our good-byes.

As the guard closed the door, he threw a quarter at me and told me that I could have one phone call. I laughed maniacally and told the sentry that I could call all the 1-800 numbers I wanted.

Who would I call? I only had one quarter. Should I call Dmetri? No, I gave him the day off. Papa John's. No, they don't deliver to dungeons. I paced back and forth in the cell. Dejected, I let out a long sigh and plunged my hands deep into my pockets for warmth. My left hand ran across a piece of paper. I quickly withdrew it from my pocket and read: "*Transitions* Student Magazine needs you, Mr. Levell..."

I read on. "High wages...monthly column...Editor Mel Laughlin... Call anytime." Well, this seemed as good a time as any.

I called the *Transitions* office and explained my situation to someone known only as "Mel." She seemed genuinely sympathetic and said she would be on the first plane to Washington. As she hung up the phone, I heard her say to some guy named Jude that she was onto a "great story."

Minutes or days passed. It's hard to tell when you're in stir. The maddening silence was pierced by an angry voice screaming at top decibel, "I want in there, A.S.A.P."

The hard steel door opened and fresh air drifted into the dungeon, followed by a girl who vaguely resembled Milo from the old Bloom County strip. As she walked in I noticed something rather odd: The Secret Service agents were... standing at attention.

"At ease," she said as she walked briskly into the room. The guards went back to their business.

"Are you Patrick Levell?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Are you gonna write for me?"

"And if I don't?"

"You can rot in prison." A twisted grin appeared on her face.

As you can see, I'm your new Assistant Entertainment Editor. So I'll be here, month after month, cranking out alleged "entertainment articles" until someone catches on. That's about all for this month. See you in 30.



Bill and Hillary provided by Trendz Cards and Gifts. Photo by Jude Wolf

Bill and Hillary pose for a tender portrait in the rose garden with Mr. Levell.

double cheeseburger, Big Boy fries and a coke. Hillary made her move with the adept combination of a chicken sandwich, small fries and a frothy mug of virgin male blood. Then it was my turn. I took a deep breath, and with all the courage and talent I could muster I said, "I'll have a 'number 4,' please." The secret service guy ordered water.

The president picked up the check. What a guy. He said that he borrowed the cash from some fund called "Urban Development," whatever that is.

We had an uneventful dinner (with the exception of when Hillary accidentally spit a sesame seed on me). After two desserts, the four of us jogged over to the White House. After a couple of brews and a Cuban cigar (boy, that Hillary can pack 'em away), we headed downstairs.

Lights flashed, music blared and the smell of sweat drifted out into the hallway. A cute girl stepped out of the shadows and invited the four of us into the Lincoln Bedroom. Now, I never new the Clintons were big ravers, but they ran ahead of me into the smoke-filled presidential suite. The girl then introduced herself as Chelsea. The secret service agent smiled and sauntered off. Chelsea took my hand and led me upstairs.

Later...

"You are more of a brother to me than Roger could ever be," he said with a tear in his eye.

A wry smile came across my face and I said, "Does that mean Chelsea and I committed incest last night?" A moment of disconcerting silence hung in the air before I was beaten and detained by members on the secret service and thrown in a cell deep beneath the White House.

The cell was cold and damp. All it contained was a pay phone and a set of bones, presumably those of the last man who slept with the president's daughter.

### Top Ten Indiana Cities That Sound Like Porno Films

- |                            |                                   |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 10. Mount Vernon           | 5. Wet Betty's House of Painville |
| 9. Gary                    | 4. Hancock                        |
| 8. South Bend              | 3. Amboy                          |
| 7. Haubstadt               | 2. Paris Crossing                 |
| (German for goat genitals) | 1. French Lick                    |
| 6. Little York             |                                   |

### DMETRI THE HOUSEBOY'S FUN FACTZ

- Paraguay is a landlocked country.
- Its chief exports include cotton and timber.
- Paraguay's monetary unit is the Guarani.



# WHY THINGS ARE

## The Alice in Wonderland column: Talking animals and the power of chesspieces

**Why do so many children's stories have animal protagonists? Why are there all these talking rabbits running around?**

Kids are animal-obsessed. We realized this the other day when we were reading "Goodnight Moon" (OK, we admit, it was the "Cliff Noted" version) and we realized the Quiet Old Lady Whispering hush was actually a rabbit in human clothes. It's zoologically ridiculous! What gives? Why do kids love Bugs Bunny and Big Bird and the Three Little Pigs and so forth?

It's not enough to say "because animals are so darn cute." There's got to be more to it than that.

Another inadequate answer is: Because kids identify with animals. Sure, children anthropomorphize animals (and even inanimate objects, like chairs and doors), but that doesn't explain why they would prefer an animal protagonist to a human protagonist. If they just wanted to identify with a character, you'd think a human child would be perfect.

The best answer is that animals, though child-like, are just a little bit different from real children. This makes the dramatic events of a fairy tale or bedtime story or TV cartoon a little easier to handle.

Your basic fairy tale confronts a fear in the child's life—separation from parents being a recurring story—and shows the fear can be resolved. There tales can get harrowing, and it helps the child to follow the narrative from a little bit of a distance. The animal in "The Runaway Bunny" is a surrogate for the child, but is clearly not a child, and there's enough psychological distance to keep the story from being terrifying.

"They can get closer to it because it's a bunny and not a child," says Marc Nemiroff, a child psychologist in Washington.

"Some children need the disguise or symbolism of animals to talk about their feelings," adds Irene Deitch, a psychologist at the College of Staten Island.

Nemiroff mentions one other

reason why animals are useful in stories: They're neuter. The baby bunny going to sleep in "Goodnight Moon" is neither obviously a boy or a girl. (Its name is probably Pat.)

Our own pet theory, no pun intended, is that children love animals because children are animals. They recognize this about themselves. Adults are the one who are confused.

Of course we probably wasting out time writing this, since people who don't have small children won't care, and people who do have small children won't have had time to read it. (And if you have small children and you did read it, don't worry, the kid is several inches away from seizing that canister of Black Flag.)

**Why does the Queen in the game of chess have so much power, while the King can only stumble around one square at a time?**

In chess, the King is a wimp. He's always cringing and trembling and whimpering on the sidelines, saying "Oh dear!" and "Get away from me, you dreadful Rook!"

The Queen, meanwhile, is racing around the board, lopping off heads, gnawing on noses, sinking her arms elbow deep in human entrails, chugging beers, belching—you know GUY STUFF.

Chess is a medieval game—it goes back to at least the 7th century—and you'd think it would be the Queen who would be pampered and sequestered in the corner.

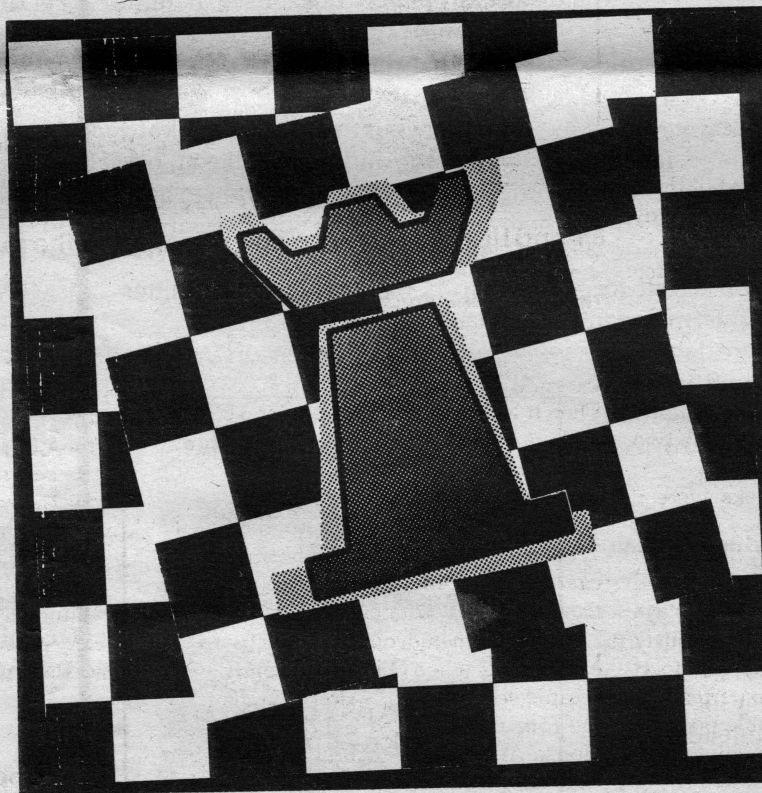
Here's the deal: For a long time the Queen didn't even exist. In India, where the game was probably invented, the piece next to the King was the minister. He had little power—he could only move one

square at a time, and only diagonally.

The game evolved from century to century and from country to country. The Arabs called the Minister a "wise man." When the game reached Europe the wise man became the Queen, but she still had limited movement.

Indeed, there was something a little puritanical—possibly sexist, dare we say—in the description of the Queen's powers in the early European rules, as reported by H.J.R. Murray in "A History of Chess":

"The Queen goes one square aslant: She is to guard the King, is not to leave him, is to cover him from checks and mates when these are said to him, and to go father afield and help him win when the game is well opened."



Obviously, the Queen *can* leave the King's side but "is not to" do so. Is this strategy or social instruction?

The problem with the medieval game was that it was slow. To speed up the game, the power of the Queen and the Bishop (an elephant in the India version) were expanded. Another rule change allowed a

Pawn to turn into a Queen if it reached the other side of the board, but that caused a bit of the stir, because, as Murray reports, "by it becoming a Queen when the original Queen was still upon the board, the moral sense of some players was outraged."

Bigamy, transvestism, gays in the military, it's all right there. Shocking!

**Why is that when you accidentally put something in the wash that fades red/pink dye on other garments, this same red/pink dye which came out of the original garment so easily will not, in a million washings, come out of the faded-upon garment?**

We immediately contacted The Soap and Detergent Association (they stipulate the "The," so we're tempted to call it the The Soap and Detergent Association), which put us in touch with the American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists, and they point out that dye is designed not to wash out of fabric. That explains why your underwear is still pink. The reason that the dye left your original garment is that it had too much dye to begin with, and that excess dye was just sitting there on the surface, waiting to run amok in your washer.

When you discover that your drawers have turned pink, don't put them in the dryer and bake in the dye; instead, soak them and wash them again.

Laundry tips. What have we come to.





# Smoking policy leaves some out in the cold

"Yeah, I would quit smoking, but..."

How many times have you heard or said that to one of your friends?

Last year, in an effort to make this campus a healthier place for all students, USI implemented the final stage of its seven-year plan to make the university buildings smoke-free. The administration had been gradually restricting smoking to smaller and smaller areas since 1985, and in May, 1992, the campus finally went completely smoke-free.

The smoke-free resolution has inconvenienced some tobacco users. Last December several of them staged



a "smoke-in" to protest the new rule. A few citations were written, but nothing much became of it.

Most of the student and faculty smokers, however, have been "remarkably respectful" of the program, according to Cynthia Brinker, assistant vice president for business affairs and former member of the committee that formed the plan.

Brinker said that she receives almost no complaints about violations of the policy. Security officers reprimand the few offenders, and usually they will simply leave the building to smoke elsewhere, she said.

Some students think the policy is unfair, particularly during nasty weather, but most students and faculty, including smokers, agree that it's only common courtesy for smokers to take their cigarettes outside where they will bother no one but the bees.

To further encourage sound health practices for its employees, campus administration offered the faculty a newer, more comprehensive health plan, which now covers items like nicotine gum and the smoker's patch for those staffers who want to quit smoking.

Also, during the first year of the policy, the university offered smoking cessation classes for both faculty and

students. But attendance was so poor the classes were eventually dropped. Those that did attend were mostly faculty. Now, due to this lack of participation, nicotine abusers have very few options here at USI from which to receive aid.

The best help Health Services can offer is a button of the "Be Nice To Me, I Quit Smoking" variety, which help smokers by alerting people as to their tender state of mind. Unfortunately, that isn't nearly enough.

Robert Hooper, program director and instructor in respiratory therapy, is able to offer a little more substantial help. Located in SC167, Hooper has access to literature on nicotine addiction and ways to break it. Hooper can also refer students to the American Lung Association, the American Cancer Society, or area hospitals, which offer smoking cessation classes for a relatively low cost.

However, Brinker said that if enough students were interested and would commit themselves, the university would be more than willing to set up another program on campus. Before any plans would be set, though, the administration would need to be assured that this time the programs would be attended.

If you or your friends would like to quit smoking, and would like an on-campus, inexpensive program to help them make it through withdrawal, get them together and contact Brinker. The help is there: there is no better time than the present.

By Brian J. Kelly

## Anti-Smoking Agencies

American Cancer Society  
424-8281

American Lung Association  
422-3402

Deaconess Hospital Smokers  
Anonymous Support Group  
(Mon 7-8 p.m.)  
426-3000

Seventh-Day Adventist  
423-5811

St. Mary's Medical Center Education  
Dept.  
479-4835

Welborn Baptist Hospital  
Wellness Center  
426-8247

## An Open Letter to the Leaders of Student Organizations and to all USI Students

As most officers of organizations on this campus know, it's hard to get students involved! As President of SGA it is my job, and job of the Student Senate, House of Organizations, and the Supreme Court to enhance the lives of USI Students.

Since taking office in April of this year I have spent most of my time filling positions on university committees, open Senate seats, meetings with members of the Administration and working with clubs and organizations to put more Representatives in the House. Sometimes it has been a discouraging process.

Most of us that are involved are busier than we'd like to be. Between meetings, projects, events and ever more meetings, we remember that we are students. Often times, we commit ourselves because we hate to let people down. It's tough! But, we do it anyway. Because if we weren't involved we'd go nuts.

So all year long we work with our friends to make our organizations better. That is why I want to talk to you about the Student Government Association. Our job is to make the USI campus a better place. And we try to do that. But, we can't do it alone. So by now, you are asking yourself, what does SGA want from us now?

We need more members in the House of Organizations, we need more participation in the Senate. Last year's elections were terrible! Almost all the races were uncontested, including the race for SGA president. Not everyone will want to get involved with SGA, and I know that. But, there are those who are looking for something to get involved with. If you have some of those people in your organization, they're perfect for the House as a representative, or to attend the Senate meetings on Thursday nights. SGA needs more good people. SGA needs you!

On Monday, Oct. 25 at 6 p.m., I am requesting that the President and/or Vice President of every campus organization attend a Presidents Round Table to discuss the issues that face our campus. I think it would be good for all of us to sit down as student leaders and talk about the future of USI — especially in this time of rapid growth.

Because it will be a large undertaking to seat this many people, I am asking you to RSVP by Monday Oct. 11, through the Student Government at extension 1873. This round table would be a great opportunity for all of us and I hope to see you there.

Sincerely,

Kenneth McWilliams  
President, Student Government Association



# Roommates from hell: stories from the front line

It's that time of year again. A time to gather your wits about you and show both courage and patience. Because it is coming and there is little you can do about it: war, roommate war in fact, is approaching.

After the first couple awkward weeks, roommates will feel they can trust one another and start acting like themselves once again. That means the trouble will start. The hell that roommates put each other through will cause memories that last a lifetime.

Everyone has those stories from college about their wild and crazy roommates,

but these stories are from those who suffered some of the worst wounds in the war.

It seems like everyone has a story about a roommate who doesn't take out the trash until it is flowing out the front door, or the roommate who refuses to do the dishes until the color of the dish cannot be determined because of the dried, crusty food.

Or, what about the roommate who constantly has their boyfriend/girlfriend over to spend the night? It is hard to go to sleep to the sound of kissing and whispering. And then there's the roommate who eats all your favorite food and drinks everything of yours in the fridge while you're in class.

Perhaps, you are one of the "fortunate" ones who has a roommate who leaves her/his toenail clippings on the kitchen table. Well, if those stories sound familiar then consider yourself lucky.

Will, a business major, once had a

roommate who went to a bars nightly. One night when the roommate returned home drunk and walked into the bedroom to use the bathroom, he turned right instead of left and proceeded to urinate all over Will and his girlfriend while they were sleeping.

Ed, an education major, tells a story where he splashed vomit on the toilet sometime in late March and didn't clean the toilet until May. Imagine walking into that bathroom.

Another story, told by Jeff, an accounting major, is about an intoxicated roommate who ran around his building in his underwear and then passed out in Jeff's bed. The roommate, in his drunken stupor put "a load" not only in his underwear, but in the bed.

Stories of roommate hell do involve things other than bodily functions. Joan, a nursing major, tells of a time when her boyfriend's roommate came home after he had a fight with his girlfriend. He proceeded to trash the living room with a loaded gun. Luckily,

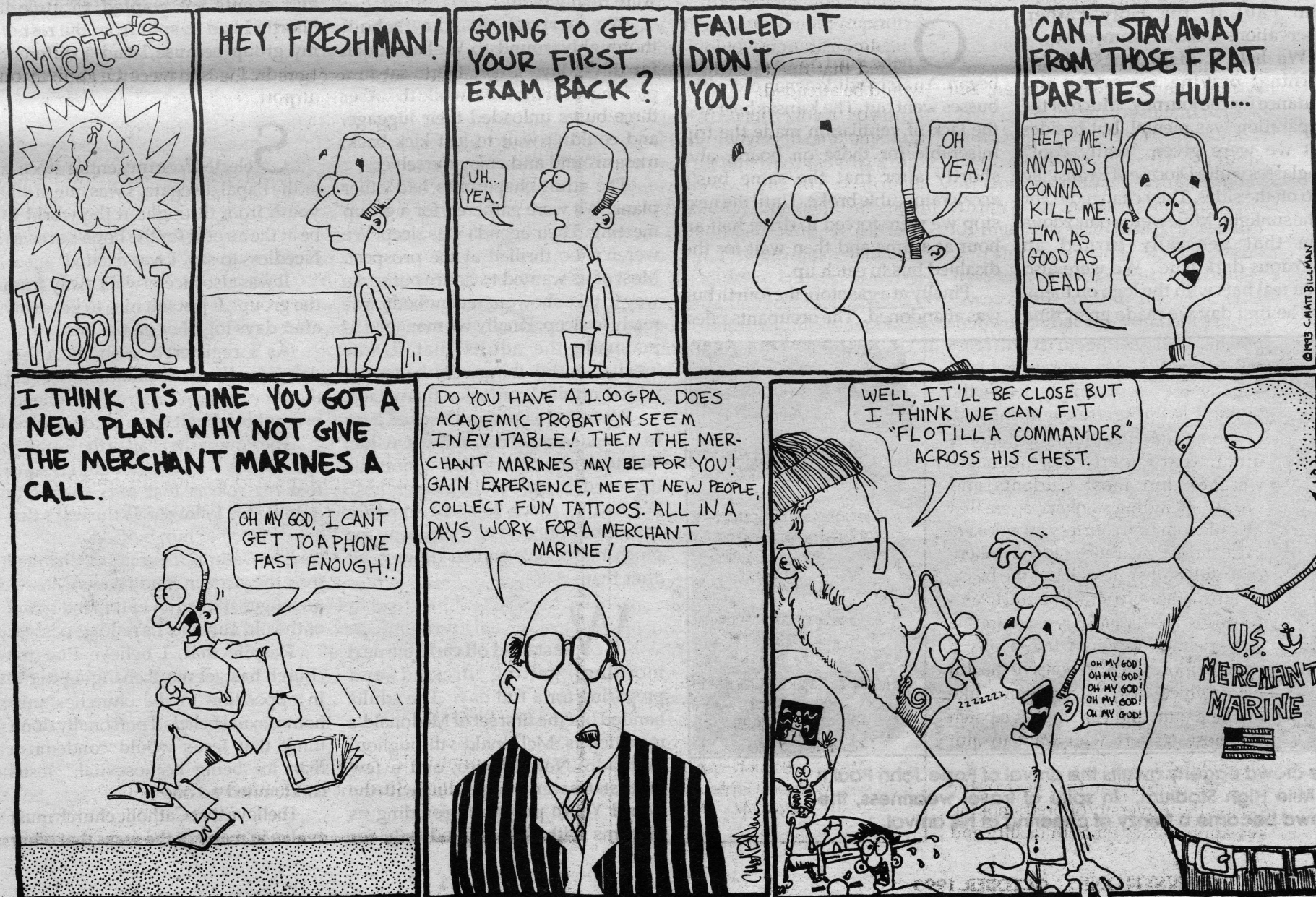
he left before any more damage was done to the apartment.

Maria, who hasn't decided on her major, says her roommates took all the dirty dishes and trash and dumped them on her bed because they thought she didn't do enough around the house.

Doug, a freshman, says he walked into his apartment one night with his girlfriend to discover his roommates, also freshmen, running around the apartment in their underwear having a towel fight. The embarrassment was unbelievable.

So, think twice before you tell off the roommate who collects shot glasses and hangs all 100 of them on your living room wall. The best thing to do is sit down and be straightforward and honest with him. And if that doesn't work, then call your R.A. Just don't become another casualty in the roommate war.

By Amber Marquart





## World Youth Day 1993 The Pilgrimage to Denver

**F**rom my seat in the seventy-somethingth row of Mile High Stadium, Pope John Paul II looked like nothing more than a distant, very small figure in white. But yet at over 100 yards away, and hundreds of miles to others, the aura, the presence of this man held captive the attention of the world.

The pilgrimage from the Diocese of Evansville had begun some five days earlier, though preparations had begun as early as a year before. We, and 500,000 other youths from across the world, were all prepared to begin our pilgrimage to Denver to see Pope John Paul II, the Holy Father. Reservations were recommended.

We held a Mass that Tuesday morning, praying for safety and guidance for the journey. Much of the preparation was mental, but besides that we were given "really cool" sunglasses with a Diocese of Evansville logo on the sides. They changed color in the sunlight. Mine were a obnoxious blue that generally turned an obnoxious dark blue. We were also given teal hats with the logo on them.

The first day we made great time

on the buses. We traded tapes to listen to on our walkmans, played Euchre (the official card game of the trip), and discovered the joy of using the rest room on a moving bus. It was amazing how friendly everyone was. The group amassed toward one purpose, one goal, all with similar backgrounds and beliefs made getting along much easier.

We stopped at malls and at small towns where our group was given the opportunity to eat and participate in ice-breakers, to get to meet people from the other buses. We played volleyball, basketball and cards as we slowly wound down from the day. Even the hard, wood gym floor was welcome as our weariness ensued.

**O**n the third day our troubles began. An air conditioner on one of the busses went out. The Kansas heat and the lack of ventilation made the trip miserable for those on board, and shortly after that the same bus's accelerator cable broke. Until the next stop we were forced to drive half an hour at a time and then wait for the disabled bus to catch up.

Finally at a gas stop, the fourth bus was abandoned. The occupants piled

into the other three buses, putting them all at a third over capacity. We made do with what space was available. No one was selfish. Many were willing to give up their seat, giving others a chance to sit down. All in all it meant a lot of standing, sitting on the floor, and not a whole lot of rest. We even took turns sitting on the top of the backs of seats and across each others' laps.

We drove for three more hours before arriving in Denver. Warily we separated by buses; those of us without hotel accommodations were to stay the three days in Denver at an elementary school. But at least we were finally there.

We arrived at the school thoroughly wound up. We had ridden for three days to get there, sat in a parking lot at the hotel while the other three buses unloaded their luggage, and couldn't wait to just kick back, mess around and enjoy ourselves.

The adult chaperones had other plans. We were gathered for a group meeting. Their agenda was sleep. We weren't too thrilled at the prospect. Most of us wanted to figure out some way to take showers, and nobody was ready to sleep. Finally we managed to persuade the adults that it was inevitable and they were better off with controlled confusion than chaos.

We found a hose and hooked it up to a sink somewhere, ran it outside, and took showers in our swimsuits (not coed, by rule of the chaperones). We had so much fun that someone called the police on us for making too much noise. We settled down a bit after that.

**W**e started off early the next morning, getting dressed and preparing for a full day. The adults handed out the first set of McDonald's meal tickets. McDonald's throughout Colorado, New Mexico, and a few other states were cooperating with the World Youth program providing us pilgrims with tickets good only for

special McDonald's meals. During our stay in Denver, we ate over 10 consecutive meals at McDonald's.

We loaded the buses and headed downtown. On the way we stopped for food. 184 kids standing in line for breakfast super value meals. When I got to the front of the line, I said to the guy, "Just wait until the big group gets here..." He said he'd quit.

Downtown we were greeted by tens of thousands of other pilgrim, and thousands of vendors. You could buy anything you can imagine, all with the World Youth Day logo or a picture of the Pope emblazoned upon it. The group split up according to age group and events we wanted to attend. Shortly I had to split from the rest of my group because I had a different agenda; I was to meet the Pope at the airport.

**S**elected from my entire diocese as the Papal delegate, I was one of 400 youth from throughout the world to be at the airport for the Pope's arrival. Needless to say, I was excited.

It was also nice to walk away from the group. It just felt nice to get away after days together on the bus.

As I registered with the other delegates, I began to think about seeing the Pope. It wasn't a personal audience or anything, but it was a big deal to me.

The Pope is the head of the Catholic church. He is a man though. I believe that his role is that of a shepherd, guiding his followers in the ways that are directed to him by God.

The Catholic church has changed over the years in many ways; Mass is no longer spoken in Latin, and many of the old customs have long passed.

Despite that, I believe that the church has yet more changing to do. In opposition to the churches anti-homosexual beliefs, I personally don't think that Jesus would condemn a man for being homosexual. Jesus condemned no one.

I believe that Catholic church must evolve in many of the ways that other



The crowd eagerly awaits the arrival of Pope John Paul II at Mile High Stadium. In spite of travel weariness, the crowd became a frenzy of cheering at his arrival.



**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)** Sometimes you have visions and sometimes you don't. This month you don't. I suggest you get a vision-seeing friend to help you make it through this month. Then again, you may just go on as blindly as you have in the past.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)** You are going to have strange new experiences this month. Of course, the definition of strange will vary person to person. Some people are already past strange, they all the way to perverted. Still others are just plain dull. Therefore, anything will be wonderful for you.

## Madame Fortune's



**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)** Your beautiful smile has disappeared. You have not had much to smile about. Well we all know what you need to do to get that smile back. Don't forget your prophylactics.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)** You've had a bad few weeks. You feel like you should move to BFE to get away from it all. Everything will improve in the coming month. If not, you can still make the move.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)** You think everything is great and that you have it all. Remember, it's not what you have; it's what you do with it. I have a few suggestions for what you can do with it!

**Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)** You've now hit the time of the semester when all the instructors decide to give all your exams at once. At times like this, don't you wish there were classes like Time Wasting 101, and for the upper class, Partying 489? I feel you will do well. Of course, I have been known to be

wrong on occasion.

**Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)** The key words in your life for the month are soap and soup. You will have a different, if not interesting, month ahead. Let me know what you do with the soap and soup, I am always open to new ideas.

**Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20)** You are having the same kind of month that Capricorn had last month. Well, sometimes you're the bug and sometimes you're the windshield. Wouldn't be nice to just be the wiper once in awhile?

**Gemini (May 21-June 21)** Memory tempers prosperity, consoles adversity, cautions youth and delights old age. You will go right from caution to delight without going through the aging process.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22)** You have been shooting off your mouth a lot lately. The heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart. Be quiet for awhile and prove to how wise you can really be.

**Leo (July 23- Aug. 22)** There are no riches above a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the heart. You will have lots of riches this month and maybe a little joy.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept 22)** Not a swinging love month for you, so sorry. This means you will have plenty of time to organize that damn closet whose door won't close completely. Or you can catch up on your laundry. Of course that means you have to visit you mother's. Well, at least one person will be happy that your love life sucks.

*Madame Fortune is still not back on track yet. That's right, she missed deadline again! So now she is getting philosophical. For those that don't know the word, meet Webster. Something to leave you with; patience is a tree whose root is bitter, but its fruit is very sweet. Until next time!*



# UNCLE RALF AT YOUR SERVICE



Have you ever been in one of those crisis situations where you think the world is going to end unless you get it resolved, so you ask the advice of an adult? This is a section devoted to giving you that good advice (applicable to a wide variety of events) in a slightly deranged form.

Hola, I am Ralf. I am here to attempt to give you the best advice as I can. I am not going to give you that, "be good, do as I say, not as I did" crap. I will tell it like it is, and it may be hard and rough but guess what... so is life.

### SHIT STINKS

I understand, I have been there before. It is definitely not a good situation. But you know, you can't just take my word. Most adults say, "Listen to me. I know because I have experienced this before, so don't do as I did." This makes you want to say, "Screw you!" I understand that in life I can step in this big ole' pile of shit and come back to tell you that it stinks... but sometimes you have to take off your shoes and step in it yourself, and say, "Hey man, this is shit and this shit stinks!"

### ARE YOU DUE FOR A BRAIN ENEMA?

Dear Ralf, I just don't understand sometimes. It is so hard to make the right decisions. I get opinions from so many different people, who do I listen to? Please help.

-- Stuck in a dilemma

### Dear Stuck,

Look, the decision making process is a lot like the digestive system. "How is that?" you ask. Well your body takes in a great deal of matter in any given week. Your body has to sort through this stuff, decide what is good, what is bad and then keep some and shit the rest. Sometimes when this happens your body gets stuck, as you are now. To relieve this you need an enema (The injection of liquid into the rectum through the anus for cleansing, as a laxative -- Webster. Really it just cleans you out so it is easier for your body to function.) We get constipated when we take in too much of bad thing or an imbalance of things. So maybe your poor brain is telling you you need a brain enema.

Have a problem? Need some advice? Ask Uncle Ralf. Send letters to RALF, c/o Transitions at UC 113A. Bring letters to the front desk at the University Center. If your problem is really pressing we'll let you talk to Ralf in person.





*trendz*

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**OCTO**

**SUN**

**MON**

**TUE**

**W**

<p>Newman Catholic Mass 12 noon L100</p> <p><b>3</b></p>	<p>Baptist Student Union 9 p.m. MASH 8113A</p> <p>Social Work Noon UC 118 OC 2003 1 p.m. Pep Band GLH 8:30 p.m. Fall Festival Week Downtown on Franklin Street</p> <p><b>4</b></p> <p>Activities Programming Board 2 p.m. UC 118</p>	<p>SGA House 5 p.m. UC 113F Newman 9 p.m. MASH 8113A</p> <p>Communication Arts Club 3 p.m. UC 118 Political Science Club 1:20 p.m., Poli Sci Office</p> <p><b>5</b></p>	<p>Math Club 3 p.m. SC190 SGA Supreme 5 p.m. UC113 Pep Band GLT 8:30 p.m.</p>
<p>Newman Mass Free Dinner</p> <p><b>10</b></p>	<p>Social Work APB Baptist Student Union SCF Pep band</p> <p><b>11</b></p>	<p>SGA House Communication Arts Political Science Club</p> <p>Campus Ministry Food Drive for Archibald's Food Closet 9 p.m. MASH8113A</p> <p><b>12</b></p>	<p>Math Club SGA Supreme Pep Band</p>
<p>Newman Mass</p> <p><b>17</b></p>	<p>Social Work APB Baptist Student Union SCF Pep band</p> <p><b>18</b></p>	<p>SGA House Communication Arts Political Science Club</p> <p><b>19</b></p>	<p>Math Club SGA Supreme Pep Band</p> <p>Mike M (Accou Coffee 9 p.m.</p>
<p>Newman Mass Free Dinner</p> <p>Oktoberfest 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. Eicher Barn</p> <p><b>24</b></p>	<p>Social Work APB Baptist Student Union SCF Pep band</p> <p><b>25</b></p>	<p>SGA House Communication Arts Political Science Club</p> <p>Murder Mystery 9 p.m. UC309</p> <p><b>26</b></p>	<p>Math Club SGA Supreme Pep Band</p>
<p>Newman Mass Happy Samhain!</p> <p><b>31</b></p>			

**Happy**



# OCTOBER

WED THU FRI SAT

		1	2
6	<p>Student Government Association 5 p.m. UC 118 Student Alumni Association 3:45 p.m. L100 AA 3 p.m. UC118</p> <p>SPAN Noon UC118 Medieval Society Dance "NYPD Blues" 7:30 p.m. L100 Discussion on Censorship 6 p.m., Location TBA</p>	7	8
9			<p>Parent &amp; Family Day 10 a.m. UC Mall Rugby Game 1 p.m. Library Field</p>
13	<p>SPAN AA Student Alumni SGA Medieval Society Meeting APB Movie "Ground Hog Day" 9 p.m. FA1, Admission \$1.00</p>	14	15
16			
20	<p>SPAN AA Student Alumni SGA Medieval Society Meeting</p>	21	22
23			
27	<p>SPAN AA Student Alumni SGA Medieval Society Meeting</p>	28	29
30			<p>Childrens' Halloween 12 noon, UC Bridge Frank's Castle (Haunted House) 6-8 p.m. SC Basement Movie "Rocky Horror Picture Show" 9 p.m. FA1</p>

# Halloween

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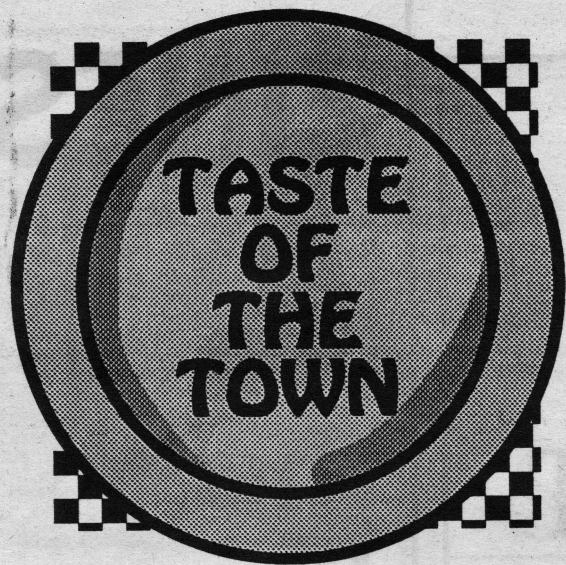
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# The Coffee Pot

612 S. Weinbach



Soft jazz hums in the background. Whispers of conversations intertwine among guests. The aroma of coffee delights your senses. Welcome to The Coffee Pot, Evansville's new gourmet coffee house.

Located across the street from

the University of Evansville campus at 612 S. Weinbach, The Coffee Pot attracts many college students seeking refuge from hectic schedules. The tranquil, cozy atmosphere invites studying. In fact, in one corner of the shop stands a

bookshelf filled with everything from *The Evansville Courier* to books critiquing modern plays.

The owners of the Coffee Pot, Michelle D. Madden and Linda M. Pollack, decided to open the shop while working at Briar & Bean, a coffee store located in Eastland

Mall.

"People would buy their coffee and say, 'I wish we could sit down and drink this somewhere,'" said Pollack. "We were aware that there was no place to buy gourmet coffee and then sit and enjoy it."

Besides offering gourmet coffees like Brazilian Rainforest Nut and Hot Butter Rum, which can't be bought elsewhere locally, The Coffee Pot also offers a light food menu.

"We try to offer one organic salad every week like Bean Sprout, and daily we prepare chicken and seafood salads served with cheese and bread," said Pollack. All pastries and bread are baked Downtown at the Real Bread Company.

After only a month and a half since opening day, Pollack and Madden said they are already happy with their success.

"People really like the shop. It's like coming over to a friend's house for a cup of coffee," said Pollack. The owners say they feel welcomed and appreciated by their customers and are open to any suggestions from them.

For insomniacs, or just plain night owls, to enjoy a cup of coffee, The Coffee Pot stays open until midnight every night except Sunday, when they close at 9 p.m. The doors open at 9 a.m. daily. So, relax, converse, drink a cup of coffee, and stay as long as you like.

By Rachel Stewart

## The Good Son explores talents of its star

Anyone who believes movie stars are all typecast has not seen all the sides to child star Macaulay Culkin.

His ability to make us laugh in "Home Alone" and its sequel, and the innocence he portrayed in "My Girl" could not prepare audiences for the evil undoings of his most recent character in "The Good Son," a must-see psychological thriller.

The movie opens with young Mark Evans, played by Elijah Wood, losing his mother to an illness. His father, acting in the best interest of his son, decides to take a business trip to secure their futures so they will never have to be apart again.

While his father is away, arrangements are made for Mark to stay with his aunt and uncle in Maine. Expecting the safety that his family promises, Mark embarks on a two-week stay which is anything but a vacation.

Once in Maine, the viewer meets

Mark's young cousin Henry Evans (Culkin), a boy with many secrets.

On the surface, Henry is a bright boy who is loving to his parents and protective of his sister, Connie (played by Culkin's real-life sister, Quinn). But his deadly sense of play would horrify those around him if they knew the thoughts he keeps hidden behind his angelic face.

What an adult or parent can not — or will not — see is often highly visible to another child, as Mark quickly learns. Mark finds out that evil possesses many faces.

His suspicions of 'loving' Henry first appear when they are climbing up to a treehouse and Mark slips when a branch breaks. Henry grabs him, but instead of pulling Mark up to safety, he wickedly asks, "If I let you go, do you think you could fly?"

Tension continues to build between the two boys as Mark grows closer to

Henry's family. Henry begins to make references to his younger brother's accidental death and veiled threats about something

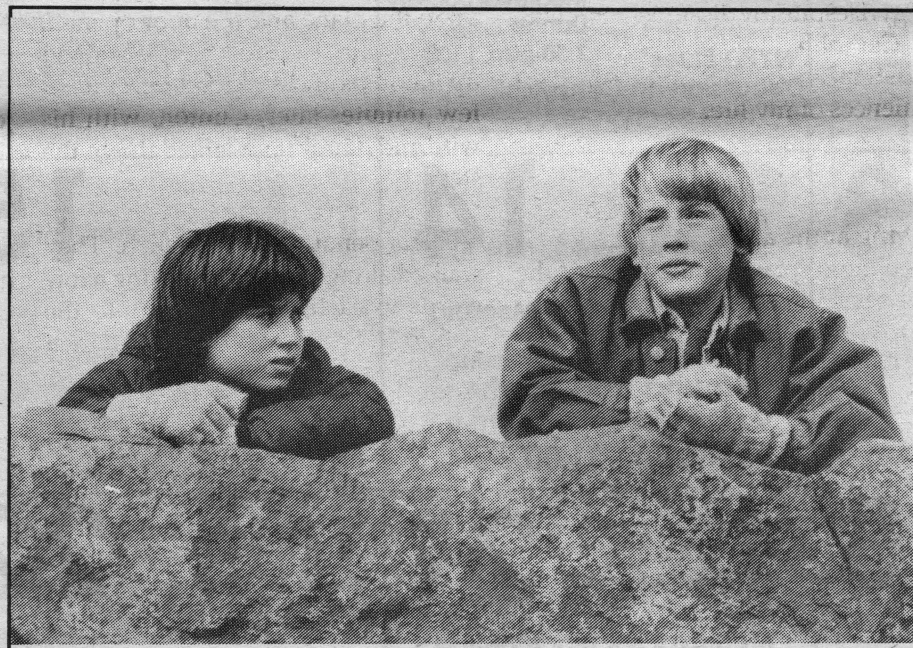


Photo courtesy of 20th Century Fox

Elijah Wood (left) and Macaulay Culkin (right) star as cousins locked in a symbolic battle of good and evil.

similar happening to his sister.

Mark immediately feels the need to protect Connie from any violent act Henry may attempt. But when he runs to his aunt (Wendy Crewson) to warn her of what evil lies behind the innocence of her son, she blames his fears on the loss of his mother and refuses to believe him.

The whole movie revolves around the fight between good and evil and what conflicts surface when a parent is forced to stare evil directly in the eye in the form of their own flesh and blood.

The symbolism throughout this movie is seen in such forms as Henry's shoes and the cliff that overlooks the ocean near the family home. But the one spot where evil is not welcome becomes the place where the forces of good must come together to conquer the forces of evil before all becomes lost.

This movie is a look at that which most people don't expect. "The Good Son," how far is he willing to go?

By Scott Curtis and Heather Borgus





# FEATURE STORY



President Clinton stands by as Pope John Paul II speaks to the delegate reception at the airport in Denver. After the Pope congratulated the efforts of the US for the advancement of human rights in the world, he implored that human rights be extended to those unborn as well.

Christian churches already have. I feel that society is ready for both male and female priests as well as a married clergy. Despite my disagreements with the Catholic Church, I believe that Christianity is one of the biggest influences of my life.

**T**he next thing I knew we were arriving at the airport parking lot. It was a good quarter mile walk to the high-security reception area. The group walked through metal detectors and all bags, backpacks and purses were searched.

We hurried to the rows of chairs that were set up, everyone trying to get a good seat; I quickly stationed myself in the second row. From there I was only twenty feet from the podiums.

I watched, nervous, as the flag corps and band practiced their routines. They marched back and forth again and again, anticipating the arrival.

The sky gradually greyed as we waited. The wind rose as if anxious as well, clouds rolling in. The crowd donned ponchos and umbrellas, anticipating rain.

Through the whole weekend, as if some sort of omen, it began to rain every time the Pope made an appearance.

President Clinton arrived first. His jet landed, rushing far past the reception area. We watched as the taxiing jet crept back toward us.

Air Force One turned and pulled up, parallel to the crowd. The audience hushed as the landing step truck pulled up to the plane and the door opened.

We waited as a few people walked up the steps and entered the plane. A few minutes later, Clinton, with his wife and daughter, walked down the steps.

They were greeted by a row of officials, Senators and the such. They walked along the row, speaking a few words to each, and walked into the airport building. Air Force One then taxied away.

Nearly an hour later the Pope arrived. Like the first jet, his pulled up in front of the crowd. Once again we hushed. Greeted first by many church officials, John Paul II was then greeted by Clinton.

The two leaders walked together to the podium, mere feet before the now-silent crowd. Saying nothing, the Pope raised his arms over the crowd and it erupted with yells of "Vive la papa" and cheering. Clinton was clearly shadowed by his presence.

When the cheering subsided, the long-kept expectations loosened, and president Clinton officially welcomed the Pope to the United States for 1993 World Youth Day.

**J**ohn Paul II began by speaking of the strides America had made in the world for the advancement of human rights, complementing Clinton on his leadership of such a great country.

He then turned and focused his speech on the preservation of the rights of all humans, both born and unborn. This pro-life speak was blatantly against Clinton's pro-choice position.

The crowd cheered so much that John Paul II was confused as to whether they were cheering for him, or yelling at him. Clinton stood listening, scowling occasionally as water dripped on him from the edges of his umbrella.

When the speech was over, John Paul II went to one area of the fence, and was quickly surrounded by people from the crowd. I wanted to see him face to face, but we were advised on our bus to return as quickly as possible, so I missed the opportunity to see him any closer.

**T**he Pope's arrival at Mile High was much more climactic, even though I wasn't as close.

The Pope had left the airport by helicopter, some time after I had arrived at the stadium. The crowd waited, singing songs, cheering, filling the stadium with noise. We watched recordings of the speeches at the airport, the ones I had seen first hand.

As the Pope neared the stadium the fervor increased.

Then, on the screen appeared a helicopter. The crowd roared as a huge army helicopter came around the edge of the stadium, the heat off the engines rippling the air as its awesome rotor held it above the crowd

like some huge, prehistoric dragonfly. It landed. Then another arrived and another. Finally a fourth arrived, its canopy covered with a white tarp. When the Pope's helicopter arrived, the yells and cheering of the crowd drowned out even their sound.

We watched the screen as it showed the Pope escorted to an area curtained with black tarps behind the stage set up for the event.

As the minutes passed, the crowd again grew anxious. From behind the curtain finally came the procession.

The Pope waved, standing in the rear of a glassed-in pick-up truck, as they drove around the edge of the crowd. Many members of our group were in the first three rows. Later they said they were able to have touched the truck as it went by.

Upon returning to the stage, the Pope was helped out of the truck and was escorted to the platform. He raised his hands to the crowd and it became quiet.

He then greeted the crowd; he said "hello" in at least a couple dozen languages. When he finished, he began once again to speak to the crowd.

The stadium, with every level filled, every seat taken, was quiet. Not just the crowd, but the world listened.

Story and photos by  
Jude Wolf



# Ten games no student should be without

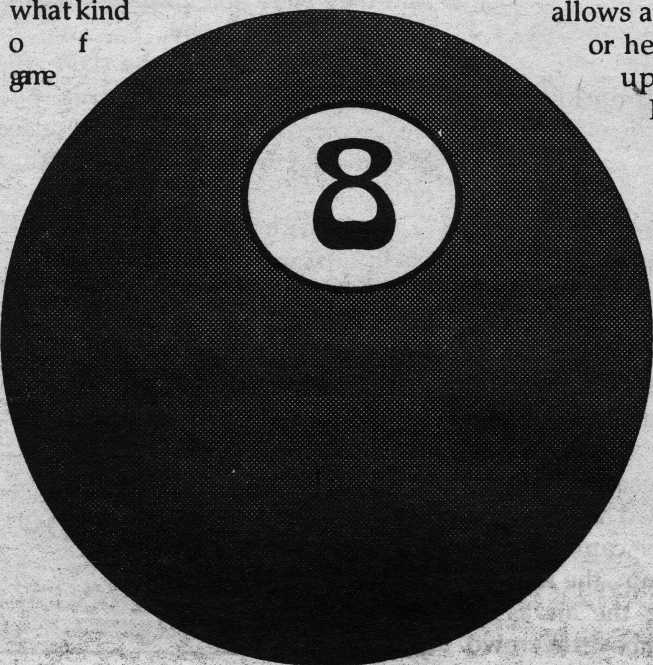
College is a time to reflect on the past, build toward the future and have a good time in the present. Studies are important, but there are certain games every college student should play at some time. First of all, there is "the old cat and mouse game."

The cat and mouse game has to be learned. If a student didn't date around in high school, he or she should learn to in college. The perfect opportunity presents itself with every fraternity-type party. These parties need to be large enough that there are plenty

of extra men and women to go around.

First, clean up and wear something cool, but casual. Don't drink; that ruins the fun of the game. Once you arrive, keep an eye out for someone eying you. At these parties, it's not hard to notice. Keep eyeing them back. If they haven't come over within one hour, approach them. Ask them to dance and commit yourself to having a good time. Then, leave them. Let them track you down. After the second or third time they have chased you down, make a decision about what kind

of game



you want and proceed accordingly.

Other games have more stringent and absolute rules. "Euchre" is the card game of Southern Indiana. Euchre is strange card game similar to spades, except that the trump card changes. It's a must-do at least once, especially if you're not from here. People are fanatics about it. Students should at least learn one card game in college. It can save you from mass boredom. Spades remains a favorite. Because of its fairly simple rules, a person can usually pick it up in one evening.

For those who prefer Rummy, Southern Indiana has a version known as "Tonk." The top card of the discard pile is the only live card and can only be picked up by the next person. This game is popular in many of the seedier area bars, and is often played for money ranging from a dime to a dollar per hand.

Another interesting card game is referred to as "Suck Me, Blow Me." You have to sit in a circle boy-girl-boy-girl. One person inhales (sucks) to hold the card on his or her mouth while the next person in the circle must try to inhale it off while the first person is blowing it off. The point is to laugh when people accidentally drop the card and end up kissing. It can be an interesting ice breaker.

In addition to card games, certain board games are a must. Trivial Pursuit continues as a favorite. It allows a student to stretch his or her mind while picking up new information.

However strange that piece of information, it might just come in handy someday, say for a test.

Chess, some say, is a must. It's an intellectual game which is played worldwide, sometimes through the mail by writing moves down in code, and involves a competitive ranking system

where people can register how well they play. Plus, it can surprise people who never thought you were that smart.

A social game everyone should try before they graduate is pool. Hanging around in smoky pool halls can be an interesting way to meet members of the opposite sex. And with practice, some people can rake in a lot of money by sharking: Once you're good enough to win, visit places you've never played before and convince the other players you're new at this but willing to gamble. If you're going to do this, though, make sure you have a capable bodyguard or a fast car parked nearby.

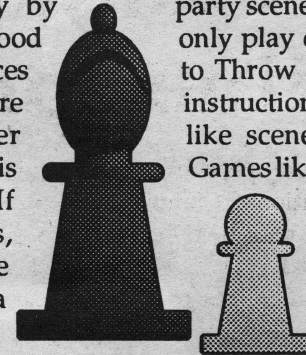
Risk and Monopoly are two games to avoid unless you really don't care about any of the people you are playing with. Although you may have played these games and lost as a child without any damage to your ego, it's amazing to watch how these competitive board games can turn the sweet guy or girl next door into an aggressive, raving lunatic. Also, there's a widely accepted theory

that no one has ever finished a game of Risk or Monopoly without hating at least one other person in the room.

Parties for games like Balderdash and Pictionary are harder to throw together now that the accompanying fad has passed. You can still find the boxes in the stores, it's just hard to talk people into playing them.

An interesting twist to the whole party scene are games that you can only play once. Games like "How to Throw a Murder" are actually instruction kits for staging a Clue-like scene in your own house. Games like this require a lot of effort on the part of the host, so be warned.

In college, at some point along the way, a lot of students learn to play drinking games like quarters. But these games are usually mind-numbingly boring, which is why people have to drink to play them. Games can be challenging and fun no matter what state of body you're in. All they require is a positive state of mind.



By Amanda Barton and Melissa Laughlin

## Food available for hungry students

Are you hungry but can't afford to buy any groceries? There is help - it's called Archibald's Food Closet.

The Food Closet started last November as a joint effort between USI Health Services and the Social Work Club.

Sandi Lawrence, a registered nurse for Health Services, said they are "interested in the total wellness of students." She had been eager to start a food closet because so many students were getting stuck all the time because they didn't have the money to buy healthy foods they needed.

Lawrence said the Food Closet is used to supplement one's income in an emergency, such as loss of a job, a parent losing a job, or simply not budgeting well.

To receive assistance, someone in the family must be a USI student. All the student need to do is show their

USI I.D. and fill out a form, which is kept confidential. Each person is allowed one bag of groceries.

The service is free. The only thing asked in return is two hours of volunteer time.

Lawrence said that so far they haven't had any problems with students abusing the services offered at Archibald's Food Closet.

She added that the Food Closet is campus supported and they are always looking for individuals or clubs to help in food drives or to raise money for the Food Closet.

Archibald's Food Closet is located in the lower level of the U.C. in room 113I. The hours are 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Anyone needing assistance should contact USI Health Services at 464-1807 or the Social Work Club.

By Amy Preske



### Security Statistics for August 1993

UNIVERSITY	CAMPUS APTS	MASH APTS
2 Theft *	1 Theft	1 Violation of Liquor Law
1 Lost or Stolen	1 Lost or Stolen	1 Theft
3 Total	2 Total	2 Total

These Statistics show only those cases pending that were active in the security files this month. Some are pending cases from earlier months.

**Key:**

**Resulted in Arrest**

\*Cleared - Cases cleared are not necessarily those reported during the month.

## Waco standoff will headline conference

One of the keynote speeches of this year's 20th International Communal Studies Conference, to be held Oct. 14-17 in New Harmony, Ind., will focus in part on the standoff in Waco, Texas early this year. J. Gordon Melton, president of the Communal Studies Association and director of the Institute for the Study of American Religion in Santa Barbara, Calif., will speak on "Communal Societies in a Post-Marxist Age." His focus will be on "the basic point that communal living in the last generation has been defined by Marxist perspective."

"Marxism is no longer an option," Melton said, "and scholars now must have a more conventional perspective. We must look at communal groups in terms of their effect on contemporary life, the functions they serve, why they are so popular. We must pay attention to the more contemporary groups and the accusations being leveled against them."

Melton is considered an expert on new religions. He owns a private collection of more than 30,000 volumes and is the author of more than 20 books. He is particularly knowledgeable on the Branch Davidians. He appeared in Waco, Texas, about 40 times and he also helped compile the MacNeil report on the incident. Melton has spoken many times concerning the Waco tragedy including interviews on National Public Radio and Good Morning America. He is most concerned with where the matter is now and where it is headed. In his address, he will discuss this concern and his belief on the outcome.

In addition to Melton there will be nearly 100 speakers from Australia, Canada, England, Holland, Israel, Japan, Poland, Spain and the United States. More than 200 people are expected to attend the conference.

According to Donald E. Pitzer, chairperson of the history department

and director of the center for communal studies at USI, the conference "promises to be one of the finest gatherings of scholarship, experience, and artifacts on communal living that has ever taken place.

"New Harmony is a perfect place for such an event," he said. "It is a worldwide focal point of both religious and secular communal experience."

The Communal Studies Association began with Pitzer in 1974. That year, he brought together a group of people in New Harmony who were interested in learning more about communal societies. Pitzer had traveled to various communities and soon discovered the people he met, including museum directors, historians, sociologists and community members, wanted to meet others with this common interest. He is currently the group's executive director.

In 1980, the CSA began publishing a journal. The journal, *Communal Societies*, now has a mailing list of roughly 3,000.

The International Communal Studies Conference is co-sponsored by the International Communal Studies Association and the Communal Studies Association.

Part of the four-day conference will include a display of international folk dancing, and a night of Shaker music and dance.

Topics range from the music and art of communal societies to discussions of their social hierarchy, purpose and effectiveness.

Some discussions will focus on specific themes like women in communal societies, others will cover set periods of time or certain communities.

Students can register for all sessions of the conference for \$50. The deadline is Oct. 6. For more information contact Pitzer at extension 1727.

By Shelly Bastin

## Resource group helps area AIDS patients

On Oct. 2, the first Tri-State Aids Walk was held at USI. All money pledged to the walkers will benefit the Aids Resource Group, a not-for-profit organization dedicated to providing education to Evansville and the surrounding area on the Human Immunodeficiency Virus and Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.

Along with education, ARG provides care coordinating for AIDS patients and their families like counseling, physician finding, a food pantry and much more.

April Mitchell, the coordinator for the walk, said since the ARG is a state-funded organization with mostly a volunteer staff, it often doesn't have the resources necessary to keep up with the growing AIDS problem.

"They are so important (for AIDS patients)," she said. "For some people they become their lifeline. That's all they have."

Mitchell said she became involved with the group in 1991 when her brother was diagnosed with AIDS.

"My parents and I, we were there for him. Some people don't have that."

The group helped her family adjust to her brother's condition and deal with

the effects of the disease, she said, mainly through honest information.

"When you're dealing with this you want information, you need facts. It's like anything else. You don't really pay attention to it until it hits you."

"USI was picked for the walk because the involvement of young people is essential in the war on AIDS," said Randy Dennison, executive director of the AIDS Resource Group.

"Historically the people of the Tri-state have responded positively to ARG activities, he said."

Mitchell said the walk was intended to elevate awareness in the mainstream community about the AIDS epidemic. Past fundraisers, she said, have been centered in alternative-lifestyle hangouts and have therefore not reached a wide audience.

"Some people are uncomfortable with those places, but they really want to help out."

For more information on how to help, or on any AIDS-related topic, contact the Aids Resource Group in Suite 301 of the Old Courthouse; 201 N.W. 4th St.; Evansville, Ind. (812) 421-0059.

By Melissa Laughlin and Ron Baker

# Communications Arts Club

C.A.C. provides hands-on experience in the Communications Field

Public Relations  
Advertising Journalism  
Radio/TV

Next Meetings:

Oct. 12  
Oct. 26

Do you want to join but have little time?  
Then C.A.C. is the club for you!

October Meetings will be held on the following Tuesdays in UC118 from 3-4:30 p.m.



# Haunted Hangouts

Start with the scent of burning wood hanging in the air, add the rustle of leaves following behind in your trail and stir in one crisp breeze whispering in the night. Brew them together and it appears Autumn has arrived.

Following just around the corner is the beginning of the Halloween season and along with it to put everyone in the spirit of the season are the openings of the annual Haunted Houses. The Phantom Theatre, Newburgh Junior Civitans, Bates Hotel and the Old Jail are more for teens and adults. The last one, Wesselman Woods Nature Preserve's Haunted Hayrides, is just for the families and the faint-hearted to enjoy.

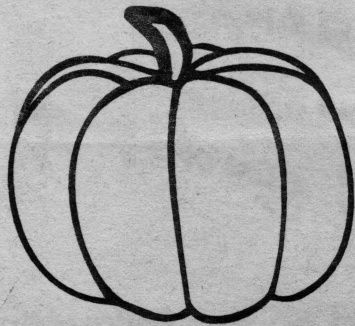
Phantom Theatre is put on every year on by the Evansville State Hospital. The theatre will be open beginning Oct. 15 through Oct. 31. They will be closed Oct. 18 and 25. Hours are 7 to 10 p.m. Sunday through Thursday and 7 to midnight Friday and Saturday. Phantom tickets cost \$4 at the door and discount tickets are available at participating Hardees.

Kathy Owens, secretary and treasurer for the Phantom Theatre, says that the Phantom is a not-for-profit organization and is produced on an all-voluntary basis.

"Phantom is completely run by volunteers and consists of a lot of blood, sweat and tears, but it is worth it," she said.

Proceeds go toward the Evansville State Hospital and are used for patient related projects.

"We raised \$14,000 last year in a two-week period, so we do a very good job for a good cause," says Owens.



The Phantom Theatre's theme remains the Trail of Terror and is a haunted house for the whole family.

The second haunted house on the list is the one put on by the Newburgh Junior Civitans. Dates are from Oct. 15 through Oct. 31 and it is open from 7 to 10 p.m. on weeknights and 7 to midnight on the weekends. The price is \$3.50 with coupons available at the Junior Food Marts.

Ran entirely by dedicated volunteers, the proceeds go toward such organizations as the Special Olympics and the Civitan Research Center, a hospital for mental rehabilitation based in Alabama. Last year, they raised \$10,000 and Dan Fischer, one of those in charge of Civitan Haunted House is looking forward to another good year.

"We throw a lot back into the community" as well as provide "quality entertainment," he said.

According to Fischer, there is no certain theme, "just a lot of lunatics and a lot of gore." If you are one for straight-laced terror, the Civitan should be an enjoyment for you.

The Haunted House at the Bates Hotel begins its reign of terror on the weekend of Oct. 8, Friday and Saturday until 1 a.m. They open their doors officially Oct. 15 and continue through Halloween night.

Bates will stay open until 11 p.m. Sunday through Thursday and will extend hours until 1 a.m. on the weekends. Tickets will cost \$4 at the door or coupons can be picked up at area Hardees and the Nick Nackery. The hotel is sponsored by radio station 103 WGBF.

Bill Berberich, one of those in charge of running the Bates Hotel, says that the approximately 50 people who work there get paid for dressing up in costume. The remaining proceeds go toward the upkeep of the building. The

Bates Hotel itself is the theme of the haunted house.

"We will have all kinds of things, new scares that will be set up. Basically, the Bates Hotel is four floors of terror," said Berberich. It promises to be a haunted house full of surprises.

Capping off the list of haunted houses is The Old Jail. Beginning Oct. 14, it will last through Halloween. Hours are Sunday and Saturday from 7 p.m. until midnight, or later. The cost is unannounced. However, there will be a coupon in the Sunday paper on Oct. 10.

According to Phil Wolter of Art Work Unlimited and producer of the Old Jail House project, customers will be treated to a special theme this year called Dracula and his vampires. Elements from a number of Vampire movies will be combined in order to give a comprehensive look at the legend including the most recent version, Bram Stoker's Dracula.

Wolter and his cast have been preparing for almost a year to bring the production into being.

"It is an extremely big project. Actually it more like a theatre type production," he said.

There will even be an undercurrent of Jurassic Park which will tie in to the Dracula theme somehow.

"Things will happen in a very unusual way. We are hoping to do it as life-like as Spielberg did, Wolter said.

Those entering into the Old Jail will be handed a free pair of Jurassic Park/Vampire fangs. "For your own protection," warns Wolter.

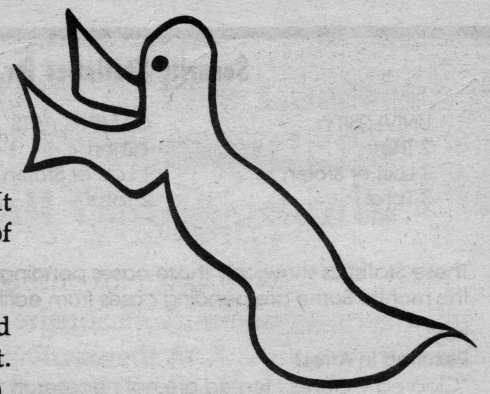
Tom Ston, who plays the main Dracula in the production, will change in front of the customers' eyes from Stoker's Dracula to the old Dracula made famous by Christopher Lee.

According to Wolter, along with regular cast that has worked the Old Jail for the past four years, homeless people will be hired from the Salvation Army and other such organizations.

"We pay a sizable amount of money to the entire cast. For the homeless, it is a job they will have for two and a half weeks. We also feed everyone free on the weekends," he says.

With the popularity of Dracula throughout time, Wolter believes that the Old Jail Haunted House will show even more interest.

"It sounds terrifying to me, but we also have some comic relief scattered throughout. People are really there to have fun and laugh at things that scare



them in their dreams," he said.

Wolter informed everyone that "most of the snakes (of last year) are dead. Now a more vicious breed of fangs rule the dark -- Dracula and his vampires."

For those who are easily startled, the hayride may be the best event to attend. Wesselman Woods Nature Preserve's Haunted Hayrides will cart their "victims" around through the "Poltergeist Park." As they are only mildly scary, these rides are for the whole family.

On Oct. 29 and 30 from 7 to 11 p.m., rides can be taken. The tickets are \$3 (or \$2 with a coupon from Little Caesar's Pizza) and can be purchased the night before the hayride adventure. Proceeds will benefit the nature preserve.

Volunteers are still needed for this event, so call 479-0772 and ask for Scott Kramer to find out how to help.

Whatever frame of mind you may be in, there is bound to be one or more haunted houses that will thrill or delight you. However, if houses are not your forte, remember that this is your chance to confront your wildest nightmares or live out your darkest fantasies and there's always the hayride. The proceeds for all these events go toward good causes.

One piece of advice -- the thrill you derive from a haunted house depends greatly on who accompanies you; whether they are willing to let you take your fear out on the tail end of their shirts or if they are among the individuals that scream bloody murder at the slightest provocation. Keeping that in mind -- choose your friends wisely and keep your eyes open or you may miss the terror of the century.



*A look at what's out there to scare you this Halloween*

By  
Velvet  
Litsey



# The Strange Puppy Society

## Celebrity Auction

Monday, November 1, 1993  
University of Southern Indiana  
University Center Dining Room

Bid on one of the many items below

### World Wrestling Federation

Autographed Photo (Randy "Macho Man" Savage)  
Novelty Cup (Ultimate Warrior)  
Large T-Shirt (Bret "The Hitman" Hart)  
WWF Embroidered Cap ("Wrestle Mania IX")  
Poster (Tatanka)

### Famous Cartoon /Comic Strip Characters

Autographed Picture with Logo (Jim Davis "Garfield")  
Autographed Drawing (Matt Groening "Simpsons")

### Famous People

Autographed Photo (Regis Philbin)  
Autographed Photo (Home Improvement Cast)  
Autographed Script (David Letterman Aired May 18, 1993)  
Autographed Photo (Joe Pesci "Lethal Weapon 3")  
Autographed Photo (Joe Pesci "The Public Eye")  
Autographed Photo (Joe Pesci "The Super")  
Autographed Photo (Joe Pesci "My Cousin Vinny")  
Autographed Photo (Joe Pesci "Home Alone")  
Autographed Photo (Joe Pesci "JFK")  
Autographed Photo (Jamies Kibard "All My Children")  
Autographed Photo (Burt Reynolds)  
Autographed Photo (Liz Taylor)  
Autographed Photo (Meg Ryan)  
Autographed T-Shirt (Oprah Winfrey XL 100% Cotton)  
Autographed NBC Premier Ticket (Jay Leno)  
Autographed Postcard (Steven Spielberg "E.T.")  
Autographed Recipe for Chilean Sea Bass (James Earl Jones)  
Autographed Poaster (Whoopi "Made in America")  
Autographed Script (Burt Reynolds "Evening Shade")  
Autographed Postcards (Jaleel White)  
Autographed Postcards (Jaleel White)  
Autographed Postcards (Jaleel White)  
Autographed Poster (Matt Groening "The Simpsons")  
Autographed Book (Bill Crosby Childhood)  
Autographed Recipe (Shirley MacLaine "Chicken-n-Mushroom Soup")

### Sports

Autographed Trading Card (Will Clark)

Public showing 4:30 -7 p.m.  
Auction Starts at 7 p.m.

All money raised by the Celebrity Auction will be donated to the following organizations:

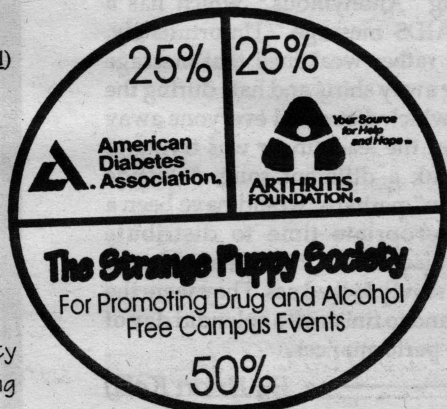
Autographed Trading Card (Andy Van Slyke)  
Autographed Trading Card (Nolan Ryan)  
Autographed Trading Card (Bo Jackson)  
Autographed Baseball (Andy Van Slyke)  
Autographed Embroidered Cap (Bill Mallory "Indiana Hoosiers")  
Autographed Photo (Isiah Thomas)  
Autographed Magazine (Troy Aiken "Sports Illustrated")  
Autographed Team Photo (Troy Aiken "Dallas Cowboys")  
Autographed Photo (Arnold Palmer)  
Autographed Book (University of Louisville 1992-1993 Basketball Media Guide" By Denny Crum)  
Autographed Photo (Michael Chang)  
Autographed Photo (Ferguson Jenkins in Baseball Hall of Fame)  
Autographed Photo (Jeff George QB Indianapolis Colts)  
Autographed Photo (Bobby Knight)  
Autographed Photo (Terry Bradshaw)  
Autographed Photocopy (Bruce Jenner "Sports Illustrated")  
Autographed Poster (Wayne Gretzky)  
Autographed Photo (Kyle Petty)  
Autographed Photo (Kyle Petty)  
Autographed Photo (Dale Earnhardt)  
Autographed Photo (Dale Earnhardt)  
Lapel Pin (Umbrella Logo)

### Political People

Autographed Photo (Gov. Evan Bayh)  
George Bush Item  
Dan Quayle Item

### Famous People

Autographed Photo (ZZ Top)  
Autographed Photo (Peter Gabriel)  
Autographed Photo (Mary-Chapin Carpenter)  
Autographed Photo (Dolly Parton)  
Autographed Photo (Alabama)  
Autographed Photo (Stevie Nicks)  
Autographed Concert Book (Amy Grant)  
Autographed T-Shirt (Amy Grant)  
Autographed Concert Cap (Amy Grant)  
Autographed T-Shirt L (All Five Members of Pirates of the Mississippi)  
Poster (Lenny Kravitz)  
Poster (David Bowie)



# Second Oksoberfest reminds students fun isn't wet

It's the 10th month of the year again and you know what that means. No, not just soap on your windows and obnoxious Christmas decorations, but the second annual Oksoberfest. This event celebrates the oft-ignored fact at college that when partying, it's OK to be sober.

This year the Oksoberfest is co-sponsored by USI, Welborn Hospital Parkside and Mulberry Center. From noon to 4 p.m. Oct. 24, fairgoers will be able to park their vehicles in front of the PAC Building and take a hayride up to the Eicher Barn in the Bent Twig Education Center. Once there, students and their families will enjoy the many kinds of festival games which the Welborn volunteers and various student organizations have provided.

Jointly organized by Pati Loehr, a counselor here at USI, and Linda Peters from Parkside, the fair will offer several exciting activities for people to engage in without destroying liver tissue or brain cells. Friday's entertainment will include good food provided by the Student Government Association at a minimum price, a limbo competition emceed by Johnny Kincaid, good music and even country line dancing, featuring the Electric Glide. Field games will include a sack race, a balloon toss, tug-of-war and anything else that comes to the crazed minds of the volunteers.

Several student organizations are involved in this year's Oksoberfest. For example, Alpha Psi will oversee a duck pond and the Art Club is offering face and pumpkin painting. But the highlight of this year's festival, like last year, is the famous dunking booth. And this year, the Oksoberfest will feature not one, but two, dunking booths -- one run by USI and one run by Parkside. For a minimal charge, students and their families can attempt to dunk the likes of such notoriety as Greg Myers, director of student housing, and Ken McWilliams, SGA president. Even Chancellor Dugan, women's varsity basketball coach and assistant athletic director, has been asked to place her fate in the hands of a few hawk-eyed students. All of the money raised from the booths will go towards Chrysalis, a woman's homeless shelter in Evansville.

The Oksoberfest was a smashing success last year, and this year a crowd of over 500 is expected. So if you are looking for a great time where you can actually remember the next day, grab

your friends and boogie on down to the Oksoberfest. It's a fantastic event that only happens once a year.

By Brian Kelly

### STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS INVOLVED IN OKSOBERFEST '93

Activities Programming Board  
Alpha Kappa Psi  
Art Club  
Black Student Union  
Campus Ministries  
Political Science Club  
Resident Assistants  
Rugby Team  
Strange Puppy Society  
Student Government Association  
Student Life  
USI Cheer Team

## Studio of Hair

**LOCATED NEXT TO OLYMPUS GYM!**

**4857 University Drive**

**464-5888**

**Bring your USI ID and receive \$2<sup>00</sup> off a haircut**

**Try our NEW Redken Shades EQ color**



# Summer concert offered taste of local talent

Six area bands rocked the Mesker Music Theatre for seven hours one steamy afternoon in August, to the delight of over 1,600 fans. Mike Sanders, a deejay known as The Sandman at local radio station WGBF, organized the show, officially called Mother Mesker's Homemade Jam 6. This show was well worth the trip out to Mesker Park and the token price of one dollar.

Crimson Roze opened the Jam doing what they do best: covering other bands. The remakes were moderate to okay, but with the sun beating down on us and Mesker charging folks for water, the set got old rather quickly. Crimson Roze did play some original songs, including "Make It Crazee," a major fan favorite. Their material was well done, but homogenous. Maybe it was just the heat, but after the first couple of songs most of the crowd who weren't wearing Crimson Roze T-shirts seemed anxious for the next band, *Roadside Prophets*.

Roadside Prophets, formerly *Medicine Man*, performed all original material. The music was energetic, involved, and best of all, diverse. Obviously a lot of time and effort went into the writing of each song, and it was a refreshing change from most local bands, who sound like their material is written on the way to the gig. *Roadside Prophets* played an extremely decent set.

My concert enjoyment peaked with the next group, the *Outhouse Spiders*. The *Spiders* are without a doubt one of my favorite live bands. Their stage presence is spectacular, and they're just fun. For his sound check, the saxophone player performed a cool Bill Clinton-like version of *The Star Spangled Banner*. The few people who had gathered in front of the stage to listen to the *Roadside Prophets* were swamped by the mammoth crowd that swarmed down into the pit as soon as Mike Sanders introduced the band. As for variety, the *Spiders* overshadowed not only the *Prophets* and *Roze*, but most of the following bands as well. The sound quality was extremely crisp for the entire concert; for the first time I was actually able to hear *Outhouse Spiders* lyrics. They played until the crowd was finally sated, then ended their piece with "Warm and Fuzzy," a song pushing for the legalization of marijuana. The *Spiders'* talent is evident, and if they can stay together long enough they could indeed go places.

Raw talent was replaced by experienced professionalism as *Chet* and the *Molesters* conquered the stage. The

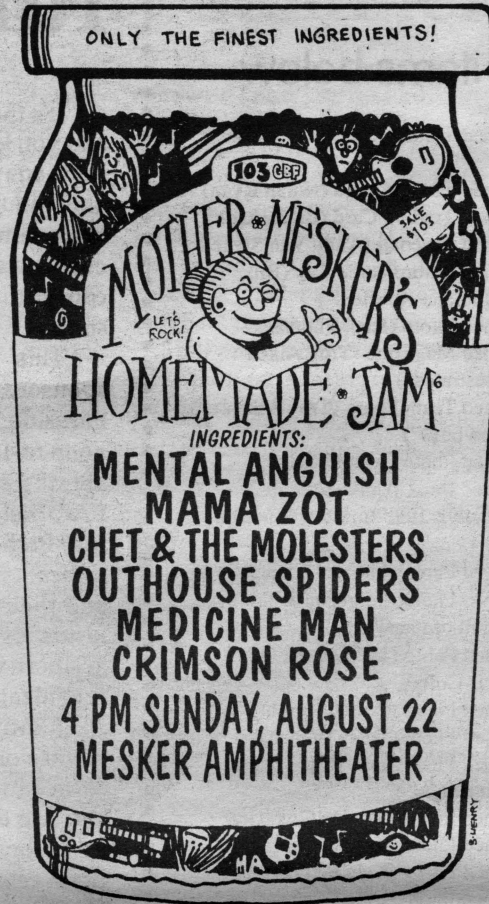
*Molesters* have been refining their skills for years, and it shows. Their set was a strong blend of original material and well-rendered covers. The *Molesters* had a smaller fan following in the pit than the *Outhouse Spiders*, but those fans were infatigable in their fervor. *Chet & Co.* banged out new versions of old songs by Faith No More and Pantera, and their remake of "Ace of Spades" makes *Motorhead* sound like *Jethro Tull* unplugged. Their original tunes are very 80s, laden with extremely technical, high speed Van Halen-like guitar solos. The solos were masterfully played, but wore thin after a while on listeners who prefer inspiration over agility. However, their music was very well ordered to flow smoothly from one style to another, and the light and smoke technicians worked overtime to enhance *Chet's* command of stage and mood. After they had finished playing their planned set and received their well deserved applause, Mike Sanders dragged them out and badgered and cajoled them into performing an encore. So finally they truned tiredly back out and expertly

covered a song by *Metallica*, to more cheering and adoration. They are definitely a tough act to follow, and I worried about the poor band that would have to play after them.

I shouldn't have. The next band was *Mama Zot*, and they nearly blew my socks off (I grabbed them just in time). An inflatable *Gumby* sat in this session, as *Mama Zot* played their original material to a packed mosh pit.

Partway into the performance, the crowd got a little out of control and one guy jumped up on stage and attacked the security guard who tried to grab him. Consequently, he wound up being carried off by three body guards who then proceeded to beat the beejeezus out of him outside the gate, until they noticed that half the mosh pit - some 150 people - had run over to watch the show. The next guy who jumped on stage and was caught by guards was smart enough not to assault the beefy sentinels, and so was merely paraded off like a baseball hero, losing only a ball cap rather than several teeth.

Meanwhile, *Mama Zot* continued to play cool songs like "I'll Never Tell." The



crowd went wild when the lead singer announced he was going to play the Pearl Jammish/Doorsy song "Oh My God," but what the fans really wanted to hear was "Dream Sequence," a slower, Genesis-like song that had a slightly mystical sense to it. The vocals sounded like Phil Collins meets *Metallica*, and the music was like the Beatles' "She's So Heavy" meets *Mama Zot* meets Pearl Jam. Truly cool.

The last band, *Mental Anguish*, were hard core heavy metal. Songs like "Forever Slave" and "Forfeiture of Freedom" blasted a packed mosh pit at first, but the crowd thinned out towards 11 p.m. as drained fans dragged themselves home. Only the 50-or-so diehard — "seven hours? give us seven more hours!" — fans were left by the time *Mental Anguish* played their song "Anonymous," which has a serious AIDS message. Unfortunately, the band rather weakened that message by giving away shirts and hats during the stanzas, which distracted everyone away from what the lead singer was trying to say. I think a different song, "Outside Looking In" perhaps, would have been a more appropriate time to distribute merchandise. Other than that, *Mental Anguish* surely kicked ass. They were the perfect band to finish off a splendid day of non-stop performances.

By Brian Kelly

## cd reviews

### Smashing Pumpkins — *Siamese Dream* (Virgin)

After their debut, *Gish*, sent alternative types into a frenzy, everybody and their dog has been wondering if the *Smashing Pumpkins* could possibly top it.

No jinx on *Siamese Dream*, their sophomore effort, as the guitars get fuzzier, the bass gets heavier and the vocalist Billy Corgan gets indecipherable.

A mishmash of vocal styles, the *Pumpkins'* sonic assault on their second release is unequalled. Songs like the nine-minute epic, "Silverfuck," and "Geek U.S.A." will make your ears bleed while "Disarm" and "Spaceboy" will stun you with their beauty.

Despite the all-too-common accusations of sellout, the *Pumpkins'* latest reeks of talent and proves that style and substance are not mutually exclusive.

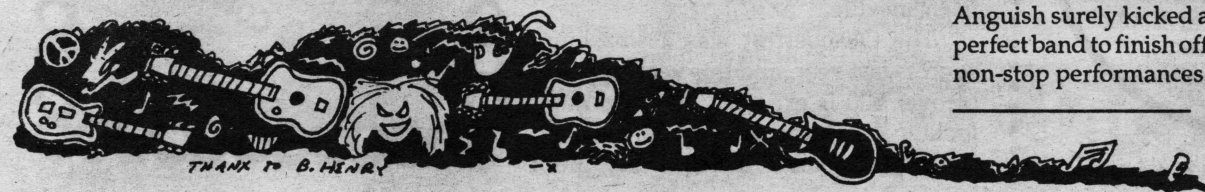
### Fugazi — *In On the Killtaker* (Discord)

With two full-length releases and a handful of EP's, *Fugazi* have garnered the kind of respect that some would sell their soul for. Don't expect *Ian McKaye & Co.* to sign on anyone's dotted line, though, as the heroes of *Indy's* underground pull off another fine album of staccato punk and rare principle.

From "Facet Squared" to "Last Chance for a Slow Dance," *Fugazi* pulls no punches. Far from your average background music, *McKaye* and the boys make every album a true listening experience. An emotional rollercoaster ride from the slow burn of "Returning the Screw," to the manic release of "Cassavetes" to the guttural intensity of "Instrument," *In On the Killtaker* grabs you by the guts and doesn't let go.

By Lisa Smith

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# THE GENDER GAP

## she SAID...

Welcome back University women and boys. It's been a hell of a summer. But, I managed to have a few of these girls' nights out and I was never so happy to be without men. You know how they complicate things, always needing you to be either their mother or their nurse. Guys think that girls and guys night out are the same, but what do you expect. Our nights are always fun and sometimes revengeful.

These nights allow us to capitalize on being female and change the tables around on men. We can strut our stuff just for the fun of it, not for some guy to use a trophy. Men, especially when there's more than one, always make a big show of trying to pick up and land as many women as they can. So these nights are our chance for pay back. And as they say, pay back is hell.

Sometimes, this hell is planned. If a woman we know has been screwed over by some guy, he can be traced. Once found, we use whatever means necessary to get them interested in one of us. Then, when they think it's safe to make them move -SLAM- they're history. And the women get back together to do their victory dance and mark another point in our favor.

Other nights, women just go out to just have a good time. They might happen to get a really good slamming point. That's just an added bonus. It gives us a chance to talk about life.

Guys would never understand this because they don't know how to be mentally close to someone without being in bed with them. It's wild to think how men actually believe that we keep all their secrets. Of course, we have to share them with our closest friends. We can't bottle it up like boys do.

Women realize what men think their all-female nights are like. Men think women sit around trading recipes and talking about how wonderful their men are. Yeah, right. The one chance we have to actually engage in decent conversation is not going to be ruined by thinking about that stuff. It's our one chance to really talk about what bugs us. Women can talk about life at it's rawest, but for men that only means one thing - SEX.

Women know what happens on men's night out. They get together in front of some huge TV screen and yell for some team - not normally caring which team wins for any logical reason. They don't normally know any of these guys personally or that they aren't even from around here. They can just groan loudly when a mistake is made against their team and yell and scream when things go their way. It's a night to sit back and drink themselves semi-conscious and not think anything intelligent.

Think of it as a male heaven. Sports, violence and macho talk dominate the evening. Guys don't talk about their feelings. They manage to avoid mentioning anything that makes them sound like they care about anyone. They boast about their recent escapades with women, which is so mature in itself. And most of their boasting is made-up.

Women know the score. But, I don't think the men have a clue. After all, if we have to remind them of things like birthdays which never change, how the hell are they going to keep track of the changing score. Men don't need to, anyway. We are going to catch up and pass them for every lousy, sexist thing they have ever said.

-Jill

## ...he SAID

Hey guys, ever get in the mood to tell your chick to go home and park it, because you're going out with the guys? We all do; we all need to get away sometimes from the annoying criticism, the whining, and the expense involved with our old ladies. If you don't have the balls, you actually try to "explain" things to her instead of just telling her how things are.

When she tells you she doesn't feel like doing anything or that she has to wash her hair, she actually "goes out with her friends." And don't even begin to think it's as harmless as it sounds.

I know because I've had more girlfriends than I care to remember, still get prank calls, and get called a "dick," just because I know how devious women really are. Women hate you when you have them figured out. I can't help it. I have sisters.

What women really like is going to bars together. It gives them the opportunity to flirt outrageously, let other men buy them drinks, and screw around. What I love about women I meet at bars are the tan lines from engagement and wedding rings. If we could find a way to go have others pay for the evening, and still get laid, we would do it, too.

Your girlfriend does it. She won't admit it, but she spends evenings with her friends and guys who buy her drinks. Guys hit on her. She loves it. You've seen chicks at bars like that. Three or four girls stand around getting drinks from guys who swarm around like gnats. They act like they never put out.

The thing is a lot of the girls at the bars DO put out. If they didn't want to get laid, why the hell would they be there? And you would be shocked if you saw your girlfriend at a bar. That slut shirt she never wears for you, she wears it there! She spends more time primping for these nights than she did for the prom you forked out the mega-bucks on.

She's dances nasty in ways she's never danced with you. You didn't even know she could Lambada. She drinks so much that the next morning she can't remember how many bars they hopped, who all she danced with, or especially where her red panties went.

The worst thing, and the real icing on the cake, is the next time you go out with her, other guys, jerk-offs with 90210 haircuts, smirk and leer when they see you with her. All they think is "sucker."

When men go out it's totally different. We just find someplace mellow to just hang out, since we know chicks are too cheap to buy us drinks. All we need is a nice apartment or quiet bar to sit around in, drink beer and play pool or throw darts. Guys don't like to get all "made up" and hyper about going out. We just go.

Our women probably think we go out to pick up other women. Hell, who needs to. We aren't stupid. If we wanted a ball and chain around our leg, we would have brought our own, at least we know they put out. What all we men need is another chick demanding attention, time, and trying to tell us how to dress...Not.

We go out to get away from women, not waste the last money we have on them. We need to save it for beer anyway.

-Jack

# OUT ON THE TOWN



# buy me, hear me, love me...

## David Bowie-Black Tie White Noise Savage Records

David Bowie's long and spectacular career took off in the late 60s with the classic Bowie anthem "Space Oddity." Now, nearly 25 years later, Bowie is ready to once again take the world Ala *Black Tie White Noise*.

Essentially, the album began when he wrote and recorded "The Wedding Song" for his wedding to model Iman last year. The inspiration which struck him following this event has produced what will probably be regarded as his best album.

*Black Tie White Noise* opens with the Gothic church bells of "The Wedding Song." The song continues with a delicious combination of Bowie's smooth saxophone, the blaring trumpet of Lester Bowie (no relation), and a classic hip-hop beat.

"You've Been Around" is an irresistibly infectious rock and roll song that is sure to become a Bowie classic.

"I Feel Free" is Bowie's remake of the classic Cream tune. It pairs Bowie with former Spiders from Mars guitarist Mick Ronson. Bowie reinvents the sound of "I Feel Free" to the extent that he essentially makes the song his own.

On the title track, Bowie pairs up with rap sensation Al B. Sure! to create a soul and funk fusion that succeeds in ways that the songs on Bowie's *Young Americans* and *Station to Station* albums never quite managed to do.

"Jump They Say" is the first single from the album, and has a classic house-style sound that is taken to new heights with Bowie's

experimentation with synthesizers and a backwards saxophone solo.

Other standouts include the artfully crafted, rave-style "Pallas Athena" and the morbid, yet soulfully sweet "Don't Let Me Down and Down." "The Wedding" is the vocal version of the opening track, and brings this spectacular masterpiece to a close.

With *Black Tie White Noise*, Bowie has proven that, unlike many other aging rock stars, his best work is not behind him. One can only look forward to what the next 25 years will bring.

## Leonard Cohen-The Future Columbia Records

Over the years, Leonard Cohen has established himself as one of the premiere lyrical poets of the world. Though his musings have not always translated into the phenomenal records sales that he deserves, he has established himself as a major force in music nonetheless.

Many of today's truly great musicians, including R.E.M., Nick Cave and Don Henley, cite Cohen's work as a major influence on them.

Cohen's latest album, *The Future*, is his most intensely prolific work to date. It has a dark, somewhat Gothic mood and is seething with images that seem frighteningly real. From his lonely, darkened room, Cohen sees a world rotting at its foundation.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than on the tongue-in-cheek images of the title track.

"Give me crack and anal sex

Take the only tree that's left and stuff it up the hole in your culture

Give me back the Berlin Wall  
Give me Peter and St. Paul  
I've seen the future, brother-it is murder."

This somber mood prevails throughout most of the album. From the desperate cries of "Anthem" to the hedonistic imagery of "Closing Time," Cohen is attempting to grasp the complexities of a world that is difficult to understand.

But he sees a ray of hope in the eyes of the oppressed, as expressed in the optimistic words of "Democracy."

"It's coming...from those nights in Tiananmen Square."

From the wars against disorder  
From the streets night and day  
From the fires of the homeless  
From the ashes of the gay  
Democracy is coming to the U.S.A.."

Listening to *The Future* leaves no doubt that Cohen is one of the world's greatest poets. Hopefully, this album will give him the commercial success that he has deserved for so long.

## Depeche Mode-Songs of Faith and Devotion Sire Records

In 1990, Depeche Mode released what was to become their most commercially successful album, *Violator*. Despite its success, the album was somewhat of a disappointment to many hard-core Depeche Mode fans.

To many people, the songs on *Violator* were inferior to Depeche Mode classics such as "People Are People" and "Strangelove."

But in 1993, the band has returned with an album that should excite old Depeche Mode fans and bring some new ones into the fold.

*Songs of Faith and Devotion* is not *Violator Part Two*. As a matter of fact, it is more of a natural progression of *Violator's* predecessor, *Music for the Masses*, because both albums are notable for Depeche Mode's experimentation with new sounds and styles.

Several things on *Songs of Faith and Devotion* are new devices.

On "I Feel You," the album's first single, Depeche Mode has created a bona fide rock and roll song. It includes live guitars and drums, something they have not done before. It also has a feel that is quite reminiscent of "Personal Jesus," both songs having an intense rock sound and an infectious shuffle beat.

Depeche Mode uses additional musicians on "Condemnation" and "One Caress," which is something they have never done before. The results are stunning.

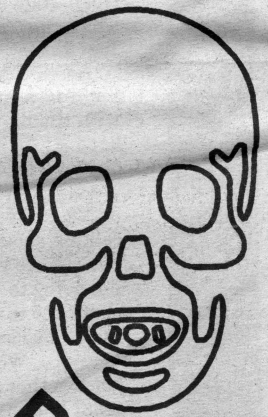
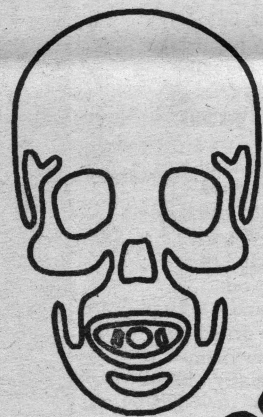
On "Condemnation," the band uses three background vocalists along with their own to create a choir-like effect. "One Caress" combines a 28-piece orchestra with the passionate vocals of Martin Gore to create one of the most powerful songs Depeche Mode has ever recorded.

A likely candidate for a future Depeche Mode classic is "In Your Room," which is a perfect combination of classic Depeche Mode style and new experimentation.

The only flawed song is "Walking in My Shoes," which displays some of the whiny and boring traits of the songs on *Violator*.

All in all, though, *Songs of Faith and Devotion* is a remarkable accomplishment, and a happy chapter in the story of the band.

By Brian Harris



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