

A black and white micrograph of biological tissue, likely a cross-section of an insect or small animal, showing various cellular structures and patterns. A prominent feature is a large, elongated, and somewhat translucent structure in the center, possibly a feather or a specialized cell, with a distinct internal texture. The surrounding tissue is dense and granular, with many small, circular or oval structures scattered throughout.

Transitions

Student Magazine
Volume VII Issue VI
March 1997

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Transitions also welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be typed, legibly signed, and include a phone number for verification. Publication is based on space and editorial review.

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Transitions

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What is this thing called *Transitions*?

What is *Transitions*? I heard that question a few days ago. It is a question I have heard several times this year from people who have never picked up a copy. My first instinct is to hand them a copy and tell them to leave me alone. My better instinct, which comes several hours later, is to explain. Because the person who asks generally is gone before this better instinct kicks in, I rarely have to explain. But, as I am leaving this esteemed university soon and as I want to make it as easy for my successor as possible, I will elaborate now.

Transitions is a magazine. It is published seven times during the course of the school year. It is a monthly magazine, but skips January. The last issue comes out a little later since it will sit on the stands all summer.

Transitions is not a literary magazine. There is a campus literary magazine: *The Aerie*. *The Aerie* is published once a year and offers the best creative writing that USI students have to offer.

Transitions is often mistaken for such a magazine. I have yet to understand this situation. *Transitions* has a literary section, but it never takes up more than two or three pages out of a total of 20 to 28. The rest of the magazine is devoted to articles and columns that could be but are not necessarily literary in nature. As I see it, *Transitions* is a general-interest magazine which usually has something for everyone. If it has a literary or artistic bent that is because the editor and people who submit articles have such interests.

Transitions is meant to give a voice to the campus community through letters, columns and articles. Though its writers are often journalism or English majors, anyone can submit to *Transitions*. Everyone is wel-

come to submit. *Transitions* survives on such submissions. This is not to say everything submitted is published, however. Because of space constraints, staffing limitations, editorial choice and standards of quality we do not print everything that is handed to us.

People seem to have the tendency to think of *Transitions* and *The Shield*, USI's newspaper, as opposing one another. *Transitions* is an alternative and complement to *The Shield*, but the two are not meant to compete. Both are products of Student Publications and use much of the same resources. Because of its format, printing schedule and audience, *Transitions* can and should cover campus issues more in depth than *the Shield*. A news story you read one day in *The Shield* might show up in *Transitions* a week later in expanded form.

Though it may sound ominous, *Transitions* is also a publicity tool for the university. Distributed to alumni and at area businesses, *Transitions* is one of the links between the campus and the community. I have never felt any pressure from the administration or my advisor, however. The administration does not know what goes into the magazine before press time any more than regular readers do. My advisor can advise, but not dictate. The choices made about the content are made by students.

As editor, I have always felt that *Transitions* serves the interests of the campus and community not by publishing articles that directly show USI in a positive light, but rather by publishing articles of quality.

People judge the university by what comes out of it. If you leave USI and can barely read, prospective employers will judge you and this university harshly. This impression may color their judgment of every USI stu-

The editor runs in and out all day, every day, but the best times to catch her are:

Monday

1:30 - 2:30 p.m.

Wednesday

4:30 - 5:30 p.m.

Or, be original and make an appointment. Questions, suggestions, complaints? Please call 464-1856.

dent or alumni they meet afterwards. It is in your best interests that *The Shield* and *Transitions* be quality publications. They not only represent the university, they represent you, the student.

More than any other publication on campus, *Transitions* belongs to the students. Basically, *Transitions* is meant to inform, entertain, showcase and represent the students. It is the "student magazine" of this university. If you do not like what is here you have a right to voice your opinion and an opportunity to change the content by submitting your own articles or letters.

We are now accepting submissions for the last issue of *Transitions*. Because it is this editor's last issue, expect something a little extra special. This last issue will be the only issue in the last two years to have a theme. What better theme than reading? Since this is a university and we are all educated people, my staff and I assume most of the people here care about reading and writing. The Summer Reading Issue, full of articles and book reviews, will be on the stands by mid-April.

TV movie damages sororities' reputation

Shown last month on NBC, the television movie Dying to Belong depicted sorority hazing that ended in the death of a new member. Alpha Delta Gamma member and former Panhellenic President Rebecca Michelle Tyner responds.

On Monday, February 24 WFIE TV, an NBC affiliate, aired the movie *Dying to Belong*. This movie, however entertaining, does not accurately depict greek life on this campus. I am not going to make the blanket statement and say that hazing does not occur anywhere in the United States, but I know that it does not occur within the sororities of the University of Southern Indiana.

Greek organizations were founded on the beliefs in ritual, community, brotherhood and sisterhood, and a general feeling of belonging. We were not founded on hazing.

Hazing demoralizes our members. What exactly does that accomplish?

When someone first joins a soror-

ity they are pledged into that chapter. Here they take their first vows to their sorority sisters. They then enter the pledge period. Here they learn about the history of their sorority and about their founding members. After this period, they become initiated. Here they leery of their ritual and take their final vows to their sisters.

Nowhere in my ritual did I have to sign my name in blood. Yes, our rituals are secret and sacred.

Most of the women's greek letter organizations were founded in the early 1900s. For this reason most of our rituals are similar. We were founded on the same basic principles. None of these principles include hazing.

During the 1970s hazing ran rampant across the country. But the greeks of this generation are correcting those problems. We do not believe in hazing and take an active part in teaching the members that we after us that hazing is wrong.

This movie was very farfetched.

It played down what we believe in most: sisterhood. I love my sorority. I love my sisters. Now we do not always get along. But how many of you get along with your siblings all the time?

I took this movie as a personal insult. I love greek life. I believe in what we do. This movie threatens the good that we do by discouraging women to rush.

I am sure that parents of high school seniors watched this movie. What is going to happen when their son or daughter goes off to college next year and tries to rush a greek organization? Well, most likely, the parents will discourage this act and question the credibility of these organizations. It is at this time that the young man or woman has just lost out on the best possible thing that could have ever happened to him or her.

Rebecca Michelle Tyner
Senior
Alpha Gamma Delta
Panhellenic President 1996

Do you care about anything? Write a letter.

Send letters to :

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Evansville, IN 47712

Send eMAIL to:
tbee@risc.usi.edu

Or place them in the *Transitions* mailbox located in the basement of University Center. All letters should include name and phone number for purposes of confirmation.

Spring Speakers at USI

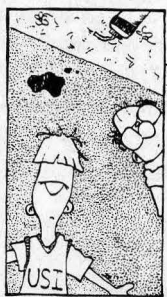
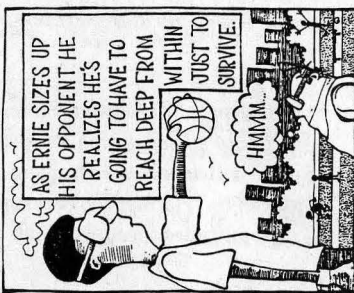
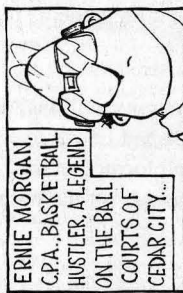
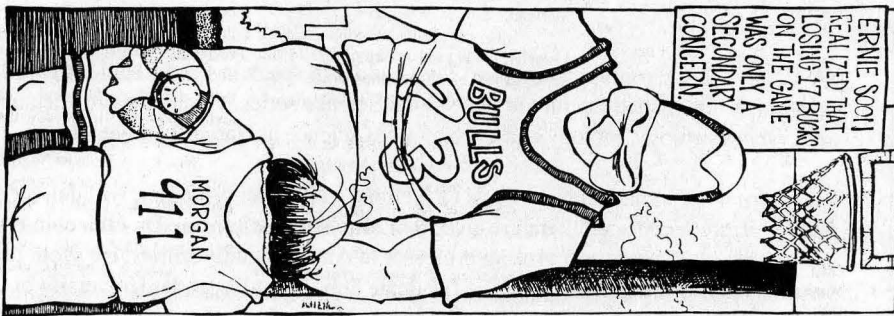
Wed., March 19 -- David L. Marburger, legal rights attorney, will deliver the Sydney Berger Lecture at 7 p.m. in Mitchell Auditorium. Marburger will discuss how First Amendment rights are being challenged by emerging technologies like the Internet and a growing concern for community rights, rather than individual. A reception will follow.

Wed., April 2 -- Evolutionist Stephen Jay Gould will speak in Carter Hall, as part of the new Distinguished Lecture in the Natural Science series. Gould is a prolific author and teaches geology, biology and the history of science at Harvard University.

Fri., April 4 -- Emmanuel Nwanonye Obiechina, a Nigerian professor, will deliver a public lecture on African literature at 7:30 in Mitchell Auditorium. Dr. Obiechina has spent the last six years as a visiting professor at American universities. He spent ten years as chair of English and dean of Graduate School studies at the University of Nigeria. He has written eight books. His last book was *Language and Theme: Essays on African Literature*. Professor Eric von Fuhrmann is making arrangements for the visit.

Mon., April 7 -- Millard Fuller, co-founder of Habitat for Humanity, will visit the university as part of the Robert and Rossanna Enlow Distinguished Lecture series. Fuller will speak at 9 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. in the new Carter Hall located in the University Center. Habitat for Humanity has built more than 50,000 houses for the poor. It has 1,270 affiliates throughout the country.

Sun., April 21 - Mon., April 22 -- John Sununu, former White House chief of staff under George Bush and current co-host of CNN's *Crossfire*, will visit USI. Sununu will meet with students and faculty 7 to 9 p.m. Sunday in the UC Dining Room at a pizza buffet and at a breakfast buffet at 7:30 a.m. in Carter Hall. Sununu will give "A View From Washington." The breakfast will have a small charge. Reservations are required for either event. Call USI Special Events Office at (812) 464-1930 for reservations or information. The program is sponsored by the School of Science and Engineering Technology.



For A' That and A' That

Ruminations on Life with a Highlander

Once again I found myself in trouble with the females of my household. This latest misery rained down on me because of a TV news story concerning a woman driver.

Last month, after 27 years, ten driving instructors, 1,800 driving lessons and approximately \$30,000 in fees, Evs Evan-Jones of Yates, England, finally passed her driving test.

During past attempts to pass the driving portion of her examination, Mrs. Evan-Jones, with an examiner on board, has plowed into a construction site, ran a police car off the road, and driven into a lake.

I happened to see this story while watching television with my 14-year-old son, Zach. And despite my admiration for this woman's perseverance, I offered this ill-fated comment:

"I'm sure glad this woman isn't going to be driving around in this country. We have enough crazy dames on the road."

My son was quick to nod his agreement while spinning a basketball on his finger. But, owing to bad luck, my comment fell on other ears.

My daughters were listening.

My wife is a Highlander, descendant from a clan of warring Scots, so unfortunately these genes have been passed to my daughters. I say this not to throw dispersions on Scots in general -- a hardy strain of folk -- but to simply warn younger males of the temperament of the female product of that land. It is my experience that Scotswomen are a fearsome breed who require little provocation to murder.

My two youngest daughters, Savannah and Kelli (ages 12 and 11), having the auditory ability of fruit bats, overheard my gaffe from the kitchen. Seconds later they stood before me, hands on hips.

"We're telling mom!" the youngest guaranteed.



Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

"Tell her what?" I said, puzzled.

"We heard you. You're always saying something dumb about women and we're telling!"

"I'm not afraid of your mother, besides, I didn't say anything so don't you two bother her with any nonsense."

Then I added, "I didn't say anything, did I Zach?"

My son normally backs up my lies, but he could not resist the occasion to torment his sisters.

"He said all females are just like you two -- stupid." These were the actual words of this lying Judas.

Savannah now took charge. She stationed herself directly in front of me and issued orders.

"Kelli, you go get mom. I'll stay here and make sure he doesn't move."

Backed into a corner, I asserted my authority as father and lord of the domicile.

"Alright, that's enough. You two go sit down or I'll find a paddle!"

After their laughter subsided, Kelli skipped happily off to fetch her mother. My mind's eye worked furiously to formulate a mightier lie that might produce better results because I cannot trust the Scot to whom I am married.

This is a woman who transmutes from Shamhat the seductress to Lizzy Borden faster than Bill Clinton can nightstick a campaign promise. The best example I can offer is an episode that played out just a few months after our wedding in 1973.

I arrived home from work one evening and found the beautiful Highlander dressed in one of those revealing outfits of sheer lace. The ones men can't describe but which all agree are fine inventions. A candlelight dinner was

prepared complete with the music of Robert Burns and a Scottish entree handed down from my wife's grandmother.

Unfortunately, the meat before me had more correspondence to soggy tree bark than animal flesh. Out of love, and anticipation of what she had promised me for dessert, I tried to ingest the mystery on my plate, feigning wild cheer as best I could.

I've seen this plot played out in movies. A new bride, when she realizes the dinner she held such high hopes for is unpalatable, breaks down and cries, thus eliciting great sympathy and tenderness from the young husband. A laugh is shared between the lovers, then a kiss, then ... well, all ends well.

With the Highlander, no such script is followed. Yes, I was eating slowly to avoid nausea, but still I thought I was succeeding with the ruse. But no. The beguiling glances of Helen of Troy transformed to the irritated stare of spurned Dido.

"I worked all day on that and you're going to eat it or wear it!"

To shorten a long story, the meal ended with the Scot chasing me about with a butcher knife in her hand and manslaughter in her eyes.

That was 24 years and five children ago.

This same Highlander, whom in recent years I am tempted to believe is some variety of witch, having remained unchanged in both physical appearance (others have commented on this) and risky temperament, was in the basement when Kelli fetched her to report my gaffe about the woman driver.

Kelli lead her mother into the room where Savannah proceeded to render an account of my *faux pas*.

The bright green eyes of the Highlander sparked and winked like Orion.

"Don't worry girls. I'll take care of your father."

mwhicker@risc.usi.edu

Curing society's ills

Education touted as too-easy solution

There are disturbing issues facing modern mankind, grave problems that touch many of our lives every day: poverty, drug and alcohol abuse, matters of sexuality, illiteracy, racism, religious intolerance, the break up of families, and any number of other maladies. For decades we have found solutions to these problems evasive.

But as we tread toward the 21st century, an all-encompassing solution is appearing on the horizon. A one-word panacea to the ills of society, and that word is "education."

From the syndicated talk show circuit to the most critically acclaimed of PBS probes, it seems that all one has to do is utter "education" when asked to provide a solution to the issues *du jour*. Just say "education," and the masses start nodding their heads in consensus.

I should point out that the notion

of education that I am focusing on is almost exclusive to the realm of media and popular culture, and not that of scholarly dissertations and professional journals that are more complete in scope, yet certainly less regarded by the public at large.

So what is this popular concept of education? Is it a high school diploma? The community college? The four-year university? Indeed, the formidable question as to why so many young people are being encouraged toward "higher" education must be addressed. Are the majority of people enrolling in college to augment their appreciation of Shakespeare or empirical reasoning, or does college loom as the only escape from the \$5 to \$7 an hour buffer zone of America's ever-expanding service sector.

You might be familiar with the quip "yeah, I know there are a lot of

jobs out there—I've got three of them," made popular during the recent election campaign. But as a student facing many thousands of dollars of student loans to repay, that quip doesn't seem so funny anymore. Those many thousands of dollars would not have been borrowed without the prospect of a good-paying job in the years following graduation.

Our good President Clinton, aware of the financial challenges faced by young Americans, is proposing a new "standard": at least two years of college education for all Americans.

Though the sentiment is well intentioned, the proposal is ill informed. Our government must continue to clean up the messy situation in many of the elementary, middle and high schools before entreating young people to attend college. Moreover, if thousands of more students begin at-

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tending college, where will the experienced teachers come from to service those students? In a setting replete with "instructors," students may well be asking, "Is there a doctor in the house?"

Closely related to the elixir notion of education is the idea of "computer skills or perish."

Computers can be wonderful educational tools, but consider how the various computer companies market themselves: "The future at your fingertips," "Wouldn't you rather be at home," "Where

do you want to go *today*." Such slogans speak more to the demand for convenience than to the merits of erudition.

I tend to think of information as ingredients. It takes time to process raw ingredients into a well-baked loaf of bread (or a decent circus), along with a fair amount of trial and error. Nobody

wants a nation of idiots any more than we want a polluted environment. But how we go about "educating" people should be considered thoroughly before spending billions of dollars in doing so.

There is also the matter of who really wants a college education.

Nobody wants a nation of idiots any more than we want a polluted environment. But how we go about "educating" people should be considered thoroughly before spending billions of dollars in doing so.

There are plenty of hard-working, good-natured, common-sense Americans who have no desire to regard the nation-state maxims of Hegel. The state of the nation courtesy of common people will suit them just fine, and God love 'em for it.

I hope that the staunch and vocal proponents of "education" temper their rhetoric just a tad. Crash courses lead to twisted and mangled understanding. People who wish to learn will do so when they are good and ready, as the ever increasing numbers of nontraditional students might attest to.

Most of us attend this fine university to better ourselves in some way, whether it be to better our job prospects or our epistemic skills. But our education is not even

near completion. Education does not solve problems, it clarifies them. If, indeed, the dumbest questions in the world are the ones not posed, then we must confront the vague constructs of the education panacea wherever it may be expressed.

—Russell Fox

Wanted: New editors for *The Shield* and *Transitions*. Positions require writing and editing experience. Editors chosen by the Student Publications Committee.

Applications due March 25

Applications are available in *The Shield* and *Transitions* offices as well as the Communications Department.

Injured Thomas looks to the future

Sometimes life can be like a roller-coaster, no matter who you are. One minute you're on top of the world, and the next you're struggling to pick yourself up from the ground.

For USI student athlete and Evansville native Joel Thomas, much of his college life has followed this pattern of highs and lows. It is a pattern that has left the 21-year-old junior with the belief that one "must make the most of the good times while they last, because the bad times are usually right around the corner."

Thomas, who graduated from Harrison High School in 1993, began his college career at Murray State University in Murray, Ky. He was attending Murray State on a partial athletic scholarship to play football.

"I was really anxious and excited about leaving for Murray," said Thomas. "I also couldn't wait for football practice to start."

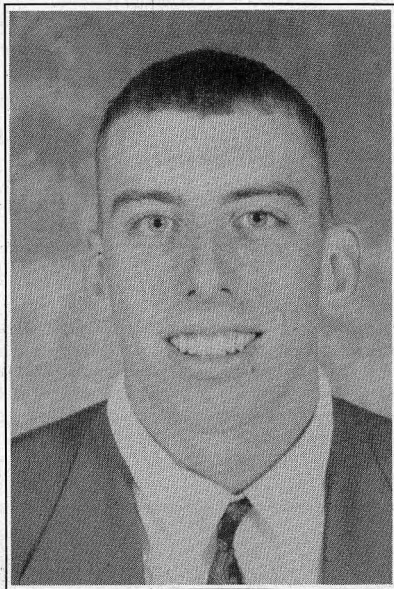
This excitement of playing college football would soon wear off. Thomas found himself returning to his dorm room after two-a-day practices in "total pain."

"I was playing quarterback and was taking a beating every single day," said Thomas. "It got to the point where I began wondering if it was really worth it."

Aside from the physical pain associated with football practice, Thomas was also having a tough time adjusting to his new environment.

"I was in a new place and didn't have many friends. It was really a tough situation for me."

So after discussing his options with his parents, Andrew and Eileen, Thomas came back to Evansville in December of 1993. He had spent one



"long semester" in Murray, Ky., and was ready to start over in his hometown. Thomas enrolled at USI for the spring semester of 1994 knowing things would have to get better.

"My situation certainly couldn't have gotten any worse," Thomas said.

At USI, Thomas found that he could concentrate more on academics. He was also happier in an environment where he already had many friends. USI seemed to suit Thomas, but he "felt as if something was missing."

"Athletics had always been a big part of my life, ever since high school," Thomas said. At Harrison High, Thomas earned eight varsity letters in track, football and basketball. So in February of 1994 Thomas approached

Coach Bruce Pearl about joining the basketball team.

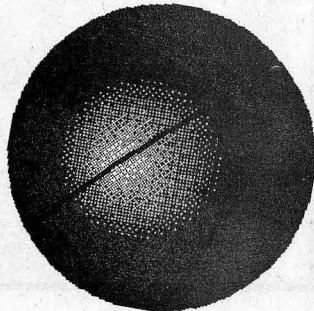
Pearl told Thomas to work on his game over the summer and try-out for the team in the fall semester. Pearl stayed in contact with Thomas over the next summer, motivating him to work hard.

"I really related to Coach Pearl well, and he made me want to push myself to be successful," Thomas said.

After spending many hours of the summer in the weight-room and gym, Thomas was ready for practice to begin. Thomas wanted to "fit in" with the other players and "learn the Eagles' system" of playing basketball. Thomas did fit in well. He made the 12-man roster and helped USI win its first-ever NCAA championship. However, as everyone was celebrating the Eagle's national championship in Louisville, Thomas found himself "feeling lost and alone."

Thomas had just achieved the ultimate in college basketball, but didn't "feel like celebrating at all." That's because a month earlier, on March 7, 1995, his mother had died of breast cancer.

"My mother meant everything to



me, and when she died a part of me died," Thomas said. "I never really thought something like that could happen to me. You hear about other people losing a parent, but you never think it could happen to you."

After Thomas lost his mother, he began to put his problems into perspective. He now believes in "living each day to one's fullest" because "you never know what the future holds."

The future for Thomas meant working harder than ever both on and off the basketball court.

"I really began to devote myself to everything I did, and tried to give everything my best effort," said Thomas. "I had a pretty successful season in 1995-96. I earned a scholarship and was ready to make this season my best ever."

Things were finally starting to go Thomas' way, until Friday, Oct. 18. The basketball team was having its Mid-night Madness practice for the public when Thomas landed awkwardly from a dunk shot. Thomas said he heard something pop in his left leg and it "felt like his whole knee exploded."

Initially, USI trainer Chris Diaz thought Thomas had strained his posterior cruciate ligament (PCL). This type of injury meant Thomas would miss only a month of the upcoming season.

But, when Thomas went to a specialist the next day, he got a different diagnosis. Doctors determined that Thomas had completely

torn his anterior cruciate ligament (ACL). An injury of this magnitude will sideline Thomas for the entire 1996-97 season.

"Right now, I'm just kind of in shock," Thomas said. "It makes me sick to think of all the hours I worked this summer, and now I won't see a minute of playing time."

Thomas says that he can find some relief in the fact that he will probably get a medical redshirt from the NCAA. This means he won't lose any of his athletic eligibility, and will have two full years left to compete.

Now Thomas can only wait for the swelling in his knee to go down so he can have surgery. The process will involve removing part of the tendon on the front of his left knee, and using it to reconnect the torn ACL. After the surgery, Thomas plans on setting his sights on next year.

"It will probably be about six

months before I can run again, so I'll really have to work hard to be ready for next fall," said Thomas.

Meanwhile, Thomas plans on doing what he enjoys most, aside from playing basketball. This includes playing Sega Genesis, being with friends and spending time with his father and older sister Kareena.

"I've had to deal with a lot of hard times in my life," Thomas said. "I think that has made me pretty strong mentally."

Because of this mental strength, Thomas says that he can do anything if he puts his mind to it.

Thomas has no definite plans later in life, but plans to be successful no matter what he does.

"I know my mom is watching over me, and I know how happy it made her to see me do well," Thomas said.

— Tim Tooley

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Someday Broadway?

USI actresses take the stage in Florida

Have you ever wanted to have the autograph of someone famous? Then track down these three women and get their Jane Hancock now. Tara Taylor, Brooke Dennis, and Shannon Reck have been sweating it in the spotlight lately. After years of experience, a month of grueling practices, a good (and new) director, and lots of fine-tuned raw talent, these three women will be competing against 800 other actors.

Not only will they spend four days at theater workshops in Miami, Florida, but they will each audition for professional parts in productions. Taylor, being a senior this year, will have the opportunity to qualify for full or part time jobs. Dennis, a junior, and Reck, a freshman, can only accept summer stock jobs because of school. A summer stock job usually requires a move out of state, Reck said.

The new theater director, Scott LaFaber, decided to take five theater majors to the Kentucky Theatre Association (KTA) on October 27. There were approximately 250-300 actors there, but only 40 passed on to the next stage.

Of the five LaFaber took, these three women passed the auditions and are to go to the South Eastern Theatre Conference (SETC). There, they will audition again, but for jobs. There will be 150 major theaters there scouting for talent. The three will not only be auditioning, however. While there, they will attend four days worth of theater workshops that deal with every imaginable aspect of theater, such as doing stage makeup, making fake blood, and costuming.

Even though the three had to audition to go on, Reck encourages anyone interested "even in the slightest bit" in theater to go to SETC. The SETC is the largest of its kind in the nation. Only actors have to audition to attend. The workshops are open to everyone. She went on to encourage



Tara Taylor and Shannon Reck share a moment on stage in USI's School for Husbands.

other actors to try auditioning at KTA next year.

She said that even if the judges or other theaters do not like your audition, it is still good to have that experience. "All the auditioning experience you can get, the better," Reck added. The auditions are not limited to just acting, however. The categories are Acting, Acting/Singing and Dancing.

Reck does hope to find a job during her senior year through this program. She has been in theater for five years and acting for three, so even though she has other interests, she would like to pursue theater a little longer. She said that she could not imagine moving somewhere for the summer if she were to get a job at SETC.

"It just doesn't seem realistic to me," she said.

On the contrary, it does seem realistic to Taylor, who has been in theater for about ten years. She has also been in dance since she was three years old. Dennis has done some professional theater and worked in the Properties department for the New Harmony Theatre last year. She said that she hopes to get a summer stock job at SETC this year.

"Since my professional experi-

ence is limited, though, I will be happy to make some connections for next year," she said.

Taylor feels that the auditioning is "nerve racking," but says she is very excited and anxious. This program is a major step for Taylor, who plans to get a job somewhere in New York with her fiancé, USI theater graduate Jeremy Beck, when she graduates. She said that her main goals for SETC is to feel like she did well, and to have that extra auditioning experience.

A lot of work goes into preparing for such a conference. The actresses have had to deal with having pictures taken (50 8x10s according to Reck), creating resumes, putting together a portfolio of monologues that they will use at SETC. Taylor said, however, that she feels it is worth the trouble.

"It's really the only thing I've ever wanted to do," she said. "It's my dream and I will get there no matter how long it takes."

So far she has performed in about fourteen plays and has devoted her entire college career to theater.

March 5 through 9, these three women will enter an opportunity that could change their whole lives. Sixty seconds could put any of these women under a spotlight forever.

Jamie Marie Shoulders

Towerlite: Light on Cost, Heavy on Charm

The Towerlite Restaurant and Tavern has been a permanent fixture on Evansville's westside for many years. Directions are easy: drive north on St. Joe. It is located on the left next to the entrance to the zoo.

Dining with the Gang

Transitions Staff Restaurant Review

Towerlite Restaurant & Tavern

Dress: Casual

Price: \$5-10 for a meal

Drinks are served from the bar

Food: Various sandwiches and platters

- ☆☆☆☆☆ Kosher grub for the King of the Jungle.
- ☆☆☆☆ Bears will sleep all winter with their bellies full.
- ☆☆☆ Even monkeys can digest this.
- ☆☆ Llamas would refuse to graze.
- ☆ None of the animals at the zoo would eat this.

Jamy's Experience

The Towerlite has called to me for over two years. I drive past it often and I constantly wonder what lurks inside. I just found out: an animated waitress named Lynn.

Lynn said she was just helping out the owner and that this was not her job. She covered well. Taking a table of seven college students would be the main elements of a nightmare but Lynn handled it with style. Kudos to her.

It's too bad that she didn't prepare my BLT (\$2.95). On second thought, maybe she did. Nevertheless, it was not good. Burnt toast, mushy tomatoes (which are understandable since we are about as far from the season as one can get), and cold bacon made for a sandwich that I had to talk myself into finishing. I was not impressed but wouldn't argue it enough to have it sent back. Have you ever had a good BLT

that wasn't homemade?

For dessert I decided to try a classic—bread pudding (\$1.95). After the initial conversation about whether "pudding" is a noun or a verb and the hilarious trips to the bathroom by almost every member of our party, I actually took the time to enjoy the dish. I am a picky person when it comes to soggy bread with sugar all over it, but this was palatable. It counterbalanced the disappointment with the BLT.

I'll probably return sometime. I won't go rushing back, but there is no reason not to. I will have to admit that I missed Jennifer Hunley. I can't justify why, but I did. I'd never admit it to her face, though.

Dawn's Experience

A novice to the whole food review experience, I was a little apprehensive about being accepted into the group; however, the gang was easy going and treated me like one of their own.

Anyway, I found our waitress, who was brand new to the Towerlite, extremely charming. Lynn had a real down-home attitude and wasn't afraid to admit what she didn't know.

I ordered a bowl of chili (\$2.25) which was Harold Beck's original recipe. I have no idea who Mr. Beck is/was, but his recipe tasted quite similar to my own. Nice and spicy! No pasta noodles either.

Unfortunately—and this is a big deal to me—they serve Pepsi products. I'm a die-hard Coke drinker so it was difficult for me to choke down an imposter cola.

For dessert, like all the other dessert eaters, I ordered the bread pudding. It was good, but it could have used a

little more sugar. Maybe I was just having a major craving for sweets.

After eating, I decided to check out the "facilities," if you know what I mean. They were labeled "Guys" and "Dolls." So, I guess I actually went to the dolls' room. Although I consider the term "dolls" a little condescending, it was sort of cute. The restroom itself, though, was, well, run-of-the-mill for public pot-ies. I could talk about this much more than the food because this is sort of my area of expertise, but I won't bore you.

All in all, I liked the Towerlite. Like Lynn, the restaurant itself was charming.

Tracy's Experience

The Towerlite has interested me in much the same way it has Jamy. But, my interest is older. I have driven past it at least twice a day for over five years. Before that I observed it from a bus for another five. The building, a structure akin to stubby lighthouse, has haunted me. Sort of.

Compared to most exorcisms, my journey to this mysterious place was a pleasant one. Paneling and wallpaper your mom would pick adorns the walls. As my companions will attest, the woman playing our waitress was friendly and attentive. An amateur filling in as a favor, she showed none of the weary bitterness that usually plagues those in the service industry.

I ordered a fish sandwich sans tartar (\$2.95) and steak fries (\$1.50). The fries were made better by the presence of the peel. The fish was adequate. It reminded me of what one might find at many fast food places—only not nearly so greasy. The fish sandwich was unfortunately (for me) served on slices of rye bread. I dislike rye bread, and I prefer my fish on buns.

As I told Russell the day before, dining on the West side usually means cheap eats. Food at the Towerlite is reasonably priced and no one left with a bill over \$10—not even the boozers. Let me amend that: none of the boozers

spent much except our friend Kyle who came, ate nothing and drank Heineken.

Russell's Experience

In scanning the Towerlite menu, I found the inviting fish sandwich, no ordinary fish sandwich, but one made of "Icelandic cod." I'm not sure if Icelandic means the far north Atlantic ocean or a box of frozen filets, but I chose the fish sandwich, along with an order of German fries for my supper.

I should say that the service was more than adequate, as my beers never got past half empty (or half full depending on your perspective) before I was asked if I needed another, which I generally always do. That is the very essence of effective quality service as I regard it.

As for the food, I must say that I was disappointed. First, the fish filets, cut to very unsymmetrical proportions, were placed between two pieces of rye sandwich bread. I realize that this is common, but so was the phenomenon of my mother serving burgers between sandwich bread when I was growing up. The grease seeped into the bread until it turned a dirty amber color and eventually became part of the burger as opposed to a part of the sandwich. Simply put, I'm a buns man.

The German fries were a tad tepid and bland for my spicy demands. German fries aficionados will tell you the more crispy potato slices, the better. My German fries lacked that crispiness, and the onions were void of "sturm and drang."

Overall, the Towerlite is standard westside Evansville fare, but on the lower rung of that standard. The service, I reiterate, was top-notch and the prices were reasonable. In short, my experience at the Towerlite restaurant gave credence to the notion that you get what you pay for.

John's Experience

Okay, so I was late again, but at least I had a good excuse. My dog ate my homework—I mean I was diligently working on the cover for the magazine.

Anyway, I arrived just in time to order chicken fingers and a Lite beer. I was surprised when I didn't find the usual heaping plates of appetizers, but soon learned that half the group seemed to have forgotten they were doing a food review and ate at Arby's before they came.

Dining at the Towerlite is always a pleasurable experience. In the past, friends and I would frequent the establishment on Sundays to guzzle beer, watch football and, well, act like men drinking beer and watching football.

Our waitress on this particular evening was new to her job, but at least she was honest in telling us that she no idea what she was doing. Except for being a little nervous, I think that she was very pleasant and did a wonderful job. I would probably be a little nervous too if I waited on our group. It's not exactly your average dinner party.

For desert I had another beer, while several others tried the bread pudding. As usual I found the Towerlite a pleasure and I'm sure I will return.

Tracy Lynn's Experience

As I neared the Towerlite, a restaurant I had never been to before, I realized the yellowed lettering on the sign had drawn my eyes too late. I could not slow down quick enough to turn without getting rear-ended.

I turned at the next available road with the intention of turning directly around. As I was swinging wide, I nudged toward a sign and a small parking lot behind the Towerlite. The sign proclaimed that this was Towerlite parking only, so I merely drove in and parked.

The walkway down the small cliff behind the restaurant consisted of a small set of stairs (and railing) and a seemingly stable bridge ending in a door entering the

back of the restaurant. Oddly enough, this door was marked "Entrance." The door lead to a staircase that wound down to the main floor of the restaurant and bar where I saw a table of my co-workers and made my entrance as Jamy asked, "Is Tracy coming?" To his surprise, I walked in at that moment and all were merry.

Now to the food: the Hamburger Steak dinner, a contradiction in terms as Russell Fox pointed out, consisted of a chopped sirloin patty grilled as requested (It actually had grill marks!), choice of potato, and a homemade roll.

The Hamburger Steak patty was cooked to perfection, a rare occurrence for a regular steak or hamburger eater. With a little salt (everyone has room for a little salt), this divine meal started off well.

The baked potato was also cooked just right: not hot enough to burn the palette, but served in the aluminum foil of baking that kept the heat in more than normal. The waitress forgot to bring the roll with the other food, but I forgave her because she had mentioned she had only been working there for three days as a favor for a friend.

The only disappointing factor of the meal was that I was so full that I could not eat any dessert, and boy were they appealing. Three of the staff members bought bread pudding which I was coaxed to try. One of the staff, I won't mention who, but she has a B in her name, said, "Mmm, it has whiskey in it." Well, what can you expect from a recipe that calls for whiskey and a restaurant that has a bar in one section? Overall, I felt the Towerlite was a success. I would definitely return for another meal.

Consensus--☆☆☆☆

A few of us had different experiences, but in general we enjoyed the westside landmark, The Towerlite. The food was good and the prices were fair.

If you want to make a day out of it, visit the zoo while you're there! No one in our party ventured to try the Brain sandwich, but let us know how it is!



POETRY

youth is sneaking up on me

youth is sneaking up on me.

I had abandoned it,
had lived in denial of it,
had sworn off my soul
since age thirty.

I spotted it in bright,
red fingernail polish,
of all things.

I quickly capped it,
tried to freeze it, but

I needed a fresh coat, so
I bought lipstick to match.
High-heeled shoes, suede pants,
and Old Age delayed,
creativity uncovered,
laughter,

whole, hearty mature,
I found death not so demanding.
Now I chortle, not giggle,
As if I've changed seasons.

Larou

A Tip From Tomorrow

free breeze
at large
remaining up
high
blowing smoke
at an angle
in line
with the gust
through
long hair
tangled.
whistling in the
warm darkness
shiny
in the night.
shout
at the lightning,
then,
jump out of
the blue tree,
a drop of blood
leaking
from the cornstalk,
while racing
with the crow
to within
seventeen feet of Paradise,
then
a rainbow
gushes into
the gold and gray water
creating
a twitching
rose of fire
that ignites
from a quiet hazy river
that reminds me
of an Arabian ruby
smoking
a joint.

Slam Boоче

Grandma

The scene unfolds like a bad movie,
A bad movie I wish I hadn't seen.
Hadn't seen but only dreamed,
Only dreamed was real and it was mean.
Mean like a dog that won't go away,
Go away, I can't, I have to stay.
I have to stay and say goodbye,
Say goodbye to her, I can't, but I'll try.
I'll try to be strong, my knees are weak,
Knees are weak as I start to cry.
Start to cry as I say goodbye,
I say goodbye for now.
For now is here on earth,
On earth is where I'll be.
I'll be with you someday,
Someday in Heaven.
Heaven is where I'll be.

Connie Khron

Outside Independence California

We made our way into the mountains,
To the aqueduct.
Bringing life from the mountain lakes,
To the small town embedded at the base of the hills.
Bringing life to the earth beneath, from little leaks,
Trickling down from the rushing madness above.
Relief from the burning sand and rocks,
That brought life only to strangled sage brush,
Struggling for subsistence.

No shelter from the wailing winds,
Whipping sand against our backs.
We erected a windbreak out of stones,
And burned the dead sage brush.
Hot embers escaped into the night, like
Little fireflies,
No fuel to feed their fire.

We smoked from the pipe,
And let our souls blow over the valley.
Watched the city drift to sleep, as
Cloud shadows lurked across the hills.
The night was chilled.

In the morning, the winds still blew.
We packed our gear into the Toyota wagon,
And picked over the skeleton of an ore mine,
Half buried by the shifting sands.

We left Independence that morning.
Independence was cold and hard.

John Farless

Mueller explores the diversity of *Private Life*

The Private Life

Lisel Mueller

This term I'd like to look at collections of poetry that are at least twenty years old. To be cliché, like a fine wine, only a poem that ages well is truly a good poem. Although some may disagree, in the last two decades we have been saturated in new collections of poetry, losing sight of those which should be read and remembered.

In 1975, Lisel Mueller won the Lamont Prize (quite prestigious) for her collection of verse, *The Private Life*. I was fortunate to find this collection stashed among the shelves of Willard Library, for though I try to keep up, Lisel Mueller's name was not one I recognized.

The Private Life gathers together moments of the poet's introspection concerning family, music, and historical events as well as any of the minutes throughout the day when one looks around the world in amazement. In three sections, Mueller pulls together the pauses we make in life into a personal cornucopia that, although the location or situation may not ring a bell, achieves, as A. E. Houseman says, "a transfusion of emotion."

Any fan of Billie Holiday will read, "January Afternoon, with Billie Holiday" with absolute thrill. The poet draws you into the poem with a music of her own:

I think of the sun this morning
how many knives were flashed
through black, compliant trees.

The poem turns, reflective of love and the confusion our emotions cause us:

Desire has no object, it simply happens
rises and floats, lighter than air--
but she knows that.

History plays an important role in Mueller's poetry. Visits to historical sites and the realization that we imagine history carry her insights to the improbabilities of her marriage in "Alive Together."

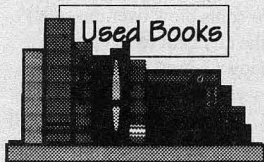
I might have been stretched on a totem pole
to appease a vindictive god
or left, a useless girl-child,
to die on a cliff.

The exciting thing about Mueller's collection is its diversity. Our private lives contain much of what we do not speak of. Mueller talks, but in soft tones, musing confident whispers.

This is truly a collection of contemplation, sometimes light, as in "What the Dog Perhaps Hears," and sometimes serious. "In Praise of Surfaces" is serious:

To learn about the invisible
look at the visible, says
the Talmud. I have seen you
for so long you are
ground into the walls
so long I can't remember
your face when you're away.

—Jennifer Hunley



It's never too early to
think about
Summer reading.

Transitions
Summer Reading Issue
Available next month

Good cast holds *River's Edge* together

Old Release Video Suggestion
"River's Edge"
Hemdale Film Corp., 1986
by Joni Hoke

The year was 1986. In a damp Northwestern town, glum teenaged precursors of grunge roamed the streets, seeking cures for boredom: pot "borrowed" from their parents' bedrooms, a sixer here and there, a few pills.

But overweight out-cast Samson "John" Tollett needed to go a little higher. He listened to Neil Young one too many times. Down by the river, he strangled his baby. And stripped her naked. And with her panties in his glovebox as conclusive proof, he drove off to brag to his friends.

The fabric holding this film together is woven of cast, story and visuals. We'll focus on the cast:

1) Crispin Glover is wiggled out as the speed-freak decision-maker Layne. Characteristic quote: (regarding the body) "I p-oe-ked it with a stick!"

2) Enter Keanu Reeves as himself—er, I mean, the brooding long-hair collective conscience, Matt. Characteristic quote: (to mother's boyfriend) "You just stay around here to f**k my mother and eat her food. Motherf**ker! Food-eater!"

3) Ione Skye Leitch — you remember her from "Say Anything" and "Four Rooms." Portraying Clarissa, she comes off like a voluptuous pre-teen wearing too much lipstick, fantasizing about her high school civics teacher. Characteristic quote: "You'd probably strap my dead body to the hood of this car and drive around town first."

"I killed a woman once I was in love."

- Feck (Dennis Hopper)

4) Joshua Miller frightens as Matt's bratty little brother, Tim. He throws his sister's doll into the river, he shoots crawdads in a five-gallon bucket, and he knows more than he should about a certain dead body in the woods. Characteristic quote: "You're gonna PAY for what YOU did. You're gonna DIE for what YOU did!"

5) Daniel Roebuck — the deranged killer John Tollett. You've seen him on "Matlock" since then, but I'm surprised he hasn't appeared elsewhere, 'cause he's got that uni-brow workin.' He used to have two eye-brows, but he shaved the top one off. Characteristic quote: "You do shit, it's done, and then you die."

6) Taylor Negrón shines (almost literally) as the conscientious liquor

store clerk who sees more of the kids than he'd like. Characteristic quote: "Let go of the beer, dick."

7) Then there's Feck, the disabled ex-biker recluse. (Surprise — Dennis Hopper.) He has a past to hide from, an inflatable girlfriend and a pistol. Oh, and an endless supply of "Feckweed" (looks like moss) to smoke and share with the kids. Char-

acteristic quote: "I killed a woman once ... I was in love."

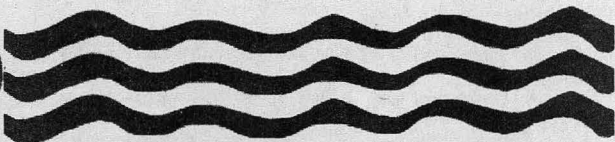
If this resembles a David Lynch film to you, that's no acci-

dent. Frederick Elmes served as director of photography to the project; he's deeply rooted in Lynch's filmmaking entourage.

I own this movie. I bought it for \$4 at the Book Broker. A cop friend of mine has my copy. If he doesn't return it soon, I'm issuing a citizen's arrest for petty larceny.

Please see this movie. I know, you're saying, 'Why should she care what I watch?' But it's like Carrie Fisher said in "When Harry Met Sally," "I'm just trying to help you have good taste." Just kidding.

To respond to my video suggestion or offer your own video picks send e-mail to jhoke@risc.usi.edu, or leave a note at the *Transitions* office in the University Center basement.



Redd Kross: sugar candy for the ears

Redd Kross
Show World
Mercury, 1997

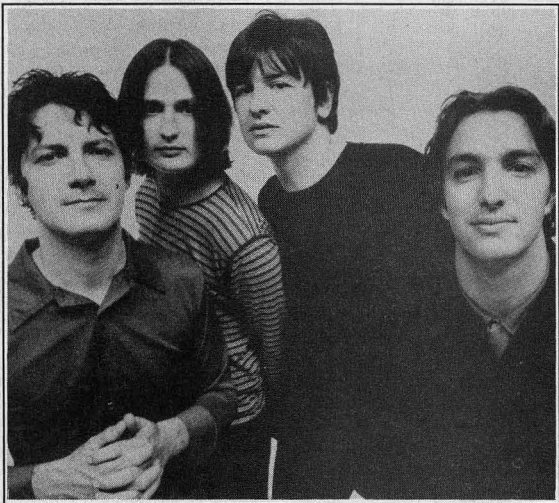
Jeff McDonald's voice sounds like the grittier side of John Lennon's, circa the Beatles' Hamburg hey-day. The CD's packaging glares as bright as a bowl of fruity pebbles, and the lyrics are just as tooth decayingly sweet. The hook is that Redd Kross is an American band aping at Brit pop—often they come off sounding like Oasis on Prozac. I find difficulty in believing the band comes from LA. and has been around since 1979 (when the youngest member aged in at 11 years). Redd Kross sounds too slick to be a polished studio band, and that is the bubble of brilliance in their bubble gum pop.

The songs on their latest CD "Show World" run into another and tend to sound the same. This may be a stroke of brilliance, in the fact that even in the diversity of '60s music, songs within separate genres tended to become clones of each other. Musically the songs on "Show World" feature heavy electric guitar punctuated by a fast drum and keyboard.

Lyrically the songs don't preach any heavy-handed lessons, but proclaim fun and love, mixed with the slightest bit of dread. With simple words the songs delve deep in the human psyche, all while making you shake your groove than

"Pretty Please Me," the CD's opener, with its Beatles meets glam rock edge will make any listener twist and shout. This get-up-and-dance tune beckons a girl to please her man and delights in the simple joys of a night of amour.

"One Chord Progression" tells the story of a one-hit wonder band who fell away, perhaps a statement of what Redd Kross does not want. The singer wonders "what went wrong"



because the band has "been away so long." Many acts of the 1960's, the era Redd Kross models itself after, sprang up, soared to number one, then disappeared into music history.

"Follow the leader opens with a funky riff, then quickly and sarcastically argues for one to join the norm in order to avoid thinking for one's self. The main refrain, "I don't want to make decisions any more because I'm lazy" throws a darting quip to those who follow too closely to others in lieu of self reliance. Ironically, this quip also darts to any critic who argues Redd Kross' style is not their own; by imitating, Redd Kross leaps ahead of the angst-ridden performers so currently prevalent.

"Secret Life," one of the few slow songs, regresses into the dark parts of the soul inhabited when one hides from love. Sometimes we have to hide from lovers to become better people and strengthen our relationships.

"Ugly Town," more up beat than "Secret Life," speaks also of retreat,

as well as lack of gumption. When one sits around doing nothing, one inhabits and ugly town full of ennui.

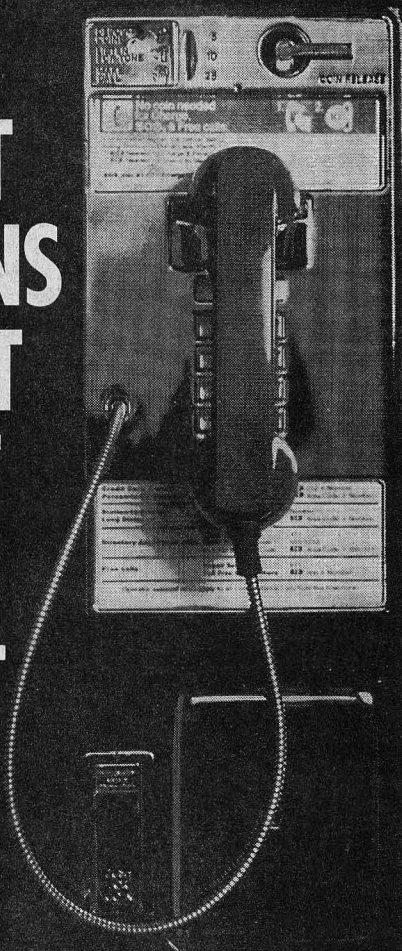
The promo packaging proclaims Redd Kross' wide celebrity following: David Cassidy, Debbie Gibson, Stone Temple Pilots, and Gene Simmons (hard to argue with a tongue like that!) Redd Kross' knack for recreating a musical era long past makes them sound more like the Beatles than the Beatles did on that insipid "Free As A Bird."

But Redd Kross are not the Beatles. Instead they take a refreshing break from the angst ridden norm. A bouncy sound hides a deeper meaning in what they say. "Show World" re-sounds as frothy fun.

With one MTV video they could soar far into the alternative/mainstream fringe. If all else fails, however, Redd Kross could purchase skinny ties and short boots and make a fortune from a remake of "Rock and Roll Music."

Shannon Neese

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Move over, Ralph Nader

Customers should get what they pay for

My thoughts exactly...

by Jamy Schuler
jschuler@comsource.net

Due to a public relations class project involving consumerism, I have done a lot of research on consumer advocacy lately. Since then, I have noticed consumer gripes more. This onslaught of "I'm-gonna-save-the-world-with-my-two-bare-hands" ideas has been overwhelming me within the last two weeks.

Let's try this analogy: after you buy a car for yourself, you see a million of that type all over town. Well, I am being bombarded by thoughts and feelings expressed about corporations.

Brace yourself, I now will join the bandwagon.

Toilet paper makers of the world: Put directions on packages as to how to hang the rolls; should the roll come over the top or around the back? My vote stands as over the top. We Americans have too many other things to worry about than how the toilet paper should hang. I call for uniformity: if the paper towels roll over the top, then toilet paper should follow suit.

How many licks does it take to get to the center of the Tootsie Pop? Scientifically study this and put our minds to rest once and for all.

Health-science people should not be punished with outlandish prices when they visit the grocery store. Why is it that a half gallon of vanilla frozen yogurt costs three times that of the gallon of "Chocolate 'Til We Kill Ya" stuff? For those of us that are gravitationally challenged, give us a break!

While I'm on the subject of food, manufacturers should put, in plain English, the ingredients that are really in a hot dog. On the front cover. In red and yellow. And fix that ever-problematic 8/10 ratio that plagues the hot dog/hot dog bun world.

I also understand that potato chip bags are not filled all the way to guard against broken chips. It's not working. Fill the bags or make sure that every chip is in tact.

Pre-shrunk clothes should not shrink. Don't laugh ... I know that I'm not at fault! My other shirts fit *just fine*.

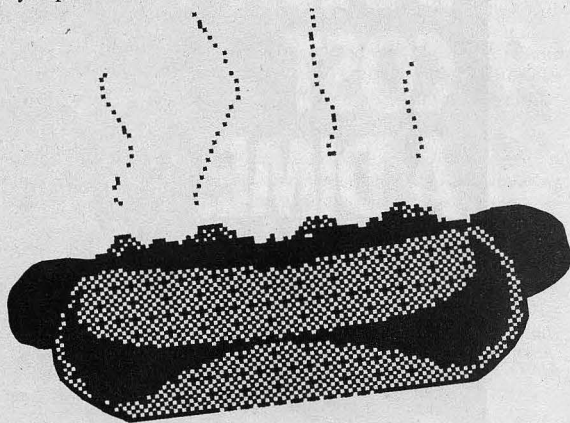
Flour and sugar bags should be *sealed* when they leave the warehouse. It is my hypothesis that each one has a trigger on it that we trip when we enter the aisle in the grocery.

Speaking of grocery stores, I believe I speak for all when I say no more wobbly carts!

Everyone that returns a video to the store unre wound should be lynched.

And finally, if the nightly news cannot find anything else to talk about than O.J. Simpson, despite the fact that the trial is *way* over, then they should cancel that evening's broadcast and show reruns of "Fat Albert" until they find some real news to report on.

God bless America! God help the consumer!



Horoscopes for the Hell of it

Pisces: (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20) "I'm growing older but not up. My metabolic rate is pleasantly stuck. Let those winds of time blow over my head. I'd rather die while I'm living than live while I'm dead." Jimmy Buffett, *I'm Growing Older but not Up*

Aries: (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) You feel a bit unhappy with your job but decide to take action and make your work environment a happy place. You chop your boss into tiny pieces and have Hootie and the Blowfish piped in continuously on the Muzaq. Everyone else is afraid of you, but you now look forward to work every day!

Taurus: (Apr. 21 - May 20) St. Patrick's Day brings out the Irish in you this month. You can't seem to leave the pub you entered March 1, and you have a strange desire for potatoes.

Gemini: (May 21 - June 21) Spring has sprung for you, Gemini. Even though it's only 45 degrees, you insist on wearing shorts every day. A bit of advice: your legs are not supposed to glow in the dark! You are great to have around when the parking lot lights are off on campus, however.

Cancer: (June 22 - July 22) "Some people never find it; some only pretend. But me, I just want to live happily ever after, every now and then." Jimmy Buffett

Leo: (July 23 - Aug. 23) Your tax return was not as big as you thought it would be so you are reduced to eating canned tuna and cat food. Don't worry, though, your table dancing business should begin to pick up soon.

Virgo: (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Hey, some girl named "Aly" called for you and said she was in a safe place and for you to meet her there because the girl of your dreams is waiting for you. Good luck!

Libra: (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) Perform a random act of kindness this month or some psycho will follow you around every day and ask to smell your socks. Trust me on this one. It's not worth it.

Scorpio: (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) You keep hearing the word "frigid" and begin to wonder what it means. You start running with a strange group of people and thank God every day for the "pact" so they won't ever tell about the things you do during the full moon.

Sagittarius: (Nov. 22 - Dec. 22) An exciting trip to a big, perhaps windy, city is in your future. You will have a wonderful time, reunited with old friends, but be warned: Freaks will be drawn to you.

Capricorn: (Dec. 23 - Jan. 19) Beware, Capricorn. The Vanderburgh County Sheriff knows what you have been doing and is closing in on you. You can run, but you can't hide! Try a disguise, maybe a big feather boa and a hat. That would help you blend!

Aquarius: (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) Come to the dark side, Aquarius. No, feel the force, Luke! Just remember that a big flashlight does not constitute a light saber and you never want to be known as Jabba the Hut.

ATTENTION

The last issue of *Transitions* will be available
April 16.

The deadline for submissions of
art, poetry, fiction and articles is
April 3.

The deadline for advertising is
April 1.

Late submissions and ads are accepted on a space-available basis.

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

Submissions may be left in the *Transitions*
mailbox or sent to:

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