

Transitions

Student Magazine

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November 1996



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

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

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Guilt and a smaller magazine

Some of our more astute readers have probably noticed *Transitions* is a little thinner this year. After making herself sick this time last year, the editor decided to take things a bit easier. She is getting older, you see. Part of the change was also due to a deliberate decision to print better quality articles and cut out the space filler. Since very often the editor's articles were space filler, readers have seen fewer of those.

I suppose I feel guilty because the magazine is a few pages smaller. I feel the need to purge my soul. And, like many perpetrators of crimes, I did not feel guilty until caught. I did not think twice about four fewer pages until I received hints that people noticed the difference.

Well, maybe no one noticed the difference, but our new advertising manager has tried to push me to publish more pages. You see, more pages looks better. More pages means advertisers will consider buying space. Of course, the reason most publications have so many pages is because they are filled with advertising—not with articles. We are all familiar with area publications that are short on articles of quality, but filled with advertising.

As I shoot myself in the foot with

future advertisers and possible employers, I will admit I would like to have more advertisements in *Transitions*. More advertisements means more money. More money means better equipment and more supplies. It means we can use spot color and reimburse writers for some of their troubles. It means editors can go to journalism conferences and editorial powwows. It means the whole staff could fly to Europe to do a special continental travel issue.

For those of you with no sense of humor, I am kidding about that last part. I would settle for ordering file folders without guilt.

In this the election month of November, I promise to do better regarding the contents. Next issue will be bigger and better than this one. You can help quality- and quantity-wise by submitting articles, especially feature pieces. We at *Transitions* are very good at self-indulgent opinion articles and are looking for something else. Everything will be considered, but we are especially looking for articles that report something or tell a story. Preferably someone else's story.

Next issue will be the last one of the semester. Another will not follow until late

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

Monday

12:30 - 1:30 p.m.

Thursday

1:30 - 2:30 p.m.

Or, be original and make an appointment.

Any questions, complaints, or compliments?
Call 464-1856.

January. It is your last chance of the semester to be included in *Transitions*. In some countries, students wait in line years to be included in state-sponsored alternative magazines. It is almost as important as phone service and fresh fruit.

We have it too good.

Tracy Bee
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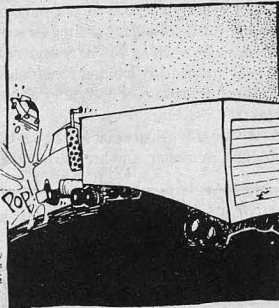
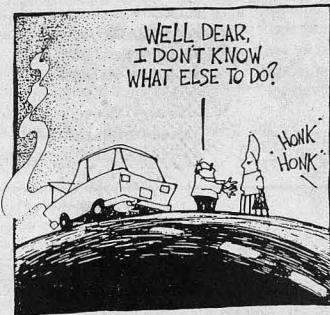
Submissions Guidelines

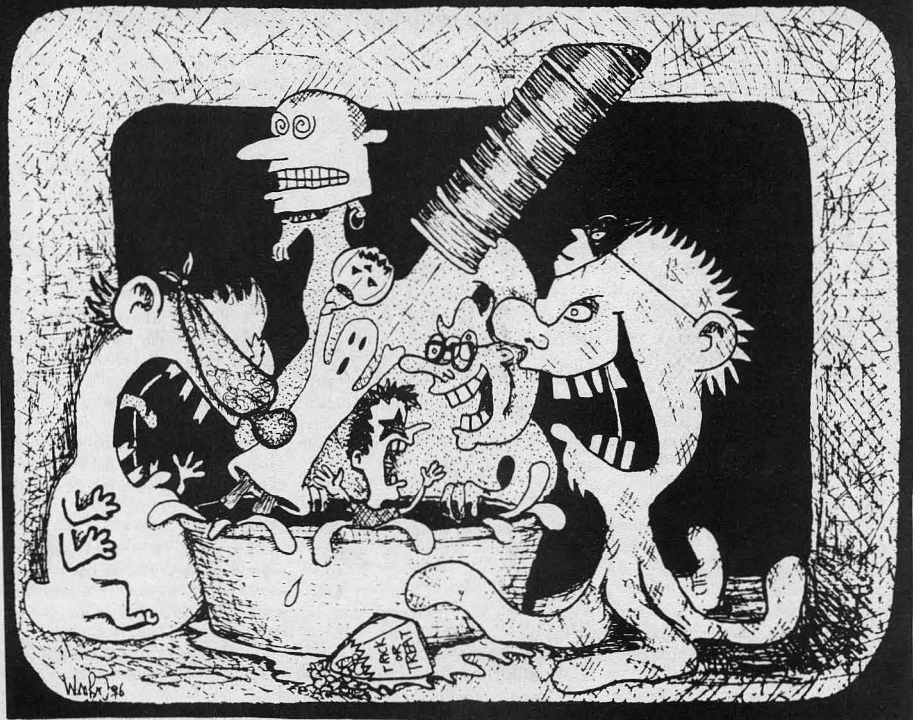
Transitions accepts feature articles, essays, reviews and other opinion pieces as well as poetry and fiction. Cartoons, photos, artwork or unique features are also welcome.

Please submit articles on IBM-formatted 3 1/2" computer disks accompanied by paper copies. Typed or legibly-written submissions unaccompanied by disk are grudgingly accepted.

Submissions will not be returned unless arrangements have been made with the editor.

For more information call 464-1856.





The ice has bubbles on Walden Lake

Yes, it is a strange hobby, but, unlike some diversions I tackled in my youth, it is harmless to my person and very economical.

I collect sentences.

When I stumble upon a great sentence I imprison it on my hard drive (and a backup disk, of course). I admire various types. Some are inspiring words of wisdom, some I have hoarded simply because they have served up a chuckle, and some sentences that are enshrined in my Syntax Hall of Fame are brilliant works of description. The latter are perhaps my favorites.

Some writers are brilliant painters of mental pictures. With one sentence they give us an intricate cerebral painting -- a picture that would require a paragraph or more from the rest of us. Stephen Crane had this genius. In his short story "*The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*," a Wild West sheriff travels to the big city to fetch his mail-order bride whom he has never met. Of course, we are all anxious to meet the bride, and Crane tells us all we need to know with one brilliant sentence:

It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully.

Now we know our bride intimately.

Keith Wicker sent me a sentence that continues in the Crane style of an author letting the minds of his readers do the work for him. From James Joyce's *Araby*:

North Richmond Street, being blind, was a quiet street at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free.

Without Joyce telling us, we know the quiet of Richmond Street was shattered -- and the exact moment!

Of course, words can conjure up great paths. A sentence from Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg was sent to me by Sherry Darrell. Lincoln reminds us that ground stained with the blood of



Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

heroes does not require the feeble esteem of the living:

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate -- we cannot consecrate -- we cannot hallow this ground.

Tracy Lynn Ford, a partner in crime on the *Transitions* staff sent me a choice construction from Piers Anthony:

I count on my hands, my fingers, the winters since we met: it was ten, and ten more, and ten more, and five more.

Many Native American writers typically offer us beautiful, earthy prose. Gertrude Simmons Bonin, a turn-of-the-century Sioux Indian writer, earned a spot in my Hall of Fame for:

Since the winter when I had my first dreams about red apples I had been traveling slowly toward the morning horizon.

One of the greatest sentence mechanics of all time, Ben Franklin, writes of his youthful indiscretions: *In the*

meantime, that hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried me frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in my way, which were attended with some expense and great inconvenience, because of a continual risque to my health by a distemper which of all things I dreaded, though by great good luck I escaped it.

Yes, Franklin could have saved some ink and written, "In my youth I squandered money on strumpets and, looking back, I was lucky not to catch the clap." But I, for one, would not make that trade.

Others from my Hall of Fame:

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and lights around the lake were gleaming. -- F. Scott Fitzgerald

A fat yellow moon appeared in the branches of the fig tree as if it were going to roost there with the chickens. -- Flannery O'Connor

A good report makes the bones fat. -- Proverbs 15:30 (King James)

The spring of the plains is not a virgin but brazen and soon away. -- Sinclair Lewis

A little self description from H. L. Mencken: *The cold came very near to fetching me in Lithuania, and now I have a game foot and my nose is swollen and takes on a vermilion cast.*

And finally, a flawless, beautiful, tranquil gift from Thoreau: *These are the little air-guns that make the ice crack and whoop.*

Ah, Henry, if you only knew how many times I have been beside you, there, on the frozen surface of Walden Lake, studying the bubbles in the ice.

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Election '96

Consider teenagers when voting

This is what government leaders mean when they describe America as a 'free' society: Fat-free, drug-free, alcohol-free, smoke-free and abstinent. Allegedly, President Clinton had proposed to award schools with minimal birth rates with "sex-free school" recognition. Dick Morris reportedly gasped, "What! Sex, ... for FREE!"

The president then conceded that the words 'sex' and 'free' might indeed confuse many young Americans (not to mention language-challenged immigrants), and opted to scrap the proposal, much to the relief of love brokers nationwide.

The freedom from need is too often prescribed for teenagers in America. Today's teens suffer greatly from what columnist David Broder asserts as "a public school system that is failing far too many students" and "an urban underclass that turns to drugs and crime in the absence of jobs."

As Madison Avenue actively sells sex, tobacco, condoms, and other "adult" paraphernalia, Washington aims to persuade youths to abstain from such consumption.

The recent action against a 6-year-old boy who kissed a young girl against her wishes spells out the contradiction of parents and schools aiming to raise a child's behavior to 'adult' standards. If children are to base their idea of what adult behavior is by what the child sees in media or at home, then the actions of the "kissing bandit" are quite acceptable.

My guess is that the young man will likely join the ever increasing numbers of children waiting in line for a daily dose of Ritalin. While the president and other political figures speak of their concern for young Americans taking drugs, the school nurse is busier than ever passing out pills that are strictly aimed at altering a child's behavior. A recent series of articles in

The Evansville Courier revealed that an astonishing 9.6 percent of third to fifth grade students in the Evansville public school system (and a whopping 17 percent of boys) were put on Ritalin last year. Do these children understand why they are prescribed this medication? For those that do, any appeal for them to avoid any mind altering drug must appear contradictory.

The recent statistics showing drug use among young Americans increasing steadily should be analyzed with a firm understanding between experimentation and addiction. Though teens trying out 'recreational' (and certainly, illegal) drugs should not be merely tolerated, their curiosity does not an epidemic make. Our own inhalation-challenged president can speak to the distinction between experimentation and addiction directly.

Steve Kelley of *The San Diego Union-Tribune* drew a wonderful cartoon recently portraying a father with 'baby boomer' printed on his shirt telling his joint-smoking son that "When I was your age, I had to walk six miles through snow to buy pot." Include all the other expansive mores of the '60s generation and you'll understand why teens today are so confused.

As Hanke Gratteau of *The Chicago Tribune* observed, "children today stand little chance of unscrambling the mixed messages sent by the addled adults who rule their world." Thus are the perils of capitalism, some would argue, and who is the "stupid" in "It's the economy, stupid," anyway? Is it the teen working for \$200 a week and spending \$150?

Adults have gambling casinos, taverns, nightclubs, and countless other diversions to occupy their free time. What are the teens in America to do? Study, abstain, and save

money?

Kids today would be hard pressed to find examples of such clean living from the adults who advise them to "just say no" or "just don't do it." With divorce and illegitimacy rates at the highest levels in American history, calling for parental guidance is hardly a solution. And leaving solutions to government has proven a poor strategy as well.

Parents and politicians are always ready to cite reasons for concern, and are too often not concerned with reasons regarding the state of teenagers in America. I would implore politicians to leave teens out of their rhetorical circus.

I would also go as far as to propose that government cease taking any taxes out of the paychecks of teenagers until they are given the right to vote at the ripe old age of 18. I believe it is a practice called "taxation without representation," and Americans that aren't aware of its consequences should brush up on their knowledge of U.S. history.

If politicians are truly concerned with the plight of young Americans, then they must do more to reach out to the lonely and confused bedrooms of so many American homes if they are to make their concern appear legitimate. A bridge to the 21st century will not be built without a great sacrifice, and the young people of today will likely sacrifice the most.

Many USI students have younger siblings, and the issues facing those little brothers and sisters have been an enormous focus this election year. From sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll to education funding and social programming, teens have a lot at stake as they face the next century. Be sure to consider them when you enter the voting booth in a few days. Our "future" depends on it.

—Russell Fox

Plugology 101

Evaluating problems of everyday necessity

My thoughts exactly...

by Jamy Schuler

Ever just sit around and wonder about plugs? You heard me, plugs. You know, the little doohickies that one sticks in the wall to send "juice" to his appliances/electronics/tools. Being the absolute lunatic that I am, I often sit and think to myself. I think, "Self, let's contemplate the plug." What follows is the result of one of those talk-to-myself sessions. If it scares you, do not continue. It even scares the hell out of me.

I call this thought segment "Plugology" which could be assumed to be the study of plugs.

The household plug can be advantageous while having its drawbacks. As a matter of fact, it could almost be called a 'necessity of life' without being too far from the truth.

The almighty plug aids humans in many ways from cooking to cleaning, entertaining to teaching, lighting a room to freshening the air in that room, telling the time to drying hair, or giving life via a respirator to even seeing a new life through an ultrasound.

Nevertheless, when a cord is attached to a plug, it can become a nuisance to all. If I am ironing, cooking, vacuuming, shaving, or even

talking on the phone, the cord often gets in the way or restricts the distance I can travel with the item in my hand and usually strangles me in the process. Still, who would have guessed the plug could be so necessary to everyday life?

Because it is so necessary, the plug can cause many headaches. The plug does cause many headaches.

If there were just one type of plug, then life would be so much easier. HA! As if. It seems as if someone wants to be the one to invent the most exotic type of plug. Are you this person? If you are, I will find you. Just you wait.

Some plugs are built for safety like the fake plugs that prevent small children from playing with the outlet. These are good.

Let us not forget the plug that connects us with the outside world via the telephone or plug (a.k.a. "jack") that hooks up the cable to the television. This cable plug has a little-bitty wire coming out of the center that is so unsteady it may as well be made of chocolate!

There is also the two-prong plug, the three-prong plug, the two-prong-adapter-for-the-three-prong-plug plug, the twenty-million-sockets-in-one-plug-for-the-Christmas-season plug, and the infamous one-prong's-bigger-than-the-other-one plug.

This one-prong's-bigger-than-the-other-one plug has caused many aggravating situations in my life. My hairdryer has one of these prong setups, as does my razor. I can't tell you how many course

words flow from my mouth every morning trying to get the blasted things plugged in. No matter how I may think I'm putting it in, it's ALWAYS the wrong way.

What's the purpose of making one prong bigger anyway? Has anyone figured out this great mystery of life? If you have, send all correspondences to the *Transitions* office.

My theory is that someone at the Plug Mutation Club of America is playing a cruel joke on the world. No one is laughing.

Regardless, electricity is the fuel of life and the plug is the fuel pump. The plug is just as important as the item it is attached to. Any appliance has the potential to be everything, but without the plug, it is nothing. Just as the English and metric systems have been battling for the top spot of measurements, so will the different forms of plugs.

Until one of them wins, I am forever at their mercy.



Good performances support tragic *Candidate*

Old Release Video Suggestion
"The Manchurian Candidate"
M.C. Productions, 1962
by Joni Hoke

This classic film shocked critics and earned Angela Lansbury an Oscar nomination. It tells a story of ultimate corruption, betrayal and a shot taken at the very heart of America.

Raymond Shaw (the late Laurence Harvey) returns from the Korean Conflict a war hero, one of 77 Congressional Medal of Honor recipients. Shaw rejects the attention of his domineering mother (Lansbury) to work as a research assistant to journalist Hoburn Gaines. Gaines is a bitter critic of the politics of Shaw's stepfather, incumbent senator Johnny Iselin, whom Shaw detests.

Iselin, a McCarthy-esque propagator of Communist paranoia, lacks any autonomy and functions solely as an alcoholic puppet for his sinister, power-hungry wife.

The film turns surreal early on, with a dream sequence involving Shaw's former platoon smoking pot and being interrogated by the New Jersey Ladies' Garden Club. The murder of Shaw's employer and the recurrence of the dream among the surviving platoon members prompts one of them, Major Ben Marco (Academy Award-winner Frank Sinatra), to investigate.

Marco begins to unravel the disturbing truth about the dreams: the ladies of the Garden Club actually rep-

resent warped memories of Chinese military brass and Russian agents of the Pavlov Institute. A Russian airborne unit captured Shaw's platoon and transferred them across the Manchurian border for three hellish days of conditioning with Shaw at its crux. In the words of the Russian charged

the strong mental hold the Communists established over him in Manchuria. He can only assume that everything centers around the upcoming presidential campaign, for which Sen. Iselin has been named Republican vice-presidential nominee.

Harvey's performance as a soldier manufactured into a weapon against his own cause is riveting. His trance-like gaze is itself hypnotic. A more tragic and pitiable character can scarcely be found in film.

Lansbury embodies all that is loathesome as the evil Mrs. Iselin. She handles the story's incest angle, played up in the novel, in a tasteful, understated manner. Lansbury's lofty diction and posture lend great credibility to this role.

Sinatra, who in 1988 declared this the highlight of his cinematic career, delivers solid evidence that he's a gifted performer and not just a mob-funded pretty boy. Janet Leigh also carries her weight as Marco's strong, supportive love interest.

Do yourself a favor and see this film—again if you already have. You needn't be a conspiracy theorist to enjoy it, but it probably helps. The Cold War may be history, but freedom always faces some form of oppression.

To respond to my video suggestions or offer video picks you'd like to see featured, send e-mail to jhoke@usi.risc or leave a note at the *Transitions* office in the University Center basement.



with supervising Shaw's program, "His brain has not only been washed... it has been dry cleaned."

Shaw begins receiving mysterious suggestions to "pass the time playing a little solitaire." Playing the card game and encountering the queen of diamonds triggers Shaw's obedience response, leaving him vulnerable to the orders of enemy operatives.

Marco, determined to unlock the memories buried in Shaw's and his own mind, must attempt to discover what evil deed the enemy has groomed Shaw to perform and break

The Pub: Familiar sight offers treasure on Lloyd

The Pub is located at 1348 Division. It is the two-story tan building with the neon-green "The Pub" sign located next to Highway 41 on the Lloyd. They serve food to please almost anyone's appetite, but offer a few Greek choices. The menu says that they also have banquet facilities—so if you plan to have a barmitzvah anytime soon, The Pub just may be your place.

The Pub

Dress: Casual

Price: \$8-12 for a meal

Drink prices vary

Food: Pub food with a couple of Greek choices

***** - Tell the world to try it.

**** - Tell your friends to try it.

*** - Mention it to someone in passing.

** - Tell your enemies to try it.

* - Don't tell anyone anything. Forget it exists.

Dining with the Gang

Transitions Staff Restaurant Review

come in and wreck the place.

The waitress was very patient—she had to be. Our resident camel, Tracy, asked for refill after refill of water. Gratis water. Phooey on her. Shannon made the waitress come back to the table three times before she decided on a drink to order. I started out with a Coke and moved quickly to a Khalua and Cream (\$4.50). Yum! Tracy ordered potato skins (\$4.75) as an appetizer. We get potato skins almost everywhere we go, but I thought these were the best I've had yet. Served VERY hot.

I ordered an Ultimate Pub Burger (\$5.95). This is a half pound of ground sirloin, stuffed with mozzarella and cheddar cheese, green pepper, onion, Worcestershire and Tabasco. The price was a little steep for just a burger. I also ordered steak fries with cheddar cheese and sour cream (\$1.90). The fries were hot and the sandwich was delicious—especially if you like your burgers with a kick.

Conforming to the rest of the gang, I ordered Baklava (\$2.50) for dessert. This is a holy-cow type of rich dessert that went down well with my Khalua and Cream. Then again, what doesn't go well with that?

I must admit that I missed Jennifer Hunley, who was unable to attend the dinner party. Although I have said some not-so-flattering things about her antics in the past, I did miss her "charm." Tracy tried to do an impression to ease my broken heart but no one can heckle the wait staff or the company like good 'ol Jennifer. Maybe next month.

Shannon's Experience

Pity the waitress who put up with our antics. The grease from the meal clogged our arteries as well as our senses of tact. Ask Tracy Bee about Mattel's latest Barbie sensation.

Aside from laughing and ridiculing each other, we ate. A LOT. We appetized on potato skins filled with cheddar cheese, bacon bits, and grease. I loved them.

I ordered a chicken sandwich (\$5.95) (must be a manifestation of a childhood fear about crossing the road) and cheese fries. The chicken was tender and juicy, well flavored, and came with a really great mayo. The fries were big potato wedges without much seasoning. They were good enough for me to scarf down Tracy Ford's unfinished pile.

For dessert, we all, in the tradition of diversity, chose Baklava, a light, layered Greek pastry filled with honey, cinnamon, and nuts. It would have been better served warm with a cold glass of milk.

The Pub offers Greek treats for the adventurous, and burgers and fries for the boring. A lot of snooty business types inhabited the bar area on a Wednesday night. Still, that didn't keep us young rowdies from fun. Prices and food are average for that type of place. I liked it, and I wish to return.

Tracy Lynn's Experience

Having passed The Pub numerous times to and from campus, I often wondered what this pub/restaurant was like inside. Of course, many of these thoughts occurred during my underage years, so I had no expectations as to the decor and atmosphere of The Pub aside from the bar scenes I'd seen on television.

Jamy's Experience

I decided that it was time that I actually visit the Pub. Who can think of a better time to do so than when I have the opportunity to drag three friends there with me, get them to eat the unknown, and then turn it into a review for the university's magazine? Just call me Mr. Devious.

I was impressed with the joint. Fresh flowers on the tables, assorted wall hangings and a quiet environment create the perfect atmosphere for the looney-bins from *Transitions* to

Well, after years of silent wishes to enter the facade of this neon-lighted, green-canopied building, wooden tables, chairs and benches were a disappointment. Luckily, the amusing personalities of my comrades were enough to keep me squirming on my bench, not because of the hard seat, but because I was laughing so raucously.

No, I wasn't drunk. In fact, I didn't drink one drop that evening. I don't believe drinking is necessary to have a good time. My flushed cheeks were a testament to the fact that laughter is the main ingredient of an enjoyable evening.

Anyway, to eat at this establishment, I tried the Ribeye Steak Sandwich (\$6.95). The steak was a little too tough for my taste, but I like my meat cooked medium or less. The steak came on a large roll, much like a sub sandwich would be served on, with lettuce, tomato and caramelized onion.

I also ordered the thin Pub fries with cheese (\$1.90). As my other comrades discovered, the large fries were potato wedges whereas my fries were regular size. And the cheese covered all the fries so much that my friends were forced by invisible tractor beams to pull stringy-cheesed fries off my plate and proceed to levitate these tempting morsels to their mouths.

I must admit that if I'd been hungry, or if I'd been drinking a bit (I think), I may have found the meal more enjoyable to my palette. Despite this fact, the conversation kept me awake to drive home.

Tracy's Experience

At a place called The Pub, I would expect shepherd's pie, not a gyro. But gyros are on the menu and that is what I ordered (\$5.35). Peppery sliced beef came wrapped in a pita with tomatoes, onions and sauce on the side. The sauce is labeled as "Greek" on the menu, but it had the look, taste and texture of tartar.

The gyro was delicious with or without the sauce.

I also ordered steak fries with cheese and sour cream. The Pub's steak fries used to be long, flat fries one would expect at a steak house except bigger and better. Now, however, these fries looked suspiciously like potato wedges. I do not like the change. Fortunately, anything can be fixed with enough sour cream and cheese. I preferred Tracy Lynn's thin fries, which were not thin, but fat and left with the skins on the ends.

I have also had The Pub's Fritos and cheese (\$3.25) on a previous visit. This seems like an odd choice since one can fix Fritos and cheese at home. Though the dish seems simplistic, it is

good. No one can ladle cheese on chips like the The Pub staff. I like The Pub. Most of my friends have worked there at one time or another. As long as none of them return, I'll be back for more good grub.

I wish, however, they would bring back the old steak fries.

The Pub is a quiet, dark place. It has always reminded me of a series of caves. Our waitress put us in one of the smallest caves. Our table was enclosed by walls on three sides. I liked being closed off from the rest of the restaurant.

The Pub strikes me as a place for adults. I always feel like the youngest person there. This is not a bad thing, but we were probably too rowdy for the establishment.

Consensus - ****

WOW! The second four-star rating in a row! This has to stop. But seriously, visit The Pub. It's the type of place you feel comfortable with just about anyone in any situation; lunch with the boss, drinks with a first date, or just an evening with friends.

The prices are fair and the food is favorable. It is a welcome change from the trendy, east-side restaurant chains. And they don't mind annoying groups of four who sound like they've escaped from someplace way out there. You know that place. Out there.

Evansville Radio that doesn't suck?

Try Evanville's only Alternative Rock!

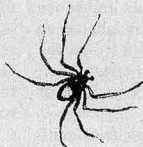
WSWI 820 AM

We're with you from sun up to sun down!

POETRY



Living In Silence



What if I had lived my life
Unable to hear the world?
Would I or could I
Love the objects of my passion?
Words could have no rhythm.
Their full meanings unreached by me.
I would be trapped in a cage of silence
While others can dance and sing.
That part of the world would be dead,
And death is a realm that I cannot understand.
I would be lost - alone
With only my thoughts to hear,
But what would thoughts be like
To one who has never experienced sound?
For when I think
I hear my own voice
Speaking secretly and solely to me.
How could I think in this way
If I had existed in absolute silence?
Living without sound
Would alter my entire life,
For how could I even know
The familiar sound of my name?

Robin Schotter

Visions of Madness

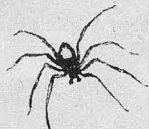
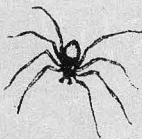
"Tree frogs," the lady said to me
Now tell me what you think
A bug, a star, a blade of grass
When twilight slithers 'round

The house belonged to no one
The fairies longed to see
Shadows lost and windows tight
When lightning haunts the town

Braided hair on pillowed lace
The blanket was hand bound
Three witches in a fight
One eyeball, they have found

Merlin, Arthur, a kettle of brew
They wanted to be
When midnight labored into light—
The lady answered me

Johannah Patterson



The Lady Madeline

Poor, sad, sick Madeline Usher
With a face mirroring her brother's
Presiding as lady of the House
She floats like a ghost to her disappearance.



With a face mirroring her brother's
Madeline Usher cries silently each night.
She floats like a ghost to her disappearance
Barricading the door to the cold, cruel world.

Madeline Usher cries silently each night.
No outsider has seen her in years.
Barricading the door to the cold, cruel world.
Has Madeline ever had a lover?

No outsider has seen her in years.
Mama and Papa lay dead.
Has Madeline ever had a lover?
Only brother Roderick and Lady Madeline remain.

Mama and Papa lay dead.
The House so like a tomb.
Only brother Roderick and Lady Madeline remain.
Corpses of Usher alive in sickness

The house so like a tomb.
Madeline languishes—lapses into oblivion.
Corpses of Usher alive in sickness.
Roderick buries her at home to keep her near.

Madeline languishes—lapses into oblivion.
Crack! Creak! Break! Madeline enters!
Roderick buries her at home to keep her near.
The fall of Madeline forces the fall of the House.

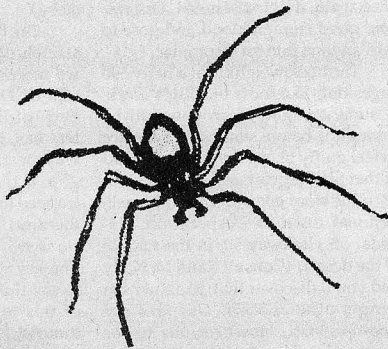
Crack! Creak! Break! Madeline enters!
Alive and well as ever, fired with ire.
The fall of Madeline forces the fall of the house.
If your brother buried you in virginal white after raping you,
wouldn't you be pissed too?

Annabel Lee

Cracked Virtue

a safe bogus goodness
all you do is lay in bed
and cry like the wolves walking in the garden
sister slapping the hoodlum hooch
day will come when day will be no more.
all you do is roll & stay
switching open wrongs to half-rights
grab around to the left of the flower
and gather in the bee, the snake and the rat
lurch forever among the constellations of stress and
happiness
write off the pleasantries for a while
get in motion the general tumbling of life & death
the future sits within easy memory
— starting anew —
Clanging & fisting to discover what was going to be
experimenting with snow and firecrackers
got to persistently get down, up and on

Cholsiah Multissi



Inconsistency muddies *Let Evening Come*

I first encountered Jane Kenyon's poetry in *The New Yorker* where it periodically appeared. But until her recent death, I hadn't felt compelled to read a complete collection. *Let Evening Come* is Jane Kenyon's third book of poetry. She published another collection in 1993 and her latest and last was just released this year.

It is hard for me to review Kenyon's work due to the themes that run through it. Kenyon is very in tune with the natural world and like a friend of mine says, "There are a lot of dog-walking poems." Her poems are narrative and quite lyrical, but at the same time the collection as a whole seems to confuse one like a song with good music, one that lacks the lyrics to back it up.

Kenyon uses delicate language that is simple, and yet her images are strong and without pretension. In the poem "The Pear," a meditation on middle age, Kenyon's minimalist attitude is apparent:

It happens suddenly, as when a pear
spoils from the inside out,
and you may not be aware
until things have gone too far.

This scene is released like a short breath, a sigh that says everything. The poem is only three stanzas and each one resembles the third with perfect timing.

A few pages later one is struck by a powerhouse first stanza in the poem "Dark Morning: Snow:"

It falls on the vole, nosing somewhere
through weeds, and on the open
eye of the pond. It makes the mail come late.

The next stanza is weak, and then one is left hanging and quite disappointed in the last stanza of the poem. I'm sleepy and benign in the dark.

There's nothing I want.....

This sort of drop-off in language and thought can be taken as symbolic, but the lack of imagination seems simplistic. Something like this should be saved for one's journal writing. When we are too close to a feeling language cannot always help us write about it eloquently.

Frankly, with this collection, I'm very undecided. Kenyon has obviously done well as a poet, and her ability is clearly shown in these poems. It is difficult seeing her use language so well and then to drift off into loose musings that are unclear. Kenyon will be missed, and though *Let Evening Come* felt neverending at times, she kept me up and alert with poems like "Insomnia:"

The almost disturbing scent
of peonies presses through the screens,
and I know without looking how
those heavy white heads lean down
under the moon's light.

—Jennifer Hunley

New King thriller entices readers

For all you fans of evil and darkness, Stephen King comes through once again. His latest novel, *Desperation*, gives enough blood and gore to turn anyone into an insomniac.

The book weighs in at a hefty 690 pages but, like most of King's work, is such a page-turner you will be through it before you have a chance to feel guilty about reading it instead of that Shakespeare assignment.

The story takes place in the small, fictional town of Desperation, Nevada, off Highway 50, in the middle of the desert. (Consult Rand McNally and you'll discover that, like towns in King's other books, Desperation doesn't exist. However, the towns surrounding King's mythical location are on the map, as is Highway 50.

Check it out, and you will see that King chose a perfect locale for his story.)

On this lonely stretch of highway, we meet the characters of *Desperation*. Each of the characters has, in one odd way or another, gotten trapped in this dead town.

The key word here is *dead*. Suffice it to say that in the past few days most of this town's population of a few thousand has ended up in decaying piles of flesh behind an old shed.

When you first meet Officer

Entragian, sole lawman of Desperation, you suspect something is wrong, but not until later do you realize just how awry things have gotten, thanks to the ultimate rogue cop.

In a war between Good and Evil, a 12-year-old boy seems to be the only chance for the trapped travelers to escape Desperation. Of course, the evil forces lurking in the copper mines of Nevada realize this child is their nemesis and will do anything to stop him.

Reading this book is like eating a big slab of chocolate cake. It is so good you want to devour it faster and faster, always looking forward to that next bite. Then, when you are finished, you wish you would have gone through it slower to savor all the details.

—Tina Sizemore

Anthony blends history, myth in *Tatham Mound*

Book Notes

Cliff's

Zombie

Tatham Mound
Piers Anthony
Avon Books, 1991

Imagine you are no longer a member of your ethnic group and no longer participate in your own culture. Instead, you are now an Indian of central Florida.

I know, it seemed like a difficult task to me at first, too. However, Piers Anthony, normally an author of science-fiction and fantasy, demands that we suspend our belief in our own culture momentarily and take on another when reading *Tatham Mound*.

As this author acknowledges in his "Author's Note," he understands the difficulty of forgetting one's culture and believing all aspects of another culture.

For this reason, Anthony makes his writing less difficult for us to understand by choosing to create a culture for a tribe of Indians called the Toco Indians.

These Indians died out completely, so little was known of them before the discovery of a burial mound of the Toco Atafi tribe in 1983.

Because *Tatham Mound* provided the only information collected on this group of Indians, Anthony sculpted his characters from Indian myths of primarily the Cherokee, Catawba, and Seminole cultures.

In any novel that tells the story of another culture, the characters must adequately portray the culture.

In this case, the mentality of Native Americans, as well as their myths, ceremonies and daily activities, must infuse the novel with the vitality of their culture. As Tale Teller, the main character of this novel, says after dealing with the Portuguese conquerer Hernando de Soto, "I am glad I am primitive!"

Having read several novels by Native American authors, I have come to the conclusion that Anthony has written this as well as a non-Native American author can. He weaves history, myth, and culture together by utilizing several key devices to arouse the reader's interest: action, adventure, passion and death, to mention a few.

Anthony allows us to sympathize with Native Americans by including history about white European explorers, in this case, the Portuguese conquerer Hernando de Soto.

I would recommend reading Anthony's novel *Tatham Mound* simply for the storytelling. But if you want to learn about Native American culture, this would be an excellent place to start.

—Tracy Lynn Ford

The Aerie

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New Counting Crows album pales to first; Nada Surf succeeds as one-hit wonder

Counting Crows
Recovering the Satellites
Geffen Records

The first Counting Crows album *August and Everything After* is one of my favorite albums of all time. Naturally, when I heard that their second album was due for release in October, I was ecstatic.

The second release *Recovering the Satellites*, came out October 15 and is a mere shell of its predecessor. Apparently, the writing talent of Adam Durtiz has been star stuck or possibly he used up all of his best ideas for songs on the first album. This is by no means a terrible album, but no one will ever write again the way that Durtiz did in *August*.

One the new tunes that grabbed my attention was "Catapult." The song is about wanting to have someone to spend the rest of your life with. The lyrics are written in the typical Adam Durtiz style: depressing. This tune also very much shadows the first album.



Glenn Hasenour
ghasenou@risc.usi.edu

The second track, "Angles of the Silences," is the first single from the album. If you have heard it, you may have noticed that it is a bit more upbeat than what you are used to hearing from the Counting Crows. This is typical of the entire album.

The title track is about two old friends who grew up together in a rural area. The song talks about how hard it is to stay out of the town which is filled with gossip and pessimism. Everyone who leaves seems to come back for good eventually. Hence the town is recovering its satellites.

I hope that this album does better than I

think that it will. I give this album a 2.8 on the usual 5 point scale. This is an average score and I believe that a band with such talent should be doing much better.

Nada Surf
High/Low
Elektra

MTV caught many eyes with the video for the song "Popular" by Nada Surf during the past couple of months. With a likeable tune, this song explores a common theme of the alternative movement in high school: popularity. I really liked this song and decided to check out the rest of the album.

High/Low seems to have been influenced by '80s rock. There is a lot of that type of sound in it. The lyrics however are common alternative themes. They don't really have much to offer that you cannot hear on any other alternative album.

Most of the songs on this album are upbeat, but some change tempo several times in the way that "Popular" does.

There is a song on the album called "Hollywood" that is about trying to be popular in Hollywood. The theme of the song is that stardom goes as quickly as it comes. This will almost definitely be the case for this band.

Without "Popular" this album is almost a complete failure. I gave it 2.3 because it just isn't very exciting.

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Women sing for breast cancer awareness

Various Artists

Women for Women Two

Mercury

Women for Women Two is not touchy-feely, "I Am Woman, Hear Me Roar" prattle. With this CD, the National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations intends to raise women's awareness of breast cancer and its accompanying issues. Who better to provide the music than women themselves, ranging from young upstarts Jann Arden and Joan Osborne to veterans Carole King and Tina Turner.

The liner notes offer photographs of breast cancer survivors, tips for better breast health, and advice from the participants themselves. NABCO explains their mission: "We believe the breast health message must be sent many times over and in many ways so that women will hear it. This is a crucial goal, because most women don't have the facts that could save their lives."

Most of the CD's songs appear on the artists' original albums; some may

already be familiar to listeners. All songs feature love as a backbone, but strength and survival overlaps the main theme. Listeners will easily recognize Jann Arden's recent radio smash "Insensitive," and Carole King's medley of "Beautiful/Natural Woman" from her 1971 *Tapestry* album. Most participants are standard pop icons. Oleta Adams represents R&B, Terri Clark-country. Three relatively unknown acts—Leah Androne, Joy Askew, and Lauren Christy counter-balance Carole King's and Tina Turner's legendary status.

Beautiful-voiced balladeuses Dion and Williams reach sublimity in their usual elements. Dion's positive heartache in "Send Me A Lover" drips with longing. Williams' smoky, slinky rendition of Sting's "Sister Moon" gets both crunchy and sexy.

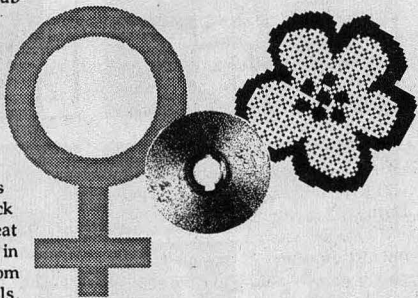
Lauren Christy's throaty poetic ode "25 Back Then" is the only downbeat song, but doesn't mire itself in depression. The songs from Crow, Grant, Indigo Girls,

Osborne, and Clark represent their most typical work—good if they suit your tastes normally.

Only two songs, those by Leah Androne and Joy Askew, disappoint. Androne's piping little voice is cute until she begins screaming. Joy Askew just seems weird. With those two exceptions, the CD flows well and is otherwise flawless.

Buy this CD for your mother, sister, friend—any woman in your life. The songs will uplift her, and the facts just may save her life.

—Shannon Neese



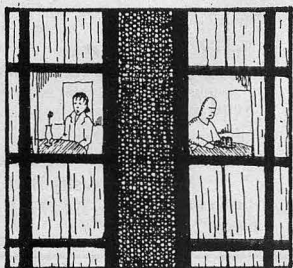
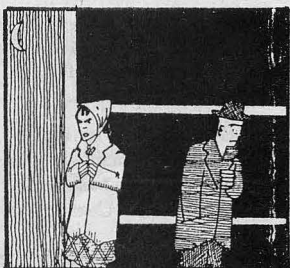
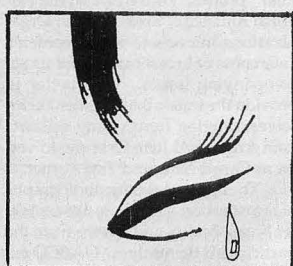
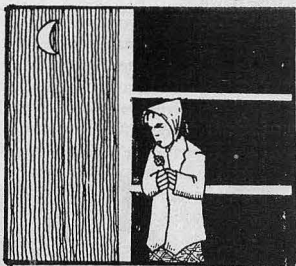
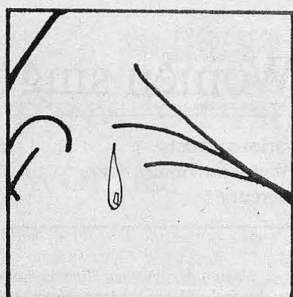
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Horoscopes for the Hell of it

Scorpio (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) Watch for flying elk. When they appear, the fit will hit the shan. You also meet someone blonde this month. Or maybe we mean blond. At any rate he/she has flaxen hair.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 22) You're reputation as a bargain hunter precedes you. But, don't you think you've been going a little far lately. Ten-dollar couches are all very well, but what are you going to do with that breast pump?

Capricorn (Dec. 23 - Jan. 19) No, it's not the water. You're having a breakdown. Take a week off. Sure you'll miss a few classes, but the benefits will be, well, beneficial. Try playing on a teeter-totter. We find it very relaxing. And, remember: it's always better with a partner.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) See one of the foreign films at the theatre this month. Then blow all your money to go to that country for Christmas. You meet your soul mate while waiting for a flight at the Evansville airport. You know what kind of people wait around that airport, don't you?

Pisces (Feb. 19 - March 20) C-SPAN has been your best friend lately. You forgot to let someone know of your goal to become couch potato of the month. Call someone who doesn't care.

Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) Your homicidal thoughts toward your Barbie are overriding your personality. Try planning the perfect murder for your teddy bear instead. Scary. We blame your mother.

Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20) We borrowed your sweatshirt last week, but we have some bad news. Our dog turned it into a birthing table. Sorry. We bought you some Hawaiian punch. The red kind.

Gemini (May 21 - June 21) Something catches your eye at the side of the road on your way to campus. You pull over and find an abandoned brass tea pot. Don't rub it; you're protuberant evil twin is trapped inside.

Cancer (June 22 - July 22) Oprah called us because she couldn't find your number. It seems her studio will be paying for you and a guest to participate in a show entitled "Women who date men who look just like them." Don't worry, your love doesn't look *that* much like you. We mean it. Really.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22) You're off to jail if you don't change your ways. Directly to Jail. Do not pass Go. Do not collect \$200.

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Don't touch the phone. You're two months behind on your phone bill as it is. Try writing a letter instead. We recommend the old-fashioned style of using quills and ink wells. Your pet courier pigeon could deliver your letter to that friend in Greenland. Remember Biff? He was transferred.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) Your ears are some of the largest we've ever seen. That explains the fifteen earrings in your left ear, but how do you explain the twelve moles on your back?

ATTENTION

The next issue of *Transitions* will be available
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The deadline for submissions of
art, poetry, fiction and articles is
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The deadline for advertising is
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