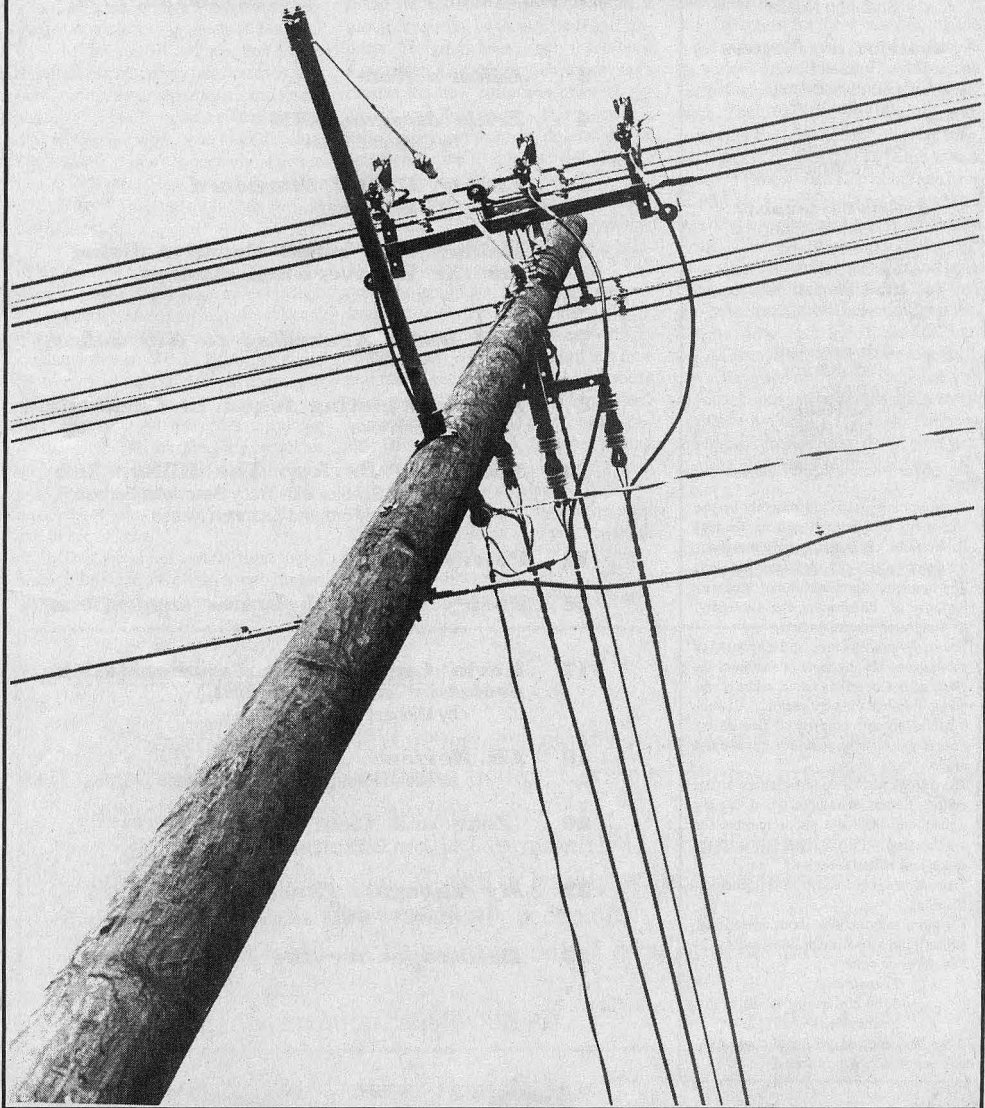


Transitions

Student Magazine

Volume VII Issue IIII

December 1996/January 1997



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Inside

Vol VII Issue IV

Dec. 1996/Jan. 1997

- 3** *Editor's Note*
- 4** *Ernie Morgan, CPA*
by C. Matt Billman
- 5** *Listing T'ward Starboard*
by Mike Whicker
- 6** *Making ends meet: Creative living for the impoverished student*
by Russell Fox
- 7** *The World According to Bill Johns*
- 8** *Senseless rioting found in Carbondale*
by Joni Hoke
- 10** *Staff Food Review: The Hilltop Inn*
by Jamy Schuler with Tracy Bee, John Farless,
Tracy Lynn Ford and Shannon Neese
- 14** *Poetry*
- 16** *Poetry books: Christmas suggestions*
by Jennifer Hunley
- 17** *Kevin Corbett: New Communications professor adapts to USI*
by Michael Sizemore
- 18** *CD Reviews*
by Glenn Hasenour, Shannon Neese
- 20** *Zeke and Clem*
by John E. Thompson
- 22** *My Thoughts Exactly . . .*
by Jamy Schuler
- 23** *Horoscopes for the Hell of It*

Changes: This space could be yours

There were people who thought it would never happen. But, it will, and it is official. The paperwork has been completed, signed and filed. The upcoming semester is my last. I graduate in May.

I want you all to know that I miss this place already, every one here is so supportive, I have learned so much and I wear a size six. I prefer neutral colors, though dark jewel tones work well, too. Of course, I'm kidding. I don't expect any of you to buy me clothes. How would you know what I like? This situation calls for gift certificates.

This May brings two major changes in my life. The first I have mentioned. The second change affects *Transitions* readers. Some strange rule or other dictates I cannot return as editor. It seems this job is a student position. We are left with a slight problem: finding a student to fill said position.

I am now in the process of training one neophyte and must in good conscious offer the opportunity to the rest of the campus. If anyone is interested in my job for next school year, it is in your best interests to see me now.

This job is not as easy as it looks. Some training is involved, if only to understand my filing system.

Though I can share my knowledge with perspective editors, I do not choose my successor. That responsibility belongs to the Student Publications Committee, a group consisting of faculty, staff and students. The group usually only meets once a semester. The primary objective is to choose the new editors-in-chief of *the Shield* and *Transitions*. The process is rather quick and painless, or least always has been for me. But, then again, I never had any competition. Literally.

The committee is very interested in experience. This job is learn-as-you-go, but some foundation of knowledge is helpful. I am offering this foundation. I will not offer again, and I will not spend my summer training the next editor.

Some of my brighter readers might be suspicious: What if I invest all that time and fail to get the job? In a bad mood, I would say, "Well, I guess you're a loser." In a good mood, I would point out the useful skills you obtained. Besides writing and editing, this job requires knowledge of common word-processing and page-layout computer programs. Some people pay lots of money to learn and practice these skills in a class.

In the interest of full disclosure, I will admit there are some fringe benefits

to being editor. I receive a half-tuition waiver and \$100 an issue. I have a campus mail address, faculty e-mail address and phone mail.

In return for these benefits, my life is not my own. I have become a slave to the various message-taking machines, and I spend numerous hours in a windowless room. The time I put into this job varies according to the nearness of press time, but it probably averages 15 hours a week now that I know what I am doing and have helpful staff members. Last year when I was new, I worked about 20 to 25 hours a week.

There are other negative and positive aspects which I will discuss with anyone interested. In the meantime, we will not go to press again until the end of January. As always, submissions are requested.

Have a lovely winter vacation. And as you take advantage of the sales, remember there are only a few more shopping months left to pick up something for your favorite graduate. I wear a size six.

Tracy Bee
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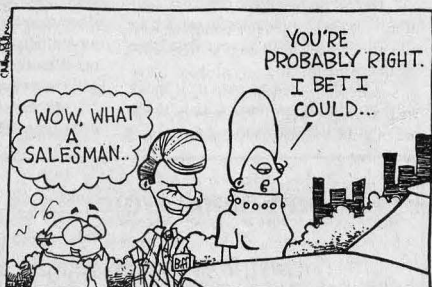
Submissions Guidelines

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.



Our Right to Pornography

Radical Feminist Speaks at USI

Regardless of contrasting views concerning the American Civil Liberties Union, one thing can be agreed upon by those who sat through the Nov. 13 speech by the organization's current president, Nadine Strossen: It is unlikely Ms. Strossen will be accused of boring her audience.

Her use of phrases such as "tits and ass" and allusions to various sexual activities was by no means the stodgy rhetoric which weighs down eyelids.

For those who rebel at the idea of reading a newspaper or watching the evening news, the ACLU is a non-partisan organization that busies itself with interpreting the Constitution and then defending individuals or groups whose civil rights they believe to be in jeopardy.

The ACLU has defended a wide range of individuals and groups, and it can justly accept accolades for certain past work, including the role the organization played in Supreme Court rulings that guaranteed legal aid to the poor. But, over the years, the ACLU has also been embroiled in controversy.

The ACLU has defended the rights of homosexuals to marry and adopt children. And, lest anyone think this group defends only the extreme left-wing fringe of our society, in 1978 the organization defended the right of a group of American Nazis to march in Skokie, Ill., a Chicago suburb with a high concentration of Jewish residents.

Many Skokie residents had family members who perished in the death camps of the Third Reich (the reason the neo-Nazis chose Skokie). The ACLU successfully defended the Nazis right to march.

Because of the ACLU's legal battles on behalf of such groups, and its ongoing battle for even further separation of church



Listing T'ward Starboard

by Mike Whicker

and state, the ACLU has been accused of crossing the line from a welcome defense of our civil rights to a wholesale attack upon the core values necessary in a civilized society.

So with high curiosity I attended Ms. Strossen's lecture entitled "In Defense of Free Speech & Pornography."

Ms. Strossen told us the ACLU advocates, in the name of defending our free speech rights, the legalization of prostitution, drugs (including heroin and crack cocaine), and hard-core, violent pornography. We are not discussing Playboy magazine or even the "standard" X-rated movies hidden away in the little room at Movie World, but pornography that depicts the acting out for entertainment purposes of rape scenes and violence against women.

Ms. Strossen stated any laws banning even this violent type of pornography would be censorship and a violation of the free speech rights of the women who willingly participate.

She showed us the cover photo from a lesbian magazine during her talk. The picture was of a woman scantily dressed in

a leather whips and chains outfit. This picture, she told us, was just one example of what opponents of "free speech" would ban if it were not for the ACLU.

After apologizing for not having a blow up of the picture of the leather-clad lesbian, Ms. Strossen compared her fight for the porn industry to Margaret Sanger's battle for a woman's right to decide on the issue of birth control 75 years ago. (Thankfully, Strossen stopped short of an analogy between herself and Joan of Arc.)

But the scariest part of the evening for me was the questioning of Ms. Strossen about the ACLU's stance on child pornography. Ms. Strossen assured us the ACLU considers children who are forced or coerced into participating in pornography as victims of child abuse; but (and here's the scary part), if a child could convince a court that he/she was competent and making an informed decision that child should be allowed to participate in such activities.

Ms. Strossen feels age should be no factor and that even a child of six should, by law, be allowed to participate in pornography if that child could convince a court of its ability to make a "mature" decision.

I spotted Dr. Tom Rivers, one of our English professors, in the audience that night. A couple of days later I caught up with him in his office. Rivers said his concern with the ACLU is their apparent equating of all things legal with all things good. Rivers compares this attitude to the raising of speed limits. Yes, you might have a right to drive 80 mph but it is the rest of us who have to clean up the mess.

Overall, my evening spent listening to Nadine Strossen reminded me of a question the Chicago Tribune's Mike Royko once asked: "Has anyone got a net big enough to throw over our nutty society?"

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Making ends meet

Creative living for the impoverished student

To say that Evansville lacks the majority of elements that make a "college town" would be an understatement.

When I began my career in higher academia, I found myself envious of my friends who chose larger universities in towns like Bloomington or Ann Arbor. But that was 10 years ago.

Today, I would argue that attending college in a city like Evansville is advantageous for the young, single student.

For many students, the college experience will be the most economically challenging period of their lives, or let's at least hope so.

I have learned many peasant skills during my stay in the Pocket City, and I would like to share some of the ways Evansville taught me how to live on a shoe sole budget. I'll call it something like ... "White Trash Tips," though these helpful hints know no racial or ethnic boundary.

I. Nutrition Tips

For those familiar with my hefty frame, there can be no doubt that the boy stays well fed, and I do it on the cheap, utilizing clever, palate-friendly food strategies discovered here in our beloved tri-state region. Take this breakfast, lunch and dinner combo for example.

Breakfast: Howell Holes. Travel south on Barker Ave. beyond the famed Ray Becker Parkway, and you too will experience the cheap charm that is Howell. Howell Holes are prepared by tearing globs of generic biscuit dough and dropping them into vegetable oil heated to 325 degrees. Fry until golden brown and roll the holes on a paper plate full of cinnamon sugar. Bon Appe-sweet!

Lunch: Potato Logs from the Jr. Food Mart. Nineteen cents a pop for

a good sized chunk of potato deep fried in fried chicken coating. Just two of these babies can provide enough complex carbohydrates to get any famished pupil through a full afternoon of classes. The Jr. Food Mart in Howell also sells sides of cheese sauce for a quarter, which will give your potato log just the right punch.

Dinner: Southern Stromboli. A Poseyville classic! Start with a

nap on the highway.

Therefore, I recommend finding a large piece of old cardboard and painting CAR PHONE? in bright letters on it. Keep the sign in your trunk or back seat and hold it high should you get stranded. You're bound to find some yuppie with a cell phone who'll stop and let you use their phone, for a small fee, of course.

Duct Tape: The original peasant toolbox. You can fix a tear in your trousers, hold up your dashboard, extend your radio antenna, bind and gag your hostages, and perform any number of other do-it-yourself projects. Never leave home without a big roll on hand.

III. Recreational Tips.

The Old Kentucky Bar-B-Q: Karaoke is the single most inexpensive show of idiocy you can get on a night out, and no one in town does

Karaoke better than the Old Kentucky Bar-B-Q, where every night is "You Can Be A Star" night. It's like a West Virginia talent show on tranquilizers. It's the perfect setting for a White Trash date—greasy food, cheap booze and a cavalcade of tawdry talent.

I'm afraid that the remainder of recreational suggestions I would present would be frowned upon by the University and law enforcement communities. Try to spend a little time in Dogtown, Boxtown or Howell and you'll know what I'm talking about.

Discover the wonders of livin' on the White Trash tip! What better time than the end of the semester, when money is too tight to mention, to apply some of these and other time-proven methods to your daily grind?

You'll likely gain a sense of belonging, a spirit of place and an increased proficiency in manipulating the noises coming from your innards. Vive le Howell!

—Russell Fox



Totino's Sausage Party Pizza and allow it to thaw for 45 to 55 minutes. Chop up some small strips of onion, add a few pinches of extra mozzarella and cook on aluminum foil at 250 degrees until you smell it from the other room. Cut in thirds and serve with a smile.

II. Winter Travel Tips

The Dogtown Scrapper: Nothing is quite as annoying as running late on a cold morning and finding your windshield caked with frost. Why spend a fortune at the Auto Zone for an ice scraper, when you can do like they do in Dogtown? Use the front end of a cassette case, with equal effectiveness! Pearl from Dogtown tells me that Maxell blank cassette cases are best, though I'm rather partial to Memorex.

Cardboard with Car Phone: Those of us who drive crappy cars know the terror of walking to a pay phone when the old horsey takes a

HAPPY HOLIDAYS



**THIS HOLIDAY SEASON, SHARE YOUR HOME
WITH THE MENTALLY DERANGED!**

Senseless rioting found in Carbondale

CARBONDALE, Ill.—Oct. 26, 1996: The boy on the corner swigged a longneck and flipped back his chin-length hair. A clump stuck to his face, pasted there with blood. At his temple gaped a wound. He squinted through the haze, waiting for the next wave of turmoil.

"What happened to you?"

"Ha! A bottle!" he said in his best rock-and-roll rebel voice.

The street teemed with "rebels," but no cause could be found. As the 1996 Halloween riot wound to a close, many of the participants milled around acting tough, sharing Bottle Boy's pride at their accomplishment. "We really showed them!" they seemed to say.

"Showed what to whom?" I wondered.

Now, I admit I'm getting older, and I was never much for rioting anyway, but the event perplexed me. Let's take score. Persons involved: close to 600, not counting police; minutes of

havo: 90; square blocks covered: several; points driven home: zero.

I'd never had the pleasure of street-partying in Carbondale on this devil's holiday, nor was that the reason for my trip. I drove down for a weekend journalism conference at a lodge outside of town. In fact, only when some tipsy reporters hovering around the soon-to-close cash bar suggested a drive into town did I realize

(like myself and the broadcasting major with the video camera) and kids involved in hurling beers, flashing body parts, ripping up street signs and overturning produce trucks (almost everyone else). The cops adopted an equal-opportunity macing policy.

"I was just standing there with my girlfriend, and I got maced for no reason!" said a sophomore as he felt for a wall with outstretched hands.

From what I could see, tears streamed down his red face through clenched eyes. I knew I looked just like that. Everyone did—we were the Stepford students.

A young Hispanic male piped up:

"Just keep your eyes shut, breathe fast and count to 10 six times, and you'll be straight." This sounded like the voice of experience, and since it was the only advice being offered, I took it. I felt like someone had sprayed an industrial can of Endust down my throat into my lungs.

When that cloud dissipated, I heard the chief of police shout into the crowd from 30 yards away. "Hey, are you kids outta gas?" Another canister flew; the second line came in.

"This is the tactic of the '70s," a middle-aged longhair informed us. "Push 'em in one direction. It's the dominance theory." He would refer to that bygone era several more times before I could stumble away in search of some real answers.

In the end, I would find none. This was not Tiananmen Square. These young people, angry and vigilant on the surface, offered no underlying moral justification for their actions. No anti-war sentiment, no battlecry for civil rights, nothing. This violent encounter lacked the soul of even a simple bra-burning.

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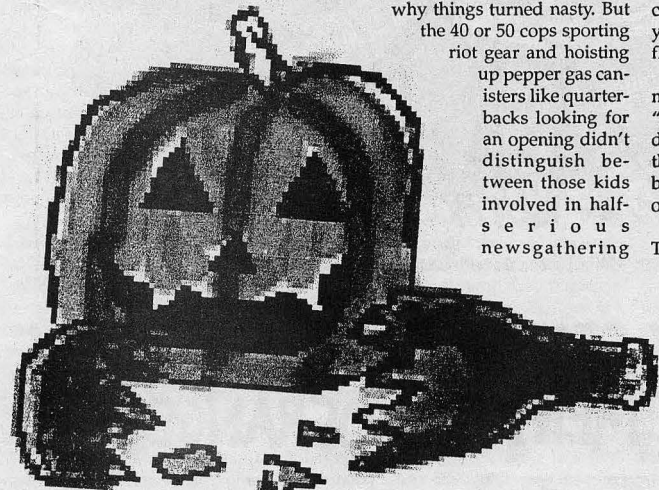
"I was just standing there with my girlfriend, and I got maced for no reason!"

- a Carbondale sophomore

that the conference coincided with that city's legacy weekend.

As you may know (or should have figured out by now), students rioted. Anyone on the street under age 30 would come to be implicated in the rowdy goings-on.

My main involvement in the ruckus was chasing people around with a notebook, trying to find out why things turned nasty. But the 40 or 50 cops sporting riot gear and hoisting up pepper gas canisters like quarterbacks looking for an opening didn't distinguish between those kids involved in half-serious newsgathering



The following morning, I woke up to a pepper-gas/Wild Turkey hangover wondering, 'Did that really happen? Did I really get laughed off by a cop and told to walk ten miles into the woods back to the lodge when I asked him where I could get a cab? Did I really lock my key in my room and break into the lodge at four in the morning to get on the phone to the city desk and try to call in this ridiculous story?' I couldn't spend a lot of time trying to reconstruct the evening; I had 15 minutes to make the morning seminar, where I knew there'd be a newspaper.

The front-page headline the "Sunday Southern Illinoisan" ran that morning read "IDIOTS TAKE STRIP: Three Arrested." On page A6 of that same edition, a seven-inch brief headed "Journalists Tear Gassed in India" recounted the tribulations of 300 reporters shut down by police in New Delhi. Same day, same basic dynamic, except the journalists got the gas as they marched from their offices to the Interior Ministry shouting, "Stop attacks on journalists," and "The freedom of the press is in peril!"

Those reporters suffered as a consequence of their call to action, a public plea for social change. Whether it was right or wrong, they knew why they cried in pain and stumbled down the street. They cried and stumbled for the right to do their jobs in peace. The kids in Carbondale suffered in vain and of their own volition. The kids in Carbondale cried and stumbled, as the sophomore leaning against the bricks said, "FOR NO REASON."

Joni Hoke

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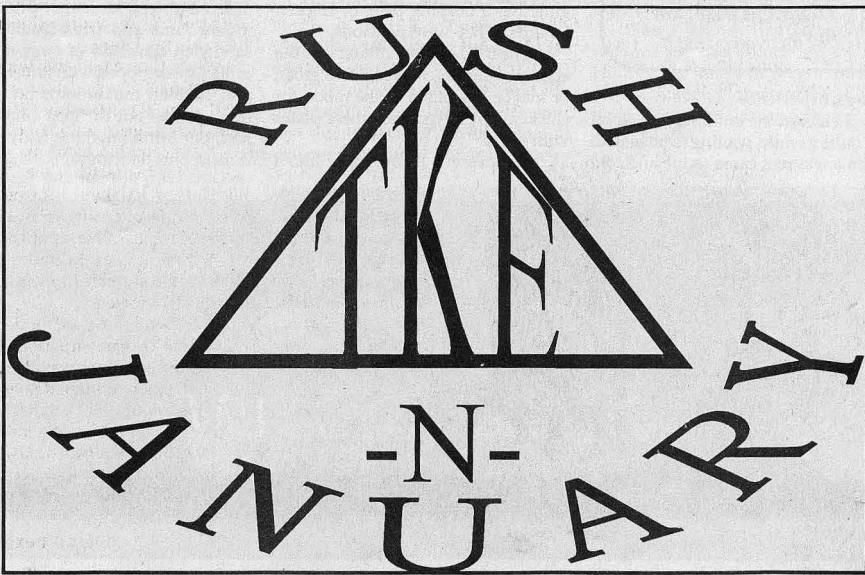
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The Hilltop Inn: Skewed toward older generation

The Hilltop Inn is a pillar to those who find their home on Evansville's westside. The easiest directions are these: drive north on St. Joseph and turn left onto Maryland. Maryland ends at a three-way stop and there you are! The classic white two-story building is--guess what--on top of the hill.

The Hilltop Inn
Price: \$8-12
Food: Down home
Dress: Casual

- ***** - Don't even *think* of touching my plate 'till I lick it clean!
- **** - Doggy bag? Who needs a doggy bag?
- *** - Hmmm, Rover might eat this.
- ** - How many times will I have to get up throughout the night?
- * - I think this might kill Rover.

Jamy's Experience

I entered the building and stood for quite a while, waiting to be seated. Then a waitress came to me and told

Dining with the Gang

Transitions Staff Restaurant Review

me to seat myself. This incident immediately gave me away as a person who obviously did not have a clue about this joint.

Another reason I stuck out was my age. I do not have grey hair, use Polydent or use any type of walking assistance device. I am not saying that these things are negative qualities, I am just trying to establish the atmosphere. An atmosphere in which our group did NOT fit.

I ordered fried chicken gizzards and livers (\$5.95) as an appetizer. Having been raised in Jasper, my blood is 95 percent German food. That's why I felt right at home digging into a heaping plate of chicken innards. They were delicious.

The fried chicken dinner was the special of the day. Maybe it was gross, or maybe I was not in the mood for chicken, but I eyed the others plates with envy.

For dessert, I dove right into a

slice of apple pie ala mode (\$2.50). It was your run-of-the-mill reheated pie with a side of vanilla. Not bad, not especially memorable, either.

One problem: Each canned soda was \$1. My advice: Invest in a fountain and give free refills. Or at least don't roll your eyes when I ask for my fifth glass of FREE water.

John's Experience

After a slight mix-up, I joined the rest of the group just as their appetizers arrived. From reading past food reviews, I got the impression that appetizers were a favorite part of their meal. My suspicions were confirmed when the waitress unloaded large plates heaped high with onion rings, fried mushrooms, cheese balls, chicken livers and gizzards. At first glance I thought the main course had already arrived.

While watching Shannon try to discern between livers and gizzards, I ordered a steak sandwich with grilled mushrooms and fries (\$6.50). The sandwich consisted of large strips of grilled steak topped with grilled onions and sautéed mushrooms on a steak bun. It was not the best I have ever had, but I find anything with sautéed mushrooms delicious.

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The Hilltop has been around since 1839, and I think some of the people have been too. I was not bothered by the over-50 crowd, but I think they may have felt a little differently about us. We were far from disrespectful, just a little rowdy, especially when we heard about Tracy's kidney problem. She mistakenly ordered beef kidney when she was in France because she thought the French word was *pretry*.

I found my first eating experience with the *Transitions* staff an enjoyable one. The Hilltop has good home-cooked food for a reasonable price.

Shannon's Experience

I expected a juke joint reminiscent of the 1940s when I entered the Hilltop. Juke joint it was not, although most of the patrons probably remember those days. They were old, every last one of them, like the people we often curse for driving 35 in a 55.

As usual, we ate much grease. Jamy ordered a fried chicken liver/gizzard appetizer. Not partial to the bilious organs of fowl, I enjoyed the tough, chewy, digestive tracts. The others cringed in distaste, but in my family eating innards went without saying; my "financially challenged" grandmother used every part of the chicken, including the lips.

There must have been something extra in those innards because Jamy and I both ordered the fried chicken special (\$4.95): two pieces, mashed potatoes and gravy, corn, slaw and rolls. I don't usually eat like this, and I appreciated every last bite. The chicken came crispy, not greasy, but a little salty. The mashed potatoes reminded me of my mom's. The corn, well, it was corn, but good corn none the less. I didn't care much for the vinegar-based slaw, as I am a mayonnaise-based kind of gal.

Over all, the Hilltop did not disappoint, but I did not like being the youngest clientele there. I might return to sample their fiddlers, but I doubt I would make the Hilltop a regular spot.

Tracy's Experience

A west-side tradition, the Hilltop is obviously a place frequented by regulars. New customers might feel a tad out of place.

A transplanted west-sider, I have been dragged to the Hilltop several times. The meals vary in quality; it might just depend on what you order. Usually, I order the chicken fingers. Fried or grilled, these delectable chicken pieces never disappoint. I heartily recommend them.

This time, however, I ordered the patty melt and fries (\$4.95) A large hamburger covered in cheese, bacon and onions on a lightly toasted bun, the sandwich nearly falls apart under the weight of its fixings. I found it too greasy. After a few bites, I felt I had had enough.

Service at the Hilltop was prompt and politely curt. When John made a fifth at a table built for four, our nonsense waitress brusquely ushered us to a larger place.

Tracy Lynn's Experience

Dinner at the Hilltop was by and far the most interesting one this year. First of all, the Hilltop catered to a different clientele than the previously reviewed restaurants.

This establishment was what you might call a down-home restaurant that would remind you of dinner at your grandparents' house. If you're

at all like me, your grandparents spoiled you and let you eat anything you wanted.

For an appetizer, I ordered the fried mushrooms, an appetizer which I have grown to love since my first job at a greasy spoon. The mushrooms at The Hilltop were perfectly breaded, bite-sized morsels, able to tempt the most stubborn tongue.

For the entree, I ordered the patty melt. I had not paid attention when Tracy Bee ordered this same sandwich a minute earlier. My menu overwhelmed me so.

This slab of meat was grilled a little tougher than I like my meat, but the melting cheese oozed pleasantly over the sides of the too-small slices of French bread. This sandwich tingled my taste buds with a surprisingly happy squirt of grease. Oh, the joys of greasy food when you are in the mood for it.

Overall, I'd highly recommend this establishment to all my friends—and maybe a few of my enemies, too.

Consensus - ***

For a dinner like Grandma's without the cheekpinching, try the Hilltop. The food was decent, the decor was homey, the service was quick. If you want high-class go someplace else.

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Classic Arsenic finds laughter in lunacy

Old Release Video Suggestion
"Arsenic and Old Lace"
Warner Bros. Pictures, 1944
by Joni Hoke

"Arsenic and Old Lace," Frank Capra's screen adaptation of the popular Broadway show, features Cary Grant in a darkly comic performance brimming with slapstick action and perverse eccentricity.

Grant's commanding presence suits the character of Mortimer Brewster, drama critic. Brewster is known as a devout bachelor, but he converts to a husband with his court-

house wedding to the doe-eyed blonde Elaine (Priscilla Cane).

As they're leaving New York for a Niagra Falls honeymoon, the Brewsters stop in Brooklyn to give his two spinster aunts the good news. A chance look under the lid of their windowseat, though, reveals—a corpse. Brewster discovers that his sweet, grandmotherly aunts have taken up the habit of poisoning the lonely old men who come to rent rooms in their boarding house.

The ladies share the house with Brewster's delusional brother, "Teddy." (He believes he's Theodore Roosevelt.) They rack up the bodies—

a cool dozen by the time Mortimer finds out—and send Teddy down to the basement, which they call Panama, to dig "locks for the canal" (graves).

Another Brewster brother, the disfigured criminal Johnathan (Raymond Massey) returns home the same night after several years of absence. Johnny has just escaped from the Prison for the Criminally Insane in South Bend, Ind. He and his accomplice, an alcoholic German posing as a surgeon, have a corpse of their own to dispose of. The schnaaps-soaked quack is played by Peter Lorre, the way Peter Lorre plays every role. As character actors go, Lorre was tops.

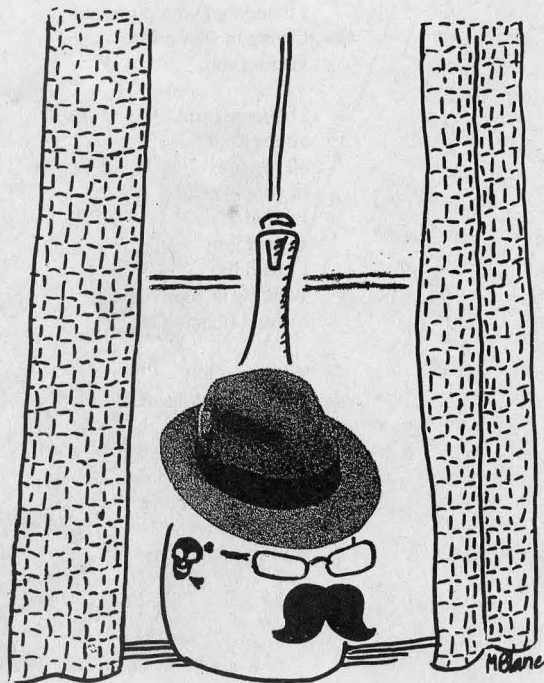
The Brewsters' honeymoon plans go on hold indefinitely as Mortimer juggles the tasks of coping with his aunts' homicidal tendencies, securing a sanitarium bed for Teddy and fending off Johnny's attempts on his life. A couple of bumbling beat cops, a gruff lieutenant and the sanitarium director join in the household's chaos.

As the story unfolds, the ever-thickening plot grows as crazy as the characters, and the line between sanity and lunacy blurs like a felt-tip penstroke in water. Soon, everyone appears deranged.

This is a genuinely funny film, especially during the culmination of the action in the fight scene at the end. Great one-liners start dropping like lonely old men.

"Arsenic and Old Lace" reminds the viewer that reality means something different to each of us, and deciding whose view is accurate can be tricky. (Also, it reminded me how handsome Cary Grant was.) Lots of laughs in black and white—check it out.

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.



POETRY



Llorando en tus brazos

Cuando pensaba en ti,
pensaba en tu alma blanca
llorando en tus brazos
sintiendote a ti.

Creo que fue todo
toda mi vida
toda mi culpa.
En tu pecho
encontré la vida.
En tu abrazo
encontré la vida.
Caminando en tu voz
Encontraría todo.

Cuando te fuiste
tu rompiste mi corazón
y se puso a llorar.

Ahora, caminando. . .
Caminando. . . llorando
Nunca en nadie
encontraré el camino.

Crying in your arms

When I used to think of you
I thought of your pure soul.
Crying in your arms
Feeling you.

I believe it was all
all my fault
all my life.
In your breast
I found life.
In your arm
I found life.
Walking in your voice
I would find all.

When you left
you broke my heart
and made me cry.

Now walking . . .
Walking. . . Crying
Never in anyone
Will I find the way.

Coffee House

We're too old to be here
in this smokey hut
where kids too hip
for the bar scene trade flimsy secrets
and try to drink their hot coffee black
without creasing their white, ironed faces.
They slump in the booths
and huddle `round fresh
copies of the newest `zines,
complaining about the town, the people,
the lack of culture and understanding.
"Do you want to stay?" he asks me, nodding
to the sign touting the band which starts at ten.
But, I've heard it all before and not so long ago.
We order our decafs with creme and
share a key lime pie
before going home to bed.



Independence California

We rolled into Independence at daybreak,
Still rubbing the dreams from our eyes.
The smell of old coffee and cigarettes on our breath.
My father had an old friend there.
That was fifteen years ago.
His friend had gone on vacation.

My father gazed down the street,
Not seeing the busy little shops,
And the new Post Office.
But something from the past.
A quiet little town, away from the world.
His wife, friends, hallucinations.
"The American Dream."

We cleaned up at the city park.
Washed our clothes at the Londo-mat.
I looked up from the post-card I was writing.
Saw two men make a drug deal.
The one with the stuff looked in the window,
Then climbed in his chariot,
And laid a rubber trail of egotism.

There was only one store in the town,
A remnant of the past.
An old general store, with its
Automatic doors and computerized cash registers.
We picked up food for dinner, and breakfast,
Rolling papers, a six pack of Coors, and a bottle of bourbon.

We struck the first left out of town,
The mountains were to the left.
We wanted to get closer to independence.



The Aerie

USI's Literary Magazine

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Christmas suggestions for poetry lovers:

Anthologies make great gifts

For most of this century, the poetry read and widely distributed was poetry included in anthologies. Families would gather around in the evening and read selected poems from well-known poets. You can now buy anthologies that contain every theme imaginable: African-American, formal, feminist, wedding poetry, dog poetry, the lists goes on. Many of the anthologies published today are helpful for people who read poetry in their spare time, but hesitate to buy the collection of a poet they are not familiar with.

Anthologies can allow you a decent overview of the present poetry being published or, if the anthology is dated, a variety of greats like Eliot, Pound, or Tomas. An anthology will also explore a plethora of subjects, while many poets try to establish a single theme to their collection.

With Christmas much too close for comfort, gift ideas cause as much anxiety as final exams. Well, I do not have solutions, only suggestions. If you have a poetry lover in your life, instead of trying to figure out which poet he or she would like most, buy an anthology. Barnes and Noble has about six shelves of them. But, do not feel overwhelmed; here are some titles worth checking out:

The Jazz Poetry Anthology (\$15.95)

This book collects poets of the last 60 years. Poetry has always looked to jazz for inspiration and the rhythms that can be found there. This anthology has a second volume entitled *The Second Set*. Both can be found at Barnes and Noble.

Every Shut Eye Ain't Asleep (\$12.95)

This anthology focuses on African-American poetry since 1945. A slightly older book, it contains selections from established poets like Rita Dove and Gwendolyn Brooks. I have seen this at the Abyss and both Barnes and Noble and Books-a-Million.

Cries of the Spirit (\$17.95)

This 1991 anthology contains poetry celebrating women and spirituality. Well-known female poets are contributors. Buy it for Mom or that feminist in your life. It can be found in the USI bookstore, Barnes and Noble and Books-a-Million.

Rebel Angels (\$12.00)

Hot off the press, this anthology includes 25 poets of the new formalists. Who are they? Poets who have gone back to sonnets, ballads, sestinas and rhyme, but write about contemporary themes. If you or someone on your Christmas list is interested in formal poetry, this book presents what is currently being written. It can be found at Barnes and Noble.

—Jennifer Hunley

Communications professor adapts to area

The newest member of the communications department, Kevin Corbett, has been surprised in many ways since joining the staff at the University of Southern Indiana.

"I know that I have a lot to offer USI, but don't know if I can accomplish all the tasks that are expected of me. All I can say is that I have a lot of work ahead of me," Corbett said.

A native of Louisville, Ky., Corbett has stepped into the role as director of the Television Center.

"I have a lot of work ahead of me. I have the task of taking the TV Center from 1960s' technology to the present," Corbett said. "The Center was a total wreck when I first got here. But with some help from the department and lots of help from some of my unlucky students, we have been able to put it back in an acceptable state."

In 1999 the university will build a Television Center with updated technology. Corbett just hopes that he can stand working in "the dark ages" for another two and a half years.

Corbett has already begun to take action in making one of his ideas for USI come true. He recently planned the first-ever running of what he hoped would become a successful program called *The USI Sports Page*. It was supposed to be a half hour program that would air Sunday nights on channel 52. The program was directed toward supporting USI sports.

"The night started off well, but as most producers discover, something always goes wrong," Corbett said. "First off, we almost burned down the studio when one of the lights burned a hole in a drop. Then neither one of the soccer coaches, who were supposed to be guests, showed up," Corbett said. The program never aired.

In the spring of 1997 Corbett will add a doctorate in mass communications from Bowling Green University to his list of degrees. He already holds a bachelor's in broadcast communica-

tion and a master's in communication from Western Kentucky University.

Corbett is currently teaching courses in basic and advanced television production and writing for radio and TV. What he is learning from his students is that there are many differences between his teaching style and his predecessor's.

Clay Kress, one of Corbett's basic TV production students, said, "Kevin has really made this class a lot harder than what I heard it was supposed to be. The professor who taught the class before him was supposedly really easy, and didn't expect much from her students. But Kevin has turned a class that I thought was going to be an easy A into one that I am going to struggle in to get a B."

In reply Corbett said, "I wasn't brought here to give out grades. I was brought here to boost the TV department of USI into a higher level of education. Students are here to learn and that is exactly what I intend to happen in my classes."

Corbett's fiancée, Veronica, has been helping out with the transfer to USI by participating in some of the classes he teaches.

"All I ever hear is 'stand by to fade up to black, stand by to fade in music, dissolve to camera one.' I've seen Kevin produce a show or teach about producing so many times that I could probably produce the *Tonight Show* myself," said Veronica. Veronica has been a big help to Corbett through the past few months. She has really made the transition to Evansville easier for him.

"Coming from big cities like Louisville, Veronica and I have really been able to settle down in Evansville,"



Corbett said. Corbett and his fiancée find the life of the Evansville people very relaxing. "Evansville has such a polite small-town feeling about it," said Veronica.

"We have a really great apartment downtown, and from what we've heard is located in one of the worst parts of the city." Being used to the crime in Louisville, Corbett and Veronica don't worry much about the being safe. Corbett said, "Evansville crime is cake compared to that of Louisville. The first night we were in our apartment, I looked out the window around midnight and saw a nice looking woman pushing a baby in a stroller down the street. If we were in Louisville, that woman would have been raped, killed and her baby sold to the highest bidder. That's when I knew we were in a good town."

All in all, Corbett has found that the faculty, staff and students of USI have made him feel very welcome. They have shown him a lot of support in making his plans and ideas come true, and also accepted that he will work hard to make the Television Center at USI a success. "I don't know if they're just sitting back and waiting for me to fail, or actually being supportive. Whatever they are doing, I sure do appreciate it."

—Michael Sizemore

Van Halen's greatest hits: Gift to fans; Pearl Jam's last tracks work best

Van Halen

Best of Volume 1

Warner Brothers Records

As a rule, I do not review great-hits albums. People typically don't care how I feel about things that they familiar with. Some are also influenced by the past success of the songs that are included on the album.

In this case, however, I made an exception. This greatest hits collection caused the second lead change of one the greatest bands in the last 20 years. This album also brought back (at least temporarily) the original lead singer, David Lee Roth.

The album includes many classic Van Halen songs such as "Jump," "Panama," "And the Cradle Will Rock" and "Runnin' with the Devil." It also includes newer tracks such as "Dreams," "Right Now" and "Humans Being."

How were the new songs with Roth? The release "Me Wise Magic" is full of long solos and short verses with many of the old Van Halen riffs. It is kind of boring. The song should

CD Reviews



Glenn Hasenour
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definitely feature more Roth. The other new song "Can't Get This Stuff No More" does feature Roth. If you are a fan of the old Van Halen, you should appreciate this song and this album.

Pearl Jam
No Code
Sony Entertainment Inc.

I realize that as soon as most of you saw that the second CD review was the new Pearl Jam album, most of you stopped reading. But for those of you who were bored and decided to hang around, I have a surprise for you. It is not that bad.

Pearl Jam has fooled most of you into thinking that they have gone crazy with their strange album covers and the fact that the first two or three songs on each album are not great. Hidden beneath all of this, however, are the good songs for the true fans. *No Code* is no exception.

The lyrics of "Off He Goes" describe a man who just keeps pushing on and working harder because he doesn't feel like dealing with the life that he has surrounded himself with. "Present tense" says that we need to forgive ourselves for our past mistakes. "Mankind" mimics and pokes fun at '60s music. (I hate '60s music.)

I hope that I've convinced someone to buy this album. If you do, start at track five and listen through track 11. If you want to go back and listen to the rest later, help yourself. I liked these tracks more, and I give the album a three on the normal five-point scale.

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Baja Sessions: One big kahuna of a CD

Chris Isaak
Baja Sessions
Reprise

Chris Isaak is one pretty face. All sexist comments aside, I do enjoy his surfer-boy-with-a-heartache schtick. Isaak's foggy voice and heavy-hearted lyrics seldom disappoint. With his newest CD, *Baja Sessions*, Isaak hopes to "bring a little Baja to you wherever you are:" Baja being a magical place of sun, cacti, surf and beach-blanket romance.

Never has depression been so steamy as an after-shower bathroom. Sultry, sexy *Baja Sessions* seldom disappoints. Judging from the liner photos, the CD wants to remind one of Hawaii, Mexico, or virtually anywhere one can take a board to water.

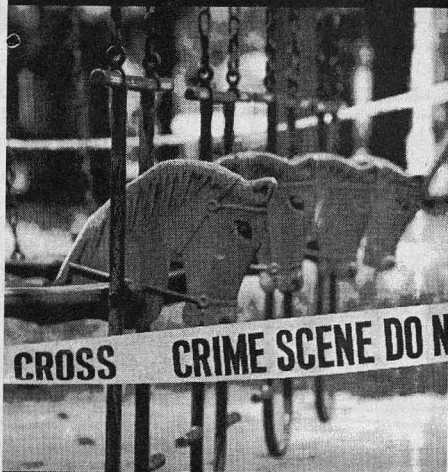
The song "Sweet Lelani" echoes Elvis in his best beach movie. Two songs, "Pretty Girls Don't Cry," and "Back on Your Side," call to mind the dark-sunglassed whine of Roy Orbison. In fact, Isaak remakes Orbison's "Only the Lonely" to new heart-breaking heights.

Every song is a bit downtrodden, but all hint at brighter skies and bigger waves. The CD never becomes tiresome, despite the repeated reintegration of the same theme. Isaak makes lost love new each time by changing song style. "Waiting For My Lucky Day" sounds like a modern-cowboy campfire song. "Yellow Bird" sounds like a Hawaiian folk song.

With this mixed bag of tricks, one should want to haul their board to the river and ride the waves away from heartache. Despite one glitch ("Dancin'") Isaak creates a big kahuna of a CD with *Baja Sessions*. And he is one pretty face.

—Shannon Neese

CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN ...NOT HURT.



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Z E K & C I e m

In: "The County Fair"
 "bur...budda...bing
 bun bing bing"

© 1976 JOHN E. THOMPSON



'80s hold fond memories for generation

My thoughts
exactly...

by Jamy Schuler
jschuler@comsource.net

For myself and anyone born in the '70s, the '80s was the first decade that we fully experienced and remember.

I was five when the world watched on New Year's Eve as the second hand swept towards the magical year of 1980. Consequently, I was 15 when we made our grand exit of an era that formed my years as a child. Many people remember the '80s—it wasn't that long ago. But to be able to grow as a human, to learn your morals and beliefs, to become an individual in the '80s is unique.

Those of you reading this are of different ages. The baby boomers remember the '80s as the Reagan years. I knew that Reagan was President; I did not, however, have any clue that Reagan was shot. I remember a scandal about Oliver North, but I was a kid; what did I care?

When I asked my parents what they remember most about that decade, my dad immediately said, "Hard times." He went on to explain that interest rates were out of this world and unemployment was at a dangerous high. All I remember is that we had a houseboat and we seemed to have very good Christmases and birthdays. That's what parents are for.

I remember things like my first day of kindergarten. I remember Scratch 'n' Sniff sticker albums and trading a Bubble Gum for a Grape.

I remember spending weekends at friends' houses for sleepovers. We played with our Star Wars; I had a flawless set. The Ewok Village was always my favorite toy, but the Millennium Falcon was a close second.

After school, friends came over to play with the Atari. Grade schoolers were overwhelmed with games like Pit-fall, Pacman, Ms. Pacman, Pong, Breakout and Frogger.

We were consumed by pop idols like Michael Jackson and his white glove, Cyndi Lauper, the Material Girl, Max Headroom, Tiffany, Debbie Gibson and the New Kids On The Block.

Mesmerized in theaters, we experienced the "Gremlins," "Back to the Future," "Ghostbusters" and "The Goonies."

Evenings were spent with the Cosbys, Alf, Punky Brewster and Knight Rider.

After school and Saturday mornings brought us "Captain Caveman," "The Smurfs," "The Snorks" and "Pee-wee's Playhouse."

Girls played with My Little Pony, Strawberry Shortcake, Carebears and Cabbage Patch Kids. Boys enjoyed Hot Wheels, G.I. Joe, Legos and He-Man.

We drank New Coke while we played with our Rubik's Cube, our Sit 'n' Spin, or we

made ourselves sick on the Pogoball. Remember that jingle?

The neighborhood kids raced their Big Wheels on a sidewalk-chalk track.

We sported friendship, charm and Gotcha bracelets, Swatch watches, California rolls, friendship beads, Eastland knots and Roos with the little pockets on the sides.

The older generation remembers where they were when Kennedy was shot; I will never forget where I was when I heard about the horrible fate of the Challenger crew.

If any of this is familiar, then you are an '80s child too. Share this with others. Use it to remember with old friends. Just never forget who you are and what made you who you are.

George Bernard Shaw who said, "Reminiscences make one feel so deliciously aged and sad." But recalling your childhood and the experiences that taught you can be exciting. This is why I disagree with Mr. Shaw. Never do yourself an injustice by forgetting the '80s. The decade of dreams will never let you go.



ATTENTION

The next issue of *Transitions* will be available
January 30.

The deadline for submissions of
art, poetry, fiction and articles is
January 20.

The deadline for advertising is
January 17.

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

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