

# Transitions

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*Transitions* also welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be typed, legibly signed, and include a phone number for verification.

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# Tardiness and other Misadventures

I'm sure some of our more astute readers noticed we were running a bit late this issue. Could the pressures have finally overcome her (meaning me, the editor)? They might have asked themselves. Did she take on more than she could handle? Will the magazine ever be on time again? And the answer to all of these questions would be "Yes."

I'm not one to air my dirty laundry, but in the tradition of such shows as *Sally Jessy Rafael*, *Montel Williams* and my personal favorite *Ricki Lake*, I will let you in on my latest dirty little secret. This problem has caused me no end of troubles. People talked about me behind my back. My work stacked up, and suddenly I made the laziest Generation X, TV-watching couch potato look like superman.

You see, I contracted mono last month. Mononucleosis.

For those of you not familiar with this childhood disease, it is characterized by a swollen spleen, sore throat, lack of appetite and *extreme* exhaustion. There are other symp-

oms, but because I didn't experience these other symptoms, they must not be terribly important.

Since this is my page, I can do whatever I want. (Before you judge, remember I've been terribly ill.)

I had never felt, to borrow a childhood term, so icky.

Against my will, I became a slacker. With my new status, I suddenly understood so many people at USI. Many students at USI have chronic mononucleosis. This is why they just come to class, sit comotose for a few hours and then go home to their TVs and Bud Lights.

The poor dears don't have the strength to do much more.

My slacker status is temporary, however, and I think I'm almost back to my old productive self. I should have all of my energy back by second semester. Thinking about this glorious future, I realize I have three more issues to produce next semester. I also have a dwindling staff.

Some of my current writers are graduating. Some are quitting due to other commitments. Some are disgusted

## Office Hours

**There will be no set hours for December. Catch the editor when you can or be original and call for an appointment.**

at their slacker-boss who doesn't return phone calls. My response to this last group: Sorry, but I've been so weak. And I have a doctor's note to prove it.

Next semester, Transitions will need new writers, plenty of submissions and (dare I ask?) a support staff. Call us at 464-1856 if you're interested in doing something.

I don't want to discriminate, but people with mono need not apply.

As always, you can leave submissions (as well as get-well cards and presents) in the *Transitions* mail box in the basement of the UC.

**Tracy Bee**  
tbee@rise.usi.edu

## We're Broke.

Can you help us?

*Transitions* still needs people to sell and design advertising.

Contact Tracy Bee at 464-1856

## Corrections

Last issue in the article entitled "Sit out or Take the Penalty and Play," we reported that classes such as English 100 are non-credit. This class and others do not count towards the General Education requirements, but do count towards graduation as electives.

The Extended Services office has an unbelievably good sense of humor. Last issue we published its phone number as our own.

We apologize and thank the people who work in that office for their patience.

Our phone number is 464-1856.

# Greeks Contribute to Community

To the editor:

In response to a student's letter regarding Greek Life. Obviously, this person hasn't researched Greek life at USI very well.

The dues we pay each month go directly to the nationals and our chapter funds. Every member pays dues, so nobody cares about your checkbook.

We (all Greek organizations) have philanthropies that we raise money for. The money we raise for the Special Olympics, for example, all goes to the Special Olympics. We don't keep any of it.

And if you weren't informed, we just held a Greek Campus Cleanup. On a cold Saturday morning many of the Greeks came down to campus and planted tulip bulbs, picked up trash, raked, turned mulch and had a good time.

People don't join just to party. Sure, of course, there are exceptions. But most people really do join for a sense of belonging. You will make lifelong friends. Yes, we like to have fun, too, but who doesn't? We don't party anymore than anyone else.

We also don't limit our friendships or relationships to just Greeks. And in

order to make our organization a priority we have to make our school our number one priority. We do have GPA requirements.

Before anyone makes a judgement about Greeks or anything else for that matter, do your homework. We really aren't that bad.

Sarah Huey  
USI student  
Alpha Sigma Alpha

# Letter Regarding Greeks Unfair

To the editor:

I am responding to an letter printed in the November issue of Transitions concerning Greek life. This letter was written by Glen David. This is a very biased letter directed to shoot at Greek society.

We are in sororities and fraternities to mix with different people and cultures. We make tons of friends who we CAN count on when we need a friend. The girls and guys that you meet aren't all in sororities and fraternities to PARTY.

There is a lot of hard work, time, and requirements that we must follow through with. We have rules and regulations just like any other USI organization.

These are not what you may call "fake friends" at all. I have had problems since school and my sisters have worked with me every step of the way.

Your dues are just something that must be paid in order to do the fun things that we are able to do. I would say that maybe 20% of the money that you pay even stays in the chapter's funds. A large sum of that all goes to International Headquarters.

Sorority and fraternity members are all required by International to maintain a designated grade point average in order to remain in good standing within the chapter. If we do not make grades then we do not participate until grades are up.

There is one paragraph that I would especially like to address of Mr. David's. He states that "People don't attend college and join the Greek Life to better their communities. If these people really cared about their communities they could volunteer on their own without the help of a sorority or fraternity."

Well, first of all you have to be an optimist, not a pessimist. Can you get more done in a group or by yourself?

There you go, all summed up in one sentence. You are going to take a larger chunk out of a project when you have more people to work with.

It does not have to be a sorority or a fraternity, but this is the way we chose to work and these are the people that we choose to work with.

Greek life is what you make of it. It can be good or bad. It all depends on the individual. All I know is that those Greeks are some of my best friends and I wouldn't trade them for the world.

Jennifer Grisham  
USI student

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# Sorority Failed to Support Sister

After reading Amanda Barton's column on Greek Life, I was disgusted. The chapter of Alpha Gamma Delta at USI isn't what it represents itself to be. All of Barton's talk about sisterhood and how they are there for you during difficult times isn't always true, as I learned the hard way.

I became an initiated member of the AGDs in January of 1992. Back then I was naive enough to call it one of the happiest days of my life. I too wore my letters with pride and ignored one of my best friends who tried to make me open my eyes to what I was joining.

By April, I found myself unexpectedly pregnant. When I needed my "sisters", mostly they treated me as if I had some contagious disease, turned on me, and went about suspending me for not upholding the high moral code they supposedly maintained. That was a joke itself when I looked around at what most of the other members were doing.

When I think of my own president's reply when I told her, my blood still boils. She told me that I shouldn't yet say anything about it, because I still might "lose it."

To this day, it still hurts me to remember that. After all, unplanned doesn't necessarily mean unwanted. That "it" that she hoped would die, to keep me from being an embarrassment, was a life to me that had begun at conception. I was naturally a little scared, but I was already excited about my child. She was also less

than thrilled to hear that I'd already told my child's father and two of his close friends. They were all three fraternity pledges. She was afraid that the news might leak out and everyone would know. I felt like saying, "Excuse me, but isn't this the nineties?"

There was another run-in with my president later. I was already six-and-a-half months pregnant when I met one of my rare "friends" in the group to go shopping one morning. When I walked into the University Center to wait for her, I ran into an old friend of mine who I had not seen in a long time.

Not long after my sorority friend got there, our president came along. She glared at me and pulled my friend over to the side, away from where we had been chatting. My "friend," obviously upset, walked back over and said, "Let's go."

Some time passed before she would tell me what had happened. You see, I'd worn a sorority t-shirt that day with the sorority letters on it. I hadn't thought twice about wearing it.

Instead of being an adult and confronting me, the president of the sorority ordered my friend to get me off campus immediately and make me change my shirt.

But only I control me. I didn't obey her wishes because I did nothing wrong. I paid for the t-shirt and I'd paid a nice sum to be initiated, so I felt that I had the right to wear it. This friend told me later

that she could no longer continue our friendship because she felt a responsibility to the sorority and I'd gone too far by speaking my mind.

I guess individuality is a strike against you. For speaking out, and not conforming, I lost a friend. All I could say was, "I'm sorry that you feel you have to go along with the group." Honestly, I was relieved to be rid of her, when her true colors showed.

Early Thanksgiving morning, 1992, I gave birth to my son, Dylan Richard Snyder. Never once have I regretted that decision. He is the most important person in my life, and I am proud to call myself Dylan's mother.

When I see that smile light up his face and hear him call me Mommy, I know all the nastiness of my sorority sisters was worth it. Spending Saturday night playing with him or watching a Disney video together is better than even the best fraternity party with the sorority. To this day, though, I still feel going Greek should be an individual choice.

Look at the rules carefully. Look beyond the smiles, and the "friends for life" talk during Rush. Above all, make sure you know exactly who the people you are committing yourself to are. Whatever your decision, do not conform for anyone. Remain true to yourself.

Andrea L. Bugg  
USI student

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## Do You Care about Anything?

## Write a Letter

Send letters to:  
*Transitions Magazine*  
8600 University Bld.  
Evansville, IN 47712

Or place them in the  
*Transitions* mailbox located  
in the basement of the  
University Center.

Send eMAIL to:  
tbee@risc.usi.edu or  
tbee.ucs@smtp.usi.edu

# Faulkner Displayed Courage

To the editor of *Transitions*:

I would like to address Chad Sanderson's editorial in last month's issue of *Transitions*. Sanderson vehemently disagreed with a previous editorial which referred to Shannon Faulkner as a hero. Although I respect Sanderson's right to his opinion, I am bothered by his message.

To disagree with Faulkner being labeled a hero is one thing, but to condemn her actions is quite another, and Sanderson devoted most of his editorial to belittling both her efforts and her character. I was distressed at Sanderson's labeling Faulkner a "fool" and at his implication that she was a failure because she failed to achieve her objective.

Sanderson classified Faulkner as a fool because she attempted to achieve an objective that was, in his opinion, beyond her abilities. That's an interesting argument, but, if such thinking were valid, then where would Jim Abbott be? (Jim Abbott, for the uninformed, is the one-armed pitching wonder for the California Angels.)

To believe in oneself, and to fight for a dream is not foolish—it's necessary. And let's make one thing perfectly clear: there is no shame in either failure or defeat when one has tried one's hardest to succeed.

Is Faulkner to be classified as a fool because she failed in her mission? Because she surrendered in the face of overwhelming adversity?

If failure to achieve an objective means immediate admission into the Idiot Club, then I think all of us are card-carrying members. And if

breaking under extreme duress is the action of a fool, then every member of the human race had better get fitted for a dunce cap because life can get ugly.

Faulkner steeled herself against extreme hostility, but there was no way she could have completely prepared herself for the cruelty she encountered. It is impossible for anyone to emotionally experience an event before it occurs.

Faulkner collapsed under the weight of the Citadel's infamous hazing system—a barbaric and vicious practice that is emotionally more grueling than it is physically punishing. The hazing became even more torturous in the case of Faulkner because she was 1. the target of the decade; and 2. she was denied the support of her fellow classmates—support which is absolutely essential for survival.

Faulkner quit after enduring who-knows-what from a school that can claim at least one death as a result of its Nazi-esque hazing traditions. The victim who died was another "first"—he was one of the first African-American students to fight for admission into the then all-white Citadel.

As with Faulkner's case, the Citadel wasn't too happy about abandoning one of its cherished traditions for the sake of following constitutional law, so its students, with full faculty support, attempted to drive out the "undesirables" by means of intensified hazing. Some of the victims survived the torrent of emotional and psychological abuse and eventually graduated,

some despaired and quit, and at least one *died* as a result of physical abuse.

Were the ones who failed "fools"? Were the only heroes those who managed to survive? What twist of fate kept any of the survivors from being the boy who was trussed and gagged into slow suffocation? If that boy had not been the one chosen for such abuse, would he have survived? If he had graduated, would he then be worthy of wearing the title of "hero"?

According to Sanderson, Faulkner should have died, if necessary, for her goal. Then he went on to state that even if she had died she *still* wouldn't be a hero!

I once read a quote that made quite an impression on me. It stated that any coward can face a weaker enemy, but only the brave of heart will face a stronger enemy. Shannon Faulkner faced a formidable force when she took on the Citadel, and she did it alone—one against *thousands*.

This was but one battle in the war against discrimination, and her combat resulted in an advancement of the line. The most difficult wars are won slowly, inch by bitter inch—not overnight by mythical, never-say-die Rambos who single-handedly destroy entire battalions.

I admire this young woman's determination, and I find her courage inspiring. More importantly, I recognize that this sort of courage is rare—and that, without it, there would be no heroes.

Deborah Nolan  
USI communications instructor

# Around Campus and Beyond . . .

Compiled by Jennifer Masterson

## USI Spring Film Schedule

Jan. 16	Four Weddings and a Funeral
Jan. 23	Falling Down
Jan. 30	Sex, Lies & Videotape
Feb. 13	Charlie Chaplin shorts Steamboat Bill, Jr.
Feb. 20	Trouble in Paradise
Feb. 27	Citizen Kane
Mar. 12	How to Marry a Millionaire
Mar. 26	Adam's Rib
Apr. 2	LA Story
Apr. 9	Moscow Doesn't Believe in Tears (Russian)
Apr. 16	Adam's Rib (Russian)
Apr. 23	Singles

Films are shown in Forum I at 1:30 and 6 p.m.  
A discussion follows the 6 p.m. meeting.

## New Harmony Theatre Schedule Announced

The New Harmony Theatre opens its season with a comedy, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. The show will run from June 14 to 30. Twelve days later *Scotland Road* opens. It runs from July 12 to 27.

From August 2 to 24, *The Mystery of Irma Vep* will be performed. New Harmony's last production is *A Moon for the Misbegotten* performed August 30 to September 14.

Tickets can be reserved by calling the USI ticket office at 465-1635. The cost for students, faculty and staff is \$40 per season ticket or \$12 for an individual show. Tickets for the general public are \$48 per season ticket or \$14 for an individual show.

## Activity Forum

# New Horizons: A place for Nontraditionals

Did you ever wonder what the New Horizons Club does? This is a club made up of nontraditional students who wanted an organization devoted to helping their university experience an enjoyable one.

We are a group of students who felt we needed a way to bond with other students like ourselves. We try to support each other and make it easier for our fellow students to cope with the trials of trying to juggle the responsibilities of parenthood, marriage, work, school life and all the things nontraditional students have to deal with on a daily basis.

We come from a variety of different majors and interests. What we have in common are the things which bring us together, one being for one reason or another we are doing things in a different order than the usual student. By usual, I mean fresh out of high school with out any life experiences. These experiences have made us what we are today.

The students in New Horizons are age 25 and older (don't ask) or have children. THESE ARE THE GUIDE-

LINES. WE TURN NO ONE DOWN. If you think you are a Nontraditional student then this is all we need to know.

We had elections and our officers are:

Wil Cowan	President
Betty Goff	Vice President
Gretchen Pickerill	Treasurer
Mary Cavins	Secretary

We have meetings every Tuesday at 4:30 p.m. in the upstairs dining room. This meeting time will change to 3 p.m. Spring Semester. We would be very happy if you would come by to see what we are doing.

Betty Goff, New Horizons Vice President

# Lessons to be Learned

## Words from the Past Speak to Present

In order to understand the humans of the past, it is necessary to exhume their burial grounds. We must study their burial habits: construction of tombs, gifts, treasures, oddities. Bones are pulled from the ground and studied in the hopes of giving the skeletal remains a human character.

Through scientific examination, we can learn the bones are from a thirty-ish woman with mild osteoporosis who probably bore three children.

We learn of their scientific

be wise also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

*"There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory.*

*"Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine. He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly around the pale face and leads him by the hand as a father leads his infant son."*

have now and what the future generations will need.

*"The white man's God cannot love our people or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness. If we have a common heavenly father He must be partial—for He came to His children. We never saw Him.*

*"To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander way beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant lined lakes and bays.*

*"It matters not where we pass the remnant of our days. They will not be dark. The Indian's night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim fate seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he goes he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare to stolidly meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter."*

The powerful Louis Farrakhan believes the black man has been subjected to inhumane, white prejudiced rule for too long. Black men, he says, so long as the whites are in control, cannot rise and be someone. The whites push the blacks down the stairwell.

Also, the whites owe for the decades of suffering of slavery. He believes the

## EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

Every day acres of rain forest are obliterated. Rain forests which do a large share of oxygen manufacturing. Rain forests which harbor tens upon thousands

accomplishments by the tools and weapons found, and from there, label them primitive or advanced primitive. Sharpened stones and bones relay information about the mentality, technological genius, and geological breakdown of a tribe, clan ... whatever. Metallurgy conveys a conception of advancement.

From the clues buried in the ground, we construct a model of the deceased and its people. Representations depict housing developments while experts grapple with the construction of a day-in-the-life-of essay. After the explications, we somehow feel as if we know...

*"This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. This [the buying of land] appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights he need respect, and the offer may*

of animals.

Lush and pristine and life-giving forests are clear-cutted, burned, mulched, incinerated to make way for more people attempting to sustain families.

Some have left their homelands in anger but with the hopes of creating a new life, a new Eden. Some want to experience the rawness of Nature and live from the toils of their sweat. For others, it is their last hope.

But roads have to be made, houses built, land cleared for the animals and crop gardens. In places, however, the rush to find a new and better life is destroying the future by eradicating Nature and replacing Her with man-made obstacles.

Loving groups have dedicated their time and energy to stop this massive demolition of our planet. They hold rallies, world meetings, boycotts, lectures ... anything they can do to protect even one tree. Some have chained themselves to massive tree trunks and stood defiantly before bulldozers, all to protect what we



government should donate a few states for black people to live in, separate from whites. Segregated, yet close enough to maintain contact.

Yet, what would separatism accomplish? More racism.

Certain blacks contend white America owes apologies for destroying lives, families, and spirits of black men, both those in the past, over a century ago, and those today.

Rallies and conventions are held to cry against suppression. States and people are sued for displaying the ancient Confederate flag, which to them represents the humiliation suffered at the hands of the callous whites.

White racism, especially in the police force and employment domain, should end immediately, for the benefit of both sides. Both sides are brought down by the tunnel vision of one group. All humans have potential; they need the opportunity to display their talents.

*"But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all.*

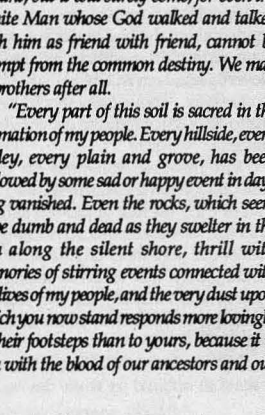
*"Every part of this soil is sacred in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swell in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people, and the very dust upon which you now stand responds more loyally to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the blood of our ancestors and our*

*bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch."*

Most of the civilized world is in outrage, and has been for the last four years, of the genocidal war in Europe: Protect the innocent Muslims and Croats from the powerful and evil and Third Reich-inspired Serbs!

As a caring world, we can not allow an entire group of people to be eradicated (after torture) from the Earth. Extinction of human life is avoidable ... at all costs. All life is sacred.

We've read the horrific reports and seen the grisly pictures. Our hearts have been torn by the travesties of their war. And the cry is to intervene and end the horror. As a powerful country, it is our



*dedicated to solitude. At night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The White Man will never be alone."*

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*"Your time of decay may be distant, but it will surely come, for even the White Man whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all."*

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moral obligation to reach our hand into the affairs of a foreign country and stop the genocide. We need to shelter the homeless whose homes and livelihoods have been razed, care for the emotionally and physically destroyed, and ensure these people and their beliefs are not banished from existence.

*"And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memories of my tribe shall have become a myth among White Men, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place*

No group of people should have to suffer and lose their identity because of skin color, religion, beliefs, or just because they are different, to a more powerful group of people spreading their own agenda, populating their people and ideologies. But no faction, tribe, religion is without guilt.

All have killed something, someone.

*"There is no death, only a change of worlds."*

Seattle. "The Indians' Night Promises to be Dark." Heritage of American Literature, Vol. 1. Ed. James E. Miller, Jr. San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1955-1957.

# Farrakhan Best Hope for Blacks

He just might be the right man to provide leadership in the black community—this Louis Farrakhan. Though I should not like him, I suppose. I am a white man and he has said hateful things about my people:

In a March 1984 interview Farrakhan said, in reference to a white reporter who wrote an article he disliked, "One day soon we will punish you with death, because you are interfering with the future of our babies. This is a fitting punishment for such dogs."

"Christians preach love but practice hate and tyranny, use God to cover up their corrupt and dirty practices," he said in a speech given in April 1985. Later that same year he called Judaism a "gutter religion."

In 1993, a senior aid to Farrakhan gave a speech attacking Jews, whites, and Roman Catholics. Farrakhan refused to condemn the bigoted statements.

Farrakhan said in February 1994: "Murder and lying come easy to white people. Your history is written in the blood of the human family. It comes out of you like a web out of a spider."

"Caucasians, you are more than racist. You have deprived the human family of the natural right of truth and self-determination. I am not a racist," he told a reporter in March 1994.

Also in March 1994: "Hitler was a genius," Farrakhan said. "He was a great man—but wickedly great."

And last month, in a taped television interview, Farrakhan called Jews who own rental property in black communities "bloodsuckers."

Born Louis Eugene Walcott in the Bronx area of New York on May 11, 1933, Farrakhan grew up as an honor student in Boston and spent two years at a teach-



ers college in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He was eking out a living as a guitar-strumming calypso singer when Malcolm X recruited him into the Nation of Islam. Farrakhan succeeded Malcolm X as minister of the Boston temple when the latter moved to Harlem, then succeeded him again when Malcolm X split from the Nation of Islam in 1964.

The Nation of Islam, or the Black Muslims, combine religious beliefs with black nationalism. Farrakhan, a spellbinding orator, preaches separatism and economic self-sufficiency for blacks. Farrakhan also prescribes strict codes of behavior and diet for blacks and neatly tops all this off with a liberal smattering of insults to whomever he decides to offend that day.

So, with all of the bigoted remarks, the threats, the insults directed at me just because I am white—why do I flirt with endorsing Farrakhan? Why not put hope in someone else? Someone more politically correct perhaps, like Jesse Jackson.

Jackson has been the spokesman for African-Americans for the past twenty-five years. In that time period many gains have been made by black Americans, mostly as the result of civil rights legislation brought about by the work of Dr. Martin Luther King. Jackson would be gauche to take credit for this. But the task society now faces is how does it improve the lot of the poor inner-city black male. Why are a third of our young black males between the ages of 18-29 either in jail, on parole, or serving some type of probation? Of course Jesse Jackson feels he has the answers.

What is on Jackson's latest agenda? Needless to say, Jackson suffers greatly as

a result of recent attempts to revamp welfare. He would have us believe any efforts directed at cleaning up an ill welfare system rife with abuse is solely to create more suffering for African-Americans.

Because of the many riches we have been blessed with in this country, I believe we would be selfish and hard-hearted indeed if we refused to help a neighbor who was less fortunate. But I am also silly enough to think that welfare should be meted out as it was originally intended, as temporary relief for someone who has fallen on hard times, and not for life everlasting. Also, my mental equipment is not powerful enough to see the wisdom in a system that encourages women, including teenage girls, to have more and more children out of wedlock in order to increase their welfare dole.

Even more incredibly, of late, Jackson has been scolding us about the mistreatment the white establishment is apportioning black drug abusers. His dander rises when telling us of cases where black drug users convicted of possessing crack cocaine receiving stiffer sentences than white drug users convicted of possessing the more expensive powder cocaine. (Jackson fails to mention crack cocaine is stronger and much more deadly than powdered, and penalties were designed to be sterner for that reason—regardless of the color of the possessor.)

So with Jackson we are reduced to arguing about the bias in our society toward certain drug addicts and dealers. Nevertheless, I am willing to make a concession here. God forbid I should be the one to deny equal rights to our convicted junkies.

But the question here is: Has Jackson's longtime platform showed any results? You tell me. If Jackson and his strategies have succeeded in enriching the lives of our poor inner-city black males I would surely seek to avoid seeing the point at which they started. No, Jackson has failed, and it is time for the baton to be passed.

Like Jackson, Farrakhan does not hesitate to upbraid us white devils, but

he is also one of the few black leaders of influence, if not the only one, to admit that major changes have to come from within.

He has stated that black males themselves are a big part of inner-city community problems. Farrakhan feels far too many young black men have done a poor job in school, in taking advantage of opportunities that are currently afforded them, and in raising their children.

Raising black children falls solely on the shoulders of black women too many times. This, when combined with welfare dependency and a life growing up on the hard streets, leaves too many inner-city black children with role models like gang members and the corner drug dealers.

The prevalent theme of Farrakhan's Million Man March in Washington this Fall was a call for black men to accept their family and community responsibilities. Yes, many of the speakers devoted plenty of rhetoric to racial bias but I am not of the notion that this was unwarranted. It is right that we white people be reminded of our sins, lest we forget. And I am not naive enough to believe that white bigotry does not still exist in our country.

But a fact of the human condition is its dependency on scapegoats. We cannot do without them. It does not matter what color we are, we will search out, and quickly find, someone to blame for our problems. We white folk will blame our boss or the guy in the White House if we fail to meet a goal or improve our condition. Black folk blame white folk.

But not every setback, disappointment, or failure in life can fairly be blamed on someone else. We all need to remember this, black and white. It was refreshing for me to hear Farrakhan confirm this. He is the first black spokesman I recall hearing declare that every problem facing black Americans is not caused by me.

Another reason I find my interest piqued in Farrakhan is he is among the very few leaders, of any color, to put his money where his mouth is. Nation has already purchased 2000 acres of farmland in Georgia with a planned acquisition of 8000 more. The intent is to grow crops for sale to inner-city supermarkets. A trucking firm to transport these staples is

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### Should I ignore his racial remarks? The thought is not lost on me when Farrakhan refers to Hitler and how the Fuhrer himself rose to power.

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in the works, and recently Farrakhan opened a five million dollar restaurant, the "Salaam," on Chicago's South Side. The stated purpose of all these businesses is to create jobs for poor blacks. (One might wonder about the soundness of putting a glitzy restaurant in an extremely poor area of town, but I'll leave that for our business majors to consider).

I believe Farrakhan offers the greatest promise at this time for positive change in the ghettos and poor inner-city areas of our major cities. Success will require a stronger leader, one who knows metamor-

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### The prevalent theme of Farrakhan's Million Man March in Washington was to call for black men to accept their family and community responsibilities.

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phosis always starts from within. "We must stop depending on others to do for us what we could, what we should, and what we must do for ourselves," Farrakhan said at a recent press conference.

Should I ignore Farrakhan's racial remarks? The thought is not lost on me when Farrakhan refers to Hitler and how the Fuhrer himself rose to power. Good German citizens ignored his hate filled racial rhetoric because he offered hope in other areas.

But I see wisdom in the remarks of Laura Washington, the black editor of the Chicago Reporter, "... it's important for whites not to put too much stock in what he says. His people are disciplined, orderly, militant, reminiscent of the Brownshirts. But they are not the Hitler Youth taking over society. He may be a hysterical preacher of hate, but he is not about to take over anything." I agree.

I do not approve of Farrakhan's racist spews, but neither do they hurt my feelings. I feel no need to have Louis Farrakhan like me.

Many of the participants in the Million Man March profess to have come away with an increased feeling of self-esteem. An estimated 800,000 black men (depending on whose estimate you feel like accepting) took a vow that day, offered by Farrakhan, to work for constructive change within their communities and, most importantly, to care for their families. This, along with efforts being made to create jobs, offers me hope that something positive can come from Louis Farrakhan.

So I am gingerly endorsing Farrakhan and hoping I do not have to someday eat my words. The past has shown us that those who establish themselves a following by proclaiming themselves "messengers of God" too many times end up in jail for swindling those same followers, or in disgrace for some other human failing.

Farrakhan must take great care, for even the smallest scandal could bring his house crashing quickly down around him.

But for now, I'll keep in mind the old metaphor: when your house is burning, you don't worry about the pedigree of the firefighter. He can call me what he may (some of his better zingers are even good for a chuckle). Meanwhile, I'll sit back and hope for results.

# Living Without Goals: In Postmodern World God is Dead and so is the Revolution

Feeling lost? Lacking in direction? You're not alone. Take an informal poll on this campus. Chances are, a good portion of USI students are undecided about their majors.

These people act a little abashed about their status in limbo—especially those who are somehow in their last years of school without having claimed a major discipline.

So why are they here?

Probably because they feel they should be, or more likely, their parents do. In this future-looking, goal-driven society, not knowing exactly what it is that you want to "do" with your life is frowned upon, especially once you've reached college age.

Why is it that our generation, dubbed "blank", "X" and "slacker" by pop culture trend-watchers and amateur sociologists, seems to suffer this ambivalence about the future to a greater degree than generations past?

The easy answer is that we're spoiled, lazy, ignorant from being raised on too much TV and junk food (which has also stripped us of our ability to delay gratification) and apathetic (and we'll never do anything as well as the baby boomers did, either when they wanted to save the world or gut it for their economic gain).



We don't embrace Utopian values or capitalistic success, God or self-actualization. While the boomers have turned from the 1960s highly idealistic goal of changing the shape of the world to the 1990s narcissistic goal of changing the shape of their butts, the "baby busters" (or whatever they're calling us this week) embrace no such things.

God is dead, and so is the Revolution.

According to James Ogilvy in his book, *Living Without a Goal*, this condition of "goallessness" is simply a fact of the postmodern world.

We have moved from the industrial era to this new era called the information age, and yet we still speak in the language of the former. Ogilvy says that we should abandon the vocabulary of the industrial age, which was "adapted to manipulating means toward ends," as in "material", "productivity" and "efficiency."

We tend to see our lives as a

straight movement from point A to our shining goal at point B.

In the industrial paradigm, then, our "useful self, in thrall to some external Goal, is little more than a cog in the vast industrial machine."

College is a time when many people seek the Grand Goals that will give their life meaning. New worlds are opened up—another one every hour. Are the answers to life to be found in the sciences, in art, in philosophy? Perhaps politics?

As students become more sophisticated in their critical thinking abilities, and realize there are no absolutes, and thus no "right" answers, they may retreat into nihilism, where at least they can know that nothing is worthwhile. This is the danger for "Xers".

Ogilvy suggests an artistic paradigm; an approach to life that allows for the unexpected and encourages the creative and the playful.

He does not condone a life lived without any goals. He warns against enslaving yourself to a single Grand Goal. There are no absolutes, and none of the Grand Goals will supply the Meaning of Life.

Our job is to find the place between meaninglessness and meaning.

# Christmas Donations Sought

## Domestic Violence a Problem throughout Year

She came home with bruises up and down her arms. "He was only joking around," she said. "He didn't mean to hurt me." I didn't buy it. I reminded her that this wasn't the first time she had come home bruised.

"He loves me," she insisted, "and I love him." And so I mind my own business. It takes time to realize the truth sometimes.

What infuriates me the most about domestic violence is the insinuation by some that it is somehow the woman's fault if she stays in an abusive relationship.

You know the arguments. Why doesn't she just leave? What did she do to deserve it?

No woman enjoys being physically or emotionally abused. There are many reasons why a woman may tolerate abuse; liking or deserving it is not one of them.

When a woman finds herself in that position, the answer is not so clear. Often she believes her children need a father, or that the man is the head of the family. Her judgment becomes clouded with thoughts of "I deserve it. If only I could make him happy..." Or worse "I can change him."

But abusers rarely change as a result of a woman's pleas. A cycle of battering is typical in most violent relationships.

First, there is a stage in which the tension between the partners builds, resulting finally in an act of violence. There often follows a loving and forgiving stage. "I'm sorry. I love you. I'll never hurt you again."

Unfortunately, these promises are hardly ever kept. The cycle will continue to be repeated until the woman takes steps to free herself.

Domestic violence is one of the most common of all crimes. It is estimated that about one-half of all couples experience at least one violent incident. Violence is a common occurrence in one-fourth of all couples' relationships.

Of the 20% of murders committed by



family members in the United States, 13% are committed by the spouse of the victim. Most family violence is committed against women. Battering is the single major cause of injury to women. Six million American women are beaten by their husbands each year.

It isn't only women who suffer as a result of domestic violence. Children are emotionally scarred by witnessing family violence.

Even if they are never beaten, children who are raised in an atmosphere of violence grow up to repeat the pattern, either as victim or abuser. Children need to feel safe and secure. An abusive relationship between parents should NEVER be continued "for the sake of the children."

The decision to leave an abusive relationship is always difficult. Many abusers isolate their victims from family and friends, making escape nearly impossible. Often victims fear for their lives if they leave.

Fortunately, there are places women can go to escape from violent relationships. One such place is the Albion Fellows Bacon Center, a safe shelter for battered women and their children.

The services of the center are available at no cost to individuals who are 18 years of age or older and their minor children. A battered woman may stay for up to 90 days while she decides what her next step will be.

The services of the center include protected housing, emotional support,

and assistance and support in dealing with the criminal justice system. A 24-hour crisis line is available for information, referrals, or encouragement. All calls are confidential and collect calls are accepted. The number is (812-424-7273).

The center is funded in part by the city of Evansville, the United Ways of Southwestern Indiana, Posey and Gibson counties, and contributions from businesses, and several federal agencies.

However, the center is always in need of contributions from individual donors.

Gifts are especially appreciated during the holiday season. If you are able to help in any way, please know that your gift will enable women to have a choice to end violence in their lives and the lives of their children.

You can help Albion Fellows Bacon Center provide a Merry Christmas to domestic violence victims by donating an item from the following Christmas Wish List:

- Personal care items (combs, brushes, feminine hygiene items)
- Baby wipes, powder, shampoo, lotion etc.
- Disposable diapers (medium, large)
- Over-the-counter medication (band-aids, Neosporin etc.)
- Twin fitted sheets (extra-long)
- Paper items (toilet paper, paper towels, facial tissue etc.)
- Toiletries (shampoo, conditioner, deodorant, mouthwash etc.)

Any of the following items may be new or used:

- Household items
- Towels and washcloths
- Telephones
- Clock radios or alarm clocks
- Blankets and pillows
- Dishes and silverware
- Child and infant toys

Cash donations are always accepted.

# Water Closet Poet Eludes Capture

It's been ten years now since I first set foot on this campus, and I still haven't caught him. But if I stay unemployed long enough, if I continue to pursue the endless endorsements that are needed to become a teacher, if the Private Industry Council continues to pay for this pursuit (and my wife doesn't leave me), I'll catch him.

I'll apprehend the elusive Water Closet Poet—The King of Rest Room Rhyme.

Yes, my question will be answered. The mystery solved. I'll finally learn why the Water Closet Poet has chosen the upstairs library rest room, from all the other rest rooms on campus, to display his artistic talents.

No other mens room on campus (and I have been in a lot of them during the past decade) bears his poems or his art work.

And this phenomenon perplexes me to no end. There must be a rational reason why the library rest room singularly receives all of his creative attention.

Thus I have decided to publish his descriptions in hopes that some one will be able to expose his identity, leading to his capture and satisfying my obsession.

First of all, the Water Closet Poet probably isn't an athlete, and he must

hate sports. His free verse declarative statements about the USI soccer team reflect his disgust for athletics. Perhaps

a political activist. Below his X-rated poem about soccer players, he has written his candidate for the 1996 presidential election: "O.J. for president."

This presidential choice depicts him as a man with moderate beliefs who would probably describe himself as a centrist. Plus we must assume that the poet is well-read, up on current events, forgiving and not racist.

The Water Closet Poet could be a biology major because of the graphics that he uses to enclose and enhance his poetry. He seems most interested in the male genitals. His murals of the male sex organ encompass the entire length and width of the stall door, and there is a larger reproduction on each stall wall. While sitting and looking up at these giant Freudian expressions (which look like triplets of Garfield each endowed with a very long nose), one might



the poet is an angry ex-soccer player who was cut from the team because his coach discovered that he loved to compose poetry.

Nevertheless, what he writes about the soccer team on the back of the stall door would make a drunken sailor blush on a Saturday night.

The Water Closet Poet seems to be

suspect that the poet minors in psychology.

Also, his drawings are in pink, are circular in form—not linear and his poetry definitely reflects a style of writing that is born from the stream of his consciousness.

This type of artistic expression hints that pink is his favorite color, that

he has strong female traits buried deep in his psyche which are surfacing through his poetry and art, that he is an avid reader of feminist literature, or that he is really a she. But until this can be proven, it must be assumed that the Water Closet Poet is of the male gender.

As mentioned earlier, this poet has been writing on the stalls and walls of the USI library rest room for some time. This is proven by the layers of white paint that the Maintenance Department has used over the years as a means of censoring the poet. Every time the poet strikes, the library maintenance man sprays over his art with white spray paint.

In fact, the maintenance man is so intent on his mission of censorship (or frustrated by his failure) that he over-sprays leaving dried runs of white paint on the door and walls of the stall.

Of course this act of censorship actually benefits the Water Closet Poet. His need for attention is satisfied, and the white paint creates a clean new surface, like a newly washed chalkboard, for him to compose on.

Hence the Maintenance Department is aiding the poet, not hindering or censoring him. They should just give up and use the money that they waste on paint to patch the leaky roof of the library.

There are two final characteristics about the Water Closet Poet that don't seem to befit a scholar - poor spelling and nasty social habits. He seems to confuse the usage of "knows it" with "no's it." This is a peculiar weakness for someone who writes so much.

Also he chews tobacco and doesn't care where he spits. The poet's favorite place to deposit his dark-brown spittle is low on the wall in the corner by the door of the rest room. For some reason the library maintenance man has failed to censor this form of the poet's expression by not washing it off or painting over it.

Despite these last two negative characteristics, the Water Closet Poet is still a resourceful and creative person. He is cunning, and he will be hard to catch. But I'm a patient man. I'll catch him sooner or later.

In the meantime, if you have any information about the identity of this poet, please contact the university's security office or contact me by e-mail at RWhitney@risc.usi.edu.

It may lead to the capture of the Water Closet Poet and finally give me the opportunity to look him straight in the eye and ask, "Why is the mens room at the library so special?"

Richard Whitney

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Semester.

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# Scholarship Rules Change, Raise Controversy

Scholastic Excellence Award winners who entered the university at the beginning of the school year faced different requirements to keep their scholarships than their predecessors. Administrators say they changed requirements to help freshmen students adjust to college, but some professors worry USI lowered its standards and say faculty should have been consulted on the change.

Two major changes to the requirements to keep the scholarship are the lowering of the minimum GPA and the raising of the minimum number of attempted hours.

Until Fall 1995, students were required to maintain a 2.5 GPA until they earned 62 credit hours and a 3.0 GPA after 63 hours. Now students must obtain a 2.0 GPA at the end of the first year, 2.25 at the end of the second year and a 2.5 at the end of the third year.

While students were evaluated at the end of each semester before, now they are evaluated at the end of the spring, which gives them the whole school year to obtain the minimum GPA.

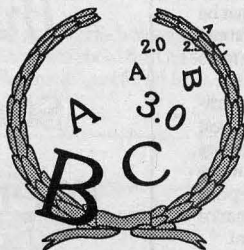
Some faculty members take exception with the first of these changes: the minimum GPA requirement.

Biology professor Dr. James Bandoli first became aware of the changes this summer as he was serving on the Financial Aid Appeals Committee. He said the changes were surprising.

"We're usually made aware of changes like this directly from the administration or whatever governing body it is that makes the changes," he said. "There was no official effort to inform faculty of the changes."

Bandoli told others about the change, including Dr. Jeanne Barnett, professor of biology.

"I had a hard time understanding



why the changes were made," Barnett said.

Bandoli and Barnett said that the faculty should not only have been made aware of the changes, but should have had a role in the decision-making process.

"I've talked to a number of faculty on campus," Barnett said, "and almost to a person they disagree" with the new minimal GPA requirements.

"I think if the faculty had been consulted the changes may not have been made or may not have been made as drastically as they were," Bandoli said. "But in all fairness, members of the administrative council have admitted that they should have run this by the faculty."

Bandoli said the changes could be harmful to students. "First, by setting low targets, you're encouraging some students to underachieve. All you have to do is get a 2.0 or 2.5. That may be all some people do," he said.

"Secondly, when an employer looks at one of our graduates, sees that person has had a USI Scholastic Excellence Award for four years and yet that person is graduating with a 2.5 or 2.6, it is not sending the message that I think we should be sending out about academic achievement."

Matthew Graham, professor of creative writing, agrees with Bandoli and

Barnett. He said the new GPA requirements "cheapen the prestige" of the award.

"We're trying so hard to get rid of the image of West Side High. I don't see how [the new requirements] help," he said.

Graham said retention is a big problem, but "I hate to see general standards slacken."

"I have no problems with the scholarship," Barnett said. "I have problems with it being called 'Scholastic Excellence.' In my mind, excellence is if the student is doing B or better work. I think a 2.0 or a 2.5 is not academic excellence. It is an acceptable level, but it is not excellence."

Bandoli agreed and said the lower GPA requirement weakens the award in that it is no longer a Scholastic Excellence Award. "The grade point requirements are now pretty mediocre," he said.

Administrators admit that the professors should have been consulted and will be in the future concerning this award. Dr. John Byrd, vice president for student affairs, said the new requirements are not cast in stone and the faculty senate or one of its committees will have a role in reviewing the policy later.

"I'll be the first to say I'm not wedded to this approach," Byrd said. He said the scholarship program and its recipients would be closely monitored.

Byrd said he wants to be an advocate for students. One of the problems Byrd noticed when he was vice president for academic services at the University of Evansville was once students lost a scholarship they often dropped out of school.

Retention is a primary concern to the university. The changes, Reid said, "were a logical consequence of looking at retention issues."

Both Byrd and Reid said the first year of college is the hardest for students and

## Changes to the Scholastic Excellence Award Rules

Rule	Former	Current
Full-time requirement	12 hours per semester	15 hours per semester
Completion Rate	12 hours per semester	24 hours per year
Maximum Timeframe	5 years or 124 hours attempted	4 years or 124 earned hours
Evaluation Frequency	Each Semester	End of Spring
Renewal GPA	2.5 through 62 hours 3.0 after 63 hours	2.0 end of first year 2.25 end of second year 2.5 end of third year



the new requirements take this into account. Reid said the changes were made because of the negative impact the old requirements seemed to have on freshmen.

"The standards remain relatively demanding for those students who don't start out well," Reid said.

With the new approach, Reid and Byrd said students have a reasonable chance to rebound after a bad first semester.

Byrd and Reid said the students who receive this scholarship have a history of academic excellence and the changes will not affect most of them, but the changes are meant to help the few students who need time to adjust to the new demands of college life.

Reid pointed out that the scholarship is an award for work done in high school, not college.

The requirements to receive the award have not been changed. The half-tuition scholarship is awarded to freshmen who

have received the Indiana Academic Honors Diploma or ranked in the top ten percent of their high school class and had a 3.6 GPA on a 4.0 scale by their seventh semester of high school. It is also awarded to junior college graduates who meet that criteria and have a minimum 3.0 transfer GPA.

"Some students had a really easy time in high school. Others might have come from high schools where not as much was required," Byrd said. "The new requirements give students an opportunity to make the transition to college."

Reid said some of the other changes will help students also. He pointed to the requirement that students attempt 15 credit hours and complete 12 each semester.

"This is a way to help students understand that they are full-time, and a full-time load is, in fact, the number of

hours necessary to enable you to graduation in four years," he said. "I found that to be a very positive encouragement to students to move ahead to their career and not prolong the academic experience."

The scholarship is now available for 124 hours or four years, whichever comes first. Previously, students were required to attempt and complete 12 hours a semester and could take up to five years to complete their degrees.

Reid said the changes were meant to help students. He said he does not worry that the changes hurt the university's image.

"If we can help more students be successful, and stay in school, that is, fundamentally, what we should be about," Reid said. "Our goal should be student success, not image."

Tracy Bee

## FINAL EXAM SCHEDULE

If the class is scheduled to meet on any of the following days:

MWF, MTWRF, MW,  
MF, MWF, MTRF,  
MTWR, MWRF,  
MTWF, MTR, MTW,  
Monday only

TR, TWR,  
TWRF, TRF  
Tuesday only

Beginning at:

7:00 a.m.  
8:00 a.m.  
9:00 a.m.  
10:00 a.m.  
11:00 a.m.  
12:00 p.m.  
1:00 p.m.  
2:00 p.m.  
3:00 p.m.  
4:30 p.m.

7:30 a.m.  
9:00 a.m.  
10:30 a.m.  
12:00 p.m.  
1:30 p.m.  
3:00 p.m.  
4:30 p.m.

Then the exam will be on:

Dec. 13, 1995  
Dec. 15, 1995  
Dec. 11, 1995  
Dec. 13, 1995  
Dec. 15, 1995  
Dec. 11, 1995  
Dec. 13, 1995  
Dec. 15, 1995  
Dec. 11, 1995  
Dec. 13, 1995

Dec. 14, 1995  
Dec. 12, 1995  
Dec. 14, 1995  
Dec. 12, 1995  
Dec. 14, 1995  
Dec. 12, 1995  
Dec. 14, 1995

At:

7:00-9:00 a.m.  
8:00-10:00 a.m.  
9:00-11:00 a.m.  
10:00-12:00 p.m.  
11:00-1:00 p.m.  
12:00-2:00 p.m.  
1:00-3:00 p.m.  
2:00-4:00 p.m.  
3:00-5:00 p.m.  
4:00-6:00 p.m.

7:30-9:30 a.m.  
9:00-11:00 a.m.  
10:30-12:30 p.m.  
12:00-2:00 p.m.  
1:30-3:30 p.m.  
3:00-5:00 p.m.  
4:00-6:00 p.m.

Night classes will hold their final exams according to the following schedule:

Monday 6:00 p.m. or later  
Tuesday 6:00 p.m. or later  
Wednesday 6:00 p.m. or later  
Thursday 6:00 p.m. or later  
Friday 6:00 p.m. or later  
Saturday Regular Time

Dec. 11, 1995  
Dec. 12, 1995  
Dec. 13, 1995  
Dec. 14, 1995  
Dec. 15, 1995  
Dec. 16, 1995

6:00-8:00 p.m.  
6:00-8:00 p.m.  
6:00-8:00 p.m.  
6:00-8:00 p.m.  
6:00-8:00 p.m.  
Regular Time



## Siren's Song

We deliver to you  
the release you require,  
your lungs to inspire  
the happy death  
we're selling  
to anyone willing  
to admit they just can't quit  
the quiet addiction  
to fictional living,  
seeing things as we wish,  
wanting not to see  
the rotting remnants of sanity,  
of a place we can't love to be  
so we watch  
the eddies of ashes  
flurry by and away,  
wonder to ourselves  
if perhaps these aren't  
ashes of ourselves,  
lost to the breeze that  
delves into us,  
carves a piece,  
a lesion of esse,  
carries it to an ethereal palace,

to the treasure room  
wherein lie hoarded  
the broken dreams of youthful idealists,  
the crushed spirits of the would-be ambitious,  
the unrequited love of romantics  
the optimism of the old.

In the center of this macabre gallery  
a jewel sits pulsing  
atop the head of Evil,  
and it is the hope of man.  
(I have another cigarette)

## Scarred (Knees)

Thirteen, unwashed hair, plastic glasses  
high tops and jeans, plaid shirt to Church.  
Bored and ignored, i threw rocks into the Ohio  
as they learned of loving their neighbors.  
Dainty girls in expensive outfits,  
turtleneck hiding last night's festivities,  
deemed me too impure for Sunday school.  
Before every parable lesson  
i learned of the boy of the weekend  
and the things done while parents slept.  
Yet i turned my cheek when catching the girl  
who always looked at me with sneers..  
catching her and the peach-fuzz boy  
behind the stairwell..  
his hand down her unbuttoned blouse.

Eighteen, never smoked a cig or joint, unpopular,  
3.7 gpa, skinny and still riding bicycles.  
Saw two of the girls, one pregnant,  
the other hiding cigarettes and a Jack in her pocket  
as she talked of a party and boy from another school.  
The other girl, I heard, earned the school reputation:  
well-traveled and orally gifted..  
(caught with her leg sticking out of the window).

Twenty-four, drug-free, long hair metal-head,  
Lit major, step-father, my religion is now the mind.  
One girl judged me a bad influence  
—(my kid adores White Zombie)—  
she has pot in the silverware drawer  
and crank stashed in candy wrappers  
and men who stumble through the doors.  
Another ridiculed rumors of sacriligious events,  
proclaiming total amazement,  
shortly after bragging of oral talents.  
The other, still attending Church with her friends,  
parades her third husband  
and fourth expecting..  
though someone said she wants a blood test.

So when all of us venture before their God  
(i am necessarily evil because i don't believe in him)  
the three Christian girls shall proceed forward—  
they are used to being on their knees.

Matt Maxwell



# POETRY

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## Denial

If you were here,  
I could stop counting the commercials  
between the shows you and I used to watch.  
Laughing you left me,  
for another.  
Now I lounge, open and ugly,  
balancing my value -- between commercials.  
I think that value  
is not judged by those who leave,  
not by the model with perfect hair,  
and not by the milk drinkers with perfect teeth.  
Value might be the price of this TV,  
which is yours, it's cheap  
and the vertical is going out.

T. Vick

## Personal Level

We all need to forget sometimes  
the kid we once were.  
We need to shed our innocence and  
run free into the night.  
Think about it.  
How many times were you  
beat up as a kid, just because some other kid was bigger  
than you or because someone just  
wanted to fight?  
You stood there — helpless — unable to  
move.  
The sweet, gentle kid who never said  
a mean word to anybody,  
The kid no one would play with at recess.  
Then high school: hell in a brick building.  
You were called a nerd because you  
liked to read or because you  
could explain  $E=Mc^2$ .  
You saw someone else win the game or  
be crowned queen.  
You stood there, wondering when  
your moment would come.  
Your day arrived, or did it?  
You've had moments in the sun, but they  
faded to complacency as you carry on from day to day,  
working, like every one else,  
like the kid who beat you up,  
like the game winner,  
like the queen of the prom.  
You shed it all, rose above it.  
Until  
you passed your old school  
and saw some bully pummeling some  
poor kid.  
You felt the punches and the shame.  
You took it on a personal level.

Shannon Neese



# Tutor for free credit, fuzzy feeling

*Warning: the following is a blatant attempt to recruit, proselytize, and train possible candidates to be English tutors in the Academic Skills department. The author is not responsible for what may happen if you read any further.*

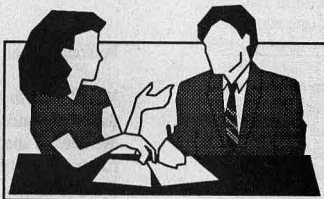
Until about a year ago, I had a vague sort of belief that the people who worked in the tutoring lab were professional tutors hired by USI from some kind of off-campus organiza-

tion. As a matter of fact, I wasn't quite sure that this alleged lab even existed, as I had never seen it. The lab, otherwise known as the Academic Skills Center, took on mythic qualities in my mind; everyone who went there found success, and they all lived happily ever after.

I learned of the reality, however, when I received a letter from Dr. Myra Balok inviting me to become an English tutor in training. As a result of my affirmative reply to her invitation, I'm now helping others as part of the course requirements for the English 490 practicum. The practicum consists of a semester's worth of on-the-job training in the lab, where trainees take their cues from Dr. Balok and her crew of veteran tutors.

To be admitted into the tutoring practicum, students must meet a few minimum requirements. First of all, an aspiring tutor must have a GPA of at least 2.5 to be accepted into the program. Second, the students must also have As or Bs in all composition classes taken. Finally, the aspiring tutor must have been recommended by a professor who has taught the student, or the tutor may enroll by consent of the 490 instructor.

(By the way, the program is open to anyone who meets these standards, not just English major or minors. Students with majors in pre-med, history, math, and business are presently working as English tutors. And we



English majors thought only *we* could write.

In addition to these prerequisites, students seeking to become tutors also have some expectations and responsibilities to fulfill. Tutors in training must attend class once a week. The class meets from 1:30 to 2:50, during which time the students learn tutoring techniques and discuss their lab experiences.

The English 490 participants also are required to submit final projects for completion of this course. These projects are geared toward the practical and are usually designed to create a better understanding of what English tutoring is all about. Tutors-in-training also work in the Academic Skills Center (that place of myth and fable) six hours a week.

This time in the lab consists of the actual hands-on training, when skills are developed through repeated use of learned material. The students arrange their shifts in the lab to fit into their schedules.

After all this about prerequisites and responsibilities, what do the students have to look forward to in the practicum?

For starters, the class is free to qualifying students—anyone taking English 490 receives a tuition waiver for the course. Not only is the class free, but English 490 students receive credit for taking it as well. Moreover, class members have the opportunity to discuss their tutoring experiences

within the framework of a supportive class setting. Class meetings are instructive and entertaining, and the feedback from Dr. Balok and the fellow tutors is invaluable.

What else? Well, students who complete the course each receive a letter for their files which states their fulfillment of course requirements. This letter brightens up a resume considerably.

After passing English 490, students may also opt to tutor for pay in the Academic Skill Center. Upon completing 25 paid hours in the lab, students are officially certified by the College Reading and Learning Association; this honor also looks good on a resume.

But perhaps the biggest benefit of all is a personal one. Sometimes the workload can be overwhelming, and no two days in the lab are ever the same. But I've found that having students come to me for help and being able to provide that assistance is a most rewarding feeling.

When students return to the lab with thanks for the help I've given, showing me the paper or speech that received a good grade, I feel good about myself and my work. Sometimes the challenges are tough, but the rewards are greater than the labor.

If these benefits sound appealing, perhaps you should consider signing up for English 490 and becoming an English tutor. For more information about enrolling in the tutoring program, contact Dr. Balok at the Academic Skills Center in the lower level of the Orr Center or call her at 464-7119.

Come to the lab and see us in action. Better yet, become an English tutor yourself and take part in an integral part of the educational experiences offered at USI.

—Ed Corn

December/January 1995

# Gonzo Journalist Thompson Leads Reader on a Wild Ride

## *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*

by Hunter S. Thompson

Random House, 1971

Did you notice when NBC went to Las Vegas? Yeah, Leno, the Fresh Prince, the whole gang. But the entire network was at a severe disadvantage—they didn't have Hunter S. Thompson to kick them around town and show them a good time.

I've reviewed Hunter before. Praised him profusely in print is more like it. And praise is all you'll read about H.S.T. from this critic, simply because he is the best.

When it comes to humor, Erma Bombeck and Dave Barry be damned. Thompson is the master slice-of-life funnyman.

Pull out a Rolling Stone magazine from Nov. 11, 1971. That's where this "story" first appeared. It continued on Nov. 25. It never ended, really, because Thompson is still alive and working today. God bless his spotted little liver.

A routine sports assignment (cover the Mint 400 motorbike race in Las Vegas), in the hands of this gonzo journalist turned into a drug-addled misadventure in the desert with a honned-up Samoan

shyster. Luckily, the man was Thompson's attorney.

From the cashing of the press-supplied expense check, the action is vice after vice. The renting of the Great Red Shark (convertible Chevy roadhog) is fun, and the subsequent filling of its trunk with abusable substances within and without the scope of the law is the glue holding the story together.

Thompson and his attorney explore the Ringling-style madness of the casinos and the deserted sadness of the city's outskirts looking for the American Dream.

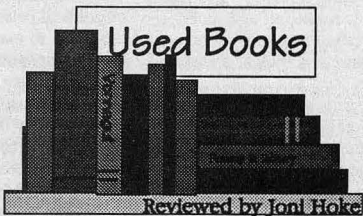
When the last hotel charge has been signed under a false name and the second rental car needs to be shot like a crippled horse, Hunter must clear his head and figure out how to flee town: "I slumped on my bed in the Flamingo, feeling dangerously out of phase with my surroundings .... The mirror was shattered but still hanging together, bad evidence of the afternoon my attorney ran amok with the coconut

hammer, smashing the mirror and all the light bulbs."

Warning: Do not try this at home. You'll be tempted to, once you pick up the book's rhythm. You cannot keep up this man's pace. He got paid for this behavior. You'll get arrested for it.

With regard to this author, I've been sentimental lately, because Thompson is back in the news (local politics). Plus, I'm just beginning to replace my Thompson collection, savagely destroyed in a dishwasher at the hands of a bitter ex-roommate who knew how to hit below the belt. Funny thing, though, all the pages of my old books smelled like dried tequila, and so do the new ones....

Trust me, *anything* by Hunter S. Thompson will keep you rolling in the floorboards.



deadheads get their trippin' threads at

## t-shirt madness

- hackis
- dead shirts
- hemp jewelery
- dr. suess hats
- stickers
- dancing bears

1115 Washington Square Mall

# Changing the World

## Students Restart USI Amnesty International Chapter

Many students and faculty members often become irate over censorship. Restricting information inhibits our ability to make fair and just decisions. But what happens when censorship becomes a threat to freedom or even life?

Today, someone will die or be imprisoned because of his or her point of view. Ideas that are politically objectionable can lead to prison and execution in many parts of the world.

Members of Amnesty International hope to end such practices.

Amnesty International tirelessly works for:

— the release of all prisoners of conscience—those people in prison for their beliefs, race, sex, sexual orientation, ethnic origin, language or religion.

— the release of political prisoners who have neither used nor advocated violence.

— fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners.

— an end to torture and ill treatment of political prisoners.

— an end to extrajudicial executions and disappearances.

Fortunately, the purveyors of censorship are susceptible to public opinion. Amnesty International uses this vulnerability to its advantage in the fight for justice and freedom throughout the world.

Besides exposing civil rights atrocities, Amnesty International organizes massive letter-writing campaigns.

One crucial letter could mean the difference between imprisonment and freedom; that letter may be the one you send.

Your opinion may sway a government decision that violates human rights and ultimately save a life.

Throughout 1996, Amnesty Inter-

national will focus its attention on human rights issues in Nigeria and Kenya. Your support is urgently requested.

A recent article by the *Associated Press* appearing in the *Evansville Courier* reported the deaths of five political prisoners in Nigeria.

As the holidays approach, our thoughts tend to focus on peace, goodwill and gift giving. At this time of the year, or any other, what greater gift could anyone bestow than freedom or life itself.

Students are currently revitalizing their efforts for a USI Amnesty International chapter and holding membership drives.

Amnesty International members make a difference. Anyone interested in becoming a member should call Jane Grassman at 425-7779.

Charles Baize

# APB

*Where Classes End and the Fun Begins!*

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by Lynnette Reine & Wendy Kripe

# Horoscopes for the Hell of It

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22)** You take it too far with your alcohol problem. You develop a taste for flies. Your skin becomes green and scaly, you sprout four webbed feet and can only emit this croaking sound: "Bud-weis-er."

**Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19)** You have blown your monthly budget for the third time. Hey, not to worry! It's time to return the \$300 dollars worth of new books you purchased at the beginning of the semester. Why, the generous people at USI's bookstore will gladly refund you ... about twenty bucks.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)** It is about time you do some major cleaning and get rid of all the junk just sitting around. However, you get no further than your bed. You're lazy and never live up to your word. Things could be worse. You could spend all your time telling bad jokes and getting tomatoes thrown at your face like your Uncle Leo.

**Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)** It looks like cold weather ahead of us, and no love in your forecast. Give up. There is no one out there who will give you the time of day. And that ain't nuthin' compared to your grades. Oh yeah, happy holidays!

**Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20)** The home shopping network entices you to stay at home this Christmas season. You become a jewel-bedecked couch potato with more appliances than friends. Get yourself a life. And take off that damned tiara!

**Gemini (May 22-June 21)** This is it. You've finally met The One! You're so happy that everyone hates your mushy guts. Everything is perfect--until you meet another One.

Good luck, you're going to need it!

**Cancer (June 22-July 22)** The poop hits the fan when you lock gazes across a crowded room with your best friend's "significant other." It gets all over your new party duds. And you deserve it, you treacherous, back-stabbing cretin.

**Leo (July 23-Aug 22)** The stars show that you will have the most mind-numbingly dull Christmas vacation in recorded history. After a couple of weeks of game shows and soap operas, you'll get socks and underwear for Christmas and spend New Year's Eve with Dick Clark. You'll fall asleep shortly before the ball drops. Sorry.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)** You get a date for New Year's Eve with that person you've been lusting after all semester! On Christmas day you wake up with an enormous zit in the middle of your forehead. It grows more huge day by day, and by the thirty-first it obstructs your entire face. It's OK, though. S/he likes you for your *mind*.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)** A friend spreads rumors about you this month. Beware of this friend; he/she may do damage to your reputation. You must be a Greek--get out while you still can. And cheer up, you can always buy new friends.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov.21)** You win a cruise and decide to go alone, hoping to meet the person of your dreams. You meet, but s/he is totally repulsed by you. However, you win the shuffleboard tourney. Congrats!

# Attention:

The next issue of *Transitions* will come out the last week of January.

The deadline for submissions of **Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles** is **January 19.**

*Late submissions accepted on a space-available basis.*

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

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

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