

Transitions



Student Magazine

Volume VI Issue II September 1995

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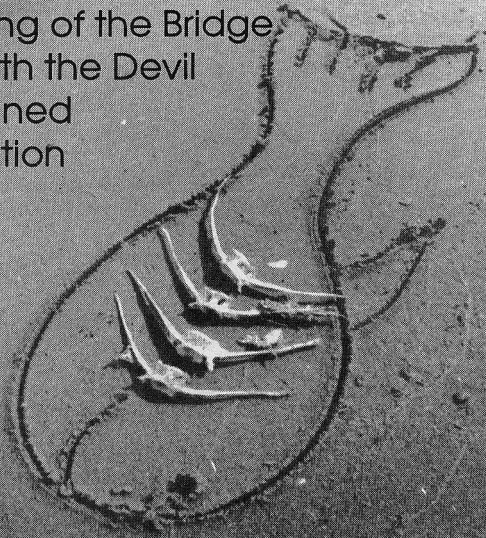
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Editor

Tracy Bee

Assistant Editor

Wendy Knipe

Maria Tudela

Consultant

Jude Wolf

Advertising

Lisa Shenk

Contributing Writers

Lisa Barnett

Joni Hoke

Kristen Masterson

Matt Maxwell

Lynnette Reine

Eric Titzer

Artists

John Lankford

Damon Dawson

Advisors

Ron Roat

Tammy Barnett

Cover Photo by Damon Dawson

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

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

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Transitions

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Promises, Promises

I am one of those lucky people blessed with an extremely long senior year. I could, conceivably, be editor of *Transitions* next year. After the emotionally exhausting first issue, however, I made a vow to leave the editor's position at the end of the spring semester.

To paraphrase our great mayor, Frank McDonald, I will not run for reelection. I mean it, though. Really.

If you are interested in this position for next year, I advise you to come to the *Transitions* Office now and become involved. Not only is this free training (this job is not as easy as it looks), but the Student Publications Committee, which chooses the new editor, does not look kindly on strangers.

Don't be a stranger.

Though I received many compliments about the new look of the magazine, I was also informed of its many errors. My good friend, assistant editor and EX-roommate Wendy borrowed my red pen and ripped through the magazine the very night I brought it back from the printer.

Thank you Wendy; I know you did it out of love.

I apologize for one especially embarrassing typographical error. If you

read the magazine carefully, you know what it is.

Until this magazine reaches perfection, a corrections box will run on this page for general errors (besides basic typos). In addition, correction boxes will be found adjacent to the

Office Hours

Monday, Wednesday
1 - 2 p.m.
Thursday
2 - 3 p.m.

various columns and features as needed. If you find an error as you read the magazine, do not hesitate to call or write us.

Most people loved our cover, or at least, I received many compliments about the cover. Maybe the people who hated it refuse to speak to me.

Some people did, however, express concern that we were exploiting the sad-looking rat.

We would never hurt a rat. We love rats. Some of our best friends are rats. Some of our staff members are rats (I won't name names). Remember: a rat is a boy is a rat is Newt

Gingrich who once was a boy, or something to that effect.

No animals were directly maimed or killed to bring you that photo.

Artist Damon Dawson promises equally intriguing covers for the rest of the year, and I promise to fill the inside of the magazine with articles worthy of those covers.

I feel I must add yet another note about my pet peeve, apathy. No one, with the exception of Vice President for Academic Affairs Dr. Robert Reid, has written us a letter about the magazine.

We wish to thank Dr. Reid for his congratulations on our first issue and chastise everyone else.

I would assume nothing was interesting enough to demand some sort of response had I not heard some of the secondhand complaints and compliments through eavesdropping and direct communication.

If something especially irks or pleases you, write a letter. It doesn't have to directly relate to this magazine. Write about the campus or the community. We need input. We need to know what you care about.

Tracy Bee
tbee@risc.us.edu

Do you care
about *anything*?
Write a letter.

Transitions Magazine, 8600 University Blvd., Evansville, IN 47712

Corrections

Shanklin Theatre's *The Secret Garden* runs from Nov. 10 to 19 rather than opening and closing on Nov. 19 as we reported last issue.

You also learned last issue in Wendy Knipe's farewell to Jerry Garcia that the Grateful Dead and its fans are all about "pidity." Not quite. The Dead released a statement saying, "We're all supposed to be about higher consciousness, not drunken stupidity." Part of this quote was lost due to a tragic Pagemaker accident.

We also apologize to Matt Maxwell who lost a complete sentence in his *Eden Lie Obscured* column due to another terrible Pagemaker debacle.

Around Campus and Beyond . . .

compiled by Kristen Masterson and Maria Tudela

Director of Controversial Art Projects to Speak at USI

The artist Christo has attracted world-wide attention with his "wrap art" projects in which he wraps objects or places.

Reactions to these artworks range from interest and admiration to complete confusion and condemnation.

Tom Golden, director of Christo's projects, will discuss the artist's work at 9 a.m. Monday, Oct. 2 in Mitchell Auditorium.

Golden's collection of

Christo's pre-exhibit designs is currently on display at the Richmond Museum of Art in Richmond, Indiana.

Dr. Hillary Braysmith, assistant professor of art history, is coordinating Golden's visit.

Christo's latest project was *Wrap Reichstag* in Berlin. Other projects include *Surrounded Islands* in Florida, *Umbrellas* in California and Japan and *Vally Curtain* in Colorado.

Tri-state Cinema Society Schedule

Oct. 1-5	<i>To Live</i>
Oct. 15-19	<i>Before Sunrise</i>
Oct. 29-Nov.2	<i>Burnt by the Sun</i>
Nov. 12-16	<i>The Postman</i>

The Tri-state Cinema Society shows films at Old Orchard Cinema in Henderson, Ky.

Films are shown Sunday through Thursday at 7 p.m. There is a 3 p.m. matinee on Sunday.

A discussion follows the film on Thursday night.

Free Immunizations and Screenings Offered

Adult health screenings and immunizations will be available free of charge at the ECHO Health Center at St. Anthony's Center for Family Life.

On Saturday, October 14, 1995 between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. the center will provide services to any adult 18 years of age or older who lives in Vanderburgh County.

Services include tetanus, flu, and pneumonia shots as well as diabetes, anemia, oral cancer and prostate screening. The center also offers confidential or anonymous HIV testing.

For the complete list of services, call 421-9850. The center is located at 713 N. 2nd Avenue.

"Safe Ride" Campaign Slated for Spring Semester

The Student Government Association and Welborn Hospital are sponsoring this year's Oksoberfest program which will raise money for a "Safe Ride" program.

The program is designed to offer students the chance to have a "safe ride" home if they get into a situation where one is needed. The program will hopefully begin for the spring semester.

There will be free games, food, face painting, a dunking booth and student organizational fundraiser booths, all of which contribute to the "Safe Ride" campaign.

The "Safe Ride" campaign needs \$2,000 to \$3,000 to start-up.

Oksoberfest will take place on Sunday Oct. 22 from noon - 4 p.m. in the Outdoor Education area.

Opportunities

National College Poetry Contest.

Cash prizes are available. Winning submissions are published in the anthology, *American Collegiate Poets*.

Submissions due October 31. For rules and applications, write International Publications, P.O. Box 44044-L, Los Angeles, CA 90044.

Science and Engineering Research Semester (SERS)

Research opportunities available to sophomores, juniors, or seniors studying science. Monthly stipend and free housing are available.

October 20 is the application deadline for the 1996 spring semester. The 1996 fall term deadline is March 15, 1996.

For applications and more information, contact Donna Prokop at (202) 488-2426 or the Science and Engineering Research Semester; P.O. Box 23575, Washington, DC 20026-3575 or call (202) 488-2426.

Student Research Participation Program (SRP)

The U.S. Department of Energy is offering a chance to sophomores, juniors, and seniors to collaborate with federal scientists for 10 weeks next summer.

Certain travel expenses are reimbursed and stipends are given out according to grade level.

The application deadline is January 16, 1996. For application materials or additional information, please contact Pat Pressley at (423) 576-1083 or the Student Research Participation Program, Science/Engineering Education Division, Oak Ridge Institute for science and Education, P.O. Box 117, Oak Ridge, Tenn. 37831-0117.

Continuing Education Offered in a Variety of Courses

Are you bored, even though the semester is in full swing?

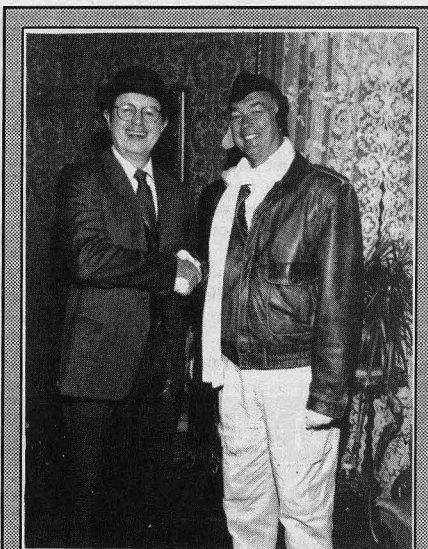
Well, it is not too late for you to enroll in USI's Continuing Education courses.

Pick from a wide variety of courses from creative basketry, furniture refinishing, basic drawing, foreign languages, financial strategies for successful retirement and even courses on Christmas crafts for the Santa in you.

If studying isn't your thing then maybe the class on "how to study in college" will help or maybe the trip to Chicago might interest you more. Spend the weekend visiting the Chicago Institute of Art and seeing the Broadway musical *Miss Saigon*.

And hey, if you are alumni you get a 10 percent discount.

To find out more about USI's Continuing Education Courses, or to enroll in one of the ones mentioned, call 464-1989 or 1-800-467-8600.



USI president, Dr. H. Ray Hoops shakes the hand of Dr. Phillip Shoffstall, EVSC superintendent, at last month's *The Reitz of Passage*.

The two educators portrayed the Wright brothers in the play at the Reitz Home Museum.

photo courtesy of The Reitz Home

Wanted: A young George Will, Cal Thomas or Brenda Steproe.

Transitions needs a conservative voice to speak about politics, morals, or the general break-down of society.

Knowledge of who any of the above-mentioned people are is a definite plus.

Send copies of writing samples to *Transitions*, 8600 University Blvd., Evansville, IN, 47712.

Call 464-1856 or drop by the *Transitions* office for more information.

Interview with the Devil

Humans Responsible for Evil

"You may call me any name you like, but I prefer not to hear 'Memnoch.' It sounds too pretentious. Any other name, exalting or derogatory, is acceptable."

First, I want to thank you for taking time from your busy schedule...

"Busy? Where did you get the notion that I'm busy?"

Well ... you know ... uhm ... from

I've resigned myself to being only an observer."

You mean neither you nor your servant demons have anything to do with humans?

"For the most part, yes. Our involvement begins and stops at poignant appearances at certain sites of depravity and misery. After all, we do have a serious and lofty reputation to uphold ... until now, that is. But, we can not—for we are bound by stronger powers—physically touch a human."

By whose powers?
"I think you know the answer without my having to tell

you..."

So what about the numerous accounts of possessions and exorcisms?

"Gifted people can ascertain our presence. Their reactions border on the comically insane; I'm sure you've read about the symptoms. However, the exorcism is entirely psychosomatic. Great entertainment, though, for us.

"Most of the time a 'possession' is the accidental result of a careless demon walking among a crowd. However, during periods of drought, I often assign several demons the task of finding a gifted person. It returns to maintaining the reputation."

Do people ever fake possessions for publicity?

"Quite frequently, in fact. But our cause is helped just as much as the profiting pocketbook."

If you are not allowed, then, to directly interfere with humans, the ultimate question is who, or what, is responsible for the evil humans commit?

"Ah, the old, philosophic question: 'Is man really free?' Yes.

"For centuries I opened my arms and freely accepted blame for human transgression. Now I feel it is time for humans to realize they must search themselves for justifications; the individual is responsible for the soul, and the actions determine the outcome of the soul's comfort.

"The dilemma is that humans are programmed for malevolence. A haphazard glance at the world's violence is my proof. People kill, in ingenious and devastatingly cruel ways, in the name of their protector. Often, they kill because the internal, instinctive beast of malevolence breaks the surface of humanity and explodes in rage. Sometimes people kill for the thrill of it, loving the beast temporarily freed.

"Goldring's *Lord of the Flies* is true beyond what humans wish to admit. Humans need determined internal effort and external teaching to subdue instinct. Teaching children is the easiest way to instill a morality of humanism. They are taught (often in contradictory methods) to become civilized humans who can control instinct.

"And yet, without that guiding role, children turn into the violent sub-humans Goldring so perfectly characterized. It still happens today.

"Take a look at your ghetto cretins, most of whom do not believe in me. A large percentage have not learned to control their bestial instinct. Their teachers are people who have only temporarily leashed the internal animal. And thus begins the downward spiral of several souls.

"Their instinctual animalism is not

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

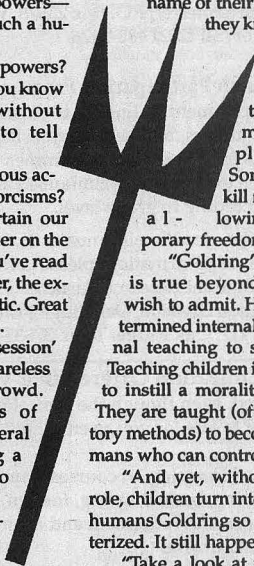
... uhm ... press reports of ... uhm ... possessions, interviews with convicted killers claiming your guidance and ... er ... promises...

"Such trivialities. And lies. I often wish I could be accountable for those bizarre events. I rarely, if ever, speak to anyone. I'm speaking to you only because *my* story has never been told. And I'm prepared to spend the several decades it will require to make the people hear me.

"But, anyway, I do not directly concern myself with the affairs of your race. Neither do my underlings, much their grumbling and rambunctious boredom. It is not in my power to affect humans.

"I can not, no matter how many 'press reports,' church-backed magazines, documentaries, or tales say differently, enter a person's body. And I can not command one of my servants to commit the transgression, either.

"I shall not sit here and hide the truth that I would much like to. The things I could do would make a witness' heart stop before a syllable of penance could be muttered. And yet,



a result of my swaying them away from holiness. It is merely the normal course for those who do not learn to ascend above the animalism."

So, humanity is a result of nurture, whereas animalism is a result of nature? Could you expound on that, please?

"Degradation of the soul is a choice of will.

"Although my reputation benefits greatly from acts of

human depravity, close examinations of the actions will reveal my innocence. Consider the uncultivated surroundings of the two boys—not even in their teens—who, several months ago in this 'pristine' town—raped another boy. Where are the people responsible for instilling the humanity to master the natural beast?

"And the pitiful aspect for the human race is occurrences such as this are common events. The world over. No country is innocent. What's left to believe in when children commit crimes for which adults earn life-imprisonment?"

Has technology helped or hurt your reputation?

"Without a doubt it has aided me. In less than ten minutes after an incident, millions of people have the access to the depravity. Years ago it would have taken days to reach of few score people.

"How many people in this country would know of the genocidal wars in Europe and Africa? Or the pedophilic sex shops in Thailand? Or even the numerous accounts of moral degradation in U.S. cities: the molesters, murderers, rapists, psychopaths? What about the everyday occurrence of a normal person suddenly losing control of the beast?

"Instantaneous media allows the world to know instantly of subhuman actions. And, quickly, my reputation as the spreader of moral dissent grows. Which is one of the rea-

sons I want my story told."

Okay, what kind of person you consider prime material?

"First, people may have a difficult time accepting this, but I do not prefer souls who did not learn the difference between morality and animal-

"Degradation of the soul is a choice of will."

ism. Because they do not understand the difference, they did not make a choice to be immoral. Instinct controlled them, and their soul's damnation is a result of religious ignorance.

"Second, sacrilege does not impress me, no matter how many 'satanists' have written, said, or done otherwise. I respect territory ... as mine is respected. Sacrilegious souls earn special perverse and painful treatment, not a right-hand seat from me. The man who had the audacity to let loose the instinctual animal in a place of holiness will pay dearly in his next life. Raping a woman on holy territory is a major transgression.

"(Yet, I still feel the desire to ask where the woman's protection was. I and my servants are the only angels bound not to invade human affairs. The other power has absolute control over everything. But, mine is not to question why.)

"Where was I going with this?"

The type of soul you prefer.

"Oh, yes. The most pleasant to have in my company are the souls who knew and understood the consequences to their choices and actions. The people who conscientiously chose to follow an evil choice are prime ma-

terial. I adore people who affirm holiness and consistently denounce the ascetic life-style.

"Of course my favorite are the faltering men of holiness, the trusted men whose beast is unleashed in private quarters ... or hindquarters if you want to be slightly vulgar.

I adore the souls of supposed holy people claiming benevolent voices and directions only to have several differ-

ent women (not the celibate woman they married, of course) on their back on a table or between legs in a car. I also have an affinity to those who have murdered, claiming religious right to do so.

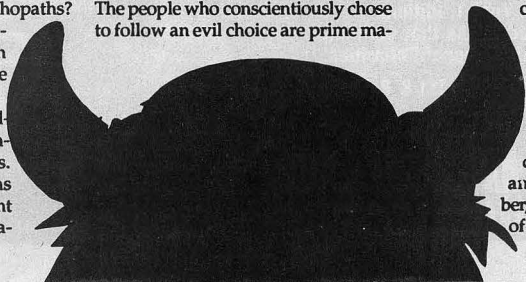
"But I'm not stuck on highbrow souls.

I appreciate the upstanding, esteemed teenager in church with the whiskey bottle in a jacket pocket; the minister's son pushing a girl into a darkened corner; the Catholic girl on birth-control pills having sex every day; the girls in Sunday school classes remembering the guy they made out with last night as they rub the hickey below their neck line; the paramours who visit each other's bedrooms while the spouse is away; the revelers attending bacchanalian parties of all types flowing with alcohol and drugs; the power-hungry who forsake everything for the worship of money; the young adult telling a parent that college is all homework as three people are passed out, naked, of course, in the other room and hallway ...

"Have I rambled long enough? Basically, I prefer the soul degraded by choice of will."

One last quick question: do you enter bargains with humans?

"I don't need to. Humans are programmed to enter my domain. So very few go anywhere else. Remember, degradation is a choice of will."



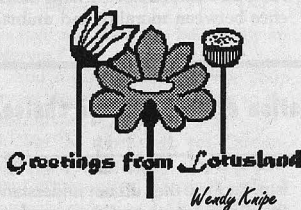
Who are all of you people, and where did you come from?

Anyone who has been at USI for even a couple of years must have noticed that we've had quite a population explosion on campus this year. Enrollment has gone up this year, and I can now engage in an activity heretofore unheard of on this campus: people watching.

That's right. I'm watching you. And one of the things I've noticed is that I have been here longer, I think, than *any* of you. I honestly cannot think of a student on this campus who has been here as long as I have. Can this possibly be true?

I fear that it might.

So I am holding a contest to seek out that person who has served more time at USI than I have. If you've been a full-time student for more consecutive semes-



ters than I have, you win a prize! Just to be coy, I'm not going to tell you *exactly* how long that would have to be, but we're talking the last decade here.

No joke.

If you can remember when the hip place to hang out on campus was in the UC dining room (that's upstairs), where you could smoke and get free coffee re-

fills (and the livin' was easy) you are probably eligible. Ditto if you can remember when this campus was totally deserted by two o'clock in the afternoon. When I started classes here the Orr Center was a dirt pit that had to be circumvented by walking on boards, one of my classes was in a trailer set up behind the Science Center, and the Health Professions building wasn't even a glimmer in the administration's eye. You get the idea.

Prizes include a free life-time subscription to *Transitions* and a foot massage from our own Tracy Bee, Editor-in-Chief of this illustrious publication.

Don't be afraid to speak up. Come forward and claim the title that is rightfully yours. Call me at *Transitions*, 464-1856.

Please?

NEWBURGH CIVITAN HAUNTED HOUSE

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The Latest Hero

Shannon Faulkner deserves praise not ridicule

In a world lacking many heroes, our most recent hero is Shannon Faulkner. As all our heroes are inclined to do these days, Ms. Faulkner appeared on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* recently. Faulkner described her ordeal at the Citadel, the prestigious, males-only school in South Carolina. She was eighteen when she applied to the state-sponsored military school and did not expect or aspire to be a national symbol of the feminist cause.

The controversy and debate Faulkner provoked by attempting to enter the Citadel is familiar by now. Faulkner applied to the school after high school because the discipline and military atmosphere of the Citadel appealed to her. The Citadel's application did not require her to reveal her gender. Faulkner was admitted, but was barred from attending after it was discovered she was female.

Of course, Faulkner's weight became an issue. Though she passed the physical fitness requirements, she was deemed overweight. When Faulkner finally was allowed to join the other cadets, she had difficulty performing the physical requirements of "hell week."

Faulkner asserts it was not the physical requirements, but the emotional stress of dealing with the other cadets that made her sick and unable to keep up with the training. Faulkner's illness ultimately landed her in the infirmary and led to her withdrawal from the Citadel.

Faulkner left under a cloud of criticism from her detractors and supporters. Most disturbing is not Faulkner's withdrawal from the Citadel, but the other cadets' reaction to her perceived failure. Cadets cheered and celebrated as she left the school.

Of course, the school tells a dif-

Lilith

by Lisa Barnett

ferent story. The cadets were merely celebrating the return of their school's males-only tradition.

Isn't that the same thing as celebrating a woman's "failure"?

Shannon Faulkner's experience points to several truths about our society. Some of these truths are very uncomfortable to realize, and some are reassuring. The most disquieting aspect of the controversy is the reaction of the cadets to Faulkner's decision to leave the Citadel. Shouldn't we expect a different reaction from a school that purports to train "gentlemen"?

Although we cannot expect a woman to be welcomed with open arms into the "boys club" that is the Citadel, it is not too much to ask for a little respect. The cheering and celebratory behavior of the Citadel cadets was deplorable.

What is more upsetting is the realization that not only the cadets, but many members of the general public (women included!) did not support Faulkner and applauded her withdrawal. What are Faulkner's detractors afraid of?

The behavior of the Citadel administration also offers cause for concern. According to Faulkner, there was no place on the Citadel's application that asked her to indicate her gender. And now, according to Faulkner, the applications require such information.

Before Shannon Faulkner, women in South Carolina knew their "place." But now, thanks to Shannon Faulkner, women are able to enter the male domain of the Citadel. Therefore, the school must now ask the gender of its applicants.

It may be concluded that the Citadel assumes more women may apply. Since their rigid standards will not keep them out, the application now must.

Finally, there is a reassuring aspect to the Citadel controversy. There are many women like Shannon Faulkner who are willing to challenge outdated traditions and rules; women who want to push the limits and expand their opportunities. There is hope for the future of humankind.

Thank you Shannon, for pushing the boundaries of tradition. You are not a failure because you abandoned the fight. You are a hero because you began it.

Different Things

- Antiques
- Florals
- Dolls
- Gifts

PEGGY POND
2834 Mt. Vernon Ave.

Evansville, IN 47712
812-423-3890

THE GROTTO BITES THE DUST

"The Grotto"....nobody knows how it got that name, but to those who spent any time there, the name is instantly recognizable.

A grotto is a cave or a shrine, and the space beneath the overlook on Evansville's riverfront was both. "Was" both, because now it's gone—just the latest of Evansville's institutions to be shunted in favor of riverboat gambling.

It's hard to even locate where the Grotto used to be, as piles of dirt mark the area that used to be Riverside Park.

The Grotto won't get a write-up in either of the city newspapers. You won't see a remembrance of it on the local news. It is important to mark its passing, how-

ever, because many of this city's youth spent time there. They left their marks—from the sublime to the mundane—in graffiti art that was masked by the-powers-that-be, only to be re-

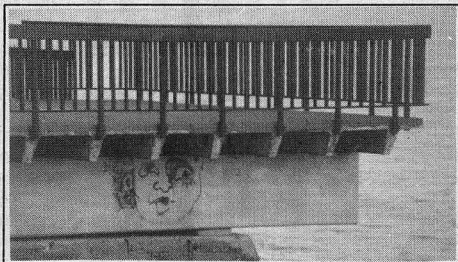
applied by a new generation of bored kids.

In a city which provides little entertainment for young people, the grotto was a place where all the rituals of youth took place. Kids would make art, make out, smoke pot and drink beer there. It was fun to startle the upstanding citizens on the overlook from the far superior view of the river below.

During Evansville's horrid, humid summers, there was a cool rock to sit on in the shade of the overlook, to sit and stare at the water, to view the latest art, to listen to music and hang with friends. No more.

Happy gambling, Evansville. Do you know where your children are?

Wendy Knipe

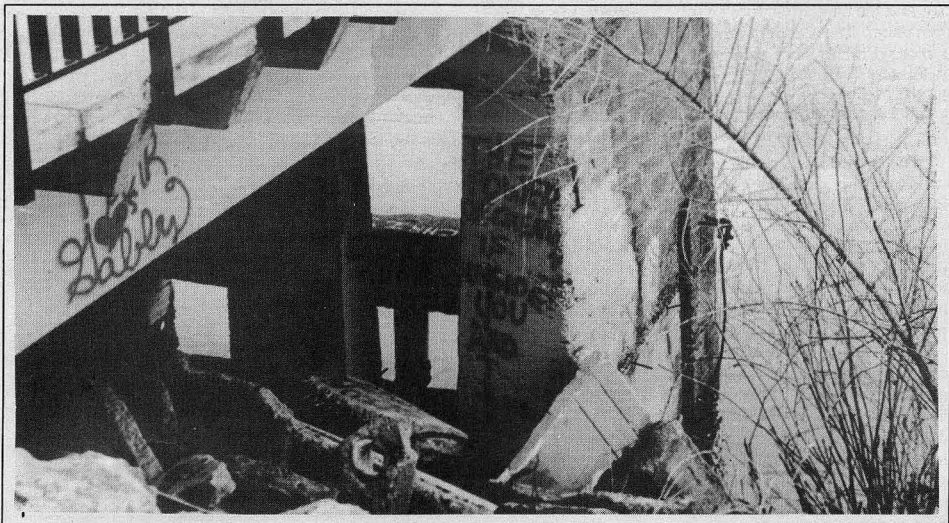


Top: A face looks over the river.

Photo by Monica Blanc

Bottom: Graffiti covers the aged structure.

Photo by Tracy Bee





Spraying graffiti on the walls was a midnight pastime for many at this river-side location.

Top photo by Tracy Bee, Bottom photo by Monica Blanc

A LAST VISIT...

Today is a beautiful, blue-sky-and-sunshine kind of day, and the Ohio River looks a little less green, less murky than usual. The climb underneath the riverfront overlook is more difficult since cement has been poured over the rocks, which had made handy stairs. At the bottom of these is Evansville's hidden treasure, the Grotto. The grotto is proof that graffiti can be more than crude scribbling on a wall.

The Grotto has a cave-like feel, with its three cement walls and roof that blocks out the sun. It's a shrine to Evansville's disaffected youth culture. The "cave" is car-

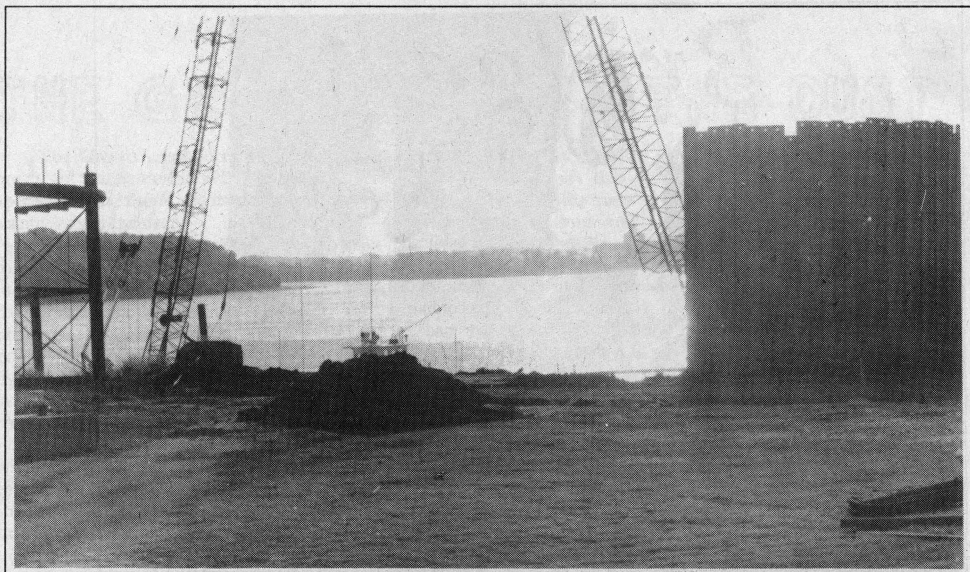
peted with cigarette butts, beer bottles, cans, dirt, and rocks. The seats available are a cement ledge, large rusty objects (it's anyone's guess as to what they are), and stone tablets, their cracked surfaces spray-painted with abstract art, slogans, names of bands, and the usual "so-and-so loves what's-his-face"-type graffiti.

Because authority figures enjoy suppressing artistic expression, much history has been painted over in a dull gray-blue. But descending further, down steeper rocks and a fat pipe that's been painted neon yellow, brings one to art that has not been so irreverently concealed. On the right, a fiery orange mushroom cloud bursts into an ominous skull, its hollow eyes a warning of things to come. The less gloomy left wall displays comic figures and stenciled designs.

Ahead is the malodorous Ohio River, but luckily, the wind is blowing toward Kentucky today. On the riverfront is a long flat rock, perfect for sunbathing, and painted with the exclamation, "Art School Sucks!" Few people know of this prime seat for viewing fireworks on the Fourth of July.

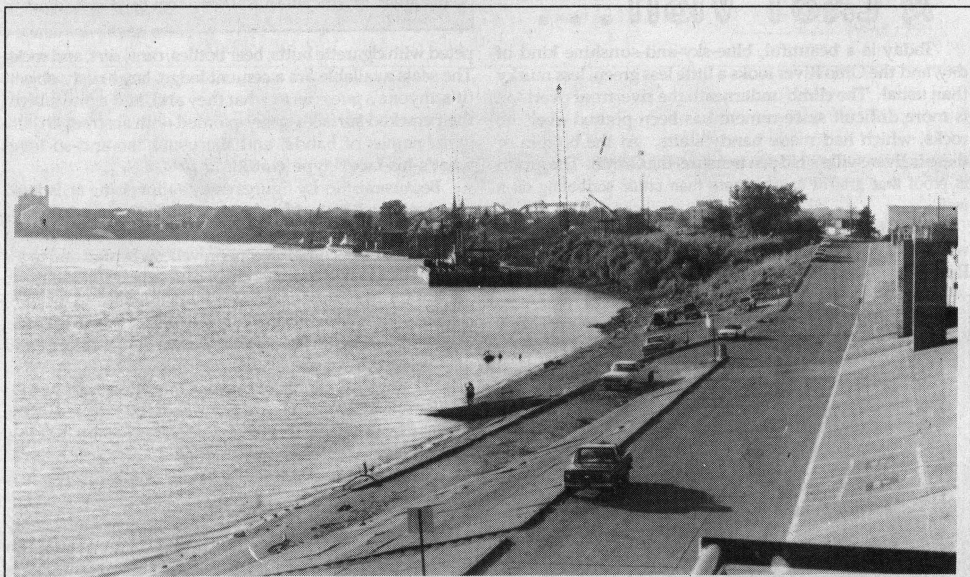
Today the river is calm, only slightly disturbed by the barge cruising sluggishly by. Voices are heard from the overlook. The sight-seers are unaware of the peaceful, private view available below.





The present-day riverfront as it undergoes further renovation.

Photographs by Miguel Latorre



the Bridge

Unique New Publication Tries to Span the Town

In the past, a rivalry has existed between the University of Southern Indiana and the University of Evansville. The brand-new West Side High and the old, East-side private college do not always seem to have much in common.

But this situation is not a scene from *The Outsiders* with USI students cast as "Greasers" while UE students play "Socs."

Under the veneers, the universities hold similar qualities and goals as so do many of the students. Evansville's newest publication, *the Bridge*, seeks to "bridge" the gap between the two universities and the Evansville community.

Conceived last year after staff members at *The Crescent*, UE's campus newspaper, experienced problems with the university administration and *The Crescent's* editor, *the Bridge* united two groups of writers that don't often mingle: English and journalism majors. This interaction of different factions led to a unique product.

Besides the usual feature, news and opinion articles, the weekly newspaper has a literary and philosophical bent. It offers poetry and art and encourages creative expression. *The Bridge* offers the people involved a level of freedom that is not available in many publications, especially newspapers.

The newspaper covers topics of interest to both UE and USI students. The first issues featured articles about students who

are parents, alternative religions, and a low-cost health care center.

One feature of the publication is virtually unheard of in the newspaper business. There is no editor, or hierarchal structure of any kind according to *Bridge* staffers. Decisions are made by the six founding members: Lane Austin, Andy

self to personality conflicts, and *the Bridge* staffers said they have had their share of yelling and screaming, but have a simple rule for dealing with such occasions.

"Things said in the newsroom should not be taken personally," Cullen explained.

"A lot of yelling and screaming at *The Crescent* was taken personally," Duellman said.

"We have an incredibly high level of respect in this group," Klozotsky said.

The Bridge staff has faced many obstacles. From the beginning, *the Bridge* has had to be financially self-sufficient.

Duellman said individual members of the academic community have donated money to the project, but the university itself

has contributed nothing. Though this means money is tight, it also guarantees the freedom *the Bridge* staffers want.

UE administration has not looked kindly on the distribution of the non-university sponsored publication. At first, the *Bridge* staff hand-distributed the newspapers on the UE campus.

They are currently allowed to drop bundles for distribution in the library and administration buildings, but not the classroom buildings which are the primary locations *The Crescent* is distributed.

"An absence of support does not imply any action being taken against us," Klozotsky said.

Besides a lack of financial and moral

"The Bridge is a weekly, free-distribution newspaper with a literary philosophy which encourages the sharing of ideas among members of the Evansville community. Our primary mission is to foster creative expression and to provide a forum for the exchange of intellectual ideas. (It is our further intention to allocate some space each week to the obtuse, the blasphemous, and the downright odd.)"

the Bridge mission statement

Cullen, Laura Duellman, Michael Klozotsky, Suzi Pedersen and Jeannie Robinson (in alphabetical order as they appear in the newspaper's masthead).

When a decision must be made, the group takes a vote, but majority does not rule. The staffers fight the issue out until a consensus is reached. As in a jury trial, if one person disagrees, a decision is not made.

"If a person is outnumbered on an issue they have to decide if the issue is important enough to invoke their individual veto power," Duellman explained.

She admits it is not the most practical policy, but said that it has held up well.

This method of management lends it-

support from the UE administration, another notable problem is the lack of response from part of the newspaper's target audience.

The first few weeks of circulation have not seen a huge response from USI students, though the newspapers can be found in the same distribution locations as USI's campus publications, *The Shield* and *Transitions*.

"When we came with new papers we would take away as many as we brought," Austin said.

Klozotsky said there has been a positive response from both students and faculty at UE.

"We wish to God we had more input from students at USI," said Duellman.

Though the *Bridge* welcomes USI students to participate and submit articles, staff members said no one has accepted that invitation.

"We need writers from USI," Klozotsky said.

USI students have approached *Bridge* staff members as they hand-distribute the

Distributed on campus every Thursday, *the Bridge* is available at the UC desk and next to *The Shield* distribution stands.

Students interested in writing for *the Bridge* should call 424-8861 or write:

***The Bridge*
P.O. Box 14314
Evansville, IN 47728-6314**

***The Bridge* can also be contacted by eMAIL at mk25@evansville.edu**

newspapers, Cullen said, but nothing definite has come of their interest.

Since the founding staff members are UE students, covering USI is not always easy for them. "It's hard to address issues at USI when we don't have input," Duellman said.

Staff members struggle each week to find a feature that deals specifically with USI. Past articles relating to USI have been about rush week and budget approval.

Though students involved in campus publications at the two universities may consider *the Bridge* competition, *Bridge* staff members said that is not their intention.

"We do things they can't do, but this newspaper is not meant to be competitive, if anything else it's meant to be complementary," Klozotsky said.

While most campus publications focus on campus news and ignore the com-

munity in which they are located, one of the primary purposes of the *Bridge* is to bring the Evansville community and the university communities together.

"People in academe, faculty or students, don't get exposed to the place where they are living," said Duellman.

This situation is "especially [true] at UE where people come from different areas of the country, different areas of the world," she said. "They think that they are here to go to their little school and they don't expand their boundaries outside of that."

The future of the *Bridge* is none too definite. The members of the group have made a commitment to each other to produce the *Bridge* for the school year, Duellman said.

Duellman, who graduated last year, turned down a job to stay in Evansville and help launch the newspaper. At the end of the year, she and some of the staff members may move on to other things, but, she said she wants the newspaper to continue.

"The goal of the newspaper is to go on with a change in the staff for as long as the community wants us," she said.

"This was my choice in furthering my education in journalism," Duellman said.

"I think we are learning as much as anyone reading this newspaper," Klozotsky said. "This paper is about learning."

Tracy Bee

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The Mysteries of Pittsburgh reveals spoils

"The Mysteries of Pittsburgh"

by Michael Chabron
Harper & Row, 1989

Arthur Bechstein closed the last book on his dissertation and subconsciously sniffed out some drama. It turned up twenty meters away in a sidelong glance, the way drama tends to.

In a near-empty library, Bechstein met a one-man circle of friends. This is the best thing that can happen to a recluse.

If you've ever tinted your bedroom windows with aluminum foil (a la Elvis), glued a do-not-disturb sign around a doorknob or goaded the voice on your answering machine as you screened your twenty-fifth call, then you know the peace of solitude and something of the grit it can take to finally walk out and join in all the reindeer games again.

But after hooking up with well-connected diplomat wannabe Arthur Lecomte, it was no hassle for Bechstein. He made loads of wild, wealthy and exotic friends.

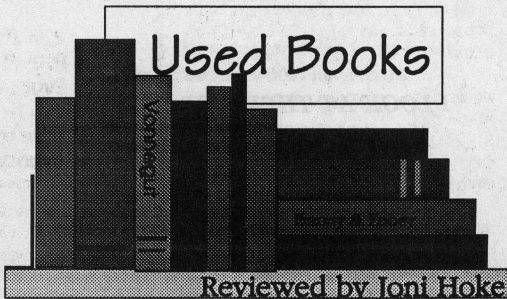
He started dating a hip girl named Phloe. Heck, he even brushed shoulders with some old friends of "the family," his father's Jewish mob cohorts.

Chabron hints at the in-

sight into ourselves we gain from interaction. Arthur heard a woman earnestly tell a lie "with such wild disregard for probability of success," that he saw "then how crazed she really was, and that telling a good, simple lie is a sign of sanity.

This fresh first novel is a tightly-woven basket full of scavenger hunt spoils. It's a chaotic adventure told in calm and engaging prose. Buy it, borrow it, write a

Used Books



Reviewed by Joni Hoke

bad check for it at a yard sale. And forever seek drama in the mundane.

THE
NICK MACKERY
423-NICK

HALLOWEEN HEADQUARTERS
SALES · COSTUMES · RENTALS
OVER 1500 · MASKS · OVER 1500

ANOTHER
NICK MACKERY
423-NACK

WIGS
BODY PARTS
ACCESSORIES
T-SHIRTS

PROPS
DECORATIONS
LIGHTING
MAKE-UP

FOG MACHINES · BUBBLE MACHINES
STROBE LIGHTS · BLACKLIGHTS
WE BUY GOOD USED COSTUMES

201 E. VIRGINIA AT HEIDELBACH
423-NICK 423-NACK

POETRY

I LOOK AT THEM AND I SEE ME

*I never saw how I'm aging
until I look at others
in my own age bracket.
Some of these people
have aging around the temples.
I look at them and see me.*

*Wrinkles around the eyes.
Big Bellies around the middle.
A slowness in the step.
I look at them and see me.*

*A man never sees himself
as he does his friends.
He is always a little thinner
or a little younger looking
than the ones he knew back when.
I look at them and see me.*

*Proud and vain, we are,
until we look at our friends
and see ourselves.*

R. W. Newcomb

Spirit Wind

I'm always surprised when you touch me
and speak to me.
Sometimes I hear your voice
standing knee deep in mud on black coal,
and sometimes you speak to me
as I walk the concrete paths of the university.
I never know when you'll appear
but you always bring me comfort and hope.

I love to feel you caress my face,
and I love to hear your voice
quietly roar.
I usually stop
and listen with closed eyes
as your windswept sounds
swirl in my ears,
like an ocean captured in a conch shell
penetrating and washing my soul.

Your identity is no mystery.
You're not the Father,
and not his son;
you're not the Spirit from their breath.
You're what I call my Spirit Wind;
a sweeping voice
confirming their existence
which warms my soul.

I must admit;
I often wonder why you choose to speak to me.
I'm no one special
just a man
just a flash in time.
Yet ever so often
you honor me with your airy presence
supporting my faith
in God above.

And now
while standing above a lake
on a snow-covered hill
listening to the waves
slapping beneath a steel gray sky
as crystal flakes fall through a moonless night,
I hear your voice again.
And I close my eyes and whisper
"Speak to me Spirit Wind."

Richard Whitney



Bumper stickers

Save the whales,

manatees,

dolphins,

seals,

AND the baby humans;

BECAUSE Abortion stops a beating heart.

BUT Don't take away the right to choose

OR BE The proud parent

of an honor student,

a marine,

or a college student

BECAUSE Their daughters/wives/sons

and money

go to IU,

USI,

U of E,

EIU,

and Purdue-

YET Don't blame them,

they voted Perot,

Bush,

Dukakis

AND Carter (the 2nd time).

SO Just remember that car

is protected by Smith & Wesson,

THAT ONE by a

menstruating female,

AND Their other car is a starship,

a BMW,

and a Porsche,

WITH Jesus as the co-pilot-

SO Honk if you love him

OR If you don't like their driving

call 1-800-EAT-SHIT

BECAUSE The Grandmother,

Baby,

Cubs Fan,

And Bow Hunter on

board

will flick a booger on the windshield

if you get too close.

Hell, if they'd known it would come to this

they'd have picked their own damn cotton;

SO Beam me up-

OR Beat me up Scotty,

there's no intelligent life on this planet.

Chad Sanderson

Bonds

Hurting like a dagger going in my heart,

Thinking that we would never part.

Friendship, loyalty, and caring,

For you, they have no bearing.

Laughter, love, the joys and tears,

Have come to an end with my greatest fears

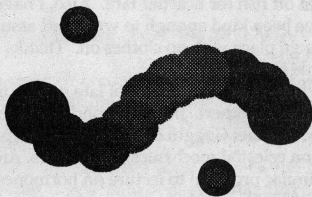
Friends we were supposed to be,

You hurt me so, don't you see.

I sit and wonder what to do.

Is it worth it or should I start anew?

Jennifer Masterson



Crowds

One by one by one by one

The cattle shuffled through the gate

When a stampede exploded, shattered the silence

Because one said he might be late.

Each to each to each to each,

"Why are you running?" the question came.

Each from each the answer back,

"She's the one running, I'm not to blame."

Soul by soul by soul by soul and

Unaware into the void they sink

Hundreds of thousands will die because

Not one is willing to stop and think.

Phinnaeus Gage

Moonstruck:
Halloween Greetings from a Werewolf
by Mike Whicker

Dear USI Students and Faculty:

Thank you for your recent letters and your wishes in my behalf. I ask pardon for my slothfulness in writing, but as of late I have been indisposed. But having promised to respond to your inquiries, I will attempt to relieve your concerns over my recent fate.

Yes, as you suspect, I have crossed over. I am insane. Mad as a hatter. I wasn't always of this disposition, but ... well, it's a long story. I won't go into all the particulars; I will simply tell you that I have been moonstruck.

My doctors call it lycanthropy. They assure me it's all in my head.

Hallucinations.

A dream.

Surely they are right. They must be, of course.

So don't feel sorry for me, I am resigned to my station and getting along. Even though I have lost interest in some of the things I used to esteem, such as sports, sex, and garden salads, I am of the notion that mine is not the worst of fates. I no longer feel a duty to eat fish during lent. I have sworn off fish for heartier fare. Also, I have been heartened by the letters from USI students who have been kind enough to write and assure me that I am not the first person to wake up in a strange place with no clothes on. Thanks for your kind suggestions, as this has served me up some inconvenience.

As I told you in my first letter, I am of late greatly interested in lunar phases, on which I now consider myself an expert. In fact, I ponder little else now, and I would be remiss if I failed to thank Dr. Michael Goggin of your physics department at USI, for inviting me to present a lecture on celestial mechanics (and to Mrs. Anne Denner of your biology department for extending a similar proposal to lecture on hormones and cellular mutations). These are gracious offers that I will consider.

To move along, and attempting no puns, I must say you can never look down on the moon, nor can you look at the moon and daydream (sorry, I couldn't help myself). But I don't say these things facetiously. If you don't believe a werewolf, dare it yourself. Walk out into the still ebony, and look upon the face that the eyes of every man and woman who has walked this earth has looked upon. No, you are not strong enough to look at it and contemplate tomorrow, or reflect on yesterday. You can think only of it. It is above you in many more ways than just locale. It commandeers your mind—taking all other thoughts away. But beware, it is the sharpest of sabers and can pierce your soul.

You asked how this fate has affected me. I must admit it sometimes bears me annoyance. How can I best explain? It will be difficult, and you will have to grant me your patience. Perhaps it will serve our purpose if you attempt to put yourself in my place:

(I have taken the liberty of penning the remainder of my letter to you in a form that is part prose and part poetry, which I call Wolf-meter).



At certain times you feel an urge which is very difficult to define. Suddenly you feel flushed, feverish, like your blood is boiling (that part is very discomfiting). If inside, you have to get out—too cramped—much too cramped. When outside, you know better than to look up. Not yet. First you have to get away. You have to find the trees. Drive or run, just get away to the trees, to nature. Away.

When you are away from humankind, only then do you dare to look up. For you, the night is still. Oh, so still. Listen—you will hear your heart beat. You will hear the blood flowing ever faster through your veins. Pumping, pumping, pumping. Listen. Look up and listen. For, after all, it is not your heart that pumps your blood, but the glimmering of the moon, your master, that causes it to flow. It moves your blood in harmony with the beasts of the sable night. It shrouds you with woe, and then—rapture! You will know then that you do not study it, but it you. When you stand before the glittering god of the blackest night, the Rubicon of madness becomes the smallest brook, easily crossed. The face in the sky seems amused. It is a haughty god. And well it should be, with no toil it moves oceans to and fro.

A wisp of cloud risks a pass across the bright round face but dares not linger long. It proceeds briskly away.

Shimmering, shimmering. Silver shimmer. The trees beckon and grasp at you from the gloom.

Suddenly fear is gone and you know why you are there. You did not seek your master. It has summoned you.

Faster, faster, you run frenzied. The night air is cool but you rip, rip at your raiment. Forgotten by Heaven, you leave the garb of folk behind.

Silver, everywhere silver, and deep blue shadows sharp. No other colors. But you can smell the green perfume of the pines as you tear through.

A spiny prick reaches out from a spruce and scratches your gullet as you hasten through unruly brush. Night blood is warm. Deeper, deeper into dementia you hurry, recklessly rushing to reach total madness. Sweet savagery.

You see in the distance a spire of rock piled high. There you can stand above the trees, where your silver love can see you whole.

You stop! You can sense another heart pumping near. A doe is startled and darts away. "Yes, my dear, your blood would drip nicely from my chin, I will see you later!" But for now your shining master calls. You hasten to your silver shine. Your silver shine you run to.

You reach the base of your rock cathedral and climb rashly, rashly! Make haste, make haste!

At last you reach the acme and stand naked above the trees. You are in full view of your shimmering lord.

Ah, my friends, what an attractive night for howling!



RISC eMAIL Makes Talking Cheap

Have you ever received an outrageously expensive phone bill from talking to friends on far-off campuses? I want to let you in on a little secret as to how you can talk to them for free.

This secret has a name, electronic mail. EMAIL is fast; it will reach its destination within minutes. Better yet, almost every college offers it for free, yes I said free, to its students.

Here at USI, students have free access to eMAIL. You say you don't know how? I'm here to change that.

To start off, you must get an eMAIL account by going to the Computer Center in the basement of the UC and filling out an application for an eMAIL account. This whole process takes about two to three days once you turn in the application. When you go to the Computer Center a few days later, they will give you a login name and a temporary password. Now you have a brand new account.

The next step is to go to a computer lab with eMAIL access, which is just about any lab on campus at this time, and turn a computer on to boot it up.

Once the computer has booted up, it will give you a menu with some choices, the selection you want is "For eMAIL accounts on RISC". Select this and press Enter. The computer will more than likely go through a virus scan program. Just follow the screens and work your way through it. The computer will then come to a screen which asks you for your login name. Enter the login name the Computer Center gave you.

One reminder: the login names and passwords are case sensitive. If it is all lower case, you HAVE to type it in as all lowers. The computer will then ask for the password. Just enter the password the Computer Center gave you. The computer then tells you to change the temporary password to a password of your choosing. Do this

BYTES

and you are now on the RISC eMAIL system.

Now, if you have made it this far, congratulations! You are the proud owner of a new eMAIL account and can now mail people around the world within minutes.

The computer again gives you another menu. Select number one "eMAIL (Pine)". This will put you in your eMAIL folder. (I will cover the other choices in later issues.) When you select number one and hit Enter, you will come to another menu with choices for the use of the various functions of eMAIL. Select "L", then "INBOX" to check for any incoming mail you have received.

More than likely at this time, you have not received anything. So now look at the bottom of the screen and read through the function keys outlined there. Select "M" to go back to the main menu. Now select "C" to compose mail. In the "To:" field, type in the login name only for some one who has an account here on campus. Thus if you were sending to me, you would type: "etitzer."

If you were at another campus and sending eMAIL to me, you would type: "etitzer@risc.usi.edu." Your address is the same except for the "etitzer" part, that is where you type your login name.

To send eMAIL to someone off campus, type in their login name "@" and their address. You will have to contact this person by some other means to acquire their full address.

Now hit "Tab" a couple of times to get to the subject field. You have to put something here in order to send

mail. Now hit "Tab" once more and you are ready to type your message. When you are through typing your message, look at the bar at the bottom of the screen again.

The letters with a "^" before them denote that you must press the "Control" key with this letter to get that function. Press "^X" to send and it will ask if you want to send. Press "Y." You have now sent a letter through electronic mail and it will arrive at its destination within ten seconds to a few minutes.

Once this task is finished, the computer will place you back at the main menu. Hit "Q" to quit and it will ask if you want to quit, type "Y". At this point, you will exit out to the RISC System server menu. To exit RISC completely, type "12" then hit Enter. Now remember, if you want to use eMAIL again, you must reboot a computer by either turning it on or hitting the reset button.

One word of warning, do not forget you password! This is actually not a common occurrence, but it does happen and is somewhat embarrassing because you have to go to the Computer Center to obtain access to your mail again.

If you want to practice sending mail, send some to me. I like getting mail, and I also have a couple of files I can send you explaining some of the advanced functions of eMAIL.

In coming issues, I plan to explore some of the other functions one can also access through this account.

Until next time, have fun with it, but don't send any chain letters. The Computer Center REALLY hates this because it ties up a whole bunch of memory on the server. So, just be responsible with your use of eMAIL.

—Eric Titzer

Why Things Are

Q. Why are Impressionist paintings so much more popular than any other style?

You got an art question, you talk to us. We do high-brow, we do low-brow. In fact we are the only people we know who have "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" in a velvet version.

When that dang Picasso gets dusty we just take it outside and (KO-WHOMP) shake it like a rug.

Recently we were tooling around the National Gallery in Washington when we noticed that huge crowds were packing into the Impressionism galleries. Van Gogh in particular was putting people in a dither. Monet, Gauguin, Renoir, Pissarro, Cezanne, Toulouse-Lautrec and that whole gang seemed to have people hypnotized.

Maybe the crowds were driven by the auction-house hype of recent years, when the Impressionists were selling for obscene sums, tens of millions for a single painting. People may have it in their heads that these paintings are worth more than others, that there's some kind of official index (money) by which they are judged superior.

But the real answer is probably in the paintings themselves: They depict a dreamy world of exaggerated gorgeous-

ness—the world as we would wish it to look.

"They were beautiful. The palate was more highly keyed, that is, the color was brighter, than the paintings of a previous generation," says Charles Moffett, director of The Phillips Collection in Washington, which specializes in Impressionist paintings.

The first Impressionists, such as Claude Monet, were making a break with academic painting, with the strictures and formulas of the art schools. They began to experiment with abstraction and distortion, without abandoning recognizable subject matter; you might say it's modernism that's easy on the eyes and brain. (An 1872 painting by Monet, "Impression, Sunrise" gave name to the movement; Van Gogh, Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec are more properly considered post-Impressionist.)

"People enjoy the flirtation between illusionism and abstraction, which is what Impressionism is about. There's a tension between the style and the subject," says Moffett.

And speaking of subject matter: It's hard not to like a painting that shows people lolling around a park or drink-

ing coffee in a Parisian cafe.

"Their subjects were from everyday modern life. People relaxing in the country, eating, boating, picnicking, or people in the city, going to the opera, the theater, walking the boulevard, sitting in cafes," says Elizabeth Streicher, head of the Department of Modern Painting at the National Gallery in Washington. "It's the romance of Paris, too."

And finally, Impressionist painting appeal to the painterly aspirations in all of us. They don't look that hard to do, unlike those Baroque and Rococo masterpieces. We fantasize not only of being in that field of sunflowers, but being there with palette and brush. We could be the next Van Gogh! But with ears intact, of course.

Why Things Are

Greek life and what it means to me

Being Greek means something different for each person involved. Admittedly, some people join to party. Greeks are in a unique position to hold parties. It's a great opportunity to meet new people and have a good time. Others join because of the stability and enrichment that Greek Life offers. To alumnae, it means a connection to the undergraduate world through their respective chapter magazines.

To me, Greek life is a combination of things. I decided to go Greek after I was exposed to one of the fraternity's little sister programs. As I watched these men grow and struggle in their brotherhood, I began to feel a part of something bigger than myself. These men were connected by something deeper than friendship. They could really talk to each other. I felt a closeness with them like nothing I had before.

The little sister program disbanded and I wanted to find something new to fill that void in my life. I became good friends with a sorority sister who helped me decide to go through formal rush.

Almost a year ago, I became an initiated member of Alpha Gamma Delta. I learned our handshake and the knock along with the meanings behind our symbols and letters. I tried to incorporate our ritual and purpose into my life.

The purpose of Alpha Gamma Delta focuses on friendship, service to the community, and the inviolability of truth. It basically talks of striving to be the best, to be a good person, and to be someone to look up to. It is intended to encourage self growth

and expression. Other chapters focus on the same type of thing. They talk about "striving to become better men" and being the best they can be. These aren't just words to us; they become a part of our lives.

I began to feel a part of something bigger. My chapter was not given to me by our founders; it was lent to me by future members. The chapter's welfare now and in the future lies on my shoulders. I feel a great responsibility toward my chapter.

This responsibility extends to the entire Greek community. My chapter needs a thriving community in order to prosper. Therefore, We must strive for harmony, open communication and friendship between chapters. I can't overlook these responsibilities.

I also can't overlook the support I receive from my chapter members and members of the Greek community. For all the bickering, jealousy, and fighting, there is an amazing amount of support within the system. When grandparents die, your sisters are there. They send flowers, cards, and attend the funeral if they are needed.

They can help plan dates, weddings, and even baby showers. They can help their sisters get ready to go out, to study for the big test or just lend a comforting shoulder.

Sorority sisters are like your family. Sure, there is some fighting, but that comes with the territory. These people aren't just friends, they are family... a very special family.

—by Amanda D. Barton, Alpha Gamma Delta

APB

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Horoscopes for the Hell of It

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 22) You studied really hard for that English test. There's just one problem: you studied the wrong chapter and book. Tip for next time: Judge your book by its cover (only in extreme cases like these).

Scorpio (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You tend to be a little klutzy this month. You walk into a brick wall having no idea what hit you, and start hallucinating. I can tell you that it is not images of sugar plums dancing in your head.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) A person walks into your life and showers you with many expensive gifts. You do not mind. The moon, however, aligns with Venus the 12th (or something like that) and their dark side will emerge.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) You decide to take up nude dancing and purchase a g-string for the first time. Although it may not be comfortable, it does show off your better side.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) A friend has an interest in you, but it is not what you have in mind. You don't go for that kinky stuff. Maybe you should explore your options this month.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) A few friends will pressure you to live on the edge. They talk you into a wild party. You proceed to have a few beers, dance naked on a table, show everyone your butt tattoo and end up sleeping with your best friend's brother. After that things go from bad to worse.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Life is treating you well. You come into a large sum of money. So what if it wasn't legal? Don't sweat it; nothing else you do is legal anyway.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) Weird things have been happening to you. You receive mysterious phone calls and notes from someone you know. Beware, this person could be a stalker. Who knows what they will do next!

Gemini (May 22-June 21) It is not your month. Someone passes away in your family and your mom insists that you go to the funeral. You invite your friends there since you couldn't go out. Your friends decide they do not like the organist and throw tomatoes at her.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Still trying to decide what major you should go into? You decide to try art this semester. The highlight of one class is painting a nude. I know what is on your mind!

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) A friend takes you shopping, and you splurge and charge it. What you don't know is that you hit your limit. A couple weeks later, you lose your job. It looks like the creditors will be at your door. Repossession is your option.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You really messed up this time. Get over it and go on with your life. You learned from your mistake. Promising job opportunities will arise soon. Ever thought of cow impersonating or moo calling?

ATTENTION:

The next issue of *Transitions*, the campus's student magazine, will come out **November 1**.

The deadline for submissions of **Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles** is **October 20**.

Late submissions accepted on space-available basis

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