

11/93
University of Southern Indiana

Transitions

Student Magazine

“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.”

EDITOR
 Melissa Laughlin
 ASSISTANT EDITOR
 Amanda Barton
 STAFF WRITERS
 Arlene Fortune
 Brian Kelly
 Matt Maxwell
 Dana Montelongo

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
 Brian Harris
 Amber Marquart
 Paul Minnis
 Rachel Stewart
 Jude Wolf

CARTOONISTS
 C. Matt Billman
 Laura Eger

ADVISOR
 Ron Roat

We'd like to hear from you.
 Please send any comments,
 suggestions or information
 in care of Transitions Editor.

TRANSITIONS is published monthly by the University of Southern Indiana Student Publications. It is distributed throughout campus and the city of Evansville, Ind. The opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of distributors, the university, its administration, or faculty.

TRANSITIONS welcomes submissions on any topic. Submissions must be typewritten and double-spaced. Include author's name, address and phone number for verification. All submissions will become property of TRANSITIONS upon receipt. TRANSITIONS also welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should be typed, legibly signed, and include a phone number for verification. Publication is based on space and editorial review.

TRANSITIONS is printed by the Princeton Clarion. For more information about advertising, subscriptions or distribution, call (812) 464-1856, or write TRANSITIONS, UC 113A, 8600 University Blvd., Evansville, Ind. 47712. All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited.

inside

Vol III Issue III
 November 1993

5 A word from our Advisor

6 DEAR DIARY: The Stratford, Canada, Film Festival

7 STUDENT PROFILE: Christian Roettgers

8/13 FEATURE STORIES: CENSORSHIP

14 FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT: News from IU

18 NEW FEATURE:

GREEK CORNER: To Join or Not to Join

ON THE COVER

The First Amendment to the Constitution
 Of the United States of America

2 EDITOR'S PAGE

3 EDEN LIES OBSCURED

4 WHY THINGS ARE

9 UNCLE RALF / THE STRIP

10-11 CAMPUS CALENDAR FOR
 NOVEMBER

12 MADAME FORTUNE / SUGGESTED
 READING

15 COOKING ON CAMPUS /
 MATT'S WORLD

16 TASTE OF THE TOWN / ADVENTURES
 IN REEL LIFE

17 GENDER GAP

18 GREEK CORNER

19 CD REVIEWS

20 ENTERTAINMENT LISTINGS

Security Statistics for September 1993

UNIVERSITY

2 Violation of Liquor law

1 Drug Abuse Violation

2 Theft

1 Criminal Mischief

2 Harassment

1 Phone Harassment

2 Lost/Stolen

CAMPUS APARTMENTS

15 Violation of Liquor Law

1 Assault

3 Theft

9 Phone Harassment

MASH APARTMENTS

1 Violation of Liquor Law

2 Drug Abuse Violations

1 Theft

1 Harassment

5 Phone Harassment

1 Battery

These Statistics show only those cases pending that were active in the security files this month. Some are pending from earlier months.

Key:

Resulted in Arrest
 *Cleared-Cases cleared not necessarily those reported during the month.

Behind the scene...

MEL: MONTH AT A GLANCE



TRANSITIONS:
 1 WEEK AFTER
 LAST DEADLINE



2 WEEKS



2 1/2 WEEKS



3 WEEKS



DEADLINE
 DAY



15 MINUTES
 AFTER DEADLINE

SEX. MURDER. BETRAYAL. NOTHING IS WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE.



"A RIVETING ROMANTIC THRILLER!"

— Kathleen Carroll, NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

THE CRYING GAME

play it at your own risk...



November 18
 9:00pm FA1 \$1
 Presented by APB

Don't forget Assessment Day:
 November 16! No Classes!

Why's everybody always pickin' on me?

As I sat in my room listening to Judas Priest's "Turbo Lover," I began thinking about my girlfriend and an afternoon tryst.

I called and nonchalantly asked if she felt the urge to re-test the bedsprings. She was preparing to take an Epilady to the hair on her upper lip, she said, so I hung up.

Frustrated, I shut the stereo off and turned on the TV. While skittering through the channels, a flash of a beer commercial attracted my fancy. I went to the fridge, grabbed a beer, and with visions of my room full of barely-dressed, gorgeous women, returned to find my room full of cassette tapes and

Sammy Hagar proudly proclaimed "I can't drive fifty-five!" Completely oblivious to the cars I rushed past, I topped a hill to find a radar gun pointed at me. The police car pulled into traffic and behind me. I slowed until the lights began spinning and then I stopped on the shoulder, patiently waiting for him to stroll to my window to stare at me with condescending reproach.

"Why don't you step out of the car, son?" he asked.

With images of an unidentified comedian in my head, I said, "It's too hot. Why don't you get in here?"

"Don't get smart, boy!"

"Why? Do you want me to remain

wasn't."

While trying to decide on a gift, I walked into one of the bookstores to look around. I passed the section of supposedly "modern classic" novels without even glancing. I had been told, by who I can't recall, that novels such as Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s "Slaughterhouse-Five" would make me sacrilegious, or J.D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye" would make me suicidal, or Philip Roth's "Portnoy's Complaint" would make me promiscuous. I found the Stephen King section but couldn't find a book that I or one of my co-workers had not read before.

On my way out I stopped to browse through a few magazines. I had to force my eyes away from the scantily-clad models on the covers of women's magazines and I was relieved that the skin mags were behind the counter.

I saw a new magazine—subtitled "Humanity's Oldest Institution Is Now Found In Magazine Format"—called "Non-Independent Thinking." On the cover was a large but faceless figure holding a Bible and an eraser and wearing a shirt with bold letters saying "I KNOW WHAT'S BETTER FOR YOUR HEAD THAN YOU DO!"

I opened the magazine to the table of contents and saw the feature story was an instruction manual on how to blame others. I bought the magazine.

While leaving, I ran into a friend who convinced me to go to a bar for a few drinks. Once we found a respectable-appearing bar, we waited at the bartender's counter to see which cute waitress's section we would sit in.

We sat down and a blonde waitress came over and asked us what we wanted to drink. My friend and I both alternated turns complimenting her looks, her figure, her parents' genes (of course, I wasn't thinking of my girlfriend while doing this, it didn't concern her.)

I remembered the many movies I had seen where a guy reaches and gently caresses a woman's leg and, several hours later, gets to caress more. I leaned over and lightly touched the back of her thigh; she gracefully, without even looking at me, stepped back out of my reach.

After six or nine beers my friend told me he had to leave. He gave me a ten for a cab and left. I finished reading my magazine while continuing to drink and teasing the waitress. I felt like Ted Kennedy.

I ordered another beer and the waitress informed me I was cut off. I jumped up, knocking over the table, and

screamed that I was never coming back to this dive because they didn't want to make any money. As I walked out the door, I turned and yelled, "It's your fault I got drunk! You kept serving me, bitch!"

Some time later, somehow, I sat in my car listening to Megadeth's "502," which convinced me to drive home.

I recalled nothing until I woke in a jail cell with a cop cussing me out for running over a state trooper giving someone a ticket. The names he called me caused me to cry in shame. I couldn't forget, no matter how much I tried, all the vile things he said.

I truthfully couldn't remember the days until my hearing. But as I stood in front of the judge, following not only what my public defender advised, but also what I felt was the truth, I carefully explained,

"It's not my fault, your Honor. It's Judas Priest's fault. I was listening to "Turbo Lover" when I began thinking about my girlfriend and..."

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

dirty clothes and dirty magazines.

I guzzled my beer and distantly contemplated my next actions. None came to mind, so I resumed watching TV.

The sight of a Big Mac appealed to my now-growling stomach, but the money I scrounged from the pockets of dirty jeans left me thirty-three cents short. I waltzed into my brother's room and borrowed an Andrew Jackson from his wallet.

While I waited for my food, the radio station (in my hurry, I forgot to grab a tape and was forced to follow the whims of someone I didn't know) played George Michael's "I Want Your Sex."

Again, I thought about my girlfriend, but the vision of her using an Epilady as a home remedy to electrolysis numbed any thoughts of horizontal dancing. After hearing the lines "Sex is natural, sex is fun," I quickly turned off the radio and adjusted my seating position.

Finally, I received my food and wolfed it down. I turned the radio on and a commercial reminded me that I needed to visit the Mall to buy birthday presents for people who forgot mine.

I considered filling a few grocery sacks with dog droppings until the memory of Ann Landers chiding a writer for stooping to the level of forgetful co-workers convinced me to remain mature.

Just as I entered Lloyd Raceway,

an idiot for the rest of my life?"

"Get out of the car, boy! Now! I ain't treating you like no king, boy!"

I decided my welfare depended on obeying his instructions. He chastised me for driving 25 over the speed limit, handed me a ticket, and wished me good-day.

I re-entered traffic and kept watch in my mirror for the cop to follow suit. He remained behind, so, with Sammy Hagar's voice still rattling my ears, I eased the gas until I found my comfortable 75.

A familiar commercial followed my Hagar and I rapidly changed stations in hope of finding something acceptable. I found a hard-core rap song and decided to listen to the lyrics, which heralded that cops deserve to be shot just for being cops. I began wishing I would have had a gun a few minutes earlier. That cop wouldn't have called me "boy" more than once.

Once at the Mall, I parked my car miles from the nearest door and waited for the song to end.

As I entered the building I caught sight of a horizontally challenged and aesthetically deficient mother sternly warning her child (I presumed it was hers) to be nice to her.

Thinking, for some reason, of a Dennis Leary-type response, I silently quipped, "Why? Mother Nature



WHY THINGS ARE

Necessities of life: water, leftovers and Thanksgiving dinner

Why is Thanksgiving always on a Thursday?

Christmas is on the 25th of December, Valentine's Day is always on the 14th of February and the Fourth of July is always on the 4th of July. So why can't Thanksgiving just pick a day and stop roving up and down the calendar?

We have no problems

with Labor Day being on a Monday every year. As anyone with any historical understanding of the labor movement knows, Labor Day is specifically in honor of the working person's inalienable right to stay home on a Monday in early September. Easter also roams, but at least Easter is determined by a complex astronomical calculation (it's the first Sunday after Good Friday, which is the first Friday after Palm Sunday).

But why is Thanksgiving on a Thursday, one of the silliest days of the week? And finally, why is it in late November even though the fall harvest is weeks or even months earlier?

The answer revolves around fish, says James Baker, historian at Plimoth Plantation, a museum in Plymouth, Mass. There were "fish days" back then. A fish day was a day when you couldn't eat meat. Elizabeth I, who was Queen of England an extremely long time ago, wanted to bolster the fishing industry in England and so decreed that people couldn't eat meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

The Pilgrims in Plymouth and Boston, though not bound by that old rule were nonetheless influenced by it. They tended to fast a lot, particularly on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. But they decided to make Thursday their market day, when they'd trade goods in town and stock up.

Thursday, you might say, became the big meat day.

So when the civic authorities declared a day of thanksgiving, it was on Thursday. Except in Connecticut, where they had Thanksgiving on Wednesdays. The Massachusetts way of doing things won out when Thanksgiving went from being a regional holiday to a national holiday in the late 1700s.

But it wasn't always in November. The national Thanksgiving declared by the Continental Congress in 1777 was held Dec. 18. Why so close to Christmas? Because back then they had the common sense to know that Christmas didn't have any Scriptural basis (there's nothing in the Bible that suggest Dec. 25 was the day Christ was born). So Christmas didn't catch on until the late 1840s or so.

The first real day of thanksgiving was in the summer of 1623, after a providential rain. What people think of as the first Thanksgiving, the famous feast with the Indians at Plymouth, was actually a 3-day harvest festival in early October 1621. That's why we associate Thanksgiving with the harvest. But the harvest festival was

a one-shot deal. Never repeated.

Not until 1942 did Congress fix Thanksgiving as the fourth Thursday in November. Roosevelt had previously decreed several Thanksgivings (or "Franksgivings" as people called them) he held the third Thursday, because he wanted to lengthen the shopping season. He'd do anything to get us out of the depression.

Why does soup take longer to heat up in the microwave than meatloaf?

Let's not worry about how a microwave oven works. You can just assume that it picks up gamma rays from the Andromeda galaxy.

What matters is that some things take longer to heat up than other things, and this phenomenon doesn't seem to follow any logical system. The heating speeds of various substances seem arbitrary: you have to learn through trial and error, which is why everyone's microwave oven always looks as though at some point a rabbit exploded in there.

Here are the main factors in the heating of food in the microwave, according to Bob Schiffman, a physical chemist in New York City.

1. The amount of the food. This is the one concession to logic.
2. Specific heat. This refers to how much energy it takes to heat a substance. The higher the specific heat, the more resistant something is to getting hot. Soup takes a long time to heat because it is mostly water, and water, as all our readers know by now, has the highest specific heat of just about anything on Earth, and heats really slowly. Fats and oils—the kind of thing you get in meatloaf—heat up about twice as fast as water.
3. Density. Things that are compact, that aren't filled with little air pockets, heat

quickly. Air isn't affected much by microwave.

4. The X-factor. That is, quirky molecular things. For example, ice heats up extremely slowly, because the water molecules are locked in a rigid crystalline structure and are transparent to the microwaves. And some things heat up faster the hotter they get. Plastic tubs that aren't "microwave safe" heat slowly at first, but as they soften, they go into a different mode, "runaway heat." Put a little plastic tub of macaroni and cheese in the microwave, says Schiffman, and "the next thing you know you'll have a mound of macaroni and cheese and a puddle of polyethylene."

Why do some drinking fountains shoot water from two holes instead of one?

You have noticed this your entire life, and probably just accepted it without question, like having two nostrils. Here, finally, is the explanation:

One hole shoots out hydrogen. The other shoots out oxygen. The two streams come together and form H₂O, water.


OK, so that's a lie, but you have to admit it'd be a neat invention.

The two-hole water fountain is made by Halsey Taylor, one of the giants of the industry. The design causes the two streams of water to converge at the apex of the arc of water, and supposedly created a fuller, wider, broader, rounder, waterier drink. Perhaps more importantly, the two streams aerates the water more as it rises toward your mouth, and aerated water tastes better, it's not quite as tinny and stale.

We apologize for sounding like Water Snobs.

By Joel Achenbach
Washington Post
Writers' Group



 coffee house
with David Harris
NOV. 16 FA 1
9 P.M. FREE

A word from the Advisor

The controversy, the joy and the pain of being "in charge"

Sometime toward the end of my first semester at USI, the powers that be huddled and, among other things, delegated me the Adviser for The Shield, the student newspaper, and Transitions, then the student yearbook.

At the time, the fall of 1986, The Shield published about four pages every three weeks or so. Transitions appeared regularly, but the yearbook encountered few buyers.

Meanwhile, USI needed an adviser steeped in newspaper journalism. I'd just spent three years as editor of The Times in Frankfort, Ind., and had about 10 years of experience at larger newspapers, so it was assumed I could advise.

A lot has changed during the following seven-plus years, but what has remained the same is the campus-wide myths surrounding my role as student publications Adviser. When I got here, no one truly knew what a publications adviser was supposed to do. The situation hasn't changed much.

So, since Transitions will be devoted at least in part to the subject of censorship, I asked editor Melissa Laughlin if I could write something to explain to USI what I do and don't do in my role as adviser. Call it an adviser's need to get at that itch.

This rambling piece of writing is that scratch.

Others' view

The common misconception is that I spend numerous hours every week in the basement of the University Center chatting with the student editors, reporters, photographers and advertising salesmen, directing their activities, assigning stories, steering their editorial opinions, editing the newspaper and dispatching the student staff to perform various tasks.

A corollary myth is that I assign students to pursue stories that complement my biases. If such were true, the publications you read would be radically different. The words might be spelled more accurately and the headlines make more sense, but I can't guarantee it would be any more interesting to the 7,400 students whose fees pay for much of it.

Reality

It doesn't work that way, and never has at USI, although my office was once in the basement of the University Center, the "UC pit." I hope never to be punished similarly again.

Sure, I visit the embarrassingly cramped quarters for the two publications, but not any more often than I need to. It only takes a few minutes for the students to begin to ignore their student editors and defer to me. I shouldn't do that to the editors.

Instead, I talk to the editors on the phone. I meet them for lunch. We talk before, during and after classes. We "talk" oneMail. They call me at home where I answer their questions, offer advice or tell them not to be so lazy. Sometimes I play the parent, telling two editors to work out their differences before reporting to "Dad." I tire of that quickly.

— I tell the advertising director, for instance, that those get-rich-quick-at-home advertisements are rip-offs and we might

not want to contribute to such thievery.

— I meet with an administrator and a sports columnist who want to work out differences about a column about the naming of the soccer field. I play the reporter's "big brother" because in such meetings a reporter often will need one. My experience tells me this.

— An editor shows me a story and headline about a student arrested in student housing on some drug-related matter. The headline calls the student a "drug peddler" and the story pretty much convicts him. There is little attribution. I ask if a charge has been filed. Well, no, not yet. I offer a list of offices to call and a list of questions to be asked, then I thank the editor for showing me the story. We've just saved the university a million or two.

— I advise an instructor who is angry about how a reporter described him in a personality profile. I tell him I won't kill the reporter, but I will talk to him, show him how these rumors about the "insensitive media" get started. A month later I commiserate with the instructor. I've just been "trashed" by the same newspaper. We both laugh. Ah, the camaraderie of common pain.

— I listen to a 30-minute explanation of "responsible journalism" offered by a professor. He declines to listen to my response, and it is probably just as well.

— A varsity coach calls to tell me about how much he "liked" that day's cartoon. Apparently, the cartoonist failed the coach's "teamwork" test and he's going to call a member of the board of trustees about it.

— After evaluating some advertising billing problems, I tell the advertising director not to accept an advertisement from an unknown company hundreds of miles away without payment in advance. We all need to learn fiscal responsibility.

— While vacationing 520 miles away, I field telephone calls about the budget, security lapses, after-hours use of the publications' offices, missing tuition reimbursement memos, purchase orders and topics I have successfully forgotten.

I do my best work in the classroom, not on the phone as an adviser. That's where we prepare reporters. Each year the students get a little better, a little wiser, a little more dangerous. The classroom is where I get into the hottest water. It is there that we teach students what public records are and how to

print them. It is there we provide good story ideas.

It is in the classroom that we teach our students and urge them to go and report.

A hands-off role

I believe a good adviser leads, teaches and explains. A good adviser tries to establish a candid, trusting relationship with the editors so that editors see the adviser as someone who can show them how to cover a controversial subject, pose questions to hesitant county sheriff's deputies and offer questions to ask the vice president for university relations.

A good adviser is a nuts and bolts journalism educator on seven-day call. A good adviser spends considerable time on the phone answering what might be silly questions because not all questions are silly.

Those who know me recognize that this management style is not mine. Each time I take one of those management style appraisals, I fall into the Machiavellian quadrant of the matrix. I like to run things.

But, that just wouldn't work here.

A voice, but for whom

Many private universities see this role differently, though not all.

Take even a surface look at any college newspaper heavily managed or censored by the administration and you'll find a dull college publication filled with sober stories. What little student expression that exists is hesitant, muted.

Not at USI, a public university. Here we have attempted to observe what the courts have said, namely, that a student newspaper which is the voice of the student body — seeking a robust, free discussion of the public's issues — should be an uncensored voice of those students and not be censored by the administration. Further, both The Shield and Transitions are in part funded by student fees, and both are run by students.

What, me worry?

Yes, I have lost sleep in this role.

Imagine the fence I perch on. I am charged with providing the student publications the best journalistic advice I can muster in order to enable them — and their publications — to do the best job they can do. The publications are the free voice of the students and they are part of Student Life which is part of Student Affairs. They are not part of the School of Liberal Arts where I call home.

Meanwhile, the people quoted, written about and affected by what those publications do are the very folks I work with everyday. They determine my salary, my promotional status, my benefits, my class schedule and my future with this university, and although most of them have a sense of humor and a great amount of patience, they also have long memories.

What they remember most is that their salaries have been printed two years in a row, and I am the person many hold responsible. Yes, many administrators and faculty thought that the printing was a good idea, but there are those who didn't think so. And, yes, they are in a position to affect my

...Continued on page 13

Student Publications Advisor: Job Description

Passed by the Student Publications Committee March 25, 1992.

1. The advisor will be a teaching member of the USI faculty.
2. The advisor will be an ex-officio member of the USI publications board. (S)he will be empowered to make and second motions and speak to all issues, but will not be able to vote on issues.
3. The advisor will serve as a liaison between the board and those publications to which (s)he serves as faculty advisor.
4. The advisor will serve as a consultant to the students who work as staff members on the various forenamed publications, but will have no control of student expression as protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Reference: Tinker v. Des Moines Independent School District, 1969.
5. The advisor will exercise powers of restraint over any material which (s)he deems to be legal defamation, obscenity, or a violation of any editorial or advertising policy established by the publication staff.
6. The advisor may consult with the editorial or advertising staffs regarding any material (s)he deems to be profane, objectionable, disruptive, unethical or otherwise in poor taste, but cannot exercise prior restraint.
7. The advisor should encourage accuracy in facts, figures and quotations; fairness; balanced reporting; good taste; ethical behavior; and use of multiple sources when appropriate.
8. Each Spring Semester the advisor will bring to the board a slate of applicants for editor. In executive session, the advisor may explain to the board his/her recommendations regarding each candidate.
9. The advisor may dismiss an editor or any staff member for just cause, such as failure to perform the duties of his/her office, but not for exercising news judgment or expression of opinion. Any staff member dismissed by the editor may exercise due process by appealing to the advisor and then to the publications board.
10. Neither the faculty advisor nor the university shall claim any legal liability for any defamation or obscenity contained in a student publication, pursuant to tort precedent that if one cannot legally control content, then one cannot legally be held liable.
11. The advisor will be the instructor of record for all print journalism workshop classes and may award academic credit based on performance proficiency of the students. Workshop assignments and evaluation methods will be solely at the discretion of the advisor.
12. The advisor will serve as the financial agent for the publications to which (s)he is assigned.

Dear diary,

The Stratford Theatre Festival

On September 23, 1993, three van loads of USI students and faculty departed for a four-day journey of a lifetime. Their destination: Stratford, Ontario, in Canada and the annual Stratford Festival, a theatre festival which honors legendary playwrights' works with stunning performances, wonderful directing and dazzling settings.

For me, the trip was a lesson in cultures as well as the arts. Most of these plays I had never seen performed before and I had little idea of what to expect.

Thursday, Sept. 23


5:45 a.m. USI. Fellow traveler, Kim Trice, and I race to our van to find Bob Jeffers, communications instructor, rearing to go. I think to myself, "This is gonna be a long trip. He's already telling jokes."

5:00 p.m. Just past Detroit, we reach the border. I'm anxious, since this is my first time leaving the United States. We pull through what looks like a toll booth and the guard eyes us peculiarly as she asks for each of us to state our citizenships. At this point, I'm really glad I'm not an illegal alien.

5:15 p.m. We stop at the Tourist Information Center to exchange our money to Canadian currency. Since the exchange rate was nearly \$1.30 to our \$1, I made a profit. I entered with \$80 and left with \$100. Pretty cool.

5:30 p.m. I'm eagerly looking in all directions to catch a glimpse of something really Canadian. Thus far, I think it resembles Green River Road.

6:15 p.m. As we drive closer to Stratford, I begin to notice the differences between Indiana and Canada. I'd never seen such beautiful green grass,

 I'm eagerly looking in all directions to catch a glimpse of something really Canadian. Thus far, I think it resembles Green River Road.

such sharply colored flowers and such exceptionally clean streets. This place is truly a nature lover's dream.

6:45 p.m. We arrive in Stratford. This picturesque town reminds me of an old English town in Shakespeare's day (not that I know what a town in Shakespeare's day would have looked like, but I imagine one would have resembled Stratford.)

A small river ran through the park where our hotel was located. From our balcony, Kim and I could see the river as well as the Festival Theater, where three of the four performances would be held.

7:30 p.m. Our group meets in the

hotel lobby to drive a few blocks for dinner. We decided against walking since the radio announcer said the temperature was 17 degrees. I told Kim it really didn't feel like it was 17 degrees out, then she reminded me it was 17 degrees Celsius, not Fahrenheit. (I knew that.)

Dr. Sherry Darrell suggested we eat at Bentley's, a restaurant her and her husband, Bob Darrell, often frequent during their many trips to Stratford. The food was fabulous, but the bill wasn't. The prices were reasonable, but I had forgotten about the Canadians' 15% sales tax.

Friday, Sept. 24, 1993

9:00 a.m. Dr. Darrell drove a van in town for those who wish to shop. She took us to her favorite breakfast spot, Connie's, for a grilled cheese sandwich. (I know, that's what I thought too.)

After breakfast, the group of eager shoppers separated. We had little apprehension in spending our money, since Canadian money resembles Monopoly money.

2:00 p.m. We walked a few blocks to the Avon Theater to see the first performance of our trip, "The Importance of Being Earnest," a comedy by Oscar Wilde. This play is set in the 19th century, so the language was easily understood. The acting was superb, and the theater was stunning. We were seated in the balcony, which allowed full view of the actors and the sets. I enjoyed this play and was eagerly awaiting the evening performance.

7:00 p.m. We arrived at the Festival Theater, the largest of the three theaters in Stratford, to see William Shakespeare's comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I found this to be my favorite performance of the festival.

Having never read this play or seen any of Shakespeare's plays actually performed, I envisioned king and queen costumes from the 17th century, difficult language and castle settings. I couldn't have been more wrong.

The setting was 21st century, with costumes which resembled those of Star Trek. The fairies wore brightly painted bodysuits, which revealed every curve. At any opportunity, the director added even more humor by putting Shakespeare's language to rock and roll music. The crowds roared with laughter, and I was delightfully flabbergasted. This is not how I pictured Shakespeare.

11:00 p.m. We returned to the hotel. Kim and I decided we weren't quite ready to sleep, so we checked out the bar downstairs. I ordered a wine cooler. I expected Seagram's, but instead I got a Canadian Rockaberry Cooler. This cooler was a real, red wine cooler. I handed the

bartender \$5 of my Monopoly money, and received \$1.50 change. (Canada also has a high tax on alcohol and tobacco. I missed Evanville for that one moment.)


12:30 a.m. Kim and I tried to sleep but are kept awake by the 16-year-old monsters who occupy the entire floor above us. We heard yelling, loud music, stomps, thuds and the pitter patter of feet running down our hall.


1:45 a.m. Kim had had enough. She called the front desk for the third time to complain. I felt like my mom.

3:00 a.m. I was awakened to see Kim standing on her bed beating the ceiling with an umbrella. Thinking I must have been dreaming, I turned over and finally fell asleep.

Saturday, Sept. 25, 1993

9:00 a.m. Kim and I missed our shuttle into town with our group, since we had gotten so little sleep the night

 We had little apprehension in spending our money, since Canadian money resembles Monopoly money.

 before. We decided we'd walk to town. We could use the exercise.

1:30 p.m. We arrived at the Festival Theater a little early to buy souvenirs at the gift shop.

2:00 p.m. We took our seats for the performance of "The Imaginary Invalid," a comedy by Moliere. I found this play hilarious and entertaining. Thus far, I was delightfully impressed with the Stratford Festival.

6:00 p.m. Mr. Jeffers, Kim and I went to dinner at a wonderful Italian cafe, which served fabulous desserts, including a Bailey's flavored cheesecake.

7:00 p.m. We returned to the Festival Theater to see the last performance, "Antony and Cleopatra," a drama by William Shakespeare.

Since this was the only drama we saw, I have nothing to compare the play with; however, I wasn't expecting to be disappointed.

Mr. Jeffers sat next to me during this play, and drooled over Cleopatra. His comments are all that kept me awake during the performance. This play is what I had pictured when envisioning Shakespeare, even though I have great respect for him as a writer. I struggled with sleep during this performance, but this was the exception, not the rule.

Midnight (Yes the play lasted almost four and a half hours.) We returned to the hotel to pack, since we would depart early the next morning. Since this was our last night in Stratford, we ordered a

pitcher of beer to our room. The only brand of beer we recognized was Moosehead, so we paid the lady \$10 (yes, \$10 for a pitcher of beer), and we drank every last drop.


Remembering that Moosehead beer is twice as strong as beer at home, we decided against another pitcher and went to sleep.


Sunday, September 26, 1993

4:45 a.m. Our wake up call did its job. Before we left Canada, we stopped at a bakery for breakfast.

7:00 a.m. We returned to the Tourist Information Center to exchange our money. The exchange rate, of course, was reversed, so I received \$8.50 for my \$10. Bummer.

7:30 a.m. We stopped at the duty-free shop for those who wished to buy perfume, liquor or tobacco cheap. We went through the same procedure as before when crossing the border, but since each person is allowed to leave Canada with only \$400 worth of

 I envisioned king and queen costumes from the 17th century, difficult language and castle settings. I couldn't have been more wrong. The setting was 21st century, with costumes which resembled those of Star Trek. The fairies wore brightly painted bodysuits, which revealed every curve. This is not how I pictured Shakespeare.

 merchandise, the guards were extremely suspicious.

The trip back was similar to the trip to Canada, except Kim and I were out of snacks, Mr. Jeffers and Mr. vonFuhrmann argued over radio stations and the temperature got warmer the further south we drove.

6:00 p.m. We arrived at USI on schedule. I was glad to be home, but I had had a terrific trip. I suppose the moral of my story, if it has one, is that students should take advantage of these school-sponsored trips.

I paid \$277 for this trip, and it was the smartest investment I could make. Not only did I learn about the arts, I grew closer to fellow students and faculty. All students should get involved at USI, not only to unite our student body, but because the experiences you gain will broaden your horizons.

By Rachel Stewart

From Osnabrueck to All over America

He arrived a bit early, so he could have a look around. And that he did! Christian Roettgers, an exchange student from Osnabrueck, Germany, Arrived at the New York airport in mid-July with a friend. They were four weeks early, so they drove to Evansville, leased the Jeep that gets him around today, and hit the road for a tour of America.

Student Profile By Dana Montelongo

They visited Mt. Rushmore, Yellowstone National Park, Las Vegas, The Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, Washington

D.C., Little Rock, Ark., Lancaster, Penn., and back to New York so his friend could catch a returning flight to Germany.

What did you think of the Amish people?

They had their own culture. They live without progress. Very relaxed people!

Christian went to school in Osnabrueck for one and a half years before coming to study at USI. At his university, the students study for one and a half years and earn a pre-diploma. Then they study abroad for a year, return to Germany and finish up their degree.

Does everyone come to America?

NO! Most students stay in Europe. Three of us got to come to America. Sabine Niederberghaus, 29, and Susanne Herbec, 27, both go to school here as well.

How long have you studied English?

From the 5th grade on. But I took a three year break so really 8 years. I learned British English. It is very different. It is best to learn the language in the country that you wish to use it in. I have learned so much since I have been here.

What are your views on Americans and travel? You have traveled in our country more than the average American citizen travels all his life.

Americans have a lack of knowledge of other countries. This is because they do not travel. In Europe it is common to travel since the countries are so small and there are many of them, each with their own culture.

Let's talk about alcohol. Do you find this country's values and beliefs on alcohol different than that of Germany?

Oh, yes. In Germany the drinking age is 16. If you are old enough to drive a car then you are old enough to drink. We drink beer and don't think about it. We do not only drink to party, but we drink with our meals. There are beer gardens where you meet people and have a good time. The beer here is different, even imported beer is bottled here so it tastes different too. It takes 7 min to get beer from a tap in Germany, it has much more head. And beer from a bottle tastes different altogether.

How do you feel about the alcohol policy on campus. I know you live in over-21 housing so it is not a problem too much, but your friends from Germany don't. Have there been any problems there?

They do not understand. They have been drinking most of their lives and now they can't. It is just hard to understand.

What do you want to do when you graduate?

I want to come back here to get my MBA. Maybe go back to NY for the experience. I would like to work in a bank. Your bank systems are different.

How so?

It is too complex to explain, but ours is universal.

What is your favorite T.V. program?

I watch CNN often. It is hard to get news about Europe on the other channels.

But like most Americans with cable, Christian likes to flip the channels.

River City Recreation

1050 S. Weinbach
477-5323

Holiday Season or Anytime



Bowling
Game Room
Legends Lounge

Get together with family & friends



River City Recreation
One Free
Shoe Rental
and \$1.25 off
Not Valid With Any Other Coupon

England...

FOR SPRING BREAK?

TRAVEL TO LONDON FOR TWO PLAYS
STRATFORD FOR ONE, AND VISIT
ENGLAND'S MAGNIFICENT LANDMARKS

7 NIGHTS

9 DAYS

ALL TRANSPORTATION INCLUDED

MEETING:

THURSDAY, NOV. 11

6:30 P.M.

MR. BOB JEFFERS' OFFICE
8084 B (MASH)

'Zines are on the outs

Underground literature is not protected speech in high schools

Blair Gummere is spending this fall out of school for his part in writing *The Marshmallow Junkie*, an underground magazine at Bosse High School.

Gavin Moore spent two weeks out of school after he admitted to helping write and distribute the leaflet.

Stacey Phillips, a junior at Henderson County High School, was threatened with a year of "alternative" school after the

"I think it's wrong they said we shouldn't be able to do this and they censored us. In his office, (the principal) said students don't like this, but the students loved it."
--Gavin Moore

magazine she helped write, *Thrown Together*, was confiscated by school officials. She spent one day in in-school detention.

While students often cry censorship over the actions of school officials in cases concerning underground literature, the administrators are following a clear and well-defined series of laws that

moves more towards the first amendment freedom of expression and away from educational order."

Shoulders said students are permitted

to distribute underground literature off campus, but the law in Indiana draws the boundary at the the edge of school property.

"At the high school level, the law is: students, of course, have the right to say and think how they want in their own

homes. They're protected by the same constitutional rights as everyone else. But when a student writes and distributes an underground magazine on school grounds, he crosses into another area."

Shoulders said administrators base
...Continued on page 13



Introducing:

The Frankfurter Mint's

David Koresh

Chess Set

To commemorate one of America's most memorable moments, the Frankfurter Mint has produced the David Koresh Chess Set. The set features realistic pawns that are carved in the likenesses of many of the Waco Fiasco's key players from both the Davidian cult and the FBI. On the Davidian side, the queen pawns are carved in the shape of the 11 year old girls that Mr. Koresh was so fond of and "the king" Koresh, when checkmated, will instantly burst into flames. On the U.S. government's side, "the King", our illustrious President, Bill Clinton is permanently attached to the game board so, like the real thing, he will make no moves, one way or the other. The "queen" of the Waco incident, Janet Reno, carved realistically, will invariably make the wrong move every time. So buy the Davidian Chess Set and begin your own intervention of church and state and firearms. The first move is yours.

from *Thrown Together*, Vol. 1, Iss. 1

THE MARSHMALLOW'S MISSION STATEMENT

The *Marshmallow Junkie* is not approved by a faculty advisor and therefore is likely to be labeled an "underground" newspaper. However, I hope the reader will denounce the term. The *Marshmallow* is the voice of one man but could not be possible without the help of others. I have decided not to reveal my name in the hope of prolonging my journalistic career. The *Marshmallow* has only two goals: to vent the rage of an enraged adolescent, and to amuse the writers.

The "yummy cream treat" is the grand symbol for our generation. The waste and bad dieting habits are great tragedies, but we celebrate the "marshmallow junkie," for he is us, and we have chosen his lifestyle.

Rather than bicker and point fingers, searching for someone to blame, the *Marshmallow* simply says, "Hey, pass the hardened cream stuff!"

-The *Marshmallow's* Philosophy

The first day of every school year, students are handed a list of rules

and for your convenience, in black and white, are someone else's moral guidelines. Translation: obey your master!

For several years, I have followed these rules to delight the authoritative men at our schools. I'm no saint, I may have been tardy two or three times in the last couple years, but I generally abided by the rules without questioning them.

You have been molded into the model human being under the guise of education. You learn what they tell you to learn. World History teaches you about the lives of Hobbes and Locke, but do they

mention Edmond Burke? Did this man not contribute enough to political thought to be learned?

The question has been answered for you. William S. Burroughs, J.D. Salinger, Henry Miller, or John Irving will not be found in an English book, you are not

mature enough to handle the word "bastard," or (God forbid,) "fuck." Your language is limited as is your intelligence. A conscientious decision has been made as to what you should learn. The student must not remain ignorant to this.

Decisions will be required on matters that weren't discussed in school. Choices with no black-and-white moral solution attack. Now is the time to examine the rules and decide for yourself which you agree with. Now is

the time to question what you have been told is true. Now is the time to learn beyond the curriculum. Now is the time to reject the black-and-white. Now is

the time to live in a world of grey hues. Now is the time to grow up and prepare for adulthood. Now is the time.

Is it any wonder, so many reject the outside world for the comfortable confines of their living room and find refuge in the simple life style of a "marshmallow junkie?"

-CFK

"I was basically expelled for using profanity. They tacked on a bunch of other charges, like forming a secret society and interfering with the school process.

"I hope I can graduate this year and go on to college."

--Blair Gummere

place priority on keeping the status quo rather than allowing potentially disruptive freedom of speech and expression in the schools.

Attorney Pat Shoulders, who represents the Evansville Vanderburgh School Corporation, said the laws apply mainly to high school students.

"College students pay to be there. In the law's eyes they are considered more mature and able to handle a wider diversity of opinion. As you age the law

Seeing Clear Through Broken Glass
An Editorial By Jason

I want to use this space to tell you something. I am now controlling your mind. The fact that you are reading this is proof of that. Everything you read, watch or listen to does it's best to control your mind, and like a brainless moron, you will submit.

Turn on your T.V. Open a magazine, turn your stereo. We're all trying to dig our fingers into your brain. So what is my point? My point is, be aware!

Every time you read, watch or listen to something, question it. Analyze it. If, after analyzing it, it seems true, accept it, but never, evertake anything at face value. We're all trying to screw you over. Weigh everything.

Remember, a mind is a terrible thing to waste, but it is an even worse thing to give away.

from *Thrown Together*, Vol. 1, Iss. 1

Why I didn't write this story: an editor's tale of self-censorship

One day in late September the phone rings in *The Shield* office. It's Wednesday, the day after the paper's deadline, and most staff members are catching up on homework they've let go for the past three days.

The voice on the phone is frantic. It says someone should get up to student housing with a camera and a notebook. The editor leaves, along with another reporter. All is quiet for about an hour, then they return. It wasn't a story.

Or was it?

The dismissal of a USI athlete for unstated reasons hits the sports pages of *The Evansville Courier*. No mention in *The Shield*. *The Shield* editor gets a report that a student athlete was hazed, an initiation that usually involves mental or physical torture and is highly illegal. No mention in the newspaper. Bombs go off in student housing and the story is covered in *The Evansville Press*. Again, no campus story.

Why?

The point of this article is, I shouldn't even be asking these questions. By challenging *The Shield* in print, I am creating a gulf between the

two publications that may take a long time to heal.

Because we staff members spend so much time around one another--sometimes to the exclusion of our friends--tensions run deep and constructive criticism is often seen as a personal attack.

The problem is, these questions should be addressed in the public light. Our public, whether students on this campus, or residents of a city where we will one day work, need to know what is going on around them in order to make sound decisions. Our job as journalists is to provide that information.

On the other hand, when does a story stand to hurt more people than it helps?

The original focus of this article, which I began working on three weeks ago, was the incident I mentioned in the first paragraph. After talking with the communications chair, our faculty advisor and with people who work in the journalism field, I began to see that even talking about the event second-hand might cause more damage than

good. It might even result in someone's death.

How can you trust me? By my reputation alone.

Since the Watergate era, the media has lost popularity and public respect. Most people trust anchor people on television, especially national news programs, but not the reporters at a local newspaper. Without a picture, they seem impersonal and hard to trust.

By making sound news calls, by consistently pursuing events and problems that affect readers, by risking their neck to relay information, journalists tell the public they can be trusted.

So when an issue comes up that simply shouldn't be publicized, the public will perhaps understand that the best interest being served isn't that of the journalist, or of the paper or the university, but of a human being.

But without that trust, everything a journalist does is held up for public scrutiny. And that can be the most damning light of all.

Melissa Laughlin

Mentally ill or just plain stressed: the answers

Hola. It's your ol' uncle Ralf here again to offer you my best advice on your college years. I have received a few letters, and I just have some shit to throw out there at you. Lets start it off with a letter:

Dear Uncle Ralf,

Ok, this is kinda difficult, but I have this friend who has gone a bit mad. Seriously, this person is in dire need of professional help. Is there an easy way to let them know? We care for this person and feel it would be better for us all! --At Our Wit's End
Wit's End,

I, myself, was in this situation not too long ago. I was at work, and we have a man there who is in charge of keeping the pests away. Well, this friend was standing in the hall with a dead rodent waving it about screaming about how this was insane and how he was turning us all into the game warden. Just really freaking out! He came to me later and said, "What do I do now, Ralf?" I told him flat out, "It's a career move! Let's get you checked into Ward 5." Put it like that and most people will stop and think! Good Luck!

Ralf,

Can you give some advice for people who commit themselves to too many things, and don't have any time for

themselves? --Overextended
Overextended,

Well, it is like having too many bras and you don't know which one to wear. Or like having a bunch of junk food in the freezer and you don't really know which one you want to eat. So you eat a bit of this and a bit of that. You know what happens next, that right! You make yourself sick. By having so many things you cannot do justice to those things that really deserve it. My ultimate question to you is WHY so many things? Think about it, there may be more here than an inability to say NO. Now this letter was written by a certain person. However, if you fill this shoe and you have something to contribute, please write to me
ATT: Ralf.

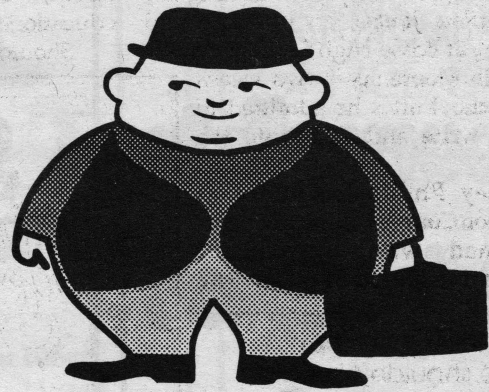
STUDY TIP OF THE MONTH: I have heard that if you listen to classical music prior to an exam you get 15 minutes of extended brain power!

This is your Old Modern Millie Uncle, saying soooooooooo long and happy trails!

Remember if you have a problem, please write. Or if you just got something on your mind, I would love to hear from you, send your letter to: C/O Transitions at UC113A

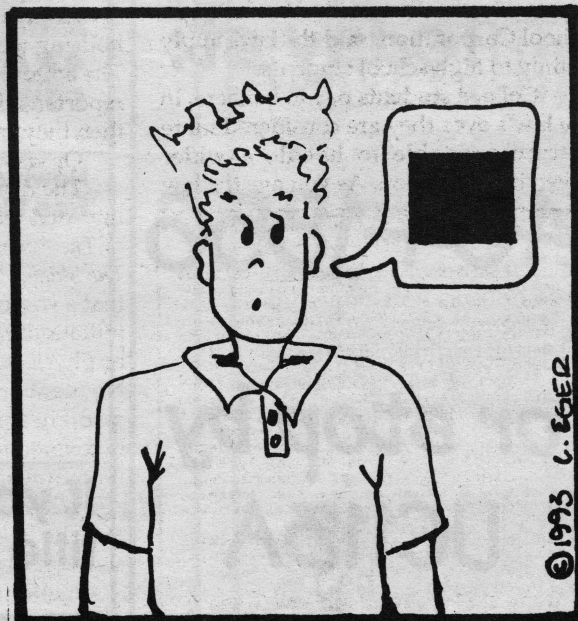
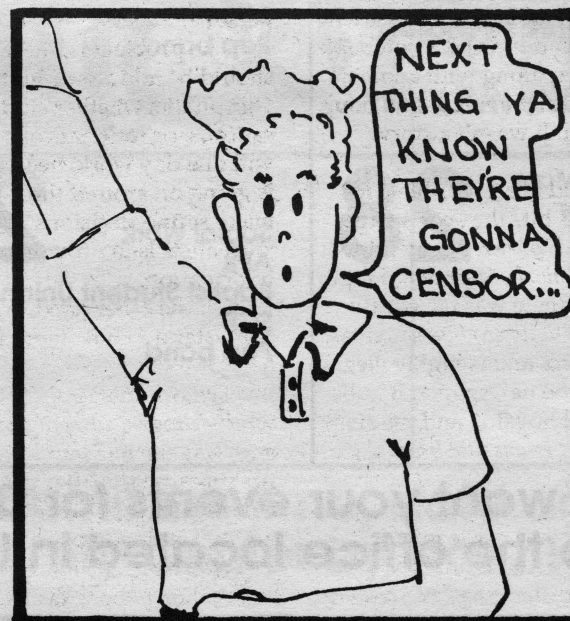
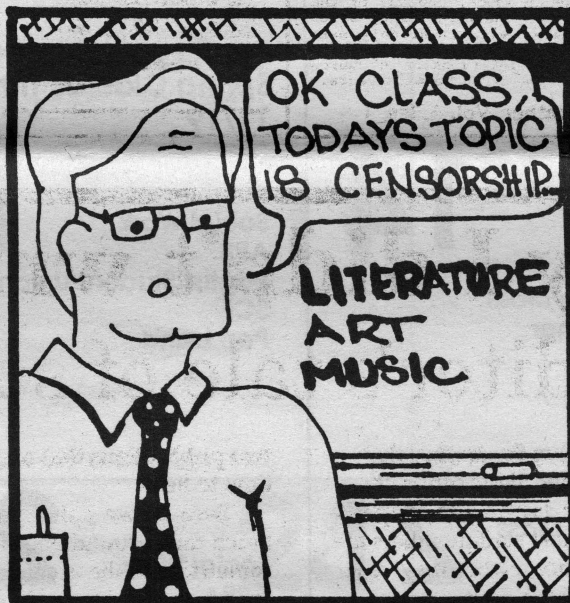
8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712

You can also bring letters to the front desk at the University Center. HAVE FUN!



UNCLE RALF

AT YOUR SERVICE



©1993 L. EGER

Transitions

IS looking for:

Journalists

Photographers

and

Designers

Get Involved

**with a
creative
energetic**

publication

Call us

Today at:

464-1856

**or stop by
UC113A**

NOV

SUN MON TUE W

	<p>1</p> <p>Strange Puppy Celebrity Auction 4:30 p.m. UC309</p> <p>Baptist Student Union 9 p.m. MASH 8113A</p> <p>Social Work Noon UC 118</p> <p>SCF OC 2003 1 p.m.</p> <p>Pep Band GLH 8:30 p.m.</p>	<p>2</p> <p>Newman 9 p.m. MASH 8113A</p> <p>Communication Arts Club 3 p.m. UC 118</p> <p>Political Science Club 1:20 p.m., Poll Sci Office</p> <p>SGA House 5 p.m. UC 118</p> <p>IFC/Panhellnic 9 p.m. UC 118</p>	<p>Math Club 3 p.m. SCF</p> <p>SGA Supr 5 p.m. UC</p> <p>Pep Band GLT 8:30 p</p>
<p>Newman Catholic Mass 12 noon L100</p> <p>7</p>	<p>8</p> <p>Social Work APB</p> <p>Baptist Student Union SCF</p> <p>Pep band</p> <p>Pre-Registration For Spring Classes Through 11/19</p>	<p>9</p> <p>SGA House</p> <p>Communication Arts IFC/Pan</p> <p>APB Casino Night 9 p.m. UC Dining Room</p> <p>Film "Virgin Spring" 1:30 and 9 p.m. FA 1</p>	<p>Math Club</p> <p>SGA Supr</p> <p>Pep Band</p> <p>Video Se "Asleep Noon UC</p>
<p>14</p> <p>Newman Mass Free Dinner</p>	<p>15</p> <p>Social Work APB</p> <p>Baptist Student Union SCF</p> <p>Pep band</p>	<p>16</p> <p>SGA House IFC/Pan</p> <p>Communication Arts</p> <p>Political Science Club</p> <p>Assessment Day No Classes</p> <p>David Harris Coffeehouse 9 p.m. UC 309</p>	<p>Math Club</p> <p>SGA Supr</p>
<p>Newman Mass</p> <p>21</p> <p>MERRY CHRISTMAS MAIN STREET PARADE 4 P.M. DOWNTOWN WALKWAY</p>	<p>22</p> <p>Social Work APB</p> <p>Baptist Student Union SCF</p> <p>Pep band</p>	<p>23</p> <p>SGA House IFC/Pan</p> <p>Communication Arts</p> <p>Film "Wings of Desire" 6 p.m. FA 1</p>	<p>24</p>
<p>Newman Mass Free Dinner</p> <p>28</p>	<p>29</p> <p>Social Work APB</p> <p>Baptist Student Union SCF</p> <p>Pep band</p>	<p>30</p> <p>SGA House IFC/Pan</p> <p>Communication Arts</p> <p>Film "Baghdad Cafe" 1:30 and 6 p.m. FA 1</p>	

If you want your events for December and January in next title to the office located in UC 113F or put it in our mailbox

MEMBER

ED THU FRI SAT

3 Court Video Series "Rude Awakening" UC 309A Noon	4 APB Art Lecture David Meyers "To Each His #@\$*#@ \$ own" 9 p.m. FA 1 SPAN Noon UC118 Medieval Society 7:30 p.m. L100 Student Government Association 5 p.m. UC 118 Student Alumni Association 3:45 p.m. L100 AA 3 p.m. UC118	5 Presentation Ball 7 p.m.	6 Campus Leader Lunch and Workshop 11 a.m. UC Dining Room Rugby Game 1 p.m. Library Field
10 Court "The Light" 9A	11 SPAN AA Student Alumni SGA Medieval Society Meeting	12 Deadline for Intramural Decathlon Sport Fest Call PAC by 4 p.m.	13
17 Court	18 SPAN AA Student Alumni SGA Medieval Society Meeting APB Movie "The Crying Game" 9 p.m. FA 1	19	20
24	25	26	27

Thanksgiving Break

month's *Transitions*, please submit the time, date and event in the basement of the University Center by Nov. 19.

ZINES

ON SALE NOW
IN TRANSITIONS
OFFICE UC113A

the lone raver

Editor Lisa Smith offers scathing commentary on local and national issues, concert and music reviews, introspective poetry and hip graphics. \$1.

RIP OFF

A humor mag previously available only at Memorial High School. Described by one reviewer as "what happens when a lot of people with too much time and wit get around a typewriter." \$1.

NERVOUSVACATION

The first cartoon compilation by area artist, and occasional *Transitions* cartoonist, Bill Johns. Guaranteed to twist your thinking. \$1.50.

QUALITY TACOS!

Shield staff cartoonist C. Matt Billman's first cartoon history. Contains strips from his syndicated comic, Posey Co., and from Matt's World. Free condom with every issue. \$1.50.

WANT TO SELL YOUR ZINE THROUGH US?
Call Transitions at 464-1856

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) You are being followed. Someone interesting has their eyes on you. Turn around and check it out. What do you have to lose? Your love life sucks as it is now. At least you may remember the new person.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) There is good news and bad news for you this month. The good news is that you will receive a winning lottery ticket for your birthday worth millions. The bad news is that your roommate helped with your laundry and washed your ticket. The judge will let you off on a temporary insanity plea.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) Everything is coming down on you. You are confused and you don't know what to do about it. Screw it all and go have a few....no several, drinks.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) You will meet someone who intrigues you. That person can change the subject quickly if they don't like the subject matter. But they can also go into great detail on subjects that are

well-liked. You will love those fine details!

Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) You will have someone enter your life who only wants one thing from you. That's right! Great, nothing held back, hot, passionate, incredible sex. Everyone will be envious of you. I recommend that you take regular doses of vitamin E so you can keep up with your new lover. I think I hate you.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) You're in luck or maybe not. Your instructor has finally learned your name. Now you will be well known in class, because you will be called on 5 to 6 times each class period.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) You have a wonderful sense of humor. Don't be afraid to tell a funny or outrageously dirty joke. Just remember there is a big difference between funny and disgusting. Most people prefer disgusting.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) You work, pay bills, but still can't get a credit card. You should quit your job and

get on welfare. You will have a guaranteed income and then you can get as many credit cards as you want. Bureaucracy at work!

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Be romantic and show thoughtful gestures. Buy your significant other edible underwear! Bon appetit.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) Have you been snapping at people lately? Do you get the urge to strangle your best friend? Do you want to gag and handcuff your instructor to the urinal in the mens' room? Congratulations, you are suffering from mid-semester stress. Try sudafed and NyQuil. You will come out of the coma about the time of finals.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) The key phrase in your life this month is *Ooh, that sounds real kinky*. Enough said.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) Some people stalk and hunt, while you seek and destroy. The idea is to seek interesting subjects and to consume but not destroy. I know you already have a list started.

Madame Fortune's



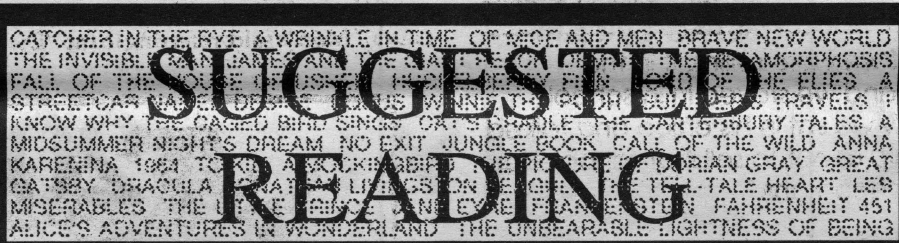
Madame Fortune is really back on track. She finally finished her column before deadline. One will do anything just so certain people will quit bitching at you. (You know who you are, Amanda). Something to leave you with; what goes up must come down. Try to stay up as long as possible, it's more fun.

Star Trek book a real adventure for fans

Beginning in 1966 as something a little out of the ordinary for prime-time TV, and suffering from shaky ratings throughout its entire run, *Star Trek* went on to spend the better part of the next three decades as a growing part of American culture.

But with the multitude of books and magazines that claim to disclose the ultimate *Star Trek* story – how it started and why – none have explained this genesis of television history as well as someone who lived it.

William Shatner, known to millions as Captain James Tiberius Kirk, has sat down and wrote the definitive *Star Trek* history as seen not only through his eyes and



interpretations, but also those of its cast and crew.

Anyone who has heard of Shatner's overinflated ego will probably take one look at the cover and expect *Star Trek Memories* to be slanted and self-promoting, but that's not the case. Shatner puts aside that image and, along with co-author Chris Kreski, provides an outstanding novel chockfull of *Trek* trivia with never-before-told tales of backstage backstabbing and practical jokes.

Probably the biggest revelation was the fact that DeForest Kelly, who played the country doctor, Leonard McCoy, was actually creator Gene Roddenberry's first choice to play the pointy-eared Vulcan, Mr. Spock (ultimately played by Leonard Nimoy). The first choice to portray Captain Kirk wasn't Shatner, but then Hawaii Five-O's Jack Lord (who demanded 50 percent ownership of the show).

Another surprise is the disclosure that Jeffrey Hunter, who played Captain Christopher Pike, the Enterprise's first captain, was actually fired from the show due to his wife's infernal nagging, and didn't quit because of a movie conflict as was reported.

Roddenberry later told Shatner that he would rather deal with Jeff and his

agent, or even Jeff and a gorilla than Jeff and his wife. He said she kept throwing tantrums and making ultimatums until she left Roddenberry no choice but to let Hunter go.

Shatner also reveals the tainted history behind television's first interracial kiss between Shatner and co-star Nichelle Nichols, and the fact that the kiss never really happened.

Shatner explained that a bunch of NBC suits objected to the kiss due to their southern affiliates. Yet Roddenberry stuck by his principles, and the famous kiss scene turned into Shatner turning his head away from the audience and never kissing Nichols.

The novel also talks about how the Russian Ensign Pavel Chekov came into being after the Soviet newspaper, Pravda, printed an angry editorial, complaining that the U.S.S.R. was the first nation to put a man in space, and there was no Russian on board the Enterprise. Roddenberry read the article and out came Chekov.

Shatner says the real truth behind this second-season cast addition wasn't the Russian press – it was the Monkees.

According to Shatner, while *Star Trek* was hitting the airwaves, the Monkees were exploding onto TV sets all over the

country. So Roddenberry designed Pavel Chekov with lead singer Davy Jones in mind.

Other than the character's soviet accent, actor Walter Koenig fit the bill quite well. If you notice in the first couple of episodes he appears in, he's wearing a brushy wig to approximate Jones' haircut.

Shatner's book not only provides Trekkers with the answers to many of their questions, but many of his own as well.

As he interviewed his fellow cast members. He found out that many of them hated his guts, particularly the good-natured Scotty, played by James Doogan.

I met and talked with Jimmy Doogan many years ago, and Shatner would have had to literally be insulting this hardy, good-natured man daily before his temper got the best of him.)

The rest of his *Trek* workers managed to smooth things over and talk about their problems, but Doogan won't return Shatner's phone calls.

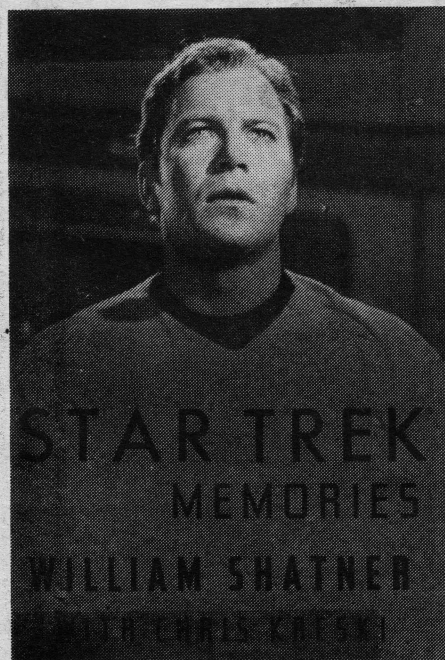
Doogan has said that "Bill won't use what I have to say, he won't want to hear the negatives, he won't print what I say, and if he does, he'll twist it to his advantage."

Shatner has said he wishes he had gotten to know his fellow cast members better.

"While I've never set out to hurt anybody, I may have, at times, been ignorant of my fellow actors' need for screen time, not to mention their feelings."

As Mr. Spock would have to say, "Fascinating."

By Chad Williams



The following books were selected this year by a parent-faculty committee not to be used in a literature-based reading program at Sharon Elementary School in Warrick County.

The books were part of the original reading list for the Reading For Real program, which was rejected by the school board earlier this year after it was piloted in that county. The board voted to allow schools to make their own reading lists based loosely on the Reading For Real lists.

Next month, Transitions will go into why these books were considered inappropriate reading material and the effects of the school board's decision.

The Green Book <i>Jill Paton Walsh</i>	<i>Virginia Hamilton</i> The Bridge to Terabithia <i>Katherine Paterson</i>	War Comes to Willy Freeman <i>James Lincoln Collier</i>	Child of the Owl <i>Lawrence Yep</i>
The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe <i>C.S. Lewis</i>	C.O.L.A.R. <i>Alfred Sloie</i>	And Now Miguel <i>Joseph Krungold</i>	The Pinballs <i>Betsy Byars</i>
Mrs. Fish, Ape, and Me, The Dump Queen <i>Norma Fox Mazer</i>	The Great Gilly Hopkins <i>Katherine Paterson</i>	Come Sing, Jimmy Jo <i>Katherine Paterson</i>	Shadow of A Bull <i>Maja Wojciechowska</i>
Zeely	My Brother Sam Is Dead <i>James Lincoln Collier</i>	Number The Stars <i>Lois Lowry</i>	Sixth Grade Can Really Kill You <i>Barthe De Clements</i>

'Zines

Continued from page 8...

their decision on whether to get involved on the content of the material distributed and the degree to which it interferes with the educational process.

"Would a student who writes a dirty word on the bathroom wall get the same punishment as someone who slanders and makes obscene comments about a female English teacher and distributes it in the

hallway? I don't think so."

Shoulders said punishments can vary in intensity, from detention or in-school suspension to expulsion after due process, and vary from school to school.

"The law in Indiana is pretty clear. A student can be disciplined for distributing on school grounds anything the administrators deem disruptive."

By *Melissa Laughlin*

"We brought 200 copies to school and we were selling it in the hallways. A teacher told our principal and we stayed in in-school detention for the rest of the day. Mostly we sat in his office and talked to him. He called all our parents. He told us not to sell it at school. He said he didn't feel it represented our school right."

—*Stacey Phillips*

"in charge"

Continued from page 5...

future and never have to justify it.

The worst position to be in is to be somehow responsible for a publication but be in no true position to shape the product.

For the record, I did not urge The Shield to print the salaries. I didn't discourage it, either, since they are public record. Yes, once the decision was made, I urged the editors to do it accurately. Some of us knew it advance that the criticism would be aimed at me — not the editors — but there was nothing we could do.

I can only imagine what kind of rumors would have quickly spread had I told the editors not to do it. Anyone who cannot see what would have happened needs to get in touch with reality.

It was in the midst of this that I urged the Student Publications Committee to write a job description for me. After almost six years in the role, I was tired of orally conjuring one up for each occasion, each confrontation. It was approved in March 1992, and it is somewhere in this publication.

And it is no secret in the Communications Department that I would be tickled pink to have someone else advise the two

publications for a while. Eight years is plenty in a role which generates no applause and too much frustration. Any takers?

Publications today

A lot has changed during those seven-plus years. The Shield, of course, is now a weekly newspaper that you regularly find on campus every Wednesday morning.

Transitions — once a yearbook wanting buyers — has finally settled into a monthly student magazine published six times each year. The Shield makes a decent income on its advertising, and Transitions is beginning to do the same thing.

The main thing that has changed is the students' abilities. They're better than they were just eight years ago, and there are more of them. They arrive better prepared and we're better at teaching them even more. The students approach the starting blocks with higher octane fuel and with a full charge in their batteries.

And they know that censorship is a hot topic everywhere today and potentially a deeply intellectual one on campuses. This edition is an example of that talent and that octane.

I hope you enjoy and learn from it.

By *Ron Roat, Advisor*

NYPD Blue debate failed to clear air

The issue as to whether a person has the right to censor what another sees was no closer to being settled Oct. 7 after the USI showing of "NYPD Blue." Nevertheless, the program apparently held the support of attendants, most of whom were traditional students in their late teens or early twenties.

Most of those willing to speak said they enjoyed the show, insisting that to censor something so realistic is wrong.

Caroline Dow, professor of journalism at the University of Evansville, said, "Citizens shouldn't interrupt what I am legally able to see."

"But what if my child is at someone else's house and the parent lets him watch shows like this?" asked panelist Jon Morris, adjunct professor of communications. He also said he worried about children "channel surfing" and running across indecent programs.

Scheduled to air Sept. 21 on the local ABC affiliate, "NYPD Blue" was suddenly pulled from the television schedule on account of language, violence and nudity.

Morris and 22 other people attending a preliminary showing were responsible for the controversial decision.

"We don't need to return to Rob and Laura," Morris said, referring to the "Dick

Van Dyke" show of the 50s and 60s, which was known for being exceptionally clean, "but we don't need all this foul language and violence either."

Dow countered that "TV is our theater and our conversation pit." She said personally she does not like the violence, but stops "short of stopping someone else from making [his] own decisions."

"And besides, the [Federal Communications Commission] has set sturdy standards for what we can and cannot run. Programs can only go so far," she said.

In response, Morris said if one looks at the history of television, they will see that many shows push the limit of good taste in order to gain viewers. And over time, the limit has been pushed farther and farther.

Dal Herring, professor of journalism at USI, said banning the program may not have had the effect desired by Morris and others.

"Thirty-one million viewers watched the first night," he said, suggesting the controversy made people curious. He said the 30-second ads sold for \$125,000 each, and every slot sold out.

By *Paul Mtrnts*



Tanfastic West

4853 University Dr.
423-4711

Single Sessions \$5

Saturday Singles \$4

Swim Suits 50% off

November

Unlimited Tanning

\$35

1 session per day
Monday-Saturday

Quake victims learned more than survival

9:55 a.m. A rescue dog barks to show he's found another victim down in the rubble. Near me, a small girl sits curled up, wide-eyed and silent, against the shattered remains of a wall. In the distance, a woman's voice rises thin and desperate in the warming air, calling for help.

The triage officers have already left me for dead. In a couple of hours, or maybe in a day, however long it takes them to transport the healthier victims out of the danger zone, they'll come back to see if I'm still alive. Chances are I won't be.

It's the second time I've been an

earthquake victim today.

By 2 p.m. I'll have gone from unscathed to unconscious to immobile. Each time, a regional emergency rescue team will have had the chance to practice skills they hope they never have to use: how to rescue the survivors of a major earthquake.

On Oct. 23, the state of Indiana called a state-wide emergency drill to test its Emergency Management Agency. In addition to the earthquake drill in Evansville, citizens of Kokomo were subjected to a mock tornado. The idea was to measure how well the state could cope with more than one crisis at a time.

By all reports, it fared well.

That Saturday, about 40 volunteers gathered at the Vanderburgh County 4-H Center to play wounded, crazy or dead.

As relatively conscious victims, we got the chance to see first-hand what will actually happen after an earthquake.

After victims have been located, (an extremely time-consuming process — especially when the victim to rescuer ratio approaches reality) buildings are checked for hazardous gases, chemical leaks and stability.

If people are trapped in an unsafe passage, metal and wood braces are constructed on the spot to hold up the roof while rescuers go in. In the case of chemical exposure, which might happen at a factory or laboratory, contaminated victims would be quarantined and showered repeatedly in addition to whatever medical attention they might need.

In many places, all that will be left of a building is smoldering or burning rubble,

strewn randomly with bodies.

The mock injuries the victims received were typical and ran to extremes. Some victims received only a scratch or a small cut. One young girl had a plastic shard embedded in her face, making it nearly impossible for her to breathe. She too was left for dead.

A member of the Army reserve unit that set up the triage area later explained why.

During a crisis, he said, the object of rescuers is to save as many people as possible. The critically wounded will be given last priority in order to save the ones who have a better chance of making it in the long run.

"It's a hell of a choice to make," he said. "We have to do it all the time."

By Melissa Laughlin

Studio of Hair

LOCATED NEXT TO OLYMPUS GYM!

4857 University Drive

464-5888

Bring your US ID and receive \$2⁰⁰ off a haircut

Try our NEW Redken Shades EQ color

IU protest showed violence isn't limited to Klan members

In early October, one source of excitement around the Indiana University campus was the Ku Klux Klan rally and membership drive. Many student groups from IU, including one of which I was a member, decided to meet them on the statehouse steps and protest.

Before I could even enter the area, I had to go through metal detectors and let a state policeman search my bag. I was surprised to see that many people had brought guns and knives. The shock was not so much that they would have violent thoughts, but that they would attempt to "sneak" through the metal detectors. That set the tone for the protest — stupidity and hate.

After making it through the metal detectors and walking along a row of policemen, I finally saw the KKK. They held shields with their symbol, a banner with their address (part of the recruitment plan), and confederate flags. They were not wearing their trademark white robes, but they did wear white clothes.

They seemed a little more human because I could actually see their faces.

But that was the most frightening aspect of the protest — recognizing them as human while they chanted "white power." I strongly felt that I did not want to be part of their race. They feel the same way about me.

I expected the KKK to preach hate and encourage violence, but the opposite came true. The Klan did not make any violent advances — how could they? The 30 members were faced with an angry mass of anywhere from 300-800 protesters (depending on which news release you read.) They were under constant police guard, and that was not a bad idea due to the violence that erupted.

Among the crowd there seemed the overall feeling of hate. I thought the protesters were there to say "end the hate." But I was quite wrong; most protesters seemed to try to fight hate with hate.

The tension in the air was sparked by chants of "Smash the Klan," "Kill the Klan," "Death, death, death to the Klan," and "The Cops, the Courts, the KKK." I expected more of a feeling of unity from the crowd, but the only unity that day was from the Klan. They were the only group that was organized under the same ideas and purpose.

There were a few times when my friends and I nearly got trampled. Fights broke out randomly among the protesters, either when a white supremacist would confront the crowd, or simply between people in crowd, which started masses of people running one way or the other.

I had little control over which way I went, twice getting smashed against a temporary wall set up by the state police. Another time, I was pushed into the



building itself, stunned to turn around and see police in riot gear a few inches from my face.

After the KKK was done speaking, the riot police attempted to clear the area. They wore all black, quite a contrast from the white-clothed KKK members. They had their shields, helmets, handcuff and tear gas ready.

A few blocks away they took over a parking lot as a temporary base. They kept a tank, a trailer marked "explosives" and (what seemed to me to be) a lot of tear gas visible. Two helicopters flew overhead the entire time.

As the crowd turned more violent, the police declared it an "unlawful assembly," and made more attempts to clear the area. They were serious. They needed to be.

To be honest, I was very scared that day. On one hand, I was scared of the ideas that were being screamed. Right in front of me was a group of people who believe hate, violence and burning crosses are solutions. They hate people because of something as superficial as the color of their skin, their family religion, or their sexual preference.

On the other hand, I also feared the people I was standing with. They, too, believe violence is the solution to the KKK. As violent protesters, they merely gave the KKK more reason to hate their opponents — and more proof that hate is a solution.

By Elisa Harding, IU

Communications

Arts Club

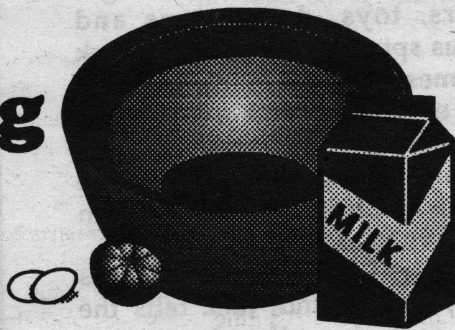
Next Meetings:

UC118
3-4:30 p.m.

Nov. 9
Nov. 30

Helpful hints and easy, healthy recipes for fast food at home for every college student

Cooking on Campus



A few quick tips:

The bigger spoon is the tablespoon, the smaller spoon is the teaspoon.

A hard boiled egg will spin on the counter, a soft-boiled (or uncooked) will not.

Thaw frozen steaks in vegetable oil; the density of the oil holds in the juices.

Semi-frozen chicken cuts are better than thawed chicken, if you need to slice it.

Before you sit down to watch TV, at least rinse your dishes.

Recipes:

Hamburger Hash

1 tablespoon of vegetable oil
1/2 pound of ground beef
1 potato, cut in bite-sized pieces
1/2 onion, sliced thin

1 (10 ounce) can Beef gravy

Salt and pepper to taste

In skillet, on medium heat, heat oil.

Add ground beef, cook until it's brown and crumbly. Drain off excess fat.

Add remaining ingredients and stir to mix. Cover and cook for 20 minutes. Stir occasionally.

Tuna Salad

1 (6 oz.) can tuna, well drained

2 hardboiled eggs, chopped

3/4 cup mayonnaise

1 teaspoon vinegar

Salt, mustard and onions optional

Add pickles or relish to taste

Mix together in bowl. Spread on bread or toast. Applesauce and Green Beans go along with this main dish well.

No-Cooking Pudding

Buy a package of instant pudding. Make according to directions on package.

Then add:

Chocolate:

spoonful of chocolate chips

or spoonful of malted milk

or spoonful of peanut butter

Vanilla: spoonful of chocolate chips

spoonful of walnuts

Try these and let us know if you liked them.

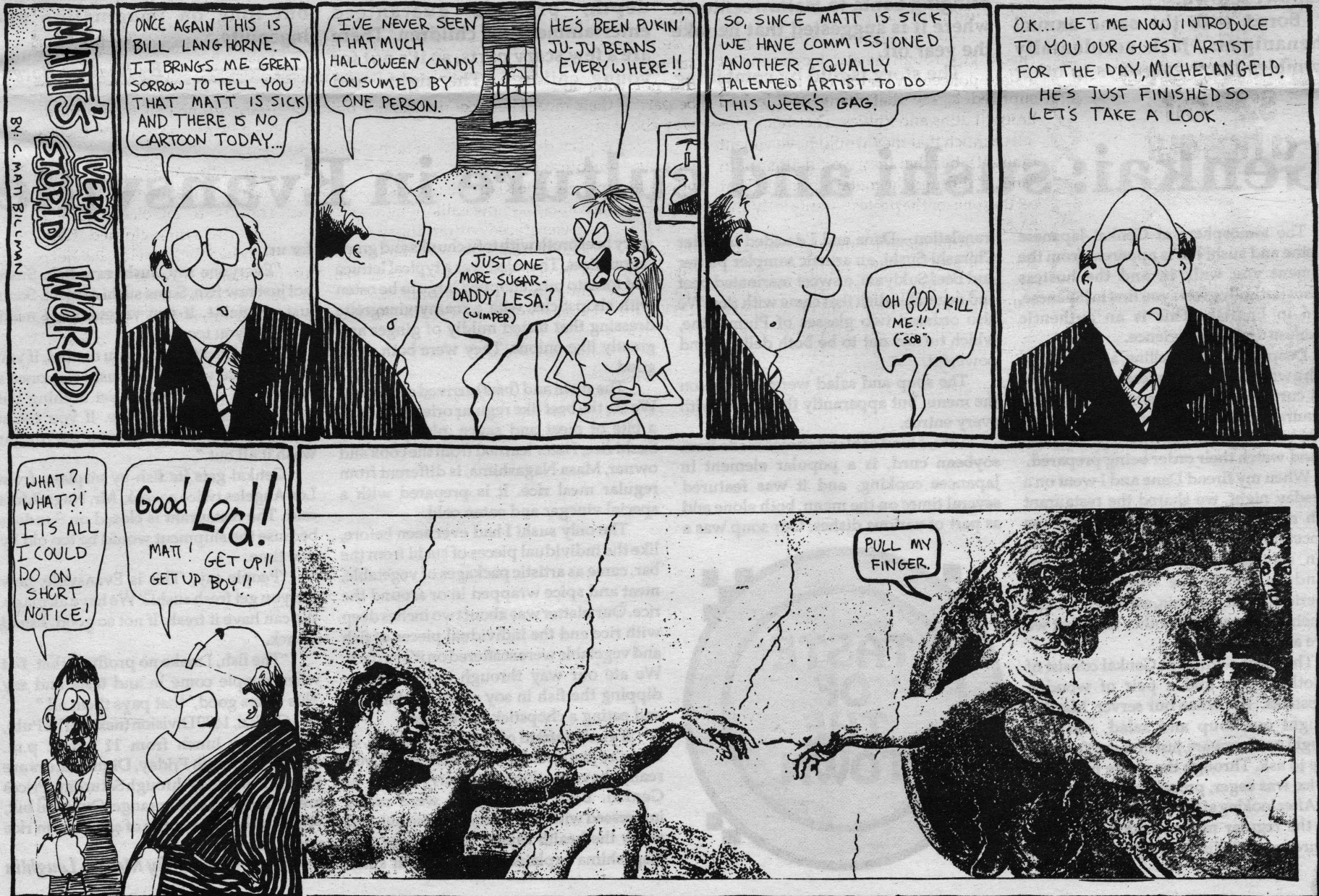
Does dinner to you consist of a box of macaroni and chees or a combo meal from McDonald's? If so, you are definitely not alone. Thousands of college students across the nation only see home-cooked meals if they go home on the weekends or on Thanksgiving.

Here at USI, dinner to some students consists of the typical fast-food restaurant meal deal. Some acting more economically might make frozen pizza, fish sticks, soup or ham sandwiches. Adventurous students may even make hamburgers, spaghetti, grilled chicken or stir-fry.

So for those of you who would like some helpful cooking tips and some easy recipes, read on. These recipes can be prepared in a short amount of time, use only one or two dishes, and are economical.

Maybe next time you have that someone special over, you can actually provide them with something besides pizza to eat. This way, dessert doesn't have to be plain ice cream, either.

By Amber Marquart



Scary Christmas: holidays according to Burton

Halloween, the most fun night of the year, just became a little more unusual.

Tim Burton's "The Nightmare Before Christmas" is a movie set in a world where every holiday possesses a dominion all its own.

Earning a reputation as one of the most original, exciting and imaginative filmmakers working in the industry today, Burton's artistry once again shines as he creates another fascinating world somewhere between reality and the depths of fantasy.

Over ten years in the making, this film brings to animated life the story of Jack Skellington, Pumpkin King of a place known as

holiday worlds and enters into Christmastown.

Taken in by all of the bright colors, toys, decorations and joyous spirits he encounters, Jack becomes obsessed with this new form of a holiday and takes it upon himself to learn everything there is to know about the festive time known as Christmas and the man he refers to as Sandy Claus.

Returning home from this newly found land, Jack tells the townspeople all about his discoveries and proclaims that this year, the Christmas holiday will be brought to the world by the people of Halloweentown.

He works to create a new and improved version of the holiday by becoming a substitute Santa and enlisting the aid of all the people in Halloweentown, assigns individual tasks to each resident.

Unaware that the end result could be chaotic, Jack goes as far as bringing Santa to Halloweentown where it is suggested that he take the year off.

The story is told by combining



Photo courtesy of Touchstone Pictures

Perpetual trick or treaters Lock, Shock and Barrel offer Santa a trick he'll never forget in Tim Burton's new claymation adventure.

animation with an enchanting brand of musical talent, as Burton enlisted the help of Danny Elfman, who created an entire collection of songs that really add to the end result of this film.

This film, while lacking in depth, presents guaranteed entertainment for children. There are a few scary parts, so it's not for young children. The sights and

sounds will also have many adults entranced as they are able to escape from the realities of every-day-living and recapture the songs of their youth.

Tim Burton's "The Nightmare Before Christmas:" short in length, but long on imagination and ingenuity.

By Heather Borgus



Halloweentown.

Bored with the same annual shenanigans, Jack accidentally stumbles upon gateways to other

Genkai: sushi and culture in Evansville

The atmosphere at Genkai Japanese cuisine and sushi bar is apparent from the moment you walk in and the hostess enthusiastically greets you first in Japanese, then in English. This is an authentic Japanese dining experience.

Deep redwood panelling, a rock garden with a waterfall and Japanese wallhangings and curtains accent the small but elegant restaurant, the main feature of which is the sushi bar: an actual bar where patrons can sit and watch their order being prepared.

When my friend Dana and I went on a Tuesday night, we shared the restaurant with a Japanese-American couple from Princeton, then two young Japanese men, then an American woman and her grandson. While we were eating, an American family came in, sat down, looked at their menus and left. Other than that we were alone.

The place settings at Genkai consist of a cloth napkin and a pair of wooden chopsticks. But when our server, Mariko, brought our soup and salad, she also brought us silverware, just in case. We didn't have to ask. Through the entire meal, our service was eager, prompt and courteous.

After looking at the a la carte sushi menu and the regular menu—which had color pictures of each dish as well as an English

translation—Dana and I decided to order Chirashi-Sushi, an artistic sampler platter and Beef Sukiyaki, a sweet marinated beef and vegetable dish that came with rice. We also ordered two glasses of Plum wine, which turned out to be both delicate and powerful.

The soup and salad weren't listed on the menu, but apparently they came with every entree.

Tofu, a kind of bland cheese made from soybean curd, is a popular element in Japanese cooking, and it was featured several times on the menu, both alone and as part of various dishes. Our soup was a

spicy beef broth with tofu chunks and green onion slices. The salad was a typical lettuce and tomato mix, chopped large to be eaten with chopsticks, with a foamy vinaigrette dressing that tasted mildly of ginger and greatly like onions. They were both quite good.

The sushi and (beef) arrived soon after. We ate the beef like regular oriental dishes: a bite of meat and sauce, plenty of rice. Sushi rice, I later learned from the cook and owner, Masa Nagashima, is different from regular meal rice. It is prepared with a special vinegar and eaten cold.

The only sushi I had ever seen before, like the individual pieces of sushi from the bar, came as artistic packages of vegetable, meat and spice wrapped in or around the rice. Our platter was about two inches deep with rice and the individual pieces of fish and vegetable were scattered on its surface. We ate our way through the platter by dipping the fish in soy sauce, nibbling it, and eating a chopstick full of rice.

If you're afraid of getting a bad fish, or if you're just afraid it won't taste good, you really have nothing to worry about at Genkai. Both Dana and I were really impressed with how everything tasted, and as for the health aspect, after we ate, Mr. Nagashima explained a little about sushi

for us. "Everyone say, sushi raw fish. Sushi not just raw fish. Some sushi cooked. Some just vegetable. If you vegetarian, I make sushi for you too."

"Sushi healthy too. If you on diet, if you want to lose weight, eat sushi rice once a week. One day a week I eat nothing but sushi rice, and look at me. If you eat at McDonalds, have poison in you, the vinegar wash it all out."

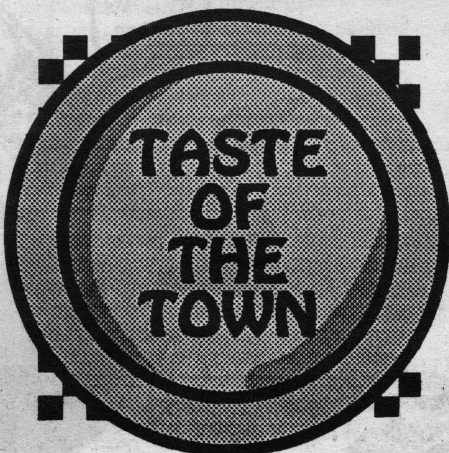
Genkai gets its fish by airplane from Los Angeles twice a week, Mr. Nagashima said. The restaurant is closed on Sundays because the shipment would be too old by that time.

"People say, 'This is Evansville, how can you get fresh sushi?' We have airplane. We can have it fresh. If not so good, I send it back."

"The fish, I make no profit on that. But when people come in and taste and say 'this tastes good,' that pays them all."

Genkai, 1400 Division (next to The Pub), is open for lunch from 11 a.m.-2 p.m. Monday through Friday. Dinner hours are 5-10 p.m. Monday through Saturday. Prices are in the Red Lobster range. Our total bill, which included a bottle of saki (warm rice wine), came to \$26.25.

By Melissa Laughlin



THE GENDER GAP

she said...

It's amazing how men can say one thing but mean an entirely different thing. When we do or say anything, they manage to take it the wrong way. And it normally has to do with sex. (Of course!) They never seem to catch on. I'm not talking about reading our minds. Just paying attention to what we do say.

They say, "Let's go out." When you ask questions about the plans for the evening, he just says it's covered. Just look good. So you put on a nice dress and pull your hair up. Only when he shows up, his car is covered with mud and he's wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt.

You comment that you thought the two of you were going out and he says he thought you were going to have fun. So you ask what are we going to do. Just hang, he replies. When you ask if you should change clothes, he says no, just grab a jacket.

So, you think you're off for at least dinner and a movie. Next thing you know your date is drag racing with his friends on the Expressway with you in the car. And he ignores you, except to ask occasionally if you're having a good time. Of course, you scowl at him. But, you know men, they don't notice.

After you finish this part of the wonderful evening, he asks what you would like to do. When you reply, go home. He gets angry and asks what your problem is. Like he can't understand that the evening was a total bust. But, guys have never been known for their listening skills.

They manage to mess up just about everything if not given clear instructions. And then they don't know how to tell you how they feel.

For example, they say, "I'll call" when they know they never intend to. Why do they send these mixed signals? Thank God most women are too intelligent to sit around waiting for the damn phone to ring.

Have you ladies ever noticed that when we start talking about our problems after spending hours addressing his, he suddenly doesn't have time for us or our problem. It's that barbaric attitude that what we have to say is not nearly as important as what they have to say. Nothing can drive you crazier than being ignored or belittled.

They seem to only hear what they want to hear. If we try to give them constructive criticism, all they hear is the criticism. If you tell them something they don't want to hear, they just get angry and quit listening all together.

You can't help them out with their problems without them trying to get you in bed with them. Most of these guys can't stand the idea that the woman they are closest to is not in their bed. Like there is a taboo against being close to a woman and not fucking her.

Body language and actions are often misinterpreted by them. They think if we go to parties or out to drink, we're trying to meet men and have sex with everyone of them. Like our whole lives revolve around men. Why can't we hang out with our friends and have a good time? Men do it all the time.

Guys have got to learn about communicating openly and freely. They have to learn to listen. God gave us two ears and only one mouth for a reason.

Till next time, ladies and boys..

...Jill

...he said

Miscommunication between men and women has existed from the very origin of the sexes. Just as Eve was so generous in giving Adam an apple, she neglected, of course, to mention that they would be thrown out of Eden for it.

Today such trivialities may not result in the recreation of original sin, but one might think the way women carry on.

Recollect this, men, it probably happened not too long ago to you. You decide that you've had it with renting movies and playing Euchre with your girlfriend, so you decide to take her out for once.

So you spend the day getting dressed up. You even comment that she may choose to do likewise. You make plans, with no comment from her, and even make reservations at a really chic restaurant.

That night you show up at her house, looking like you just stepped out of GQ magazine, with your tie straight and everything. Never the less, just as man's intuition never fails, she comes to the door in jeans and a sweater.

"Well," she says, "I didn't think you meant THAT dressed up."

The evening goes downhill from there. She spends the evening acting like you're some geek who follows her around. She orders the most expensive menu item, leaving you with the choice of a salad or the table bread if you still plan on the movie.

She refuses to converse while eating and decides that it would be fun to see if she can embarrass you by flicking food across the restaurant. After all, if she can't have fun like a normal person, she can entertain herself by counting the shades of red your face can turn. Then she tells you fifty dollars and three bites later that she doesn't even like Italian.

She figures that it's your fault because you should have known. She told you she didn't like Italian a bazillion months ago, and she doesn't even leak that information until halfway through the movie which SHE doesn't like but had refused to discuss the choice of.

By this time you don't care how she feels about a damn thing, and you're happy to drop her off at her house.

And women are just as contrary on a larger scale. But at least this I have a theory about.

Women don't like to talk openly with men about their shared relationship. The guy seldom has a clue what it is going and how she feels about anything at any given time.

The ironic thing is that all her friends could tell you whether or not the evening will go well before it even happens. (You know what I mean.)

There must be some sort of catalyst, something that allows women to talk about things more personal and honest than the couple could think to. It's the women's restroom. When two women go in a bathroom together, they tell each other things that they refuse to discuss with even their fiancé.

I can only speculate that perhaps the only way to find a pure and honest vein of communication between men and women is to create special coed restrooms for couples. That way she can finally let go of her secretist inhibitions and together they can get shit out in the open.

...Jack

MISCOMMUNICATION

Charity, friendship and special party invitations

YES

Whether or not one chooses to join a fraternity or a sorority while

in college can be a decision that will impact the rest of one's life. While a fraternity or a sorority may not be for everyone, they have a lot to offer to those who do join. It can help you get a scholarship, meet many new people and even get a job.

Leadership is an important quality that can really be developed in Greek life. The Greek System encourages people to hold offices within their own fraternity/sorority, as well as Greek governing councils, APB, SGA, sport teams and other clubs and organizations.

Each sorority/fraternity also has a philanthropy. They are all active in some sort of community service. USI Greeks contribute time and money to Muscular

Dystrophy Association, Diabetes Foundation, USI Children's Center, American Cancer Society, Special Olympics, Evansville State Hospital, American Red Cross, Boy Scouts and Big Brother/Big Sisters of Evansville.

Academics is another facet of Greek life. Grades are stressed. Each chapter has a grade point average requirement. Programs are set up for study hours, study partners, tutoring, scholarships and awards.

Another great reason to join a fraternity or sorority is the social life. Meeting all sorts of new friends is an added bonus. There are formal dances, theme parties, Greek Week, mixers among each fraternity/sorority and parties within each chapter.

It's good clean fun since hazing (even during initiation) is forbidden and is illegal in Indiana and the USI Greek System.

Sisterhood or Brotherhood is probably

one of the most important things one will take away from college. These bonds are not just for four years, but forever. The friends made during college are very special, but they may be even more special if a friend is also a brother/sister. Many that criticize the Greek system say that they "don't have to buy their friends." But that is not what fraternity/sorority life is all about. Dues go toward chapter house maintenance, social fees, academic resources and national programs.

So think twice the next time you put the "snobby, arrogant or rich" title on a Greek. Greek members come from different backgrounds; they are individuals forming a larger circle. Each has their own set of values and beliefs and each contribute those toward the whole.

Most importantly, you shouldn't criticize anything unless you've tried it. Those of us in these organizations love it.

By Amber Marquart

Beer and sex mixed with loss of individualism

NO

Joining a Greek organization can be the worst decision a

young student can make, next to hitchhiking alone and becoming a philosophy major.

While the reasons to avoid Greek life are nearly infinite in number, I will highlight the major dangers in an attempt to ward off any unsuspecting innocents who may be lured onto the path of conformity and debauchery.

At first, Greek organizations seem to provide wonderful benefits. You can fraternize with people just exactly like yourself, you can philander without actually having to seek out and choose the best charity for your beliefs, and hey, it looks good on your resume. But the debilitating side effects just aren't worth it.

One of the most damaging effects of Greek life is the corrosion of the individual. Fraternities and sororities only choose certain kinds of people, and if you become a member, you are constantly being pressured and prodded into acting like everyone else in the group.

It is easy to tell if someone is in a sorority or fraternity, and there is something very wrong with that. All organizations have a group mentality, but nowhere is it as strong as that in a Greek house.

Even worse is the intense pressure pledges undergo just trying to get into these groups. After a "rush" (so called because they want to get the newbies to hurry and join before they realize what a mistake they're making), I've seen many girls sitting at home getting ulcers, worrying that they made a "good impression" and would they be "good enough" to be invited back to join.

If they don't get invited to join the sorority, their self-esteems are crushed. No organization should do this to their potential members.

Many members justify their membership in a Greek organization by their group's philanthropic activities. But if I'm going to pay \$30 dollars a month to belong to some organization, I'd like to see that money go to a charity I believe in, not just some cause-of-the-month. And while I'll admit that Greek organizations do raise money and help causes, so does the Strange Puppy Society, for only

\$5 a year.

The point is that Greek organizations should just be avoided. Every group I've seen is devoted to one thing and one thing only: the consumption of alcohol, in as large quantities as possible.

I lived in a fraternity house for two months, and in that time I saw enough alcohol consumed to kill thirty Nordic kings. Two rooms at the house had been converted in to a fully-stocked bar (no joke), and the decor of choice upstairs was the very *en vogue* Jack Daniels Art, consisting of pyramids of empty bottles arranged for their pleasing aesthetic effects. I really can't see how these Greek people keep up their "grade point average requirements" considering the sheer amount of brain cell damage done every weekend.

Another charming habit the guys at Sigma Epsilon Chi have is to ply every high school female friend I had with marijuana and alcohol until they were high enough to agree to have sex with them. Evidently well practiced at this art, the ΣΕΧ men succeeded about half the time.

Oh yeah, these organizations have adopted the morals of the Greeks all right. Obviously, they've chosen the Dionysian sect.

By Brian Kelly

ΦΔΘ ΤΚΕ
ΑΚΛ ΛΧΑ
ΣΤΓ
ΩΦΠ ΦΒΣ
ΔΖ
ΑΓΔ ΑΣΑ

G
R
E
E
K
G
O
R
N
E
R

To join or not to join?

SEX, CORVETTE, DOVES AND JEWELS: COLLECTION OF PRINCE'S GREATEST HITS MINUS ONE OR TWO

Prince-*The Hits 1* and *The Hits 2*
Paisley Park/Warner Bros. Records

When Prince released his first album in 1978, few people realized that this 20-year-old man from Minneapolis would have such a profound impact on music and culture.

Now, 15 years later, a brief history of the man and his music is now available on two CDs entitled *The Hits 1* and *The Hits 2*.

Prince's career began in 1978 with his debut album, *For You*. The following year, he released his second album, simply titled *Prince*.

What these two albums have in common is that they were largely ignored. Prince's music was mired in the disco/soul/funk fusion that was the musical trend of the time. In the process, he got lost in the shuffle of the countless Rick James soundalikes.

Two songs, however, showed that Prince was headed for better things, and they are included on *The Hits*. "Soft and Wet" from *For You* and "I Wanna Be Your Lover" from *Prince* were minor hits for him, and were a small glimpse of great things to come.

That moment arrived with his third album, 1980's *Dirty Mind*. Exploring subjects such as oral sex and incest, Prince turned quite a few heads with his graphic sexual lyrics.

However, *Dirty Mind* was musically groundbreaking. Combining soul, rock and funk into just the right blend, Prince was one step ahead of everything else that was going on in music at the time.

The finest moments from *Dirty Mind* are included on *The Hits*, including the title track, "When You Were Mine," "Uptown" and "Head."

Prince added even more followers the next year. *Controversy* featured much of the same graphic nature as *Dirty Mind* but was a bit more toned down and reflective.

"Controversy" was his first major hit. The song found Prince, in a tongue-in-cheek fashion, asking himself the questions that everyone else was about his sexuality, race origin, etc.

"Controversy" is, fittingly, the opening track on *The Hits 2*. Another song from *Controversy*, the cult classic "Do Me, Baby" is also included.

In 1983, Prince shook the musical world with the brilliant 1999. His doomsday classic "1999," the masterfully crafted "Little Red Corvette," and the dance favorite "Delirious" anchored the album, which was full of solid, accomplished songs that combined the best elements of his previous three albums.

The aforementioned songs are most

powerful when placed together, as on 1999. Unfortunately, they are sprinkled throughout *The Hits 1* and 2.

In 1984, Prince released what is now regarded by most as one of the best albums ever made. It was the soundtrack to the movie *Purple Rain*, and both the movie and album were runaway hits.

The album is a monumental accomplishment, featuring some of the best music and lyrics he has ever written. Take, for example, the sexually arousing lyrics of his signature song "When Doves Cry."

"Dig if U will the picture of U and I engaged in a kiss

The sweat of your body covers me Can U my darling, can U picture this?"

This, along with his anthem "Let's Go Crazy," the messianic "I Would Die 4 U," and the painfully beautiful "Purple Rain," are truly remarkable achievements. Not surprisingly, then, they are focal points of *The Hits*.

The temptation for lesser artists would have been to follow *Purple Rain* quickly with almost identical (but inevitably weaker) songs, a sort of *Purple Rain II*.

But in the capable hands of Prince, of course, 1985's *Around the World in a Day* was not *Purple Rain II*. It was a psychedelic masterpiece concerned with diverse issues such as the state of the world in general, hallucinatory fantasies, the pitfalls of stardom, and contemplations of God.

The album was not the smash hit that *Purple Rain* was, but then again it was not a failure. Two of the best songs, "Raspberry Beret" and "Pop Life," add pleasant color to *The Hits*.

In 1986, Prince released the disastrous film *Under the Cherry Moon*. The soundtrack was largely a disaster as well, but one of its finer moments, the appealing classic "Kiss," has been preserved for posterity on *The Hits*.

Prince bounced back the next year with the epic double album *Sign 'O' the Times*. The album featured just about every musical style possible, yet remained solid and compact. *The Hits* includes many of its high points, including the title track, "U Got the Look," "I Could Never Take the Place of Your Man" and "If I Was Your Girlfriend."

1988 saw Prince naked on the cover

of his 10th album *Lovesexy*. The album was mostly a failure, and even its one hit, "Alphabet Street," lacked the appeal of most of his hits.

Prince recorded the soundtrack to *Batman* the next year. It is generally regarded as his worst album, and none of the songs are included on *The Hits*. Apparently, Prince does not like it either.

Prince followed two dismal albums with yet another flop, 1990's *Graffiti Bridge*, the soundtrack to the movie of the same name. It was a sequel to *Purple Rain*, but both the soundtrack and the movie were so poor that they do not deserve to be called sequels.

One song, the modest hit "Thieves in the Temple," is buried near the end of *The Hits 1*.

Prince shook off the burden of three poor albums in 1991 with the smash *Diamonds and Pearls*. The album saw a return to Prince's wry sexual humor, most notably on the #1 hit "Cream" and the dance floor smash "Gett Off."

The title track was the most beautiful

song he had written since "Purple Rain," and also became an instant hit.

These three songs anchored the album in the way that "1999" and "Little Red Corvette" did for 1999. They are poignant moments in Prince's history as well, and add even more dimension to *The Hits*.

Prince quickly followed *Diamonds and Pearls* in 1992 with the album with a strange symbol for a title. (It has subsequently been subtitled *Love*.)

The album was every bit as good as *Diamonds and Pearls*, and *The Hits* includes two of its best songs, "Sexy M.F." and "7."

Now it is 1993, and Prince has released four new songs especially for *The Hits*. Unfortunately, none of them quite measure up.

"Nothing Compares 2 U" was written by him and made into a #1 hit by Sinead O'Connor in 1990. Prince now has a version of his own, but it pales in comparison. It has none of the desperate, pleading emotional scope that O'Connor's version had.

"Peach" is a quaint attempt at a rock and roll song that fizzles early in the
.....Continued on page 20

"Dig if U will the picture of U and I engaged in a kiss The sweat of your body covers me Can U my darling Can U picture this?"

CASINO NIGHT

NOVEMBER

9

DINING ROOM

GAMES & PRIZES

FREE



9 P.M.

Sponsored by

APB

ENTERTAINMENT

College Scene

Indiana University--Bloomington
Nov. 18: Broadway Series - *City of Angels*, 8 p.m.
Southern Illinois University--Carbondale
Shryock Auditorium -- 618-453-3379
Nov. 6: Illinois Music Educators Association District VI Jazz Festival Concert. \$2 adults, \$1 students/ children/ senior citizens.
9: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. 1 p.m. \$16.50
11: Veteran's Day Ceremonies on Old Main Mall
11: SIUC Jazz Band Concert. \$3/ \$2.
14: Saluki Sound Spectacular. 3 p.m. \$3/ \$2.
17: Scott Air Force Base Jazz Band. 8 p.m. Free.
18: Beethoven Society Faculty Recital: Sook Ryeon Park. 8 p.m. Free.
19: Beethoven Society Visiting Artist Recital: Mykola Suk: 8 p.m. \$10/ \$5. B. Soc. Members 1/2 Price.
23: Carbondale Vocal Festival. 7 p.m. Free.
Dec. 1: Choral Union & Orchestra Concert. 8 p.m. \$3/ \$2.

2: Ebony Fashion Fair. 8 p.m.
5: Concert Choir. 3 p.m. \$3/ \$2.
6: SIUC Wind Ensemble Concert. 8 p.m. Free.
11: The St. Louis Ballet in "The Nutcracker". 2 p.m. \$14.50/ \$16.50, Children \$4 discount
SIU Arena -- 618-453-5341
Nov. 13: Clint Black and Wynonna. 8 pm. Tickets \$22 and \$19 reserved.

Local Entertainment

D.C.'s Lounge -- 4701 E. Powell Ave. 473-3378 LM Comedy
Nov. 6, 12, 13: Heart's Desire. 9 p.m.
7, 14, 21: The Beat Daddy's. 8 p.m.
19, 20: Browne Sisters. 9 p.m.
26: MB & The Flips. 8 p.m.
27: MB & The Flips. 9 p.m.
28: Massive Funk. 8 p.m.
Duck Inn -- 4100 Pollack Ave. 479-8050 LM Blues
Nov. 6: Filet of Soul. 10 p.m.
7, 14, 21, 28: Blues4U. 9 p.m.
12: The Beat Daddy's. 10 p.m.
13: The Mojo Men. 10 p.m.
19-20: Gene Deer and the Groove Merchants. 10 p.m.
26-27: Hypnotics. 10 p.m.
Funky's II -- 18 S. Third Ave. 422-3690 Pop/Metal Dance
12-13: Bone Dance. 10:30 p.m.
19: The Bullet Boys w/ Mind Balm. 8:30 p.m.
26: Chet and the Molesters. 12:30 p.m.
27: Double Threat: tribute to Stevie Ray Vaughn. 9 p.m.
Gloria's Corral Club -- 3101 N. Kratzville Rd. 423-0138 C/W
Nov. 6, 12-13, 19-20, 26-27: Restless. 9:30 p.m.
14, 21, 28: 7:30 p.m.
Harpole's Main Street Exit -- 1031 Main St. 468-9400 LM
Nov. 6: Punch Judy. 10:30 p.m.
12-13: The Predators (Jimmy V of the Hammerheads). 10:30 p.m.
19: Almost Noah. 10 p.m.
20: Hurricane Jane. 10:30 p.m.
26: Nasty Canasta. 10 p.m.
27: Danger Will Robinson. 10 p.m.
Jacob's Pub -- 4428 N. 1st Ave. 423-0050
Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27: Nick Hamilton. 8 p.m.
Lanhuck's -- 321 E. Columbia St. 424-0830 LM
Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27: Cosmic Debris. 9:30 p.m.; 12, 19, 26: 10 p.m.
Wizzard's -- 3400 N. Kentucky Ave. 423-0646 C/W
Nov. 6, 12-13, 19-20, 26-27: Lil' Rock. 9:30 p.m.

Out of Town Clubs

Bogart's -- Cincinnati, Ohio 513-281-8400
6: An Evening with Chick Corea and The Elektric Band II. 7:30 p.m. \$15.75/ \$16.75.
8: An Evening with the Violent Femmes. 7 p.m. \$16/ \$17.
12: Stanley Clarke Band. 7:30 p.m. \$10.75/ \$11.75.
16: Robert Clay Band. 7 p.m. \$20/ \$21.50.
17: Buzzcocks w/ Doughboys and Fudge. 7 p.m. \$10.75/ \$11.75.
18: Superchunk w/ Yo La Tengo. 7 p.m. \$6.75/ \$7.75.
20: Concrete Blonde w/ The Oblivious. 7:30 p.m. \$13.75/ \$14.75.
Clowes Memorial Hall -- Indianapolis, Ind. 1-800-732-0804
Nov. 6: INB Broadway Lights Series - *Sunday In the Park With George*. 8 p.m., \$26-\$36. 2 p.m., \$24-\$34
7: *Sunday In the Park With George*. 2, 7 p.m., \$24-\$34. Pre-performance discussion, 1, 6 p.m., Free.
14: Jordan College of Fine Art Symphonic Wind Ensemble. 3 p.m. \$6/ \$4.

19, 21: Indianapolis Opera - Giacomo Puccini's *Tosca*. 2:30, 8 p.m. \$10-\$42. Stud. & Sr. Cit. discounts.
C.T. Pepper's -- Indianapolis, Ind. 317-257-6277
Every Sunday: Blues Jam
Nov. 6: The Griswolds
11-13: Gordon Bonham and The Cooler Kings
18-20: Wolfpack
24: Rob Wallet
25-27: Bootleg Otis
The Patio -- Indianapolis, Ind. 317-255-2828
Nov. 6: Dead Milkmen
9: X
Vogue Nightclub -- Indianapolis, Ind. 317-259-7029/ (317) 255-2828
Nov. 16: Bo Diddley. 9 p.m. \$15 (advance)
Nov. 21: Concrete Blonde. 9 p.m. \$15 (advance)
Ace of Clubs -- Nashville, Tenn. 615-244-LUNA/ (615) 254-ACES
Nov. 7, 14: Ace of Clubs and Tommy Smith present "Ace Rock Night!"
24: Oh Boy Records Present "Record Release Party!": The Busquits w/ special guests.
25: Thanksgiving Day Bash: Cactus Brothers w/ special guests.
Bluebird Cafe -- Nashville, Tenn. 615-383-1955
Open Mic Writers' Show w/ host Barbara Cloyd every Mon. 6 pm.
Writers' Show Tue. thru Sat. 7 pm. Sun. 8 pm.
Nov. 6: Steve Forbert. 9:30 pm.
8: The Planet Rockets. 9:30 pm.
11: Lucie Blue Trembley. 9:30 pm.
12: In the Round w/ Gary Burr, Bob DiPiero, Jim Photoglo, and Russell Smith. 9:30 pm.

13: In the Round w/ Don Henry. 9:30 pm.
19: In the Round w/ Austin Cunningham, Alex Harvey, Jim Rushing, Allen Shamblin. 9:30 pm.
20: Jonell Mosser & Enough Rope. 9:30 pm.
24: The Chili Shack Show. 9:30 pm.
31: Does Anyone actually Read these things?. 9:30 pm.
328 Performance Hall -- Nashville, Tenn. 615-259-6151
Nov. 6: Allgood. 9 pm.
13: Big Head Todd & The Monsters w/ special guests Sun 60. 9 pm.
31: Lila Cheney and the Dazzler. 9 pm.
Fabulous Fox Theatre -- St. Louis, Mo. 314-534-1678
Nov. 6: Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Phantom of the Opera*. 2, 8 pm. \$17-\$57.
12-13: Dance St. Louis Presents American Ballroom Theater. 8 pm. \$17/ \$22/ \$27.
16-21: *Five Guys Named Moe*. \$7-\$34.
26-28: Mannheim Steamroller - *A Fresh Aire Christmas*. Fri, Sat 8 pm. Sun. 2, 7 pm.
Nov. 30- Dec. 5: The Great Radio City Radio Spectacular starring The Rockettes and Susan Anton. Tue-Sat 8 pm. Sat-Sun 2 pm. \$9-\$36.
Mississippi Nights -- St. Louis, Mo. 314-421-3853
Nov. 8: The Judy Bats w/ Inclined and Dog Society. 7:30 pm. \$14/ \$12 (advance).
10: **POI DOG PONDERING**. 8:30 pm. \$12/ \$10 (advance).
11: The Dead Milkmen. 9:30 pm. \$10/ \$8 (advance).
12: The Battlefield Band. 8 pm. \$12.50
14: The Cranberries. 8 pm. \$12/ \$10 (advance).
16: **The Violent Femmes**. 8:30 pm. \$18/ \$16 (advance)

Prince

Continued from page 19....

song. "Pope," likewise, never picks up steam.

"Pink Cashmere" was obviously dug out of the archives. It sounds dated, and has very little appeal.

The Hits is troubling in other ways as well. It is not a complete anthology, because it leaves out many of his best songs.

Some omissions are glaringly obvious. "Take Me With U," "My Name is Prince" and "Batdance" are among his biggest hits, and their absence is puzzling.

Others are lesser known songs that still deserve a place on *The Hits*. They include "Let's Pretend We're Married," "Darling Nikki," "Insatiable," "Mountains" and "I Wish U Heaven."

Two songs that were included never should have been. "I Feel for You," Prince's early version of the later Chaka Khan hit, is unremarkable and mundane in comparison to Khan's version.

"Why You Wanna Treat Me So Bad?" is likewise unmemorable and commonplace.

The Hits 1 and *The Hits 2* are like cliff notes. They offer good glimpses into the vast scope of Prince's work, but are not a complete picture.

by Brian Harris

COME
EXPERIENCE
THE
MADNESS
ShoBar Wednesdays
750 E. Franklin .25 Draft
428-5970