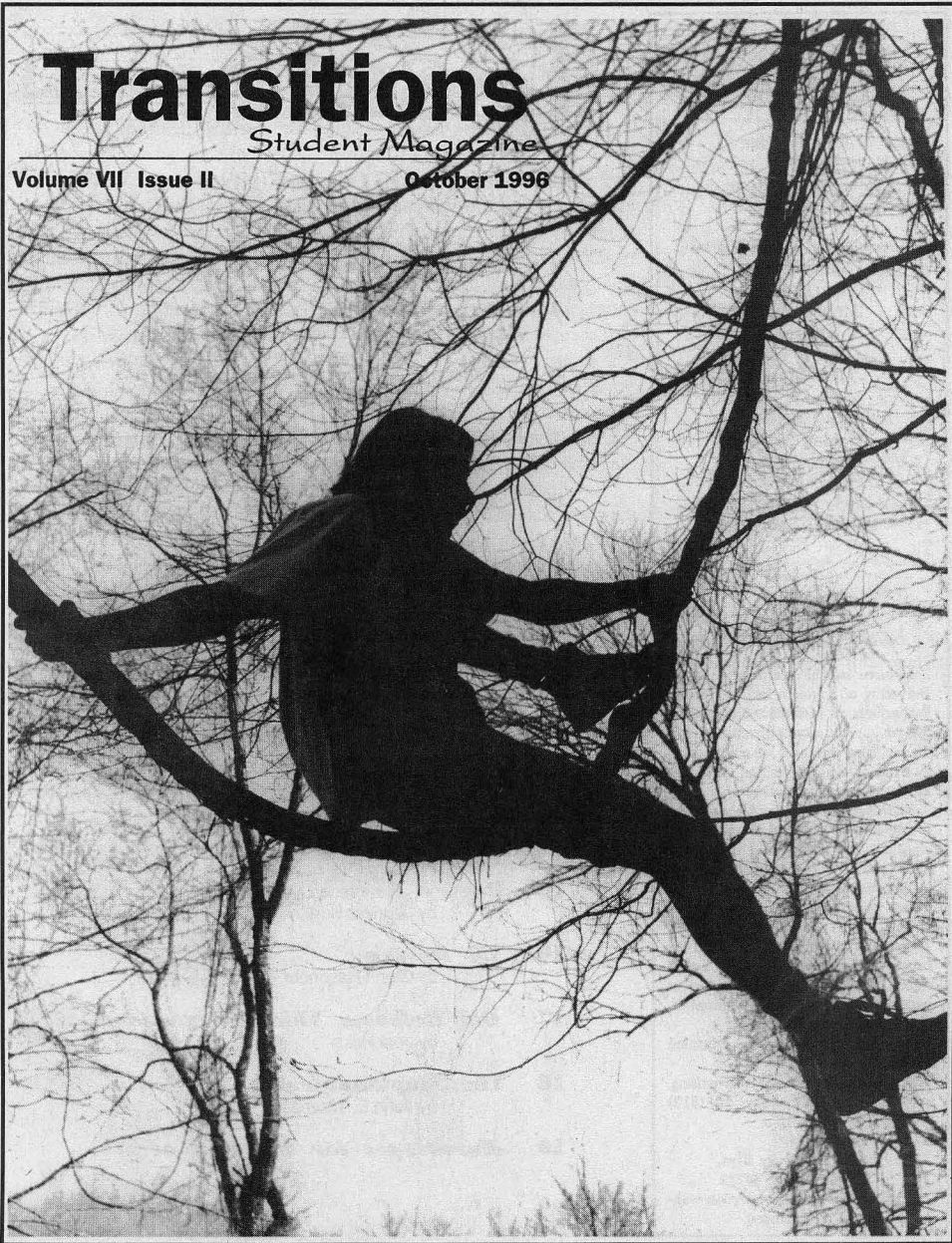


# Transitions

*Student Magazine*

Volume VII Issue II

October 1996



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

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# Inside

Vol VII Issue II October 1996

- 3 **Editor's Note**
- 4 **Ernie Morgan, CPA**  
by C. Matt Billman
- 6 **Listing Tward Starboard**  
by Mike Whicker
- 7 **Election '96: What issues touch you?**  
by Russell Fox
- 8 **My Thoughts Exactly . . .**  
by Jamy Schuler
- 9 **Professor finds "Heaven" in Sabbatical**  
by Shannon Neese
- 10 **Body piercing: What's the point?**  
by Jeremy Riley
- 12 **Staff Food Review: Fast Eddy's**  
by Jamy Schuler with Tracy Bee,  
Jennifer Hunley and Shannon Neese
- 14 **Poetry**
- 16 **Poetry Review: Crossovers**  
by Jennifer Hunley
- 16 **CD Review**  
by Glenn Hasenour
- 17 **Old Releases Video Suggestions**  
by Joni Hoke
- 18 **The Stupidnatural**  
by John E. Thompson
- 19 **Horoscopes for the Hell of It**

# Dancing Fools and New Writers

While the rest of the world was busy dancing the Macarena, we at *Transitions* were working into the wee hours of the morning. Lest you think we are not hip to the latest in dances, in between typing and pasting sessions we perfected our own: the Macaroon.

The Macaroon was created by our very own, very new dance editor -- who for some reason wishes to remain anonymous. We fooled her, though. For the curious and extremely patient, we have revealed her name in a cryptic acrostic on this page. The perpetrator, er, we mean artist, can be found by circling certain letters -- both vowels and consonants. To help you get started, there is an "A" in her name.

For those readers too cool for codes, we've included a diagram of the Macaroon. Share it with your friends. Dance it at parties. Invite us to your parties. We'll show you how to do it -- for a small consultation fee.

The beauty of the Macaroon is that you don't really need music to dance it. You don't even need a beat, and if you miss a step because

others in your group dance too fast, skip it. It's easy to catch up.

Throughout the year, we intend to choreograph many more dances for your pleasure: the Nilla Wafer, the Newton and the Gingersnap. These dances will be slight but intriguing variations on the original Macaroon.

While avoiding the Macaroon's seductions, I've been trying to get into the swing of things. This is my last year at USI, but my second senior year. I am beginning to feel the dread disease Senioritis and its manifestations, burnout and apathy.

I'm fighting this sickness with all my strength, such as it is. The contributing writers are doing their best to help me with submissions that are a joy to read and easy to edit.

As most readers know I love to complain, but I'm beginning to realize I don't have as much to complain about. I know what I'm doing this year. I know who to call when I have a problem and, best of all, many people are interested in becoming involved in the magazine. I have more phone numbers than I know what to do with.

If you've been trying to contact

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

**Monday**  
12:30 - 1:30 p.m.

**Thursday**  
1:30 - 2:30 p.m.

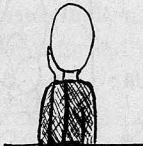
Or, be original and make an appointment.

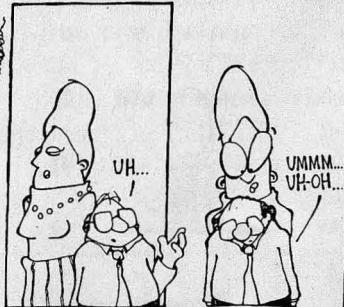
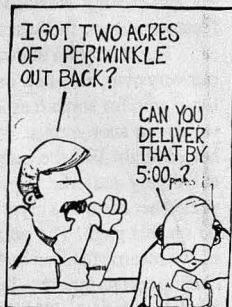
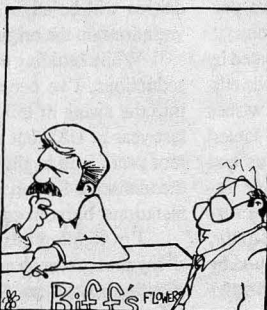
If you find anything amiss in this or any other issue of *Transitions*, please call 464-1856.

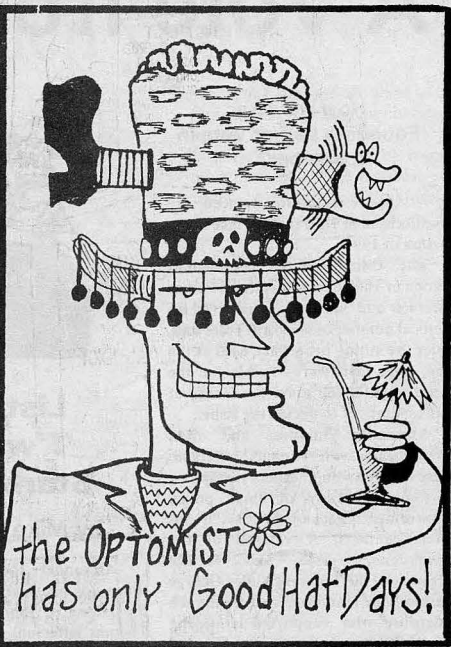
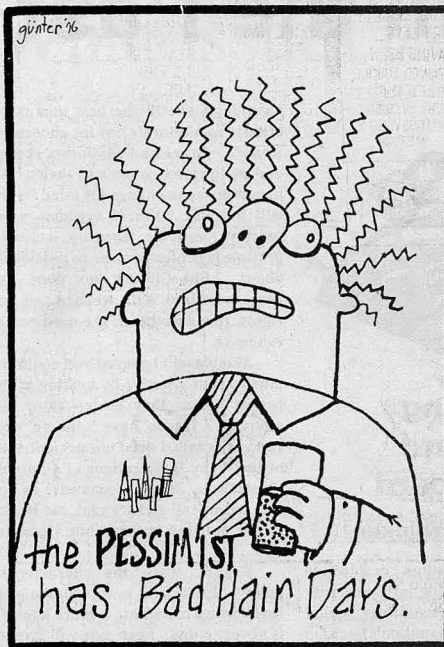
me or have left your phone number, please believe me when I say I want to talk to you. We're interested in new writers.

We don't even care if you prefer the Macarena over the Macaroon.

**Tracy Bee**  
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## Submissions Guidelines

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

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

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

For more information call 464-1856.

# A Vote from the Past

## How would a Founding Father Vote in November?

Alexander Hamilton faced the same decision in 1800 that we face in the election of 1996.

The United States presidential election of 1800 ended in a tie. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received an identical number of electoral votes and, under the voting procedure used at the time, both men were eligible for the presidency. It fell upon the House of Representatives to decide the issue.

Alexander Hamilton had often butted heads with Thomas Jefferson. These two Founding Fathers rarely saw eye-to-eye. Many of their policy disagreements became intense, if not bitter, conflicts. A veteran of the Revolutionary War and former Secretary of the Treasury under George Washington, Hamilton was a staunch Federalist who supported a strong federal government. Jefferson wanted a weak national government with individual states retaining most of the power. Hamilton sought government support for manufacturing which again conflicted with the views of Jefferson who supported agrarian interests.

Hamilton had fewer problems with the policies of Aaron Burr, but he regarded the smooth-talker as a man without principles. Burr was perhaps more of the political irk we are accustomed to in the late 20th century—a man whose views are, shall we say, "flexible" depending on the expediency of the moment.

When the election of 1800 ended in a draw, Hamilton was forced to decide between Jefferson, a man whom he disagreed with philosophically but regarded as a man of principle, and Burr whom he differed with less on issues but considered untrustworthy.



## Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

Alexander Hamilton decided to throw his considerable influence with the House of Representatives behind Thomas Jefferson. Hamilton's decision to place character over rhetoric played no small part in Thomas Jefferson becoming our third president instead of Aaron Burr.

(Burr would later kill Hamilton in the famous duel and, later still, be charged with treason for his part in a shadowy plot to make part of the southwestern frontier an independent nation.)

Of course, the events of 1800 were a long time ago. Is the virtue of a leader an outdated issue for our century? In 1933 the people of Germany overlooked the character of a candidate and elected a new leader for his promises to end economic misery. The German voters went the opposite way of Alexander Hamilton. They chose rhetoric over character and we all know who they elected Chancellor that year.

Measuring the character of the

candidates is still the best and safest criteria an electorate has for choosing a leader. Issues and platforms change and so do views—yours and theirs. An honest man can change his mind but he will not, for political expediency, so quickly jump the fence on issues he previously professed to be so passionate about. Bill Clinton has done this numerous times with welfare and gay rights, just a couple of the most recent examples.

Machiavelli believed you could tell much about a leader by looking at the people whom that leader chose for advisors. If you have kept up with current events, I need not present a list of the many indiscretions of Clinton's inner circle. You are as aware as I of the recent call-girl scandal, the stories of pot smoking in the White House, et al.

Usually when the character of political candidates is argued, the issue itself—which candidate is more honest—is never settled. Each side will forever claim that their candidate is the most trustworthy.

The national media expounds on Bob Dole's character eclipsing Bill Clinton's without being accused of begging the question by Clinton supporters who have adopted the strategy of diverting attention away from the "character" issue as opposed to arguing it. When it is a "given" that one candidate has more character than another as it is in this election this should tell us a great deal. It will at the very least tell us who Alexander Hamilton would vote for next month.

Harry Truman once said "Those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it." Hopefully we, the American electorate, will not have these words as our credo when we look back upon our choice for the last president of this millennium.

## Election '96

# What issues touch you?

The recent Democratic National Convention in Chicago allowed many in the media to wax emotional or philosophical about the events that occurred at the 1968 Chicago convention. Certainly, the Vietnam War was the major source of friction in '68, but there was a feisty and spirited appeal for young voters to get involved 28 years ago that doesn't appear to exist now, and the voters of that by-gone age tended to vote Democrat.

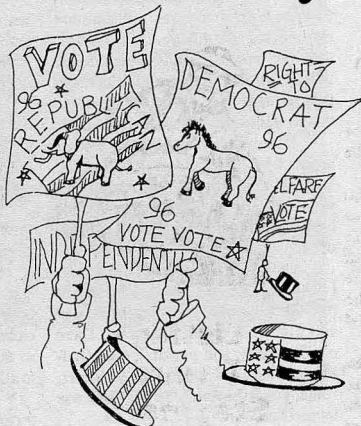
Apart from the Vietnam War, some of the issues that divided members of both major parties were civil rights, women's rights, poverty, drugs—and what government should or should not do in response. Today, while Republicans simmer over abortion and affirmative action and Democrats stew over welfare and entitlement issues, 1968 doesn't seem all that long ago.

1968 does, however, seem ancient for those of us who don't feel very secure in the middle of the road, especially with the future coming faster than a manic Mack truck. I'm no proponent of raw activism, but I would implore those of you who are going to vote to ask yourself "What's in it for me?"

Are you, as a student, more concerned about taxes or about receiving financial aid for tuition? About your little sister reading a bad word on the Internet or your right to free speech? Is your idea of values a code of morality, or getting the last used book on the shelf?

Simply put, would you not be better served by voting on your conditions as opposed to your conscience?

This campaign season, however, is the poster child for voter apathy. There are few definitive traits, decipherable visions or deliberate positions being expressed by any major



political candidate. President Clinton has at least given some voice to the concerns of young, single, near minimum wage earning Americans, and to students especially with his pledge to keep education funding a major priority of his administration.

Indiana gubernatorial candidate Frank O'Bannon (a good Irish lad, he) has proposed a \$2,500 renters deduction on state taxes, up from \$1,500. He has also pledged to avoid any education cuts in histax reform program.

Such policies speak directly to me, as I'm certain it does many other students in Indiana. It's not much, but it is something, and it is indeed refreshing to know that middle class families aren't the only segment of American society that politicians feel the need to appeal to.

Hell, twenty or thirty years from now, when our kids are listening to inane music and dressing like hooligans, we'll probably put on our Sunday best and take an elephant ride down Main Street on our way to the brokerage firm. But until we make the kind of money everyone told us

we'd only make if we went to college, let's try for as many handouts as we can get. As long as Jon Stossels' voice echoes "be responsible" whenever we consider purchasing a name brand (God forbid!), then we have a right to 'student' status.

While the candidates talk all this noise about 'education,' we should remind them that college is no piece of cake, that full-time students shouldn't have to work thirty hours a week just to make ends meet. It's a struggle, and we all know it, so let's vote like it. It doesn't make you a liberal, but it could make you a lot more comfortable.

I was born in 1968, the first-born son of my brood. For 25 years, I was bound to the ethos of my father: hard work, determination, confidence, the good things in life, etc. That's a lot easier to adhere to with seven credit cards in your wallet.

In a representative form of government, as our republic is intended to be, consider who best represents your concerns, the tangible ones like rent, tuition, and wages rather than ideological ones such as abortion, pornography, racism, and the like.

Both Dole and Clinton have presented the image of "building a bridge" to another time. That's sweet, but a bridge can only take you back and forth over an obstacle. We, as students, should at least try to get into the same big boat and actually get somewhere; perhaps then we'll get past all the rhetorical gruel of this campaign and get a little of what we have coming to us.

Remember, if the capital gains, you lose, at least as long as you're totting that book bag around. So let's all go Demo in '96, and let's get paid in full.

—Russell Fox

# Laying it on Thick

## For some men pleasant odor means clean

My thoughts exactly...

by Jamy Schuler

*DISCLOSURE: SOME MEN WILL UNDERSTAND THE NATURE OF THIS COLUMN BETTER THAN WOMEN. THEN AGAIN, SOME WOMEN WILL "GET IT" WAY BEFORE THE MEN. IN EITHER CASE, IF YOU DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND, ASK A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX. HE/SHE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP YOU.*

Like many other men, I am not the cleanest human being in the world. I live under the illusion that if it smells clean, it is clean. Period. End of conversation. I have come to the realization that this may not be so true. Okay, it isn't at all true. Well, sorta true.

Let me try this analogy. Once in the eighth grade a science teacher of mine, Mrs. Flack, wrote on the board, "All bugs are insects, but not all insects are bugs." This threw the entire class for a loop and we demanded to know what she meant by such an outrageous statement. She proceeded to put it another way. All Corvettes are Chevrolets, but not all Chevrolets are Corvettes.

Ahhh...now this all made sense. Are you with me ladies? If not, ask a guy.

Well, this theory applies to my cleaning habits as well. Just because it smells clean does not necessarily mean that it is clean. I realized this when I went to dinner with some friends of mine.

Before we were seated, I made a trip to the restroom of this fine establishment. When I walked in, I was blasted with the aroma of Urinal

Chips. I do not know the technical name for these little wonders, but all men know exactly what I am talking about. They are the little pink/blue/white/green "chips" that are put in the urinals. They melt as they, well, get wet. Anyhow, they emit this pleasant aroma that smells very clean.

It is my understanding that women are not familiar with these little beauties. Why should they be? Ever been to a women's restroom that had urinals? You have! Well for gosh sakes don't tell anyone!

Stay with me here...I do have a point. I instantly took this aroma to mean that the restrooms were very clean...hense, a very high mark for the restaurant. There could've been, and probably was, God-knows-what all over the place. However, I could smell the smell. So this place was immaculate.

Later when a female from the party was heading off to the restroom, I voiced my prior experience. "It is very clean in their restrooms. I know 'cause I smelled the chips." Talk about the looks I got from the others!

The rest of my life is this way as

well. Want to wear that really cool shirt with the funky collar? Ahh, but you wore it yesterday. No problem! Spray it with cologne a couple of times and no one will notice.

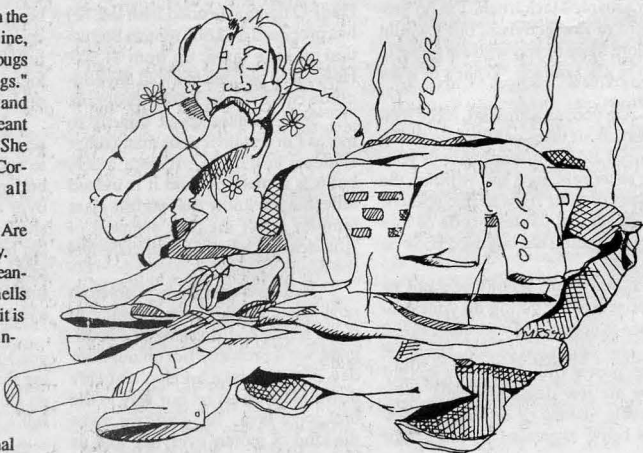
Mom told you to dust the house but you want to go to the movies? So walk around the house with Lemon Pledge and douse the carpets with the aromatic spray. She can't tell...it smells clean.

No time to brush, floss, and gargle? Problem solved! Chomp down on a few peppermints. Good as new!

Women, bear with us men and our lost ways. Teach us to actually use the polish ON the furniture to get the same clean smell AND clean furniture. Show us that Urinal Chips are not the answers to all our prayers.

Most important, be patient as we try to learn the ways of the sanitary. And when we smell a little too strongly of cologne and peppermints, do not be disgusted and give up. Love a little deeper and we will come around.

All lunkheads are men, but not all men are lunkheads.







*Paradise Lost*  
by Kathryn Waters

## Professor finds "Heaven" in sabbatical

Artists often exhibit a particular theme within their work, intentionally or not. A change of working environment often leads to a change of theme, as it did for USI art professor Kathryn Waters.

While on sabbatical last year, Waters attended residencies at The Ragsdale Foundation in Lake Forest, Illinois, and Yaddo in Saratoga Springs, New York, both long standing artist' colonies. From October 15 to November 12, through a University of Southern Indiana Faculty Research and Creative Work Award, Waters lived and worked in New Harmony.

"Heaven" was how Waters described her sabbatical experience. Results of this "heaven," Waters exhibit "Night and Day" can be seen at the New Harmony Gallery of Contemporary Art until October 2.

Waters' New Harmony paintings reflect the "sheer beauty" she likes to put into her work. The New Harmony stay ushered in nature as a theme, and led Waters to smaller sketches and oil paintings. Autumn seemed the most helpful season, Waters said, but she seemed to be "one season behind,"

work began at New Harmony was finished at Ragsdale in the winter, and work began at Ragsdale was finished at Yaddo in the spring.

Of her the places where she worked on sabbatical, Waters said Yaddo was the most beneficial. There she convened with poets, choreographers, playwrights, and composers as well as other artists.

Waters said she was "honored and thrilled to walk the same ground as other famous artists," while feeling the experience was a bit "daunting." Yaddo required a rigorous application process of sending in slides of her work, plus recommendations from other artists.

Yaddo gave Waters a "self-created perfect order." Participants rose early, ate breakfast, then worked continuously during the quiet hours from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Lunches were packed and distributed in the morning, so participants would not be disturbed while working.

Though she appreciated getting right to work, Waters needed to adjust to the "all day every day" pace Yaddo provided. The experience also

provided her with the opportunity to convene with others and witness their approaches to creativity. That community lent feedback on weaknesses she, as the artist, would not see.

The theme of emotion and relationships, while changed in representation, are still threaded through Waters' work. She defines her style as narrative realism, which she says "implies a story the viewer fills in." "Creation of a mood or story," to Waters, is much more important than absolute detail. Any extra meaning, whether intended or implied, brings a human element to the work.

Although the current New Harmony exhibit is not a stipulation of the grant, art faculty usually exhibit their work after a sabbatical. This helps achieve a sense of accomplishment, Waters said. Waters believes a new challenge eliminates the lack of interest comfort brings. Waters usual themes of "human relationships and how to make sense of them" remains prevalent, but will be changed by her sabbatical experience.

—Shannon Neese

# What's the point?

## Personal reasons motivate body piercing

You may ask yourself, or someone else, why would anyone want to pierce their nipples, genitalia, tongue, face, or other extremities. When I first decided to write this article for *Transitions*, I thought I would try to answer this and other questions on why someone would choose to *destroy* their body in such a way. But, the more I thought

ion accessory." To use terms like these belittle not only the customs themselves, but the cultures that practice them. It might not be our custom to wear jewelry in parts of our body other than our ears, but, last time I checked, it was not too popular to eat Big Macs in India either. In the face of thousands of years of tradition, I guess

looked to be in his mid-fifties and of a professional background. I found that he was fifty-three years old, a doctor, and was here to get his seventh piercing (his fourth genital piercing).

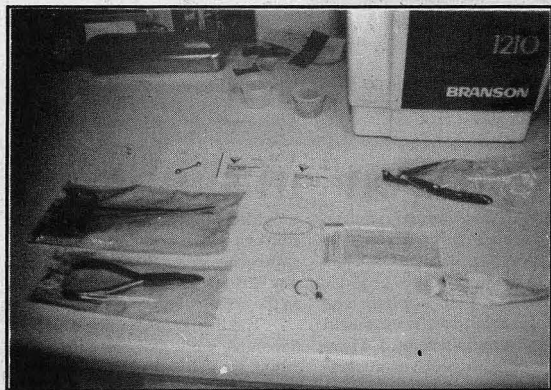
I decided to have two piercings done that day: my nipple and a genital piercing. To say the least, I was a little stressed out.

Shad came back and led me to his studio. It was off to the side and private; that, under the circumstances, was pretty cool. While Shad was getting his equipment ready, he explained a little about sterilization. He explained that Different Shades uses two different types of sterilization: the autoclave and the sonic. The autoclave's heat pressurization method of sterilization is used by hospitals, personal physicians and dentists. The sonic uses sound waves and is used before equipment is put in the autoclave. Shad also said that he, the other piercers and the tattooist use single-use needles that are properly destroyed after use.

Shad did his best to make me feel more comfortable, and, after a little bit of conversation, I was ready.

He started on my nipple by sterilizing it with bedazine, a surgical scrub used by hospitals. He then marked the place where the piercing would be. After getting the position right, he used forceps to clamp the nipple and then pushed the needle through and followed it with the jewelry I had chosen. After tightening the jewelry and affixing the bead, he again cleaned the area. The whole procedure took about 15 seconds.

Without going into too much detail about my genital piercing, I will say that it was fast and for the most part easy. I can't say that it didn't hurt, but it wasn't too bad. Shad did a great job of keeping my nerves under control.



The tools required for the job sit waiting.

Photos by Jeremy Yarger

about it, the more I realized that it would take forever to list even a few (of the few million) answers to this question. I believe that Nietzsche put it best when he said, "One of the things that may drive thinkers to despair is the recognition of the fact that the *illogical* is necessary for man and that out of the illogical comes much that is good."

Instead of attempting to answer "why," I decided it would be better to try answer the where and how.

Body piercing, tattooing, scarification and "body modification" in general has existed for thousands of years.

It is not a "new trend" or "fash-

ion" it's no wonder that I wanted to and decided to be pierced.

I made an appointment with Shad Klos, a piercer working at Different Shades in Henderson, Ky. I arrived at my appointment about thirty minutes early so I could talk a little more to Shad about the procedure and sterilization methods used by Different Shades. When I walked into Different Shades I was impressed by how clean and orderly the studio was. Shad had me fill out some paperwork for his records and informed me that Different Shades keeps records on every piercing and tattoo they do. While I waited to be pierced, I talked to an out-of-place-looking gentleman. He

Once we were through with the actual "piercing" part of my experience, Shad gave me a brochure about how to properly clean my new piercings, and stressed how important it was that I be religious in keeping them clean.

I then had a chance to talk to the other piercist Heath Crecelius, the tattooist Robbie Hernandez, and the owner of Different Shades Jesse Bowens. They answered further questions about sterilization, techniques, and the ebbs and flows of the business. Bowens said that Different Shades is constantly working to ensure a sterile environment for their customers and stays current with the new and best ways to sterilize their equipment. He

and several of the artists are going to Florida to a convention on sterilization soon.

Everyone pretty much agreed that business had leveled off over the last few months, but they were still doing a lot of work and seeing a lot of repeat customers.

The most important thing that I pulled out of our conversation was their desire for people to educate themselves on what is available in terms of artists and studios. Hernandez pointed out that just because people hang a sign in the window of a shop and profess themselves "professional" piercers or tattooists does not actually mean they are. Do your homework. This is not just a pair

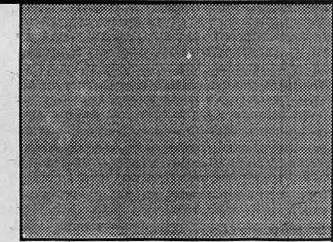
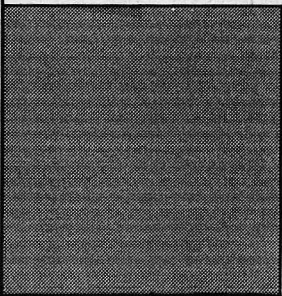
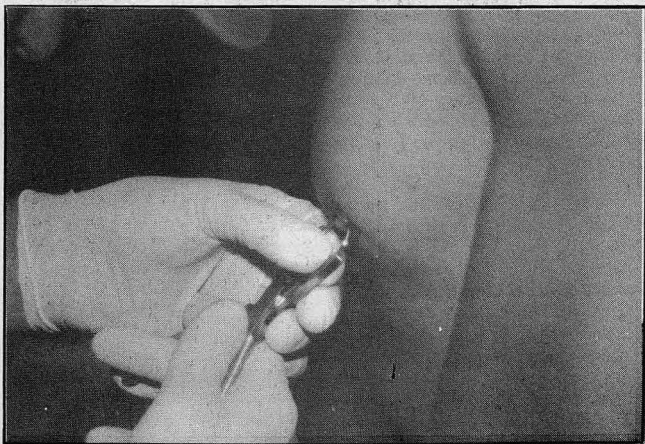
of shoes you're buying.

In the introduction of *Modern Primitives*, a book about piercing and scarification, V.Va e and Andrea Juno write: "Our most inestimable resource, the unfettered imagination, continues to be grounded in the only truly precious possession we can ever have and know, and which is *ours* to do with what we will: *the human body.*"

In the end I think it comes down to this: People have a right to do what they want with their bodies. So before you even ask "why," understand that there is a why and it is no different from the reason you do the "illogical" things you do.

— Jeremy Riley

Left: Different Shades worker Shad Klos pierces a nipple. Right: The nipple.



# Good not-so-fast food at Fast Eddy's

Fast Eddy's is located "down by the boat." I can't say exactly where it is because we actually were lucky to find it ourselves. It is a bar. That means you MUST BE 21 TO ENTER. Sorry you young'uns—you'll have to wait for another time. They do serve food and host live bands.

## Jamy's experience

Finding the place was an adventure in itself. I gave Shannon, who also had no idea where to go, a ride. We left on the hope that we would just "run into it somewhere." Luckily we

### Fast Eddy's

Dress: Very casual

Price: \$2-3 for a meal

Drink prices vary

Food: Burgers and such

\*\*\*\*\* - So good you won't leave for the boat.

\*\*\*\* - So good you'll wait for the next cruise.

\*\*\* - When's the next cruise?

\*\* - Forget the boat. Let's go home.

\* - If it were a boat, we'd sink it.

## Dining with the Gang

### Transitions Staff Restaurant Review

to be the only stud in a bar with three hot women. \*Cough\*

I guess that since this a food review, I should review the food! WOWEE! We sat inside and ordered drinks and then strolled to the counter to order our grub.

Shannon got the peel-and-eat shrimp (for which I hear Fast Eddy's is famous), Tracy got chicken and fries, and I decided to give the 1/2 lb. burger (\$.99) and 1/2 lb. fries (\$.99) a try. Cheap food. Excuse me—inexpensive food. Two catches—1) No take out and 2) you had to order a drink, which isn't hard when you are going to a BAR.

The only complaint I have was that we had to wait a while for the food. The problem was that they had to call out the order numbers, but they couldn't do that until the band broke between songs. Tracy was obviously famished and about ate my shirt and half the table. As a matter of fact, she was so out-of-her-mind that she gave the waitress a GREAT tip. Even the waitress was surprised.

Well, finally the food came and I can honestly say that it was the best damn burger that I've had for a long, long time. Aces on the grub. I also had a Long Island Ice Tea (\$4.50) and followed it with a Coke because I am the ever-so-responsible driver.

The band was this blues-type group and I have no idea who they were. But they were good in my opinion. Others commented that they were loud, but it didn't bother me at all.

Mike brought some REALLY interesting conversation to the evening

that I will choose not to share on the grounds that some of you may be eating as you read this. You're welcome.

Jennifer smoked—a lot—but it didn't bother me. What bothered me was the fact that she smoked while she was having a discussion about the penis size of fleas' penises. Don't ask.

I think the evening went very well and I will definitely revisit. It may even become a spot for me if I ever find the place again!

## Shannon's Experience

Fast Eddy's is cheap, a major A+ in any college student's checkbook. Since I have a semi-real job now, I could afford drinks. I ordered eight \$.25 peel-and-eat shrimp (for all us non-math majors, that's \$2.00) and an order of fries. My bill came to \$3.17. I got good food and great atmosphere for the price of a fast food meal. The shrimp were large and served cold in their shells with shrimp sauce, basically a shrimp cocktail on steroids. The fries were hot and just salty enough. I was in fry heaven. I drank a screwdriver (\$3), and a rum runner (\$4.50) (a yummy frozen concoction of rum and cherries). My drinks came to more than my meal, but sometimes alcohol prevails over food.

The rum runner gave me a behind-the-eyes ice cream headache. After a brief interlude of bright colors, I came down and enjoyed the atmosphere. A loud band played crunchy blues. I hung out with my friends and ate good cheap food.

Besides cheap food, Fast Eddy's offers a separate pool room, a bar, and a patio. The atmosphere was easy, conversation rolled well: Jennifer smoked like a chimney, Tracy withered from hunger, and Jamy grew disappointed at the appearance of Jennifer's friend Mike, who took away Jamy's title as sole man among babes. I liked Fast Eddy's a lot; cheap food, good drinks, and friends is what Fast Eddy's provided, the best way to pass an evening.

### Tracy's Experience

After finding Fast Eddy's with little difficulty because of my leadership skills, we realized parking was impossible because we were downtown and a big boat and its accoutrements stand in the way. We all parked on the street beneath "No Parking" signs and bellied up to the bar.

Don't be fooled by the billboard signs posted around town which focus on the food; Fast Eddy's is a bar, not a fast food restaurant. There is a one-drink minimum and a friend told me there is a hefty charge of \$1.50 if you just order tap water.

We ventured to Fast Eddy's around 9 p.m. on a Thursday. The airplane hangar-type building was hopping with a bluesy band and a mixture of people of all ages (except under 21, of course).

I had a chicken kabob (\$1.89) and what Fast Eddy's considers a half-

pound of shoestring French fries. They must measure them before cooking with some sort of strange European measuring utensil. Ain't no way I received a half a pound of fries.

I also scarfed part of Jamy's hamburger which was one of the best I have ever tasted for the price. It rivals the hamburgers of Steak 'n' Shake, G.D. Ritz's and even a few taverns.

### Jennifer's Experience

I had been to Fast Eddy's before, and since I couldn't wait until nine o'clock to eat dinner a friend and I decided to get a head start on the food and beer.

I knew the procedure at Fast Eddy's so we quickly ordered some shrimp and burgers. The shrimp was a little veiny for my taste, but, hey, they were only a quarter a piece! Once again the burgers were delicious and took about 15 minutes to arrive. Try

the cocktail sauce with fries. It's tasty! The beer selection at Fast Eddy's doesn't promote variety, but they have Foster's on tap for 2 bucks.

My only real complaint about the joint is this: a bar the size of Fast Eddy's needs to maintain courtesy when it comes to the music. You should be able to go to the back of the bar and converse but thanks to the "Bluesy" band's amps, conversation made me hoarse the next day.

### Consensus - \*\*\*\*

The place was fun, cheap, and had great food. Mixed drinks were average in price and the atmosphere was extremely relaxed and "hip." Check out Fast Eddy's and tell them we sent you. They won't know who the hell you're talking about, but you can get some chuckles out of it anyway.

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# SCREAM-O-RAMA





## Grandfather

I sat in the lobby of an unfamiliar hospital,  
Breathing the pungent, disinfected air.  
A man sat down; he made conversation.

He said he was there to see someone; I don't remember.  
I told him about my grandfather,  
In a room, down the hall, dying; Cancer.

My grandfather was a quiet man, a proud man.  
A face flushed with wisdom, memories of the second World War,  
Of children grown and gone.

He bought me my first rod and reel.  
Sat by my side on a chilled autumn morning,  
Skipping little lures over crystal reflections.

He loved fishing, his grandchildren, life.  
I watched the lines on his face,  
Like ripples in the water, with silent awe.

The man turned to me, said he was sorry.  
I don't think he cared. I was angry, hurt, but  
I can't remember who he was there to see.

John Farless

# Past, present, future fuse in *Crossovers*

I had to go all the way to Seattle to run into a book by Thomas Reiter. I can't say finding it was the highlight of my trip, but settling into bed each night with the cool breeze of the bay to read his poetry are fond memories. Like the poet of my last review (can you believe they wanted another one?), Reiter has fine-tuned his chosen craft. *Crossovers*, is only Reiter's second full-length book of poetry, but he has made a career of publishing chapbooks (smaller books of poetry that contain a little over twenty poems).

In *Crossovers*, Reiter uses his pen as if it were a paintbrush. He recreates landscapes right before our mind's eye; such as the book's opening poem, "High Plains Photography:"

Say he doesn't want to bring back  
to the railroad hotel even one plate  
unexposed. By now the sun's too low  
behind him, making the shadow  
of tripod, box and top hat  
fall upon the woman and the children  
and the furnishings from their sod house:  
coffee grinder, bureau, barrel churn.

Reiter takes us to the frontier and the days of laying railroad ties. We sit with him beside open fires to hear tales of picking berries, exploring farms, swatting fierce mosquitoes and grandparents who traveled West to make a fresh start. Reiter sees nature through the eyes of a little boy, one who has scraped his knees on her branches and swum lazily in her rivers.

*Crossovers*, is not divided into different themes like most selections of poetry. Instead, Reiter has decided to emphasize that past, present, and future are one in the same and quite often our thoughts "crossover" into each realm. The table of contents lists one poem following the other. The reader can encounter a poem dealing with Reiter's brother receiving chemotherapy and turn the page into the wasted life of a hobo or a homeless man. These poems, at first confusing in why they follow each other, allow a theme of death and loneliness to thread its way subtly. They demonstrate how it is so easy for some to go unnoticed through life:

Daily, he saves his life  
from burning, though here between us  
crumpled tight as bone  
is nothing but drafts of poems  
in which he does not yet appear.

Then, because existences are determined by choices, Reiter wonders about those sacrifices we make due to commitment. The title poem, "Crossovers," concerns two young homesteaders starting a farm out west in Kansas and the wife's reluctance about her new life:

she starts a flower bed, solace  
because she cannot turn

to this life as he turns to the earth.

\*\*\*

The cuplike lilies  
she loved in Ohio are here  
but changed from the journey—  
each stem a stack of buttons,  
roots like grappling iron  
in her heart—because the world  
is full of crossovers.

Reiter's knowledge of language and use of internal rhymes make reading his poems pure joy. These themes have been explored before, but Reiter has an angle all his own. He ends the last poem with these lines, something we all feel and wonder from time to time:

Pray for me. When these times of alarm  
are only night-sweat, what will my calling be?

—Jennifer Hunley

## CD Reviews



Catherine Wheel  
*Like Cats and Dogs*  
Mercury Records

Glenn Hasenour  
ghasenou@risc.usi.edu

Catherine Wheel's fourth album *Like Cats and Dogs* is the first that I have had the misfortune of listening to. This album is musically terrible.

Lyricaly, however, the songs tell some interesting stories. Track four, "Car," is about a man who has almost given up on a relationship he has wanted for years and contemplates suicide. "Twisted Tounge" was an interesting track because it is about fear of failure with the opposite sex.

The most horrifying track on this album is the cover of Pink Floyd's "Wish You Were Here." The music sounds really good at the beginning and then all of a sudden Rob Dickerson's voice comes out and it just sounds terrible.

This album just wasn't for me because I really couldn't make a whole lot of sense of it. I was expecting more a hard rock/alternative band. The music instead seems whiny. It is a 2.6 on my 5 point scale.



# Face tracks media star's rise and fall

Suppose Bill Clinton had gone into broadcasting instead of politics. The resulting story may have been this screenplay rather than a stint in the Oval Office.

Director Elia Kazan presents the escapades of Lonesome Rhodes, expertly played by Andy Griffith in his film debut. While serving a week's sentence in a north Arkansas county jail, Rhodes is "discovered" by a radio reporter named Marsha (Patricia Neal), who visits the jail for her "Faces in the Crowd" feature, a program to give a voice to the common citizens.

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*A Face in the Crowd*  
Newtown Productions Inc., 1957

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Rhodes, at first reluctant to participate, warms up to the microphone with his guitar after the sheriff promises him early release. His improvisational songwriting, folksy witticisms and down-home humor induce the radio station to sign him on as a commentator.

Rhodes enjoys tremendous popularity among the townspeople. His influence over them is considerable; no sooner does he suggest that the mayor might make a better dogcatcher than a mayor then the residents fill the mayoral yard with strays.

Before long, a TV station in Memphis takes note of his show. Executives there invite him into that newest, most influential medium to continue his strumming and pontification before a larger audience.

From the start, Rhodes sways the masses, raising funds for a black family whose home burned down. But the game has become more complicated. Station management and advertisers are now involved, and Rhodes finds some of the commercials he must read unpalatable. However, the public rises up in praise of Rhodes' uninhibited

commentaries, and with the help of an ambitious office boy (the dashing Tony Franciosa), Rhodes and Marsha make their move to the big time—a major network in New York.

Rhodes' God-given ability to sway the people lands him in presidential politics. Candidates want his endorsement, and one snags it, along with some free image consultation from Rhodes. Greed of money and power set in. What follows is the disintegration of an empire. Booze and women abound—Rhodes spins out of control.

A very young Walter Matthau co-stars as a cynical writer observing the entire process. Lee Remick also makes her motion picture debut as the high-school baton-twirler who catches Rhodes' eye, despite his promise to marry Marsha.

This film contains some intriguing facets: the dysfunction of Rhodes'

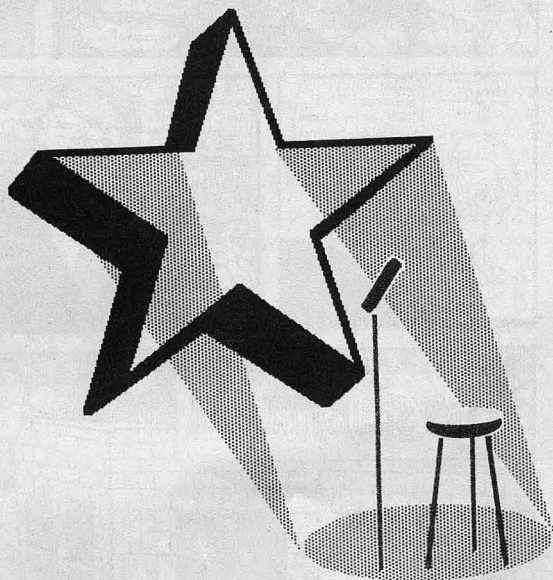
childhood, a progressive view of advertising, codependent relationships, the ease with which demagogues are created and the fickleness of public interest.

Griffith's musical abilities shine during scenes with his guitar. In fact, he's quite the blues man. The film opens with a whistled version of the blues staple "You Gotta Move." (Griffith must have liked this opening so much he decided to use a variation on the theme for his own television series later.)

If you rent this film (available for 60 cents at a certain store on Sonntag Avenue), which I strongly advocate, be on the lookout for a cameo by newsman Mike Wallace.

"A Face in the Crowd" is a timeless, visionary tale for a thinking audience. For 60 cents, it really shouldn't be missed.

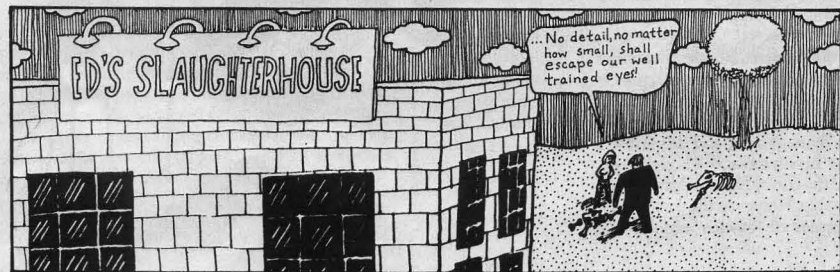
—Joni Hoke



# The Stupidnatural



Later, in Oklahoma...



# Horoscopes for the Hell of it

**Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23)** Have you thought about your future lately? You have only the rest of your life to decide what you're going to do. If you don't start now, you're doomed. We do mean NOW. Carpe diem.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21)** Snotty people reject you. Letter bombs are not the answer. On the bright side, chartreuse is your lucky color for the next five days, 6 hours and 22 minutes.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 22)** The turning of the leaves puts you in a romantic mood. You and your sweetie take to the road for a little getaway. Brown County's booked, but we hear Terre Haute still has a few openings.

**Capricorn (Dec. 23 - Jan. 19)** You are in big trouble with someone very close. We suspect it has something to do with, well, you know ....

**Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18)** Pizza Hut or Noble Roman's? Indecision strikes this month in even the smallest of decisions. Save yourself the hassle and let us decide for you: Burger King; Coke, hamburger and fries. Always. All month long. Next month we tackle your major.

**Pisces (Feb. 19 - March 20)** Two words: Halloween and thong bikini. Okay, okay, three words.

**Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19)** You entrust some idiot friend of yours with a secret. You've been burned before, but why not? It's cheaper than renting a billboard. This friend might or might not have brown hair. Or blond.

**Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20)** The red pyramid sinks in the blue sands on skinny Tuesday, if you know what we mean. Actually, we don't have a clue, but isn't it intriguing? Beware of certain warehouses.

**Gemini (May 22 - June 21)** Summer is officially over. Your classes are too hard. Your professors are mean. 'Hey, I know all that,' you say. 'What kind of horoscope is this?' We're getting to that: Look forward to more of the same.

**Cancer (June 22 - July 22)** Secrets. Certain stupid individuals entrust you with their secrets. Billboard rates are down; save time and your vocal cords. Avoid shellfish.

**Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22)** You definitely meet someone this month.

**Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22)** One of your friends desserts you at a road-side cafe in the middle of Colorado. Or maybe it's Wyoming. At any rate, we see flat land, dusty roads and greasy hash browns. If you hear the words "road trip," stay home -- unless, that is, you'd like to meet a trucker named Biff.

# ATTENTION

The next issue of *Transitions* will be available  
October 31.

The deadline for submissions of  
**art, poetry, fiction and articles** is  
October 18.

The deadline for advertising is  
September 21.

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

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