

Transitions

Student Magazine

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Transitions

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Au revoir and other complaints

Welcome to the last issue of *Transitions*. We sincerely hope you enjoyed this year's issues.

I might or might not be back next year as editor, but regardless of what happens at the student publications board meeting, I will be around to haunt the office and fill a page or two with egocentric rantings.

Though I cajoled a couple of prospective editors-to-be, hounded Ron Roat, student publications advisor, and whined and bullied on this very page, no one else has applied yet (as far as I know).

For reasons I fail to understand, students at USI fail to take advantage of the opportunities available. At other universities, someone average like me would never attain the editor's position at a student publication. Competitive, superwriter types — the kind of people who take 18 hours of course work, work a regular job, write half the articles, rewrite the other half, have a satisfying love life on the side, and knit — would. But last year I walked up to the Student Publications Committee, said "Hi, my name is Tracy" and walked away with this job. If this happens again this year, the only difference will be that I didn't have to

introduce myself.

If any of this makes you feel guilty and you want to apply for this job, talk to Dal Herring or Ron Roat immediately.

It is too late to talk to me. Too late for clippings. Too late for training and almost too late for my advice, but I'm so kind to give it anyway.

If now is too soon, but you think you could do this sometime in the near future, I suggest visiting the *Transitions* office and getting involved. Getting this job was easy, maintaining it was not.

And I didn't do it alone.

I would like to thank all of the hard-working people who helped me this year and wish them well this summer. Hopefully, I have not alienated or annoyed them too much and some will return to help next year.

I owe special thanks to Richard Whitney and Matt Maxwell. Rick is leaving USI this spring, and Matt is retiring his column.

Though a nontraditional student with family and responsibilities in the "real world," Rick put much time and effort into making this magazine a success. He taught me more than I taught him. *Transitions* will miss him. So will I.

Matt Maxwell has been a staple at

Transitions since the early days when it first became a monthly magazine. His biting sarcasm and satire will also be missed. He leaves a hole that will be hard to fill.

As far as I know, more of the same is slated for next season's *Transitions*. But we're flexible. The possibility also exists that the new editor will want to make some drastic changes. If you want to give us input, fill out the form on the back cover or visit us in the office. We care what you think and will probably read a few of the questionnaires before we burn them at the *Transitions* staff picnic.

The questionnaire on the back is what we sociology types like to call a self-selective survey, meaning only a selected group will actually receive it. You probably already like the magazine or you wouldn't be reading it. Those who don't like the magazine aren't asked their opinions. Cool, no?

Transitions will, barring major catastrophes, minor construction woes or a new editor who refuses to work during the summer, be back at the end of August.

Tracy Bee
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Next semester's first issue of *Transitions* will come out at the end of August.

The deadline for submissions of Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles is August 1.

Late submissions accepted on a space-available basis.

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

Transitions
University Center
8600 University Blvd.
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Sigma Tau Delta active on campus

Every semester, a Recognition Dinner is held at USI where scholarship donors and their recipients are honored. Sigma Tau Delta, the English Honor Society, yearly contributes a monetary award for outstanding achievement; consequently, as president, I attended this function. Someone seated at our table inquired, "What does Sigma Tau Delta do?"

My first impulse was to reply, "You're joking, right?" until I realized she was in earnest, and so I uttered a few incidentals such as "Well, you know those big book sales every fall and spring—we do that." And I continued with "And we had a hell of a Halloween party for faculty and Sigma Tau Delta students" (thanks to Dr. Tom Rivers).

After the luncheon, I mused on how I could have better answered this question—What does Sigma Tau Delta do? What philanthropic purpose do we serve? Why do we exist?

I considered re-reading the By-laws and reciting a deliberate response each time someone asked me, such as: "Our purposes are literary, educational, and charitable, and we strive to. . ." But that sounds too elitist, too formal, and too vague.

A few students seek induction into this organization because it is an honor society, or because it reads well on a vitae. Others want to associate with students who hold similar "English major" interests. Many crave involvement in worthwhile organizations. But what makes this one worthwhile?

In addition to awarding a scholarship to a deserving student and sponsoring two book sales from which many benefit, we foster undergraduate research at Butler University, and at regional conferences such as the most recent one in Wisconsin. We work to strengthen faculty/student relations by sponsoring a spring dinner; we attempt

to inform all USI students through a GRE Practicum about preparing for the standard GRE's and NTE's. We try to culturally stimulate our members by promoting plays, readings, films, musicals, and festivals. Currently we are involved in the community project of "cleaning" historical books in New Harmony.

At our regular meetings, we encourage members to write and to write and to write, whether it be creative short stories, poetry, essays, letters to the editor, or research papers. And we brainstorm, and organize, and share our thoughts, fears, anxieties, successes, and disappointments.

This year, we have an outstanding group of active members who strive to maintain or exceed their own academic accomplishments. These students genuinely support fellow members (and other students) in their educational endeavors, and enjoy good books, good talk, good laughs.

We have two incredible faculty advisors (Dr. Phyllis Toy and Dr. Michael Waitman) who keep us knowledgeable of cultural events, GRE requirements, and a never-ending list of other academic concerns; further, they set examples for us by delivering papers at national conferences and encouraging us to work towards meritorious pursuits.

Recently, we inducted 11 new members into our organization who were required to meet rather strict criteria of holding a 3.5 GPA or better in English, a 3.3 or better overall GPA, and completing at least two literature courses and two composition courses. I am delighted to list the names of our new members: Allison Bender, April Byers, Carol Hudson, Daniel Jones, Shannon Lengacher, Kena Liniger, Kathleen Perkins, Lou Reutter, Sandra Schnellenberger, Dina Shipley, and Mike Whicker.

And so, Sigma Tau Delta serves

Good article encourages bad practice

To the editor:

Congratulations to Rick Whitney. "Visiting the Wall" was a great, poignant article . . . with one exception!

If your "driver" continues to drive and guzzle warm Colt 45, he might want to consider what would happen if

- he were stopped by the city police or a state trooper with an open beer in his hand or
- his slowed reaction time (caused by a combination of exhaustion and alcohol) caused him to hit a car full of people.

Mr. "Driver" may very well find himself becoming a name, not on the cold, black Vietnam Memorial Wall, but on a cold, gray tombstone. Drinking and driving is not cool or macho. It's dangerous and stupid! And I think you ruined a good article with some very irresponsible journalism.

Linda Harmon

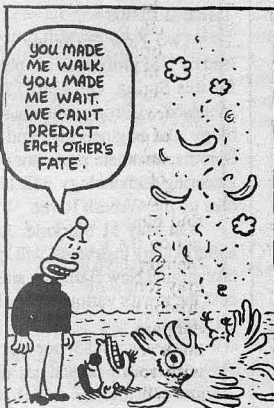
as a foundation for those who excel in their English minor or major. It provides a grounding for those of us who desire to be expressive in our scholarly pursuits not only within "the group experience" but individually as well. It promotes literacy, and enlightenment, and best of all—friendship.

And we had one hell of a Halloween party.

Constance Richey
Sigma Tau Delta President

BEATNIK BIRD

©MICHAEL
95 DOUGAN



Fact: A typical baby will soil about 7500 diapers before becoming toilet trained.

Tip: Wash your own cloth diapers. It will save you up to \$2000. I will save trees and reduce waste.



How can students avoid computer-lab crunch?

You've seen his name and his e-mail address posted on the doors of the computer labs of this campus.

Juzar Ahmed, academic services analyst, works in Computer Services and organizes the computer labs available for student use. He is the man responsible for obtaining the programs we can use and determining the hours the labs are open.

Since the beginning of last semester students living both on and off campus have voiced many complaints concerning the computer labs.

Some students living in the campus apartments have questioned why the McDonald West and O'Daniel labs are not open the same hours as the labs in the Orr Center. The Orr Center labs are open from 8 a.m. to midnight while McDonald West and O'Daniel are open from noon to midnight.

"They are supposed to reflect each other," Ahmed said. "I think if a person is going to get up at 8 a.m. and come to class, they can use the lab out here [Orr Center]. If there was a need for it, if there was a whole lot of students waiting out there, we would open [McDonald West and O'Daniel] at 8 a.m."

Even though Ahmed does not see a need to open McDonald West and O'Daniel earlier than noon, he has seen an increase in the number of late-night lab users. For this reason, McDonald West will be open from noon to 2 a.m. until May 2.

Although some students might feel that getting up and going to a lab across campus is inconvenient, it definitely beats the alternative: waiting until afternoon classes are finished to use an already crowded lab near your apartment.

One major reason these labs fill up so quickly is that people not currently enrolled in classes are entering the labs and using the computers for personal use. Another reason computers are less available is that some students are playing games or surfing the web for fun. Both students and faculty have voiced complaints concerning these two issues.

Ahmed revealed his plan for the labs in response to these complaints, "We are really trying to break down labs into what is called 'open labs' and 'academic-teaching labs.' Before the end of this semester, all labs should be converted to one of these two categories."

Continued on page 26

Tri-State Cinema Society Series Continues

The Tri-State Cinema Society will present three more films this Spring at Old Orchard Cinema in Henderson, Ky. The remaining films are *Crumb*, *Pharaoh's Army*, and *Shanghai Triad*.

Crumb plays from April 14 to 18. *Pharaoh's Army* will be shown April 28 through May 2 and *Shanghai Triad* plays May 12 through May 16. Movies are shown at 8:45 p.m. every day with a 3 p.m. matinee on Sundays. A discussion follows the films on Thursdays. Admission is \$4.50.

Take a Hike

Two New Harmony hikes led by USI professors are planned for this Spring. On April 13 Nils Johanson, visiting professor of geology and engineering, and Eric Sprouls, associate professor of engineering technology will lead a hike up the Wabash River.

On May 11 Marjorie Jones, anthropology instructor, will lead a hike around New Harmony and discuss the town's various archeological sites.

Hikes cost \$5 per person. They begin at 1 p.m. and last about 2 hours. To register call Historic New Harmony at (812) 682-4488.



SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

PAINTING AND CLEANING POSITIONS

Temporary positions for painting and cleaning crews beginning May 6 through August 23, 1996 for Summer Rehab Program in University Housing. Positions require high school diploma or equivalent; previous painting or housekeeping experience preferred. Applications accepted until positions filled. \$5.15/hr. Applications may be faxed (465-1185), mailed, or presented in person to: Human Resources Department, University of Southern Indiana. AA/EOE

New USI group calls for writers

The USI Writers' Union is issuing a call for writers. Begun a few years ago by Matthew Graham, professor of creative writing, the union ceased until just recently when USI student Warren Fleetwood and Professor Frank Bradford decided to give the club new life.

The Writers' Union hopes to provide students with a writing organization where all areas of academics can meet and discuss writing as well as receive the information necessary for publication.

The Union plans to sponsor writing workshops in addition to hosting

visiting writers, holding student and faculty readings, and organizing trips to see visiting writers at other universities. The Union also wishes to create a publication of members work. Funding for these activities is sought from local businesses and individual sponsors.

Writers' Union President Warren Fleetwood said the Union is "low commitment," but members need to be serious about writing.

The Union anticipates assisting anyone interested in writing fiction, non-fiction, poetry or plays, as well as technical writing in any field.

The Writers' Union holds meetings Thursday evenings at 6:30 p.m. in UC 118. Afterwards members attend the Blue House's open mike night at 8 p.m.

Fleetwood said he wants to make the club "open to USI and other universities' students and faculties."

Member Tina Sizemore encourages "anyone, not just English majors, to join" the group.

"If we are to cultivate our minds at USI, then we should instill a writers' program that benefits all areas of academics," Fleetwood said.

—Shannon Neese

APB

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The End of *Eden Lies Obscured*

Don't expect sappy goodbye

Being a cop is no strut down the street. Not only are they feared, despised, and called whenever trouble arises, but now they are offered as indiscriminate targets. Maybe staying in a donut shop would be safer.

This is it. My last column. Not just of the school year, but of my infamous and eccentric career with *Transitions*.

Really, no applause necessary. I won't bore you with mushy details about how much I've enjoyed writing or how much I've learned or how much I'll miss this once I've passed on. It's not in my nature.

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

If you've read the departing columns of other writers, you know the routine. I, however, am rarely routine. But if you're taking the time to read this, you presumably have read me before and know that.

A large number [of students] will drop a class or two because of it's difficulty, or the teacher's attitude, or to create more time for, uh, homework from other classes. Practically everyone will find an excuse to skip (at least once) a class that costs \$74 an hour, often paid for with Mom and Dad's money.

I've lasted through four editors who have been gracious enough to grant me freedom in my column. They

have always spoke highly of me—at least as far as I know. For several years I gloated on my placement at the front of the magazine (I even threatened once to quit writing if any other writer's article went before mine).

I have liked my editors, especially when they print something I figured they would have edited or junked.

I've sensed their trepidation when I hand in my column. I know they wonder about what I'm attacking, and whether or not they in turn will be attacked for printing my piece.

I've enjoyed that power.

i need someone to tell me what to do, and how and when to do it. Basically a ruling body that knows what is best for me. i actually fear for my sanity and welfare—and other's—should i be left to making my own decisions.

Sadly, the only people who recognize my name are my friends. Maybe I should have stood on a homemade soapbox and yelled, begged, threatened, and dared people to read my articles.

It's slightly ironic that I never met Ron Roat, the invisible person behind the college publications. Most writers for *Transitions*—past and present—don't know what I look like. As much as I've tried to infuriate readers, only one person found energy enough to write a letter.

I used to think the students weren't lazy or apathetic. I thought wrong. Unless I—or any other writer—attacked the band wagon topic

such as abortion, religion, or Greek organizations, the campus stayed silent. Plus, few people bother to read.

I've become accustomed to the disheartening feeling of walking around campus and seeing no one, absolutely NO ONE, taking the effort to read either this magazine or the school newspaper.

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!"

In order to attract a woman's attention we turn to bestial noises, such as the popular whistle, wolf howls, and ape grunts. Men cannot resist yelling from a car window to a woman walking down the street ... We tend to believe that imitating a wolf in heat will force the woman to immediately join us.

And even though I've been the mainstay at *Transitions*, I've never received any monetary compensation for my time and effort as other writers have. I was promised a few times but kept getting the shaft end with no lubrication. It's over; the time is past. I hold no grudge over it ... well, maybe just a little.

Then I consider my clout: first column, unlimited freedom. Somewhere in there I can find an iota of atonement.

I'm not ashamed to admit I have everything Tom Cruise has ... except looks, money, and talent. I have justifiable rea-

son to whine about failing miserably at being the kind of guy that takes a woman's breath away, the kind she closes her eyes and sees while making love to her plain, ordinary man of the moment.

Around the age of puberty, male violence returns. In the male encampment, a smaller boy is considered the catalyst for the proof of machismo of a larger boy proving his masculinity to a group of watchers. After his imminent victory, females swarm around him to commend his testosterone and to monopolize his attentions for the rest of the female encampment to be jealous about.

I can't deny I've lost interest in my column. When I began, I edited my editorial ten times before I submitted it; now I turn in my first draft. I worked diligently to ensure my column retained my satirical topic; now the cohesion is unacceptable and pathetic.

I've searched for reasons and found only excuses. But that's all most of us need anyway.

While nursing the emotional wound of a murdered friend ... I listened to a group of kids screaming at each other outside my window: "I shot you! I shot you in the head! You're supposed to die!" I turned up the stereo and pretended I heard nothing.

I've bled myself dry. Despite many things pissing me off, I no longer have the desire or guts to transfer that anger to a satirical editorial column that only my relatives and a few friends bother to read.

I've lost determination when I wrench out ideas every issue for an imaginary audience.

Sometimes the hint of sex is more powerful than actually getting it. And women should frequently utilize this

power, even if for no other motive than to watch a man grovel.

In reality, there is little worry about finding a female in position of asking permission from a man to creep closer to horizontal dancing. What guy would refuse getting laid? Say "no" once and it could be a long time before he gets to say "yes."

Unless I -- or any other writer -- attacked the bandwagon topic such as abortion, religion or Greek organizations, the campus remained silent.

Men rarely play hard to get—if they do, they probably won't get it.

Being locked into a certain genre is also a big problem I've gotten myself into. Even if I only write for myself now—actually, for the past two years I've written mainly for cathartic reasons and not for the public—I can't and won't forsake the satiric realm that has offered me sanctuary.

Which makes me wonder, why does no one understand satire unless watched on Saturday Night Live? Is it somewhere in people's minds that if it's written, it must be true?

Teaching children the demanding art of sex should start in the sixth grade, and the textbook ... will be the classic *The Joy of Sex*. In seventh grade students will watch movies, beginning with *hard-core R* and sliding into *XX*. The eighth grade will continue in-class demonstrations and practice.

One of my greatest honors over the years was having a former English teacher use an editorial of mine as an introduction to Swift's "A Modest Proposal." Unfortunately, that lasted just two semesters. Too many students, she told me, especially older, nontraditional students, didn't understand sat-

ire and became enraged, even after explanation of the author's intent.

It's the death of satire, I moaned. I pondered what Swift would do. I wrote more satirical essays, hoping to rub people's noses in it, shove it in their face, and make them understand.

I don't think I succeeded.

So then I see the phrase traditional family values. How far back in tradition should I look? Let's say, for instance, I'm out playing pool and see some chick I'd like to

know. So I calmly walk up to her, hit her in the head with my pool stick, carry her outside to my car and start a family.

A popular entertainment beginning to blossom is the quest for the highest blood pressure reached due to anger or revulsion. The ritual stems from searching for things to cause anger, be it from a spoken or written context. Although no deaths have to this date yet occurred, several people have experienced mild heart attacks.

I'm so sorry, Mr. Swift, I really tried. I tried for years. They just couldn't hold up that mirror.

With the passing of my column comes an exit. So as I stand with my head hung low for my failure in maintaining the spirit of satire and becoming a campus name, I breathe in slowly and examine myself and what I've learned and how I've changed. And with a hesitant smirk I raise my eyes to the darkened sky, hold up my fist in triumph for all to see, and delicately lift my middle finger.

I sacrificed a baby last week. Watching the dark blood blanket the baby's pink flesh and gold-plated altar almost brought me to orgasm.

SEEKING A NICE GIRL FOR SON

We are doing a terrible job of it -- picking our spouses that is. In the United States, 60 percent of all marriages now end in divorce -- the highest rate of anywhere in the world -- and the numbers keep rising every year. In this country, husbands and wives are discarded like so many worn out shoes.

The main problem with this is married people have children, and our children are suffering greatly from divorce. When children suffer from divorce, all of us suffer in one way or another.

We are all aware of the high crime rate among juveniles which most experts (and common sense) tell us is greatly fueled by the unstable, broken homes most of these young offenders grow up in.

Regardless of if they are on the streets committing crimes or not, welfare poverty is the lot for millions of children whose parents decide they cannot or will not honor their commitment to each other. This raises the tax burden for all of us.

And becoming victims of juvenile crime, and paying taxes to support children of parents who cannot, is not the only way we are forced to deal with the high divorce rate in this country.

Even if children of divorce do not become thugs or veterans of welfare, too many grow up with little or no respect for the adults in their lives. The days of a mother and father being role models for their children seem now a long ago dream. And who can blame the kids? They have seen how easily adults break promises.

A highly regarded sociologist was on national television (CNN) recently. One comment she made stuck with me. She said animals in the wild are doing a better job of raising their offspring than American parents are.

Divorce is a problem we had better deal with and soon. I do not mean "dealing with" in the liberal's sense of



Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

the phrase -- accepting the problem and then spending billions to try and clean up the mess. I mean working to end the problem itself. We will never end divorce totally, but efforts need to be made to bring it down off the insane level where it currently hovers.

I have been married for twenty-three years to the same woman, the first marriage for us both. We have raised, or are in the process of raising, five children. All our children have done well in school, are praised by their teachers, and are people with manners. They treat their teachers and other adults in their lives with respect--a very unusual quality in children today.

But I am not here to boast of an accomplishment that is more to my wife's credit than mine, nor is it my intention to castigate those who have failed. I offer a solution.

Americans should return to the custom of arranged marriages.

Parents, even those who have failed in marriages themselves, have a much higher awareness of the traits a quality spouse should possess than do their children.

Before you write me off as a total

crackpot, consider the following:

Arranged marriages have a long history. In some cultures this custom is still practiced today, and with a much higher marriage success rate than our pitiful showing in this country.

Of course the romantics will say people in arranged marriages will not be happy because they do not love one another. I say their happiness will depend on them and their willingness to respect their mate and how much desire they have to make the other person happy -- the same things a happy marriage depends on now.

I am not a jaded realist that believes love and romance are unimportant in life. Love makes the sacrifices a couple must make for one another much easier. But Americans have proved the hard way that "love," as we think of it, has very little to do with the success of a marriage. If you think you can "live on love," your life with your beloved will be a short one. Maturity, patience and economic stability play a much greater roll.

Feelings of love can and will grow if both parties involved offer the mutual respect and patience it takes for two people to successfully make a life together, and feelings that grow over time will end up the stronger ones.

Economic factors play a colossal role in the failure of marriages. Young people in love do not like to acknowledge this very important fact of life, but parents know better.

Marriages should not be approved until the prospective husband can show he can financially maintain a wife. Political correctness aside, the burden of paying the bills is still mainly directed to the husband, as it should be.

The wife's career in the workplace is just as important as the husband's, but most couples who marry in their 20's (and stay together for more than a year) eventually have children. The

husband should be capable of keeping the family economically afloat during the child-bearing years of a marriage.

Parents of both a prospective bride and groom should get to know each other and sit down, with their children, and engage in serious dialogue. This is where such things as economic considerations need to be discussed along with other factors that could cause friction later.

If the religions of the prospective couple are important to them, and those religions differ, an agreement needs to be made beforehand about what faith the children will be raised in.

Is requiring parental permission for a marriage going too far? Should anyone be allowed to have that much control over such an immense decision in someone else's life? Think for a moment how many of the truly important decisions in people's lives are made by their parents.

Parents choose their children's names. We could change this later if we were unhappy with it, but very few of us do. Most of us are happy with our names.

Parents choose their children's religion. We only live for 70 or 80 years if we are lucky. We will be dead much longer. I would think that most people would consider a decision in how we view what happens to us when we will be dead for millions of years more important than who we live with for 40 or 50 years. We can change our religion when we reach adulthood but very few of us do. Give that some thought. The vast majority of us readily accept this colossal decision that our parents make for us.

Most of us do not realize (or do not want to admit) how much our parents mold our lives, but they either make most of the major decisions in our lives, or they greatly, and directly, affect those decisions. The amount of success we achieve in life is almost always influenced by our parents: what jobs we strive for, the amount of education we seek.

Marriage should be no different.

Is there a reader who actually thinks the divorce rate in this country would rise even further if the custom of arranged marriages returned?

And really the most important issue: *Would our children be worse off?*

"We should return to the custom of arranged marriages."

I believe the tendency in arranged marriages would be to delay having children. A man and woman who have been joined in an arranged marriage would almost certainly wait to have offspring until a foundation of mutual caring was established.

Some will call that wishful thinking, because people who don't love one another have children all the time. They will tell me to look at the statistics on the numbers of unwed mothers, some of whom do not even know who the father of their baby is.

Yes, but there is a great difference here. Currently, men who are illegitimate fathers are not held responsible for the support and upbringing of their children. A husband living at home is.

If a couple in an arranged marriage did not love one another, a point that many who would oppose the return of this custom would use to argue against it, it is much less likely they will choose to bring children into the world.

That reason alone is the idea's greatest selling point.

So, for those few if any individuals out there who think the idea of arranged marriages deserves some thought, what comes next?

"Young ladies who are interested in finding out more..."

I, as the proposer of this idea, am willing to lead the way.

I have a 21 year old son who I will attempt to find a wife for. Not just another girlfriend, but a lifelong mate. Of course he thinks I am one brick shy, but he has agreed to humor me (he is not fooling me, I know guys his age will agree to any method of meeting a female).

Ladies, I will tell you a little about him without going to extremes in a public media. I would not want to embarrass him, as I hold him in highest regard.

He is my oldest son. He is a nice-looking young man, tall, strong and healthy. He currently attends another university. Upon graduation in approximately two years he will be most capable of financially supporting a wife and family. He is a Catholic and of German descent.

If any young women contact me, I will send them a picture of my son and more detailed information.

What I would look for in a daughter-in-law would be suitability -- things in common with my son. You should be in your 20's (or very late teens) and never married. Being a healthy, nice Catholic girl is a big plus.

I am not looking for a submissive housewife to do his laundry. Partners in life have to be equal. He has been taught this.

If marriage does come about, you will be loved and respected by your in-laws. I am only attempting to find a future daughter-in-law. Once I do, I will not interfere in her marriage.

Young women who are interested in finding out more about my son can contact me through my Email address below, or mail a letter to my attention to:

Transitions
University Center
8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712

I will handle all enquiries discreetly and sincerely.

mwhicker@risc.usi.edu

Wishing You Could Have Known Him

Sometimes the strangest things jog memories. An accidentally overheard conversation in the Eagle's Nest recently brought back to me memories of one of the most extraordinary people I have ever known.

It has been 22 years now since I first met him. He was 65 years old and, even at that age, he looked impressive. He stood tall and lean with a face chiseled from stone. His physical size, along with a strong Swiss-German accent, made a powerful initial impression. But that was only the start.

His name was John Imesch, and he always wore black.

And he had already spent his time in hell. In 1949 he worked in China. That year Mao and the Communists took control. They arrested him, and all those like him, and for the next ten years he suffered in a Chinese prison. Torture, starvation, and degradation were his sentence.

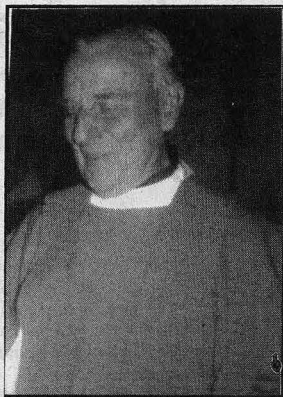
He was not a spy, a political activist, or a criminal.

He was a Catholic priest.

John Imesch came to mind recently while I was having lunch in the Eagle's Nest. A young man at a table next to me told a joke to some friends. The tables in the Eagle's Nest are close and the young man made no effort to be discreet. It would have been hard not to overhear. It was an especially vulgar joke, something about a Catholic priest and child pornography. A "headline" joke fueled by a recent local news story. With these jokes only the affiliation changes. In our society deviant actions by religious or community leaders that end up on the front pages are not relegated to any one denomination or group. That day it was the Catholics.

I did not get angry at the young man who told the crude joke. He is not as lucky as I was to have known John Imesch.

I met Father Imesch when I lived in Denver, Colorado. He was assigned



to a parish there, close to where I lived. At the time, I was a Baptist and we had little in common, but somehow we became friends. My wife and I invited him to dinner. At first it seemed a bit uncomfortable. We felt like we should watch what we said. Eventually he spent many holidays with us, and we felt disappointed if for some reason he could not. He seemed to take a special liking to my family: my wife and children, my brother, my parents.

He was a humble man. He never told us about the ten years of suffering in a Chinese prison. Only later did I learn about this from a church secretary. He was always an assistant pastor, never the head priest at any parish he served. This was his choice. He felt himself not worthy to have a title of "head pastor."

Although outwardly he looked fit, we found out (through the other priest at his parish) that the years of physical torture and starvation had broken his body. He suffered silently with numerous ailments. A doctor that knew him told us he had to be in almost constant pain, but Fr. Imesch felt blessed that he was allowed to suffer as his Lord had suffered. He took daily com-

munion and words of encouragement to hospitalized parishioners, many of whom were healthier than he.

He loved children. John Imesch never understood why this country legalized abortion so the lives of some children would not inconvenience us. The parish he served also had a parochial elementary school. Driving by during recess you could always spot Fr. Imesch outside smiling and watching the children play. He took great delight in walking into a classroom unannounced and getting the kids "stirred up," much to the consternation of the teachers.

He was in his late seventies when my wife and I moved away. When I went to him to say a final goodbye he gave me a beautifully ornate silk Chinese scarf to give to my wife, his sole remaining possession from his time in China as a missionary. He had given everything else away.

Just a year or so after we left Denver, Father Imesch retired. He wanted to live out his remaining years in Denver, but his religious order decided he should return to Switzerland where he was born. He humbly accepted without dispute.

When we parted for the last time, he asked me to keep in touch and I promised I would. I broke my promise. Oh, I wrote to him for a while, but I'm a busy man so my letters became briefer and less frequent. Finally I stopped writing. Even though he was in his eighties, and despite my failure to respond, he sent a Christmas card every year from Switzerland to my house and another to my mother and father who were still in Denver. Two years ago the cards stopped coming. John Imesch no longer suffers for his Lord.

John, I often think of you. I wish I would have kept in touch. Sometimes I am indeed a fool with my priorities. Forgive me, dearest friend.

And pray for us.

—Mike Whicker

Real Men Cook :

Being a man in the '90s

Writers are constantly being told to "write about a subject that you know a lot about." This is sound advice for any writer.

And since I'm a male that has experienced the various economic and social changes that have taken place during the '60s, '70s, '80s and '90s, I consider myself a survivalist, or what I like to call a "man of the '90s."

Thus I've decided to share with the men of this university some of the knowledge that I have gained as a "man of the '90s."

First of all gentlemen, you need to understand what has taken place to shape the "man of the '90s." Basically it amounts to one thing — change.

I'm talking about environmental changes, economically and socially. The recent trend of corporate exploitation and the liberation of women has forced men to become more versatile than at any other time in history.

Gone are the days when a man worked the same job for 35 years. Gone are the days when a man earned enough to be the sole provider for his family. Gone are the days of the housewife. For the most part, these are things of the past.

Now the present socio-economic circumstances require that men play many roles. In the past we were proud breadwinners. Now many of us are unemployed humble bread makers.

Due to corporate restructurings,

we became the homemakers, and women were liberated from managing the household only to become shackled to the desks of their careers. Wives work the nine-to-five, and hus-

bands cook, clean, wash and go to the grocery store.

Wives work the nine-to-five, and hus-

bands cook, clean, wash and go to the grocery store. The dough — which means a "man of the '90s" must be able to cook if he or his family wishes to survive.

Now I know that some of you young bucks are swearing right now that you will never sport an apron. Wrong. A real man wears an apron, bench-presses 285, cooks, hunts, reads, cleans, enjoys plays, shops for groceries, mows yards, goes to college, writes, teaches school, is a romantic and occasionally, does the laundry.

Yes, I said laundry.

But don't panic there are tricks that can get you out of doing this never-ending task (that should

have qualified as a form of punishment in Dante's *Inferno*). Besides "women of the '90s" need to do something around the house in order to keep them reasonably humble.

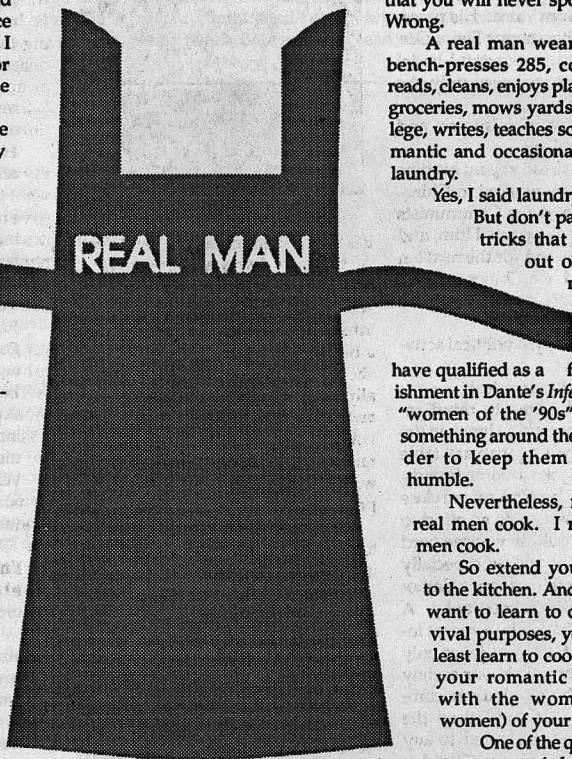
Nevertheless, remember -- real men cook. I repeat. Real men cook.

So extend your education to the kitchen. And if you don't want to learn to cook for survival purposes, you should at least learn to cook to enhance your romantic encounters with the woman (or the women) of your life.

One of the quickest ways to a woman's heart is a surprise candle-light dinner that she didn't have to prepare. Trust me. I've been there. It works.

Meanwhile, go buy an apron. It's the first step in your journey towards becoming a "man of the '90s."

Richard Whitney



Hence I'm not sure if any liberation has taken place for either gender, but many women bring in the dough while many of their husbands knead

Adding to the music

Area woman repairs instruments of history

Edward E. Ruminer, with his father's assistance, bought a violin while living in the Posey County area in 1875 for a hog and \$20. He used it to play with a family group called the "Ruminer Boys" at barn dances and family get-togethers. The violin has

been in the family for 121 years now and has the bumps, scratches, and nicks that would be expected over time.

Rebecca Welzel often hears stories about family violins that have been passed down through genera-

tions. Then she hears about how these instruments were damaged, whether it be a small crack around the sound hole or a large piece of rib (the middle part that connects the front to the back) missing around the tail piece. Finally, she decides what repairs need to be made and how long it will take.

Welzel started a string instrument repair shop four years ago on the eastside of Evansville. She also sells and rents string instruments she has acquired and repaired.

"I did a lot of praying and it actually worked," Welzel said of opening her own business. She said it took her parent's support for her to become interested in music and in opening her own business.

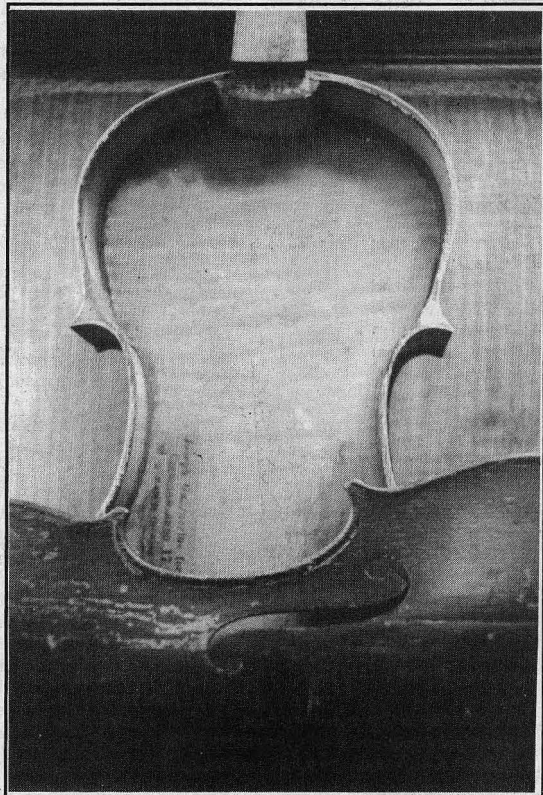
A small black and white photograph of her mother and her cello is taped above Welzel's desk in the shop. Welzel's appreciation for music began at an early age because of her mother's influence. A professional cellist, her mother once played with the Evansville Philharmonic Orchestra. At age 5, Welzel started taking cello classes with her mother's other students.

While at college, Welzel decided against business school and decided to take classes in the string instrument technology program.

"I didn't really know anything about woodworking. I kind of fudged saying that I had some previous wood working experience," Welzel said.

She spent three hours a day in the main restoration class, learning about shellacs, color pigments and major restoration techniques. There were also classes on the history of violin making and classes on music theory.

In addition to the these classes, she had to choose one upper- and one lower-string instrument for her main



Photos by Julie Ruminer



A string of violins hang in Welzel's repair shop.

and secondary instruments of study. Since she could already play the cello, Welzel learned to play some basic songs on the violin.

She graduated from Indiana University with an associate degree in string instrument technology and an associate degree in general studies and began working at a music shop doing major repairs.

After some help from the small business workshop and a loan from the bank, she decided to strike out on her own.

Walking into her store, one finds up front a small retail section selling string instrument knickknacks. Welzel's work space begins behind the counter. Her work desk looks much like a chemist's station from the early 20th century. Through the years, she's accumulated a number of antique drug bottles which she uses to hold various chemicals, and she has the metal tools of a wood craftsman.

On the bookshelves over her desk, sit the textbooks of her craft including a book on the Guarneri family, a famous instrument making family. These books about repair cannot simply be bought at a bookstore. Often these books are out of print and over a 100 years old.

"You just wait till someone dies, you

go to the auction, and you buy it," Welzel said. Some books cost from \$200 to \$1,000. In contrast, sitting next to these expensive books is *How to Manage your Personal Business*, which helps her to organize her small business.

The biggest project she's had involved a double bass that came to her in several pieces. Another shop owner in Maine sent it to her because Welzel specializes in major restoration. The bass' back was almost intact with just a small edge that was gone. The front of the bass was in several pieces. The ribs had two large pieces broken off of it. There was also an extreme amount of water damage.

"It was worse than bad," Welzel said.

After a month and a half of straight work, she was able to return the bass to a grateful man in Maine.

Currently Welzel's starting an even bigger project with a violin made in 1850. Repairs will cost over \$7,000.

In its present condition, the violin looks nothing like the world class instrument it used to be. It has four large cracks running part of the way from the tail piece to the scroll. The cleats that hold the cracks together are rough and can be improved only through careful attention to detail, which is the biggest problem to violin repair.

"Everything on violins has to be so exact. You measure down to one-tenth of a millimeter," Welzel said. "There are days you don't want to tough it out." Those days, she knows that it is better to find something else to work on.

Throughout the day, Welzel is interrupted from her repair work by customers. Some just want strings and rosin; others look through the instruments in inventory. Each musician has a story.

One customer, Lynn Renne, said that she had just decided to start playing again. "I just forgot how much I enjoy it," Renne said.

Sitting at her work desk, Rebecca Welzel gives life back to an old violin, like many instruments before it. Previously, the antique violin had sat in a closet for many years, appearing only to illustrate the occasional family story.

Now it can be played again.

—Julie Ruminer



Welzel polishes a violin at her work table.

A different way of life

USI Geology Professor explores Pakistan

Dr. Joseph Dipietro, USI Geology Professor, has four years and \$225,000.00, literally to dig up all the dirt he can on the geologic history of Pakistan.

His main objective is searching for the sequence of events which led to the evolution of the tectonic plates. Dipietro studies the age of rocks in order to determine what started nearly 20 million years ago. He spent 3 months of the fall semester conducting research. The research was going so well, he was not ready to come home.

"This time I got to see the big picture. We covered a larger area, and I got a lot of mapping done," Dipietro said. "My theory changed completely."

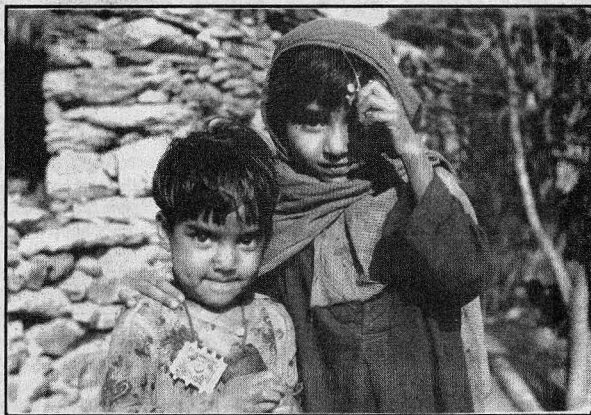
Dipietro and his guide, a native of Pakistan, go into the mountains for 2 to 6 days at a time. They travel light. The area tribes will furnish them with a place to sleep and food to eat. Generally, the tribal areas are off limits. Ties with the grandson of a tribal ruler and a prominent doctor allow him to travel unrestricted.

Dipietro has learned to deal with what he calls "culture shock."

"You learn to eat in very dirty conditions. There is usually a stench in the air and flies are all around you. A loaf of bread would be passed around the table, 5 or 6 people with dirty hands might touch the piece of bread you would eat," Dipietro said.

He had to filter his water in order to drink it. Others usually drank from a bucket of water with only one cup. Dipietro took a student with him last fall, however he decided to go home after only 3 weeks of a 3 month tour.

Despite the poor sanitary conditions the people of Pakistan appear to be healthy. They have become immune to the parasites which would



Dipietro visited the family of these two Pakistani children.

make Americans violently ill.

Language was an obvious barrier between Dipietro and the Pakistanis. Dipietro remembers a conversation with a village man, when he had just begun to learn the Pushewar language. The village man asked him "How are you?" in Pushewar. Dipietro was happy to have the chance to practice the Pushewar language and excitedly remarked what he thought meant "good." However, what Dipietro thought meant "good" had actually meant "balls." Needless to say, he had yet to master the Pushewar language.

While visiting one of the tribal areas, Dipietro learned the Puktunwali code of honor. It contains three parts: refuge, hospitality and revenge. The code says they will give refuge to anyone running from the law, as long as the tribe is not in immediate danger. Hospitality is shown by taking care of the needy. The third part of the code, and perhaps the most interesting, is revenge. The family of a crime victim enacts revenge by deciding the pun-

ishment of the criminal.

The code impressed Dipietro. "This changed my perspective on how people should be treated and how much we take for granted. These are the nicest group of folks that I have ever come across. They are happy, gentle and would do anything for anybody. These people take care of each other," Dipietro said.

Dipietro enjoys his time in Pakistan and usually is not ready to come home to the U.S.

He is currently planning for his next trip in May. Dipietro said, "I like the research. It keeps me sharp, but I could never give up teaching to be a full-time researcher."

Dipietro has some advice for anyone planning to visit Pakistan. "In Pakistan you use your right hand for everything," he said. "The left hand you use only to wipe your ass. You might offend someone if you accept rice with your left hand like I did."

—Amanda Sitzman

Race day approaches for '96 Eagle Gran Prix

The rush of competition, the excitement of race day is fast approaching on USI's campus, as preparations are made for the 25th annual Eagle Gran Prix (EGP).

The Eagle Gran Prix has been sporting teams on this campus for 24 years now and every year the number of contestants goes up.

The race this year has more teams entered than ever before. This year's theme for the EGP is "Riding the Wilds of USI."

Eagle Gran Prix Chairperson Amanda Barton said, "This theme represents the fun and exciting nature of the event."

Included this year in the EGP will be an all men's race, an all women's race, a co-ed race and a celebrity race. The co-ed race consists of 25 laps, the women's race consists of 40 laps and the Men's race consists of 80 laps on a .4 mile course on University Boulevard.

Director of Student Activities Debra Foster said APB is hoping to have 600 - 1000 people attend the race activities throughout the day.

To add to the race-day atmosphere each team is provided with a pit for their two-person pit crews.

The pits will be in the Technology Center parking lot and are three parking stalls wide and ten feet deep.

Race day is April 20 with the opening ceremony starting at 10 a.m.

The awards for the race will be presented in a banquet held on Monday, April 22 in the University Center Dining Room. All registered race teams are admitted to



Last years Eagle Gran Prix had less contestant than this years and was ran a week earlier. Photo from Shild photo files

the banquet free of charge. Anyone else interested in attending the banquet must pay and make reservations by 4:30 April 15, 1996. To make reservations call 464-1872.

Foster said race day should have lots of attendance because "there is a lot going on besides the race."

During the week of the race events, Greek week and Spring Week will both be happening.

To even the racing ground, all of the bikes for the races are provided by APB. They are Road Masters, single speed, coaster bikes with 27" wheels.

Bike adjustments and assignments will

all happen on race day to add to the fairness of the race.

At the start of the race bicycles will be lined up two abreast in qualifying order for the pace lap.

An official flagging system is also in place: Green Flags are the starting signal for a clear course, Black Flags are the penalty signal, Yellow Flags mean to slow down, Red Flags mean to halt the race, White Flags indicate you are starting the lap, and the Checkered Black-and-White Flag means you have finished the race.

All riders and pit crew members will be sporting official team jerseys.

—Brandi West

EAGLE GRAND PRIX INFORMATION

Saturday, April 20

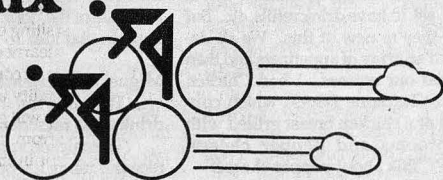
10:00 a.m. Opening Ceremony

10:15 a.m. Celebrity Race

11:00 a.m. Co-Ed Race

12:15 p.m. Women's Race

2:00 p.m. Men's Race



Monday, April 22 will be a 5 p.m. awards banquet for the winners of the race. For banquet reservations call 464-1872 by 4:30 on April 15.

Tumbleweed Wins Mixed Reviews

Tumbleweed

Food: Mesquite grilled

Price: \$10-20

- ***** Yeechaaawwwww!
**** Well kiss my grits, that stuff's good!
*** Too spicy for this cow poke!
** THAT'S why they have all of those cow skulls in Texas!
* I'd rather chew on a cactus and then drink lemon juice.

The Tumbleweed Grill and Bar is one of the many new establishments that has planted its roots in the rapidly expanding Westside. Taking up the old Lace's spot in front of Wal-Mart in the University Shopping Center, the Tumbleweed adds a little spice to our neighborhood.

Jamy's Experience

I thought that getting seated at Tumbleweed, being the new kid on the block, would be impossible for a group of six on a Friday night. But to my surprise, we were seated in 15 minutes.

If I have any complaint, it would be about the service. We had to ask to order, ask to have drink refills, etc. But hey—they're new at this. We all devoured an array of appetizers and then ordered our entrees. I had Chicken Breast Cheyenne (\$9.95) which consisted of a chicken breast grilled with mushrooms and pepper cheese. WOW! Talk about pepper cheese!

I am not really big on spicy foods so the cheese did not sit well with me. I could not eat the entire dinner, but what I did finish was delicious.

I guess the next time I go there,

I'll order the "Tex" minus the "Mex." But believe me li'l-doggies...there WILL be a next time!

Laura's Experience

My experience at The Tumbleweed was okay. The Best of the West's Spicy Chicken Wings were edible, but I was not attacking them. I was disappointed by the way-too-bland Chile con Queso.

I ordered the Chicken Chimichanga (\$7.55), which was pretty good once I could find the chicken. The dessert I had, a flour tortilla with apples in it and ice cream on the side, was EXCELLENT! It tasted like those fried apple pies McDonald's used to sell before the fear of burn victim lawsuits.

The atmosphere was interesting and chilly. The place had a Southwestern theme, but Arctic temperatures. When you walk in you can see a moose head on the wall plus a chandelier made out of antlers!

The only decor I really didn't like was the calf skin on the wall. I had time to examine the walls because of the wait for food.

One last thing to add that confused all of us was the bathrooms. When a guy/girl goes into the bathroom the backside of the door says the opposite. For example the entrance to the men's room says "MEN", but the backside of the door says "WOMEN". Explain that idea to me.

Miguel's Experience

The wait for the appetizer and drinks was reasonable.

The chicken appetizer had a very nice and tangy flavor since it had been marinated with an orange sauce. I can safely say, however, that the rest of the appetizer was substandard in every other way. The Potato Skins were dry and flavorless, the quesadilla-type

Transitions Staff



Food Review

deals were too thin and skimpy to give an accurate description in taste, and the "fries" were too commonplace to even comment on.

We also received chips and salsa. They tasted like cardboard. I would have spit them out immediately, but there was no trash can nearby. And it would have been a severe breach of etiquette to spit it out on my plate or in a napkin in front of Tracy (my beloved editor).

I eventually ordered The Deluxe Enchilada (\$7.25).

The food took awhile so I visited the restroom. To my delight, our food had arrived when I returned to the table, but my silverware was gone. An overanxious busboy had swept it up and carried it into the kitchen. The waiter either forgot or ignored my request for more silverware, so I had to flag down a busboy.

After this, I hoped my Deluxe Enchilada would prove to be at least marginally pleasing. No dice. My plate contained these two rather sordid-looking enchiladas topped with some unidentifiable red sauce and melted cheese, with some reddish rice and a small mound of quacamole (or some such substance) with a couple of chips (and their unsavory cardboard taste)

jammed into it.

To my utter disgust, the enchiladas were filled with a substance that resembled (and probably was) friefed beans. There was no meat to speak of, even though I clearly remember reading on the menu that they contained meat. Thoroughly exasperated with my food experience, I excused myself from the table and took leave of the place to pursue grander (and more tasteful) endeavors.

Shannon's Experience

When we arrived, we were told we would have a twenty minute wait. As a sign on the wall said "How long a minute is depends on which side of the door you're on." We must have been on the right side, because we were seated twenty minutes later. James affectionately christened our waiter "Skippy" and we were on our way to a dining experience only the *Transitions* staff could have.

The waiter began by taking our drink orders, and soon behemoth glasses of beverage arrived. He then promptly took our appetizer order. We sampled a "Best of the West," featuring quesadillas, fries, chicken strips, and potato skins. The appetizers really didn't light my fire; they were good, but ordinary.

"Skippy" must have decided we were muy content with our appetizers. He took a LONG time before taking our food orders. Feisty Tracy flagged him down finally. I ordered a Chicken Burrito Deluxe Enchilada. I don't know if my food ever chose between burrito or enchilada status. Must've been multiple personalities (they're going around you know).

My enchilada was fantastico—packed with chicken, cheese, tomatoes, onions, peppers and hot jalapenos. The rice and friefed beans

that came with it weren't anything special. Desert was Margarita Cheesecake (\$1.95). A sucker for anything lime, I loved it, while James sobbed over the cake's lack of booze.

I definitely would make Tumbleweed a Friday night, hanging with pals kind of thing. Tumbleweed offered Margarita shots for 25 cents, but as I was four days shy of twenty-one, I had to abstain. Prices were reasonable. Wait until the newness wears off. The Tumbleweed rocks — good chow at reasonable prices.

James' Experience

Judging from the parking lot, the restaurant seemed pretty packed. After yelling at some person who did not know how to park their car, or I should say boat, I actually found a parking space (That certain person driving the "boat" was a certain Editor!).

James had already gotten a table, which we (Tracy, Shannon, Laura, and I) did not know, so we asked for one. The wait was going to be about 40 minutes, but actually took only 20 minutes! Not bad! For the 20 minutes I had a

beer with Tracy in the slightly small, cramped bar (Poor kiddies had to wait outside >). The price on the beer was higher than most places I had been too though, but not extremely high.

The restaurant had a southwestern theme and a temperature of about -20 degrees; something just didn't mesh. I ordered the Dos Enchiladas (\$7.25); I made a terrible pun referring to my enchilada being an operating system. Once receiving my tasty morsel I was left asking the question, "Where's the beef?" They packed the sucker with tons of beans, but no beef! I was rooked, big time. Overall, it wasn't an awful experience and I would probably go back again, but if you want to drink, go somewhere else!

Tracy's Experience

Because we're jerks, James and I left the children outside and waited in the bar. The drink prices are what one

would expect in a theme restaurant chain. I had a Rum-and-Coke in a receptacle just barely larger than a shot glass and was charged almost three bucks. The bartender couldn't get to the computer immediately and we watched her ask each of her colleagues the price of our drinks. I wondered if she had little cue cards under the bar to tell her how to make the drinks and the exact measurement of each ingredient.

Give me a nice, dirty neighborhood bar where if they don't know the price they make something up, and if they don't know how to make your drink they wing it.

The music was a standard twenty-something pop and alternative mix. Obviously, they seek the patronage of the college population down the road, not the traditional, conservative westsiders. Don't get me wrong, I liked the music, but I couldn't help imagining the torture it would be to someone twenty years older and a Republican.

I had the Chicken Fajita (\$7.95) — the kind of thing that they throw on a skillet at your table. Grilled with green peppers and onions, it was good, but not great. I enjoyed the appetizers and desserts more than the main course. The potato skins were the best of the appetizers and the apple pie I shared with Laura was worth the trip alone.

The rest of the staff seemed to love the place, but it was too sterile for me. Even down to its stuffed armadillo and rattlesnake, I found it all so pre-fab.

Majority Consensus ***

Some of us thought the food was good; some of us didn't. Some of us liked the atmosphere; some of us didn't. None of us were impressed with the service. But, give it about another month and the place should run like clock-work. Definitely try the Tumbleweed at least once.

POETRY

Forgiveness

I feel the pain you caused,
And I see you now
For what you are:
Selfish,
Unkind,
Ruthless in your quest
For what you want.
I shrink from your touch.
I want to forget you ,
But your actions
Are burned in my memory.

I feel compelled
To look into your eyes,
And I am surprised
That I feel no hate:
Only pity
And love.
I do not want to hurt you,
Nor do I want revenge.
I smile
And offer you my hand.

Marjorie Todd

The Impatient Bridegroom

He found it quite inopportune
and felt much like a loon
when on his honeymoon his bride decided to repugn
his efforts to commune and remove his pantaloons.

She said, "Stop! I'm not ready!"
and tried a different teddy
behind the bathroom door held steady
to keep out her Rough-and-Ready.
(She wanted things just right
for her long awaited night.)

For her lover she would render
her charms in all their splendor
and she looked forward to surrender
to this odd, impatient gender.

But he was tired of fantasize
and thought, "She'll lead to my demise,
if she doesn't exit soon and give me what I prize!"
(After all, she'd signed the paper that gave him author-
ize)

Throughout their courting she would mention
how her momma taught her girls abstention,
which only flamed his apprehension
and recent hypertension.

(Momma taught her girls to cook
and not overlook
a young man's eager outlook
if he finds her buttonhook.)

So by the bathroom door he waited
with nerves disintegrated.
on the night they consummated,

his bride—Procrastinated!

Mike Whicker

Yearbook

On the cover of our senior yearbook is a painting you were asked to create, another star for your resume, one more feather for the wings you hoped would carry you away, a chance at immortality and recognition that now rests under five years of dust or is hidden in the attics of others who don't want to remember. But there are times when I must clear away the ashes of fading years, times when an inconsequential glance or word jump-starts a memory into the present: and with the turning of those pages I return to the hallways where we rarely met, where the clicks were louder than any one silence, and the space I occupied was dark enough to make me invisible. There, in the hallways that have forgotten, I remember watching you walk with your hair as the train I couldn't catch, remember wondering what you painted in the hours of solitude between the bells; and now, separated by more than miles and long dead calendars, I find you poking into my memories with the persistence of a broken record I don't want to fix. I have more memories of the times we missed each other than the ones we met, like the night of the Senior Banquet and the black dress which held your body, decorated with the white flowers softer than my hands, or the way your hair swallowed any hope of finding words to make the night infinite. These, and others, I keep with me, labeled *Handle With Care*, in places where the dust can't settle and even Gods fear to tread. I wrap them in the first and last hug you gave me in the auditorium before the buses left for the Senior trip; the one where I almost forgot how to let go, and wouldn't have if I could have figured out how to hold on. But I didn't, and now all I have is a cliché that reads too much like a yearbook, covered with the brushstrokes you've probably forgotten and the reflection of ones you don't know you did.

Chad Sanderson

Anne Sexton's Tears

What a shame, what a shame they said
when Sylvia Plath was found with her head in the oven,
And Anne Sexton cried.
The world lost a mad woman,
Anne lost a friend.

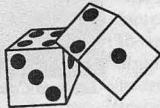
She felt for the children, the "meteors" left behind,
but not for absent Ted,
who split when times got bad.

Anne ignored the pressure of her own art
to stop and eulogize, maybe chastise.
Perhaps Anne was jealous.
Sylvia took the ride home with "their boy"
before Anne was offered the chance.

They stored him up, year after year,
in the most common of places.
But pushed him away
in honor of babies, husbands, and verse.

"What is your death but an old belonging,"
Anne asked Sylvia.
But Sylvia was too busy trying on angel wings.
And Anne was left alone to cry her lonely poet tears,
jealous that their boy
never offered her a ride.

A. E. Parker



Submission Mission: Advice for closet writers

Emily Dickinson published seven poems in her lifetime. The one thing keeping her from publishing further—the lack of a submission portfolio! Portfolios should include a cover letter, samples of your best work (these should ALWAYS be typed), and plenty of self-addressed stamped envelopes (in case the big bad editor doesn't recognize your genius).

Most contests are open to poetry, fiction and essays. Contests usually require:

- one to three poems (usually 40 lines or less) OR
- one 3-4 page story or essay

(usually not over 4,000 words)
- a self-addressed stamped envelope
- a cover letter

Cover letters, according to USI creative writing professor Matthew Graham, should be "simple and direct." Graham advises looking for an editor's name, rather than just a mast head, to attach to letters and "always include your past publications." He also advises not to double submit (send the same work to two places) in case both places wish to publish your work.

If submitting interests you, look to the magazine *Poets and Writers* for

places soliciting work, or to any publication you may be familiar with. Check the creative writing bulletin board (just inside SC255) for the latest contests. The internet also features the names of on-line "e-zines," and the *Bridge* and *Transitions* also seek your talents (they do not require cover letters or self-addressed stamped envelopes).

All that remains is warming up those typing fingers, and licking those tasty stamps. Then as Graham advises, just "have patience." The experience of seeing your efforts in print is worth the effort.

Shannon Neese

One Nation Under Verse: New CD of Poetry covers America

The United States of Poetry began as a PBS special directed by Mark Pellington (known for Pearl Jam's "Jeremy" video). Now, the poetry featured on that show is available on CD.

The CD companion features two rock dinosaurs— Leonard Cohen and Lou Reed, Allen Ginsberg, the last breath of the beat generation, and contemporary poets such as AI and Maggie Estep. Poems are set to music, and found poems (an army chant, cheerleaders, a square dance call) fill in the spaces between longer poems. Poets run the gamut from Native American Henry Real Bird to Sawyer Shefts, a ten-year-old boy.

The tracks I enjoyed most were the poems of Ginsberg, AI, and Maggie Estep. Ginsberg, the last of the beat generation, calls out a want ad for his ideal lover in "Personals Ad." The typical bass heavy sound most associated with beat poetry punctuates the poem.

AI's poem "Good Shepherd: At

lanta, 1981" delves into the mind of a real life serial killer who, for a moment, places himself in the body of his victim, then goes home for hot chocolate.

Maggie Estep, perfectly able to call herself the Alanis Morissette of the

Other standouts include Leonard Cohen's track "Democracy," Matt Cook's ignorant podunk's tirade against education entitled "James Joyce," and the grandmotherly tones of Besmilr Brigham's "Tell Our Daughters." Musically, the standouts are works by Ruth Foreman, Pearl Cleage, and Quincy Troupe. These feature a jazzy back beat that wraps around the words.

The most annoying tracks were ones by Thylia Moss, Tracie Morris, Emily XYZ and Lois-Ann Yamanaka. These poets had whiny voices and the repetitiveness of their work became jarring after only a few minutes of listening.

The CD truly covers America, from the founding Native Americans to the hope of a future. Poetry is an acquired taste, and after a listen to this CD, the average Joe can acquire a taste easily.

Shannon Neese



Leonard Cohen, one of the poets featured

spoken word, rants about love in "I'm an Emotional Idiot." The poem turns from anger to obsession to rejection to dependence and back to rejection as relationships often do.

Disjointed *Cat's Cradle* disappoints

Cat's Cradle
Kurt Vonnegut
1963

If you check my little logo, you'll see a book with "Vonnegut" on its spine. I noticed this while reading my first review last September, and have since considered it a subtle hint from my beloved editor. Therefore, as repayment for her patience and guidance throughout the past months, I read *Cat's Cradle*.

I guess I should have tried *Breakfast of Champions* or *Bluebeard*. Having never read any of Vonnegut's work (I know — so sue me), I expected to be blown away with this well-loved writer's talent, perhaps even to adopt Vonnegut as my second-favorite American author. But *Cat's Cradle* did little to arouse my appreciation of fine writing.

The plot follows the travels of John, a journalist conducting research for a book about the activities of prominent Americans the day Hiroshima was bombed. In the course of his research, John meets the children

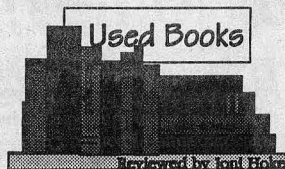
of the late Dr. Felix Hoenikker, an eccentric Nobel Prize-winning physicist and "father of the atom bomb."

John and two of the adult children, Angela and Newt (a midget), end up on a plane bound for the Republic of San Lorenzo, a small Caribbean island where John has been assigned to do a story on a sugar magnate/philanthropist.

Angela and Newt climb on board in order to attend the wedding of their heretofore missing elder brother Franklin. Franklin has been serving as Major General of the island and is in line to secede the island's dictatorship and wed the ailing dictator's adopted daughter, with whom John has fallen in love after viewing only her photo.

Once on the island, the group becomes caught up in a bizarre chain of events which eventually lead to the unleashing of Dr. Felix's last evil invention and the end of the world as they know it. The teachings of a renegade calypso philosopher named Bokonon underscore the mayhem.

This story overflows with intriguing characters and imaginative plot

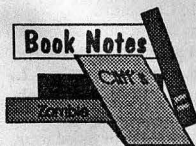


twists; however, there's an unsettling absence of unity and flow that makes for choppy reading. The good parts appear where John makes glib one-line comebacks to his interviewees and in Bokonon's enlightened observations. For example, Bokonon advocates going anywhere anyone suggests because "peculiar travel suggestions are dancing lessons from God."

All in all, I found *Cat's Cradle* to be a disjointed tale without an encompassing message or theme. The promotional copy on the order form for Vonnegut's other works refers to him as a "comic genius," but I didn't laugh once, and I like to think I know from funny.

I also know Vonnegut fans abound, especially here in his home state, so if my assessment offends any of you, feel free to write (or e-mail!) and enlighten me as to the purpose of this novel.

Clever *Hobby* challenges reader



A Hobby of Winter
by E. X. Ferrars

In her novel, *A Hobby of Murder*, E.X. Ferrars succeeds in writing a wonderfully clever murder mystery. The story is a classic mystery with several suspects and a clever sleuth who figures out what happened. The sleuth, retired professor Andrew

Basnett, gathers clues through casual observation and direct questioning and then solves the case by using logic and what he knows about the characters.

A good murder mystery is like a good crossword puzzle: difficult, but not impossible to figure out. Part of the fun of reading a mystery is trying to discover the identity of the murderer before the sleuth does. The rest of the fun comes from not figuring out and being surprised by a seemingly obvious solution.

In a tidy 186-page package, Ferrars delivers a fun and challenging mystery that will leave you saying, "Why didn't I think of that?"

P.S.: Like many mystery writers, Ferrars uses recurring characters. In this case, Professor Basnett and Inspector Roland team up once again to solve the murder. Basnett is very likeable and I would like to know him better. The author Ferrars died last March, but fortunately for us, Professor Basnett and Inspector Roland live on in her books.

Kiss' *Unplugged* just for fans; *Fizzy Fuzzy*: Bad title, decent CD

Kiss
Unplugged
Mercury

I was kind of excited when I received this album from Mercury records. Kiss (the rock legends) were placed in front of me for my approval. I assumed that I would like this album at first glance.

What I did not realize was that I had probably never heard half of the songs on this CD. The fact was that I only knew three of them ("Every time I Look at You," "Beth", and "Rock and Roll All Nite").

I've come to the simple conclusion that MTV's *Unplugged* albums and most live albums are simply novelty albums that can only be best appreciated by big fans of that particular band. I guess that I'm not as big of a Kiss fan as many people are. Kiss has 27 albums, and I would be pressed to name more than five of them.

Yes, they do sound like Kiss, and if you are a fan of theirs, I would recommend that you run out to your nearest record store and snatch this up right now. However, for anyone my age or younger, who was still a casual radio listener in the mid to late 80's and has only heard a few of their more popular songs, I would recommend *Smashes, Thrashes, and Hits* (a Kiss greatest hits CD released in 1988) before I would suggest this unplugged album. If you buy *Smashes* and you like almost everything on it, then you might want to give this CD a listen.

CD Reviews



Glenn Hasenour
ghasenou@risc.usi.edu

The Refreshments
Fizzy Fuzzy Big & Buzzy
Mercury

The Refreshments album *Fizzy Fuzzy Big & Buzzy* sounds more like a commercial for Root Beer than an album title. This album is a classic example of why we shouldn't judge an album by its cover. The Refreshments combine humor and meaningfulness to put together about eight good songs on this album. Eight out of 12 isn't bad at all in the days of one-hit wonders.

The album starts off with a song called "Blue Collar Suicide." The song is semi-seriously about being suffocated in a relationship that you know is not good for you. Apparently the person in the song loves another per-

son and just can't quite leave the relationship.

The next song might offend some but I found it funny. "European Swallow" is about a guy trying to solicit what he thinks is a prostitute. The story line that goes with this song is just hilarious.

Track four on this album has become my favorite. It is a kind of drinkers' ballad that goes by the name of "Mekong" (the name of a drink requested during the song). If you have drinking buddies, sit down one night and introduce them to this song after a few beers. It is basically about the brotherhood that can be created by drinking together.

"Don't want to Know" is a song that I'm sure a lot of us can relate to. The song gives the perspective of someone who doesn't want to know where he will be in a year because he is afraid that it will depress him further. He is scared of his fate and is tired of struggling to get by.

It is a shame that these guys are no longer touring with the Gin Blossoms. I wish I could see them perform April 11 when the Gin Blossoms come to the Evansville Coliseum.

This album has about seven or eight songs that are just great and for that reason this album scores a 3.2. This score could have been much higher if songs eight through 11 had been even better. Without those four songs this album would have scored a 3.7.

Do you have comments, questions or suggestions for reviews?
Contact *Transitions* @ 464-1856.

Horoscopes for the Hell of It

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) Avoid other people. It is in their best interests. Who ever said you were a positive person? Your best friend moves to Montana to "join the resistance."

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Nan Nu Nan Nu. You have been watching too much *Mork and Mindy*. Looks like you are due for something a little more up to date. How about *X Files* or *Tales from the Crypt*? Better yet get out, you are turning into a freak. Avoid squid and other ink-bearing creatures.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) You are anxious for the warm weather so you can spend your nights skinny dipping and practicing various underwater athletics. That last public indecency charge was certainly a bum rap, but you might be even less lucky this time. Weasels are your lucky animal for the next few weeks, by the way.

Gemini (May 22-June 21) Don't spend this summer dreaming. You've lost all sense of reality. Take a look at yourself. Take a chance. Take that bus to Dayton.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) You will experience a lot of emotional feelings this month, but don't fear. Death and destruction are not on the way. Just hormones. Your mother overreacts again. Avoid avocados.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) You are feeling a little free this month and would like to try new things. I do not mean new flavors of ice cream, but maybe revealing a part of you that no one has ever seen. I will leave that to your imagination. One warning: Can you say jail bait? Stay away from La Cappaccino's.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) Spring showers bring May flowers, but I see dead flowers from someone that could never be your better half. Avoid any people who strike you as evil or anyone who wears the color orange.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) Creativity is not one of your strong points, but you sure can capture things on camera. You know how to capture the human body at the right angles, but you'd rather do "hide the camera shots." Next time, you may want to put film in the camera. Performance art is so passe.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) You want to switch your major again and think about Phys. Ed. Is this really an option? Besides being weak in the knees (literally) and addicted to cheesecake (literally and figuratively) are you really strong enough to take the innuendo?

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) Desperate for money, you feel your job is not providing the funds you need. After taking on babysitting as a second job, you wonder if these kids are worth the money. I hear Toyota is looking for some live crash test dummies. It's safer than watching children who make *Lord of the Flies* seem tame.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) Suffering from insomnia, you miss the good old days when you could sleep. Try sleeping pills ... or jumping rope. You just might sleep a few days.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) Steer clear of all mirrors. Avoid Capricorns. Try a Leo. You've got nothing to lose. Beware: Someone close asks for a major sacrifice. I'm not talking more time and attention. I'm talking small animals here.

Not all drag queen movies equal

I decided to use a theme for the movie reviews. The theme this month is the battle of the drag queen films! The two movies I watched were *The Adventures of Priscilla: Queen of the Desert* and *To Wong Foo: Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*. Both of these movies can be found in the 'New Releases' section at your local video store. Of the two movies *Priscilla* was the best one.

I'll start my review with the loser in the drag queen film contest, *To Wong Foo*. This movie starred Patrick Swayze as Vita, Wesley Snipes as Noxema, and John Leguizamo as Chi Chi. The basic plot involved two drag queens and a drag princess (you understand when you watch it) on a roadtrip to Hollywood, California for a drag queen pageant. This movie was cute, but I was disappointed. It was not as funny as it appeared to be at the outset. The movie is only worth watching to see Swayze and Snipes in

drag. In my opinion Swayze makes a beautiful woman, but Snipes is the ugliest drag queen I have ever seen!



Of curiosity, does anyone recognize Virgil's wife (hint: think of musicals)? My final word on this movie is: WHO IS J U L I E NEWMAR? Her name is in the title,

but no one really ever says who she is.

The winner of the contest, *The Adventures of Priscilla: Queen of the Desert*, is also a roadtrip movie, but the trip takes place in Australia. It has a disco music theme and totally out-

landish costumes. The actors are not as well known as those in *To Wong Foo*, but the comedy is better. The characters in the movie are two drag queens: Anthony/Mitzi and Adam/Felicia and a transsexual Ralph/Bernadette. This movie explores each of the characters' pasts. It comes out that Mitzi has been keeping two BIG secrets, but I won't tell you what they are. (hint: That means watch the movie!) There are one or two mildly depressing scenes, but both of them are downplayed by comedy. (hint: Pay attention to Adam's memory of his Uncle Barry. Excellent scene!)

If anyone has any comments on either movie, I would love to hear them. Comments from males on *Priscilla* would be especially appreciated. I would like to hear a male point of view on a drag queen movie that was not extremely publicized. Just e-mail me at ltennis@risc.usi.edu.

—Laura Teris

Computer labs -- continued from page 7

Students will only have access to the labs by showing their student ID. The open labs will include internet and e-mail access. The academic-teaching labs will only have programs necessary for class work; the risk of important programs being deleted will decrease in this type of lab.

Showing an ID will not only cut down (if not eliminate completely) the number of non-enrolled people using university computers, but it will also allow for a more accurate account of students using the labs.

Ahmed said that students aren't signing in. "That's [the sign in sheets] what we go by. If only two students sign in, we don't see any reason to open the lab for twelve hours or six hours." This is one of the reasons computer lab hours have not been extended in all the labs.

When you don't sign in, Ahmed has an incorrect record of students using the lab, and he might decrease the number of hours the lab is open instead of extending them for the many students who need the computers.

This will be especially important when the number of labs are increased. Ahmed said there will be a lab in the UC when the extension is completed. There will also be another lab by the new apartments when they are finished.

Another question students have asked is about the programming of the computers. Ahmed revealed that in order to put a program on one computer he has to purchase a license. These licenses, depending on what program is needed, can run from \$100 and up.

Plus, not all the computers can handle the upgraded programs. With this in mind, Ahmed has tried to see that each lab has one computer with upgraded programs. If this has been a concern for you, you need to find the lab with the most computers running your favorite program.

One problem is that students aren't familiar with which computers have which programs. They waste valuable time waiting for a specific computer. If you have this problem, too, look around some of the other labs.

If you can't find your favorite programs or have any other suggestions about the computer labs, Juzar Ahmed would appreciate your input. His e-mail address is: juzar@risc.usi.edu.

—Tracy Lynn Ford

Earth Day '96: Where will you be the next day?

It never fails, every April 22, many of us suddenly remember to recycle. We wear our "I-love-baby-seals" or "Save-our-Mother" t-shirts, organize marches and pick up trash en masse. We gather at parks and gamely spout cliches such as "Every Day is Earth Day" and "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem" when local TV news reporters stick cameras in our faces and ask what's the point.

The point is that those cliches we dust off every year at this time, like most cliches, hold bits of truth. The point is that we cannot continue trashing our living space and expect it to remain clean or ourselves healthy. The point is that we should be thinking about ways to "reuse, recycle and reduce" every day of the year.

Organized trash clean-ups and other Earth Day activities are laudable and well-meaning people participate. The problem is that these activities are often regulated to the week that holds Earth Day or at best the month of April.

Housecleaning one day a year is almost useless. So is earth-cleaning.

In the earth-friendly '90s, it is trendy to pay lip-service to environmental concerns. Pro-environment is in danger of becoming just another clothing style.

People who say they care about the environment should ask themselves what they are doing to help their cause and when they are doing

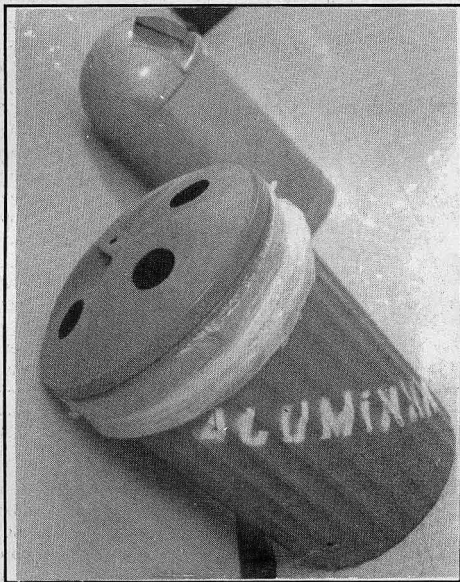


Photo by Miguel Latorre

these things. If they find they are just wearing t-shirts or picking up a few cans April 22, they might want to ask themselves if they aren't being hypocritical.

One USI group earns the right to play in the park on Earth Day. The members of the Science and Ecology Club practice a year-long commitment to environmental concerns.

For example last fall the group took part in the Pigeon Creek clean-up and sponsored a public forum on Ozone problems. At the beginning of April they cleaned the area around USI's Reflection Lake. Their most current project involves helping the Hoo-

sier Hikers' Council with design and maintenance of trails in Hoosier National Forest.

Of course, many of us feel safe in the assumption that we do not need to worry about the environment more than one day because someone else will take care of it.

Fortunately there are people like the Science and Ecology Club members to do the work for us. They do not need Earth Day to remind them of their responsibilities. Earth Day is for the rest of us.

Though it gives many of us a chance to practice hypocrisy, it also spurs others to action. Some good comes from the organized trash sweeps and recycling marathons held around Earth Day, but commitment to a cleaner earth should last the whole year. A few of us might experience a new sense of purpose this Earth Day, but most of us will not.

Most of us will be just as environmentally irresponsible the day after Earth Day as we were the day before.

This Earth day, go to the park, pick up some trash, sit in the grass and sing "Kum Ba Yah." Careless your conscience with the idea that you are doing your part. But what are you going to do on April 23?

Happy Earth Day '96. Break out the Birkenstocks.

—Tracy Bee

At *Transitions* we have moments where we care what you think.

1996 *Transitions* Reader Questionnaire

Name (optional) _____ phone number (optional) _____

Status (circle answer) student staff faculty

Student rank: freshman sophomore junior senior graduate other

What articles/features do you usually read? Circle all that apply.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
| 1. <i>Editor's Note</i> | 9. Book Reviews |
| 2. <i>Letters to the Editor</i> | 10. Club/organization profiles |
| 3. <i>Around Campus and Beyond</i> | 11. Personality profiles |
| 4. <i>Eden Lies Obscured</i> | 12. In-depth feature articles |
| 5. <i>http</i> , web information | 13. Essays, columns |
| 6. <i>Listing T'ward Starboard</i> | 14. <i>Horoscopes for the Hell of it</i> |
| 7. Staff Restaurant Review | 15. OTHER _____ |
| 8. Music Reviews | _____ |

What do you like about *Transitions*?

What do you dislike about *Transitions*?

What other things would you like to see in *Transitions*?

Other Comments:

Please return to the *Transitions* office or the *Transitions* questionnaire box at the University Center Desk.