

# Transitions

*Student Magazine*

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Correction: Last issue's cover artist was Kevin Seifert

# Finally, gratitude and a goodbye

As Russell Fox points out in his column, this issue of *Transitions* is my swan song. As swan songs go, I am not afraid to call this one my own. But, I would be remiss to say it is my own. I had help. This issue was very much a group effort, and I think it shows.

I pleaded with my fellow writers to submit to this last issue. The result was overwhelming. So many submissions came in that we had to cut a few at the last minute. Still, this issue has more contributing writers than any under my captainship. Besides submitting, several staff members spent their late nights and sunny afternoons in the office editing, laying out, pasting and just lending moral support. Because of all the assistance, this issue was one of the most enjoyable to produce.

I want to thank all who helped throughout this year and the last. On the next page, in some sort of strange tribute to me, one of my assistant editors tells the story of how I attacked him. I attacked, threatened and blackmailed many of the writers, editors and artists involved in the publication you hold. I hope they thank me one day. I would like to thank them now.

It would be unfair to rank any of the staff according to their contributions. I cannot begin to judge who spent more time and effort making *Transitions* the success I think it is. At the risk of sounding sentimental, I will

say they all rank highest in my heart. They know how hard that was for me to write.

I am also afraid to list names lest this column become a sort of award-show ramble. I am not winning an Oscar here. I am just graduating from college, though there are those who thought one was just as likely as the other.

There are several professors who supported and helped with the magazine. Most were in the English department. I want to thank them for the critiques, story ideas, and gentle pressure they placed on young writers to submit or otherwise get involved. I also owe much to Ron Roat, former publications advisor. He let me make my own mistakes, but I always knew he would be there if I screwed up big.

The name of the magazine is *Transitions*. Expect changes next year. New editor Jamy Schuler and advisor Hope Carroll have many ideas about the future of this magazine. If you have any ideas, preferences, praise or complaints, you may want to contact Jamy. Call or send a letter to *Transitions*.

Last year, we included a reader survey in the summer issue of *Transitions*. This year the survey is missing for two reasons. First, we just had too many good submissions. The survey would have taken the place of someone's article. Second, only eleven



Tracy Bee

Photo by Miguel Latorre

people returned the survey last year. After running an expensive cost/benefit analysis, we decided to forgo publishing it again. USI students are not off the hook yet, however. If all goes well, we may personally survey students about this magazine before the end of the Spring semester.

Though I griped and groveled for two long years, I enjoyed being editor of *Transitions*. Running this magazine was a rewarding experience and I count it as one of my few accomplishments. Thank you for allowing me the experience.

## The next issue of *Transitions* will be available in August.

The deadline for submissions of art, poetry, fiction and articles is July 22. Late submissions are accepted on a space-available basis.

For more information call 464-1856.

Submissions may be sent to:  
*Transitions*  
University Center  
8600 University Blvd.  
Evansville, IN 47712

# Queen Bee leaves hive, baby bees behind

Most of you reading this page are probably looking at my name, wondering who I am and what I do. Some of you may have the privilege of my acknowledgement. Hooray for you.

When Jamy first thought of the idea of an Assistant Editors' Note, my first impression was to run away screaming. Then my mind's eye saw my face in one of those cartoons where the person sits at the desk with paperwork piled high around her.

This is not the real me.

I am a behind-the-scenes type of person, a worker bee, one who seeks no limelight. My normal writing load consists of one column in the food review.

As you may notice, however, I have written several things for this issue. At the behest of our esteemed Editor, Tracy Bee, I agreed to write several things for the big blow-out issue, her last attempt at USI fame. Well, this is probably not her last attempt, but for this magazine it is the final issue she will plan, write for and edit as her position decrees.

As her last issue draws to a close, I would like to offer a hearty round of applause for her work these last two years. She has brought a little class, I think, to our small, but growing university. Who knows who would have been Editor if she had failed to submit her application for the position? Probably some bloke who

knew a bit about design, planning and editing, but someone who would often rely on subordinates for decision-making.

No matter how different the magazine may look, feel, sound or even smell (?) next year, Tracy's efforts to produce a sharp magazine will not be forgotten.

Each decision she made throughout the past two years has furthered the magazine, as well as the abilities of her supporting staff, and the majority of us are staying to continue the work of our soon-to-be former Editor-in-Chief, Tracy Bee.

Farewell Tracy, we will miss you greatly!

Tracy Lynn Ford

As I sat down to the computer to compose this "note," I let out a very audible sigh.

This is a tough little piece to write. Why? Because it is the farewell to my mentor, heroine, inspiration, model, paragon, idol: let's just say my every breath is for the one, the only, Tracy Bee.

Sound as if I'm putting her on a pedestal? "Putting" isn't the word. "Hurling like a hot potato" is much more fitting.

Tracy has taught me everything that I know (and stuff I let her think she taught me because I didn't want to hurt her feelings so I acted like I was interested.)

After many months of her constant pressures on me (which both of us were sick of), I told her that if I did anything for *Transitions* it would only be the Food Review. I was hired faster

than a cheetah running forward on a train traveling at the speed of light.

One thing led to another. I started another column. I was named Assistant Editor. (She told me, "Oh yeah, I forgot. You're Assistant now.") And now I am Editor-elect for next fall. Holy Cow.

Now I just need a fantastic way to get even....er...I mean show my gratitude for her persistence (see headline).

No one will argue that Tracy hasn't made this magazine a huge success over its former self two years ago. I am proud to show my friends and family the magazine and take offense when close friends can't tell me what appeared on page nine of the November '96 issue. My friends are learning quickly.

I will not lie and say that *Transitions* will not look different next

year. Major changes are in the planning stage. Wait and see.

Whatever the new format will be, Tracy set a precedent that this university will never forget.

Tracy set the foundation, the cornerstone in my heart that got me here today. She will never be forgotten.

Big things are ahead for this lady. I am behind her, in more ways than one, every step of the way. I will always be behind her. Thanks Tracy Bee. Your originality sparked an interest in me and now the embers still burn today. You'll get the *first* issue next year. I promise.

I will have some mighty big shoes to fill (she wears a size bigger than most men I know!) and I will not try to kill myself trying. There is only one Tracy Bee (thank goodness) and she will be sorely missed.

Jamy Schuler

**Disclaimer: Tracy Bee had nothing to do with the creation of this page. She made us say this. Honest.**

# New SGA administration seeks change

Dear USI Students:

I have been given the opportunity to write an open letter to the students regarding my goals and objectives for the Student Government Association in the following year. I would like to start off by saying that SGA has gone through many exciting changes this year and the result of those changes will be a more effective organization.

Many of you do not realize that you are a member of SGA by virtue of being a student at USI. SGA holds open meetings on Thursdays at 4:30 in HP 1008, they are open to anyone who is interested in attending. In fact, we encourage your input and participation. After all, we are here to serve the students.

In addition, our office is open for students. We would be happy to discuss any concerns or problems students might have. If we do not know about a problem it is hard for us to attempt to fix it.

It is important for SGA to have a diversified membership. We want you to become active members. We need Representatives from the following schools: School of Science and Engineering (2 Openings), School of Business (2 Openings), School of Education and Human Services (1 Opening), University Division (3 openings) and one commuter Student At-Large position. These positions require attendance at SGA General Assembly meetings on Thursdays at 4:30, membership on one SGA committee, setting up periodic meetings with the Dean of the school of your major, and holding a minimum of one office hour per week.

Applications can be picked up in the Dean of Students office located on the main floor of the University Center. If you have any questions or concerns contact the SGA office at extension 1873 or the Dean of Student life at extension 1862.

If you want to be involved in SGA but do not fit into any of the above categories there are many other opportunities. SGA is in need of Organizational Delegates. These delegates are sent by their respected club or organization to represent them in SGA affairs. The advantage for clubs and organizations to have a delegate is the potential for SGA allocations for campus-wide events and an open forum to voice opinions and to announce events and activities. If you are interested contact the SGA office at extension 1873.

Finally, if you just want to be involved without an official title there are numerous committees that you could be a member of. Just give us a call at 1873 or stop in the SGA office located on the lower level of the University Center.

Along with filling all the vacant positions by the end of this semester, I have other goals for my Administra-

tion. We want to continue to improve SGA's reputation and relations with the USI campus and the community. Improving communication between SGA and other student organizations will be a top priority.

Increasing student involvement and helping students realize the advantages of becoming a member of SGA (or any student organization) remains important.

On a more personal note, I would like to see a student activity fee implemented. The activity fee would greatly increase the quality of student life programming currently offered at USI. I would like to see a few new faces in SGA. I strongly encourage you to be involved. Please take advantage of the great leadership opportunities SGA offers.

Thanks.

Alison Singer  
SGA President-elect

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

Send letters to :

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

Send eMAIL to:  
tbee@risc.usi.edu

Or place them in the *Transitions* mailbox located in the basement of University Center. All letters should include name and phone number for purposes of confirmation. Letters will be printed in the back-to-school issue of *Transitions*.

# Shall I go to heaven, or a-fishing?

## Walden and Thoreau are hard to "measure"

My editor, Tracy Bee, informed me a couple of months ago that her last edition of *Transitions* would have a literary theme and, if I wished, I could join her and some of the other writers in a book review for the magazine.

I looked forward to writing this month's column because talking or writing about favorite books is fun. But it wasn't until I started thinking about which book I would review that I realized I had never given much thought to which book I would consider my "favorite." I felt like the Sultan of Ishcabibil who had eighty wives. There are so many good choices.

I made a list of what I felt were important books. The Bible was an easy choice. A good dictionary was next on my list (it contains all the books ever written in English, you simply have to unscramble). Milton's *Paradise Lost* quickly found itself on my list, as did several other English and American classics.

I am partial to biographies: Ben Franklin's *Autobiography* and *Adolf Hitler* by John Toland are two favorites of this genre. And a contemporary fiction work I recently enjoyed is *Enigma* by the British author Robert Harris.

But it has happened that I have read a strange little book by Henry David Thoreau. To this book, *Walden*, I devote this column.

*Walden* is as unusual as its author, and hard to shelve into a particular genre. Is it a nature study? Social comment? A set of instructions in Transcendentalism? A pantheistic handbook? *Walden* offers too much to enable a simple categorization.

*Walden* is the diary of a journey into the mind. It is a book about life and a testimony of the gratitude one man had for his being allowed to take part in life. Thoreau wrote, "There is nowhere recorded a simple and irrepressible satisfaction with the gift of life, a memorable praise of God." With *Walden*, Thoreau corrected that oversight.



## Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

But, regardless of what shelf you choose to store *Walden* upon, if you admire beautiful prose a journey to Valhalla comes with every page. It is hard for me to believe the book was written by a mortal hand.

Who was this strange Henry? We know that in 1845 Thoreau built himself a tiny shack in the woods near Walden Pond outside his hometown of Concord, Massachusetts. He lived alone there for two years. He tells us why he did this "to suck all the marrow from life." We know he died too young and he never married.

But Thoreau remains a mystery. Was he a rebel with a cause or an iconoclastic hermit? Was he a virtuoso or simply a social misfit who took delight in being the town crank?

Nathaniel Hawthorne mentions a visit by a 25-year-old Thoreau in a diary entry dated September 1, 1842:

"Mr. Thoreau dined with us yesterday. He is a singular character—a young man with much of a wild original nature still remaining in him. He is as ugly as sin, long-nosed, queer-mouthed, and with uncouth and somewhat rustic, although courteous manners, corresponding very well with such an exterior. He has repudiated all regular modes of getting a living, and seems inclined to live a sort of Indian life."

Indeed, Thoreau was always suspicious of any type of wage-earning that interfered with his time. Not that he

was lazy. Hard labor pleased him if it could be done in the woods. In *Walden*, he tells us he cleared paths in the snow and in summer he cared for local fauna outside of town for the benefit of his neighbors in Concord (who never paid him):

"For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow storms and did my duty faithfully, keeping paths open, where the public heel had testified to their utility. I have watered the red huckleberry, the sand cherry and the nettle tree, the red pine and the black ash, the white grape and the yellow violet, which might have withered else in dry seasons."

"In short, I went on thus for a long time . . . till it became evident that my townsmen would not make my place with a moderate allowance."

E.B. White, in an essay written one hundred years after *Walden* was published, refers to Thoreau affectionately as "a delirious young man" who "was drunk the whole time, though he drank no wine."

Nevertheless, understanding the eccentric author is not necessary to enjoy the book. *Walden* is read for many reasons, and even though Thoreau occasionally scolds us in the book, we don't mind because we are convinced it comes from a concerned friend.

In *Walden*, Thoreau faithfully refuses to record bad news and a paragraph does not pass which does not delight with prose so pure and beautiful that one could imagine Thoreau's tiny hut now standing somewhere in the ethereal regions and serving as a shrine where the Muses worship.

I will admit I admire Thoreau's writing less for what he says than for the almost unbelievably beautiful way he says it. I will relinquish Thoreau's politics and his essay *Civil Disobedience* to the Martin Luther King Jrs. and Ghandis of the world (both men were heavily influenced by Thoreau's socio-political advice). Instead, give me a pumpkin to sit on at Walden Pond.

Thoreau is the High Mufti of descriptive writing. *Walden* contains one awe-inspiring example of aesthetic syntax after another. A Thoreau sentence may be

short or it may be long, but it will never be anything but perfect, beautiful, ... and Thoreau. He is there in every sentence. His style could never be hard to identify after reading the book.

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## I rejoice that there are idiots and maniacal hootings for men.

### Thoreau's *Walden*

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Perhaps only Thoreau can write about a chicken and create a work of art worthy to hang in the Louvre and at the same time give us one of our most famous American aphorisms:

"I am not sure that I ever heard the sound of cock-crowing from my clearing, and I thought that it might be worth the while to keep a [chicken] for his music merely, as a singing bird. The note of this once wild Indian pheasant is certainly the most remarkable of any bird's, surpassing the clangor of the goose and the hooting of the owl; and then imagine the cackling of the hens to fill the pauses when their lords' clarion rested! To walk in a winter morning in a wood where these birds abounded and hear the wild cockerels crow on the trees, clear and shrill for miles over the resounding earth,—think of it! It would put nations on the alert. Who would not be early to rise, and rise earlier and earlier every successive day of his life, till he become unspeakably healthy, wealthy, and wise? All climates agree with brave Chanticleer. His health is ever good, his lungs are sound, his spirits never flag."

Thoreau was a personal friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and he rubbed shoulders with the high and mighty of the literary world (including the aforementioned Hawthorne), but he tells us in *Walden* that he never felt more honored than once when a sparrow alighted on his shoulder. Indeed, Thoreau seemed to have an almost Rasputin affect on animals:

"In warm evenings I frequently sat in the boat playing the flute, and saw the

perch, which I seemed to have charmed, hovering about me."

Thoreau studied nature and became a respected naturalist with little more to work with than his keen observation and a yardstick. Thoreau spent much of his time in the woods measuring things. In the winter, he would lie for hours on the frozen surface of Walden Pond measuring bubbles in the ice; and *Walden* contains a delightful passage about the author's attempt to sneak up on a sleeping owl so he could measure it.

My favorite Thoreau anecdote concerns the man and this apparent fascination with measuring things. Once, while Thoreau prepared for a trip to the Maine woods, someone asked him why he was in such a hurry. He replied he was "impatient to measure his first moose."

Perhaps the defining moment of *Walden* (and Thoreau's strange journey through life) was when he ran to catch a rainbow. Who but this man could actually catch it?

"Once it chanced that I stood in the very abutment of a rainbow's arch, which filled the lower stratum of the atmosphere, tingeing the grass and leaves around, and dazzling me as if I looked through colored crystal. It was a lake of rainbow light, in which, for a short while, I lived like a dolphin. If it had lasted longer it might have tinged my employments and life."

Finally, near the end of *Walden*, Thoreau writes: "I finally left Walden September 6th, 1847." It was a sad day.

Thoreau writes in *Walden*: "Shall I go to heaven, or a-fishing?" On his deathbed in 1862 it seemed he still had trouble deciding between heaven and earth. As he lay semi-conscious and mumbling, succumbing to tuberculosis, those attending the dying man could discern only two of his words: "moose" and "Indian." He was forty-five years old when he died.

Thoreau never had any children; instead he gave the world an inheritance:

"Books are the treasured wealth of the world and a fit inheritance of generations and nations. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may not only be read but breathed from all human lips ... carved out of the breath of life itself."

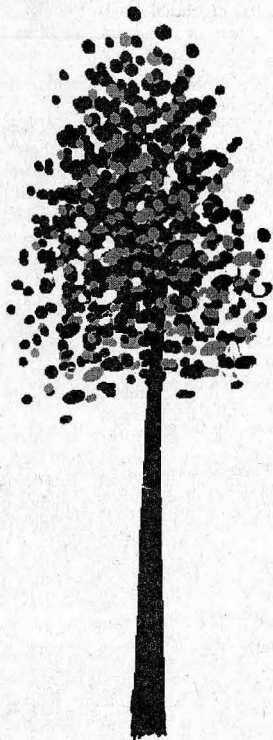
Thoreau was a man who was forever

grateful for the weeds that grew under his doorstep. He never made any money from writing it, but with *Walden* he finally took care of mankind's obligation to "record a simple and irrepressible satisfaction with the gift of life, a memorable praise of God."

Whenever I see a rainbow I think of Henry, standing there that day long ago at a rainbow's base. I picture him with arms out and head back, turning pirouettes in a shimmering prism of color.

And I can't get this image out of my mind of Henry with his yardstick, standing on a cloud somewhere measuring the pearly gates.

mwhicker@risc.usi.edu



# So long, and don't forget your road atlas

## Iconoclast reflects on the world and graduation

### I. Waiting for the new world.

So who's going to put the pop back into Pop culture? Ever since our great nation evolved interstates for veins and antennas for eyes there have been certain movements, schools of thought or action if you like, that could be deemed "counterculture."

The Bop\Beat movements of postwar America, the

Hippy culture, (one of many radical movements) of the '60s, as well as the Punk phenomenon of the '70s. All of these movements were important in that they were a loud reaction to what was an America declining into stale, happy complacency.

Certainly, these movements exposed a number of undisciplined charlatans within their ranks, but there were also some real, talented and new voices for the TV nation to contend with. They didn't wait for things to happen, they went out of their way to make things happen. They experimented with drugs, with sex, with culture, with media, with politics and with art. A closet iconoclast such as I am owes them a great deal.

Rest in peace, Allen Ginsberg—things down here ought to be quiet enough for sleep. As we approach the second millennium, there appears to be a premium on waiting for something to happen. There is this notion of "where will the future take us?," as opposed to "where will we take the present?"

It is as if the 'future' is superior, more powerful, a sleeping Giant, an inconsistent God, a spaceship drafting behind the tail of a comet. Technology is as merciless as it is miraculous, and the prevalence of 'futuristic' fascination throughout America tells me that we are willing subjects, waiting for the not once, but "Future King" to lead us from the inconveniences of century's end, for the machine messiah to convince us to boldly go where no man has gone before.

And we wait.

We wait for a new world replete with tawdry websites, viridescent fields of legal reefer, college campuses teeming with laid-off factory workers, 700 channels of bovine excrement to meander through, fat-free pizza and new airports with the ability to land alien spacecraft safely and

efficiently. Sounds like one wonderful world, does it not? Perhaps, but it's hardly a world worth waiting for.

### II. The reading issue

I should take this moment to thank *Transitions* editor Tracy Bee for giving me relatively free reign regarding my contributions to this fine student publication.

Ms. Bee did request that her formidable staff help her put together a "reading" issue to serve as her swan song. I'm happy to oblige. Though it is tempting to suggest writings that have appealed to

me over the years, it would also surely be a pretentious enterprise. I am far from an authority on what good writing is, as my past efforts for this magazine would indicate.

But I would implore many of you to get away from that cursed computer monitor and read something you can put in your hands. It doesn't matter if it's *Paradise Lost* or *Penthouse*: Variations give your reading that human and personal touch.

That said, allow me to suggest, for your reading pleasure, a perhaps forgotten treasure: the Road Atlas. For less than 10 bucks you can pick up a quality road map of the United States and Canada, and give yourself hours of happy geographical research. Geographical knowledge is often cited as one of the most glaring deficiencies in American education, and this is due to the assumption that knowing where places are on a large scale has little inherent value. Hogwash!

Geographical knowledge has helped me tremendously throughout the years. I've made good impressions by knowing something about where a person is from. Got a job once because the employer happened to mention he was from Independence, Missouri. "Harry Truman's from there, isn't he?" I asked. "Well, hell yes he is, how'd you know that?" he effusively replied. Roadmaps, that's how I knew that.

Be sure to look for the 'points of interest' when looking over a certain area. It helps you learn little tidbits like my Harry Truman response—and it might even give you some off-the-beaten-path roadtrip ideas. I'm still hoping to make it to Truth or Consequences, New Mexico; Moosejaw, Saskatchewan; and the Dog Racing Hall of Fame

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It is as if the 'future' is superior, more powerful, a sleeping Giant, and inconsistent God, a spaceship drafting behind the tail of a comet.

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in Abeline, Kansas, before I die, and it is so important for one to have a goal. And it's easy when one has a quality Road Atlas.

### III. So long....

I tried to come up with some sort of 'Farewell USI' theme for this final issue, but I think that a song I wrote for The Roys, (who will be performing in concert on Saturday, May 3rd at The Abyss) says about all I want to express. If it seems a tad base, remember, it's a song.

*Well 29 years, and damn, they're all so pleased  
with my graduation*

*But they don't know to what extent it was  
'higher' education.*

*Swimming in the liquor and stuck in the grass  
Man, it's a wonder that I half the time made it  
to class*

*Rollin' my bones all dead on my ass, always  
breathing a bad news haze.*

*I won't miss my college days.*

*You won't see me hangin' out with the Jones  
I'll be late night workin' just to cover the loans  
but I'll have time for a TV dinner and an  
infomercial when I get back home.*

*I got nothin' as it is but 13 smokes,  
a '93 Hustler and a whisky and coke.  
No small wonder that I'm always broke,  
But I suppose that's the same as being for  
'free'.*

*Quite unlike the University.*

*And if I had the chance to delete my sins,  
I'd probably take the same, sad turn downwind  
I'd think like a Fox and I'd drink like a Quinn  
(but I never would have went back  
home again)*

*But Home is where I'm going just as fast as I  
can*

*for no other reason than a fat little man  
has grown up too slow and got old too fast  
and wants, for a time, neither right or wrong.*

*Besides, it's been so long, so long.*

*So long.....*

—Russell Fox

USI: From newborn to adolescent

## Six faculty members share their experiences at USI

In the early 1960s, USI was only a twinkle in the eyes of the Evansville community. The question was, who would carry the unborn institution—Purdue or IU? ISU stepped out to bring higher education to Evansville. After much labor and hard work, in 1965 ISUE was born and presided in the old abandoned Centennial school which was located at 112 N. 12th Ave. (across from Hardee's).

Though it was still shaky on its feet, the school was cradled by the people of the West Side. Four years after ISUE's birth, it was given a new home at its present location on what was once farm land.

In 1985 ISUE was left to walk on its own and became USI. And even though it is already 32 years old, USI is still just a toddler in University years.

Six USI faculty members and administrators reflect on USI's first steps. Even though the stories they tell are similar, the eyes that watched the growth of the university are quite different.

### Marjorie Labhart

"I've always loved it," said Marjorie Labhart, instructor in mathematics, about teaching at USI. She was the second full-time teacher here, arriving in 1965. Labhart taught high school before she went on maternity leave.

"In those days you had to take maternity leave, and you couldn't teach until your children were 2 years old, and you had to quit teaching when you began wearing maternity

clothes." While she was on leave, after having her child, she saw an advertisement in the paper for the new West Side University, so she applied.

Labhart remembered the old Centennial grade school building as just that: "old." She recalled the floors creaking and snow laying on the window sill when it snowed.

She said that since they were just starting from scratch, she and other faculty members had a lot of input into the courses and how things were done.

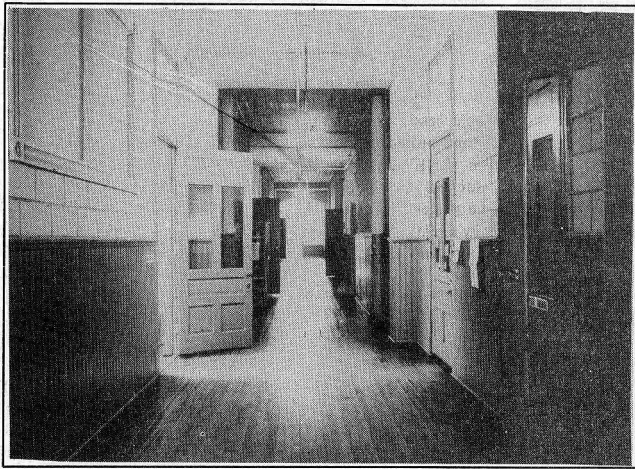
"Once you've taught in college, you never want to teach again in high school," Labhart said. "The one year I did quit teaching is when my third child was born, I thought I wouldn't teach anymore ... and I missed it so much that after one year I had to come back."

### Eric vonFuhrmann

Eric vonFuhrmann, assistant professor of English, considers himself a big frog on a small pond. He said that there is always more to do than just teach classes and that he has been able to be more involved here, especially in the first twenty years.

vonFuhrmann remembered the old Centennial school as being "dingy, yet beautiful." He had a big office with many windows. He also recalled the "plastic friezes of classical culture" that lined the door frames.

In 1965 vonFuhrmann began to teach part time at ISUE. He also taught at Oakland City College until the school year was over. He and now-retired history professor Dr. Daniel Miller both taught at Oakland City College and drove



*Some professors remember the wood-floored hallways of the Centennial School.*

between the two schools together everyday.

vonFuhrmann liked the freedom of the new school. "Once we were hired, we could do what we wanted to," he said. Even though the college was small, students and professors "tried to expand the campus by traveling." vonFuhrmann recalled taking students to the University of Evansville and Indiana State University in a caravan of cars to see speakers and plays that they couldn't see at ISUE.

Though travel still occurs, the university brings more speakers now. Lack of participation at lectures, however, keeps USI from bringing more.

vonFuhrmann listed two disadvantages to being at USI: the lack of financial support and school spirit. He said that "purse strings were tight" for ISUE. Now, he said, there is more school spirit, but not as much as there should be. "There's been improvement because we now have a campus, we have buildings, and we have dormitories, and all of that helped" vonFuhrmann said, "but when you have over 7,000 students and you can't get 2,000 to a ball game, that's not the best school spirit yet. It's coming, slowly, it's coming."

### Mary Schroeder

Mary Schroeder, assistant professor of communications, began teaching night classes in 1965 in the old Centennial School building. "I remember the shine and the smell of the highly polished wide plank-hard wood floors" she said. "My office was on the second floor in a large room, Room 42, that was divided into cubicles designated for office space." She recalled that there was little to no privacy among the faculty because of the design of the offices and she could hear her coworkers council students.

"Most of the classrooms had only a desk and chairs," Schroeder said. Media equipment and easels were nearly nonexistent. Schroeder taught at Memorial High School when she heard about the new university. Wanting to be part of higher education, she applied for a position on the ISUE faculty. She said she has enjoyed the "rapport between faculty and students" at USI. The university has felt like a "family" to her. Schroeder, being part of the Communications staff, has had various offices on campus. The Communications Department has moved three times, and it will move once

again into the new Liberal Arts building upon its completion in fall 1999.

### James Blevins

Because USI has changed rapidly "it's always been an exciting place to be," Dr. James Blevins said. He is now the Dean of the School of Liberal Arts and Professor of English. Blevins graduated from Vanderbilt and was invited to apply for a job at ISU, but did not really like it there. When he turned it down, they told him about ISUE. He came for an interview and liked the feel of the town, he felt it held "a lot of potential." He started working here in 1966.

Not until 1985 was USI thought of as significant because it was a new school with a "perception to fight." Despite that, he said, "If I had it to do over, I can't think of any changes I would have made."

At the small new university, Blevins found himself acquiring leadership roles: roles he may not of had at a bigger university, he said. According to Blevins, these roles gave him the chance to make a difference at USI and to influence the development of the campus.

Blevins recalled the "big pep rally" held when ISUE changed to USI. It was a very big deal, he said. A strong characteristic of USI, according to Blevins, is its community friendliness. There is no conflict with the surrounding town; instead USI and the West Side work together to achieve a high level of economic development.

### John Deem

John Deem, ISUE's first basketball coach came here in 1967, when he was 22 years old. At that time half of his students were older than he was.

He recalled the closeness between students and faculty during the early years of USI. In between classes, in the old Centennial school, everyone played cards in the cafeteria to pass the time, he said. He felt that the closeness has not been recaptured since then.

When ISUE was using the old

Centennial building there were smaller numbers of students attending the school. Deem said that most of the school lunched together and that there was a common bond among everyone. This bond was the drive to obtain independence from ISU. Two weeks after being accepted to ISU the Dean of the school called him and told him about ISUE. Deem said that it was closer to home, so he went for an interview, "fell in love," and stayed. He started out as an instructor in Business.

Deem felt there has been several advantages to working here. He had the opportunity to grow with the university, helping it establish itself. He also liked the idea that the school was not already molded by years of practice like older schools are.

Deem taught at USI two years before choosing to be Registrar of the school when the new campus was

built. It was then, he said, that ISUE began to feel like a university rather than a high school. Deem remembered the exceptional support of the whole community, students, and staff and how they were willing to go an extra mile to make ISUE a success. He also recalled how "everyone united to become separate from ISUE" and not until 1985 was it successful. Deem said that many of the students, faculty, staff, and community members wrote letters to the legislature and letters to the editor of newspapers. He called it a "letter writing campaign."

### Donald Pitzer

Dr. Donald Pitzer, professor of History, said that USI is like an adolescent, growing fast with bumps along the way and growing pains. Pitzer started here in 1967.

After teaching at two private institutions, Pitzer felt the need to

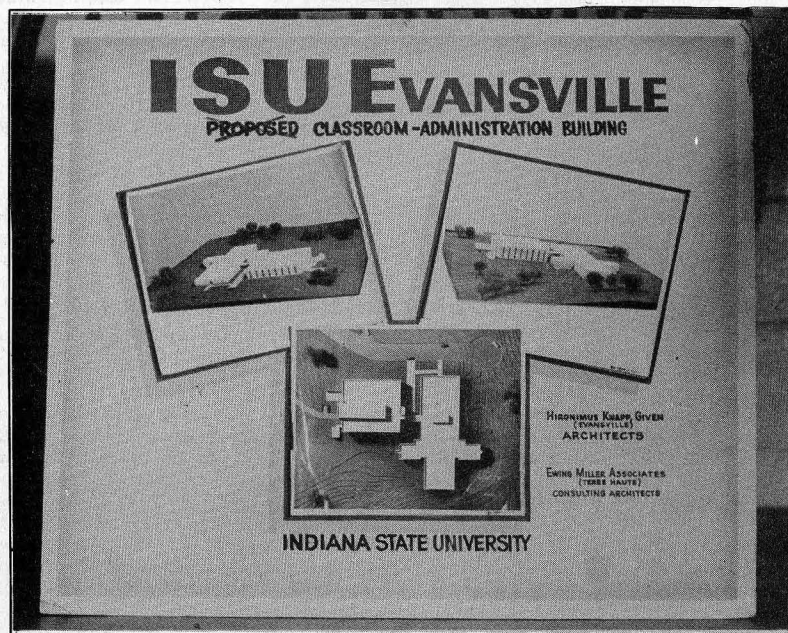
teach those who may not have been able to go on to college without a public institution. He said that he had three contracts with various other schools, but when he visited ISUE he saw potential and "freedom of thought."

He said that for a young Ph.D. he was able to teach many classes that he would not have been able to at a bigger school. He was also able to study utopian communalism and start a center for communal studies.

Relating the old Centennial school to a 200-year-old house, Pitzer recollected how old the school was and what poor shape it was in.

When ISUE began its move from old location to new there was a lot of excitement and interest from students, Pitzer said. He said that the new campus made them feel like less of a test case and more like part of a real school.

—*Jamie Marie Shoulders*



*Signs for proposed buildings have been a common sight at USI. Photos courtesy of USI Archives*

# Communal studies anthology compiles years of research

Students of communal studies have a new resource this spring. *America's Communal Utopias* is the title of the book edited by USI's Dr. Donald E. Pitzer, professor of history and director of the Center for Communal Studies at the USI.

Pitzer is a founder and former executive director of the Communal Studies Association.

Organizing the book from start to finish in his own office for the last twenty-five years, Pitzer solicited and revised essays then saw the book through layout stages and to press. He also wrote an introduction, a chapter on Owenites, and a bibliographical essay for the book.

Sixteen other scholars contributed essays to the book. In *America's Communal Utopias*, the authors examine the utopians' movements throughout the course of their development—before, during, and after their communal period. The book traces the religious and secular movements that produced *America's* most important communal utopias.

Pitzer said that all of the most prominent utopian communities founded before 1965 are in the book and that it explores the dark side as well as the light side to this type of living. It discusses how some utopian communities die off and why and how they could keep from doing so.

"It comes from research I've been doing for over 25 years on communal groups. It's based on a theory I developed while I was directing the center ... and it's called developmental communalism," Pitzer said. "Developmental communalism is when you take a developmental approach to this topic, which nobody else had."

Though Pitzer will use the book to help teach a class, it is also available for sale to the general public. Pitzer said he put this book together to help people understand these groups better.

For more information or to order *America's Communal Utopias*, contact Pitzer at (812) 464-1734.

—Jamie Marie Shoultz

## Summer Reading

-- Selected Works by USI faculty

### Non-Fiction

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*The Black Press in the Middle West* (Greenwood Press, 1995)

- Darrel Bigham, History professor

*The Legacy of Vietnam Veteran and Their Families: Catalysts for Change* (Government Printing Office, 1995)

- Gary E. May, social work professor

*The Evansville Factbook, 1994-1995* (USI School of Business, 1995)

- Munir Quddus and M. Kahyum, business professors

*Always a River: The Ohio River and the American Experience* (Indiana University Press, 1991)

- Robert Reid, Vice President for Academic Affairs, history professor

*The Importance of Christopher Columbus* (Lucent Books, 1992)

*Vampires: Opposing Viewpoints* (Greenhaven Press, 1990)

- Daniel Scavone, history professor

### Fiction and Poetry

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*Sorrows of Tara* (Wolfhound Press, 1995)

*Daughter of the Boyne* (1992)

*Voyage of the Mael Duin* (1990)

- Patricia Aakhus, English/communications instructor

*New World Architecture* (Galileo, 1985)

1946 (1992)

- Matthew Graham, English professor

*Close Softly the Doors* (Storyline Press, 1991)

*A Still and Icy Silence* (1993)

*High Walk* (1996)

- Ronald Roat, journalism professor

A listing of other scholarly and creative works produced by USI faculty and staff is available through the office of Academic Affairs.

Living on the edge

# Unappreciated restrooms bring relief

I recently became interested in the bathrooms on campus. "Why?" is a good question and one that may go unanswered. But I think an in-depth discussion of the bathrooms is a viable subject, if for no other reason than the fact they receive so little attention.

I have visited almost every bathroom on campus either by choice or necessity. My constant coffee drinking forces me to be ever-vigilant of where the closest one is and which is the most direct path to it. Recently I was forced by a bowl of Cheerios to make a mad dash from my car to the Health Professions Center (I'm not used to so much fiber) in near world-record time. I think this dash should be an Olympic event, but that's another story.

To the untrained eyes of passing students it must have looked as if I was late for a class, and I'm sure they probably judged my academic dedication by the speed of my sprint. But it was nothing more than the forces of nature doing a number on my intestines, which only proves how easy it is to be fooled by appearances.

As I was sitting there in blessed relief, another tortured soul came in and selected a stall at the opposite end of the room. Suddenly it occurred to me how nice this particular bathroom really was. My poo-poo partner was a good thirty feet away, which solves a few bathroom dilemmas.

The first problem is proximity: that violation of personal space that we all dislike. In small bathrooms we have no choice and are forced to overcome this discomfort. After all, business is business.

The second problem is of the odiferous sort. Among sophisticated males there is an unspoken code of ethics regarding this phenomenon which, under certain circumstances, requires a courtesy flush. In small bathrooms, with immediate proxim-

ity, the courtesy flush is mandatory; in this massive one it is merely an option.

The third dilemma is the necessarily associated audible byproduct. Although the Health Professions bathroom does not eliminate this, it greatly reduces the volume by distance alone.

Bathroom experiences can be viewed as a continuum ranging from terrible to extremely pleasant. I had a friend who drives for a living tell me about a time when he was forced to use a rest stop on the highway in which the stalls had no doors. To complicate matters he was immediately followed by a tour bus and the resulting impatient crowd.

Anyone who has been forced to use the filthy, foul-smelling bathrooms in marginal, periphery gas stations during travel can attest to the psychological trauma associated with them. On the other hand, the bathroom experience mentioned above probably resides at the middle to upper end of the spectrum.

Of course, we all can agree that the most desirable experiences must surely be those that occur in our own homes. I usually take my guitar with me or study when I'm home. In fact, I do my best work there, though I admit I get carried away at times and my legs go to sleep—a most unpleasant consequence of an otherwise terrific experience.

There are other bathroom problems. On campus the toilet paper can,

at times, be extremely difficult to work with. Don't we all have our own ideas about which way it should unroll? Then there is the ubiquitous social burden of graffiti. In an ironic twist, the bulk of really poor and offensive stall writing and art shows up in the bathroom in the upstairs of the library. Is this an anti-intellectual rebellion? Perhaps a manifestation of the pressures of academic life.

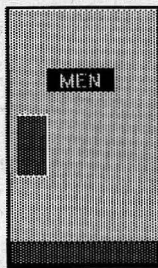
In either case, as a society we should figure out a better release for this pent up sexual frustration.

After I began thinking about this article, I started to look into as many bathrooms on campus as I could without neglecting my studies. I noticed a couple of abbreviations on the urinals that were interesting. GPF and LPF didn't mean anything to me until I thought about them for a minute. Of course anyone in his right mind would want to know the gallons per flush and the liters per flush values for all of the urinals. Wouldn't he?

When I got a chance to visit the bathrooms in the UC addition I took a female friend of mine along. We looked in all of the new bathrooms and critiqued them accordingly. They passed all of the basic tests such as functionalism, aesthetic value, water pressure and the like. But a novel addition had been introduced in the form of baby changing tables. For those of you who might question the money allocation priorities on campus, be still. Who can argue with such a sensitive approach to changing social needs?

Then, if you are like me, and I doubt that many of you are, you can relax and have a good time. Stay at terminal caffeine velocity, eat plenty of Cheerios and rest assured that no matter where you are on campus, there is a bathroom close by.

—Ralph Rizzo



# Alias Grace presents ambiguous heroine

Margaret Atwood  
*Alias Grace*  
Double Day, 1996

In her new novel *Alias Grace*, Margaret Atwood writes fiction based on facts; the truth of those facts, however, may or may not be fiction. In 1843, sixteen-year-old Grace Marks is convicted of murdering her employer, Thomas Kinnear, and his housekeeper/lover Nancy Montgomery. Grace, however, cannot recall anything relating to the crime. Was she a cold hearted vixen murderess or merely an accomplice to James McDermott, her fellow servant?

Atwood delves into Grace's psyche to offer an ambiguous glimpse of a woman tied down by gender rules of the day.

The novel blends Grace's clear and muddled account with the thoughts of Dr. Simon Jordan, neophyte doctor of mental illness. To him, Grace recounts her days as big sister/caretaker to her family's large brood in Ireland, their gruelling trip to Toronto in which she lost her mother, her early servant days and her days as Kinnear's housekeeper.

Given Atwood's sardonic, tongue-in-cheek style, readers can choose to see Grace either as victim or perpetrator of the crime, for Grace's responses to Dr. Jordan never quite reveal the truth. Atwood mixes her vivid eye for characterization with actual facts from the case to lead readers into the mind

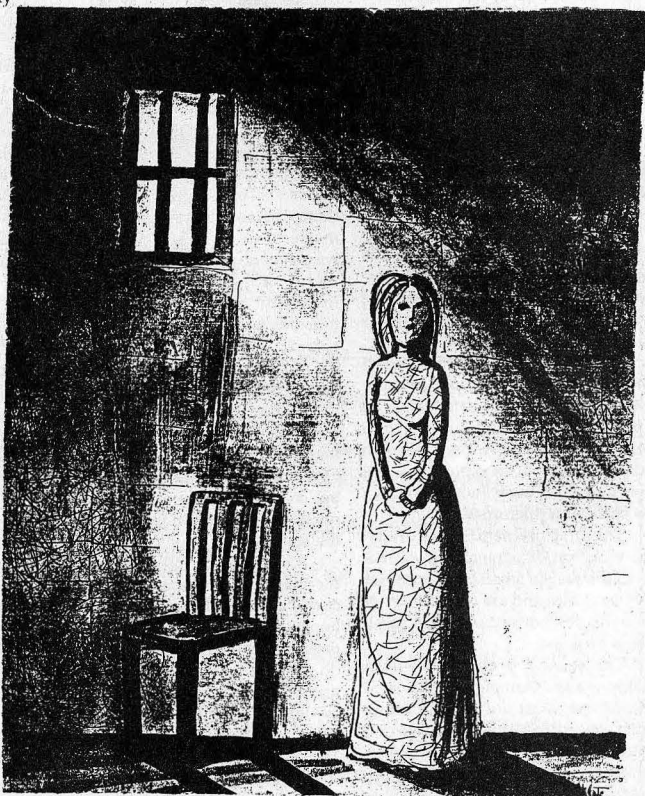
of a possible psychotic killer, into her dank asylum cell, and into the mind of the one man who can unlock her secrets. Atwood used the accounts of pioneer journalist Susanna Moodie as the main character analysis. Moodie met Grace and found her a screaming, lunatic temptress. Atwood turns Grace into a model prisoner, without screaming fits, calmly telling her tale to a fascinated Dr. Jordan.

In 1872 Grace was granted a pardon. She left Canada for New York, and dropped from public record. Just

as unclear as Grace's fate is the reality of those 29 years; no one knows whether Grace was truly guilty or truly insane. Atwood offers no opinion and no true set of facts because, as she states in her author's afterward, "few facts emerge as unequivocally known."

Atwood invents inside the margins of history, leaving Grace's guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity to the reader, gracing us a brilliant work of factual fiction.

—Shannon Neese



# Grisham's formula for success works again

*The Runaway Jury*  
John Grisham  
Dell, 1997

Have you ever wondered exactly what the ingredients of smoke are, specifically that which many of us inhale every day from cigarettes? Maybe you have, but the majority of us don't want to think about it.

We choose to wander around ignorant, puffing on what we know is harmful for our bodies, and for no other reason than we want to and can.

The plaintiff in Grisham's newest paperback novel is the widow of an addicted smoker. Not just any smoker, though, one addicted to Bristol's brand cigarettes.

A combined minimum of 30 lawyers represent both the plaintiff and the defense. Grisham introduces his newest work with painstaking descriptions of the courtroom, the lawyers for each side and the jury mem-

bers elect. He outlines tactics throughout, carefully changing perspectives between lawyers of both sides and the jury members.

As Grisham knows, one jury member must be corrupt. Nicholas Easter encompasses all the qualities of the corrupt. He slinks around, watching those who watch him and looking innocent while concocting schemes. He sneaks away to public areas to exchange passwords of identification with ladies carrying cameras.

Suspense surrounds this character with the trepidacious air Grisham gives to such a character. Grisham twists this tale, throwing fuel to the fire with each new page, not simply with each chapter as many authors would.

We learn of the quirks people have, not so much through description as dialogue with other characters. Although a bit lengthy in description at times, Grisham obviously understands his setting magnificently. Why

else would anyone choose to write novel after novel set in the courtroom?

The supposed writing "experts" decree that best writing topics are those with which the author has an intimate relationship. If this belief rings true, then Grisham holds the key to success. And, of course, he must because his last 4 novels were quickly snatched by the film industry. I suppose this will be the case for this novel, too.

No film can truly portray the power an author has, nor can the director film the entire story. (Unless, of course, you're Kenneth Brannau directing and starring in Shakespeare's Hamlet!) Hopefully, the intrigue of this novel prompts you to read it. I certainly enjoyed it!

If you, however, still possess a bit of skepticism, then at least pick up the book and read the synopsis on the back cover before deciding it's not your cup of tea.

—Tracy Lynn Ford

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## READMORE BOOKSTORE

# Tech Center's Nose points to future

The Science Center has no artwork, the Orr Center has a large flowing sculpture and the Health Professions Center has landscapes, some sculptured faces and abstracts. But the Technology Center has "The Shape of Things to Come." Better known as the "Big Nose," it is in a corner of the basement. This piece of sculpture begs you take a stand on it: you love it or you hate it.

Unaware of this statue, I was discussing the lack of art when a friend started "dissing" the Nose. She hated it, found it disgusting, distracting and tried to avoid it. So I had to check it out.

After roaming the hallway for a few minutes, I happened to look over the balustrade and there it was in all its painted splendor. I found it intriguing and entertaining, not in the least repelling. A gently sloping nose—at least two feet large, with a small television where a mouth would be—was resting on a set of arms and legs that were crouched as if bracing itself against an unknown enemy. I liked it.

Not sure what the artist was trying to convey, I met with my friend over margaritas to discuss it. Deidre and I agree on most things, including art. But this Nose was different. She saw it almost as a personal attack. It was in her space big time.

"Art is beauty," she contended. "The nose is not."

Why glamorize and enlarge a part of the body that people try to minimize, she questioned.

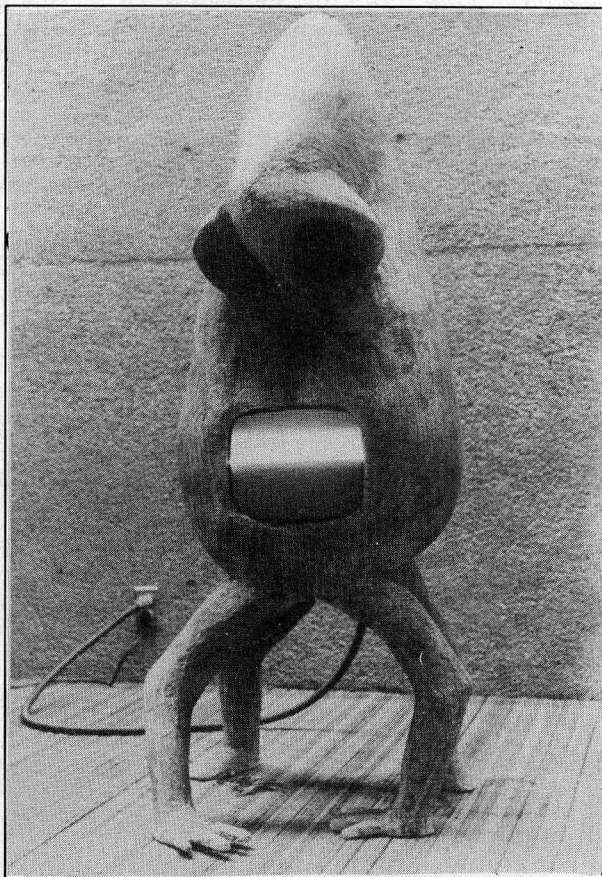
"I look at a person's eyes or read their lips when talking to them. You can take the nose away. You only notice it if it's big or something's hanging from it. There is nothing you can do to a nose to make it anything but a nose," she said. "Why feature something that the majority of people don't like? If you question people, most will not like their nose—it is always too big."

"What kind of reaction was he expecting?" she asked. Maybe it's the contradiction between the importance of the olfactory sense, she speculated, and the ugliness of the nose.

"And the TV screen just has static when it is on, no sound—just static."

Again and again she kept coming back to the basic ugliness of a nose, and stated

Photo by Miguel Latorre



"The Shape of Things to Come" stands in the basement hallway of the Technology Center.

that the artist couldn't have picked a homelier part of the human anatomy to portray.

She asked why I liked it. My first reaction to the piece was laughter, I told her. But as I thought about it, the word 'primal' came to mind, even with the TV screen. Maybe because the feet are bare or the material the sculpture is made of, but I think it's more than that.

For some animals the sense of smell is the difference between life and

death. Admittedly the sense of smell for humans now is not as critical as it might have been for prehistoric man. But it is an important part of the sense of taste. Food would not be as enticing without the added aroma emanating from it.

In the January 13 edition of *U.S. News & World Report*, they note that researchers are exploring odor's function in selecting a sexual partner. Then they go on to describe the sense of smell as an important tool we use for memory recall. Smell



heightens our recollections enabling us to evoke emotions and thoughts more completely.

But more than that I like the shape. I think it is well executed. The nose itself displays graceful lines until your eyes focus on the base of the sculpture. I agree with Deidre that the way the nose is balanced on the arms and legs is disturbing, but we couldn't figure out why. Maybe it has to do with the title; she wondered if it could have something to do with the government. Because the Nose has no eyes, are we following the government blindly? Being led by the nose, we only exhibit a non-verbal static in our defense. We must brace ourselves, the future is here.

Again we wondered about the artist's own conception of this piece, what he was trying to get across, noting that no one else would define it the way he does: the artist holds the key.

We started thinking how the word nose is used. For example, sticking your nose in other people's business, you smell things out like a detective and you can smell the fear in someone. Or smell a rat. But there are some positive things, too. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Santa Claus puts his finger to his nose to rise out of the chimney, and babies can tell who their mother is by smell more than any other sense.

We ran out of margaritas before we settled the question of the Nose. Not completely satisfied with our answers, I decided to talk to the artist. His name is David Huebner. He is the art workshop supervisor and has a lecture class on art.

He called the piece "disfigurative sculpture," a style of art he has been working on that emphasizes or caricatures human anatomy. The nose is "a futuristic statement. I did not want it to be heavy," he said. It suggests de-evolution, emphasizing the animal aspect of humans, he said.

"The extension cord is part of the tail, more of an industrial connotation. It is partly an implied, partly unconscious statement. We need to be powered up—where are we going as a species, race and culture?"

So I have my answer to the Nose question. I am closer to the artist in his interpretation of "The Shape of Things to Come" as a humorous statue. But Diedre may be nearer to understanding Mr. Huebner's source for inspiration in that he does work for a government institution.

—Jan Carter

# Jackson's lost stories vary in quality and subject

*Just an Ordinary Day*  
Shirley Jackson  
Bantam Books, 1997

None of the stories in this collection grabs you in quite the same way Shirley Jackson's classic "The Lottery" does, but a few come close. The 54 short stories, many previously lost and unpublished, run the gamut from humor to cold-blooded murder.

With an introduction by two of Jackson's children and an undated preface by Jackson recalling her first writing experience, the book is divided into two sections. Part one contains previously unpublished stories; part two collects the short stories that had previously been published in magazines such as *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Many of the stories were found several years ago in an old barn in Vermont; some were stored in boxes in the Library of Congress, and a few were collected from various family members. Many were untitled and undated, but the only change made in any of the stories was the creation of a title. Everything else remains as when first discovered 25 years after Jackson's death.

A few of the tales, such as "The Smoking Room" and "I Don't Kiss Strangers" sound amateurish and not up to Jackson's reputation. But there is the possibility that, since most of the unpublished stories were undated, they may have been written during Jackson's college days or even sooner.

Jackson's humorous side shows up in "Indians Live in Tents," a short story based on correspondence between people subletting each other's apartments, and in "My Recollections of S. B. Fairchild," a first-person account of trying to return a defective item to a department store.

Lovers of Jackson's spooky novel *The Haunting of Hill House* need not think this book holds nothing for them. "The Good Wife" tells the story of a man holding his wife prisoner in their home, "What a Thought" displays what really goes on in the mind of a seemingly happily-married woman, and "The Story We Used to Tell" involves two women trapped in a painting.

"The Order of Charlotte's Going" and "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts" both have surprise endings, and "The Very Strange House Next Door" resembles "The Lottery" in subtle ways.

Even though this collection was just published, keep in mind these stories were written throughout the 1930s and on into the 1960s when Jackson died. The women seem to do nothing but cook and take care of the house (when they're not plotting murder), and the children play outside and join the Cub Scouts instead of playing video games all day. Everyone smokes and drinks, and spanking the children is not illegal.

This collection is not a traditional anthology. It is more a history of Jackson's writing career, from her college years at the University of Rochester in the 1930s to her death in 1965.

Changes in the style and content of her stories are obvious. As an example, two versions of "The Honeymoon of Mrs. Smith" are included to show the changes Jackson made in the same story over the years.

Sifting through the bad to get to the good is a worthwhile trip. The book can be read slowly, one story at a time, or in huge chunks at one sitting.

Since many of the stories are undated, there is no particular order required. Pick a story at random, or read from front to back in an orderly fashion. Whichever method you choose to read *Just an Ordinary Day*, you are sure to find something in this collection that pleases.

—Tina Sizemore

## Secrets: Hegi's Stones traces one woman's growth

Secrets become heavier the longer you carry them. They sink like stones thrown in the river. In *Stones from the River*, Ursula Hegi brings us Trudi Montag, a Zwerg-dwarf, who hoards the town of Burgdorf, Germany's secrets, and builds a fortress against the treatment she receives for being different.

Hegi first introduced Trudi in the novel, *Floating in My Mother's Palm*, but she is only a flash of sympathy, gossiping and running a pay-library.

Hegi (like Trudi whose glasses draw ears close) weaves the language of her character touchingly. Trudi's father raises her alone after her mother's "madness," that began at Trudi's birth, eventually causing her mother's death.

Trudi makes a pact with God, goes to church to pray everyday, hangs from the doorway by her fingers, all in the hopes that she will grow.

It is in growing that Hegi traces themes she has used before: the loss of a mother, lifelong friendship between women and the frustration/inspiration of being different. With Trudi, Hegi captures the love/hate relationship one has to the world when physical differences separate. Trudi grows, although sometimes the growth is vengeful, rather than evolutionary. But through everything, Trudi desires connection to others. She gets this from secret. Only her own secrets remain silent. As Hegi writes in *Floating*: "The kind of silence that fills you with light and makes you believe you can do anything you want." And Trudi does.

—Jennifer Hunley

Life after *Citizen Kane*

## Magnificent Ambersons showcases Welles's genius

### Video Suggestion

*The Magnificent Ambersons*  
by Joni Hoke

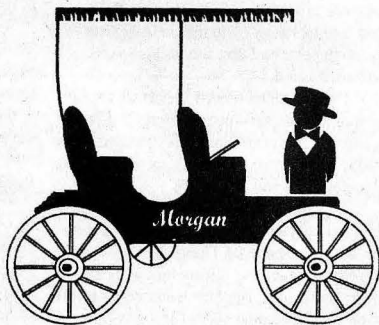
*Your video columnist, under immense stress, would have been unable to produce a farewell column without the assistance of a shadowy stranger serving as her ghostwriter. Even I know not who he is. He arranged to meet me in the darkened parking garage of American General Finance, where he offered his services in exchange for a pack of Chesterfield Lights and some blue Gatorade—"The big one; no screwing around!"—which I promptly provided. The following is the result of our strange collaboration. With any luck, I will come to my senses, drop this futile endeavor in higher education and escape from your lives silently. Otherwise, I'll be back for more federal loans and frivolity in the fall.*

After completing what many consider to be the finest artistic achievement in cinema, *Citizen Kane*, Orson Welles focused on production of the film version of the Booth Tarkington novel *The Magnificent Ambersons*. RKO studio, frightened by early audience reaction, cut the film without Welles's approval or control. But the final version is still a masterpiece, brilliantly filmed and powerfully acted.

*The Magnificent Ambersons* is the story of a wealthy and powerful Indianapolis family with great social influence. The arrogance

and selfishness of the Amberson's only son lead the family down a road of self-destruction and decay over the course of many years. At the same time, we watch the world of the family change, moving from the slow dignity of the turn of the century to the speed and convenience era of the modern age. The story is subtly told and realistically portrayed. The viewer is caught up in the unique and tragic world of the Amberson family and those closest to them.

While Welles does not appear in the movie himself, he provides the beautiful narration. Besides this, he can be felt in every foot of the film: the unique camera angles, the subtle use of shadow and light, and fine, intimate performances reminiscent of *Citizen Kane*. Even a modern viewer cannot help watching *The Magnificent Ambersons* without feeling he is watching something new, innovative and powerful. Seeing Orson Welles' brilliant artistry in both films, it is shocking to realize that he was in his early twenties when he made these films.



# Like Water depicts cook's passionate world

*Like Water for Chocolate*  
(*Como Agua Para Chocolate*)

novel by Laura Esquivel  
English translation: Doubleday, 1992  
Spanish film with English subtitles  
Buena Vista, 1994  
105 min.

All those completely clueless when it comes to cooking please raise your hand. Laura Esquivel presents *Like Water for Chocolate*, a cookbook in story form. An enticing tale of a woman named Tita, a woman literally born into the kitchen, this novel tempts all the senses with its eroticism and fabled style.

It offers a sensual description of characters and countryside, as well as one family's kitchen and cooking practices. Though troubled by a family tradition and her position in the family, Tita grows up knowing the warmth and joy of the kitchen. When she first discovers love, however, her dream of marriage and a family of her own are squelched by her mother. As the youngest child of the family, Tita must take care of this woman for life, never marrying or forming a family.

Tita's only love Pedro asks for her hand in marriage, which of course, is denied. In an effort to stay near her, he consents to marry Tita's older sister. This surprising move commences a chain of reactions that escalates and drives the novel.

The English version of this tale offers a surprisingly close translation of the Spanish text. Some of the lines of the book, in fact, matched verbatim the lines in the subtitles of the film. This fact shocked me. Being a Spanish minor in my fourth year of classes, I understood the Spanish dialogue quite easily.

Only extremely complex and rapidly spoken sentences coaxed a glimpse to the subtitles at the bottom of the screen. (The fact that I'd just finished reading the novel didn't hurt my understanding, either!)

For those with little interest in reading, the film version delightedly depicts Tita's world with little devia-

tion from the novel. Produced and directed by Alfonso Arau, *Como Agua Para Chocolate* exquisitely portrays the passion and heart of the Spanish culture as described in Esquivel's novel. Transitions in time were made clear by the addition of the date (year only) in the center of the screen while the camera panned a scene of the countryside.

The transition of time in the novel, however, occurred less clearly. Each chapter was marked not only by the name of a recipe and its ingredients, but also the month's name. Twelve chapters in all, Jan. through Dec., the novel seemed to take place in a year's time. In reality, however, the novel represents Tita's complete life. After reading the novel and stumbling over the time problem, the meaning of the title became apparent. One of the recipes late in the story calls for

making chocolate to pour over sweet rolls. To make the chocolate correctly, one must grind cocoa beans into a powder before adding water and bringing to a boil. This liquid must be brought to a boil three times in succession. To cool the chocolate down between boils, more water, preferably cold, must be added. Tita is like the water that douses each boil. She smooths over her family's problems so as not to sully their precious name. She gives up her dreams of love and children to honor a tradition in which she does not believe. This tragic, heartfelt and thought-provoking tale, no matter which medium it is viewed from, offers a refreshing look at love, family and cooking. You won't be able to put down the novel, or to turn off the movie, until you've finished.

—Tracy Lynn Ford

## Ironweed grabs imagination

William Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *Ironweed*, transcends not only the regional setting of Albany, NY, but also reaches beyond 1938 when the story takes place. With the opening, the reader assumes an unusual story awaits.

Francis Phelan arrives at St. Agnes Cemetery to dig graves for enough money to find a place to sleep that night. His nervous mother, uncomfortable in his presence, and his pipe-smoking father first notice Francis's arrival. The dead are active in this cemetery: "Francis's father smoked roots of grass that died in the periodic droughts afflicting the cemetery...Francis's mother wove crosses from the dead dandelions and other deep-rooted weeds..."

The reader knows the usual is not likely to occur in a book that grabs the imagination firmly in the opening pages. The story grows fuller and richer with the absence of shallow, uninteresting characters.

One example of Kennedy's mastery is Phelan's closest companion, Helen. Helen shares herself with men who do nice things for her, but she is fully developed because of Kennedy's attention to detail and careful scrutiny of human behavior.

Francis Phelan's struggle with his past compels the reader to at least attempt understanding. From seeing his father killed in front of him to the death of his infant son, the reader follows Phelan's path anxiously wanting to know where it leads.

Reading *Ironweed* indulges a reader like feasting on exotic chocolate, but better—there's no sickness when you fill yourself with the story of Francis Phelan. Utilizing ironic humor, Kennedy subtly insinuates his characters into your psyche in such a way that there can be no stopping once you begin this book.

—Kathie Ginn

Class Schedule

There's an intrinsic quality between us, Jim.  
I already know that though I've barely scratched your surface.  
You've seen the fall of childhood heroes,  
and written morbid quips on your seven-hue military helmet.  
I've read your past and it's piercing.  
So much pain, but your grin is so natural.  
Your teeth are stained with calamity.

All I do is wait for my tragedies.  
I know they're coming and that I should just deal,  
but I hear the taste of blues in your everyday speech.  
Will I sound like you?  
You've been the creator and destroyer.  
I've envisioned myself in your shoes.  
I want to be rich.

But you're more content.

Jim, tell me what you've seen,  
this is your chance.  
You've been there, we haven't.  
What did it feel like to raise you heir?  
Show me your fear of what they've inherited.  
Tell me of Ten O'Clock curfews and endless nights where  
your thoughts and reflections drip in your mind's sink.

Have you seen the Abyss?

Never mind Jim, I don't want to know.  
Just assure me this,  
Will my face show wrinkles of pain  
and too many smiles?

Michael J. Kessler

Murder in the Tennessee Hills

Because  
her body  
would make a bikini  
blush  
to hold it; because  
in these hills shrouded as Olympus,  
had she met Paris  
before Helen  
her face would be the One;

He determined  
no other man  
would see her sensuality;  
no other man  
would sink into her love  
like a whirlpool;

No other man  
would demean her  
or flatten her spirit  
as he had.

No other man, ever.

He knew a junkie—  
a grasping junkie—  
that could be paid to kill her.  
He paid.

Shot front and back,  
she died with a stare  
aimed deadily at the other man  
reflecting him.

Kathie Ginn

's wonderful

# Fitzgerald sings Gershwin with style

Ella Fitzgerald  
*Oh Lady Be Good*  
Verve Records, 1996

Ira Gershwin, the lyricist half of the dynamic brother duo, could wax, as Rogers and Hammerstein wrote, "as corny as Kansas in August," with lines like "I'd like to add his initial to my monogram."

Gershwin often forced rhymes and created images so gosh-golly innocent they are refreshingly archaic today. Who better to sing their songs than Ella Fitzgerald, who never drank or smoked in her life, but sang with the weary intensity of a bar-room broad.

Fitzgerald's voice rang as pure as a crystal chandelier, and cut as deeply as broken glass. The First Lady of Jazz, who died last summer, lived a life much cleaner than most of her contemporaries. Her uninhibited voice reflected that cleanliness while conveying a one-hell-of-a-hard-life sound.

In 1959, Fitzgerald recorded a song book of Gershwin tunes, songs as tame as she herself. The combination of Fitzgerald's ethereal voice and the Gershwin's simply complex lyrics and music makes the rereleased version, *Oh Lady Be Good! The Best of the Gershwin Song Book*, an important CD to add to any music lover's collection.

Backed by the Nelson Riddle Orchestra, Fitzgerald's pipes are in prime form, although with little of her trademark scat.

The CD offers some of Gershwin's most famous songs, cut

down from the original 53 Fitzgerald recorded in those 1959 sessions.

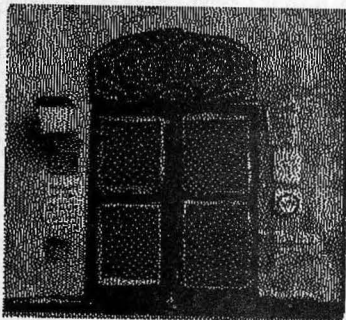
"Fascinating Rhythm" opens the CD with a funky groove and hooks listeners into the fascinating sound of both Gershwin and Fitzgerald. Listeners will definitely want this sound to hang around them all day.

"S Wonderful," a sweet and innocent song on the surface, deals with a common Gershwin theme: love. The affirmation "S'exceptional" hints at the true intention of all that sentimentality.

"Neether/nither" withstanding, "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off" is a frothy, fun treatise to breaking up just to make up. "I've Got A Crush On You" may seem a bit dated, but the song, and Fitzgerald's voice, conveys the light, dopey, sighing feeling of falling in love.

Sexy, uninhibited "The Man I Love" reflects a grown-up little girl's determination to find a suitable lover. The song swirls into jazz and ends with a dramatic crescendo that creates a question about the singer's well being. "They Can't Take That Away From Me," one of Gershwin's most famous songs, pays sweet homage to a lover. Punctuated by slinky percussion and rising horns, Fitzgerald's voice turns the sweetness into a stripper's siren song, nailing each note for all its seductive power.

The world may mourn Ella



Fitzgerald, but thankfully we have her voice preserved on this and other CDs, to hold in our hearts forever.

An exceptional vocalist and a giving person, Fitzgerald holds an important place in world history. Her voice mirrored the emotion of any song, from new love to flirtation to all-out heartache. Once her voice wrapped around a song, it became her own.

*The Best of the Gershwin Song Book* shows Ella in prime form. Gershwin's lyrics open themselves to interpretation;—from aw shucks innocence to the intensity of a burned-out lady of the evening.

Ella Fitzgerald rises to the occasion of every song, interpreting them in her own way, then doling them out to listeners as her own special surprise gifts. Buy *Oh Lady Be Good* as a gift to yourself—'S Wonderful!

—Shannon Neese

MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW MUSIC REVIEW

# Firkin Brewpub: A Firkin good time

The Firkin Brewpub, established in 1996, is located downtown in the basement of the Hilliard Lyons Building. Do not let this intimidate you. Turn north on Court Street off of Riverside Drive (next to Casino Aztar's Hotel). Turn right on Fourth Street and the building is on the corner of Fourth and Main. Entrances are located in the front or on the side. There is on-street parking or a lot behind the building.

## Firkin Brewpub

Dress: Casual

Price: \$8-15 for a meal

Drinks are served from the bar—including in-house microbrew

Food: Various sandwiches and platters

☆☆☆☆☆-Firkin awesome!

☆☆☆☆☆-A Firkin good time!

☆☆☆-We have to Firkin eat somewhere.

☆☆-At least the Firkin name is cool.

☆-That's the most disgusting Firkin thing I've ever put in my mouth.

## Jamy's experience

I guess that I'm becoming a softie for these food reviews. I have not been extremely impressed with the last two establishments, yet I return and still suggest them to friends. Go figure.

This is what I did like. The decor was fabulous, our server was attentive (except for her failure to bring ketchup), and 75 percent of my meal was good. The other 25 percent was awful.

I ordered the Fish and Chips (\$6.95) which consisted of beer-battered cod and "English Chips."

## Dining with the Gang

Transitions Staff Restaurant Review

English chips are just potato wedges with the skins on. I am usually a tiger when it comes to eating this form of spuds, but these were disgusting. Half of them were scorched beyond recognition and the other half were raw to the point of crisp when I bit into them. Very uncool.

The dessert, Oranges Valentino (\$3.75) was outrageous. Basically, it is mandarin oranges cooked with a mess of things including orange zest, brown sugar, cinnamon and Grand Manier. Holy cow. This concoction was then poured over two scoops of French Vanilla Ice Cream. Delicious.

I will say that I went back again two nights later to find all of the food cold, but the English chips were at least cooked through. I will go back again when they work the kinks out.

## Jamie Marie's Experience

This being my first food review with the gang, I did not want to seem over eager. So I sat in my car and waited for someone from the group to walk past. I walked in with Jamy and Dawn about five minutes late. Because I was the baby of the group we had to sit in the family room.

Seated and menus in hand, we grumbled over what to get. Tracy Lynn and I decided to order together and split the meal. I was glad I had not gone into it

alone: that was a lot of food.

As an appetizer (which was delivered with our main course), we ordered the Baked Pretzels with Stone-Ground Mustard (\$1.95). This included two huge soft pretzel knots served with a small flask of mustard. I ate half of a pretzel and was not real thrilled with the mustard. Our main course was Cuatro Formaggio Focaccia (\$7.25), or four cheese pizza.

The ten-inch pizza almost tasted like homemade. The extra sprinkle of spices added a nice zip and gave me the will to eat almost half of the pizza. It did, however, leave me too full to indulge in dessert.

We were most impressed by two decorations in the pub. The first, a picture of a man resembling Ron Roat in a jockey outfit stared down at us. The second, an illustration in the restroom, was entitled "Nature Calls." It had about a dozen pictures of various outdoors from around the world.

Overall, I had a good time. The little pub had a much more interesting atmosphere than I had expected. Our waitress was friendly and accommodating and the food was decent. The best part of it all was the name of the pub itself. All I have left to say is "Spread the Firkin word."

## Tracy Lynn's Experience:

Visiting the new Firkin Brewpub was a great experience. Fairly attentive, our waitress could have refilled our sodas a little more quickly, but on the whole she represented the pub well. She had no problem separating our checks, a fairly difficult task to accomplish for some.

As I wasn't hungry for my usual steak or pasta, my mouth desired the Soft-Baked Pretzels with Stone-Ground Mustard.

When we got the pretzels, right along with the entrees, they were quite warm with salt grains (you know, the large grains of salt used on baked pretzels!), and the mustard sauce was pleasantly spicy.

For the entree, we ordered **C u a t r o** Formaggio Foccacia. With a delicate blend of Monterey Jack, Smoked Provalone, Mozzarella and Parmaggiano, this pizza was the most superb cheese pizza I'd ever tasted, possessing a smooth cheesiness that melted with each taste. It cut easily with a fork and pulled apart smoothly when handled.

For dessert I ordered the Lemon Spumanti Granita (\$2.75). Tasting just like a regular Lemon Ice, the dessert-maker cleverly disguised the alcohol (Spumanti). Topped with whipped cream and sprinkles, this delight complimented the meal nicely.

Overall, the food was delicious and the atmosphere inviting. **Jennifer's Experience**

I have to say that I was slightly disappointed that we had to sit in the family room, but I was once under 21 too! So as far as the atmosphere here, it in the bar area. I've been back twice and the honey blond microbrew is a pint worth having.

I'm trying to think of something bad to say, but Firkin Brewpub has pleased me every

time. Usually with a new restaurant the service is terrible, but at Firkin I've experienced some of the most conscientious and amicable waitstaff our corporate-restaurant-city offers.

If you appreciate a variety of music, you will love the juke box...as for all you soft pretzel lovers, two huge pretzels with stone ground mustard is \$1.95! What goes better with an ice-cold pint?

This is terrible; my whole review

lacks complaint. Where's this column headed anyway?

#### Tracy's Experience

As it is at most establishments the family room of Firken's is not quite as interesting as the bar. But newest staff member Jamie Marie is a wee little lass of only 19. We sat in the family room and pined for the bar.

I ordered the beer-battered Fish and Chips. My meal came a few minutes later than my com-

To compensate for the wait, the cook piled my plate high and I was too full for dessert. The fish was graced with the lightest tasting beer-batter finish I have ever had.

The crispy-fried potato wedges they call "chips" were tough to cut and hard to chew, but made up for the battle in taste. I had few complaints about the meal, but my new consort who accompanied us also ordered fish and felt the portions were skimpy.

After the meal, some of us skipped to the bar (for the sake of this review) where we saw many other USI refugees. Firken's is a brew pub and makes its own beer. Priced to compete with Turoni's, Evansville's other microbrewery, a 10-ounce home brew is \$2. The pint is \$3. I sipped my consort's beer, the Honey Blond, a very good brew with a light, smooth taste.

I asked for a cup of coffee and a shot of Bailey's. The waiter came back with a mixture of coffee and Bailey's topped with whipped cream, a lovely concoction, but not what I asked for. It also cost \$4. I did not complain but swore that next time I'd wander down the street to the Peephole for a drink.

The bar is perfect for relaxed conversation, however. Unfortunately, someone turned up the music around 8:30. Jennifer said this occurred on her last visit as well. My advice: nix it.

#### Consensus-☆☆☆☆

Though the square Cheer's-like bar in the center is charming, Firkin is probably not a place for regular drinking unless you want a microbrewed beer. The atmosphere and food is great and we strongly recommend at least one visit.



**Firkin Brewpub**  
est. 1996

**firkin: 1. a small cask of beer originally containing a quarter of a "barrel" or half a "kilderkin"**

panions' because the server spilled vinegar on my fish. I ate Jennifer's pretzel as I waited. Very tasty and hot, the pretzel stayed my hunger.

## Still on the road

# REO front man finds stability in his 40s

The whirlwind and glamour of being the lead singer of one of America's top bands still excites Kevin Cronin, but not as much as the new role he is now playing.

During the 1980s, it seemed that every song REO Speedwagon wrote and performed was embraced by the young people in this country, Cronin said.

When the band was young, the members lived the way one would expect a rock group to live. He said that they did the drug and drinking thing.

"We partied constantly. No ex-

cuses were needed," he said.

Even though the success of the band could not be denied, Cronin said that he was not as happy as he ap-

peared, but never acknowledged his unhappiness until he began living in a healthy fashion.

"I stopped drinking and putting anything bad for me into my body," he said. "I realized that it was just as much fun being sober and healthy

when I performed." Cronin has been going on stage for the last five years without partying beforehand, although the band still has crazy times. Last year

Cronin said he felt bad for fans in this area who felt ticket prices were too high, so the group went to a local bar and played all night long for free.

"Everyone was euphoric, and the guys had a ball. We did not go back to our hotel until 3 a.m.," he said.

Cronin explained how sorry he was about not having a relationship with his son Paris while he was growing up. He was very young when Paris was born, and his marriage to his first wife failed. Cronin said he did not get to share in those formative years, even though he had grown up in a close-knit family.

Cronin is making both a personal as well as a professional effort to strengthen his relationship with Paris, however. The group has a new CD out called *Building Bridges*. The title song was written by Cronin for Paris. In the last few years Cronin said he and his 20-year-old son have been working on establishing a relationship.

"There were many talks and a lot of things to work out. One day, during one of these conversations, I told Paris that I felt we were building a bridge from his heart to my heart. That is how the song came to be."

In December Cronin's second wife, Lisa, gave birth. Cronin was in Evansville before this event and said was very excited about the baby. He wanted to be an active part of this child's life. While spending some time at home in Los Angeles before coming to Evansville, he spent many hours shopping for baby furniture and said

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"I stopped drinking and putting anything bad for me into my body," he said. "I realized that it was just as much fun being sober and healthy when I performed."

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he was thrilled to see how pregnant Lisa looked.

A big surprise for Cronin occurred when he was told the President was using "Building Bridges" as his campaign song and playing it throughout the country. President and Mrs. Clinton declared delight with it.

Cronin said that he may disagree with some things that the president does, noting, however, that this is the first president that he can relate to.

"He gives this country hope," he said.

The band is on tour 10 months of the year. They may play six cities in six nights. "Life on the road may sound glamorous and thrilling. You get tired and you forget what time zone you went sleep in," Cronin said.

He said that he loves the travel and would not change his lifestyle for the world, although he said that his life gets lonely.

He is very close with his band members, and his road manager, "Beef," is like a camp counselor, there to help the guys out, set up interviews and get them food or whatever else they need.

Cronin explained that it is difficult for him to believe that REO and its sound have lived through disco, the hard rock, the rap and alternative eras. He believes the longevity of the group may be attributed to the message in their music because each song is telling a story.

He has some old feelings that will never change. For instance, he will always enjoy playing smaller venues like Evansville because fans appreciate his concerts more than fans in big cities who can see 10 concerts in one weekend. They sold out here in 1984 and 1996.

Gesturing for emphasis, Cronin explained the most rewarding part of his job is hearing from fans. "I love writing and performing and feel very lucky that I can earn all this money just having fun," he said.

Some fans have told him that when they are down and out an REO song can lift their spirits. He said he got a letter from a woman who lost a

close family member. She expressed her gratitude for the lyrics of his uplifting songs.

Among the songs that have propelled REO Speedwagon to the top are "I Can't Fight This Feeling Anymore," "Roll with the Changes," "Riding the Storm Out," "Take It On The Run" and "Keep on Rolling."

In a new phase of his career, he and the band members are now working with troubled families in different cities on their tour. They leave free tickets and backstage passes for these people. Cronin thinks that an upbeat concert and meeting the band is a way for a family to share a common interest.

The 42-year-old singer has lived in the fast lane for more than 20 years

and has been at the top. Growing up in Illinois, Cronin admitted that he never imagined forming a rock band that would have songs rocket into number one hits.

Cronin said that he never looks at fans asking for autographs as a nuisance. They give their loyalty and he said they deserve his time. Rap and "Gangsta" music have their place and all generations have to experiment, but love songs and lyrics with upbeat messages will never be out of style, he predicted.

For Cronin, the completion of his new CD and world-wide tour and the anticipated arrival of a new child means that "life begins at 40."

—Julie Rosenbaum

## Shock value

# Intense *Crash* appeals to purient interest

Insurance rates aren't the only thing car accidents raise in David Croenburg's latest film, *Crash*. The film is loosely based on the 1973 non-fiction book by J.G. Ballard, which describes individuals sexually aroused by car collisions.

So, you ask, they run down to the salvage to have sex? Well yes, but this alternative fetish encompasses all aspects of the fender bender, especially how many lacerations turned scars you can sport. And if you can't sport permanent damage, Vaughn (Elias Koteas), knows a tattoo shop that offers creations for the (auto)-erotic.

The film boasts big names: Holly Hunter, James Spader, and Rosanna Arquette. But regardless of star quality and the intense, excellent performances, this is definitely not Croenburg's best

flick (i.e. *The Fly*, *Videodrome*, *Scanners*). What makes this film worth seeing is it's pure shock value. To see it is to become a voyeur. There is no real plot or recognizable climax, no resolution or conflict the characters have or overcome. One feels like a series of events with the same theme have been edited together, there is no real sense of time.

We all scoff at a peeping tom, but catching someone off guard arouses a certain thrill, a high from seeing someone being their most natural self. Seeing this movie is an experience, not just for the content, but because it will stay with you, bearing its temptation on your conscience-like being pinned under the weight of a car.

—Tracy Bee

Finding that special someone

## Student takes different approach to search

My thoughts exactly...

by Jamy Schuler  
jschuler@comsource.net

During one of an all-too-common late-night work session that Tracy Bee and I engaged in for the March issue, she made a harmless, innocent, ordinary trip to the restroom. No big deal.

She returned to the office with a bewildered look on her face.

"There were a bunch of personal ads laying on the bathroom floor."

"What?"

"They were personal ads that you see in the paper! On the floor of the bathroom! It looks like someone placed them there on purpose."

Of course I couldn't let this go with a grain of salt, so she proceeded down the hall to obtain evidence. I waited.

And yes, she did in fact return with a photocopied, handwritten personal ad in her possession. We read it together and, well, laughed our you-know-whats off.

I couldn't believe that some guy was desperate enough to scribble down a description of the girl of his dreams, make copies and either find someone to place

them or place them there himself.

Obviously it was a practical joke. Or was it? Well, there was only one way to find out, right? You guessed it. I called the number.

As the ad says, I received an answering machine. No, I didn't leave a message. For some reason I didn't consider my call "serious." What if this guy is for real? Who am I to make judgements on his methods of obtaining a date? I'm not dating anyone right now but maybe he is. Therefore, he won.

Not that there is any sort of contest here. Actually, now that I think about it, there is. There is a contest between every guy to find a date. At that time I was tempted to call back; I didn't.

But maybe SWM is on to something. No, I haven't spread any personal ads over restroom floors...yet. I am, however, published in a widely-read student magazine. Do I take advantage of this potential goldmine? Sure, why not?

### PRINCESS WANTED

SWM, 21, N/S, casual drinker, looking for a princess ISO her knight in shining armor. Actually, I normally wear Levi's and a button-up. Often described by women as "like a brother" to them, I am 6', dark-haired, formerly-bearded and a hard-working full-time student. Must like sense of humor and long walks on the beach (if we find a beach in Indiana). I'm that guy that all women are looking for and don't realize it until they have had one-too-many bad boyfriends. Serious replies to e-mail address only.

Okay, so that ad might be a little long. But it works here!

I hope "Attractive but Alone" finds himself a mate. Ladies, give the guy a chance; he doesn't sound all that bad! (But I'm a lot better. Hint hint.)

Would this kind of thing work for you? Would you find a man "interesting" who takes advantage of a little-used advertising medium, the women's restroom floor? I think that he's a genius. And if you can't tell, I'm extremely jealous. And alone.

### Attractive but Alone

24-SWM, 6ft/195lbs, short auburn hair, clean shaven, full-time college student.

Seeks single female who is experienced in giving Body Massages!

603-233-1234, Answering Machine - leave message

Serious Calls Only.

A student's attempt at finding himself a date was found on the floor in the women's restroom.

# Horoscopes for the Hell of it

**Aries:** (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) Let's just say it's a good thing you were not a swinging single in the '70s: you are just not into casual sex! That's a good thing in the '90s! As summer approaches, the freak quotient in your surroundings diminishes. Remember, there really are two in every bottle!

**Taurus:** (Apr. 21 - May 20) Your summer plans? A pilgrimage to dead rock star's grave sites. Elvis, Jerry Garcia, John Lennon and Tiny Tim are on your agenda. Enjoy!

**Gemini:** (May 21 - June 21) For reasons unbeknownst to you, you yell "woo hoo!" every time you enter Tumbleweed. Be careful, it's a \$500 fine to leave with your beer (and the manager WILL chase you down!)

**Cancer:** (June 22 - July 22) Your parents are going out of town so you decide to invite all your friends over for a sleepover. Sounds like a great idea, but be careful! College students (and graduates) have been known to feed plastic to dogs, so it would be best to lock up Rover.

**Leo:** (July 23 - Aug. 23) Heads: Carolina. Tails: California. The travel bug has bitten and you are just itching to get on the road. Buckle up, look both ways when you cross, and pee in every state you visit.

**Virgo:** (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Clinton has called and wants you on his staff investigating the late-night eating habits of college students. You'll have to visit every campus in the country and eat Taco Bell every night. Run to the bor-

der, ha! You'll be running to the bathroom!

**Libra:** (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) Follow your gut instincts this month. Someone who you deeply trust is probably lying through their teeth. I suggest kicking those teeth in and then bashing their skull repeatedly.

**Scorpio:** (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) Hey, buddy, did you lose a great big shaker of salt? Wasting away is what you are all about! Spend the summer sipping margaritas and looking at your new tattoo.

**Sagittarius:** (Nov. 22 - Dec. 22) Summer will be a busy but fun time for you. Yes, there will be freaks but also huge butt-kissers who enjoy kissing up to you.

**Capricorn:** (Dec. 23 - Jan. 19) You will soon be hit in the head with a large object. Amnesia will then follow and you will wander aimlessly for three months. Have fun!

**Aquarius:** One degree of separation between you and Hootie. You follow band members around all summer in hopes of getting closer to them but they always manage to elude you. I think it's because they think you're stalking them.

**Pisces:** (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20) You are appointed Special Assistant to Dr. Hoops for Student Issues. Your first assignment: counting the number of beer cans on campus on Sunday morning to see how big our alcohol problem really is.

