

10/94



HAPPY
HALLOWEEN!

University of Southern Indiana

Transitions

Student Magazine

TRANSITIONS OCTOBER 1994

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If interested in subscribing, call 465-1645 or 464-1856 and leave a message for Amy.

Security statistics for August 1994

UNIVERSITY

- 1 Burglary
- 3 Theft
- 1 Criminal Mischief
- 1 Harassment
- 1 Lost/Stolen
- 1 Trespass
- 1 Reckless Driving

MCDONALD APARTMENTS

- 1 Theft
- 2 Violation of State Liquor Law
- 1 Criminal Mischief

O'DANIEL APARTMENTS

- 1 Theft
- 2 Violation of State Liquor Law
- 1 Phone Harassment

Violence: a symptom of society

Day after day, violence breeds with rapid gestation. How can we proudly proclaim to be the greatest nation, yet slay each other by the dozens every day. In America, violence is a national pastime.

Violent thoughts occur daily. They're normal. The individuals who succumb to those thoughts earn publicity and another number in the statistics of American violence.

Growing up around guns, I never felt an overwhelming urge to blast someone's face off, even though my dad owned several rifles and pistols. Cracking someone's head with baseball bat, though, was acceptable. However, I believed, for some inane reason, in using the strength of my

so they were intent on retribution). The four ignorant pot-heads stood on separate corners like sentries. I had one on the ground and pummeled his face and head, hoping to damage as many brain cells as I could; I glanced up and saw his friend running toward me. James took care of him.

Several weeks later we played football at a school field where James, my brother, and I were the only white people. Then, walking toward the field, was the clan of ten or twelve long-haired hoods (of which many people considered me belonging to). Walking in front, carrying two baseball bats apiece, were the two goofballs James and I roughed up. I mumbled, "Oh, shit" and a black friend asked what

flammability of my hair.

Wearing a ring with quarter-inch spikes, I decked a six-foot-three, jealous high-school football pretty boy wearing a ripped-up NKO B shirt to a Pantera concert. He was upset because two girls were ignoring his advances and he thought they were interested in me, so he figured he'd protect his ego by football tackling me while I slam-danced.

I left neighborhood football games because several players only wanted to mangle me—or any slower or smaller player—as much as possible, even going as far as to clothesline people when they had no part in a particular play.

At least once a week, a neighborhood basketball or football or baseball game turned ugly, with someone leaving the field crying, cradling a bloody nose or busted lip.

One night a 250 pound farm boy decided to impress his girlfriend by beating the shit out of a city boy—me—who was half his size. Again, a friend saved me.

Like most of America, I helped make ultra-violent movies blockbuster hits.

I watched a taping of the ICF championships, where the fighting and blood is real, where blood and viciousness are applauded. I enjoyed the slow-motion replays and commented on how much more brutal barbarianism is when slowed down to where I could see a nose shatter.

A dejected drunk told several people he had a shotgun bullet with my name on it (some men have a problem viewing women as territory rather than as individuals). He and a buddy even attempted hunting me down but were so drunk they passed out before they could start driving.

One of my best friends was shot and killed because the yellow-spine from out of town who pulled the trigger deeming it the only way to stop the fight he instigated.

Two days after the shooting, I watched a neighborhood kid around eight hold a plastic gun to my girlfriend's three-year-old and say, "Well, then, I'll just have to blow your brains out," because the toddler couldn't pronounce "tractor" correctly.

In July, I guess to impress some neighborhood girls, an eleven-year-old charged me with a gun while I played football with a large group of kids. Being dusk, I couldn't tell what kind of gun it was, but I thought it was plastic until I grabbed the barrel and felt metal. Thoroughly enraged, I tried to pull the gun from his hand. He held

on. My hand slipped off and the sighting sliced my palm deep enough to require six large stitches.

But worst of all, I read the paper everyday and the violent crimes reported, especially ones committed by minors. For example, in Washington, two twelve-year-old kids shot a man *eighteen* times because he hit one of them with a rock. The gang-execution of an eleven-year-old murderer in Chicago made prime-time for two days.

And sadly our community is not immune to big-city problems. Over the summer, in less than two weeks, Evansville and neighboring counties saw *five* murders, including one triple-murder. It disrupted our self-induced blind tranquility.

I, like most of the American society, deem violence one of the top two problems facing this nation. Amazingly though, we have in the words of sociologists, "desensitized" ourselves to the violence. We have also resigned ourselves to apathy, admitting that idiotic and unprovoked violence will occur every hour somewhere in the U.S. We silently hope the statistics avoid us or someone we love.

Listening to older generations reveals that violence is not new, but the methods are more intense: "Why, in my day, if there was a problem, we just met in the schoolyard or in a parking lot and tried to beat the tar out of each other."

Once the fight was over, most of the times it was over. You'd go home bleedin' and hurt, but you went to school the next day. Now, kids just pull out guns and shoot you before you ever lay a hand on them."

And guns seem to be the crux of the nation's worries. The \$30 million crime bill may possibly limit the legitimate sales of assault rifles, but black market, stolen and already bought guns will more than even out the law. And the shootings and violence will continue.

No matter what any law enacted says. No matter how stiff a penalty given. No matter how many anti-violence campaign promises by politicians. No matter how many anti-violence programs instituted by schools. No matter...

While nursing the emotional wound of a murdered friend and the physical wound of stitches in my hand, I listened to a group of kids screaming at each other outside my window: "I shot you! I shot you in the head! You're supposed to die!"

I turned up the stereo and pretended I heard nothing.

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

mind in place of fists and muscles. I succeeded in avoiding many fights but was often called "coward" or "chicken shit."

I've known numerous people wind up in the hospital, the jail, face or head busted up, or victorious and then hunted by several angry morons. Sadly, if the two antagonists would have been allowed a room to themselves without any watching eyes, a fight would have never erupted.

Very few people—especially men—can say that violence has sidestepped their lives. Violence is as prevalent as sex. Even though I tried, most of the time, to avoid violence, I, like the normal male, found at least enough to provide interesting tales for grandchildren.

On two different occasions, in the same pool hall, a dejected loser decided the only way to save face was to pull a knife, demanding his money returned and a chance for an uneven fight. Both instances required a loyal friend swinging a pool stick.

My little brother called one afternoon from a pizza tavern asking that James—my extremely strong and temperamental friend—and I escort him home because four guys, whose friends had been arrested in a drug bust, carried baseball bats and chased him into the building (their justification was that because our dad is a cop we necessarily snitched on their friends,

the deal was. He told me not to worry about anything. He whistled softly and all the other guys stood, shirts off and fists tightened, in front of me. Nothing happened.

One night at work I saw a huge, drugged-out black man shatter a coffee pot over an unsuspecting, innocent man's head who was leaving with his daughter and had his back turned.

I watched all three "Faces of Death" movies while eating hamburgers. I laughed during some incidents; others I watched in slow-motion.

I was involved in several small rumbles, where many participants carried bats and tire irons.

In my old neighborhood, a clique of co-dependent fourteen-year-old kids wearing Los Angeles Raiders jackets and carrying baseball bats considered themselves full-fledged "gang-bangers." One afternoon, four of them ran from James and Jeremy (another temperamental friend). That night, about 2 a.m., I was playing basketball by myself at the school court. Five of the wanna-bes decided to jump me and started walking toward me. I thought about running, then quietly snapped a finger and my seventy-five pound Boxer trotted up and stood in front of me. Five guys, all with baseball bats, decided they couldn't take one guy and his dog.

I smashed a guy's nose at a concert because he tried to test the

Being gay in Evansville

by Amanda Barton

Some students on campus still believe you can spot a homosexual from 10 feet away. They don't know that one of their friends or someone in their family might be gay. Dave (not his real name for obvious reasons) is a senior at USI, majoring in business and he is gay.

Dave said, "I am one of those many people who some could tell and others would never have a clue." Through education, people should be able to get a better understanding of homosexuals than what is portrayed by the media.

The media often exploits homosexuals as sexually promiscuous and outrageous. But, not all homosexuals are that way.

Dave said, "I have been 'out' for about two years. My whole life I never considered myself to be "gay" and I still don't like to restrict myself that word." He used to believe, like many other students that "gay men act like women and gay women act like men." The fact is an estimated one out of every ten people is gay.

They are average people who are as diversified as the rest of the population. When

Dave has told guys that he is gay, the response is usually, "Really, you seem so cool, I would have never guessed." Examples of gay people who appear and act "straight" are endless. Most people say that they have never had a gay friend or have met anyone gay. However, that probably isn't true. They just may not have realized that they were gay.

Dave has faced discrimination and prejudice. It's almost on a daily basis. Some, including his own father, have said he is "breaking God's law by choosing this lifestyle." His reply is the same to those people. He said "Who would choose to be alienated from family and friends?"

He said, "I have faith in God." He has also been told that this is a test and that he "should not act upon" his feelings. By not acting upon his feelings, should he then act "straight", date girls, get married, and have children, and lie to them and himself the rest of his life?

The problem is that many people forget the context in which the Bible was written. "Fundamentalists refuse to see that whoever wrote the Old Testament was part

of an endangered species," said Lillian Faderman, a history professor at California State University. "They had to emphasize procreation, and therefore homosexuality between men was taboo."

Dave described several occasions when he has felt homophobia in Evansville. One evening, he and his boyfriend went down to the river front to take a walk. Because he knew how homophobic people are, they didn't hold hands or make any gesture giving people the chance to assume that they might be gay.

He said, "I just wanted to enjoy the time with the one that I loved."

On the way back to his car, he heard a group of high school kids yelling things like "Fags, Look at the queers," and other homophobic phrases at them. He just ignored it and went on. His boyfriend didn't hear the comments because he is hearing-impaired, and

Dave said, "I didn't want to repeat what they said to him."

He has also run into homophobia at work. In the restroom, he was standing at the sink washing his hands when a fellow employee walked in. He heard him utter a word and then quickly walk back out. "It was if he thought that I might try something there in the restroom," he said.

He noted, "I still don't understand why guys think that just because someone is gay that they automatically like all men." Homosexuals have preferences, just as heterosexuals do.

Men are more afraid of homosexual men than anything else. How many times have men been overheard saying, "I don't mind two women, as long as I can watch," or something like that?

When Dave attends parties, he notices the guys hanging all over girls while dancing. "I wonder if I could get away dancing with a guy," he said, "I don't think so."

On Oct. 14 at 7 p.m., an open forum on Gays, Lesbians, and Bisexuals will be held in FA 1. Presented by the Multicultural Center

Who would choose to be alienated from family and friends?

WHAT would you do if YOUR BEST FRIEND told you "I'M GAY?"

According to the Tri-State Alliance for Gays and Lesbians, friends and family need to be aware of what they should do if a friend or relative tells them that they are gay.

FIRST, STOP TELLING QUEER jokes. They are based on lies and you may be hurting someone that you care about. Put downs like that say more about you and how ignorant you are of different types of people.

SECONDLY, help find THEM AND YOURSELF A TRUSTING adult. When someone realizes that they are gay, it is confusing and lonely. Everyone in the situation needs support. Remember not everyone will be helpful. When you choose someone, choose carefully.

AND LASTLY, stick AROUND. Your friend needs someone to lean on and to talk to. Trusting you is a sign of friendship.

So, BE A FRIEND AND BE THERE FOR THEM.

Community Resources

Tri-State Alliance for Lesbians, Gays, and Bisexuals

The Tri-State Alliance is a not-for-profit organization. It sponsors education and social events, a Speakers Bureau that goes to local universities and other community groups, and it hosts a variety of fund raisers. Call 812-474-4853 to get on their confidential mailing list. A \$10 donation is encouraged.

TSA

P.O. Box 2901

Evansville, IN 47728

Evansville Gay and Lesbian Parent Coalition.

The EGLPC is a social and support group for gay and lesbian parents, and those who want to be parents.

EGLPC

P.O. Box 2794

Evansville, IN 47728

IYG-Evansville

IYG-E is an education, support and social group for self-identified gay and lesbian youth under the age of 21.

IYG-Evansville

P.O. Box 2901

Evansville, IN 47728

1-800-347-TEEN

Justice, Inc.

Indiana's civil rights organization for gays, lesbians and those with HIV. They lobby the Hoosier legislation to pass progressive legislation, hold educational workshops, and plan the state's largest civil rights march, rally and pride celebration.

Justice, Inc

P.O. Box 2387

Indianapolis, IN 46206

1-800-886-GAYS

Parents-Friends of Lesbians and Gays

P-FLAG is local support group for parents, relatives and friends of gays and lesbians. They also provide education concerning issues facing the community.

Evansville P-FLAG

P.O. Box 113

Evansville, IN 47701

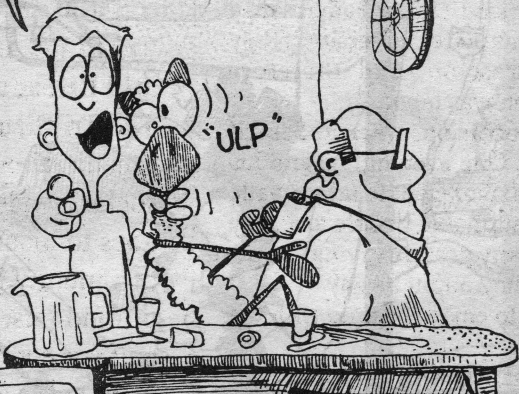
MATT'S WORLD

OR: HOW I GREW TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE.



BY: C.M.H. BILLMAN

HOLY MOLY!
LOOK AT
THAT HOOCHIE
AT THE BAR!!

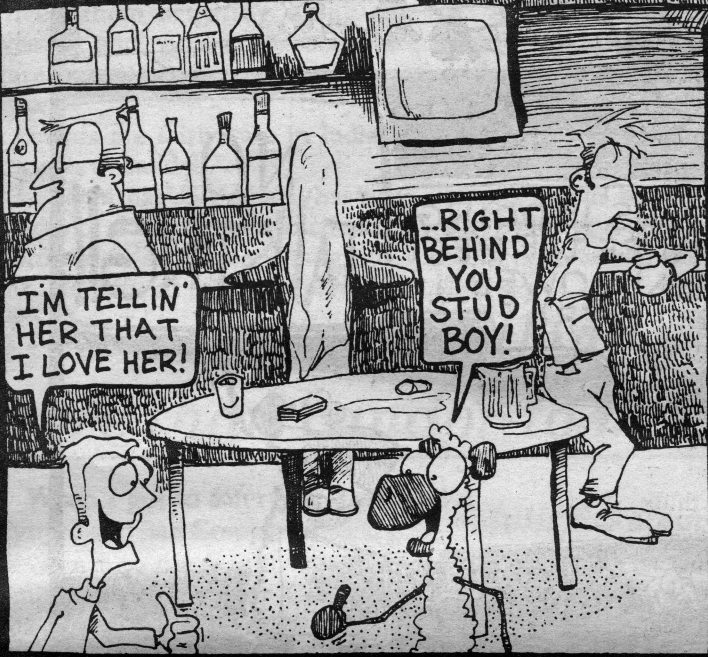


"ULP"

LOOK AT HER EDWIN. YOU
CAN TELL SHE'S NOT LIKE THE
OTHERS. I... I THINK I'M IN
LOVE!!

...FEELS
KINDA
FUNNY.

BY GOLLY I
THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT MATT!
...LOOK AT
THOSE ELBOWS
TOO WOULD YA'!



I'M TELLIN'
HER THAT
I LOVE HER!

...RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU
STUD
BOY!



GRRRR!!!

EXCUSE ME MISS!
BUT I COULDN'T HELP
NOTICING YOU FROM
BACK THERE...

©1994 C.M.H. BILLMAN

THE TOP

4

I FEEL
NUTTY!

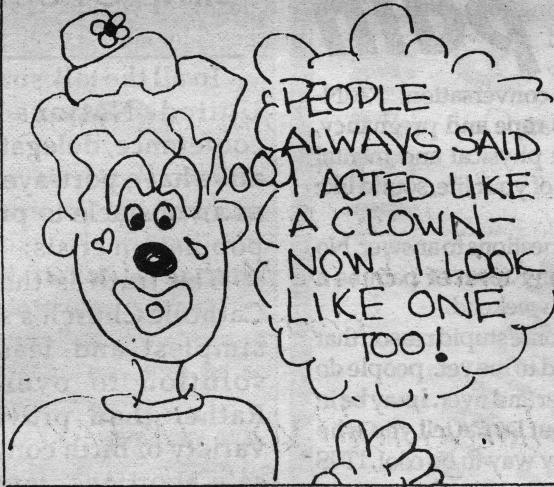
REASONS TO CHECK OUT THE

Westside
Nut
Clubs

FALL FESTIVAL

BY LAURA EGER

YOU CAN GET YOUR
FACE PAINTED LIKE A CLOWN!



PEOPLE
ALWAYS SAID
I ACTED LIKE
A CLOWN -
NOW I LOOK
LIKE ONE
TOO!

ASA'S JUMBO
TENDERLOINS!



OOOY
THEY
WEREN'T
KIDDING!

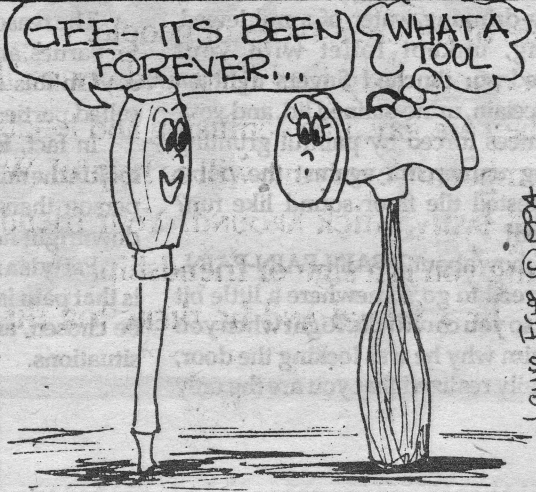
YOU WILL HAVE A VERY
DISTINCT SMELL AFTER LEAVING



WHAT'S THAT
SMELL?

COOSH I HOPE
THAT'S
NOT ME.

THE TOOLS COME OUT
OF THE WOODWORK!



GEE - IT'S BEEN
FOREVER...

WHAT A
TOOL

Laura Eger © 1994

MATT'S WORLD

HOW I GREW TO LOVE COLLEGE LIFE

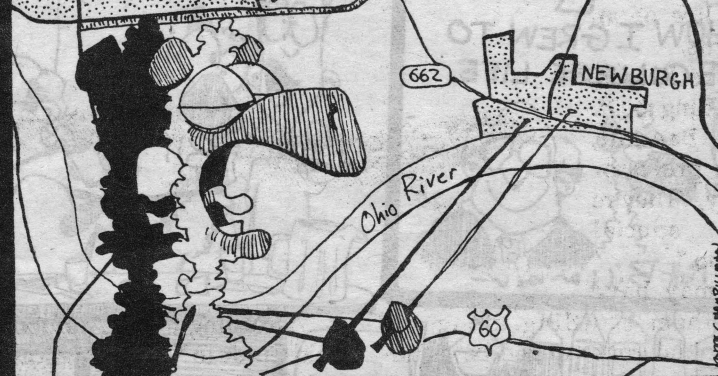


BY: C. MATT BILLMAN

ALRIGHT MEN!
WE'LL START
WITH EVANSVILLE
AND THEN HIT
DARMSTADT..



NEXT, WE'LL GET
ALL THOSE RICH
NEWBURGH PEOPLE!



WE'LL BE ON A
TIGHT SCHEDULE
IF WE'RE TO GET
ALL THE CANDY IN
KENTUCKY AND..



THIS IS GOING
TO BE A LOT
OF WORK.

THIS IS GOING
TO BE THE BEST
HALLOWEEN
EVER!!

NO
TALKING!!



Parties mean pain

by Kevin Wilson

* NOTE: The content of this essay may be graphic, but even more graphic is the reality that this truth represents.

Those who know me recognize my name as Kevin Wilson. They understand that I'm a Christian conservative writer who has opinions on many subjects.

I'm here to write that I'm not against parties. In fact, I am 100% behind the fact that guys and girls need time to relax whether it be two or seven nights a week. In addition, every person needs to have fun sometimes, and what fun would life be without others to share it with?

Now, let me ask two simple question that you can right ahead an answer for yourself. 1) Does having you reflection in the dog-drinking water of a mildewed, stinking, unkept toilet with your knuckled-up, clinched fingers tight on the porcelain, urine-stained lid, and your bony knees forced by painful grunting pressing unmerciful against the pubic hair infested tile floor sound like fun? Stumped?

OK, how about 2) PAIN-PAIN-PAIN.. You agreed to go somewhere a little bit quieter so you could talk. Right when you asked him why he was locking the door, you finally realized that you are the only

one who wanted conversation. PAIN-PAIN-PAIN...Does rape and pregnancy, not to mention the physical and mental torment for the rest of your life, sound like fun?

They are easy questions to answer. No one ever chooses any form of pain as a way to spend their weekend.

WRONG! For some stupid reason that hasn't been revealed to me yet, people do choose this pain over and over. I may be in the minority here but let me tell you who think this is the only way to be cool, IT IS NOT!

Stay pure, stay clean and stay happy! It may not feel like it, but you do have the opportunity to choose the environment you are in, and the people who you share your good times with.

The reason I can write that I am 100% for parties, and still write all that you have read in this essay is because so many so called parties aren't parties at all.

In fact, for some who wake up and look in the mirror the next day at a different person than before, these "parties" are downright hell.

Party is a relative term, but my opinion is that pain is one absolute that shouldn't be chosen, and can be avoided in many situations.

Simple Population control: let them starve

by Wendy Knipe

In all the talk surrounding the United Nations population conference, delegates and media alike have portrayed the Vatican as an obstacle to progress in the population crisis;

The truth is that the Roman Catholic Church's strategy is the simplest and least expensive solution to overpopulation. Rather than provide a costly variety of birth control methods, safe abortions, family planning education and pre-natal care to the non-industrial nations that are multiplying the fastest, the Vatican's answer to the population crisis is to let nature take it's course, secure in the knowledge that the poor and illiterate third world nations will be depleted by epidemics (cholera, the Black Plague and AIDS, to name a few on the rise), large-scale famines, and the wars that will result from scarce resources.

In this, the Roman Catholic Church should be considered the

premier naturalists at the population conference and on the cutting edge of deep ecology, which theorizes that the earth is a self-regulating organism which controls population rates through famines, epidemics, and natural disasters.

Seen in this light, it is obvious that the "humane" reproductive health strategies of so-called environmentalists like Vice-President Al Gore are the same egocentric, people-centered policies that landed us in an environmental crisis in the first place.

If Al Gore had his way, we'd soon be up to our ears in non-recyclable condoms, women hopped up on artificial hormones would be running rampant, and we'd be killing off Catholic embryos left and right.

The Vatican has the right answer.

Let 'em starve.

Blue tailed native lives

by Wendy Kruipe

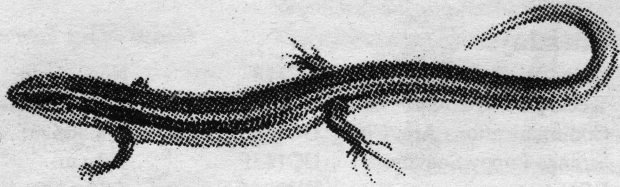
USI has skinks running around loose on campus. Don't be alarmed; they're not some rare form of head lice or an exotic virus.

They're lizards, and according to Dr. James Bandoli, associate professor of Biology, "They're pretty special lizards, too."

You may have noticed them scuttling along the pavement and rocks in the bees-and-cigarette-butts area by the Science Center.

Lizards are fairly rare in Indiana, according to Bandoli.

Henoted that USI probably has three varieties of skink, the five-lined skink, the broad-headed skink and the ground skink. It's difficult to tell the latter two



apart even when you are holding them in your hands. Their most notable feature is their bright blue tails.

According to the Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Reptiles and Amphibians, skinks use the tail to attract predators away from their bodies. The tail breaks off and the skink escapes.

Bandoli said that skinks "are unique among lizards because the female will stay by her eggs and defend them. They show parental care not real common in lizards."

'Real country gentlemen' give more than candor to music

When I got to interview Lynyrd Skynyrd and Bad Company, I also got the chance to speak with the up and coming group, Brother Cane. The rock group has a smash hit with their song, "Got No Shame."

They are a group of young men from Alabama, who are real country gentlemen. I spoke with their lead singer and song writer, Damon Johnson.

"We do not want what we are or who we are to influence people. We have no gimmicks or extravaganza shows. We want people to just get into our music." Damon told me.

This hard-driven southern rock band is delivering something really rare in this day and age, really beautiful songs. They have a song on their CD titled "Woman." This song has become one of my all time favorites. I listen to it as much as I do Jim Morrison.

It is a slow love song with some knock out instrumental work. It reminded me a little of Led Zeppelin music.

When I said that to Damon, he laughed and told me they were about to embark on a tour with Robert Plant, voice of Led Zeppelin.

Damon was brilliant in high school and was going to go on to law school, however, his music kept pulling him. With songs like "The Road," about a rock musician who is always traveling and telling his love that every highway is a road leading him to her. The words are so beautiful, even my mom would have enjoyed it. It is music that is hard rock enough to please Metallica

By Julie Eckstein-Rosenbaum

fans. Southern enough to please Allman Brothers fans and warm enough to please Garth Brooks fans.

The group consists of Damon, Glenn Maxey, Scott Collier and Roman Glick. The whole group was not only friendly, but had a great sense of humor. When Damon walked into the dressing room for our interview, I told him that I had been starving and ate a bunch of the strawberries put out for the band.

He put down his guitar down and said, "This interview is off! How dare you eat my fruit." My camera man, Damon and I all cracked up laughing.

During the interview I asked him if when they were all millionaires and the headline group, will still be so modest and down to earth.

He looked at me with very sexy smile and said, "Heck no," Again he just laughed. He said that he loved his music and he was just a down home boy who would always remain that way.

It shows. After the show he grabbed me just to introduce me to his sister and brother-in-law that live in Madisonville.

When I turn on the radio and hear the group, I get special feelings of tenderness. I felt so close to Damon that I am proud to see him getting such recognition.

If you get the Brother Cane CD, I promise you will enjoy it. Watch for this group to be the next Aerosmith with a touch of Alabama.



Student Tanning Package



October 94' thru April 95'

Plus an 8 oz. Swedish Beauty!

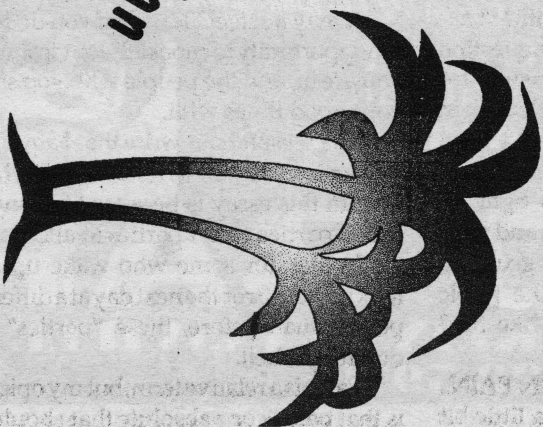
Limited Time Offer

\$225

467-0249

Payment Plan Available

1913 W. Franklin St.



WELCOME

Students in all majors accepted

New Members

Communications Arts Club



We're in UC 118
Tuesdays
3:30p.m.

Open Meetings: Oct 11th and 25th

Weekly (or sometimes weekly) Student Organizations Meetings

Mondays

SPAN	UC118	11a.m.-12:30p.m.
Pep Band	Grimes Haus	7:30-11p.m.

Tuesdays

Social Work Club	UC118	Noon-1p.m.	(Location 10/18 TBA)
Weekly Bible Study	UC113F	12:30-1:30p.m.	
Communications Arts Club	UC118	3-4:30p.m.	
Strange Puppy Society	UC113F	2-3p.m.	(10/4, 11/1)
DPMA	OC2041	4:30-5:30p.m.	(10/18, 11/1)
SGA House	UC118	4:30-6p.m.	
Inter Fraternity Council	UC113F	5-6p.m.	
Mash Judicial Board	UC 118	7-10p.m.	

Wednesdays

Sigma Tau Delta	UC118	9-10:30a.m.	(10/5, 10/19, 11/2)
Overeaters Anonymous	UC118	11a.m.-Noon	
Student Christian Fellowship	OC2003	Noon-1p.m.	
Strange Puppy Society	UC113F	Noon-1p.m.	(10/12)
Activities Prog. Board	UC118	Noon-1:30p.m.	
Mash Judicial Board	UC118	2-4:30p.m.	
Black Student Union	UC113F	3-5p.m.	
Panhellenic Council	UC113F	9-11p.m.	

Thursdays

SGA Senate	UC118	4:30-6p.m.	
Medieval Society	UC118	7:30-10p.m.	(10/20)
Medieval Society Dances	L100	7:30-10p.m.	(10/6, 11/3)

Fridays

Alpha Chi	UC118	3-4p.m.	10/14/94
Bible Study	UC113F	1-2p.m.	

Sundays

Delta Zeta	UC353	5-10p.m.
Alpha Gamma Delta	UC 352	5:30-10p.m.
Alpha Sigma Alpha	UC351	6-10p.m.
Lambda Chi Alpha	UC350	6-9p.m.
AKP	L100	6-10p.m.
Phi Delta Theta	GLH	6:30-11p.m.
Alpha Kappa Lambda	UC118	7-10p.m.

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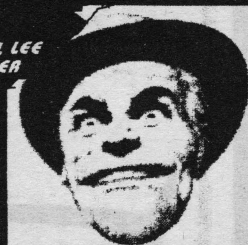
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HIV speaker urges all students towards change and understanding

by Amanda Barton

Carrie Peters spoke to students about how she contracted the HIV disease. She came to speak to individuals about the type of behavior that can lead to HIV transmission on Sept. 28 in the UC Bridge.

Peters, 27, contracted HIV when she was 18 or 19 years old through heterosexual sex in college. She found out she was HIV-positive through a blood donation when she was 20. She said, "I had no idea that AIDS was something I needed to worry about." Her boyfriend was also diagnosed at the time. They stayed together for almost 4 years with the attitude "who else would want them" she noted.

Before diagnosis, she had hoped to go into theater and have children one day. "Now, that will never happen," she said.

Because of the toxicity and side effects from ACT and DDC, she was declared disabled and is plagued by daily health problems. Nausea, diarrhea, thrush (a yeast infection in the

mouth), staph infections, chronic fatigue and a fever are some of the things she battles constantly.

She does receive supplemental Social Security, but she said, "That only covers my rent."

She is still dependent on her parents. Two years ago, she moved to Kansas

City, Mo. where her doctor is located and began attending a support group.

There, she met a mother and daughter who were HIV positive. Gwen, the mother, had passed it to her daughter when she was pregnant with her. The daughter, 10, went to

Disneyland through one of those wish foundations and died outside the gates of Disneyland.

"She was the first person I personally knew to die from AIDS," she noted. Her support group lost 7 people that year.

"Dying from AIDS is a long, slow, torturous death," she said. Then, she opened up the discussion to questions.

When she was asked who infected who, she replied, "In March 1985, I gave blood and was negative." Her boyfriend gave it to her.

"I trusted him with my life and I lost," she said. She says she "believe(s) he didn't know he was positive."

She explained how the HIV testing doesn't look for HIV, but for the antibodies. It can take up to six months to develop the antibodies. But, 90 percent of the people infected have antibodies in three months.

Questions about her family were asked. Her younger brother was in sixth grade when she was diagnosed. She said her family felt it would put an "undue burden" on him to tell him his sister had this disease and to tell him "don't tell anyone."

When Magic Johnson came out with HIV, they decided it was a good time because he was a big basketball fan. Her brother took it well. He's a senior now and has been Red Cross Certified in HIV Instruction and has started educational programs at his high school.

She kept the news from her friends for four years. Then, she told them individually and they are "all still around," she said.

When she moved to Kansas City, she said, "God spoke to me saying, 'I want you to open your mouth and tell

people'" what happened to her. At first she said, "No way." Then through prayer and discussion with her family, she began speaking. She has spoken to over 320 schools.

Discrimination hasn't affected her too strongly. She told a story of how when she spoke one high school, a girl in the back of the room "put a Kleenex over her face." She explained how the audience was "more of a threat to her" than she was to them.

Others she knows have been discriminated against. Some have lost jobs.

She isn't "terribly optimistic about a cure," she said. There has never been a cure for a virus.

She does see the potential for vaccine and therapy. For her own therapy, she takes Vitamin C and antioxidants. She also gets massage therapy.

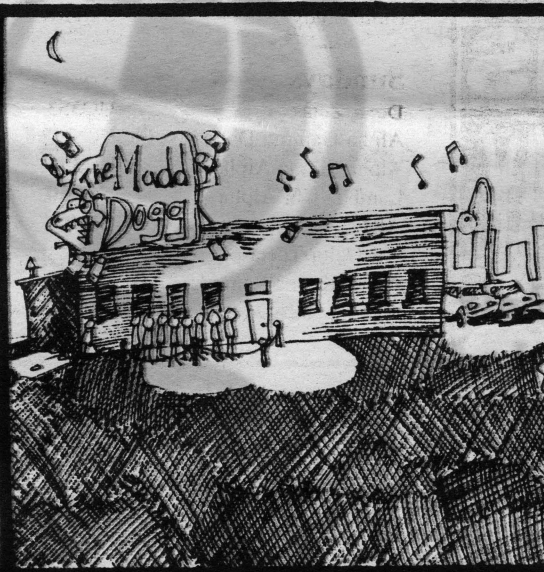
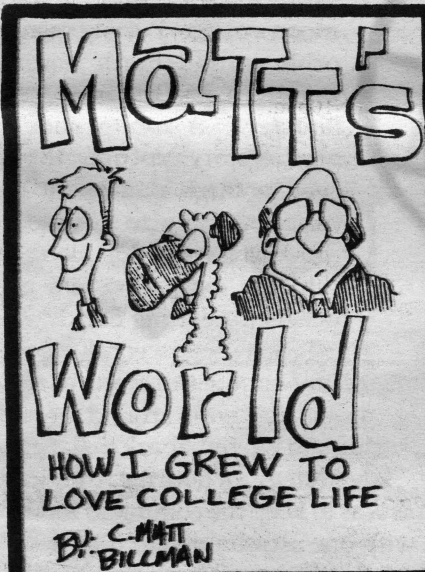
Overall, she spent almost 35 minutes on questions.

In the end, she said, "You have to have a good, positive attitude or you won't last."

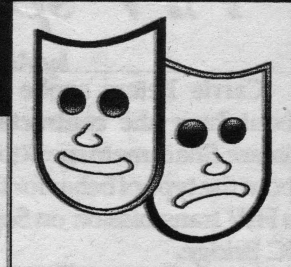
She's been living with HIV for over seven years.

Dying from AIDS is a long, slow, torturous death

I trusted him with my life and I lost



Why Things Are



Q. Why haven't the Russians ever landed on the moon?

A. It would have been a complete bummer if Neil Armstrong had stepped onto the lunar surface, said, "That's one small step for" and suddenly tripped over a vodka bottle. That was a real possibility for a while there. The physicist Edward Teller, asked in the early '60s what we would find if we landed on the moon, answered simply, "Russians."

Remember, the Soviets had a great space program. In 1957 they launched the first artificial satellite, Sputnik, to which the Americans had a calm, measured response (diving into bomb shelters, screaming in the streets, forcing kids to learn science). In 1961 the Soviets put the first man in space. Throughout the 1960s they sent unmanned probes to the moon. If for some reason you look at a map of the far side of the moon—this is vacation season after all—you'll see that all the big craters have Russian names.

So why did the Soviets lose the biggest race of all?

A lousy surgeon was partly responsible. The Soviet space program's mastermind, Sergei Korolev, who was even more important to the Soviets than Wernher von Braun was to the Americans, went to the hospital for routine polyp surgery in January 1966. The inexperienced surgeon discovered a cancerous tumor and labored eight hours to remove it, until finally the bleeding Korolev checked out permanently.

This was a devastating loss, but the Soviets probably wouldn't have beaten us to the moon

anyway. For one thing, the United States was moon crazy, pouring about 3 percent of the entire federal budget into the space program. Our best minds were involved. The Soviets, by contrast, waffled for a couple of years in the early '60s before deciding to shoot for the moon. Even then they were more interested in bombs than spaceships.

"They were never as excited about space flight as they were about ballistic missiles," says Jim Harford, former head of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, who's writing a book on Korolev.

You could probably trace the Soviet missile obsession back to American superiority in making airplanes. We had B-52s that could fly intercontinental distances and potentially drop nukes on Moscow and the like, but the Soviets lacked long-range bombers—there was no Soviet version of Boeing. To make up for that, they built intercontinental missiles (stashing medium-range missiles in Cuba was another idea but it kind of backfired as you may know). The best Soviet rocket designer wouldn't work for the space program, in part because he wanted to use exotic, toxic fuels that worried Korolev.

The result was that, even as the Americans were polishing the Saturn V rocket that would eventually take us to the moon, the Soviets were dithering with a huge go-nowhere contraption

called the N1. They already had a lunar lander and wanted to go to the moon in 1968, ahead of Apollo. But four times they tried to launch the N1 and every time it fizzled or blew up. The problem wasn't the rocket so much as the diagnostic equipment used to test it. Rockets are impressive but what's more important are the unseen gadgets that measure temperature, pressure and so forth with extreme precision.

"When it came to the difference between our two capabilities, far and away the biggest difference was not so much in the rockets but in the instrumentation we had, our ability to test things," says Robert Seamans, who was deputy administrator of NASA in the 1960s. "Before the Saturn V was launched, we'd check around 70,000 different points in the last few minutes before lift-off, and if something was out of tolerance, one of the launch at their console inside the launch facility would get a signal that something was wrong and electronically could move in and find out which item was out of tolerance."

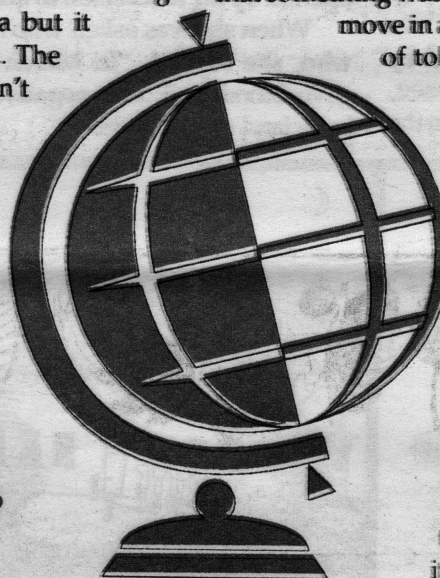
The Soviets had rockets more reliable than the N1, but they just weren't big enough for a moon voyage. Putting men in orbit around Earth doesn't require a particularly large booster. A moon shot is another story: Not only do you need enough oomph to get your spaceship to the moon, you also have to lug along all kinds of extra boosters and rockets for getting back.

When the spacecraft reaches the moon it has to brake itself so it won't just whip around the back side and zip right back to Earth. A key strategy for both the Americans

and the Russians was to keep the command module in lunar orbit, with one astronaut, and only send a largely disposable landing craft to the moon itself. Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin left the moon by crawling into the equivalent of a tin can and launching themselves back into orbit for a rendezvous with the command module, which then fired more rockets for the return to Earth. Had NASA not used this tricky lunar orbit rendezvous strategy, the Saturn V would have had to be twice as large. Maybe they would have called it the Saturn X.

The Soviets considered going to the moon until the late 1970s before giving up. Then they tried to cover up their moon program so no one would know that they had failed.

But of course the Soviet Union failed in bigger ways, which is why, although someday there may be Russians on the moon, there will never be Soviets.



Q. Why do owls seem to be able to turn their heads 180 degrees without turning their bodies?

A. Owls are constantly doing that Exorcist thing. The head seem to rotate on ball bearings. As you approach an owl from behind you think you're dealing with a cuddly, soft bird but then suddenly the head pivots obscenely and it stares at you directly over its back with those big appalled eyeballs that seem to suggest that you burn in hell. Creepy.

Owls, we have learned, not only can turn their heads 180 degrees, but can keep turning them even further, a full 270 degrees. In other words and owl can turn its head to the right and look over its left shoulder.

The swivel-headedness of owls is a necessity. "Unlike many birds they have significantly forward-positioned eyes," says Pam Osten, curator of the birds at the Baltimore Zoo. Owls, with their flat facial disk, have a visual field of only 110 degrees, compared to about 180 degrees for humans and 340 degrees for a homing pigeon.

The limited visual field is more than compensated for by the improved binocular vision.

An owl is basically a pair of eyeballs with wings attached. It is a sit-and-wait predator, scanning the terrain for any sign of movement. It sees clearly at night. If it hears something in the woods behind it, the head can silently pivot and search for the noise-making creature, the body remaining still.

"The neck is fairly short and composed of 14 cervical vertebra, which allows for enough rotation of the neck that the owl can turn its head and peer directly over its back," writes Paul A. Johnsgard in "North American Owls."

An owl's softness is related to its quietness. The tiny fibers that make up the owl's feathers are not bonded together on their outermost edges as in most birds. This makes it a bit harder to fly but easier to fly quietly.

Are owls wise? No, they just look a bit like they're wearing glasses. The truth is, if there's any creature on Earth that really doesn't need glasses, it's the owl.

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OCTOBER 1994 TRANSITIONS 11

Fiction & Poetry

Short Story
By Jason Krashinski

The cold black cylinder spins, the hammer climaxes and falls hallow again and again upon the empty chambers beneath. The blued metal gleams. Only the tiny serial numbers stand out on the smooth black. And negligent fingerprints from the last time the gun was handled.

I push myself back from the desk and look inside the drawer beside me. I dig slowly through the dark green gym bag inside, looking for the two full speedloaders in their case.

I find them in the bottom of the bag, almost hidden beneath the holsters, ammo boxes and the box the gun came in. I pull them out slowly, reverently.

I push the thumb release tab forward and the empty revolver cylinder falls left. I take a loader out of the case. Carefully tilting the gun forward and lining up the bullets to the chambers, I twist it. Emancipated, the six shiny silver and brass bullets fall into the waiting chambers.

I snap my wrist and the cylinder jumps back into place. Loaded. Heavy.

With a fluid movement, the hammer thumbs back into the locked and ready position. I feel the gun, heavy and reassuring, but silently persuasive, enticing. Potential... kinetic... potential... kinetic. It only takes the slightest movement to kill someone.

With my thumb on the hammer I pull the trigger, letting the hammer slowly lower itself back into its resting position. No potential.

Pulling the trigger part way back, I spin the cylinder around and around. It reminds me of spinning the wheel on an upside-down toy truck. Or the sound my bicycle made when I pedaled it backwards.

You can see the bullet in the barrel when you look in it. You can see all of them; they stare at me. Their gleaming brass and silver star points. Nothing to wish upon.

I wonder how far I can drop the hammer without it going off. I wonder how far I would be willing to try it.

The house is so quiet.

I thumb the release and the cylinder drops again. I tilt the gun back and let the cool bullets fall into my palm. I shake them like dice. Slowly I slip them one by one back into the chambers. Except for one.

Spin... click, click, click. It stops on a bullet.

Spin... click, click, click. It stops on a bullet.

Not very good odds.

I push the release again, the metal sliding smoothly on metal, and slowly take out another bullet. I hold my fingers over four, letting the fifth fall onto my waiting palm. I set it next to the first on the cluttered desk.

Spin... click, click, click. It stops on a bullet.

Spin... click, click, click...a bullet.

Two on the desk, four in the gun; that's a chance of one in three.

The gun is a living thing, warm from the heat of my hands. And moisture leaves prints everywhere that my fingers touch.

I push my chair back again and grope inside the bag, this time pulling out a stained yellow cloth. With two fingers I gently rub the black metal with the cloth until the cloudy imperfections disappear.

I raise the gun to my cheek, feeling its warmth.

The innermost desire of anyone who suicides is to be stopped. For just one person to step forward and take this gun from me, ease the weight on the trigger and let the hammer down slowly for me. I need for someone to be able to see my insides, to understand how I feel and understand the forces that wear me down, force me to tear myself apart every day. With every thought.

In the desolation of my mind the air is dry and my throat hurts. The harsh and blinding sun burns my body, unclothed, as I stumble directionless. The hot sandstone around me wavers as the heat rises up, blurring the mountain horizon.

My feet slowly burn and blister as I walk. The desolation is complete. There is no life, no plants, no shade. I can only hurl myself at the ground, struggling for the relief I know that unconsciousness would bring. Or break my way through to the cooler, darker existence on the otherside; anything to end the pain.

I'm startled by a sound of creaking bedsprings upstairs. Then footsteps move across my ceiling, followed by silence. My brother is using the bathroom. I count my breaths. I hear a toilet flush, and the footsteps retrace themselves back into the bedroom. Bedsprings creak as the sleeper restlessly tries to get comfortable again.

I lower the gun from my cheek and wipe it free of the oil from my face.

I take out another bullet set it on the wood next to the first two. That leaves three bullets in a row. Inspired, I push the release and dump them into my hand. I put them back in, skipping every other hole. This leaves the chambers in a pattern; full, empty, full, empty, full, empty.

I notice that the back of each bullet looks like a bull's-eye. The round bullet and the firing cap inside are one circle inside another.

Circling each center are the characters 357 Mag.

If my phone were hooked up I might call someone.

Being downstairs makes my room sort of distant, removed from everything.

I dump the bullets out of the gun, scattering them on my desk, and pick up one. I carefully place it into a chamber and snap the cylinder up.

Snap. Snap. Snap. Snap. Snap. I stop. The bullet is next to the hammer. If I pull the trigger, it will spin the cylinder one more fatal notch.

I skip the cylinder one notch, so that the hammer is sets directly above the bullet. I pull the trigger and hold my breath as the hammer impacts one chamber right of it. I pull the hammer back partway again and spin the bullet around beneath it again. I slowly set the hammer down, then pull the trigger. The hammer falls on empty space once more.

In the paper the other day I read that a little girl shot herself in the head teaching her little brother how to play Russian Roulette. It can't be that easy. I spin the cylinder, trying not to look where the bullet stops. But I look before I pull the trigger. The hammer falls on an empty chamber. I don't see how I could hold the gun and yet spin it without seeing where the bullet stops. I don't think I could do it without looking anyway.

I've never fired this gun. That makes it mysterious. I don't know how it feels when it goes off. I image it has a lot of kick. I've never shot a 357 magnum. I haven't even ever fired a revolver before. I can feel the steady pull, bringing up the hammer. And I've felt how little it takes to fire once the hammer is cocked.

I put things away. I wipe the gun free of fingerprints again, making sure to get them all. As if it's a murder weapon or something. First I put the five bullets back into the speedloader

Continued next page...



I fiddled with, and put it back into its case with the other. All goes back into the bag except for the gun. I clear an area on my desk, shuffling papers and photographs that seem so irrelevant now. I set the gun there and stand up.

I grab a pair of jeans off of the cluttered floor and put them on. They are wrinkled and feel damp on my skin. I haven't emptied the pan on my dehumidifier lately.

I pick up a wrinkled white T-shirt and pull it over my head. Guess. That is what the front says.

I wander around my room, hopping momentarily as I put socks on, finding one after another. I pull on my sneakers. An old pair of Adidas. I don't untie them, ignoring the fact I am stretching the tired leather; I just pull them on. Every morning the final thing I do is find my belt and my wallet before leaving. I dig my belt out, scattering a pile of clothes.

My wallet is on my dresser. I stuff it into my back pocket. There is nothing in it but old pictures and

plastic. Getting dressed seems purposeful. Everyday I get dressed, go upstairs, say good bye to the dog and leave, well after everyone else has gone their ways.

I sit back down at the desk and pick up the gun. It is cold again. That is because the room is cold. It is cold every night. And in the Spring it gets oppressively humid.

I thought when I bought the gun, that it would make my home feel safer. It would make me feel confident. I really can't get my money back for it. I spin the cylinder a couple of times; the spin and clicking now familiar. The gun feels solid in my hand.

It is something I've figured out. It's logical. It does exactly what I expect. It doesn't create illusions and deceive.

It is black, metal, death. I spin the cylinder once more. I position the bullet right next to the hammer. Just like it goes.

I pull the hammer back, feeling it click. Oh, wish, little star.

The hammer falls. Unhindered.

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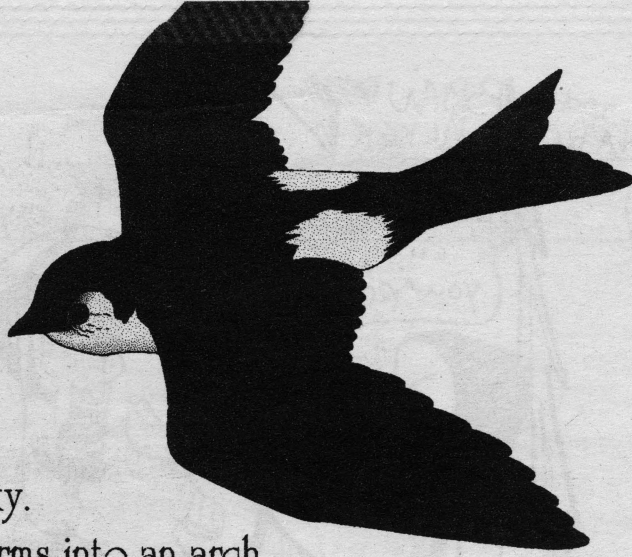
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The Sky



With concrete at my back, I fall into the sky.
The air rushes past, stretching my spread arms into an arch.
Moisture flashes across my face as I burst through a cloud.
And even as sleet stings my face in the colder altitude,
the sun becomes brighter in the thinning air.

I am blessed to know what lies below me in the sky.
I can imagine, as I do, falling into it forever.

Really, it's a long, crowded and hot ride to altitude,
in a plane I wouldn't enter without a chute.
And the ground rushes toward me, not away.
It's the chute booming open that shatters my illusion,
Not the hard concrete that welcomes me to earth.

by Jude Wolf

Sacrificing Innocence

*She sits there draped in canvas—
an off white sheet clinging to the edges of her flesh.
She stares into the morning sun
and the light from the window shines through the thin sheet
revealing the flesh inside.
There is an innocence that can be seen in the morning light
that is hidden by the darkness of the night before.
An innocence that radiates from a troubled soul.
A soul that longs to be loved, whatever the cost.
Her blond hair shines in the morning light
that slips through the hole in a faded blind.
A gold strand in the midst of a shadowed room.
A room that was cold and heartless the night before.
A room where the only light that shines slips through that hole.
Where the only innocence that ever existed
was sacrificed years ago to a guy who thought*

*love was the space between her tanned legs.
Her green eyes glisten in the morning dew—
light reflecting in her hidden tears.
Tears that flow wander under the canvas down to the valley
where many red-faced boys have gone hesitantly
to leave their innocence at her door.
She once dreamed of love, but the price was too high.
Money can't mend a broken heart.
Now in this room, where the light only shines
when the price is right,
Everyone she meets loves her for a night...
It's the innocence she longs for
come the morning light.*

By Jeff Anderson

WORDS

Your words attack
I don't fight back
Your words hurt
Make me feel like dirt

Your words, I try not to hear
I hide away, try to disappear
Your words cause pain
Like blood, they stain

Words
Your words hate me
Words
Your words rape me

Sticks and stones
May break my bones
But words will kill me

by: Ryan McKim

The Consummation of the Meeting of Strangers

Before the door opens
a last brush of the hair
eyes beaming
hair bouncing

"This night will electrify," she said.

On the street
fleshing out tricks
brain-dead men yelling...
mutations?

"She is beautiful," he said.

Back to the house
a tinge of delight sweeps over her
quaint conversation...
and lips kiss

"I want to feel you inside me," she said.

Heavy breathing
clothes peeling
blankets flying
flesh blending

"Feel my desire as I rub against you,"
he said.

Letting in, letting out
bodies glisten
the sheen of lust...
then the final cry of pleasure

"There is something I must show you,"
she said.

Slowly she rose
and with a toss of the hair
revealed the violet mark...
the sign of death.

(An act of pleasure
so sweet
so warm
can be so deadly)

by Brian Harris

SEX AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

Use a condom properly, please

by Amanda Barton

Everyone thinks they know how to use a condom. But that simply isn't true. During USI Involvement Day, several people who stopped by the HIV/AIDS Peer Facilitator Booth tried to put one on a plastic penis model. At least four people did it wrong. Two of those were professors, another was a fraternity guy and another was an older woman. Therefore, the instructions need to be explained.

First of all, condoms can be used in two different ways. Besides being used as a condom, they can be used as a dental dam. To make the

condom into a dental dam, you simply cut the tip to insure that it doesn't tear.

Secondly, very carefully, you insert the scissors in the opening of the condom and cut it in

half. Third, you gently unroll it and use it as a latex barrier for any risky behavior.

This latex barrier can help to prevent the transmission of HIV as well as other sexually transmitted diseases such as herpes, genital warts and syphilis. For oral sex, you place it over the area to prevent fluid from being exchanged.

Condoms have their own set of instructions. For starters, don't carry them in a wallet or in the car. The lubrication can dry out and the condom can become damaged.

Several stores have condom cases, which look like little change purses. Key chains and buttons can also hold a condom.

Only latex condoms should be used. Sheep skin or lambskin haven't been proven to protect against STDs.

The condom should be put on before the penis (or sex toy) comes close to the other person's body openings. Ever before ejaculation, the penis releases a small amount of sperm and fluid that can carry the HIV virus.

It should be put on as soon as the penis becomes erect. Be sure the rolled-up ring is on the outside. If you start to put it on the wrong way, throw it away and use a different one. The

coating on the outside can be irritable to the penis.

The tip of the condom needs to be held while it is being put on to squeeze out extra air and create a vacuum. This tip which should be about 1/2 to 3/4 inch long provides room for the semen when the male ejaculates.

Contrary to popular belief, the condom doesn't explode if the ejaculation is hard. It does slip off easier if that receptacle end is not there.

Keep holding the tip and roll it all the way down the penis. It should roll easily down to

the pubic hair.

If extra lubrication is needed or wanted, use a water-based lubricant. Baby oil, chocolate, syrup, vaseline, petroleum jelly and even talcum powder can damage a condom. The oil in these types of

products breaks down the condom.

After sex, the penis should be pulled out right after you come, while the penis is still hard. Hold the condom at the base of penis to avoid spilling the semen. Turn and move completely away before you let go of the condom.

Condoms can't be flushed down the toilet. They should be disposed of properly in a trashcan. Many people wrap them in tissue, a napkin or a paper towel to disguise what they are.

Condoms need to be used every time a person has sex. If a condom feels sticky, stiff, looks damaged, or smells funny, discard right away. You should also check the expiration date on a condom to be sure it's not outdated.

Latex condoms have been shown to protect against the spread of several STDs including the AIDS virus. It should be used during vaginal-penile intercourse along with oral sex and digital penetration. A latex glove is recommended for fisting.

Sexual responsibility lies with each individual and should not be taken lightly.

HIV is growing among college students, who may not even know they have it.



by Amanda Barton

Are you ready to PARTY until 3 a.m.?

25¢

D.J.
P.A.

Are you ready to dance?

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Harpole's

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Come listen to these bands in

OCTOBER!

7th & 8th Almost Noah

14th Merlin's Coat

15th Oliver Syndrome

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THE CROWD

Harpole's Main Street Exit

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 23) The stars are unclear for you right now. That could be bad. Then again, most people don't mind some things that are bad. So, don't worry about it. Just have fun.

Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20) The key phrase in your life for the next month is 'I don't understand.' You might want to change some of your classes now.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 - Nov. 21) I see the color purple in your life. Don't ask me what that means, I just see. I don't interpret. But, don't worry it's doesn't look too painfully embarrassing.

Madame Fortune's

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 22) You will have a good month ahead ... or behind or sideways. Well, you get the idea. So, run with it.

Capricorn (Dec. 23 - Jan 19) I wish I was you because what's going to happen to you next month is something I would really enjoy. I just can't print it.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20) You have had an interesting summer with new exciting experiences. I didn't know THAT could be done in that position. The next month may seem a little mild in comparison. Try to pull yourself together while you have the time.

Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) You will make new friends and meet some interesting people. You will try to mimic a few of those people. Remember, the color of your hair doesn't change who you are. And if some of those people don't like you, tell them to buzz off. You're better than that.



Gemini (May 21 - June 21) They are giving you wrong ideas. They are not telling you the right information. They will get you drunk. I just wish I knew who the hell THEY are.

Cancer (June 22 - July 22) You will be embarking on a new adventure next month. I'm not sure if it's a love move or a career change. If you hear growling, panting, or licking, it's love.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22) Things won't go well for you for the next month. I suggest you stay in and study. NOT! You might as well stay drunk instead, but don't drive.

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) Your love life is less than nothing. Don't worry, you aren't alone, just celibate.

The next month will show improvement in that area as new people come into your life. Don't forget protection at all time. Remember, better safe than sorry.

Madame Fortune would like to welcome Dr. Hoops, all new faculty, staff and students to USI and welcome back all those returning. And she got off to a great start. She not only missed the deadline to the first issue, she missed the whole issue. She is writing her final year for Transitions (if she passes everything) and will be moving on to a real job (something that pays). She hopes to entertain and confuse everyone this year as she has in the past.

16 TRANSITIONS OCTOBER 1994

Type O Negative - *Bloody Kisses* (Roadrunner Records)

Although difficult to find a slant to critique this release, Type O Negative's varying style is sure to both attract and repulse. Dominantly morbid, almost evil without being satanic, it features songs perfect for a low-cost Dracula movie: lost love, perversity, and death. To confuse listeners though, Type O Negative also included more "regular" songs, one a chilling, if not somewhat comical remake, and two typical angry thrash songs.

But the main focus of the CD is the slower, longer songs. Absolutely eerie, full of tempo and tone changes, reeking of spine-chilling keyboards, and short on lyrics, the three songs prominently stand out. The first is "Christian Woman," a song that morally uptight women would not want to hear.

The opening verse reveals the song's meaning: "A cross upon her bedroom wall/ from grace she will fall/ an image burning in her mind/ and between her thighs." The

character, Corpus Christi, harbors a deep, masochistic desire to have sex with God. The lyrics, although too short for such an expansive topic, are full of puns and sacrilege; the music shifts tones effortlessly and glides through movements with an ease that most metal bands find challenging. As with the other two long songs, the only problem is repetition of a few lines toward the end of the song.

"Black No. 1 (Little Miss Scare-All)" is an 11-minute opus to a female vampire that the narrator has fallen in love with, and some point slept with. Featuring a bone-tinkling piano and haunting cello, "Black No. 1" assaults with its tempo-changing of soft and eerie to slamming and screaming. The lines are catching, and sometimes difficult to discern whether serious or satiric, and again far too short, especially considering the length of the song. Overall, though, "Black No. 1" almost makes the record.

Sanctuary - *Into the Mirror Black* (Epic)

Long before the "Seattle Sound" pummeled everyone into grunge boredom, Seattle produced a few fast and intelligent bands, among them Queensryche and Metal Church. Following them came the enigmatic Sanctuary, a thrash band whose release resembled a cross between King Diamond and Megadeth. It received minimal attention except for "Die For My Sins." The band members must have held a discussion, because this CD bears slight semblance to their first and absolutely kicks ass. Sanctuary's sound is distinct, but a close comparison might be a pessimistic and dark Judas Priest turned thrash.

Although *Into the Mirror Black* was released in early 1990, its topics have not diminished since then. Only "Future Tense," a song about the end of the eighties and the screwed-up world entering a new decade, has faded somewhat. But the first two lines have been used, in some form or another, by many other bands: "What do you see on the news when you watch TV/ war in the name of God or a playground killing spree?"

One song is an anthem for anyone vengeful. One verse gloats, "The hate is rising, the swell of fear takes over/ and the taste is sweet my friend/ so bittersweet/" and "As you implore on bended knee/ Do you regret what you've done to me?/ No matter how you plead, I'll take you down."

Three songs deal with social issues. "Seasons of Destruction" is a personified look at the world's violence and patterned destruction. Sanctuary delves into the grim aspect of life on the streets and the apathy of the public concerning murders in "One More Murder."

And "Communion" is probably the most intelligent slam against religion any band has done. The bridge to the chorus screams: "Greater understanding really isn't hard to find/ never will you see unless you open up your mind/ religious misdirection washes out reality/ tear down the facade and see into infinity."

As awesome as these are, the centerpieces of the album are mystical, philosophical ponderings. The dominant song, full of tempo changes and exemplary singing, is "Eden Lies Obscured," in which the chorus explains, "No one knows where Eden lies/ between hope and fantasy so pure/ no one knows where Eden lies/ fools sit on high so Eden lies obscured/ from our view."

Sanctuary is not the typical thrash such as Megadeth or Metallica. The guitars aren't distorted and the singer's voice is crystal clean and high-pitched. His shifting vocal range takes time to like, but it is powerful.

Although not religious, Sanctuary is not satanic either; their religion is the mind and the power it holds in thought and reflection. And a wise contemplation would be for any metal fan to buy this before it becomes a cut-out. Which could happen soon because Sanctuary, unfortunately, broke up soon after the release of *Into the Mirror Black*.

The title song, "Bloody Kisses," is a brief story of a woman who killed herself and the narrator's decision to join her. Extremely slow, it begs for mental imagery, a scenery close to the Dark Shadows mini-series from four years ago.

The best section of this song, one that easily raises goosebumps, is a segue featuring a heavily-distorted guitar line with a romantic piano accompaniment. Even though this song, as with the other two, are memorable, after listening to them several times, most people will fast forward through the last three minutes of each.

Type O Negative's remake is an evil, creeping version of Seals and Croft's "Summer Breeze." Nowhere in this song can one find anything remotely cheesy. Because of the guitar distortion and song speed, plus the singer's voice, many people barely recognize the song until the chorus. The head-pounding, nose-bleeding thrash rant "We Hate Everyone" slams all groups of ideological thinkers, from Nazis to Commies, and scoff at labels, from sexist to racist.

They don't imply themselves, because they mention the sickening

fact that the radicals receive the most publicity and TV air time. The other songs on the tape are commendable, though not as notorious and the segues between a few of the songs could have been left out and never missed.

Other than the distinctly morbid aura, the other aspect that makes Type O Negative so different and talented is the lead singer. From the opening lines of "Christian Woman," his voice permeates the room. Deeper and darker than any singer, he would have been the perfect choice for the role of any Dracula; in fact, Vincent Price would have went berserk over the voice. The only person who compares might be Tom Clancy, the actor who played Kurgan in the movie "Highlander." (And men, play this around your girlfriend—if she gets turned on by his voice, you know you are dealing with a girl who has dark tendencies.) During the fast songs, the singer tends to resemble early Twisted Sister, but those moments, thankfully, are few.

The CD is slightly difficult to find and will probably have to be ordered, but the wait is definitely justifiable, especially for those with the reputations of being evil.

Candlebox - *Candlebox* (Maverick)

This band deserves national notice. Carrying a definitive blues overtone, Candlebox easily appeals to most any musical taste, be it metal (where they actually fit), alternative, or Top 40.

Unlike many new releases, the music doesn't go through schizophrenic changes on the CD; it just stays the same with its straight-ahead classic rock style. Driven by powerful guitar chords and matching drums, the music's intensity is fueled by the emotional singing.

Nothing in the band cries for center-stage, and that honesty is a refreshing change that allows Candlebox to quietly slip on the music scene, which can either help or hurt. So far, it has hurt, because basically no one is giving them air time. The best station around, WVJC 89.1, consistently played the first single, "Change" and Mtv's "Headbanger's Ball" occasionally plays the second single, "You."

Besides not having a gimmick other than their honesty, Candlebox's only shortfall is their repetition of lyrics. But the music flows so perfectly that most people won't notice until someone points out the repetition or the lyrics are read. And thankfully the lyrics are provided, because some lines are difficult to understand because of their rapidness and the fact that it is so easy to be mesmerized by the groove and to consider the words as inferior.

Their songs mostly deal with emotionally pained people, such as "You," where the singer angrily rants about emotional leaches: "And I'll cry for you/ yes I'll die for you/ pain in my heart is real/ and I'll tell you now how I feel inside/ feel in my heart it's for you."

Two other songs take interesting approaches to somewhat perverse love, "Far Behind" and "Cover Me." In the first, the narrator apologizes and tries to justify his actions to his love who has already left; he keeps reminding her that he didn't mean to mistreat her, but still did anyway. "Cover Me" will be shocking the first time because it begins slowly and sincerely, but quickly becomes dark. The lyrics change from "But you'll cover me/ give me shelter from the storm" to "You will feel the pain I bring you."

Candlebox is the definitely the CD to buy. If the music arena ever gives them a decent chance, they should hit big, because they are better musically and lyrically than many of the new bands receiving more attention because of their funky haircuts.

Enjoy Las Vegas' Chapel of Love

by Rob Kerney

Kakukulaulau, citizens of USI. It is I, I am strange visitor from another world. Unable to dress like other people, talk like other people, but still lovable, huggable and just like a big old care bear.

I have come forth from the bowels of wherever I come from to tell you about special events committee for Activities Programming Board.

Special events is the committee in which all of the unusual events which don't fit into other events fall under. The next event is casino Week Oct. 31 - Nov 3.

Oct. 31 is Chapel of Love in the Eagle's Nest. You can get a fake plastic ring and get your picture taken. You never know, we might see Elvis around in the crowd eating a cheeseburger.. That afternoon there will be an Elvis Impersonator Contest with a monetary award for the winner.

On Nov. 1, Comedian Mark Reedy, will be here at 9 p.m. in the Dining Room to tickle your funny bone. Be sure to be there and laugh your butt off.

For your pictorial delight, we will have "Naked Gun 33 and 1/3: the Final Insult" on Nov 2 at 9 p.m. in FA1. Leslie Nelson and the gang is back. Get ready for the big surprise at the end of the movie.

On Nov. 3 it's Casino Night. That's

right, "Viva, Las Vegas." It's means free prizes. It'll be in the Dining Room at 6 p.m.

We'd like to do a snow carnival in the middle of winter. Although we're not sure exactly what we'll be doing, we hope to have snowman or snow castle building and all kinds of fun things. We'll just have to wait for the snow. It could be a wonderful return trip to your childhood wonderland. WEEEE!!!

Sometime in the spring, we'd like to break a world record with something like the world's largest stromboli, sundae or nachos.

If you have a suggestion, call me at 464-1873 or send a message to the Activities Programming Board or Student Government Association and put attention Spam Armadillo

If you want to get involved, meetings are at noon on Wednesday in UC 118 or on Thursdays at 3 p.m. in UC113. We could use your help. You can also just join the Special Events committee and we can work on that together.

Well, folks, it's time for the blind man to head on out into the sunset. It's time to bust the porcupine and cry for lost jello. Well, as I sit upon my wide dinosaur and ride into the sunset, it's time to say "Happy Trails to You."

Until we bok toy again, this is the blind man.

Shakakorn.

Family Day Softball

by Arlene Fortune

While most universities and colleges have parents weekend, USI has Family Day. This is because of the large number of nontraditional students attending the university.

Family Day is October 15th, with registration beginning between 10 and 10:15 and a greeting to all those attending in Forum 3 at 10:30 a.m. President H. Ray Hoops, Vice-President Byron Reid, Mr. Barry Hart and Mr. Barry Schonberger will be greeting everyone.

There will be a meal served from 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. consisting of hamburgers, hot dogs, chips, baked beans, cookies and soft drinks. Entertainment will be provided by the Mid-America Singers at noon directed by Mr. Dan Craig.

At 1 p.m., the chemistry department is putting on "Fun with Chemistry."

The softball game will begin around 3 p.m. The faculty and staff will make up one team, while students and their families will make up the other.

We are still needing faculty and staff for their team. The School of Business, under the persuasion of Dr. Greg Valentine, has four faculty volunteering to play. You must provide your own equipment, while APB will provide the team shirts.

There will tours of the campus on the METS trolley provided throughout the day.

The cost will be \$5 per family to help with the costs. Reservations are to be sent to the APB office by Oct. 10. We hope to see you all there.

Hazing story helps towards better understanding.

by Amanda Barton

Elaine Stevens spoke about how hazing killed her son, Chuck, and how it inspired her.

Elaine Stevens spoke on Sept. 22 in FA 1. Brock Stahl, AKL, introduced her. Several people commented on the fact that only Greeks and the Activities Programming Board were present. Yet, as Stevens pointed out hazing has shown up in athletics, as well as the Greek system.

Several weeks into the spring semester of 1978, the Stevens received a call saying their son had died of acute alcohol poisoning at a party. They took the next available flight to his school.

After leaving the hospital, they stopped at their son Chuck's dorm to pick up his stuff. There was an unfinished letter to Mrs. Stevens on the desk. His roommate couldn't be found.

When they spoke to one of the deans, he had little information for them. After the funeral, Chuck's roommate, Joe, called and told her about what exactly had happened at the party.

Chuck decided to rush the "strongest, oldest" fraternity at his college the same day that he died, Joe

told Stevens.

But, during that first night of Hell Week, he, along with the other pledges, were whisked from their rooms and taken to a empty parking lot. Cars drove in and circled them.

They were put three each into the trunks of cars and given one pint of Jack Daniels, a bottle of wine, and a six-pack of beer. They weren't let out until they consumed it all.

When the cars

pulled up at the

fraternity

house, many

were

vomiting or

unconscious

when they

were pulled

out of the

trunks. They

were taken upstairs

to "sleep it off," said

Stevens. Later, a panic swept

over the fraternity as two pledges

were found unconscious and Chuck's

coloring was blue.

Stevens said, "I couldn't

comprehend why he had consumed

so much. He was young, athletic and

a leader, not a follower." He also

wasn't a heavy drinker.

After the funeral and the publicity surrounding her son's death, Stevens began to receive letters from all over the country telling stories similar to hers. According to the papers her son's death was an "unfortunate accident" and an "isolated incident."

But in her mind, Stevens said, "An accident is spontaneous, this was premeditated."

She began to channel her grief.

Stevens did

some research

and

discovered

hazing. She

wrote to

national

fraternities

and called

legislators. She

isn't "anti-Greek,"

she said, but is

opposed to hazing.

She found out that some universities did have anti-hazing laws, but they felt there was nothing they could do about it because it is guarded by "vows of secrecy and oaths of silence," she said.

They put him in a trunk with a pint of Jack, a bottle of wine and a six-pack of beer and didn't let him out until he had finished it all.

So, she formed C.H.U.C.K. (Committee to Halt Useless College Killings) and began to work on the legislation.

In New York, the legislation gathered steam quickly and was passed with only one opposing vote, but the governor vetoed it. On the second try, it was pushed through unanimously and became law.

Stevens noted that hazing is in "total conflict" with the Greek System which is supposed to uphold "sisterhood, brotherhood, honesty, and integrity." There are always three components to hazing: alcohol, peer pressure, and secrecy. 38 states have now passed anti-hazing legislation, including Indiana.

In the meantime, the Greek system has suffered. 400 chapters have had their charters revoked and 2,000 men have depledged.

She said, "Physical hazing is on a decline. But, physiological and mental hazing are on the rise." Many times, these can be more damaging.

She noted the "leadership and strength in the room" indicating over 5 Greek organizations in the room. She asked them to "clean house and unify because a unified system is always better."

2ND
ANNUAL

BITE ME

Rocky Horror

Oct 29

*under
the bridge*

twelve P.M.

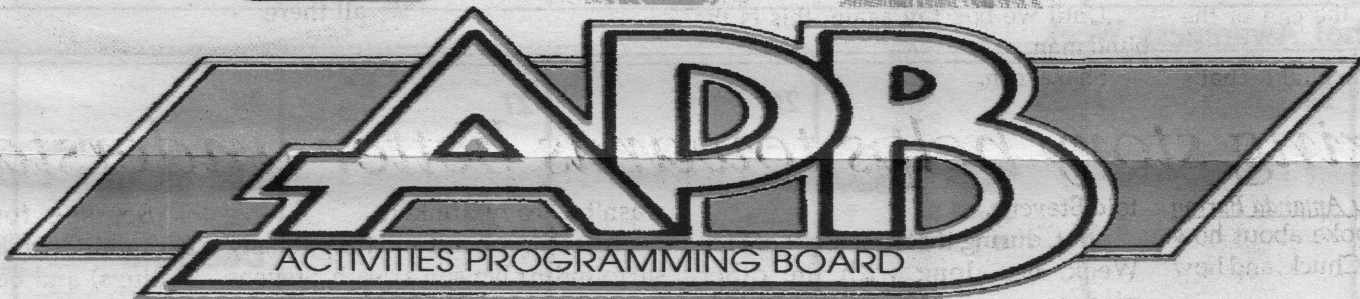


Dr. Scavone's

*VAMPIRE
LECTURE*

Oct 27 Forum 1

Nine P.M.



*Oct 31
Elvis look alike
contest*

*Nov 1
Comedian
Mark Reedy*

LAS VEGAS WEEK

OCT 31 - NOV 3

*Nov 2
Naked gun
33 and 1/3*

*Nov 3
Casino
Night*

University of Southern Indiana

October Student Activities Calendar

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			5 Fall Festival	6 Women's Tennis vs. Olney Central @ 3 p.m.	7	8 Women's tennis vs. Transylvania @ 9 a.m.\
9	10	11 Intramural Volleyball Deadline <i>Things to Come</i> Movie FA 1 @ 1:30 & 6 p.m.	12 USI Intramural Triathlon 4 p.m.	13	14	15 APB Family Day
16	17 Intramural Volleyball (thru Thursday) @ PAC 122, Courts A,B&c	18 <i>The Miracle of Morgan's Creek</i> Movie FA 1 @ 1:30 & 6 p.m.	19	20	21	22
SGA Alcohol Awareness Week.....						
23 Oktoberfest	24	25 <i>Rock-A-Bye Baby</i> Movie FA 1 @ 1:30 & 6 p.m.	26	27	28 Intramural Table-Tennis Deadline	29 APB Presents Rock Horror Show
30	31 Halloween	1				
To see YOUR club's events here, send schedules at least a month in advance ATTN: Transitions Magazine, UC 113.						

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