

Transitions

Student Magazine
University of Southern Indiana



MEMORIES
OF A CORNFIELD

STAFF EATS STEAK 'N SHAKE

E-MAIL
REVOLUTION

Fiction & Poetry this issue

Editor
Jude Wolf

Assistant Editor
Tracy Bee

Advertising
Dana Huerig
Brian Harper

Staff Writers
Matt Maxwell
Eric Titzer
Clifton Mominee
Amanda Barton
Arlene Fortune

Contributing Writers
Dan Jones
Amy Lantaff
Jennifer Fox
Kevin Derr
Dana Montelongo
Lindsey Rush Hawkins
Joel Achenbach

Artists
C. Matt Billman
Laura Egar
B.J. Shaw
Brian Walker
Linsey Rush Hawkins
Monica Blanc (Cover)

Advisor
Ron Roat

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

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

Transitions welcomes and encourages submissions on any topic or medium. Include author or artist's name, address and phone number for verification. All submissions will become property of *Transitions* upon receipt unless prior arrangements have been made.

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

Transitions is printed by the Princeton Clarion. For more information about advertising, subscriptions or distribution, call (812) 464-1856, or write:

Transitions
UC113A, 8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712

All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited.

inside

Vol V Issue I February 1995

Feature

- 4 The Email Revolution
by Eric Titzer
- 5 The Land Before
by Dan Jones

Columns

- 3 Eden Lies Obscured
by Matt Maxwell
- 6 Steak 'n Shake
Staff review
- 7 Sex and the College Student
by Amanda Barton
- 14 Why Things Are
by Joel Achenbach

Arts & Entertainment

- 9-10 Poetry & Fiction
- 12 Matt's World
by C. Matt Billman
- 13 Crossword Puzzle
- 14 Horoscopes for the Hell of It
by Arlene Fortune
- 15 College: Why is it's . . .
Laura Eger
- 15 Fu Man Chu
by B.J. Shaw & Brian Walker

Forum

- 10 Eagle Gran Prix
by Amy Lantaff
- 10 Student Alumni Association
by Jennifer Fox

Editor's Notes...

Hello, welcome to this month's edition of *Transitions*! I know that everyone missed us in January, but someone told me we weren't budgeted for an issue. Sorry 'bout our luck. Next year we'll sell more advertising.

New this month is a increasing trend in staff organization including (I can't believe it either) OFFICE HOURS!!!

Now you and your friends can come down to the office and find out what we're about. Or at least when the hours are- because they are posted on my door. Sorry, I'll get a neater sign eventually, I've been rather shocked about it myself.

Notice the art in this issue. It could be YOURS! (Well, next issue anyway.) We are gleefully accepting about anything, but we'll only use what we like. I can't vouch for Tracy's artistic taste, but I know I have none.

Submissions for art, poetry or articles are due... FEBRUARY 22nd for the next issue (Don't give up if you're late; if we need it, we'll take it.

You have only two more chances this semester. So HURRY UP! Procrastination is NOT in order (so I've been forced to profess.)

See ya' later!

Jude Wolf

Blossoms

gifts * balloons * plants

We have just what you need for:

Valentine's Day

Mugs, Candy and Balloons! Stuffed Animals!

Fresh and Silk Flower Arrangements!

(Please order in advance for custom arrangements)

468-4777

Over the vacation a friend handed me an anthropological essay about a little known tribe called the Nacirema (pronounced "Nass uh ree mah"). The article, written by Horace Miner and titled "Body Ritual Among the Nacirema," details the bizarre, often masochistic, beliefs and practices of a seemingly affluent culture.

Miner says that a complicated and taxing economy drives the people, and the results of labor are spent performing numerous, some-

Body Ritual Among the Nacirema

times expensive ritual habits of personal welfare. The Nacirema believe the body is inherently disgusting and subject to degradation which can be temporarily sustained by the benefits of constant rituals and ceremonies.

A room in every house is designated as a shrine, although its use is normally personal, even among family members. Potions and charms adorn a chest built into the wall; usually, the chest overflows with half-used or forgotten potions. The medicine men and herbalists who concoct the potions are the highest in hygienic prestige.

Below the medicine men are what Miner terms the "holy-mouthmen," who appease the Naciremas' transfixed horror of the mouth. The people believe unearthly influence on personal lives is determined by oral conditions, so they seek guidance at least twice a year; despite the fact their teeth continually decay, the people visit the holy man twice a year to be subjected to prodding and poking and drilling by miniature versions of butcher's tools. The pain is often excruciating, but the ritual is necessary to exorcise any oral demons preventing happiness.

A large, domineering temple called the "latipso" cures the sickest of the people, the unfortunate souls who have been possessed by something beyond the control of a herbalists' concoctions.

The fear of not recovering from illness does not deter them—the latipso is their last hope. The latipso, like money-making businesses, is designed to help the fortunate: the sentries of the latipso will only admit those bearing gifts (to depart the building, the person must again donate material possessions).

Inside the temple, the people are subjected to brutality and humiliation. For example, vestal maidens and medicine men scrutinize private acts and private parts; the sick perform actions in the view of strangers that even their own families do not witness. It is not uncommon, Miner notes,

for entrants to pass away in the uncomfortably hard beds or under a brilliantly painful light and honed cutlery; a large percentage of those who leave the premises return within months, sometimes weeks. And yet many still try to gain admittance.

One last major holy man exists, the "listener," a witch-doctor who extracts painful memories from the minds of troubled people. Their duty is to unleash the bewitching that is done by parents, especially by moth-

ers, that date, sometimes, to birth. Once the patient's memories have bled themselves, the listener provides scenarios of confrontations with the evil parents. This cycle continues through generations.

After reading about the Nacirema and becoming extremely interested in their sado-masochistic tendencies (self-cruelty is more interesting and newsworthy than magic), I wrote to Horace Miner to find their exact location. Within days I was on my way to visit this unorthodox tribe.

(I am bound by blood oath not to reveal their location.)

Spending several weeks in their large encampment—basically a small town—provided me with proof of Miner's accounts and ample examples of masochism and bizarre rituals to add to his 1956 article.

Although masochism dominates much of the Nacirema life-style, I witnessed no acts of acupuncture or walking across hot coals or lying on a bed of nails. The only public displays showcased were men with the valiancy to tie a string around bricks, hook the string through their eyelids or nipples or even their scrotum, and suspend the weight in the air while the audience applauds. Occasionally someone would demonstrate the cliché act of breaking boards or blocks of ice with karate-style chops or head-butts.

Despite those cases, most masochistic acts are performed in small groups, in the company of fellow practitioners.

One temple requires special membership, and weapon-clad warriors guard the entrance. Inside the darkened vestibule, simulated thunder shakes the floors and lights flash like lightning. (So unnerved was I, the noise and lights caused me to stumble over pews and altar tables. After finally sitting at a private altar, I stuffed small wads of their pamphlets in my ears to deaden the incessant onslaught of thunder and bells and apocalyptic noises).

Under the flashes of light, scores

of members forcibly twist their bodies in precarious positions, shake with violent spasms, swing their heads in large, fast circles, flail body limbs, jump on the floor. Some, too exhausted to stand but intent in their worship, cling to metal poles and railings.

To accentuate their adoration, they drink various concoctions whose ingredients consist of earth-grown vegetation and creek water. Others drink liquids of such potency the

stench can be smelled several feet away. I was informed all the potions require magical processes needing, if the effect is to be maximized, months, even years, of practice; to enjoy the medicine requires almost the same amount of practice time.

As if this weren't enough, they light rancid incense sticks and let the obnoxious vapors fill the unventilated temple. The incense lighters also inhale the burning sticks and spew out the fumes to mingle with the present, thickening smog.

Attendants smile and laugh during the ceremony. The unbearable din increases their pleasure, the potions their personalities, the incense their scent. When the ceremony concludes they depart slowly and reluctantly.

Trying to ignore the ringing in my ears the next day, I wondered if the Nacirema private life inside the home would shock me more than the temple display. I discovered that each family exercised their own method of masochism depending largely upon age.

The younger tribe members watch brilliant lights flicker and dance

ordinary beatings, family members intentionally subject themselves to the dominate figure, who, usually, is the father or someone playing the father role. The women's existence depends upon the behavior. The children both revere and despise the male (the male, in this accomplishment, succeeds in the Machiavellian principle without ever hearing of it). The cycle continues as the children age and produce children of their own.

To celebrate the benefits of being alive and awake, some enterprising people whistle to work after spending the night observing some ritual, usually one that involves the same sorts of liquid potions found at the thundering temple. Staying awake, working on little sleep, is a test of endurance where the strong are held in adoration.

Some people are serious enough in their respect for self-punishment they bolt themselves in the house to pour over thousands of pages of written words that may or may not benefit the life-style. Forsaking company and the poisonous outdoors, they sit in solitude and strain to read material for that one day when an unsuccessful ascetic calls for a specific answer.

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

Unfortunately, the new semester beckoned, so I was forced to depart from my observations. I plan to return

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

inside a box for several hours. Sitting transfixed and immobile, the children store physical energy to use in later years at the thundering and dark temples. The lights, I was told, are designed to rest in the minds and provide images of life, actions, axioms, and behavior; transforming the moving lights into its goal requires intelligence, critical thinking, and the ability to create solid ideas from abstract movements and sounds.

Several families thrive on intense, physical violence. Ascending beyond

in several months with someone experienced in dating and sexual relationships to help with observations of Nacirema dating rituals which ages from a violent stage (surprise) to an art form of cruel mental entrapment and coercion.

It is a wonder this tribe still exists. It's surprising our government hasn't turned the Nacirema into a zoo exhibit. But it's also more surprising the Nacirema have been able to continue their existence under magical and masochistic dogmas.

The E-mail Revolution

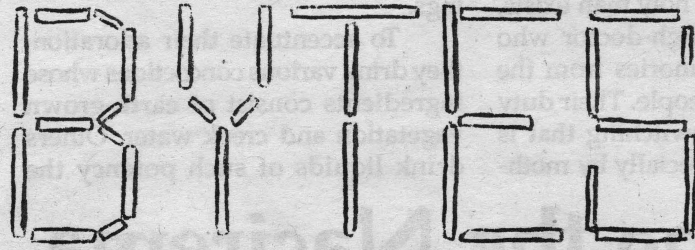
On campuses throughout the world, and now USI the E-mail revolution is taking hold. Joe Hagan, USI data communications coordinator, said the USI E-mail system has over 900 people signed up and over 200 on the network at any one time.

Hagan and the computer maintenance technician Ron Plump are primarily responsible for the E-mail system on campus.

"E-mail is an application program on a file server in the computer center," says Hagan, and each person's mail box is just a password protected file within the E-mail server. Basically, this means that E-mail can be accessed anywhere on campus by anyone with a valid password.

E-mail, and its equivalent programs on Internet, are very diverse tools. With such programs, one can access local, national, and worldwide bulletin board systems (BBSs). On a BBS, a person can communicate with other people almost anywhere in the world.

Another use for E-mail is accessing various information that cannot be



by Eric Titzer

If you have any questions or comments, you can contact Eric Titzer on E-mail at ETITZER, or you can hand deliver your message to the *Transitions* mailbox in the basement of the UC.

found in just any one library or service. Dr. H. Ray Hoops, president of USI, says he once used the Internet E-mail to help a colleague find a reference he needed for research. "We found the book in a library in London and even arranged to have it sent to him."

And finally, the E-mail application everyone is familiar with is mail correspondence. Go figure, no won-

der it's called E-mail. In this form of true E-mail, one sends a message through a computer network which takes around one to ten minutes to reach its destination. It's obvious that this is far more efficient than snail mail, sending a letter through the postal service.

"I think there's a real good chance that the postal service as a means of communication," said Hoops, "will be out of business in ten years." Thus, the E-mail revolution has begun.

Faculty and staff use E-mail to keep in touch with their colleagues on other campuses. Rather than using the phone, some students leave messages for their professors on E-mail. More often, though, students use E-mail to write to their friends on other campuses, or even friends on this campus.

"My best friend lives in Washington D.C. She goes to school there. It saves me a lot on phone bills. We can send each other daily updates," said Heather Day. She said she and her sorority sisters send messages to each other on E-mail. "Everyone just about checks their E-mail everyday," she said.

Campus organizations use E-

mail to keep users abreast of special events and other information. Christine Barton, a student worker for Volunteer USI said she finds E-mail useful for sending out messages about the program. She says that E-mail has helped in recruiting volunteers.

As with any revolution, there are those who embrace it and those who are yet skeptical.

"I never really used it," says Matthew Graham, Associate Professor of English. "I think E-mail is probably a good, efficient thing for many people, for many reasons, but I also think it's a toy."

Graham explains that when he would read his E-mail, he found that there was nothing there but "junk". Rarely was there a message directed to him from somebody else of any importance to him.

"But primarily, people were starting to use it (E-mail) as a forum to be able to pontificate on various things and wanted everybody else to know how they felt," said Graham, "and that was really boring."

Since then, Graham has had himself unplugged from the network.

And thus it has begun. The E-mail revolution is here and is gaining strength. There are complete office buildings where all correspondence is done through E-mail. Scientists use E-mail to complete research and share information with their colleagues. An abundance of information is sent over E-mail. It is only natural that universities have begun to allow students the use of this new technology. "Here at USI," Hoops said, "we plan to have everyone on-line sometime down the road."

Until the day when E-mail addresses are automatically assigned you may gain access to the Internet and E-mail by filling out an application in the Computer Center, located downstairs in the Orr Center next to the Cashier's Office.

CHECK IT OUT
 FEB 3-4 DENNY WARD
 BLUE'S BAND
 10-11 39 MILES
 17-18 THREE O'CLOCK
 24-25 CHARLIE
 SHO BAR
 WED 25 CENT
 BUSCH LIGHT
 DRAFT
 \$2 PITCHERS
 750 EAST FRANKLIN
 EVANS VILLE
 812-428-5970

Tech Tip of the Month:

Joe Hagan says that one of the biggest problems students have with E-mail is forgetting their passwords. E-mail users should try to use words that are important to them. Tracy Bee, Assistant Editor of *Transitions*, always uses character names from one of her favorite author's books. When she forgets her password she just runs through the list of characters.

If you have a tip to share, write to ETITZER on E-mail.

The Land Before

by Dan Jones

Strolling back to the USI campus, Fall 1930

It was Fall, 1930, and much of the farmland on the west side of Evansville was now covered with the golden tassels of wheat. At the time, when extra help was needed for the fall harvest, Fred's sister would be sent to the schoolhouse to fetch her younger brother. Fred was only 10 years old, but he was old enough to run the engine on the threshing machine used to harvest the wheat on his family's farm.

He would shovel coal into the powerful steam engine, check the water in the boiler, and even operate the throttle, though he had to stand on a box to reach it. To young Fred, this harvesting tool was more of a monster. "One," he says today, "I always had a fear of." The noise from its engine and the grinding of its gears could be heard from miles away in the quiet countryside.

Now Fred is 74, and all that is left of the farm he grew up on are memories. These memories, though, provide the link to a fading piece of history closer to home than the reader would imagine. The 120-acre tract of land that once belonged to Fred's parents is now at the center of USI's campus. Just right of the UC's entrance, a plaque commemorates the history of the land before the university.

Reading through the names in the inscription would inspire one to wonder what these people must have seen long ago standing on this very spot. One day, in a discussion with an acquaintance about the plaque, I was surprised to learn the whereabouts of the man who actually lived on this very land.

Fred was the son of Henry and Maime Hauschild who, as stated on the plaque, were conveyed 120 acres of the "USI land" in 1906. I was curious how a past and present view of the land would compare, so I jumped at the chance to meet with Fred and hoped to arrange a visit to the University.

Upon meeting Fred and his wife, Loarine, I became aware of the great pride that existed in Fred's historical tie with the university. As we sat and talked, Fred's wife brought out a series of old newspaper articles that they had collected during the initial construction of USI. Pictures along with the articles showed the old farmhouse and barn that for a while stood on a hill amidst all the construction. "If you were up on the highway, you could have looked back and seen the gable of the barn," recalled Fred.

There were also articles about the historic Bockelman schoolhouse Fred attended as a child, which now sits west of the university's baseball diamond. The pictures and the articles brought back a lot of old memories for Fred as we talked about his life on the farm and what he remembered about the land. In the hopes that a walk across the campus might rekindle some otherwise lost memories as well as provide a better account of the vast change that had taken place, I arranged a visit.

On a cool summer morning I picked Fred up for our drive to USI. Though this was not his first

journey back, there still seemed to be an eagerness in him to revisit the land he once knew as home.

As we approached the campus it was clear that while my eyes could only see in the present, Fred's were looking into the past. The highway and all its bustling traffic now became a quiet country road nestled between two family farms. The large buildings filled with classrooms and offices transformed into open meadows and fields of wheat. In Fred's eyes, all that stood now was a two story farmhouse and a barn.

Our walk began with a visit to the only landmark of the farm that still exists. Fred stepped off the sidewalk and pulled a camera from his pocket.

He snapped a shot of two cedar trees which stood atop the grassy hill just north of the UC. What once stood next to these trees was no longer there, but to Fred the vision of the old farmhouse was still alive.

He pointed out, "The house was two stories, and was shaped like a double L. On the bottom floor was the kitchen and living room, and upstairs were the bedrooms."

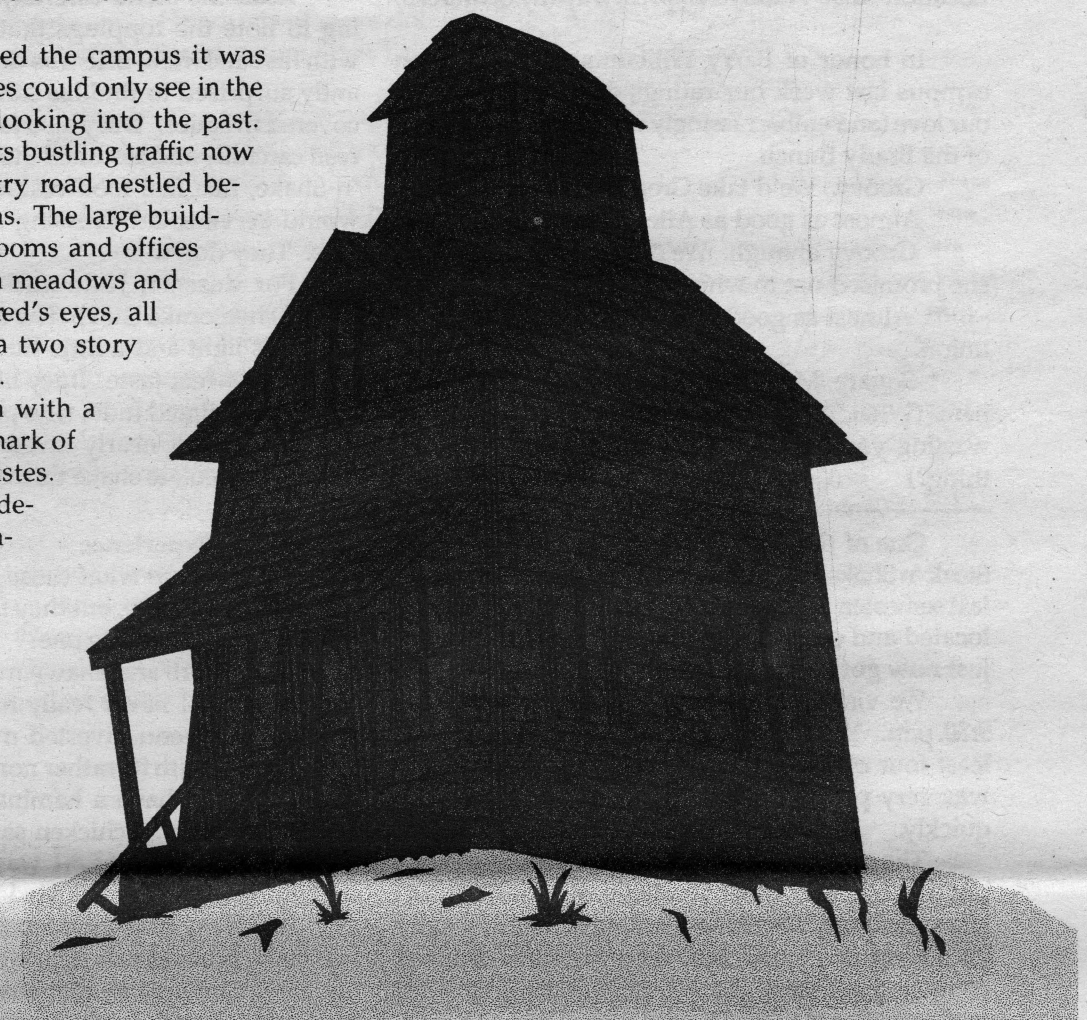
When we reached the top of the hill, Fred noticed two sunken spots in the ground. He suspected they were the locations of the cellar and the cistern which would have been filled in when the house was torn down.

Fred described the cellar as their own little grocery. "There were potatoes, canned goods, corn, beans, peas, and fruits of all kinds. Whenever you wanted something you went to the cellar and got it."

Using the hill as a lookout point, Fred went on to describe what he remembered about the farm. Where we were standing had once been the chicken yard. "An every-night job was to shell corn off the cob and grind it in a coffee mill to feed chickens," remembered Fred. As we looked south, the large UC building took the shape of a two story barn that had stood behind the house.

He recalled the spring that ran in back of the barn where the horse lot was. West of the Technical Building, he explained was the location of the grainery, and a pond used for watering the cows.

Another chore for Fred was to take the cows to pasture in what is now the site of Reflection Lake.



Fred remembered a particular part of this journey well; "I always had a big ol' mean bull that I was scared of. But I had a little dog that took care of that." The name of other dog was Teddy, and Fred regarded him as a "true friend."

"There used to be a steep hill going down into the pasture", Fred said. "When I was a kid and it snowed, we'd sleigh down that hill in a sled that my dad made by hand." Also, not far away in the pasture, a small grove of persimmon trees grew on a hill.

Fred recalled the early fall mornings when frost covered the ground and he would snack on the persimmons between chores.

Continuing with his description of the farm, Fred pointed out how much the contour of the land had changed and how most of the hills and valleys had been leveled off during the construction of the university. "The valleys were meadows where we raised hay, the rest was grown in wheat and corn," he said.

For me it was hard to imagine the parking lots, the gymnasium, and all the buildings as nothing more than a field of wheat or corn. For Fred it was easy. The image did not have to be created. It was always in reach of his memory.

The Transitions Staff Monthly Food Review

Steak 'n Shake sure bet for good food

Steak 'n Shake

Dress- Casual

Food- Not-so-fast

Price- \$5-\$10 a person

Location- 4850 W.Lloyd Expressway (by Schnucks)

In honor of Barry William's appearance on campus last week our ratings descriptions reflect our love (and embarrassingly extensive knowledge) of the Brady Bunch.

**** Groovy. We'd take Greg Brady here.

**** Almost as good as Alice's dinners.

*** Groovy enough. We'd take Jan here (if she promised not to whine).

** Almost as good as another Brady Bunch reunion.

* Square, Man. We wouldn't even take Oliver here. (What, you don't remember Oliver? Were you wasting your childhood playing outside or something?)

One of the West Side's newest additions, the Steak 'n Shake has been open for business since early last semester. Though the restaurant is conveniently located and open all night, the *Transitions* staff has just now got around to reviewing the cuisine.

We visited the restaurant one weeknight at 9:30 p.m. We seated ourselves and noted that at least four other tables were occupied. Our server was very polite and attentive and our food came quickly.

The restaurant specializes in "steakburgers", but serves many other sandwiches as well as salads and soups. For those wanting something more than soup or sandwiches, there are three dinners: country fried steak (\$4.99), chicken fingers (4.99) and cod fillet (\$4.99). The dinners come with your choice of 2 side-order selections.

For those of you who need waffles at midnight, Steak 'n Shake is not going to do it. Unlike Denny's, another all-night restaurant, Steak 'n Shake only serves breakfast during breakfast hours.

Jude had the grilled chicken breast sandwich (\$2.99). Thinking of our readers, Tracy broke away from poultry and chose the Original Single Steakburger (\$1.49) with cheese (add 30 cents). Eric had the Frisco Melt (3.69). Clifton ordered a Mushroom and Swiss Burger (\$3.59).

We all had platters, which means we had our choice of two of eight different side-orders for an extra \$1.99. Side orders were brought while the sandwiches were being prepared. We found this a nice touch. We sampled chili, the vegetable soup, salad, french fries and onion rings. The chili at Steak 'n Shake is excellent. The soup tasted like it was homemade. The lettuce in the salads was slightly wilted. None of us finished our salads, partly because there was so much else to eat, and partly because they weren't very good.

Though the shoe-string french fries tasted good, they became limp quickly. For a little more money, the cook tops the french fries with cheddar cheese. Unless you really love cheese, we wouldn't recommend the cheese fries. The fries became soggy, and the cheese solidifies quickly. The onion rings were good, with real unadulterated onions,

but not plentiful. Next time we will specify that we like a whole-lot of rings. Other side orders are baked beans, coleslaw and cottage cheese.

Read the menu carefully. Failing to note the toppings that came with his sandwich, Eric was unpleasantly surprised to find his sandwich covered in sauce. Tracy also failed to read carefully and assumed that Steak 'n Shake, like fast food restaurants, would serve salad dressing on the side. They don't.

For dessert, Jude and Tracy shared cheesecake (1.69). The cheesecake was light and a little fluffy without an overpowering sweet taste. Tracy liked it, but the lightness disappointed Jude, who prefers a richer, dense cheesecake. Eric nearly caved his head in trying to suck his chocolate shake through his straw (\$2.39).

Jude's Experience

I'm not sure what those little green peppers in that shaker are for, but they fascinated me. I kept thinking "What if I ate one?" "Is that thing hot?" My friends Herb and Shawn made a girl I know eat one once, but I never really found out what happened. The menu diverted my attention, stifling my curiosity with its rather non-creative selections. HMMM, I can have a hamburger (OH, EXCUSE ME) steakburger, a chicken sandwich, fish planks or turkey sandwiches. I was really looking for something different, so I tried the chicken gumbo.

It was my first experience with gumbo, but it was really pretty good. It further distanced me from my earlier interest in that shaker. I also had the chicken sandwich (rather standard). All in all, it was pretty good food at a not exceptional price.

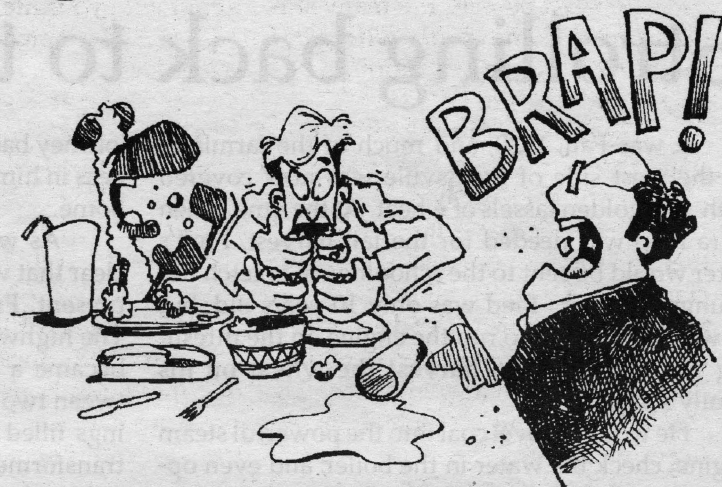
The only real problem the place has is lack of atmosphere. The restaurant doesn't have a whole lot of character, but I think it just needs time. After it develops a crowd of regulars (besides Herb and Shawn) and continues breakfast all night it may become a Denny's caliber hangout. It would work for dinner with a movie, but wouldn't work out for a romantic evening by itself.

I think it has a pretty good chance though, because eventually the college crowd will break it in, I'm sure.

Tracy's Experience

Steak 'n Shake is proud of their burgers. Rather than calling them hamburgers, they call them "steakburgers" and boast that they are made of 100% U.S. beef, which includes cuts of T-bone, sirloin and strip steak. It was certainly better than most fast-food burgers I've had. It is comparable to G.D. Ritz's hamburgers in both taste and quality, though Ritz's burgers are fried and Steak 'n Shake's are "quick-seared". Though I don't eat much beef, I would consider having another steakburger at Steak 'n Shake.

I was also impressed with our server. A high school student, she had the patience of a saint. We sent her away several times while we decided on our meals and later when we were deciding on des-



sert. Though she had several other tables to wait on, she was usually prompt and present when we needed her. In addition, she dealt with the flirtation of one of our staff members and not-so-subtle questions about the restaurant from the rest of us with patience and grace.

Clifton's experience.

While the mushroom and Swiss burger I had was quite delicious, it was a little hard to swallow the price I was paying for it. For my side-orders, I chose fries and a salad, figuring that I couldn't go wrong. The salad was far from fresh, and it seemed our whole group had that problem.

Except for the salad and the price, I had a very enjoyable evening. The ambiance and staff were wonderful. Witnessing the cashiers friendly greeting, the cook's fancy utensil work and the waitress's winning smile, I felt very welcome, which can be rare in this day of fast food. Because of the overall quality of the food, and the friendly service, I would return, but it would have to be on payday (four dollars or a burger?).

Eric's Experience

I had the Frisco melt which consists of a "steakburger" patty, Swiss cheese, and some sort of tangy sauce on toasted sourdough bread. The Frisco melt was good, though I'll be sure to remember to ask that the sauce be left off next time. The only problem I had with the melt was the grease that ran down my fingers.

The shoe-string fries harkened back to the days of bee-bop and rock and roll, yet after all this time, even Steak 'n Shake had not found a way to serve them warm. My first fry was already at room temperature.

I finished my dinner with a chocolate shake, and let me tell you, I haven't sucked so hard since breast-feeding as a baby. If you enjoy fast food with restaurant prices, this place is for you. I will be returning, but only because I have coupons.

The Consensus

*** Steak 'n Shake's food is made-to-order and served on china. Though the menu is extensive and most dishes aren't too complex, Steak 'n Shake is little more than a fast food restaurant with servers, which we decided isn't a bad thing. We enjoyed our dining experience, but in the back of our minds we wondered if the prices are justified.

SEX AND THE COLLEGE STUDENT

by Amanda Barton

Sex is always memorable. Right? It's not very memorable when you're drunk. After a few drinks, sex comes easier to most people. Too many students have come home with their heads hung low the next morning saying, "I can't believe I did that."

The question is would they have done that if they weren't drinking? The answer is probably not.

People let their guards down, let their inhibitions go, and get a little crazy after a couple of drinks. Almost everyone has seen a friend get a little crazier than normal after drinking. You've seen them at parties dancing on table tops, dancing topless, streaking or even doing drugs.

While going a little crazy can be great stress reliever, more often than not drinking leads straight to trouble. Pregnancy, STDs and plain old embarrassment are all a part of this.

Thought needs to go into sex. You simply cannot just get drunk and screw everything in sight. It doesn't work that way. There are too many dangers involved.

A few things need to be considered before you drink. How well do you know the people you are with? Having a sober friend along can help keep you from getting out of control or getting taken advantage of. Do you

trust the people you are with? How about with your life? Remember, you can get STDs or pregnant with just one encounter.

There are also considerations to be taken before you have sex with someone. How well do you know this person. Have they ever shared needles? Have they ever had unprotected sex? Do they have a venereal disease? Are they lying? What about birth control and VD protection?

Drinking doesn't allow you to ask these questions. It tends to turn your brain off.



Alcohol can also be a turnoff to a potential significant other. When you're a slobbering drunk, you smell and look bad. Your hair gets messed. Sometimes, you puke. This isn't the image someone is looking for in a partner. And if they are, is this the type of person you want in your life?

Your health could be in jeopardy. Using your own judgement, you can protect yourself.

Remember, only you can protect you.

CORRECTION: Last Sex column, we accidentally said that the statute of limitations on rape is 12 days. That isn't correct.

REMINDE YOU OF ANYTHING? IT SHOULD!

One  Call is all it takes to say  I Love You!

Valentines Day is Tues., Feb. 14th.



ORDER EARLY!

Zeidler FLORAL CO.

For Your Convenience Zeidler's is offering Special EXTENDED HOURS FOR PHONE ORDERS:
 FRI - TILL 10 PM
 SAT - TILL 10 PM
 SUN - TILL 8 AM - 8 PM
 MON - TILL 12 MIDNIGHT

NORTH 2011 N. Fulton 425-7272 DOWNTOWN 327 Main St. 423-4448
 EAST 401 S. Green River Rd. 476-1313 NEWBURGH 8666 Ruffian Ln. 853-2900
 WEST 2413 W. Franklin 423-6401 DAUBLE'S 2916 Oak Hill Rd. 479-6955

ALL STORES OPEN SPECIAL HOURS
 FRI 2/10 8-6, SAT. 2/11 & SUN 2/12 8-5, MON. 2/13 8-8, TUES. 2/14 8-5:30

Private Beaches Tanning

New Accelerator Bulbs!

Single - \$5
 Five - \$15

Ten - \$25
 Twenty - \$40

\$1.50 weekends all month!

Get Tan

for

Spring Break!

Get Tan

for

Spring Break!



467-0249

1913 W. Franklin St.

Campus Spotlights

Eagle Gran Prix is not so far away! April 22 will be here before you know it. For those of you not familiar with EGP, it is our annual bike race. In its 23rd year, EGP is one of USI's biggest events all year.

Once again, we will have the Co-ed Race consisting of two men and two women per team, and the all Men's and all Women's Races with five riders per team.

Who can enter? You can! Anyone can. All you need is an information packet. They will be available soon at the UC front desk.

You need not be an official organization to ride in the race. In fact, housing units, intramural teams and independent teams are encouraged to participate.

If you don't feel like your body is in shape to hop on a bike, why not join the organizational committee? James Welch is the chairperson this year.

Presently, James is looking for people to help with security, hospitality, awards and more. It's not a lot of work, but it is a lot of fun. Get another t-shirt for your collection; just volunteer a little bit time.

Get Ready for EGP!



Meetings are every Wednesday at 5 p.m. in the APB Office which is located in the basement of the UC. Or call 464-1872 for additional information.

Student Alumni Association

for the experience...

As college students, many of us have been told that just having a high GPA is going to land us our dream job. We hear how important having the right contacts, extracurricular experience, and leadership skills are to achieving our goals. We can choose from many student organizations as a way to gain an edge while we're still students.

The Student Alumni Association is a small but growing group of students, with an open membership and no dues. Becoming a part of the SAA offers advantages such as networking with USI graduates and the chance to gain worthwhile skills through involving yourself in special events. We encourage members' input to further benefit our group, our campus and the community.

In April, SAA will hold its annual "Breakfast with the President." This event will give the entire cam-

pus community an opportunity to hear and get to know president Hoops. Student leaders are usually invited to raise questions, and a continental breakfast is offered. Also in April we will send some members to our district's Students Alumni Conference in Notre Dame.

Some of the SAA's other annual events include Career Exploration and Day on the Job, Lighting a Tradition, the Student Spirit Competition, the Alumni Picnic, Phone-a-thon, and Homecoming activities.

If you are interested in learning more of the what the Student Alumni Association is all about, pick up an SAA brochure in the UC. For more information on meeting times and locations, call 464-1924 and speak to Melissa Burch or Nancy Johnson at the Alumni Affairs office (AD 104).

by Jennifer Fox



"Due to government cutbacks, the light at the end of the tunnel has been officially turned off."



Day after talk?

It's been suggested that USI have the RU MENT2B Lecture to enhance the student body's ability to communicate with members of the opposite sex.

1. Is it safe?

Robin K. Blake is a certified Clinical Hypnotherapist and Psychic. She has helped thousands of people with relationships, careers and financial matters.

2. Are there psychological effects?

We sure hope so. Robin wants to teach you how to open your mind and see the opposite sex in a different light. Men and women are different and Robin will explain how these differences work for and against relationships.

3. How does it work?

Robin begins her lecture with general background about the differences of men and women. She then proceeds with volunteers from the audience and uses her psychic abilities to help the volunteer realize what is wrong or right with their relationships with other people.

4. What effect does it have on the volunteer?

Robin is very sensitive and will not embarrass or harshly judge anyone. She merely offers her expert suggestions and advice.

5. A "Day After Lecture"?

Robin will be here on the day after Valentine's Day. If you found the love of your life,

bring them with you to the lecture. If cupid didn't shoot his arrow your way this year, come to the lecture and Robin will set you on the right track for next year's Valentine's Day.

6. Will it increase the number of relationships?

Robin is here only to offer advice. She doesn't play match maker, but with her psychic abilities perhaps she can tell you if you're on the right track.

7. Is Robin coming to USI?

Yes. Robin will be here on February 15 at 9 P.M. in the UC Dining Room.

8. What can I do?

You can attend this free lecture presented by the Activities Programming Board with an open mind and a good attitude. Call 464-1872 with questions.



An APB
Sponsored Event

Fiction & Poetry



I don't need your politics.
When I get down I get blitzed.
Give me liquor and give me beer.
Turn up the TV, I don't want to hear.
Why do you gripe? Why do you complain?
No one wants to feel your pain.

I live for money, that's where it's at.
Look at us, we wear different colored hats.
You work your hands to the bone.
I sit upon my golden throne.
You are no more than a working class fool.
My class and I will always rule.

I'd cut out your heart and eat it in a minute,
if I thought there was a profit in it.
I'd threaten to sell your kids to the highest bidder,
and you'd slap my back and say, "Man, you're a kidder."

Kevin Derr



Coupon-Cutter Love

'T was the fifteenth of Feb.
and all through the mall
"SALE" was in every window;
not one but ALL!

So I bought lots of boxes
of candy — real cheap
All wrapped up in hearts
with lace that was pink.

I bought some fresh flowers,
Well, perhaps not so fresh
but for a dollar a dozen
who could protest?

So I loaded up my loot
with a "Pink-Ice" ring on top
and drove my car quickly
to my very last stop.

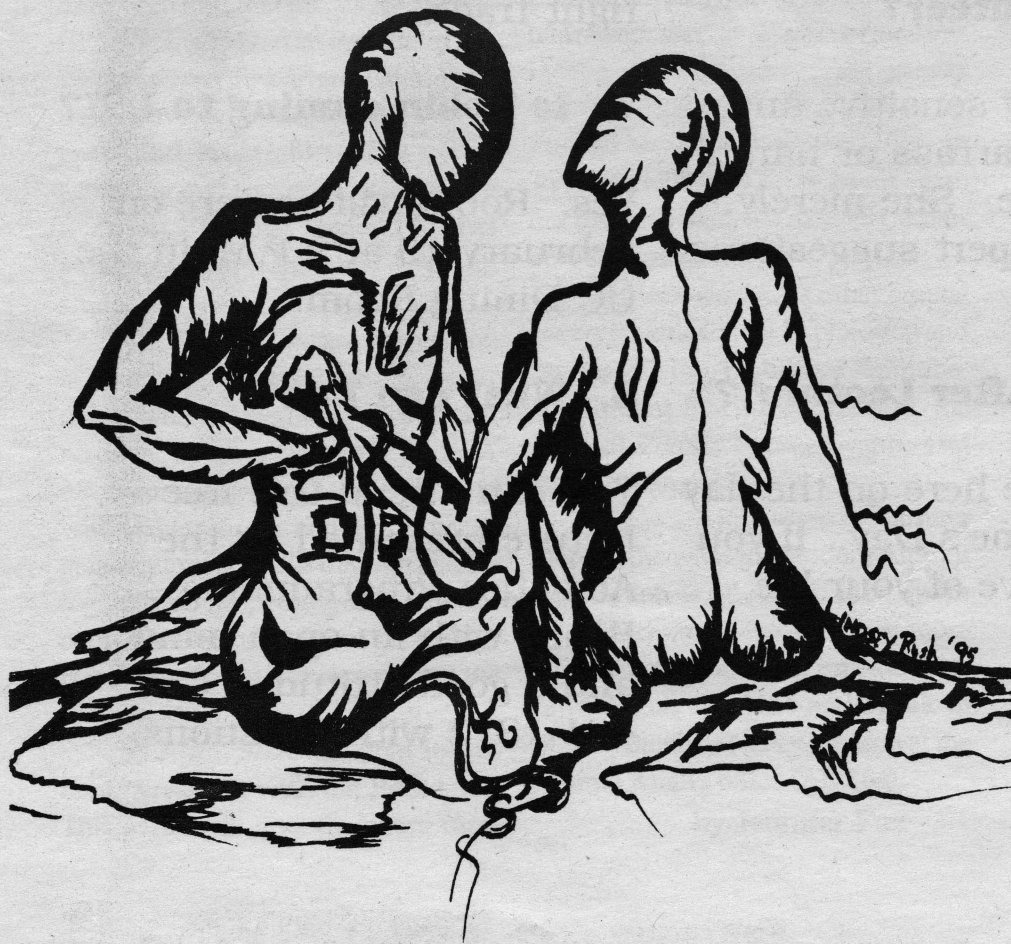
I got to my girl's house
and rang the door bell.
funny, no one answered-
but someone did yell.

"Get out, with your garbage
and left-over mess.
Where were you yesterday?
Should I be impressed?"

"Take your stale chocolates
and your lack of class,
and shove those damn roses and ring
up your"

So I left without protest,
but without giggle or glee.
'Cuz no one understands the life
of a cheap-skate like me.

Jude Wolf



Wondrous Mind

See the eyes piercing through me, reaching the pits of my soul.

Oh, hear that sweet voice echoing down my spine and up my ribs,
grabbing the heart so cold and alone.

Hand in hand, life to life, matching as puzzle pieces always together
in everlasting mind.

Wise words make love to my mind as you speak in you're wondrous
ways.

The chosen one, perhaps. Even if not at last, let me hold you now
and memories I know how to warm this coldness, melt my wall. Together
we watch it fall.

Lindsey Rush Hawkins

No one dances in the real world

Kevin Derr

North Dakota on an early fall Saturday night. The locals from this agricultural community have gathered together to share their good times and hide their loneliness.

It is chilly inside, not cold, just chilly. The North Dakota Winter cold will have its chance to set-in in a couple of weeks. For now, short sleeves will work for the naturally well-insulated. The lights are dim, like all honky-tonks, to help hide the pieces of popcorn and pretzels on the floor. A machine with a bright florescent light that illuminates the thousands of thick paper cards that make up its insides is surrounded by its worthless, scratched-off cards on the floor that are the broken dreams of the working class.

Hundreds of dollars are fed into that machine for a shot at something that they could never earn if they worked a thousand years. Hundreds of more dollars are passed to the waitress for small doses of those liquid serums that help them to avoid the realities of life.

The tables don't match and neither do the chairs. The walls are papered with posters portraying images of people these folds will never be. The models on the beer ads are so slender, so beautiful, and so perfect. If you look at them long enough, you can realize all of your own faults, but these people don't mind. They understand their place. The caste they live in satisfies their most essential needs. They are the life and blood of the world.

The only people standing are those at the bar and a couple at one of the pool tables. The dance floor is bare, even though the country top forty is playing on the bar's stereo. No one dances in the real world, except kids acting out the human mating ritual. Dancing is for those living out their life like it was a paragraph in a novel or a fifteen-minute scene in a made-for-TV mini-series.

Inside this roadside bar is a cross-section of the community, with the exception of those too good and too religious. They drink at home with the curtains closed. Tomorrow they will join hands together and condemn together everyone not in their circle. Silently, they will question the values of the ones holding their hands. Guilt and accusations of immorality are the mainstay of their beliefs.

Last call and the lonely people scan the floor and search for the other lonely people, hoping that their eyes will meet and a spark will be set in that violent and dangerous chain reaction created by the relationships between people.



I Don't Know Your Name but I Know That I Love You.

I Don't know Your Name but I Know That I Love You.

That was the last thing she said to me.
Years spent watching her mind wander.

Years of explaining who we were to try
To get that spark plug in her memory to fire.
I Don't know Your Name but I Know That I Love You.

After all was forgotten, and I was no longer a name,
Just a trusted face, she still know that she loved me.
Years spent watching her mind wander.

Day after day we answered the same questions.
"No, you're not lost. You're here where you have been."
I Don't know Your Name but I Know That I Love You.

I don't know exactly why or how.
I assume she just gave up. We were tired too.
Years spent watching her mind wander.

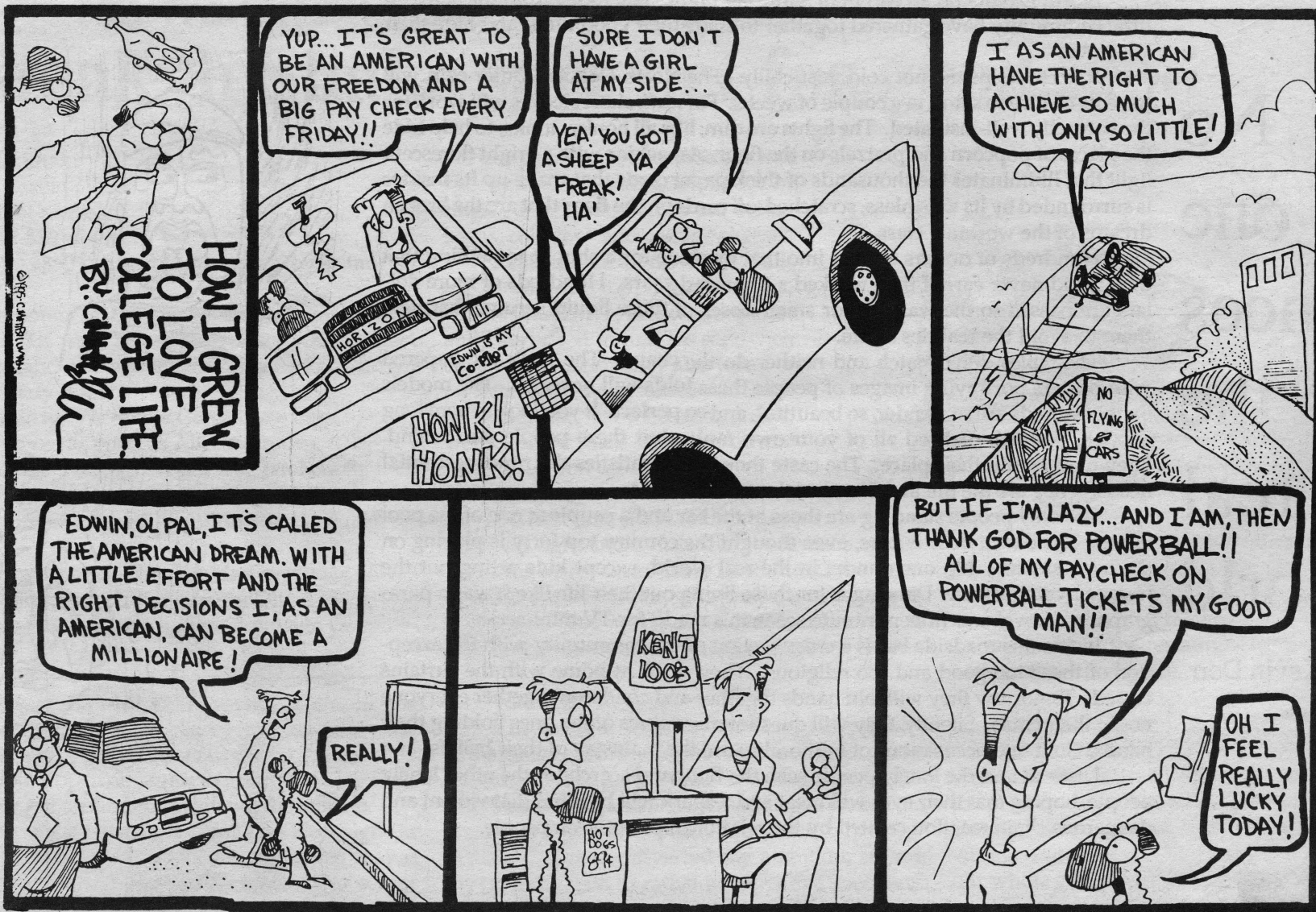
The phone rang, the shocking news.
I cried at first. Then I was glad.
I Don't Know Your Name but I Know That I Love You.
Years spent watching her mind wander.

by Dana Montelongo

Martyr

turn your other cheek
to hate's smashing blow;
accept your lot
in the name of your god;
knife in hand
lay your child on the altar...
(sacrifice)
your sanity for another's happiness.
guilt of failure
eats your subconscious.
ignore your emotions,
hide your dreams,
forsake your contentment,
tending to poisonous fangs—
you shall earn heaven.
your Self matters none.
bruises and scars,
pain and nightmares,
doubt and guilt:
all prizes
as both cheeks burn red

Matt Maxwell



Harpole's Main Street Exit

468-9400

Monday

Addison Ellis

\$4 pitchers

\$1 Shot Red Hot

No Cover

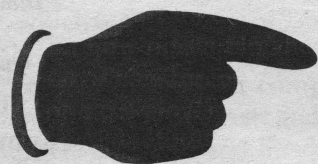
February's Band Line Up

10th & 25th The Crowd

11th Larry Crane

17th & 18th Almost Noah

24th Oliver Syndrome Plus Slick Lilly



THURSDAY

Dance Side and Local Bands

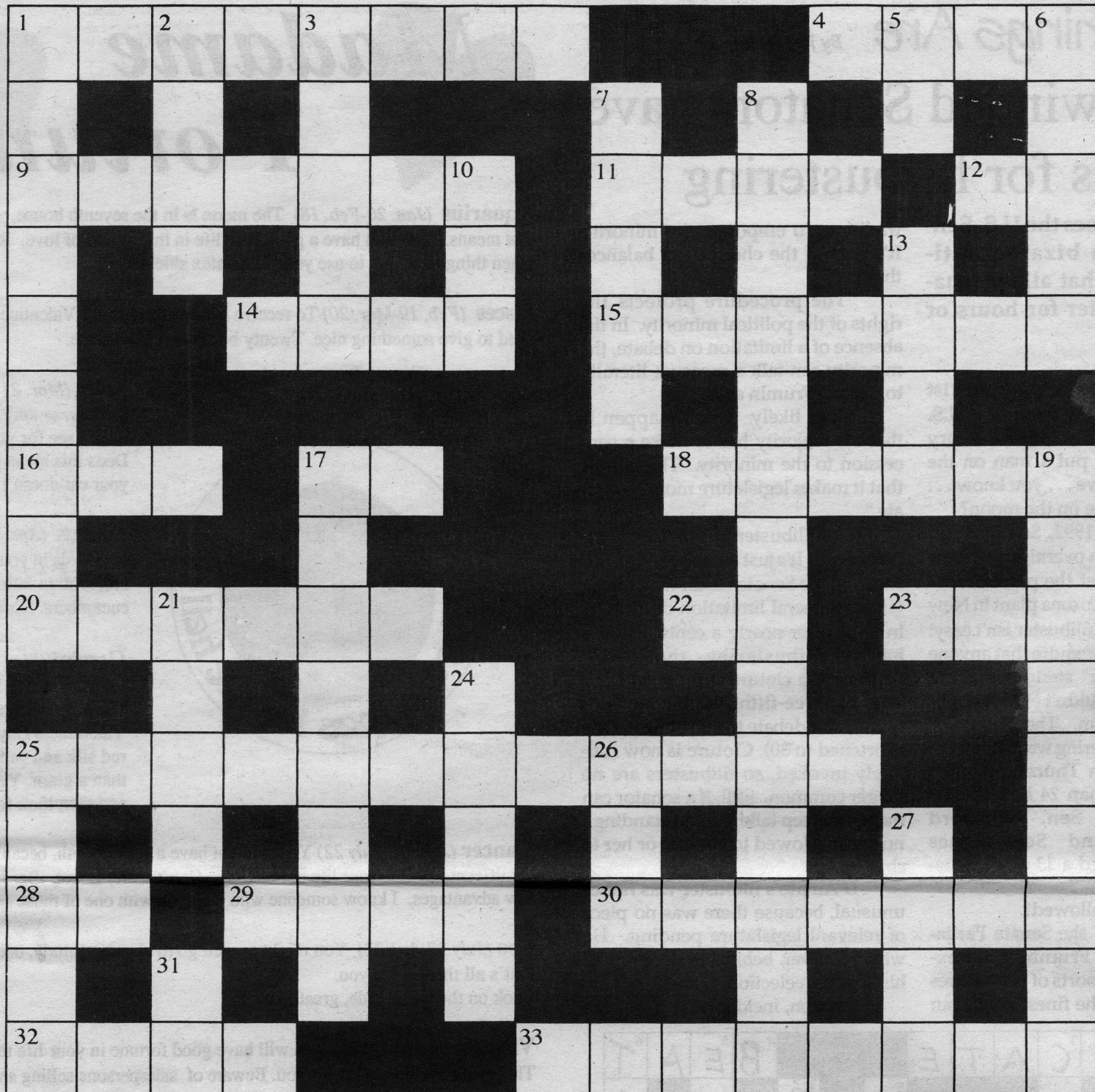
\$1 Sterling Longnecks

**M
I
N
D

G
A
M
E
S**

**C
R
O
S
S

W
O
R
D**



By Tracy Bee

Answer key on next page

Across

- 1. To relinquish a throne
- 4. To hit repeatedly, pound
- 9. To Have and _____
- 11. Greek God of love
- 12. Denotes authorship
- 14. Beige
- 15. Usual environment
- 16. Positively or Negatively charged atom
- 17. Spanish "yes"
- 18. Martin Luther King Jr. was this
- 20. Kingdom
- 22. Impulsive third of the psyche
- 23. Spanish "more"

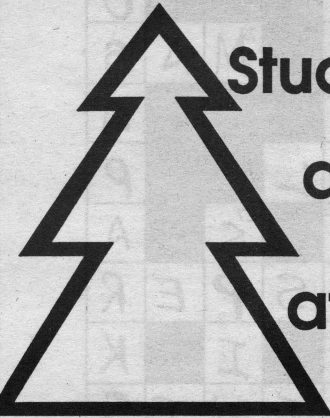
- 25. *Time's* "Man of the Year"
- 28. A conjunction
- 29. Large kitchen appliance
- 30. Speak softly
- 32. Equal
- 33. Alcoholic drink (pl.)

Down

- 1. Greek Goddess of love
- 2. Bird of peace
- 3. Having a cone-like shape
- 5. Type of train
- 7. Vengeful character from Greek tragedy
- 8. Shakespeare's ill-fated lovers
- 13. A romantic tale

- 17. Capital of Bosnia
- 19. Civil rights figure who inspired bus boycott
- 21. Love-sick Warner Brothers skunk
- 24. Gleam
- 25. Investigate
- 26. Church bench
- 27. *Rolling Stone* counterpart
- 31. Latin "that is" (abbr.)

The Perfect After The Holiday Gift!



Student Discount Cards
are now available
at the UC front desk.

Sponsored By: Student Government Society

Why Things Are Long-winded Senators have reasons for filibustering

By Joel Achenbach

Q. Why does the U.S. Senate adhere to bizarre, antiquated rules that allow senators to filibuster for hours or days on end?

A. Aren't we nearly into the 21st Century? Then how come the U.S. Senate still has these 18th Century rules? If we can put a man on the moon, why can't we... you know... put the U.S. Senate on the moon?

In October, 1992, Sen. Alfonse D'Amato staged an overnight, 16-hour filibuster to protest the possible loss of jobs at a Smith Corona plant in New York State. Such a filibuster isn't easy: Senate procedures require that anyone "holding the floor" stand the entire time. D'Amato couldn't even leave to go to the bathroom. The record for individual filibustering was set in 1957 by Senator Strom Thurmond, who spoke for more than 24 hours. The tag-team of Sen. Howard Metzenbaum and Sen. James Abourezk managed a 13 day filibuster in 1977.

Why is this allowed?

We spoke to the Senate Parliamentarian, Alan Frumin, who explained that these sorts of procedures are designed, in the finest American

tradition, to empower the minority. It's part of the checks and balances thing.

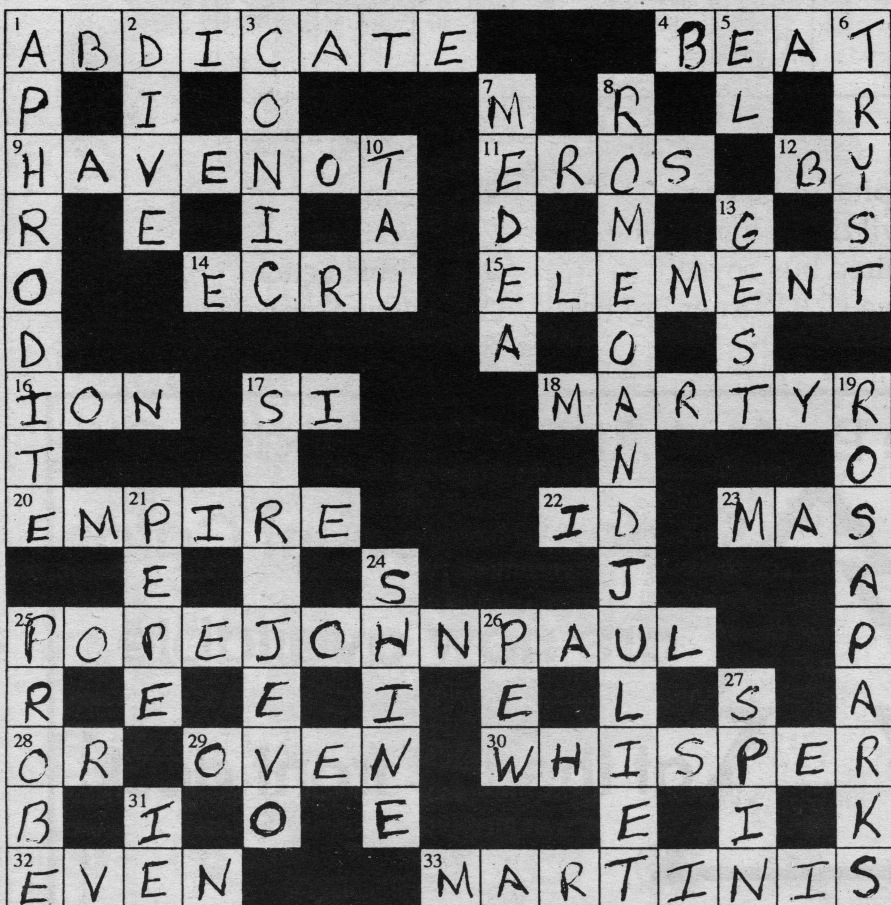
"The procedure protects the rights of the political minority. In the absence of a limitation on debate, the minority can talk a measure literally to death," Frumin says.

More likely, what'll happen is that the majority has to make a concession to the minority. "The idea is that it makes legislature more moderate."

The filibuster is not an official procedure. It's just an unintended offshoot of the Senate rules, which contain no general limitation on debate. In 1917, after nearly a century and a half of filibustering, the Senate adopted the cloture rule, in which a vote of three-fifths of the senators could limit debate to 100 hours (since shortened to 30). Cloture is now routinely invoked, so filibusters are no longer common. Still, if a senator can manage to keep talking (and standing), no one is allowed to tell him or her to shut up.

D'Amato's filibuster was rather unusual, because there was no piece of relevant legislature pending. He was, however, behind in the polls in his bid for reelection.

He won, incidentally.



Madame Fortune's

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) The moon is in the seventh house, whatever the hell that means. You will have a good love life in this month of love. Remember, even when things heat up, to use your little latex shields.

Pisces (Feb. 19-Mar. 20) To receive something nice for Valentine's Day, you need to give something nice. Twenty bucks is fine with me.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Steamy, steamy steamy. That's what I see for you this month. Does this mean your defrost in your car doesn't work?

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) The keywords in your life this month are, motion lotion, leather and cucumbers. Kinky!

Gemini (May 21-June 21) Get the love in you life something you both will enjoy for Valentine's Day. Something in red silk and weighs no more than a gram. You can put it on and then look for it.



Cancer (June 22-July 22) You will not have a good month, because you have no significant other in your life at this time. Don't worry about. Bar hopping has a few advantages. I know someone who woke up with one of those advantages.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) You might as well go to class and study, because, baby, that's all there is for you. Look on the bright side, great grades.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You will have good fortune in your life this month. Things are looking great for you. Beware of salespersons selling snap-on tools.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) You have been under a great deal of stress, but there is an end to it soon. I find there are various physical activities you can do to help relieve the tension in your body. And the great thing is, you can do them in the comforts of your own room.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) For the perfect Valentine gift, I recommend red undergarments. You will enjoy viewing and removing the gift, and the receiver will enjoy modeling. Everyone is happy, and everyone comes out ahead.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec 22) The stars are bright for you this month. Everything will be good for you. Your love life will be excellent. Damn, but I hate people like you, I'm so jealous.

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) You will be extremely lucky, everything is great, people will admire you....can you tell Madame has had writer's block for the last two horoscopes? If not, everything I said is true.

Madame Fortune has had a bad month herself. She no longer has the word deadline in her vocabulary. This will be her last semester to be with all of you (that is if she can pass calculus). Something to leave you with. Just when you think it can't get any worse, it does. (and this applies to EVERYTHING) Until next month.

COLLEGE WHY IS ITS...

by Laura Eger

WHY IS IT THAT WHEN YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING & GIVE
UP ON IT - IT TURNS UP WHEN
YOU DON'T NEED IT ANYMORE?



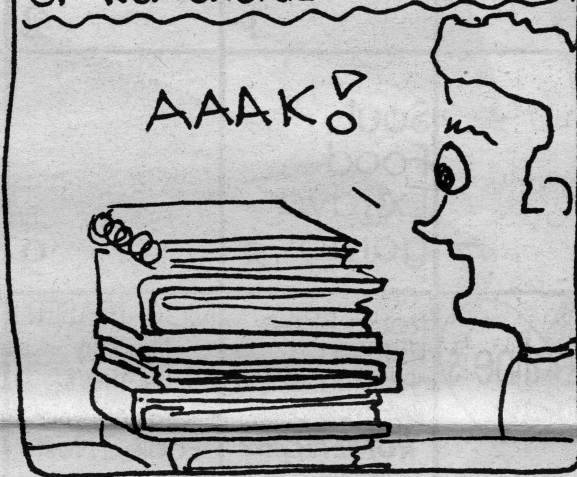
YOU MEET A REALLY SWELL
GUY & FIND OUT THAT YOUR
FRIEND HAS HAD A CRUSH
ON HIM SINCE GRADESCHOOL



IT DOESNT MATTER IF YOU
DID LAUNDRY YESTERDAY -
THERE IS STILL A BIG PILE!



YOU HAVE NO HOMEWORK...
AND THEN YOU HAVE LOTS
OF HOMEWORK



YOU HAVE A VALENTINE
ANY OTHER TIME EXCEPT
ON VALENTINES DAY!



FU MAN CHU

BRIAN WALKER
B.D. SHAW



USI

University of Southern Indiana

*This Month's
Black History
Highlights
Month*

Contact Multicultural
Center for details!

1995 February Activities

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	Soul Food Extravaganza	8	9	DZ King of Hearts Dance
12	13	Valentine's Day	Robin Blake Psychic "Relationship Lecture" RUMENT2B?	14	15	MCC TEASER "Am I my BROTHER'S KEEPER?" Eagle's Nest Noon
19	MID-TERMS BEGIN!	20	21	22	23	24
26	27	28	Student Development Series Luncheon UC 309A Noon-1 p.m.		ASA "Big Man on Campus" w/ The C.R.O.W.D.	Herpes Alive 11 a.m.  1:30 p.m. The Lion King



A Different Kind of Company. A Different Kind of Car.

Sponsored by

Saturn of Evansville

January							March						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7			1	2	3	4	
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
29	30	31					26	27	28	29	30	31	

Stop by for a visit!

812.471.0011