

Transitions

Student Magazine

Volume VI Issue VI

March 1996

Inside

Vol VI Issue VI March 1996

Editor
Tracy Bee
Assistant Editors
Richard Whitney
Tracy Ford

Poetry Editor
Shannon Neese

Contributing Writers

Kathy Alderson
Kim Clark
Dennis Dahlen
Glenn Hasenour
Joni Hoke

Matt Maxwell
Lynnette Reine
Jamy Schuler

Mary Jean Stockman
Mike Whicker

Photographers

Miguel Latorre
Julie Ruminer

Graphics Coordinator

James Belleau

Consultant

Jude Wolf

Advisor

Ron Roat

Cover Photo by Krista Loewen

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

Transitions welcomes and encourages submissions on any topic or medium. Include author or artist's name, address and phone number for verification. All submissions become property of *Transitions* 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 informations about advertising, subscriptions or distribution, call (812) 464-1856 or write:

Transitions
8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712

All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is prohibited.

3 **Editor's Note**

4 **Letters to the Editor**

5 **Comic**

6 **Around Campus . . .**

8 **Eden Lies Obscured**
by Matt Maxwell

10 **Listing T'ward Starboard**
by Mike Whicker

11 **Visiting the Wall**
by Richard Whitney

12 **Educating Susan: Marriage and the Nontraditional College Woman**
by Mary J. Martin-Stockman

14 **One on One: Big Sister Lends Stability to Child's Life**
by Kathy Alderson

16 **Staff Food Review: Jacob's Pub**
by Jamy Schuler with Traclyn Ford, Kim Clark, Shannon Neese and Tracy Bee

18 **Poetry**

20 **The Mystery of Writing: Ron Roat's New Book**
by Tracy Bee

21 **Book Reviews**
by Joni Hoke and Dennis Dahlen

22 **Music Review**
by Glenn Hasenour

23 **Horoscopes for the Hell of It**
by Lynnette Reine

Transitions: Caught in the Web

As if my ego weren't big enough, *Transitions* is going world-wide. World-wide web that is.

So for those of you who can't read anything unless it appears on a computer screen, USI's best (well, okay—only) student magazine is now available in that medium. Let the eye-straining begin.

Those of you who prefer paper copies can continue lining bird cages, training puppies, swatting flies and accomplishing the other important tasks of which *Transitions* plays a very big part.

I personally prefer razing forests so that I can have tangible reading material. Complete deforestation is a small price to pay for the convenience and comfort.

But this preference in no way limits my excitement at the prospect of being read across the Atlantic or maybe just the next state.

Graphics Coordinator and *Transitions'* resident computer expert James Belleau talked to the appropri-

ate people, and tapped the appropriate keys to make this advancement possible.

If you visit the *Transitions* office this semester you are much more likely to see James than the editor. James fritters much of his young life away in front of computers for the sake of humanity.

If you see James, ignore the glazed look in his eye, the clawed hands and frozen gleeful smile. Smile back, wave and remember that one day (maybe even now) James will have access to all of your personal data. Then, he can slash your credit rating with the stroke of a key. (Did you enjoy the movie *The Net*? So did James — he took notes.)

James is my friend.

And James can be your friend too for a very low price. See me.

Currently our Web address is the memorable <http://192.206.10.197>. Soon our address will be <http://transitions.usi.edu>.

Tracy Bee
tbee@risc.usi.edu
or tbee.ucs@stmp.usi.edu

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

Monday
2:30 - 3:30 p.m.
Thursday
2 - 3 p.m.
Friday
noon - 1 p.m.

Or, be original and make an appointment.

If you find anything amiss in this or any other issue of *Transitions*, please call 464-1856. Ask for Bruno, our corrections officer. If he's not there, ask for Tracy Bee, editor.

Submissions Guidelines

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

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

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

With the advent of the *Transitions* Web page, HTML documents, small audio/ video files, animation or computer-generated graphics are now accepted.

Practice Christmas Spirit All Year Round

To the editor:

This letter isn't really to the editor, it's to everyone. The other evening I was driving down the Lloyd in a hurry to get to my next destination (I still think I should earn Frequent Flier Miles for the way I drive across town). Anyway, in the housing development to the left, something caught my eye.

There was a household that still had Christmas lights on their trees and house! Christmas lights! Rush to a calendar folks--it's February 20th! Past New Year's, Valentine's, and President's days. The blarney stone and Easter Bunny are just around the corner! So what the hell are they thinking by having up Christmas lights?

Immediately I started coming up

with excuses for them. Maybe they are on a really long cruise. Maybe they are all astronauts and they've been, well, out of the world for a while. No, probably just lazy. My tree and decorations came down the week after Christmas. How could they . . . what were they thinking? Weren't they embarrassed?

That's when it hit me. Seeing their lights made me think of Christmas. My tree immediately shot into my mind. Wal-Mart with plastic light-up Santas and Snowmen darted in and out of my thoughts. Presents. Family. Carols. The manger scene in church.

All of these things mean Christmas. But that's when it really happened. I felt warm inside. Kinda like the Grinch when he looked at

Whooville. I know it's not Christmas for over 300 days yet. But it's the SPIRIT that matters. We should carry it always. That evening, I slowed down my driving. I smiled at the woman in the drive-thru window. I let someone in front of me. I was a new individual.

I urge all of you to think about this past Christmas. Act a little kinder to someone today. "Christmas comes but once a year." Sure. But the feeling should last always.

Oh, to the family I thought of as morons . . . thanks for making this world a better place.

Jamy Schuler
USI student

Do You Care about *Anything*? Write a Letter

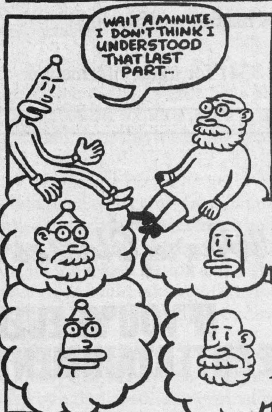
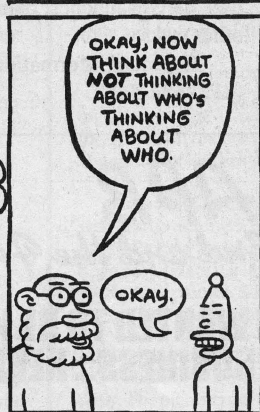
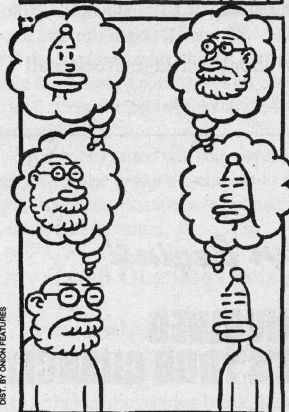
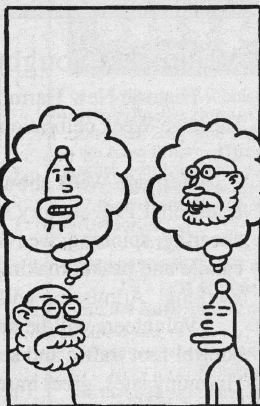
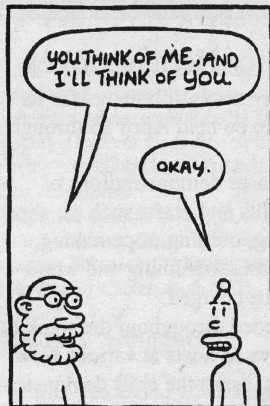
Send letters to:
Transitions Magazine
8600 University Bld.
Evansville, IN 47712

Or place them in the
Transitions mailbox located
in the basement of the
University Center.

Send eMAIL to:
tbee@risc.usi.edu or
tbee.ucs@sntp.usi.edu

THINKING OF YOU

© MICHAEL
95 DOUGAN



ART BY ONON FEATURES



Fact: While recycling creates less environment impact than the manufacture of new products, it still requires an expenditure of energy, water, etc.. Reusing products all but eliminates the environmental impact caused by the second use.

Tip: At work and at home, save paper that has print on only one side. That blank side can be used for draft paper, memos or any other internal use.



Around Campus and Beyond . . .

March Red Cross Classes

Standard First Aid -

March 12 & 19, 6 to 10 p.m., \$24

Community CPR

March 15, 8:30 to 3:30 p.m., \$24

CPR for Professional Rescuers

March 13 & 20, 5:30 to 10 p.m., \$26
(pre-class reading assignment)

Call 425-3341 for more information.

Volunteers Sought for Heritage Week

Historic New Harmony needs volunteers for its Heritage Week celebration to be held April 15 through 20.

Heritage Week showcases demonstrations of traditional 19th century skills and crafts such as: sheep shearing, spinning, weaving, quilting, ropemaking, candle and basket making, blacksmithing and wood-working. Admission will be charged.

Volunteers will be needed throughout the week to control foot traffic and serve as hosts at various New Harmony sites, greet buses, assist the craft demonstrators, deliver lunches, patrol sites for litter and perform other tasks.

For more information about Heritage Week, call (812) 682-4488.

APB

Where Classes End and the Fun Begins!

**IF YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO BE INVOLVED
IN THE ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS... HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!**

**EAGLE GRAN PRIX, HOMECOMING, COMEDIANS,
LECTURERS, FILMS**

**MEETINGS HELD EVERY
THURSDAY AT 5 P.M. IN UC 113F
OPEN TO EVERYONE!**

Free Tax Service Available

Dr. Kwangok K. Kim, associate professor of accounting, again will oversee tax return assistance by USI accounting students for anyone on staff or in the community in need of help in filling out returns.

The tax assistance will be available from noon to 2 p.m. each Saturday, from February 17 through April 13, in the Orr Center, room 2003.

Book Sale Announced

Sigma Tau Delta, USI's English Honor Society, will hold their spring book sale on March 27 and 28. They will be located under the UC Bridge from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. Prices for books are 50 cents for paperbacks and \$1.00 for hardbacks.

All money raised will help cover expenses for the group's members to attend statewide conferences related to writing and literature.

Day Camp Openings Left

A few openings remain for Spring Break Camp, a day-care program for school children (ages 7-10). The camp is to be held during spring break, March 25-29, for Evansville-Vanderburgh and Posey County schools.

The program is limited to 12 children and will be housed in L100. A variety of on-campus and off-campus field trips are planned along with educational enrichment activities. The \$83 fee includes morning and afternoon snacks, all field trip fees, and lunch for three days (campers will bring lunch the other two days). Contact Mrs. Ginger Ramsden, coordinator of Children's Programs, extension 1989, for questions or registration.

http://

 by James Belleau

Welcome "Webbies" to the new and improved web area. One thing we really need here in the campus labs is the new version of Netscape (version 2.0). The software is free for educational institutions, and we have it here at Transitions (:>). Trust me, it rocks! Tell your network administrator you want Netscape 2.0! Aside from that I hardly have had any time to REALLY scour the web this month (web construction takes quite awhile). But here are a few little goodies I did run across:

<http://192.206.10.197> or soon to be <http://transitions.usi.edu>

USI's best on-line publication! A punk move to list our own site, but we really like it! :->

<http://www.reallyuseful.com>

Very nice! This is for all of you Andrew Lloyd Weber freaks (such as myself) out there. It has all of his musicals on-line with such gems as some pictures and lyrics. By the way, I saw Phantom a couple weeks ago in Indy, quite respectable!

<http://web66.coled.umn.edu>

This is the home page for the Web66 project. This project is linking all sorts of K-12 schools across the country together. A good place for education majors to go! Man, does this mean we have to share the Net with the kiddies now?

Here are a few sites that have web cameras on them. Basically a web-cam is a camera hooked through a little interface box to the computer. Picture updates range from daily to every second. If the site does not update itself, just hit the reload button and it should refresh with a new picture. Some of these could take awhile to load, depending on how many people are on the server and/or our own network.

<http://www.fright.com/cgi-bin/spamcam>

The SPAM-CAM is a totally disgusting web-cam that is refreshed daily. The pictures are taken by a digital still camera instead of a video camera, but it's still a camera! It shows the progress of SPAM and other organic substances being deteriorated. Very tasty!

<http://sec.dgsys.com/AntFarm.html>

Ant-Cam is a camera set up in front of some guy's ant farm. Bizarre, demented, and sad as it might be, but is rather interesting. Unfortunately the picture is only in black and white, though. Take a look at the clock behind the ant farm, cool huh?

<http://www.ikonic.com/bbridge2.html>

One of the cooler, less psychotic web-cams is the San Francisco Bridge Cam. This is updated, I think every 30 seconds and loads decently fast. It's quite "dank" (Thank my roommate Scott Turnipseed for this word) when a ship goes by. I know, I have spent way too much time in the office these past two weeks and this is what will happen to you too!

Motorcycles and Morons

Ride the Bike for the Right Reason

As the weather slowly warms, and the noonday sun makes the temperature pleasant, those with motorcycles will be pulling their machines from storage, tuning them up (hopefully) after the winter hibernation, and hitting the streets.

I need not concern myself with the tune up or even fighting to resurrect the battery since I rode my bike all winter, at least two days a week, freezing my butt hair to my thermals.

However, I enjoyed the stares of people gawking at me as if I were a moron while they sat in their toasty cars. Children would point, women would gaze and shiver, and men

Harley—when the mercury touched twenty-five? I didn't think so, you wimp."

Then I have to run away, jump on my Jap bike, and high-tail my butt to safety.

Luckily, Jap bikes are not only prettier than the American rumbler, but also much quicker. Quick enough, sometimes, to separate wrists from hands. Which is one reason why so many men (often, "boys" is the more proper and applicable term) invest in a Japanese rocket bike.

It is an exhilarating God complex to own a gorgeous bike that, even parked on its kickstand, looks like a wild stallion held by fraying ropes. Straddling a bike, holding fearful power between the legs, is a possessive rush few can understand unless experienced. The Jap

bikes, particularly the rocket bikes, are capable of insane acceleration and catastrophic top speeds; the dream of that power pulls many males into buying a rocket bike.

Plus, all males learn quickly, just from watching, that chicks dig bikes.

And guys, like peacocks spreading their colors, will strut whatever it takes to attract female attention. It requires little effort to convince a girl she should climb on the back seat, wrap her arms around his waist, push her breasts against his back, for a rebellious thrill.

(On the same note, girls learn from other girls that seat vibration is a pleasing alternative, especially on Harleys because of the more intense

rumble rather than the typical Japanese whirring.)

But, for those interested in sharing or taking rides, a few things need to be considered . . . at least for a few seconds.

Girls, do you know how experienced a rider this dashing—or quite brutish—man riding the white stallion is?

Anyone with several hours of training or practice can hop on a bike and scream down the road; yet it takes concentration, awareness, and knowledge to keep from being splattered by a careless car driver.

If he's not wearing a helmet, it means one of two things: one, he's a rebel who defies everything (which for some reason makes him more attractive, doesn't it?); or two, he's more worried about being seen and recognized than protecting his skull.

And if he doesn't ask or make you wear a helmet, it tends to be a strong indication he cares little for protecting your precious and pretty head.

Guys, would she take the time to talk to you if you were driving a Chevette rather than a rocket bike? Is she more interested in you, feeling the seat vibration, or doing something rebellious? Or does it matter, so long as she's pressed against you? It's a cheap thrill for you, so her motives are probably of no importance.

Although you think a wreck is improbable—and you may even be correct, despite the flawed philosophy—do you consider the consequences should she be injured? Most insurance companies will not honor the bill for a passenger's injury, especially if she's not wearing a helmet. On top of that expensive disaster—plus your injuries and the cost of bike re-

EDEN LIES OBSCURED

BY MATT MAXWELL

would simply shake their heads.

But now, as preppy, short-haired studs roll up on their rocket bikes, and girls watch them, I can think, "He's nothing. He ain't bad. He won't even start his bike unless it's sixty-five degrees. I'm the one who braved the frigid air just to be on a bike."

Also, every year I argue with Harley riders, men who are supposed to be among the baddest of the bad.

Looking one in his bloodshot eyes, I always say, "Yeah, you've got the long, braided hair, ZZ Top beard, fourteen tattoos, several cows worth of leather, a bike loud enough to hear blocks away, and you can drink a case of beer in one night, but were you man enough to ride your Hardy—I mean,

pairs—it's a good bet her father will sue you for negligence.

Safety is often reduced to helmets, the one main essential that does an exemplary job of holding together the jigsaw puzzle of one's skull. But the contradiction is how can one be rebellious and cool while looking like a dork wearing an alien, plastic bubble? How can one be seen, recognized, or admired when the face is hidden behind a mutant eggshell?

While still a child, riding my dirt bike with my dad, I asked him about that once, and he replied, "Well, I'd rather look like an idiot than look dead. You won't impress any girls when your face has been ground along twenty feet of asphalt."

Helmets are a personal choice, a matter of individual freedom. Ask Billy Idol and Gary Busey, both devoted believers in the orgasmic feeling of allowing the wind to grab and tussle with their hair, about the feeling of cracking their skulls on the concrete.

Yet safety depends on more than just donning a cranium-condom. Smart and wisened riders know everytime they hit the streets, they need to assume the characteristics of a defensive paranoid with a persecution complex.

Life depends on it.

Driving the streets is much like being an under-sized running back forging his way through a defensive line.

Although drivers of cars do not (normally) intentionally ram motorcyclists, drivers still find a way to score a few tackles against the smaller enemy. Because the takedowns are not intentional, the motorcyclist must view every car as a potential linebacker, which is often a daunting task when surrounded by scores of the

menacing and unpredictable giants.

The dilemma is how does a motorcyclist achieve the experience without hands-on practice?

I can't vouch for anyone else, but my training has been fairly extensive: dirt bike riding from the age of seven,

"Well, I'd rather look like an idiot than look dead. You won't impress any girls when your face has been ground along twenty feet of asphalt."

bicycle racing for several years, living on my bicycle for most of my teenage years, having knowledgeable and watchful parents, witnessing an unhelmeted rider die from massive skull injuries, meeting riders who didn't see the linebacker coming from the blindside, having two friends killed.

What it amounts to is concentration—paying attention to *everything*. And second-guessing and predicting the actions of all the inattentive morons in their cars.

And riding constantly, in different environments. Evansville features an excessive dose of lane-shifting cars, stalled traffic, stop lights, and potholes, which present riders with an array of obstacles, giving both accrued experience and familiarity with the bike. But what the area lacks are smooth, dangerous, curvy roads.

It is pathetically easy to ride in a straight line. Riding curvy roads (much more serpentine than the roads in Darmstadt, Chandler, St. Philip, or Haubstadt) requires a different type of talent and a new level of trust in the rider and his steed.

Two years ago my family and I rode to North Carolina to stay in a motel only for motorcyclists.

Nestled at the bottom of a hill, the motel offered a respite from the last eleven miles, which chicaned through the mountainside with 318 curves. Stop and consider that: 318 mountain curves in eleven miles.

In the Evansville area, motorcycle tires wear down the middle, leaving a bald mohawk stripe and intact sides. In that area, called Deal's Gap, motorcycle tires showed their wear on the sides,

meaning—for those not following—motorcyclists there spent much of their riding time leaning in one direction or the other, rather than the comfortable upright position city riders enjoy.

(It's also ironic to note that these mountain roads, winding their way through the Smokey Mountains, had not one single pothole.)

I rode to Canada before I earned my driver's license, and have been on many road trips since, but none have taught me as much as this trip: how deep I can trust my abilities and the bike's, focusing not on what others are doing, but myself, and the exhausting difficulty in slinging the bike through curve after curve. Plus, my girlfriend finally learned to trust me.

When I returned home and talked to other riders about the intensity and talent of riders I met in the mountains, and about how we don't compare to their ability to merge with their bike, they stared at me with their patented cocky sneers. "So what?" they seemed to say, "I can get chicks with my bike."

It's the difference between loving motorcycles and loving the attention motorcycles can bring.

Which one can kill quicker?

Give Us Football, Dr. Hoops

This past December I happened upon an interesting article in *The Evansville Courier*. This article was written by a friend of mine—*Courier* sports writer Steve Ford. The item was presented as an open letter to USI President Dr. Ray Hoops.

The letter asked Dr. Hoops (and the university powers-that-be) to consider installing wrestling as a varsity sport here at USI.

Ford brought forth some strong arguments. Wrestling, he said, would be an inexpensive sport to sponsor (relatively speaking as collegiate sports go).

Ford believes a USI wrestling team would be competitive immediately because a solid base of wrestlers already walk the USI campus. He mentioned a few names of successful prep wrestlers who now attend USI. He also feels it might be possible for wrestling to eventually become a money-making sport for our athletic department, pointing to the popularity of high school wrestling in Evansville.

I join Steve in his admiration for grapplers. Wrestling is a sport that demands a high level of sacrifice and discipline from its participants—solid traits. But right off I have doubts about any claim that wrestling might eventually prove to be a revenue producer. I have always been under the impression that football and men's basketball were the only collegiate sports that have any chance of paying for themselves, let alone turn a profit.

I made some phone calls.

Knowing that the University of Iowa has one of the most famous collegiate wrestling programs in the nation, I made a call to the business manager of their athletic department, Mr. Larry Bruner. Mr. Bruner told me that their wrestling program at Iowa, traditionally one of the top in the country, does "not even come close" to paying for itself. I asked him if he knew of any wrestling programs at other colleges that might break even. He did not hesitate in saying there were none, and he seemed terribly



Listing T'ward Starboard by Mike Whicker

confident about it.

One athletic department official I spoke to at a large university down south told me that occasionally they break even with baseball, but this is more of an infrequent aberration brought about if their baseball team is having a great season, and not the norm.

My calls around the country to college athletic directors, assistant athletic directors, and business managers confirmed my previous belief. If the sport is not football or men's basketball, forget it as a potential revenue producer.

Which leads me to a conclusion. If a sport is to be added at USI the only logical choice is football. Let us add a program that will give us the possibility of producing some revenue for our athletic department.

Yes, I can already hear the naysayers! As Ben Franklin said, "There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin." Some will say that football is too expensive to get off the ground. I say you have to spend money to make money.

Here is a plan for consideration.

Install a Division I-AA scholarship football program at USI. Among opponents in this classification would

be several geographical rivals: Indiana State, Murray State, Western Kentucky, Eastern Kentucky, and the University of Southern Illinois. All these natural rivals play Division I-AA football.

Now to address a major obstacle—a stadium. Our university should not have to bare sole responsibility for funding such a facility.

Sports are the most effective means of revitalizing a downtown area. Many large cities have proven this including Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Build a 25,000 seat astro-turf stadium (with built-in expansion capability) with an eight lane track in downtown Evansville near the riverboat complex. This stadium could serve USI and the Evansville-Vanderburgh School Corporation. Currently, school corporation playing fields are over-stressed, both in football and track and field.

Since the stadium would serve more than just the University of Southern Indiana, the expense to build it should be shared between USI, the EVSC, and the City of Evansville. Bonds can be floated for such projects along with other means of creative financing. Where there is a will, there is a way.

Would you not agree that downtown Evansville would be a beautiful location for a stadium? Can you not picture yourself watching an exciting college football game down by the river on a handsome Fall evening—or afternoon? Ah, the tailgate parties we could throw—faculty and students! After the game, fans could patronize downtown restaurants or the riverboat casino.

The weekend atmosphere on a college campus during the Fall when a big football game looms is indeed unique. It serves up memories for a lifetime.

Forget about wrestling. Give us a football team, Dr. Hoops.

mwhicker@risc.usi.edu

Visiting the Wall

Student Takes Mind-ride into Past

It was late. The night class was over, and he was tired. As he left the liquor store and pulled onto the expressway, the pickup truck's speedometer soon read 50 and a cold quart of Colt 45 sat squeezed between his legs. Now all he had to do was melt into the headrest, listen to the radio and drive. It was the perfect setup for a mind-ride.

Within a few green lights, the radio had introduced the driver to the Vietnam veteran. Twenty years ago he had been a warrior; now he was just a vet. The vet's words began to transport the driver's mind to another time and another place. The simplistic time of youth insulated in a small town. Soon, the vet's story and the driver's thoughts combined to make a bond between two men who had shared the same war.

As the white center lines clicked by, the driver found himself watching more than listening. He could picture in his mind the vet standing before the memorial wall looking deeply back in time. The vet's total concentration was locked on the tiny names carved in the cold, black stone. The driver listened and watched as the vet slowly touched the names and their journey began.

Now, it was the summer of '68. The vet was a warrior, and the driver was an 18-year-old kid mowing a yard on a hot, clear day. If the kid's lottery number was drawn, he would go to Vietnam. Youth, naivety, and ignorance made him feel invincible. The warrior was already there, and the reality that embraced him every second of every day proved that he was dispensable.

The driver tipped the quart, drank deep and listened as the vet stared hard at the names on the wall and relived the battle that he couldn't purge his mind from. The warrior saw men screaming, and he knew many were dead and more would die. He watched with guilt as one of the names from the wall stayed behind so he and others could live another day. That name died with a bullet through his neck.

Through the radio, the driver watched as the vet moved his hand across the names, like a blind man reading braille. The spirit from the black wall kept him in a trance as his fingertips traced four more names.

Once again the vet was back in Vietnam. He was standing in his tent shaving when a rocket blast jolted him causing his razor to draw blood. As he ran from his tent, the warrior saw four bodies tangled in a mass.

One name had his brains blown across the dirt; two names were lifeless from the concussion, and the fourth name was fighting death. The warrior tried to save the name, but his life leaked away through a splintered hole in his skull.

The vet's story forced the driver to go once again back in time. He went back to that day in July when two of his friends stopped him while cutting grass. As they got out of their car and walked across the lawn, they both shook and stammered about drawing lottery numbers that sentenced them to Vietnam. He couldn't understand their terror. If he was chosen, he would go; it was his duty.

A stop light turned past to present, and the driver listened — watched as the vet's hand clinched against the wall. Tears fell as the names released him from a debt that he never owed. Slowly, the vet's hand lowered to his side as he turned and walked away from the names. The driver knew that he would never feel what the vet felt that day.

As the driver pulled into his driveway and parked his truck, the swallow of warm beer was chased by a haunting thought. If fate had been twisted another way or if he had been born on another day, he could have been the warrior — or one of those names on the cold, black wall.

Richard Whitney

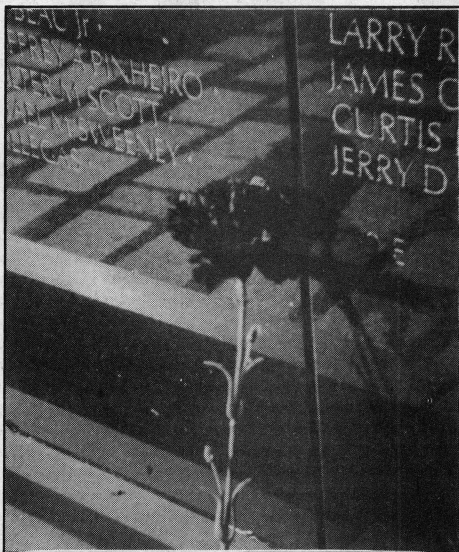
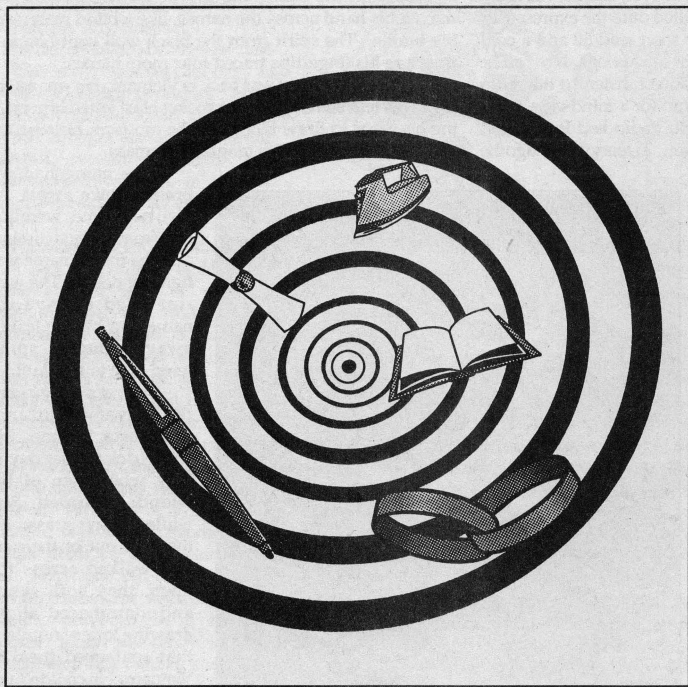


Photo by Julie Ruminer

Educating Susan

MARRIAGE AND THE NONTRADITIONAL COLLEGE WOMAN



In the film, *Education Rita*, Rita, a brassy English hairdresser, decides to enroll in college classes, despite her husband's protestations.

Once classes begin it does not take Rita long to feel uncomfortable in her marriage. Her literature studies, under the tutorial of her professor, steer her into a mode of thinking that pulls her farther and farther from the ideals she and her husband once shared. Eventually, the chasm between them becomes so great that she leaves him.

A similar story unfolds for Susan, a traditional wife and mother, who for

26 years stayed at home and raised two children. In her mid forties, she moved with her husband to Evansville, Indiana from Boulder, Colorado and shortly thereafter enrolled at the University of Southern Indiana.

Now after six years, she has a Bachelor's degree in English. She also has no husband.

Like Rita she divorced midway through her college years. A divorce which, she says, came as a direct result of her college education.

When asked why she decided to go back to college Susan, youthfully

petite, open and collected, said, "I was uprooted. The kids were old enough to make a choice whether they came to Evansville or didn't come, and they chose not to come. My whole world was really turned upside down."

After the move, her husband's job monopolized most of his time, and she was left alone with "a lot of time to think."

"If you have been a full time wife and mother and all of a sudden it is yanked away from you, well — it was just like a death," Susan said.

Women who return to college, after marriage and family-raising, might experience more marital problems and divorce than other women.

According to Dr. Charles Petranek of USI's Sociology department, that is the common feeling he and other professors seem to be getting.

"I don't know if these women divorce at any faster rate than the normal public, but it is not uncommon for women

who come back to college to become aware of education, more liberal ideas and take them back to the conservative home," Petranek said. These new ideas are not always welcome, he added.

The return of the traditional wife and mother to school usually means a doubling of her burden. School demands her time; she must study. Her husband and children demand her time; she is expected to keep the house in order and attend to their needs. If she cannot do both, her marriage, her college work, or both could suffer.

In Susan's case, however, it was a discovery of self that emphasized the contrasts between her and her husband. At the outset of her freshman year, she lacked the confidence to even think she could complete college, but as she advanced, she fell in love with learning.

Susan began to sense her individuality for the first time since she was in her late teens. For 26 years she had been someone's wife and someone's mother, but never "someone."

A whole new set of personal interests began to emerge. "Through all of this," she said, "I found out [my husband and I] had nothing in common, absolutely nothing at all. It took us 26 years to discover we were married to the wrong person."

Dr. Howard Gabennesch, also from USI's Sociology department, said, "Coming back to school often changes nontraditional women's thinking. Education, if successful, can make the woman see the world in different ways and directions that [may not be true] in the case of her husband."

Gabennesch said the older students, particularly women, seem to apply themselves with great intensity to their education. They are undoubtedly the most driven, hard-working students. They pour themselves into

it, compared to, for example, the average 19-year old and thus are more likely to experience the change-inducing effects of education.

As a result, husbands and wives may feel they no longer know each other. A man may resent his wife's education and her increased self-esteem. One of the consequences of this is divorce.

Both Gabennesch and Petranek believe that the returning of married women to college merely amplifies the

For 26 years she had been someone's wife and someone's mother, but never "someone."

marital discontentment that they are already experiencing.

Susan agreed. It was she who finally decided on her separation. Shortly afterward, her husband filed for divorce. In the meantime, he had met another woman. She said their divorce was civilized but very painful.

"I would have liked for my marriage to work, and I would have been willing to do whatever I could. He did too — but when one tries harder than the other . . . Finally, I was so miserable I decided to call it quits before we hated each other."

Susan said she feels like an entirely new person and being able to take care

of herself has boosted her confidence. She now has her own career and supports herself totally. "I am still searching, evolving, coming out of my shell," Susan said.

She said she is finally getting a chance to finish the teenage years she lost when she married at age 20.

Does Susan think all women need to be warned that returning to college could endanger their marriage? Not really. She believes it depends upon how much support the husband and family provide while a woman is in college.

"Every case is different," she said.

"I look at myself and say 'Who am I? Why did God put me on earth?' I believe things are falling into place — as long as I stay tuned into what God is asking of me," she said.

In the closing scene of *Educating Rita*, filmed at an airport terminal, Rita bids her professor, who is leaving for a teaching position in Australia, goodbye, thus severing the umbilical cord that nurtured her intellectual growth. Rita turns and moves away from the camera and into her new life.

Like Rita, education pulled Susan from the anonymity of her marriage and reintroduced her to herself. Susan has taken back her maiden name and vows never to change it again, even if she should decide to remarry.

—Mary J. Martin-Stockman

Bone Marrow Registry Drive

April 2 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Minority donors are especially needed.

Sponsored by the Social Work Club

The Gift of Life

Communications Arts Club Presents:

Dan Durbin

1996 Indiana Teacher of the Year

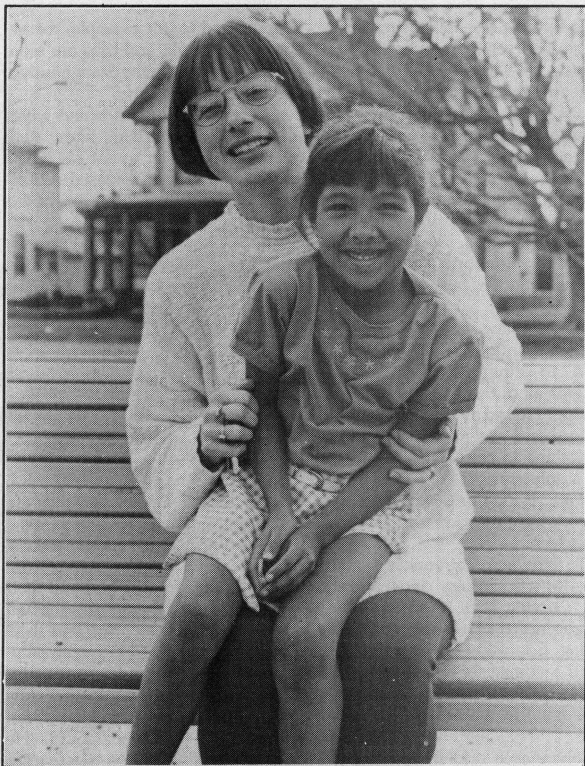
Speaking about "Excellence in Communication
from the Classroom to the Corporation."

March 21 at 7 p.m.

Mitchell Auditorium

ONE on ONE

Big Sister Lends Stability to Child's Life



Jackie and her Big Sister Julie Walker

Photos by Miguel Latorre

Make a difference -- consider becoming a Big Brother or Big Sister. Julie Walker, a USI freshman, took on the challenge and responsibility when she became a Big Sister to a six-year-old named Jackie. Walker's choice has made a difference in both their lives.

"I get her on the weekends. She's a good kid. We do things like bake cookies or go to McDonald's and places like that," Walker said.

Her matchdate with Jackie was January, 1995. Jackie had been waiting for a year and a half for a Big Sister. Considering such a long waiting list of kids to be matched, there is a real need in the community for people to volunteer.

The majority of the kids come from homes where one or both of the parents is absent. In Jackie's case, her mother died and her stepfather was faced with the possibility that the state would take Jackie. She now lives with her grandparents.

"Her mother disappeared one day when she went to the store. She never came home."

Reappearing months later, Jackie's mother wanted the child back, but Jackie was never to see her again. She died shortly after that. Jackie was four years old.

"Everybody I love leaves," Jackie told Walker.

Walker said she feels she has

helped Jackie. Jackie's school work and outlook have improved.

"Jackie feels she doesn't have anyone who's truly interested in her. I feel as if I've filled that void that someone cares about what's happening to her," Walker said. "She's beginning to trust more now.

"She's very streetwise. It's the way she was brought up," Walker said. "The way she's going, if someone does not take the time with her, she could end up the same way. I hope to see her go to college. I don't want her to go through drugs. I try to tell her that."

Walker said she feels she has made Jackie understand that she needs to

believe in herself. "She never had anybody to tell her to strive to be a better person. I feel like I've made her realize it's important to get an education. Before, Jackie had no hopes of going to college. Now she looks forward to it."

Walker recommends that other students become Big Brothers or Big Sisters. "It's a good experience for everybody. It's making a difference in a kid's life that wouldn't have that chance without this program."

Walker sees a certain resemblance between her childhood and Jackie's. Walker's parents divorced when she was a child.

"I could have used someone to talk to," Walker said. "I want her to have someone to talk to and look up to. She's scared and has no trust level. She doesn't have many friends her own age."

Fitting Jackie into her schedule has been easy for Walker. The program requires participants spend only two or three hours a week with a child.

"It's not something that will take away from a student's schedule," Walker said. "You get so much more out of it."

By telling people at school about the program, Walker has been able to recruit other students.

Walker's reason for sticking with the program has now turned into a bond with Jackie. "I feel like I'm helping her," she said. "My life is closer to what her life should be like—a normal life."

The program recommends that the volunteers not spend lavishly on the child. It is the quality time spent with the child that matters the most. Community sponsors help by giving Big Brothers and Big Sisters free tickets to ball games, movies and plays.

"Jackie and I go to the library and things like that. Things we can do together.

We go out for pizza. Things that don't cost a lot of money," Walker said.

What makes this program so special? It is a mutual feeling between the child and the volunteer. It is helping a child grow into his or her dreams. You really can make a difference in one child's life.

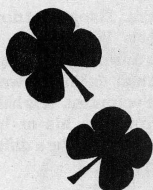
—Kathy Alderson

Frank Howard, director of the local Big Brothers/Big Sisters program said there is a two-year waiting list of 130 children. Volunteers are asked to make a one-year commitment and set aside at least two to three hours a week to spend with a child.

Anyone interested in volunteering should call (812) 425-6076.



Julie Walker and Jackie play during one of their weekly visits together.



Jacob's Pub: Worth the Wait?

Jacob's Pub is located about four lights north of Diamond Avenue on First Avenue in the Northpark Shopping Center. We had reservations at 7:00 on Saturday night...or so we thought. When we got there, they told us that we had no reservations.

Jamy knows that he made reservations on Thursday. Shannon suggested that he must've talked to "Phantom Boy" on the phone. Must have. Anyway, if you go, make reservations and double check them because seating five on a Saturday night was a very unpleasant 40-minute experience.

Jamy's Experience

Let me put it this way: Rumpelstiltskin would've demanded to know what took so long. I just can't understand why the evening took almost

three hours from start to finish for only four entrees.

Other groups came and went while we sat with pseudo-smiles on our faces. They must have paid the waiter off. There is just no other explanation for that kind of service.

The pitiful service was not, thank God, put upon me while I was on a terrible date. I was with good company. It was one of those you-had-to-be-there kind of evenings. We all made fun of everything: the waiter, the karaoke, the food, Tracy.

We just had a really good time. Since it did take so long for our food, we had many opportunities for humorous situations to arise. Kim gossiped about her uncanny connection to our waiter. I almost choked on a shrimp while the others looked on and laughed. Tracy downed two brewskies while the waiter touched her on the shoulder. We all wanted her to ask him out...no go. Oh well.

Everyone in our party visited the restroom at least once during the course of the evening. If you try out Jacob's, I highly suggest that you try the back restroom out as well. Walk tall like John Wayne as you stroll through the old-style, saloon-type swinging doors. Gentlemen, let me know if there is still the threat involving O.J. on the wall above the urinal.

Our drinks were kept full with the exception of Tracy's waiter. I think the waiter wanted to keep giving her beers instead. I guess since this is a food review, I should mention the food. Believe it or not, it was pretty good.

Transitions Staff



Food Review

I ordered the Shrimp Fettucine (\$11.95) and it was very creamy. The salad was good and the appetizers were great. The good food kind of balanced out the horrible service.

Tracylyn's Experience

Despite my nervousness at driving into foreign territory, with accurate directions Jacob's Pub was easy to find.

Arriving a few minutes late, I found that although our reservation had been taken, it had been misplaced so we had to wait awhile to be seated. This error was easy for me to forgive because I worked in a fast-food joint for four years.

Once we were seated, our waiter was quick to come to the table. We ordered 4 appetizers (2 for 1 thanks to our trusty USI Campus Coupon Book): Jalapeno Poppers, Popcorn Shrimp with Cocktail Sauce, Onion Straws, and Potato Skins.

I consider myself a meat and potatoes gal; but I love seafood, too. The potatoes were excellent, covered with chunks of to-

Jacob's Pub and Restaurant

4428 N. First Ave.

423-0050

Food: Large variety

Price: \$10-20

Reservations: Yeah, right.

***** - Primo establishment!

**** - Jacob really knows what he's doing!

*** - Jacob needs a little help.

** - Did they have to kill the chicken?
Where the hell is Jacob?

* - We'd rather eat wood, and it would take less time to hew a tree.

mato, cheese and other vegetables. The shrimp and onion straws were average.

I had never had Jalapeno Poppers before, and to my surprise, they were delicious.

Our waiter kept our glasses full so well I never realized that he was filling them. Major plus!

Of course, we were having a fantastic time gabbing so I might not have noticed anyway.

What I did notice was the time it took to get our entrees: over an hour after we were finished with our appetizers. This was not fast-food by any sense of the word.

The entree I chose was Chicken Fettuccini (\$9.95). This dish, when it was finally served, was hot and heaping. The amount of chicken and pasta was well worth the money.

Although the atmosphere was homey, the bad karaoke singing dampened the effect. Our conversation, thank heavens, kept us going past the starvation period.

Tracy's Experience

When my mother forced me to eat hamburgers and french fries at five o'clock, I knew my appetite would be ruined for dinner at 7 at Jacob's. Lucky for me we didn't have dinner at 7.

That first dinner took the edge off my hunger so I was able to enjoy the hours with my friends while we waited for our food. I especially enjoyed watching them squirm in their seats from starvation.

The Jalapeno Poppers were good, though I prefer whole jalapenos to diced ones. Eating a whole jalapeno makes me feel like I've accomplished something. The potato skins were among the best I've had in Evansville. They lacked much of the grease that is common at other restaurants.

I ordered a hot brown and french fries. A hot brown involves serving turkey, cheese, tomatoes and bacon on or in bread, though it isn't exactly a sandwich. There are variations of how the dish is presented, but the ingredients stay about the same. At Jacob's they slabbbed the ingredients on a long slice of bread. It was a good,

serviceable hot brown. I'd order it again.

I had my first hot brown at the Evansville Kennel Club and like most firsts it was the best.

I expected to be in Jacob's only an hour and a half. I had loose plans for after dinner, but what if I'd had theatre tickets or

Sugar Packet Wisdom:

"Experience is a good thing. It helps you recognize a mistake when you make it again."

planned to see a movie?

The wait didn't bother me -- the fact that no one told us there would be such a long wait bothered me. The waiter came by seldom. He told us that our food would arrive soon when he said anything at all. Though he asked if I wanted another beer several times, he rarely refilled my water glass.

Except for the wait, and the onset of dehydration, I was happy with my meal, happy with my beer and happy with my company. I'd go back but not on a Saturday night.

Kim's Experience

I have successfully eaten at Jacob's Pub many times. I have tried almost everything on the menu and can honestly say it is all good. This time, I opted for Jacob's Burger with American cheese and French fries.

Usually, the dining area is not packed and the service is not usually painfully slow. And on that note, I have one thing to say... Grandpa is slow, but he's dead! I have never waited so long for a cheeseburger in my life. I wasn't expecting the speed of the McDonald's drive-thru, but I was literally forced to perfect the art of patience. It was hard watching people all around me enjoying their meals while I had to sit, shred my napkin and gossip about people I hardly know.

All in all, I would have to say that waiting nearly two hours to eat something I could have walked to Burger King for (10

minutes, in slow motion) was not the way I wanted to spend prime-time Saturday night.

Shannon's Experience

As I am a poor college student, I took advantage of everyone's good graces and mooched off the appetizer plates. We decided on Popcorn Shrimp (\$4.95), Onion Straws (\$2.95), Potato Skins (\$4.75), and Jalapeno Poppers (\$4.95). I liked the Jalapeno Poppers the best. They weren't too spicy, just right-yummy. The Onion

Straws were fried in a light batter that could've been a little spicier. There was actually shrimp under the breading!

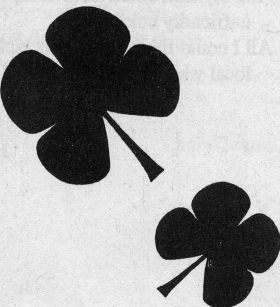
The others waited eons for their entrees, which looked good (I can't verify how they tasted). I might like to return to Jacob's Pub and its relaxed, chatty atmosphere--if I don't have to stay overnight to be served an entree.

P.S.- Pack some jammies for the long wait!

Consensus ***

Three stars is really gracious. The good food balanced out the terrible service. However, some of us would have to think twice about going back.

At our table we found sugar packets with little sayings on them. Ironically, one fit the evening perfectly. "Experience is a good thing. It helps you recognize a mistake when you make it again." Yup--that's about right.



POETRY

Blame Someone

Driving alone in a daze
as if the Almighty had slapped my face,
I came to a bridge and began crossing over it,
its steel girders ridged like an arthritic spider's
web.
Pale light filtered down through the girders,
its color the gray pallor of Purgatory's slacker
dust,
Unrustled as it was by the cars knifing by,
buzzing like a troupe of well-mannered gasoline
flies.
Why did I get up to see this day?
I could have skipped the bleary sightseeing
And my skin could have escaped the lethargic,
unfriendly cold.
All I could think about was kicking the ass of the
local weatherman.

Javis Mindbomb

The Fairy Dream

The light of the fairie's dream
Showed the shadow of a bird
Upon the narrow passageway
In the still night.

The fairy queen would wait
To see the blue light of morning.
For the nervous dreamer
Was in a shallow sleep.

What chance would the dreamer have
Of a stray thought erasing the memory
Of the shadow of the bird
With a needle in his heart.

Should she forget
Something lingers to remind her.

Harriet Winkler

Prioritized Inspiration

What inspires our mortal worth
to give our talents to the world?
When in the end our song and dance
is of silent bewilderment.
Our given time unwisely spent,
our time to vest for our own good.
Squandered to the needy world,
priorities of emptiness.
But with our gift to create our own,
a prodigy to our daughters and sons,
who care enough to speak our worth
a legacy, a picture, a time with us.
And after we are gone forever
the world will simply say so long.

Roberta Nesler



Ode to Frankenfurter

Oh my Frankie
Please spank me
Your bright red lips
And long cracking whips
Fill me with such a feeling
And I am having trouble dealing.
You're driving me insane
And causing me pain.
You're nothing but a tease,
Who makes me weak in the knees.
Prance around in a teddy
And I'll be ready
To fulfill your every wish
Or be the main dish.
You know Rocky is a fool,
Riff Raff wants to rule,
Magenta is untrue,
While Janet is a shrew,
Eddie is no longer here,
Brad seems queer,
And Columbia said "I love you."
Love you outgrew.
Games are your specialty
And I need your creativity.
I am ready to play
If you are free for a day.
Are you blind to my lust
Or are you afraid to trust?
Please don't lock me out
Forever yours, Dr. Scott.

Laura Tennis

The Mystery of Writing March Brings Roat's Third Book

At least one critic has compared his books to those of Raymond Chandler. It is a comparison that communications professor and mystery writer Ron Roat finds flattering.

Roat cites Chandler, author of mystery classics such as *The Big Sleep*, as an influence in his writing. Roat said he especially appreciates Chandler's humor — a humor Roat strives for in his own books.

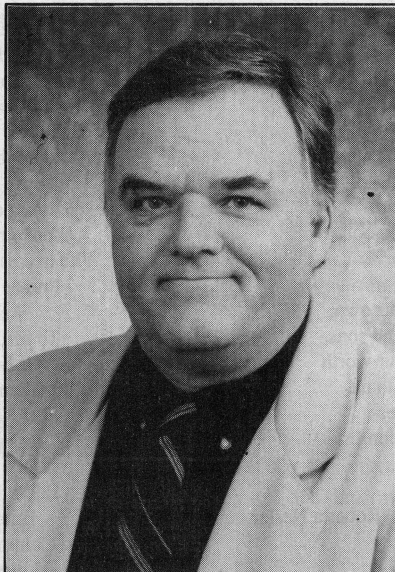
Roat's latest book, *High Walk*, hits the stores later this month.

"I wanted to do a story that bumps some of the values of the '60s into today. I don't think the book does that though," Roat said.

What the book does do is continue the saga of Michigan Private Detective Stuart Mallory. Mallory is a smart, proud man who almost refuses a case to find a missing person because he doesn't like his prospective boss' new-money attitude, and he is not too keen on finding the lost man. The missing man is Mallory's commanding officer from Vietnam whose ineptitude sent many young men to their deaths — a man Mallory swore he would punch out the next time he saw him.

Besides presenting the standard search for the missing man while avoiding the bad guys, the book explores Mallory's feelings for Scott Quinn, the Vietnam intelligence officer turned minister and counselor, their reconciliation and Quinn's reconciliation with himself. If this case and demons from the past are not enough to throw at our hero, Mallory also juggles a part-time job as a copy editor and a faltering relationship with a lawyer having her own problems.

While reading *High Walk*, people



who know him might be tempted to look for bits of Roat — to compare the man to the character he created. But, Roat said Mallory isn't based on him. He said the character is smarter and quicker.

"Mallory has much more patience and a value system that lets him get away with things I wouldn't do," Roat said.

Roat's friends, family and students should be glad to hear that. Mallory's tactics become downright dirty when dealing with a rival private dick.

Roat said few characters

are based on people he has known, though Emery Frost, Mallory's retired sheriff cohort, is based on a sheriff Roat knew in his days as a reporter.

Roat has written two other Stuart Mallory books, *A Still and Icy Silence* and *Close Softly the Doors*. He said it takes about two years to write a book. "It should probably only take about 30 days," he said.

The hardest thing about writing for Roat is finding the time to write. He said he tells students to write while they are young. He said they have more time then, though they lack the experiences to write about.

"I hate times like this when I'm too busy grading papers, or doing annual reports. I'm so busy it's impossible," Roat said.

Though he struggles for time to write, sometimes there are times when everything clicks and the writing is easy. His "benchmark" for those moments is no desire for coffee.

"I enjoy those moments when the book seems to write itself," Roat said. "I struggle for those moments."

—Tracy Bee

High Walk
Storyline Press
\$17.95

Ron Roat will sign copies of his book at Barnes and Noble April 3 from 3 to 5 p.m.

Sci-fi fantasy explores alien evil

Mind Parasites

Colin Wilson

Oneiric Press, 1967

The year is 1994, and Professor Gilbert Austin, renowned archaeologist, has been commissioned the task of poring over the volumes of papers left behind by his late friend, psychologist Karel Weissman, a suicide victim.

Victim, I say, because as Austin discovers, Weissman has been driven to suicide by a form of alien life he calls *Mind Parasites*. Leagues of these invisible creatures has been attacking the human race since the late 1700s. Their goal: to halt further evolution of life on Earth, lest our race become so enlightened as to discover and destroy them.

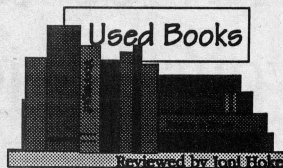
Wilson is a prolific writer of science fiction, which I normally avoid. I enjoyed this book, though. It was a quick read that offered an intriguing glimpse into what the '60s through the '90s (and the early 21st century) might be like.

Wilson explores concepts which many of us have probably considered before, if only in a vague sort of way. The first of these, obviously, is the probability of the existence of alien life forms. Since Wilson's invaders are invisible, the reader is spared the physi-

cal descriptions of dripping tentacles and razor-like teeth, portrayals best left to the film industry. Wilson relegates his legions to the realm of the mind, appropriately, since this is where they execute their evil.

Secondly, Wilson presents the concept of the human mind as a country—an expanse of uncharted territory open for exploration by anyone who will master the technique of “phenomenalization,” of which telepathy and psychokinesis are pleasant side effects. We have long known that human brain capacity is vastly underemployed, so a comparison of this unknown region to a physical landscape rings true. This idea brings to light the high degree of human ignorance, even in the cases of Professor Austin and his partner, Wolfgang Reigh, both very sharp dudes by traditional standards.

Wilson displays an uncanny mastery of metaphor and simile, used frequently and to a practical end, since much of his story is conceptual and defies conventional description. For instance, Austin's first successful revolt against the parasites is compared to a “horde of rats mobbing a kitten, then [discovering] they were attacking a full-grown tiger.” Mental turbulence is likened to “swimming under the sea after a depth charge has exploded.”



My only contention is with Wilson's unbalanced view of future technological development. He embraces the ideas of helicab travel, visual communication devices called “telescreens,” and deep space exploration by humans. Yet Professor Austin constantly sends and receives paper letters, and in taking on Weissman's research findings, receives deliveries of several file cabinets full of hard copies, some of which were handwritten by Weissman. In Wilson's otherwise logical predictions of advancement, shouldn't he have foreseen e-mail and the floppy disk?

Overall, the story is engaging and thought-provoking, making it easy to overlook the slippery connection of the aliens' power to the moon (even though they can't exist there) and an annoying lack of hyphens where necessary, which may be due to an inconsistency in American and British English.

Read *Mind Parasites* and educate yourself about their nature. That way, you'll be armed in case of an attack.

Zombie probes mind of a psycho

Book Notes

Zombie

by Joyce Carol Oates

Zombie

In her latest novel, *Zombie*, Joyce Carol Oates details the daily life of a serial killer. The novel is written in the first person and has the sound and feel of a diary.

March 1996

Throughout the book the main character, known only as Quentin P., takes the reader reluctantly, yet eerily willfully, with him on his life mission, the goal of which is to create a lobotomized love slave.

An account of a serial killer will naturally give anyone the creeps, but the tale is made doubly creepy by the

fact that, other than his perverse and sickening fantasies, Quentin's appearance is not unlike the person who sits next to you in Geology 101.

Zombie is a quick read (180 pages) and a must for psychology majors or anyone interested in what goes on inside the mind of a lunatic with a taste for the undead.

—Dennis Dahlen

Transitions

21

Advice to Limblifter: Keep your day jobs; Gren fares better

Limblifter
Limblifter
Mercury

If the correct two songs are released first from this terrible album, a lot of people could get ripped off. Why you ask? There are two good songs on this CD. I wouldn't admit to my best friends that I had even listened to the rest of this album (if they didn't already know the reason).

I haven't seen any evidence of a current release. They should probably consider the song "Screwed It Up." (Ironically, this is what they did to the rest of their album.) The song has an original sound which I believe could be commercially successful. The song seems to be about, of all things, messing up a relationship. How original, right? I know, but the approach is different and the music really draws you in.

This is the last time that you will see me defend anything on this album. The rest is lyrical hieroglyphics joined by a happy-go-lucky guitar.

I didn't understand the ideas behind a lot of the songs. (Keep in mind that this is coming from someone whose life's work is dedicated to figuring out the lyrics of the late Kurt Cobain.) Some of the songs that were just plain stupid had names like "Do I Feel Involved?," "Round The '2,'" and "Cordova."

There were still a few songs that I managed to figure out. "Beard of Bees" is a bad song that you might hear on a pop station like 96 WSTO about a love interest that could not be



Glenn Hasenour
ghasenou@risc.usi.edu

obtained by the writer of the song. "Dominant Monkey" is simply about dominance.

This is the worst album that I have ever heard in its entirety. I could actually feel my level of musical taste slipping as I listened. It gets a mere 1.8 on the scale from 1-5.

Gren
Camp Genada
IRS

When I was taking my first good listen to this album, I compared Gren to Faith No More, Green Day, and Stone Temple Pilots all within ten minutes. They are an alternative group that likes to speak their mind and poke fun at things.

The first track on the album is "Pop Song." This song makes fun of all of the cliches in pop music and limited number of basic themes that pop

songs have. "Tripping the Life" is about the common musical theme of drug use. It's not nearly as out of line as the Beatles were with "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," but it is still not a song that I would recommend that you take home for parental approval.

We all know the guy from the song "Ego." He's the one that never shuts up about himself. Well here's the finger for him.

"Go Figure" is a song about nagging girl friends who we don't spend enough time with and who always complain even though your best couldn't be good enough. "Beat on a Friend" is basically about your selfish typical American that stomps all over everyone else just to get what they don't even need.

Surprisingly, I liked the first single "She Shines" less than any of the songs that I named above . . . and it's still good. It is simply about being attracted to the not-so-socially-accepted girl. The video should still be on 120 Minutes so check it out.

There is a hidden song at 5:09 after the end of track ten on the CD. It is untitled, but it is about people who suck up to their bosses.

This album is fun, which we all need once in while, but the music is really good, too. I really hope that some of you will check this out and mail me letting me know what you think. I give this album a 3.4 (a fairly high score) on my scale from 1-5.

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

Horoscopes for the Hell of It

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) You want to travel on spring break, but don't know where to go. Your travel brochures list lots of places, but none are affordable. If all else fails, charge it. Mom will pick up the tab later. Yeah, right.

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 19) Homework takes its toll and you decide that a spring break vacation will do you wonders. But at Disneyworld, you find Mickey is a little too friendly. Remember: Take precautions. Safe sex is the way to go -- especially with mice and other vermin. They carry diseases, you know.

Taurus (Apr. 20-May 20) You join the mafia, but don't have the heart to kill a human. Your main goal is to kill an animal once a week instead with the exception of frogs. You have nightmares and heaps of guilt left over from high school biology class.

Gemini (May 22-June 21) You decide to stay home for spring break to rebuild your bank account. Besides earning extra money, you stay sober and keep your virginity (yeah, right). You want to keep your good Catholic values. You listen to everyone else's stories later. Just nod your head.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) Grandma suggests getting away from the house for a while and takes you to bingo. That's it. That's all you do this month.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) You've been plagued by nightmares. But are they nightmares? Your next door neighbor has been sleepwalking and sleeping in your bed. Scary.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) You experiment with new recipes, but never quite follow the directions. You bake the roast in its plastic

package and it melted onto the your roast. Almost as good as cheese. Maybe you should take up archery, you have a good aim.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) Life has gotten you down lately. Try the new club around the corner. Great live entertainment at a good price. Go-go dance for drinks. If you're lucky, you might find some one to make you happy. Beware of go-go boots, and don't wear those pastie things. What would your mom say?

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) You buy a lottery ticket this month in hopes of winning the big bucks. You did win, but only a dollar. It gets addictive so you keep purchasing another one with the dollar you keep winning. Your luck will change, but for better or worse - I'm not telling.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 22) Nice weather is approaching and you decide to take swimming lessons, but only comprehend the doggy paddle. You decide it is enough to save your life. Who cares about someone else's?

Capricorn (Dec. 23-Jan. 19) You fall asleep in class a lot, but look deep in thought. You figure spring break is coming and teachers will understand. You mind is not on school, but the little thongs at the beach. Erase those thoughts. With your grades, you'll never see the beach again. Hit those books this break.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) There is a lot of chemistry in your future, but it is coming from the dark side. Beware this person could be the wrong one for you. You do not want any more obsessive people in you life. The last one drove him/herself off a cliff. You might not be able to jump clear this time.

ATTENTION

This semester's last issue of *Transitions* will come out April 11.

The deadline for submissions of **Art, Poetry, Fiction and Articles** is **March 27.**

Late submissions accepted on a space-available basis.

Call us at 464-1856 or stop by the *Transitions* office in the basement of the UC.

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

Transitions
University Center
8600 University Blvd.
Evansville, IN 47712