Thanks to an ambitious and forward-thinking sophomore named John Boyden, just over a year ago 1,000 copies of MoYO (Mind of Your Own) hit Denison with an impact akin to a nuclear bomb. There are twice that many students here—not to mention faculty and staff—so the magazines disappeared faster than beer at a frat party. The entire issue fixated on one big subject: the Greek system. Though not all students belonged, every one of them had a very strong opinion.

Throughout the issue, those opinions—both positive and negative—were presented in candid personal essays. Because John’s view of the Greek system was negative, and because he stated it in an extremely articulate and witty introduction on the first page, some Greeks were displeased, to say the least. A few were so displeased that they left life-threatening messages in John’s mailbox and on his answering machine. Although many other students were simply thrilled with the issue and expressed equally passionate, though considerably less intimidating responses, John still feared for his personal safety—or, more accurately, the safety of his beloved Volvo. Nonetheless, he was already brainstorming ideas for the next MoYO.

Sex. Another topic everyone feels strongly about. John planned, put together and put out the second issue only four months later. It was much improved: more style and much more substance. Students wrote about interracial sex, homosexuality, sexual fantasies, sexually transmitted diseases, sexism and rape. Massive controversy again erupted on campus, though this time, fortunately, it took the form of heated intellectual debates instead of death threats.

Currently John is studying at the University of London. Before leaving the country last summer, he asked me to take over the editorial helm of MoYO. I had just returned from a year in England myself: When not reading or raving, I worked as an editor for ISIS, the century-old student magazine of Oxford University. Unlike students who wrote for MoYO, the undergraduate staff of ISIS covered journalistic territory far removed from campus. My contributions, for instance, were interviews with actor/activist River Phoenix and pop gurus The Pet Shop Boys.

Thus I agreed with John, who liked the idea of making MoYO less Denison-centric. (Especially since it’s so easy to forget about The Real World when tucked snugly inside of our idyllic ivory tower.) At the risk of sounding like Captain of the P.C. Police Squad, I must express my pleasure not only with the tough subjects my writers tackled but also with my writers themselves: Denison students past and present, female and male, black and white, gay and straight—whoops, I almost forgot, Greek and independent, too. This issue of the magazine exemplifies genuine progress at a school which for so long remained about as diverse as a loaf of Wonder bread. There’s truly something for everyone on the following pages. While many of us often seek temporary thrills in mind-altering experiences (drugs like alcohol and TV) during our college years, I hope MoYO provides you with a mind-opening one.

James Herman
Editor-in-Chief
Everything You Always Wanted to Know about the Wingless Angels
(But Were Afraid to Ask)

The Editors

"What is life without rough-house?"—Wingless Angels' motto.

Donna Tartt's recent acclaimed bestseller, The Secret History, is an un- canny instance of art imitating life. It tells the tale of a band of bored children of privilege who attend a small, private liberal arts college set high on a hill. Motivated by ennui, or perhaps hormones, the gang's rough-house goes a bit too far when they kill a townie—and then even off one of their very own.

Tartt should have researched her novel at Denison. After all, we've got the real thing here, a non-fictional exclusive boys' club. With almost a century-long tradition of deviltry, the club remains one of the university's oldest and most prolific organizations. Their motto, as Chessman reminisces, "didn't have anything to bitch about anymore." With little left to rebel against, the boys sorted out to more deviant behavior.

In the spring of 1906, they stormed the dorms in search of "free love." Unsuccess- ful, one horny devil got his wings clipped. Apprehended, he was expelled and the administration called for immediate disbandment. The remaining members prepared a written resolution to end it all, but, of course, breaking up is hard to do. Before long, the boys were up to no good again. They did, however, reveal their identities at the end of the school year (when they were safe from punishment). And so began the traditional "coming out" for senior members in the Adytum.

The Angels more or less maintained their bad attitude through the '70s, a period that preferred white polyester to white robes. About the same time that John Travolta was greasing back his hair, the boys were busy greasing up a pig, which they then set free to disco through the library's reference room. But the dawn of the new decade brought a change. The now-legendary banner bearing the threat "Wingless Angels Will Fly Again" instead of Old Glory proudly waving from the academic quad's flagpole.

Continuing on into the happy days of the '80s, pranks remained suitably playful, albeit cliched. The now-legendary "horse in the library incident" occurred back then. Somehow the gang managed to lead the animal through the front door and up five flights of stairs to what is currently the music room. Unlike the purloined steed in Animal House, though, the horse survived—although it had to be drugged and dragged out of the building. In keeping with the theme of biblioterror- ism, the Angels later picked up the library and sent, briefly, to rot in hell: the Granville Police Department. Despite the fact that Student Judicial Council, claiming full student body support of the Angels, was willing to turn the other cheek, President Robert Good overrode their slap-on-the-wrist decision and served up a slightly more severe one: a whole semester of suspension (i.e., vacation).

The naughty boys didn't learn their lesson—and so they chose to teach one to Denison, lashing out against their paranoid delusions of "liberal brainwashing." During a 1985 all-college convocation on abortion, fiesty Angels burst into Slayter Auditorium and began pelting the crowded audience with condoms and coat hangers. When two gassy female faculty members tried to unmask the protesters, they were thrown to the ground and the Wingless Ones escaped unscathed and unidentified. Shifting their attention from human rights to animal rights, the following year they came to dinner with squirming handfuls of stolen lab mice. After surviving an aggressive air-raid of rodents in the cafeteria, many students understandably lost their appetites.

On November 19, 1987, the Wingless Angels committed perhaps their most heinous crime against livestock to date (that we can prove). Seven of them showed up for the traditional Thanksgiving banquet in Curtis Dining Hall and, pilgrims-like, brought along clubs, hedge-trimmers and a live turkey. When the manager interrupted their bloody bird carving, several Angels began beating him in the head. They quickly fled the scene, but not before strikingly severe punishment. When the administration offered a $5,000 reward for information leading the identification and prosecution of the Angels, the boys had gone too far. Numerous campus leaders put down their Bics and sign a statement that putting their attention from human rights to animal rights. After surviving an aggressive air-raid of rodents in the cafeteria, many students understandably lost their appetites.

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PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

By Kim Cockrell ’95

As we are all well aware, this is to be the decade of change: doorway to the future. Before crossing the threshold of the 21st century, however, we need to get our past in check.

As college students it is especially important for us to view our future as hopeful. But how hopeful can the future be without our past? Many white Americans want to turn a blind eye to this problem. Meanwhile, most blacks cannot escape the shackles of discrimination. After decades of their ancestors fighting for freedom, dying for freedom, racism is still alive and well.

There are many people around who believe blacks are better off than ever before—that enough has been gained in recent years. There are more blacks in college than in college and when the remnants of the black family are often imprisoned in ghettos shunned by dominant white male culture. The excuse is that blacks must work harder to escape these ghettos by “just saying no” to drugs, gangs and violence (as if blacks had any control over this environment).

As we are all well aware, this is to be the shackles of discrimination. After decades of governmental blind-eye politics when Los Angeles exploded, and—for a few weeks, anyway—the nation paid attention, facing the fact that life has not changed much since the emergence and silencing of leaders such as Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. We also realized that blacks could no longer sit around and let whites walk all over them.

Lee shows the truth about Malcolm X. He was a prophet who gave an unqualified strength and dignity back to blacks. He did not breed racism; rather, he restored and inspired black pride. The more that whites caught only bits and pieces of his gospel without looking at the whole picture, the more whites misunderstood and feared him. Misconceptions keep many white people from opening themselves up to the truth about blacks—and ignorance breeds fear. This fear fuels and spreads the fire of racism.

Lee took on the enormous task of telling Malcolm X’s story. As a community, we must all respond to this story in order to walk into the future without the shadow of racism looming dangerously overhead. As college students, we must realize that our destiny is to create a tomorrow suitable for future generations. But we cannot do that until we understand the past. Blacks are struggling to resurrect their own leaders after years of being taught only about white leaders in school. Focusing on white history has denied all others their rich ethnic background. Lee asserts that black history is equally important—if not more important—to our times.

Until whites realize how much of their history is based on discriminatory evil—while black history is embedded in a noble struggle to establish self-worth, dignity and pride—whites will continue trying to exercise white ignorance. As Lee recently said, “Things are still the same in this country. Blacks are still being treated like second-class citizens. If Bush had his way, we’d all be in chains.” Finally the time has come for these chains to be broken—and this is not possible until we all accept and value each others’ histories. Blacks have done it in their entire lives and now it is “whitey’s” turn. A white person who wears an X cap is not down with the struggle unless he or she can explain what that X truly represents. But we all must educate ourselves. The worst thing a white person can do is to criticize a man like Malcolm X without having any clue what he was about. Of course, a black person who defends Malcolm X by misusing his words is just as bad. Both are equally capable of corrupting the minds of others who don’t know anything either. If you don’t know, then shut up and find out! Spike Lee has given you a great place to start.
President Clinton may have rejected marijuana but George Bush owes his life to it. When he was shot down over the Pacific during WWII, his parachute's webbing was made from hemp. Almost all the rigging and ropes of the ship that pulled him to safety were made from hemp. Even the shoes on his feet were stitched together with hemp, as are all military shoes to this day.

George Bush is not the first statesman to find hemp useful — our founding fathers did, too. Early drafts of the Constitution were written on hemp paper. In fact, Benjamin Franklin started one of America's first paper mills with cannabis. Both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson grew hemp, the latter preferring it to tobacco because of its tremendous versatility. And let us not forget that our country's first flag — stars, stripes and all — was sewn from hemp cloth.

Levi's jeans, an even more respected American icon, were initially hip-huggers made from hemp, not cotton. When Levi Strauss saw the need for strong, inexpensive work pants for his fellow miners, he cut up a few tents and stitched them together. Any guesses what those tents were made from?

Marijuana remained a fairly well-respected member of the agricultural field until the beginning of the 20th century. Then it came under attack because of growing concern about its abuse. In 1937, the Marihuana Tax Act was passed. It imposed a registration tax as well as record-keeping requirements that made medical use of cannabis extremely difficult. The legislative counsel for the American Medical Association objected to the law, arguing that future clinical investigations might reveal significant medical uses for cannabis.

Sure enough, modern research has shown marijuana to have considerable medicinal value — contrary to what the government would have you believe. Government opponents of marijuana pretend that it has no medical benefits. They ignore the conclusion of one of the Drug Enforcement Administration's own judges, who called marijuana "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."

Despite this testimony, the U.S. Public Health Service refuses marijuana to people who could benefit from its effects. The diseases from which marijuana can provide relief include cancer, multiple sclerosis and AIDS. Because AIDS activists have forced the government to change many of its policies in several areas of medical research, they eventually could push for the reclassification of marijuana as a Schedule I (prescription) drug. It is currently classified as a Schedule 1 drug — a classification that identifies marijuana as extremely dangerous and without medicinal value.

There is a synthetic form of marijuana that has been approved for prescription by the FDA. Marinol, the drug's brand name, is an anti-nausea drug used to help cancer and AIDS patients control the nausea and vomiting that are side effects of chemotherapy and AZT. If marijuana has absolutely no medicinal value, then how can a synthetic form of it have medicinal value? Someone isn't telling the truth.

Many doctors think the government is lying. In a recent nationwide poll of cancer specialists, 50 percent said they would prescribe marijuana if it were legal, and 44 percent admitted they already had recommended it. Doctors have been fighting to use marijuana therapeutically ever since it was made illegal. According to a recent article by John Berendt in Esquire, "In 1938 the New York Academy of Medicine reported that marijuana was relatively harmless, not physically addicting, and did not lead to crimes of violence. A 1962 White House drug conference called the hazards of grass 'exaggerated,' and a 1972 presidential commission recommended decriminalization. As the Merck Manual, the military's official field manual of medicine, astutely points out, 'the chief opposition to the drug rests on a moral and political, not a toxicologic foundation.'

If toxicity were considered equally among drugs, alcohol would have been banned long before marijuana. According to "Marijuana in a Time of Psychopharmacological McCrasy," an article by Lester Grinspoon, "[for marijuana] the ratio of lethal dose to effective dose is estimated on the basis of extrapolation from animal data to be about 20,000:1 (compared to 350:1 for secobarbitol and 4:1 for alcohol)." This means that when used in a medical context, marijuana is very safe. For example, if smoking one marijuana cigarette a day controls the nausea of a cancer patient for 24 hours, it would take 20,000 marijuana cigarettes to overdose. Alcohol is more than 2,000 times more dangerous.

There is no reliable evidence of a human death caused by marijuana. Evidence of biological damage caused by marijuana is also lacking, even among relatively heavy users. When used in therapeutic doses, marijuana does not disturb any physiological functions or damage body organs. It produces minimal physical dependence or tolerance. And yet 400,000 people a year—about the same number who die from their abuse of tobacco—are arrested for possession of marijuana.

Decriminalization of marijuana appears to be a logical step. More than 66 million Americans (all of them criminals, of course) have smoked marijuana, enough to qualify "toking-up" as a mainstream experience. The Netherlands proves that decriminalization can work. As part of health education programs, drug use and its effects are explained in school. According to statistics compiled by the University of Amsterdam, of students up to 19 years old, only 2.7 percent used marijuana during the last month. Even cocaine use was less than 0.005 percent among the same age group. Only 0.15 percent of the Netherlands' population are drug addicts. Marijuana is safer than alcohol. It has many medical, agricultural and industrial uses. It can also be used safely as a recreational drug. According to Denver's health and counseling center, more than 60 percent of students here found that out last year. We should all think of cannabis as a planet of promise instead of a threat to the moral foundations of society. Marijuana has far too many benefits to be kept in the closet any longer — let's get it out in the sun where it belongs.
By Chris Timura '96

Denison graduate Dr. Gregory Sanford came back to campus last semester to speak about the time he spent as a U.S. Foreign Service agent in East Germany prior to the fall of the Berlin Wall. He recalled, among other things, his many meetings with dissident groups comprised mainly of artists and intellectuals. Struggling to overcome Communist oppression, he explained, these artists shouted their opposition to the wall, which would result in the wall being pulled down only two years later.

Artists in our own country are fighting a similar war against oppression. Though many have survived heavy fire from the religious right, their fate remains to be determined on a moral, not aesthetic, battleground. The National Endowment for the Arts, specifically, has been targeted by boisterous conservative leaders and political opportunists such as Senator Jesse Helms. Much of what the NEA sponsors lacks "re redeeming cultural and artistic quality," according to Helms, a Republican from North Carolina. After his aggressive attacks, the nature and necessity of the NEA has come under considerable public scrutiny.

The NEA was established in 1965 under the auspices of the Arts and Humanities Endowment Act. As explained by President Johnson, its goal was "to create conditions under which the arts can flourish; through recognition of achievements, conditions under which the arts can flourish; through recognition of achievements, through helping those who seek to enlarge creative understanding, through increasing the access of our people to the works of our artists and through recognizing the arts as part of the pursuit of American greatness."

In pursuit of his own greatness, Helms has criticized art that appears to be something foreign to his highly limited world view. Capitalizing upon the apparent decline of "traditional" values in this country, Helms has exploited the issue of morality to garner political support.

Despite the fact that its charter specifically prohibits the intervention of any government officials or agencies into its affairs, the NEA has acknowledged—and, in many ways, succumbed to—the religious右's mix of fanaticism and fascism.

And if NEA funding were to be yanked altogether, leaving corporate philanthropy and private foundations to take up the slack, non-commodifiable work—mainly protest and performance art—would not be funded at all.

"Some of the artists under attack from Helms and other right-wing moralists are feminist artists who are making political statements with their work," says Lisa Randell, director of women's programs. "She attributes much of the sexually explicit images condemned by Helms and his ardent supporters are not considered objectionable by mainstream feminists. "What feminists are most concerned with are images depicting violence and abuse toward women, not erotica or even explicit sex."

According to Kok Yong, instructor of photography, the fundamental question that really needs to be addressed is "What is Art to you?" A simplistic response like "anything you want it to be"—one he often receives from his students—is extremely dangerous. "The person in power will say the same thing and then make that decision for you," he says. "Ideally, if we could educate the masses about the nature of artistic inquiry, many of the problems the NEA has encountered might not be an issue after all."

As both reflectors and agents of change, American artists have explored our culture and the human condition. Often they have functioned as a conscience for the country. If an artist places sexually explicit images in a piece or denounces established religions or governmental figures—or even government in general—that is a valid and valuable personal response.

Art, like newspapers, radio and television, must remain an open forum for communicating ideas and experiences. Even if an artist's work is deemed "offensive" by some, it is still an exercise of that artist's right to free expression. X

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A taste of Kok Yong's more recent, less controversial work

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By Kok Yong '86

I don't consider myself a controversial artist, and less as one who panders to obscenity. But my story of censorship began in 1989, when I submitted a photograph for an exhibition organized by the Toledo Friends of Photography. The image, titled Wish You Were Here, was from a series investigating the myths of male sexuality, and it depicted a horizontal profile—a torso balanced on a wooden bench by the full-crum of an erect penis. The image, although graphic, in contrast was quite humorous as well. The absurdity inherent in it was a stab at the fallacy (no pun intended) of male machismo. The jury, Tony Mendoza, a three-time NEA award recipient, accepted my image for the exhibit. However, contrary to Mendoza's decision, the exhibition committee screened his choices and rejected it. They feared that any image depicting graphic nudity displayed in the lobby of the Owens-Illinois building would offend the public and sponsors of that space. The press caught wind of this and made me a minor celebrity for the next 15 minutes. Naturally, the show was installed minus the photograph. As a way to mitigate the self-censorship issue, I was invited to give a talk about my work to the TOP membership. All this occurred shortly after Mapplethorpe's exhibit at the Corcoran Museum in Cincinnati was withdrawn due to the controversy it created. Clearly the Arts community was nervous, as it still is, about being singled out by the ultra-conservatives and the self-proclaimed Art Police who were suddenly crawling out of the woodwork. In a small way, I had a first-hand experience of the trickle-down effect created by Jesse Helms in his crusade to impose, on a larger scale, limitations on the policy of Arts funding by the NEA. X

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LEF T WING
WHAT SOME D.U. LIBERALS THINK

DO YOU SUPPORT CENSORSHIP?

Liberals really scare me with their ideas. The more liberal people become, the more they lose touch with God and His Will.

—Leah Day '93

On the extreme, liberals are arrogant, elitist, closed-minded ego-narcis-sics who refuse to believe that anyone else's opinion may be valid. Trite as it sounds, this is the media's attitude. For the most part, though, liberals are reasonable and well-meaning, but they are out of touch with reality.

—Phil Dean '96

I could never support an ideology that encourages government, abolition and higher taxes.

—Beau Eton '93

Liberals are necessary because there should always be diversity in this country. Many sensible people are doing a damn good job if you examine their records.

—Ryan Downey '94

Liberals are too broad-minded to formulate or defend their own opinions.

—Christina Green '94

I feel that liberals have good views, but they are usually too radical and this causes people not to care.

—Abigail Pringle '96

SHOULD DRUGS BE LEGALIZED?

Marijuana should be legalized. Right now it's hard to weigh the pros and cons of other drugs like cocaine and LSD.

—Nissa Copemann '94

It's foolish to believe that drugs will go away if they are illegal. Drug abuse is a direct reaction to problems within society.

—Kristina Kruse '93

I think everyone should be allowed to grow anything they want. However, it should be only for personal use as alcohol production is legal for personal use.

—Christopher Iven '94

Censorship is a top priority in this country, many songs, movies and such should be limited. Certain statements—like "kill the police!"—if heard enough, can work on the subconscious of an impressionable human.

—Mike Benzie '94

SHOULD DRUGS BE LEGALIZED?

I don't support it, but until education is upgraded, the drugs that people will not legalize should not be let into the country.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

Natural drugs that people can grow themselves should definitely be legal.

—Mike Benzie '94

Censorship seems more like hiding ideas—it is not the ideas we need to worry about; it is acting upon these ideas that should concern us.

—Geoff Phillips '94

Censorship means the eradication of free speech. It symbolizes the "morality movement" to impose the prudish opinions of the minority upon the majority.

—Nissa Copemann '94

I come from a family of alcoholics and drug addicts, so I've seen the damage they can do—but I also see the ridiculousness of trying to stop something that will always exist.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

RIGHT WING
AND CONSERVATIVES THINK

DO YOU SUPPORT CENSORSHIP?

To a certain extent I do. While the media does have freedom of speech, they also have freedom of responsibility. Some sort of check on the media is only fair to the community and government.

—Beau Eton '93

I do not support any censorship. It removes our right to think for ourselves and to teach our children to do the same.

—Tom Crumrine '95

Censorship limits evils that someone is exposed to and thusly reduces temptations.

—Leah Day '93

Never! Censorship is the revocation of a person's right to express their own views, opinions and morals; whether others like or agree with them is immaterial.

—Richard O. Martin '94

There are many people I'd like to shut up, but I don't. The right to express one's own opinion is too often regarded as the right to express that opinion unchallenged. The police have a right to complain about Ice-T's "Cop Killer," the same right Ice-T has to sing it. I have no patience with fat-cat MTV types who issue statements from their multi-million dollar L.A. mansions, whining about how oppressed they are because some people want their music stickered.

—Phillip Dean '96

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—Lisa J. Wilson '94

SHOULD DRUGS BE LEGALIZED?

People are able to make their own choices about what they feel is offensive. No one has the right to make that decision for others.

—Kim Osborn '93

Tough question in the case of non-conensual violence against women that can promote rape. In general, though, I do not believe in censorship—not letting people speak their minds through words, actions and art.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

I support no censorship. To me, it means a limitation of my opportunities to create art. If the constitution were strictly interpreted, there would not be any law which allows censorship.

—Christopher Iven '94

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—Lisa J. Wilson '94

DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CONSERVATIVES?

True conservatives are selfish and they really bastardize the concept of democracy. Their self-righteous invasion of personal and human rights is appalling. They are too judgmental.

—Nissa Copemann '94

Fascist assholes. Conservatives seem to turn their backs on a lot of people's big problems and needs and to some basic problems in the structure of American society.

—Kristina Kruse '93

Conservatives are either blind to the real problems of society or too fucking selfish to care.

—Dan Ewen '96

They have every right to their opinions, but they try to push their idea of morality on all people.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

Conservatives and liberals are two sides of the coin—only the points of interest differ. A lot of people view conservatives as bad, but they try to push their idea of morality on all people.

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In what ways do you feel about conservatives?

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—Dan Ewen '96

In what ways do you feel about conservatives?
By Rob Messinger '93

Seven years ago Jeff Masten, currently an assistant professor of English at Harvard University, was an English major at Denison. He was also, among many other things, gay (though many of his peers never would have guessed). He did not feel comfortable—or even safe—being open about his sexual identity on a campus where “diversity” was then considered a dirty word.

Hoping to ensure a more positive four years for future graduates, in the spring of 1991 Masten and three others began organizing a network for gay, lesbian and bisexual alums. During the past two Homecoming weekends, grads from across the country have reunited to discuss ways of making Denison a place where non-heterosexual students can feel at home, too.

Gay grads Jeff Masten '86, Michael Dowling '85 and Kim Cromwell '81 were reunited during last October's Homecoming weekend celebration at Denison University. Here is their story:

SPEAKING OUT with a GAGGLE

WE HAVE TO FIGHT THE PEOPLE WHO THINK THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE CURED

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ADVICE FROM AN ACTIVIST

By Amanda Fuller '95

Seattle-based writer Paul Loeb has made a 20-year career out of activism. His first experiences with protest occurred during the Vietnam War, but unlike many of his generation, Loeb never stopped believing in the power of the individual to effect change in society. His latest book, Hope in Hard Times: America's Peace Movement and the New York Times, examines the lives of the most improbable people who have made a remarkable difference. The New York Times said it "gave the peace movement the serious portrait it deserves," and it has also won praise from the likes of Alice Walker and Susan Sontag, who regards Loeb as "something of a national treasure." He is currently at work on a new book, tentatively titled Next Generation, which will focus on his meetings with student activists from over 100 colleges and universities.

How can we build a tradition of activism in a politically inactive environment like Denison?

We look at this campus and it's pretty conservative. Part of what makes Oberlin or Earlham different from Denison is a tradition of activism built over time. After awhile people begin to ask, "What type of activism are we teaching our students?" If you look at a school like Denison in that second group, a lot can happen.

How can professors provide impetus to students?

At any given school I've talked to people who are active, and a big chunk of them will name professors who are extraordinarily influential in their development. At a school this size, they will always name the same handful of professors. It seems to be professors who care about what they teach, who especially what they do with their everyday lives. They involve themselves, give a feeling that it is possible for citizens to act. It could be almost anybody who makes the importance of engagement very clear through what they teach and what they do. It's those models who are really taking a stand as citizens. So when I finish the book I aim to get students out of the rut, but I also want to put a challenge to all those professors who want to teach a good course but still believe in ideals.

After a decade of anti-nuclear activism, don't you think the change in the world order and decline in the threat of nuclear war will discourage people from getting more involved? The issues once debated are no longer issues, and although there's some shift toward the environment, many of the activists of the '80s must feel displaced.

One effect the new Eastern European democracy should have is to make very clear that people can do astounding things. Those governments everybody thought to be ironclad in power were really overthrown by popular revolts, demonstrating the power of citizens to make a tremendous change. What's happened in the wake, unfortunately, is troubling: People are not necessarily getting involved.

I'm not advocating action for action's sake. I'm saying that you should think about what you do, always question it. People are up against the feeling that they might not do any good. Unless we're eloquent enough to debate Ted Koppel on Nightline, we dare not act. People do respond to the barbaric indignity they see, but then they think, This is really not my place to take care of it; somebody else will. They say, "I'm a business major. I can't deal with these issues. They're not in my field. I'm not that kind of person." They transfer what is a cultural thing, a conscious choice, to being almost genetic. We always act in imperfect knowledge. How do you know when you know enough to act? First of all, you act in situations in which you see human pain, when you see a violation of what you consider right. I don't think a code of human rights is an abstraction, and it holds up a challenge to violators of human rights. We never encounter a serious grappling with the issues of their time.

You said earlier that acting in partial ignorance, or acting on the wrong side, is better than not acting at all. Why shouldn't we fully educate ourselves about an issue before making a decision and possibly doing something imprudent or wrong?

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Those generalizations are actually not right. I wouldn't call it a dead time, I just think it's a very frustrated time. Churches, in particular, have experienced a significant movement toward activism from the beginning of the decade: a lot of people went back and forth between Nicaragua and El Salvador, coming back, talking, and getting contributions.

What has happened that's caused people to back off? On campuses there was a trauma; the people whose children were going to school [in the late '60s-early '70s] were largely 1980's silent generation. So you just have people [who were raised by Vietnam-era activists] trickling in now. On campuses, it's just beginning to hit. I see students all the time—that I just didn't five years ago—who have said, "I've been political since age 3 when my mom took me to a march." It continues between generations. There's a difference between coming into college, sniffing things out and dipping your feet in the water and really getting involved full tilt. If you get a significant group of people in that second group, a lot can happen.

How significant is the ability of charismatic leadership to inspire activism?

Obviously there are people who come along in history who have that gift. If they find a situation in which to exercise that, they can play a tremendous role. But I don't think you can train for charismatic leadership. If you get as many interested people as you can involved and thinking about an issue, sometimes one will rise up and you've got a Martin Luther King or a Malcolm X who has that gift for coalescing a movement. But in this society they're vulnerable, they can be killed. I've met some students who are astounding, who have that gift for coalescing, and I expect them to be some of the national leaders in the future.

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By Craig Bowers '93

We are assholes, I admit it. There seems to be nothing any of us can do to change this stereotype. That’s not just how I feel, either—the same goes for most other members of the fraternity system.

Denison has been radically transformed over the past four years. The actions of President Michele Myers and the rest of the administration have been intended to improve academics and curb “partying.”

Unfortunately, this era has come to a screeching halt, and it looks as if we are the assholes who jerked the brake. Now at our parties we have to be elicit “frat guys” by only letting up to 200 people in and allowing only those who are of legal age to drink alcohol.

To make things worse, this year we can’t even offer beer to our guests who do show up and are 21. They have to bring stub for each can, then take their brew down to our ice bin and finally serve it up whenever they feel thirsty.

Fraternities can pass the buck, of course. We can complain about the Granville Police Department constantly harassing Denison students. We can even debate the productivity and legitimacy of Ohio’s drinking laws. In fact, we can go all the way to the top, because this controversy is a direct result of the Reagan administration’s use of Federal highway improvement funds to blackmail state governments into accepting the 21 drinking age.

What is there to do here in our picturesque little village of Granville for those unable to legally consume alcoholic beverages? Now that Trivial Pursuit and cocaine have become passé, how do other adults enjoy themselves without drinking? How do your parents have fun in today’s society, which demands guaranteed— but accepted—forms of entertainment? These are questions the administration has been forced to address, but their answers have been less than adequate.

Undeniably, America’s favorite past-time is television. So what has our university so kindly gone and done but installed cable TV in every room on this campus, in dormitories and fraternity houses alike. Here is a splendid social opportunity for Denison students: Sit around and watch hours of mindless, brain-numbing nonsense. This will surely boost grade point averages.

Or if someone underaged could ask the administration for any that are acceptable. This is not to say that SAC or the administration should stop trying. The plans for the new pub on the third floor of Slayter Hall look fantastic, but is this going to be an option for underage students? The number and caliber of the bands SAC has been signing is impressive, but it’s hard to enjoy a band while being smothered by the student body in the Bandstand. It takes half the concert just to squeeze through to the back corner to purchase an overpriced, undercooked pizza bagel. Then there is the field house, a significantly larger venue, but music gets utterly destroyed by the acoustics of the place. (And green four-dollar rubber pizza leaves something to be desired, too.)

So what do we have? SAC has put anyone on the guest list, who you are not even allowed to smoke inside—a true rarity these days. You can even smoke like a true native—within a party already trashed and bellyflops down the stairs. Or if someone underaged happens to get alcohol poisoning from guzzling Mad Dog in his room but mentions that he did have a beer or two down at The Row earlier. They are the assholes who risk losing their house, simply because they want to provide this school with more diverse—and in some people’s opinion—more enjoyable social opportunities.

Now I am not soliciting thank-you’s from the student body, nor am I asking for sympathy. The majority of students on this campus probably despise going down to The Row on the weekends. It is crowded, there are a lot of daddy issues bonging off walls and spilling beer on you and you have no real desire to engage in conversations with most of the people anyway—even if you could talk over the blaring music. But what can these assholes, these fraternity men, do about such problems?

What more acceptable social setting could the administration ask for? No one talks, no one moves, no one thinks. It’s perfectly legal, perfectly safe, risk-free entertainment, right? Just keep the kids entertained and locked behind doors, sitting quietly in an anesthetic hall. Then maybe they will not gather again in Swaney Chapel to attack President Myers on the lack of Denison’s social options. Honestly, that was the real issue on the table at the forum last fall between the student body and the administration. It was only a release for the frustration stemming from the stricter regulations on drinking and parties.

Since then, the administration has attempted to fill our abyss of boredom by investing vast amounts of money into numerous on-campus groups.

What about Student Activities Committee events? Slayer programming? Arguably, the majority of students have shown little interest—many of these activities, which few attend and fewer still enjoy, are simply a waste of money. I do not wish to offend those who do attend such events (at least the programs are not a total waste). I do not mean to insult the organizers or planners, because I have no idea how to improve “acceptable” social alternatives either. But this does not dismiss the fact that, to many students, these are not viable solutions to the problem.

Honestly, I am not convinced that we as a university can come up with anything that are acceptable. This is not to say that SAC or the administration should stop trying. The plans for the new pub on the third floor of Slayter Hall look fantastic, but is this going to be an option for underage students? The number and caliber of the bands SAC has been signing is impressive, but it’s hard to enjoy a band while being smothered by half the student body in the Bandstand. It takes half the concert just to squeeze through to the back corner to purchase an overpriced, undercooked pizza bagel. Then there is the field house, a significantly larger venue, but music gets utterly destroyed by the acoustics of the place. (And green four-dollar rubber pizza leaves something to be desired, too.)

But what can these assholes, these fraternity men, do about such problems? Until the conservative lawmakers in America and whoever else was responsible for the insane decision to make 21 the legal drinking age are finally smitten with common sense, the social options for underage students in this country will remain bleak or illegal.
The law deemed that arrangement a brothel, glaringly unequal lifestyle for sorority women. The system has retained the true purpose of bonding, no boys and no beers: a semi- exclusive. Educated women felt the estrangement that they sought equality despite being oestrogens-producing, potentially child-bearing female with a uniqueness separate from but parallel to masculinity. The founding women of any sorority, local or national, saw such value in women's organizations at the turn of the 1800s for athletic unity, academic strength and men only. Because women had just begun filtering into the previously all-male collegiate environment, the fundamental rationale behind the formation of sororities. Greek organizations were created in the 1800s for athletic unity, academic strength and men only. Because women had just begun filtering into the previously all-male collegiate environment, men's organizations became all the more exclusive. Educated women felt the prejudice and found the strength to band together as Greek women. The only absolute restriction for joining a sorority was quite simple: You could not be a man. You were there as a breast-developing, estrogen-producing, potentially child-bearing female with a uniqueness separate from but parallel to masculinity. The founding women of any sorority, local or national, saw such value in womanhood that they sought equality despite being oestrogens-producing, blackballed and cast out of the larger community. But this led to true success. No longer were women grouped strictly by their environs (i.e., neighbors, dormitories or familial relations) but were organized by goals, interests and ideals. Hence the idea of a new community developed, which teemed with a powerful enthusiasm to produce strong scholars, leaders and role models.

Ironically, the sheer fact that we don't live in houses works to our advantage. Given how small Denison is relative to many private liberal arts schools, the idea of affiliated women living on sorority circle would seem to perpetuate inap propriate exclusivity. For the sake of the larger community, the boundaries and distinctions among Denison women need to remain flexible.

And as for the argument that residential sororities could become an alternative social arena, it is a moot point. We could not shudder our part of alcohol liability or gain the territorial advantage that fraternities now hold because national sorority by-laws strictly forbid the consumption of alcohol in our facilities. Specific policies differ from sorority to sorority, but ultimately sorority houses could never provide an equal social alternative to Fraternity Row. Unless Denison radically reconstructs the campus, sorority houses and fraternity houses will remain apples and oranges.

The living arrangements in our residence halls also foster a unity and strength among all women. Although sorority door signs and paraphernalia can be seen hanging around Shorney, Crawford or Shepland, these are not territorial statements. The halls of Curtis West, for example, are representative of nothing, or no one, in particular. Independent women can live next door to two roommates of different affiliation. Within this structure, a true sense of community can be established and maintained throughout all four years on The Hill. This healthy reality could easily be lost in a melange of social and environmental boundaries caused by living in our houses with the same women year in and year out. It is strengthening for sorority women to emerge from our individual rooms all over campus and converse at a common facility for meetings and events. When we return to our rooms, our subsequent interactions are back with the larger community—not simply among fellow Greek females.

Another positive aspect of the sorority structure at Denison is the options women have. Everyone has made decisions that weren't carefully thought out. Hasty or misinformed, some decisions can be devastating (at the very least, embarrassing). As far as sorority membership is concerned, there are always women who join and then decide that the Greek side of Denison is something they can very easily live without. Luckily, the decision to pledge is one that can be reversed with little or no blood lost. And if a woman depledges or deactivates, her lifestyle doesn't drastically change—in fact, it doesn't change at all. Women in general, I have observed, hold no real opinion on a woman's decision to be Greek or not to be Greek. Denison women—regardless of affiliation—seem to form a much stronger community than the Greek and independent men on campus.

A great deal has been accomplished by Greek women, and more chapters are emerging every day. The sorority itself offers an outlet for women to cultivate leadership and organizational skills as well as to increase their self-esteem through group encouragement. There are times in a college career when these opportunities seem vital. At Denison, specifically, we are fortunate. The sororities are never the only aspect of life; they are never all-encompassing or over bearing. They are there for the women who choose to join them, and they remain an integral part of the Denison community. And the history of sorority life will always remain one of the first steps taken to promote equality for women, especially at the collegiate level.
A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By Peter Short '94

I woke early that August morning to find that the hurricane off the coast was not going north after all—it was heading straight for Miami. I rushed to gather my clothes and leave my friend's apartment in Coral Gables, realizing that my house was unattended and my dogs were alone.

Driving toward Naples, I saw hundreds of people lining up outside several lumberyards, and as we now know, those hours spent trying to get wood to protect our homes were futile. Hurricane Andrew devastated South Florida leaving 22 dead, 63,000 homes destroyed and a total of $20 billion in damage. But the day after the storm, The Miami Herald still made it to every doorstep, including the ones remaining in Homestead.

Andrew was the most financially devastating natural disaster in the history of the United States, and the resulting appearance of South Florida caused people to refer to their neighborhoods as combat zones. But no one had been shot, and no one was dead. And although many small homes and businesses were destroyed or damaged, there was no loss of life. The future is certainly intimidating, though it remains to be seen whether South Central L.A. dwellers have longer-term repercussions on our country as a whole.

A tale of two cities

the man-made disaster in L.A.
will certainly have longer-lasting repercussions on our country as a whole

Kim gives her homework—daughter Kira—first priority

By Amanda Fuller '95

"You grow up so fast," Kim says, trying to sum up the changes in her children's lives since she became a mother. "We went to a party at Ohio State and we didn't feel like we fit in anymore. All we wanted to do was get back to our daughter."

As new parents, she and her boyfriend Sean face real-life problems other 21-year-olds only read about from watching All My Children. While most Denison kids stress about getting papers finished for weekend playtime at the undergraduate Disneyworld, Kim worries about her grades as well as caring for a kid of her own who is truly helpless—she must assume responsibility, having realized at an early age that life ain't Fantasyland.

"I can't do anything else while she's awake, not even read," Kim complains. "She demands constant attention." To fulfill Kim's needs, Kim and Sean have learned to plan ahead and share responsibility equally. Presently Kim tries to concentrate more on nurturing her academic pursuits, attending night school and concentrating on her own, while her daughter Kira is Kim's top priority. Though Kim has found motherhood extremely rewarding, her pregnancy was unplanned—and if she had to do it over again, she would have waited until after college to start a family. Kim is pro-choice, much happier being a mother because she had the opportunity to make that decision for herself.

Joni is another young mom who's getting an education and planning for a career. "You need help," she says, "you can't do it by yourself." And yet, unlike Kim, she seems to be doing exactly that. Raised by a single mother, Joni learned to respect independence and self-sufficiency. At 17 she left home to begin community college, but after only one quarter, two-weeked fi

JOAN

nances necessitated a full-time paycheck—which didn't amount to much without a college diploma. Two years later she became engaged and pregnant and dissatisfied with her $5-an-hour existence. Bearing in mind her baby's future—as well as her own—Joni resumed her academic pursuits, attending night school during her pregnancy and continuing even after her baby boy arrived and his father left. Her family, she is quick to point out, also refrained from offering any emotional support or financial assistance.

After meeting a Denison representa-tive at a college fair where she was representing Columbus State, Joni applied, was transferred, and received a financial aid package that covered virtually everything. She now carries honors, but her financial situation is still stressful to say the least. In addition to collecting welfare, she puts in ten hours a week of work-study and essentially lives off that income. Since she commits an hour each week to school, transportation expenses add up quickly, and Joni has to decide what portion of her meager earnings goes to a babysitter. "I'd give her everything I could, but I had to go to college and make it by myself and I was still on welfare," she says. "It wouldn't be right."

Joni remembers daydreaming about the joys of motherhood, but while she loves her son dearly—the time-consuming tasks of changing diapers and picking up after a baby proved somewhat disilluminating. She spends six hours a day at school, but once she's home, can't study until her son goes to bed. "I drink a lot of coffee," she admits, because she needs at least five hours of sleep a night, often waking up at dawn to finish assignments. Despite once being told by an unsympathetic professor that her child's illness was not a valid excuse for missing a class, she has sacrificed schoolwork on several occasions to care for him. Her professor didn't understand, she says, and if she and Kim—unlike many of her students—have other priorities.
PILL OF POTENTIAL

By Vernell Bristow ’94

All it takes are three small pills of RU-486 and a woman can terminate her pregnancy. This revolutionary drug was developed by Etienne-Emile Baulieu and manufactured by the France-based company Roussel-Uclaf to give women an alternative to the surgical procedure of a traditional abortion.

RU-486—better known as the “abortion pill”—can be taken only during the first five weeks of pregnancy. It induces an abortion by blocking progesterone, the hormone that stimulates the uterine lining to nurture a fertilized egg. RU-486 shuts off this stimulation, which will then cause the pregnancy to abort.

Supporters of RU-486 not only want the pill available for abortion purposes but also to use it to treat breast and ovarian cancers. Meningioma, a form of brain cancer, and breast cancer cause tumors that are stimulated by progesterone. Treating those diseases with RU-486 could prove highly successful. Although researchers say it is too early to tell, the drug also could be used to treat Cushing’s Syndrome, a disease caused by abnormal hormone levels and characterized by obesity, depression, diabetes and hypertension.

Well aware of anti-abortion sentiments, some doctors and researchers are rethinking their focus for RU-486 and want it approved for treating breast and ovarian cancers. RU-486 is 95 percent effective, and women that have used it for breast or ovarian cancer treatment have shown an 80 percent chance of survival. It is thought to be safer than a surgical abortion.

RU-486 is also being used in a new and unique way: to treat infertility. A woman who had been unable to conceive for 12 years was able to have a child once she was treated with RU-486.

I chose Belgium because I spoke the language well, generally, practically fluently. I think they, like the women I worked with, take into account the biological importance of oxygen. I wanted to immerse myself in a new culture and all that jazz, but I'm going to have you know, I wasn't able to fully appreciate the fine-tuning, to see if who I was and who I aspired to be were compatible people. Admittedly, it sounds like a liberal arts version of Sybil. But as someone once said, you really do have to leave to find yourself.

If you ever find yourself in England, here’s one piece of advice I can warn you about. The British believe that all Americans are racist or farmers. A sweeping generalization? Possibly. When I arrived five months ago and announced to my newfound friends that I hail from the Chicago area, I quickly added, “That’s the Midwest, where corn comes from.” They looked relieved, but I’m still having Mom send a Farmers’ Almanac, a Garland Brooks album and a Garden Weasel just in case someone gets suspicious.

RU-486 has become the latest French import and ensures that the drug is 95 percent safe and effective. According to researchers who have been able to examine the drug, RU-486 proves safer than a surgical abortion and ensures that the operation is complete. The drug is 95 percent effective and avoids the risk of infection associated with RU-486.

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presumptuous. While well-situated on the
for lifeboats is fierce.

ban malaise. But that would have been
indeed life after Denison—nasty, brutish
quality) of life

After Denison." I disliked it, having always
piece, its tentative title was "There Is Life

When I was first asked to write this

By Jil Derryberry '90

THE JOB HUNT '90s STYLE IS AN EXERCISE IN
DEGRADATION RAISED TO ABSURD LEVELS

During my final semester at Denison, I
bored to a drone at the Career Develop-
ment Center that the offices should
out, remodeled into a non-deno-

ional chapel stocked with a selection of
capitalist idees to which luckless seniors
could make sacrifices, fonts of holy water

No, in a democracy such as

connections,

America is a democracy; we need not have
spent our formative years preparing for
exams which would determine and guar-
ante our futures as do our friends in far-
away lands. No, in democracy such as ours
all we really need are

For Pizza Hut, the job hunt' 90s-style is an
exercise in degradation raised to an absurd
level. Not even your worst fears of unem-
ployment—or employment—can prepare
you for the initial shock. Four years of
critical thinking and cultural ventures, of
wasted evenings in the library and those

during my seventh year of research on my disser-
tation, fluent in a variety of dead lan-
duines, phone service disconnected for
nonpayment, fighting it out with my fel-
low scholars for that assistant professor-
ship at West Texas Community College.

Admittedly, it was marginally better
than my situation then at 22: Trapped in a
windowless room painted institutional
yellow, half-listening to The Marxist
Moron expound on the infeasability
of human equality in light of Husserl's
dictums, I was in prison. Like those
legendary inmates who completed law
degrees behind bars in order to better
represent themselves in their death-row
appeals, I spent my highly regulated time
hunched over stolen library books. I was

fears that most successful alumni were
initially well-connected (Michael Eisner);
others were merely well-groomed (John
Davidson) and some were actually tal-
eted (Ann Magnuson). Then there is the
one true visionary: Bruce Weber, Calvin
Klein's photographer of pretty boys, who
for some inexplicable reason dropped out.

I may live badly, but at least I don't
have to work to do it.


You don't need connections to get
v to school—the Peace Corps of the '90s,
the intellectual's escape hatch, everyone's
acceptable
of avoidance! Sitting in

sweep

of Black Label, mainlining

existence and defin-

pop ular, finding

of

and rival interviewees. At the very least, a

tional chapel stocked with a selection of
ivy

be owned, that I was

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dictums, I was in prison. Like those
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represent themselves in their death-row
appeals, I spent my highly regulated time
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feared. My interrogator seemed sur-
prised. I wasn't. After all, everyone else
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good enough withs, restless, pretentious per-
s ons who would sell their souls for a
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True, I had the advantage over real prison-
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Moron expound on the infeasibility of
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DEVI\s (from page 3)

atmosphere of fear and insecurity. After littering the campus with myriad misogynistic, anti-Semitic and gay-bashing pamphlets, which often singled out and slandered individual faculty members and students, they even took their act on the road—Recently the gang tracked down to Johnstown with an unknown photographer and coerced schoolchildren to pose in compromising positions—hardly child-

M\stant (from page 13)

course, on other courses these students eventually participate in, on discussions and debates about sexuality at the college, on the whole idea of what constitutes legitimate subject matter for a course. Teaching this course is another way of opening up dialogue on this issue, and it demonstrates again that sexuality isn’t only a personal thing, but also a sub-

debate about multiculturalism has been going on for awhile—how different points of view should be introduced into an academic environment and getting rid of core texts and so forth—but it’s mainly dealt with issues of race and gender. How does sexuality fit in?

When you start talking about literature in my specialty, the English Renaissance, it’s not like we’re implanting these issues into the canon—there’s always been there—

in Shakespeare or in any other equally canonical place you’d want to look. We’re not somehow attempting to tack these issues on, but we’re asking people to think about them and to think about how they’re related to other issues we see as important.

I don’t think the solution is to say that sexuality is yet another thing that we have
to talk about, but to point out how ideas of sexuality are related to a whole bunch of other things that we talk about all the time, like history and what it has meant historically to be an individual and notions of privacy and other large, broad themes.

The challenge is to point out how gay and lesbian issues tie in to other issues in the curriculum. That’s a strategy—it’s not the way of making, perhaps, the most radical, most concretely articulated statement, which is to say that these things deserve consideration on their own terms.

They deserve that, too.

Some students might feel that the professor’s sexuality is being shoved down their throats when the issue is brought up. How do you deal with your own sexuality in relation to your students?

It’s important not to give the impres-
sion that we’re forcing our sexuality onto our students. On the other hand, we have to be honest about the way heterosexual faculty members have always been able to make it clear what their sexuality was without back-

lash of this kind. So what we’re asking for is equal time, in a sense. I don’t want my students to have to make any sort of a “thumbs up” or “thumbs down” evaluation of my gayness, but I want them to know that I’m gay and I’m out and it’s something that is possible for them to do, too.

What is your take on the recent anti-
gay legislation?

In Oregon it was a case where a few people thought the state was being pegged as a place that was attracting too many gay people and that this would be a way to stop it. The frightening thing about this sort of initiative is that it curtails free speech for everyone, not just gay people—it tells teachers what they have to say in the classroom, from elementary schools through state employees who work at state universities. I find that very frightening and it’s a development that seems to be related to the gag rule in abortion clinics and a whole bunch of other things.

In Colorado, the attempt has been to portray us as wanting “special rights”—the family values crowd seems to think that our wanting to be visible and relatively freely functioning in American culture is some sort of outrageous request. But of course the things we’re asking for are pretty base-line rights: the right to have a job, the right to have an apartment that any-

one else could rent, the right not to be beaten up on the street, the right not to have sexual activity in our homes be interrupted by the police. It’s not like we’re asking to pay 50 percent less taxes than everybody else or demanding our own car-pool lane on every expressway in America.
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SCREW 'EM! LET'S BURN OUR INITIALS ON THE QUAD AGAIN!