



MōYO

Volume 3. Issue 1. 1994

evil
upheaval:

THE REFORMING OF
ORGANIZED RELIGION

Discover The Ultimate In Contemporary Hair Styling

at



522-8570

832 S. 30th St. Heath Plaza

Yesterday's Pub

—“This could become your favorite place.”



Friendliness, smiles and a cake on your birthday absolutely free! Come relax in the turn-of-the-century decor and atmosphere of an English Pub. Reservations daily for lunch or dinner. ♦ Located at the corner of Sixth and Wilson, Yesterday's Pub offers a new concept in casual dining: private party rooms for special occasions and fantastic food at moderate prices. ♦ Among the numerous antiques on display are a Victrola, a pipe organ and a 1929 player piano that stills plays ragtime. The wall-long solid mahogany back bar is from the late Victorian Era and features intricate carvings of Bacas, the Greek god of wine. ♦ We feature a center cut New York strip steak charbroiled to your taste, gourmet sandwiches and homemade soups and desserts. Carryout available. ♦ Call us at 349-8009 for information or directions!

Yesterday's Pub
Sixth & Wilson Streets
Newark, OH
We ID. Valid state ID only.

PARK PIZZA

“When better pizzas are made, we'll make them!”

354 Union Street in Newark
344-6555 or 344-5005



THE STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
JOHN BOYDEN

EXECUTIVE EDITORS
SETH GILMORE
RICH VANDER KLOK

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY
ALEX EMMONS

BUSINESS MANAGER
JULIE DRISCOLL

CARTOONIST
BEN BLAKE

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
LIZ BOLYARD
S. FISCHESSE
AMANDA FULLER
OM GILLET
TOM GROENVELD
AILEEN JONES
CHRISTINA JUERGENS
CORIE MARTY
PETER SHORT
JAMES SMITH
LISA STILLMAN

PHOTOGRAPHERS
HOLLIE GRAHAM
LYN MONCRIEF

FACULTY ADVISER
ANNE SHAVER

Contents

VOLUME 3, ISSUE 1, 1994

2
R U A SNOB?
self-improvement quiz

4
RIVER
a final conversation

10
ORIENTATION
separate but unequal

14
EVIL UPHEAVAL
religion reforms

18
OPINIONS
the void (filled)

20
PHONE SEX
a college view

24
GEN-X ANGST
& real-world anxiety

25
BANG! THUMP
mmm ... cow killing

26
BARE FACTS
public nudity

29
FRAMES
poem & photograph

30
BULL SESSION
with a former editor

33
COLOR BIND
b/w roommates

\$ ARE YOU A NOB?

BY JOHN BOYDEN '94 AND RICH VANDERKLOK '95

The new Olin Science Hall:

- (a) will enhance Denison's academic reputation.
- (b) means I can't drive to class from the Row.
- (c) will draw more brainy students who will make my GPA look worse.
- (d) will cast nasty shadows on Curtis East's courtyard, a prime sunbathing location.

When Mary Schilling in the CDC stresses the importance of "networking" to secure a job for after graduation, I know it's time to:

- (a) make dozens of copies of my résumé.
- (b) phone Denison alumni in my intended field.
- (c) call Daddy's friends.
- (d) call Daddy's friends from the car.

If wishes were fishes, I would:

- (a) dig up some worms to use as bait.
- (b) buy a new fly reel.
- (c) make a reservation at Red Lobster.
- (d) smear caviar on a Triscuit.

Granville:

- (a) is a quaint, picturesque village that looks like it was transplanted straight from New England in the early 1800s.
- (b) has a lot to offer for the spiritual Denison student.
- (c) thankfully, is no longer a 'dry' town.
- (d) doesn't have a service center where I can get my Saab fixed.

Beverly Hills 90210:

- (a) promotes materialism and elitist behavior.
- (b) is a story 'bout a man named Jed; poor mountaineer, barely kept his family fed.
- (c) is basically harmless.
- (d) is so much like *my* life—it's like they've been peeking in my window.

The addition of a baseball cap to my outfit:

- (a) covers my hair if I don't have time to shower.
- (b) is my way of showing support for a national team.
- (c) ties the color of my shirt and socks to the rest of my ensemble.
- (d) makes me look like the model on page 57 of the J.Crew winter catalog.

Relying on your father to get you a job in his company after graduation is:

- (a) nepotism.
- (b) justifiable in these difficult economic times.
- (c) sadly, a thing of the past.
- (d) the only way to preserve social stability.

For my undergraduate education, I chose:

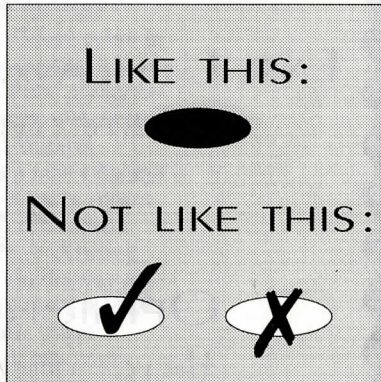
- (a) to take a pass and work my way up in the challenging world of fast food.
- (b) to get a solid education at an affordable state university.
- (c) to work hard at a reputable, preppie Midwestern college up on a hill.
- (d) to slip Larry Murdock a grand for a guaranteed four-point.

Leona Helmsley is:

- (a) a criminal.
- (b) like all people, fallible.
- (c) correct: Taxes *are* for the little people.
- (d) my aunt.

Which choice best describes the number of Polo shirts you own?

- (a) none
- (b) between one and six
- (c) more than six
- (d) "By Polo shirt, do you mean those Ralph Lauren ones or the actual shirts I play polo in?"



Pâté is:

- (a) far too expensive to justify in a world in which people are starving.
- (b) the top of the head, if you remove those two little accent marks [*Middle English*].
- (c) short for Patricia.
- (d) followed nicely by truffles and a very dry Chablis.

Which choice best corresponds with your views on premarital sex?

- (a) "Here I am, come and get it."
- (b) "Not in the car—someone might see!"
- (c) "Mother told me never to kiss on the first date."
- (d) "*Pas devant les domestiques*."

When I drive on campus, it's usually because:

- (a) I'm collecting cans for DURP.
- (b) I'm too drunk to walk.
- (c) I'm late for aerobics.
- (d) my chauffeur is ironing my laundry.

Gianni Versace is to Garanimals, as:

- (a) the Midwest is to the Bible Belt.
- (b) the West Coast is to the Midwest.
- (c) the East Coast is to the Midwest.
- (d) a 735i is to a 325i.

Although the correct name for our campus food service is Marriott, I prefer to call it:

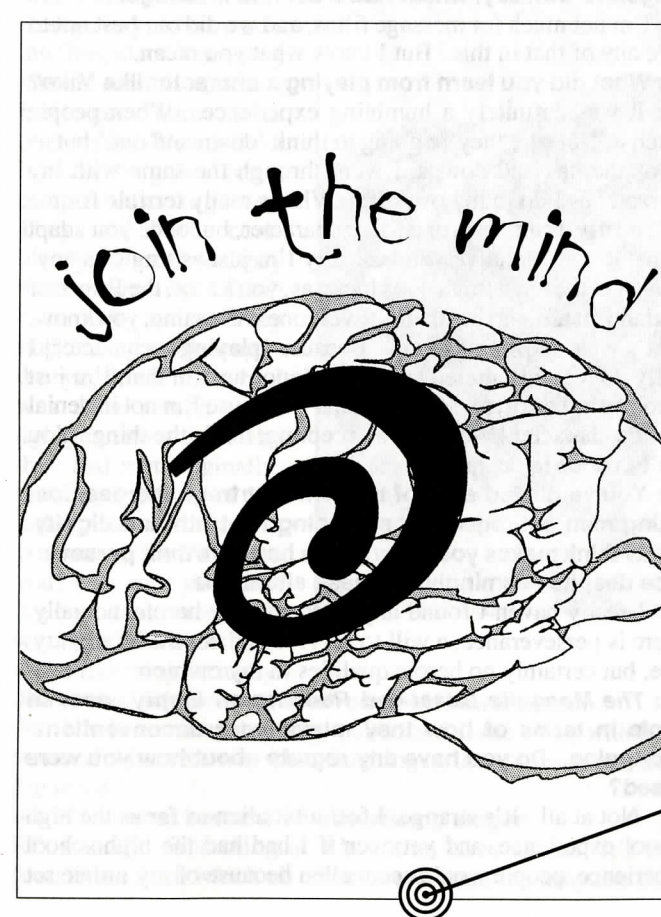
- (a) "A stomach-turning, blood-thirsty cow kill-a-thon."
- (b) "Saga."
- (c) "Le Sah-jah."
- (d) "The Club."

When I go to a party on Fraternity Row:

- (a) Hell will be frozen over.
- (b) I usually make it home by the next afternoon.
- (c) I'm respectful of the house I'm in—I go outside if I need to throw up.
- (d) I enjoy myself without drinking, but I bring my pocket mirror "just in case."

A:

Give yourself zero points for each (a), one point for each (b), two points for each (c) and three points for each (d). Now multiply this number by 2,000. This is your predicted annual income five years after graduation. Who said life is fair?



NOW RECRUITING:

- WRITERS
- ARTISTS
- PHOTOGRAPHERS
- INTELLECTUALS
- IDEALISTS
- TROUBLEMAKERS

EXT. 9232, Box 816,
E-MAIL: "MOYO"

river

PHOENIX

a final conversation

By James Herman '93

River Phoenix was one of America's most talented young actors. His acclaim began with his role as the rebel with a heart in *Stand by Me*. Then, at just 17, his riveting portrayal of coming-of-age angst in *Running on Empty* snagged him an Academy Award nomination. Comic cameos and other dramatic stunts followed, including his portrayal of Mike, a narcoleptic prostitute, in Gus Van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho*—Phoenix's most daring role.

Distinguished from his Hollywood chums by his vocal stances on social and environmental issues, Phoenix was a role model for our generation. To some, his recent death at age 23 by drug overdose seems an ironic epitaph for an individual of his convictions. Still others feel that as a metaphor for our generation, the nature of his death is sadly fitting.

Originally printed in Oxford University's ISIS magazine, the following has since been translated to appear in the Swedish journal Iguana. This is the first time this interview has been printed in the United States; it was one of Phoenix's last.

—JDB

James Herman: Ideally, what would you like people to get out of *My Own Private Idaho*?

River Phoenix: It inspires freedom of thought, an obvious need we all have. But I'm always surprised how little time I spend on that, purely on thinking freely. It doesn't have a linear language. It has its own pacing and discovers itself—that's the kind of intrigue I have with the story. It's mysterious, but it lives in a way.

JH: It seems very different from Gus Van Sant's last film,

Drugstore Cowboy, which had a definite message.

RP: I'm not much for message films, and we did our best not to have any of that in this. But I know what you mean.

JH: What did you learn from playing a character like Mike?

RP: It was definitely a humbling experience. When people watch it, I'm sure they're going to think 'down and out,' but as far as the ups and downs, I went through the same with my character as I do in my own life. What's really terrible for me isn't nearly as terrible for a Mike character, but once you adapt to that it's just relative. So basically I'm just as tragic as anybody, and the most tragic is as lucky as, you know, the Prince of England. It ain't no big thang. Everyone's the same, you know. That's what blows me away. Because [playing a character] I really do feel this altered state experience and, in that, I'm just as comfy as I am in myself—but that's because I'm not in denial like the character [Mike]. I'm accepting, that's the thing. You can't ever be in denial.

JH: You've played a lot of modern-day tragic heroes, lost young men courageously searching for truth and dignity. What I think makes your characters heroic is their perseverance despite seemingly hopeless situations.

RP: I really haven't found any of them very heroic, actually. There is perseverance, a will to survive and cope with dignity, sure, but certainly no heroic qualities in my opinion.

JH: *The Mosquito Coast* and *Running on Empty* seem so ironic in terms of how they mirror your unconventional upbringing. Do you have any regrets about how you were raised?

RP: Not at all. It's strange: I feel a bit alien as far as the high school experience, and yet even if I had had the high school experience, people would seem alien because of my movie set

experiences. One thing that I don't have is this paranoia, the defensiveness because of all the hard hits that people give each other in high school.

JH: Out of all the diverse characters you've played, which one has been closest to the real River?

RP: I identify with all of them equally pretty much when I'm working. But it's more a question of whether or not my characters can identify with me. It reverses. When you're finished with it all, the hardest work really is getting back to yourself. It takes time for a character to dissolve. Sometimes you come back to yourself and find that you've changed a lot. I met Fugazi when they were playing in Florida. I had some time off, and I had just finished *Idaho*. I was still wearing the same garb, my hair was exactly the same: That was me in their opinion. And then they saw *Idaho* while they were on tour, and it blew them away because they thought that who they had met before was, in a strange way, who I was in the film, also. Then they met me recently, and they had to get to know me all over again. We hung out in Los Angeles for a couple days together. They said I was completely different, and they were so surprised. I didn't even really notice. They said that my whole way—the way I talk and who I was as a person—was light years away from who they had met originally. But they approved of that rather than attacking it, you know, like 'Who are you? Why were you holding on to that person?' It was really interesting. Quite flattering, actually.

JH: I really admire your environmental awareness.

RP: It's become such a big, publicized issue now, which is wonderful in some ways, but the thing is, the environment, that big word...

JH: It's almost become an advertising slogan.

RP: Exactly. The thing is, it's not an issue to me. It's the foundation from which all other issues stem, the lifepulse that

makes our consciousness available. What's pitiful is when we don't give back what we get, like the air that we breathe which enables us to think straight—and there's little of that nowadays. Perhaps that's why we're not thinking.

JH: Especially in Los Angeles.



RP: Oh, boy! You see my point: It's not an issue for me, and it's not an issue for anyone. It's everything that matters. We've been so abusive in this industrial age. It took away our fathers, I think. Our fathers no longer tend the land, no longer respect our elements.

JH: Obviously many people our age don't share that outlook. How do you feel about being part of 'The Apathetic

Generation?' Do we deserve that title?

RP: Absolutely. We speak for ourselves. We deserve that title, because, you know, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' In some ways, we don't deserve that title, because I wasn't here when they started burning fossil fuels. I know there are alternatives. I didn't ask for this, and I'm not the selfish bastard who has a monopoly on crude oil. I'm a world citizen, and I'm not in support of starving Iraq to death and giving them no medical attention. And it's been so disheartening to see this alternative stuff that's been done to the people of Iraq, the innocents. It's so cruel, so fucked up. Use the stock market as a truth gauge: 'Is this right or wrong? Well, the stock market says it's right, let's do it.' Meanwhile, we're still in a slump. It didn't do anything. We didn't go in there because Saddam Hussein was such a devil worshipper like it was advertised, or because he was some...

JH: Modern-day Hitler.

RP: Or because he killed his own people. [Imitating a war-monger] 'No, don't kill your own people. We'll come in and kill your own people for you. And we'll still blame you, and then we won't take you out. You can just stay there and remain the same fuck-up who went into Kuwait and jeopardized the situation.' It's one big lie is the saddest thing. There's just so much ignorance.

JH: Can you really be proud to say you're an American?

RP: Well, as I've said, I was born in this country, and I think the American Constitution is something I would stand by, but it's no longer America. It's multinational, corporate big greed, and big 666s, and numbers and people who sit at the board of directors on different corporate levels that inhabit the world. It's corporate completely. Bush's whole New World Order was really frightening, I think. Unity is one thing, but what we're really talking about is—let's make it simple—if we suffer

they suffer, if they suffer, we suffer. What motivates them is controlling the entire world. It's really, really frightening.

JH: I still don't understand how that hypocritical wave of patriotism swept through the country and blinded everyone to the real tragedy that was the Gulf War.

RP: Well said. Really well said, man. Do you want to put my name under that quote?

JH: Who can we look up to these days?

RP: I suggest that you look to yourself, and look to your own thinking to change things—and by action. Consumerism is the number one way we can accomplish this. The hard thing is right now—at least in this country—no one's in a position really. People don't care how they spend their money. They're looking

for the best deal, basically. They have a panic excuse. That's what the media have been feeding everyone.

JH: The media have been spoon-feeding them. It's like the government's tool now.

RP: Completely! It's like, 'Panic everyone! We're in a depression!' And this is true, but what *is* a depression? Maybe depression is living how we should be living, and that's *not* consuming half the world's resources, just this one country. Half of the world's resources—at least—if not more. I mean, it's more, but it's a false system, anyhow. This is like the truth trying to level and balance things out, redistribute the energy, and we're fighting it. We're saying, [mimicking a yuppie] 'This is wrong. We should have 10 cars per family.'

JH: Yeah, 'It should be the '80s again!'

RP: And 'Oh, things are so *bad* over here.' My God, if they're bad here, and if America is slow, then Peru is dead. We make millions of dollars off these innocent, struggling countries and leave them with cholera, leave them disease, leave them with weapons so they can kill each other.

JH: America never blames itself for anything. And God is always behind America.

RP: In God we trust. I believe that's why man uses society and the state and religion and the church: to fight off things that are independent. All the segregation and witch bashing, you know. I think it's the same thing with homosexuals. I think men are very afraid of the independence of people who can step outside of the church and practice a life that still works. And they want to prove it wrong. [Puritanical religion] is such a bastardized version of everything our body tells us, everything about human experience and natural functions. It's so relentless in the way it binds people and binds your soul.

JH: So you're not religious?

RP: Oh, I absolutely have

[spoofing a new-age dude] my own religion.

JH: OK, so you wouldn't consider yourself a Christian.

RP: I certainly don't buy those packages.

JH: Do you respect the Bible?

RP: I respect the Bible dearly; it's a great book. I don't think it gets the respect it deserves, and it gets bastardized. It's all mythology really, but I believe the mythology is very relevant. People find symbols to match their ideas and ideals. A lot of it's just obvious stuff. I see how certain things become ritualistic, and rituals are definitely part of any religious act. I find myself finding my own.

JH: What about the afterlife?

RP: With the laws of metaphysics you really can't escape. I

mean if a spirit is close to vapor in some controlled way, there's been the same amount of water in our atmosphere and on our globe pretty much forever. It just redistributes. I think souls are like water, the way it recycles. I don't know that you keep your brand-name soul, but definitely it goes *somewhere*. The fear tactics [of some religions] are totally a trap used against our society.

JH: Do you think religion just provides people with easy answers to difficult questions?

RP: People want answers, that's what they really want. But none of us will ever know through the powers that be and their educational programs because it's not education, it's doctrine, that's what it's all about.

JH: Where can we find answers?

RP: Independent studies. Use public libraries. Work hard, independently, and get together. Here we are, the students of today, right now. When we're 40, most likely [the powers that be] are gonna be dead, hopefully—hopefully they'll be dead tomorrow. You know what I'm saying? And we're left with this—this Earth is ours. We should claim it back. We should stand next to the gorilla and the python and the giraffe and say, 'Hey, man!' Instead of all this human guilt that we have because of the destruction, we should say, 'Hey, we are just as fucking amazing and supernatural as these animals.' And we need to live like that, live with this high self-esteem, all of us, because the more you know, the stronger you need to be to administer the new information, the more we need communication. And people need to feel free with talking about something that's alternative, not waiting for the Queen to approve it—because she's *not* going to approve it. I feel like there will be this peaceful revolution, and it's all gonna come from people just believing in what they know—what *they* know—not what they've been taught. You can learn from people, but I don't think anyone can really teach you. You have to teach yourself.

JH: Are you that optimistic about the future? It looks rather bleak.

RP: Let's put it this way, I'm not gonna be a fool and have this utopian dream shattered, OK, and I also don't believe that Man has any place to present with arrogance: 'I can change the world.' No one can change the world. The world takes care of itself. We will all die, we will kill *everything*, and the world will still be the same. It'll just be lifeless.

JH: We're the ones who have to change.

RP: We have to change *ourselves*. We can't change the world—

that's bogus. And as far as like, blind optimism, hey, there's always going to be pure evil. It's not that I feel like... I don't know. For all I know I'm a big cancerous growth on this planet, and the sooner I'm gone, the better everything is. For all I know. So I'm not claiming anything. I just don't want to die stupid. I just don't want to play dumb. I'm tired of looking at people going, 'I don't see why all these environmentalists are like all uppity uppity about this and that when like, hey, they flush the toilet, too.' This is America on the subject of environmentalism. 'Jesus, you fucking idiots!' I get really mad.

JH: It's much better to be passionate about your beliefs than to sit on your ass and be apathetic.

RP: And be numb, right. I was thinking about fighting fire with fire, that concept. For the longest time I've been offered Japanese commercials. I've always turned them down because

I don't want a million dollars to advertise Hitachi or Mitsubishi or, God forbid, Mazda. But, in my later thinking, I can find the lesser of those evils, like, let's say, Japanese jeans or whatever. I can take that money and buy rain forests, which is exactly what I'm gonna do. I'm trying to get together 500,000 grand so I can buy 40,000 acres. Man, it's beautiful stuff. Where I want to do it is in South America.

JH: That's really cool!

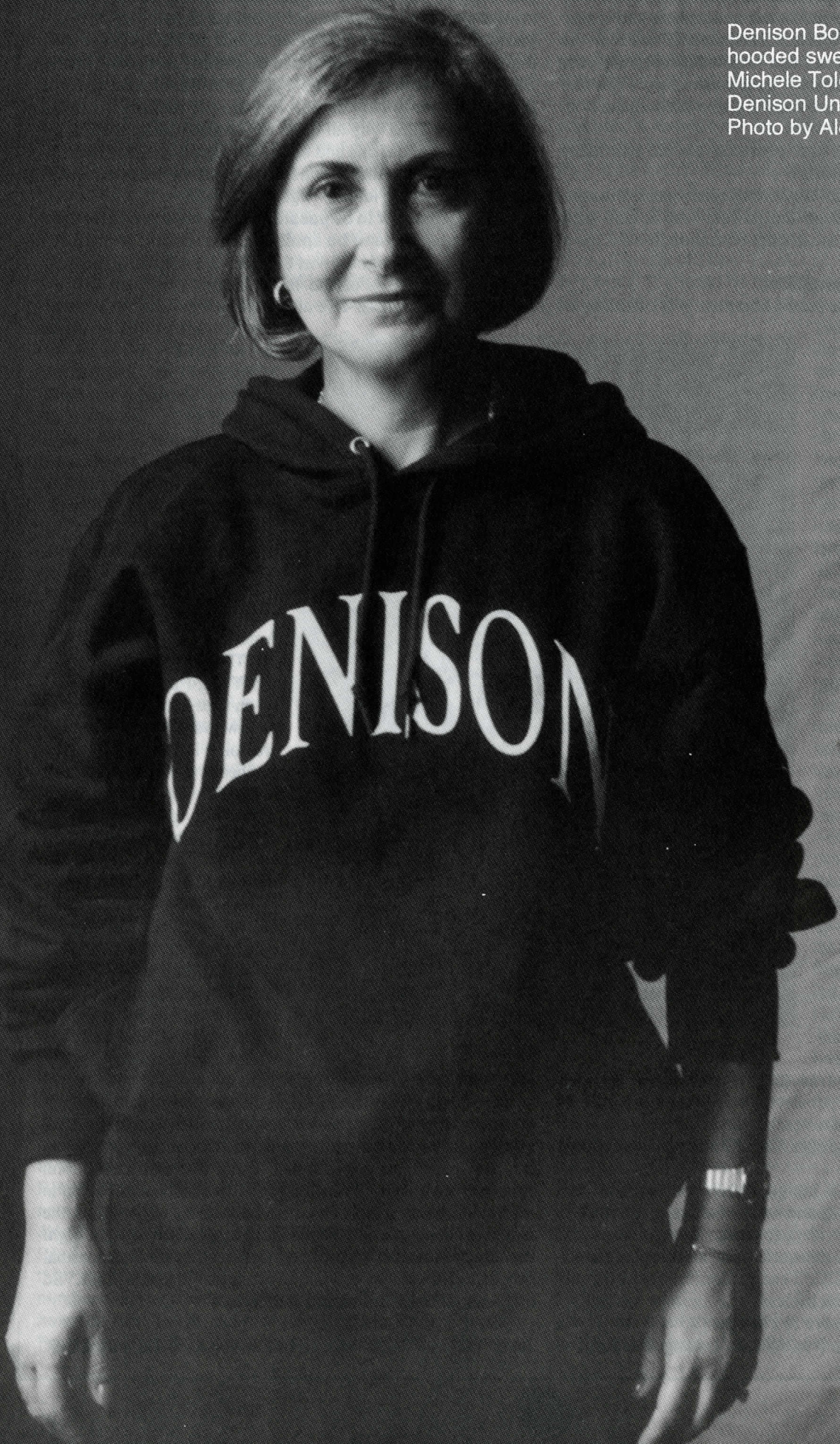
RP: Yeah, I'm gonna spend it all on that. I know these great guys who are very wealthy and are doing it now, these corporate heads who are putting it all into the planet. It's so great to see wealthy good.

JH: I've never equated those two words before.

RP: Good and wealthy? [Laughs] Neither have I! Let's face it: Everyone who has it, abuses it, usually. I'm so glad I grew up below the poverty line. I mean, through all that, I'm just so glad I grew up *hoping* we could eat. So that's what I want to do now, when-

ever I can get jobs that pay me ridiculous amounts of money—because I really don't think it's fair that people get paid that kind of money for what they do—but if you redistribute it and stick to your convictions and use the money to buy freedom, man, you can turn your money into light. There's this beautiful John Boorman book—he did *The Emerald Forest* and *Excalibur*, John Boorman, the director. There's this book he wrote about the making of that—you should read it. It's called *Money into Light* because he describes his job as a film director to one of the tribal people, a chief, who goes, 'Oh, so you turn money into *light*.' So that's the idea, to turn money into light. ☺

James Herman '93 is an associate editor at ELLE magazine.



Denison Bookstore
hooded sweatshirt as worn by
Michele Tolela Myers,
Denison University President.
Photo by Alex Emmons.

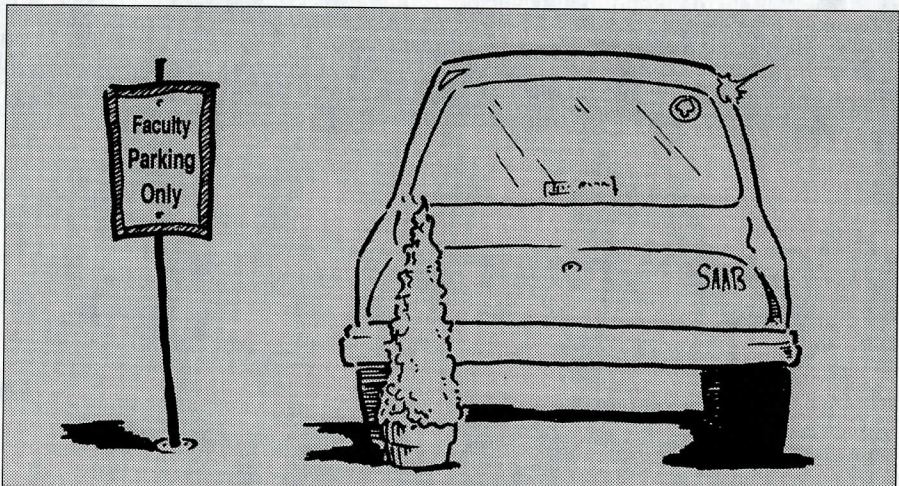
DENISON
UNIVERSITY
BOOKSTORE

ARBOR VITAE VICTORIES

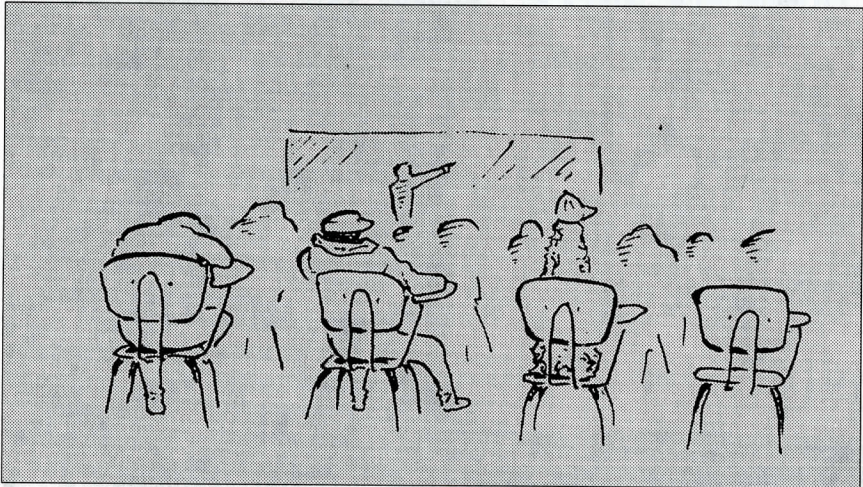
other crafty everyday uses for those inconspicuous little trees



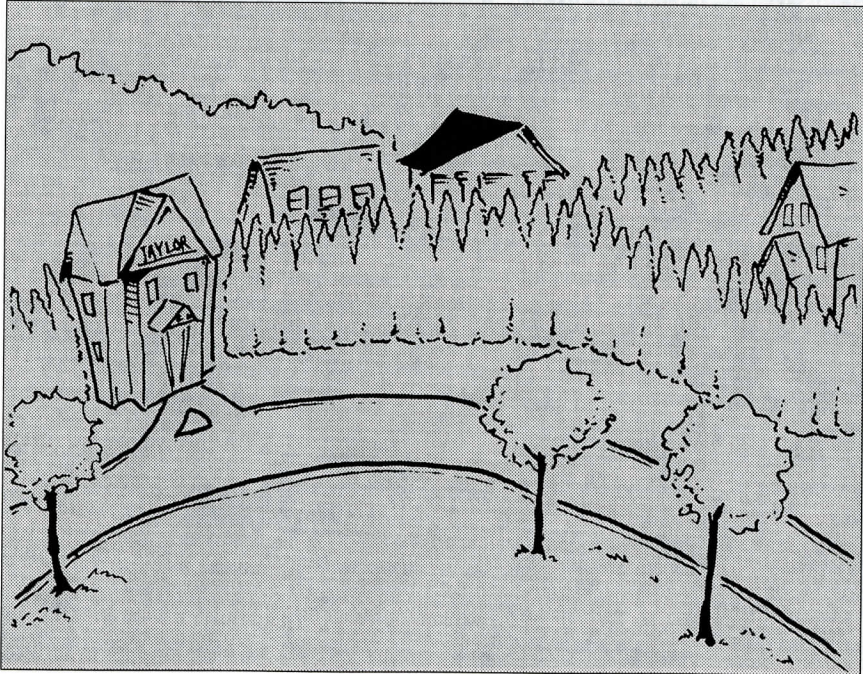
ZIT COVER-UP



WRONG PARKING STICKER



A CLASS ABSENCE



PROBLEMS ON THE ROW

ACCEPTANCE RATES AT U.S. UNDERGRADUATE INSTITUTIONS

Harvard	16%
Yale	22%
Williams	25%
Brown	24%
Denison	24%
Amherst	
Washington & Lee	
Princeton	
Cornell	
Colby	
Oral Roberts	

EMBARRASSING STATISTICS



I excuse me, but did you say a *black* orientation? Black, as in the exclusion of whites? What? They came early to learn about life at Denison *as a black person*?
 Yes, you naïve cracker, a black orientation. Imagine it, black people arrived on campus two days before you did. Incredible, isn't it?

separate BUT unequal:

A VIEW OF DENISON'S BLACK ORIENTATION

By now, everyone knows about the special orientation session for incoming African-American students held this year, organized by the Black Student Union. An article in *The Denisonian* gave the student body all the facts they could ever desire about the event in an editorial on the subject. Period. End of topic? Not really, although I guess a lot of people hoped the quiet debate on the subject would end.

When I was assigned this article, I had the idea that the concept of a special orientation was not advantageous. Should black students be isolated from the rest of the community before school even starts? Why do they need someone to tell them how to be "black at Denison?" Is this another PC issue we are going to be pelted with? It's obvious enough after school starts that there is a dichotomy between black and white students. Is it necessary to propagate this gap so early?

I began talking to a couple of people who attended the program. I got mixed reviews. One student I talked to acknowledged the orientation program was really worthwhile; the next one didn't. Everyone admitted that some areas were more helpful than others, but they had very different opinions about the holistic program.

Then I was informed of the orientation's content. The organizers distributed to each participant a packet and a schedule

of events. There was a section about financial aid, one about time management and some about social issues. Of course, I assumed it was the social aspect that would be focused on, but *study habits*? I leafed through the packet the students received: it's the same filler we all hear about, only in writing: "Being An Active Learner" and "Choosing Study Partners." It's all valuable, but it's old news. There was *one* page about "Social Life." It listed on-campus organizations and gave some information on Greek life, including a list of the Black Greek organizations. It also pointed out the lack of ethnic personal products and their "outrageous" local prices—prices that even shocked me.

Certainly, all these things are helpful, but do black students need to know more about study habits than white ones, or Hispanic ones, or Asian ones? Where did this idea come from?

I decided there was only one person to ask: the person who initiated the program. I set out to talk to Randy Williams '95 about this little adventure. I had never met Randy; all I knew was that the orientation was his "pet project," as other people had told me. I also knew that one of the freshman I interviewed said they thought Randy, and some of the things he said at the orientation, were "a little racist against white people." This *will* be fun, I promised myself. I interrupted his lunch one day and wound up having an educational meeting.

When I asked Randy where the concept for the orientation originated, he said that it was the child of a committee in response to the "Blueprint to Diversity." That was really not something I knew a whole lot about. I wanted to know *where* the idea came from—I wanted to know *the motivation*. Randy was ready. He explained to me that black students do have a difficult time adjusting. He equated it to the international experience. If you really think about it, the "rules of survival" for many students at Denison are different from those where they're from.

It all made sense to me, but I was still curious about the comment I had heard from one of the freshman—that the program made it seem like "white people are out to get you here." So I discretely asked him if there was a lot of discrimination at Denison. He said, "No." My jaw almost dropped, but I controlled myself while trying not to think, "What do you think I am, a hermit?" He said there wasn't much *overt* racism. A-ha! There is the key word.

Then Randy talked about individuals. We talked about what everyone at Denison could do to improve the retention rate of black students. He simply said to "look at ourselves first, before we criticize others."

Then Randy said something that really made me smile: "The concept of diversity at Denison can work."

When I started out, I thought, "Maybe I can't understand this



Photo By Emmons.

concept because I'm white." I know I can't fathom what it's like to be black, especially in a place like Denison. I guess now I just wish we didn't need a special orientation for black students to feel like they belong, but I understand why we do. I wish all students could come here and find a niche without the white majority, or the wealthy majority, or any majority you pick, debilitating them. Call me an idealist.

Here's an interesting thought, though: Many times black

people are forced to "assimilate" with whites long before they reach college level. How many of the white kids here went to school with black kids? I went to a middle-class, Catholic, all-female high school. There was only one black girl there in four years. If my circle of friends had not extended beyond that, how would I know not to treat black people differently? Maybe what we need at Denison is an orientation for white kids so they can learn how to relate to someone who is not exactly like *them*. ☺

ELECTRIC
CUTS

ELECTRIC
PERMS

ELECTRIC
COLOR

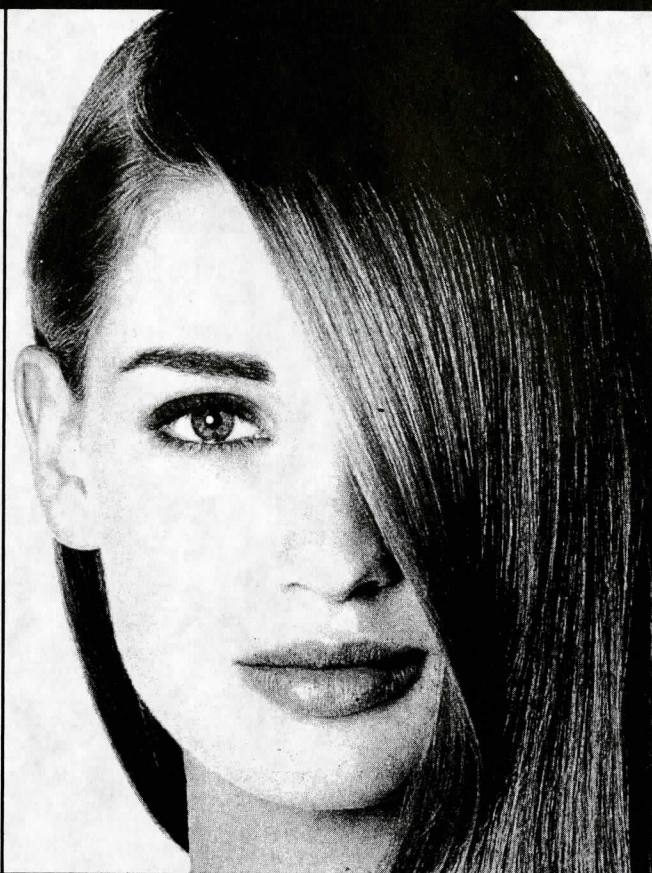
ELECTRIC
EXTENSIONS

ELECTRIC
LOOK

ONLY AT THE

ELECTRIC HAIR COMPANY

176 S. 30th Street
Newark, Ohio
522-2622



SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN . . .



"Licking County's
Best-Kept Secret"

DAILY SPECIALS

Sunday - Thursday
11 am - 7:30 p.m.
Friday & Saturday
11 am - 8:30 p.m.

INDIAN MOUND SMORGASBORD

WALK-IN & CARRY-OUT
(North Side of the Restaurant)

MORE THAN JUST CHICKEN
DESSERTS • BEVERAGES • CHICKEN

DINNERS

(Includes two
side dishes & a roll)
\$3.19 3 pc. Chicken
\$3.19 2 pc. Breast
\$2.39 4 pc. Thigh
\$3.99 Baked Fish

SANDWICHES

\$.70 Hot Dogs
\$.80 Coney Dogs
\$.80 Sloppy Joes
\$.50 Creamed Chicken

SOUPS

\$1.39 Chili
\$1.39 Soup of the Day
12/\$5.00 Creamed Chicken

833 South 30th Street, Heath, Ohio
522-2666

Hong Kong Village CHINESE RESTAURANT

SUNDAY BUFFET
All you care to eat!
Adults: \$7.95
Children under 10: \$3.99
Children under 2: free

10% off all carry-outs

Located at the Holiday Inn-
Newark, Heath
733 Hebron Road • Heath, Ohio 43056
614/788-8606
614/788-8607

From Denison's MoYO Magazine

Hong Kong Village
CHINESE RESTAURANT

Present this coupon to receive

10% off
any purchase at our restaurant

Located at the Holiday Inn-Newark, Heath
733 Hebron Road
788-8606 or 788-8607

Your Local Grocery Store

**Ross's Granville
IGA**

Homesick For Real Food? WE HAVE IT!

PLUS shampoo, snacks,
chips, sodas, beer,
wine & candy!

Easy to get to, conveniently located behind the Certified Gas Station.
Phone 587-2811

(Must be 21 or over to purchase alcoholic beverages.)

evil UPHEAVAL

The reforming of organized religion... in Granville

By Seth Gilmore '96

When was the last time a Baptist minister told you the Bible is often wrong? That mainstream religion often follows the Bible to do wrong? That Christianity can be evil? That millions of people have been subjugated, tortured, mutilated, burned at the stake and executed, and that Christianity is responsible?

Have you ever heard of a church in which women head up most of the committees and in which feminism is one of the church's main thrusts? How about a church that sets out to make people uncomfortable with the world as it is? What about a church that promotes equal rights for gays, lesbians and bisexuals?

Meet Pastor George Williamson and Granville's First Baptist Church: *He* is that minister and *this* is that church.

The Gothic-looking church sits on one of the four corners at the intersection of Broadway and Main—it's the second church you pass on your right as you travel from Denison's main entrance to IGA. The Baptist Church, as it was called at its incipience more than 174 years ago, was founded by a missionary from the Baptist Mission Society of Massachusetts. There were only 19 members present at its first meeting, held in a barn. It is from this church and the little building they eventually constructed that the Granville Literary and Theological Institute held its first session. And it is this institute that eventually changed its name to Denison University.

One parishioner points out that the First Baptist Church has always had a progressive "stream" running through it, but in the past few years that stream seems to have "flooded." The church has, of late, become increasingly liberal and activist. Twelve

years ago George Williamson became the minister at First Baptist. He touted a liberal agenda and made those who eventually would hire him fully aware, hoping to ensure his new employers knew what they were getting into.

The question then arises, did Williamson push the congregation into becoming increasingly progressive, or did an increasingly progressive congregation choose Williamson to carry out their own wishes for liberal leadership? This chicken and egg question aside, the fact remains that Williamson and the congregation at First Baptist agree on a whole lot of issues.

Both agree that mainstream Christianity has a hidden history—a history plagued with religious evil. Williamson is writing a book about the evil that historically has occurred in the name of Christianity—what he calls "religion on the wrong side." Included in his research are tales of hatred, prejudice, discrimination, subjugation, torture, slavery and death. By uncovering religious evil as it has occurred in the past, and by learning how to recognize evil as it begins, the First Baptist hopes to avoid falling into the same traps.

As his church struggles to find out how to avoid and combat religious evil, Williamson researches how religion gets involved with the evil in the first place. By studying and understanding its history, Williamson hopes to learn how one can take the first step in eradicating the religious evil, which is to identify and call it by its name. He believes that such history is being made today. As many prophetic voices that dared to speak up before him, Williamson and his church have sought to blow the whistle on what they see as modern-day examples of religious evil.

The Wrong Side

"In every generation, the religious mainstream has done profound evil as a matter of commitment to God and loyalty to

the Bible," says Williamson. In the 11th century, he explains, Pope Urban II ordered a crusade to the Holy Land to kill what he called "the real enemies of God." His crusades, and those that followed, killed hundreds of thousands of people in an effort to spread Christianity throughout the land by force. "God exhorts you to kill them ... the barbarous infidels," was Urban's justification. Missionaries throughout the ages attempted the same sort of proselytization, only this time the "infidels" were converted and sold as slaves.

In the early 1500s, Martin Luther and his powerful church formed one of the greatest anti-semitic coalitions ever, and when Hitler charged throughout Europe murdering those who were not of the Aryan nation or who did not conform to his standards, it was German Christian Nazism that backed him and morally justified his actions.

And when women were burned at the stake for being witches, instead of defending these women, the Church issued such documents as the "Manual for Pastoral Care," instructing men to treat women as subordinates. A priest was never to find a husband guilty in the presence of a woman, even if the man was clearly wrong on an issue, for this would usurp the man's authority over a woman. The manual mandated that a wife was to owe respect to her husband; if her husband treated her poorly, she was to suffer, even in the cases of battery and rape.

The repression of scientists, the oppression of women, pogroms and anti-Semitism, imperialist missions, slavery, segregation, religious racism, opposition to democratic and socialist revolutions and the oppression of the poor are all given by Williamson as just a few of the numerous examples of religious evil. While not all of Christianity has participated in such religious evil, he says he believes much of it has.

Williamson has a hard time relating these stories, and he explains that he had an even harder time uncovering them. As he speaks, he is visibly saddened, repulsed and full of rage.

Profoundly Evil

Religious evil has always occurred, and it continues today, says Williamson: Religion is on the wrong side of gay, lesbian and bisexual issues. Discrimination against gays, lesbians and bisexuals can be traced back to nearly every period of recorded time. Along with women accused of being witches, many gays, lesbians and bisexuals were also burned at the stake. And tens of thousands of homosexuals who would not deny their sexuality were slaughtered by Hitler's Christian-backed regime.

The 1980's straightest religion—religion structured for and by heterosexual people—"came out" in reaction to the gay movement started by the 1969 New York Stonewall riot. The

riot marked the beginning of the gay, lesbian and bisexual movement in the United States. But the growth of the movement has been met and checked at every step by the more powerful anti-gay, straightest religion. By the 1990s, only three major churches had taken a pro-gay rights position, and all others had come down strongly against homosexuality. Many churches promoted discrimination and prejudice as a means of deterring people from "choosing homosexuality."

Time and time again, the Bible has been invoked to justify the discrimination against and torture of gays, lesbians and bisexuals. Williamson insists that the Biblical passages charging that homosexual acts are sinful tend to be misinterpreted, but their intent is still evil. He says the Bible often commands evil.

The Story of Creation, the Hebrew Laws and the story of

Sodom and Gomorrah are cited by literal interpretationists as the three primary places where homosexuality is banned in the Bible. But if one insists on a literal interpretation of the Bible, then Williamson thinks common sense would dictate that one must embrace the whole book, including passages that even the most fundamentally religious would have a hard time accepting.

In addition to the condemnation of homosexual acts, in the Bible women are routinely and acceptably ignored, portrayed as sexual objects, beaten and raped. It is said that a man cannot play the role of a woman, in a drama or otherwise, because to do so would degrade him. Among others, to be kept out of the Church are the blind, lepers, the lame, midgets, the mutilated, those whose limbs are too long, those who have club feet, and men with crushed genitals. The Bible dictates that if a woman touches a man's genitals, her hand is to be cut off. The Bible con-

demns to death runaway slaves, rebellious teenagers, and those who participate in the religion of Palestine. And the list goes on. What is important to realize, says Williamson, is that some of what the Bible teaches is, in fact, evil.

While Williamson insists that much of the evil people get out of the Bible *is really there*, he claims that a common mistake made among those who invoke the Bible in a political or ideational conflict is misinterpretation. All too often a person with a preconceived agenda will consult the Bible looking *not* for the truth, but for a validation of what that person already believes. In this way, one conforms the Bible to a predetermined ideology. Some slave owners used the Bible to justify slavery (while others found slavery presented as inherent in the Law of God); some racists used the Bible to promote segregation and

The Bible
dictates that
if a woman
touches a
man's genitals,
her hand is to be
cut off.

discrimination (and some became racist because the Bible is racist); sexists used the Bible to prolong the subjugation of women (and some became sexist in imitation of the Bible). Religious fundamentalists and Biblical literalists today follow the Bible to keep gays, lesbians and bisexuals in the closet, to keep them out of the military and to prevent them from getting equal rights and protection under the law. On this issue, laments Williamson, the Bible is on the wrong side, and its literal followers are also on the wrong side.

It Isn't Fair

The first visual image I had of Williamson was of a single button on his blue collared shirt. Before I could get a good look at the man, I was engulfed by what seemed to be two of the longest and lankiest arms in the world. His hug smothered my face in his bosom, and only when released from the embrace did I get a proper look at the man to whom both energetic approbation and caustic disapproval had been directed.

Williamson stands 6 feet 1 inch tall and has a receding hairline. His graying hair hangs a little longer than one might expect a Baptist minister's hair to hang. His office is always a bit cluttered. Central to his desk are pictures of family, friends and church members. A blue cloth hangs on the wall, and on it, stenciled in yellow letters, is the word "Shalom," Hebrew for "Peace." On the side of his cabinet is a pink triangle, a symbol for gay, lesbian and bisexual pride.

He recalls growing up in a conservative, upper-middle class family that was actively involved in the Southern Baptist Church. He always had been intrigued with the idea of preaching, and after attending public schools in Atlanta, he went on to Wake Forest University in North Carolina and then to Yale University divinity school. He eventually completed a doctorate in Christian ethics from Vanderbilt University.

Williamson recalls an enlightening experience while watching the evening news one night in 1960. Having grown up in segregation, it hadn't occurred to him that blacks were treated unjustly. He recalls being taken back, though, when a black student participating in a sit-in explained on television that his being prohibited from eating at the same lunch counter as whites was "just not fair." It was then that Williamson realized that an injustice truly had occurred. Soon after, Williamson and a few friends traveled to a Woolworth's store in a nearby town where some black students prepared to hold a sit-in. Williamson and his friends joined the students in the protest. The group soon was arrested by the local authorities—the black and white students were carted off in "separate but equal paddy wagons." This experience, coupled

with the teachings of Martin Luther King Jr., helped Williamson realize his way of living had been "wicked."

Eventually, Williamson became the chaplain and a professor at Vassar College. His tenure at Vassar ended when he was pressured to quit largely because of his vocal and liberal political activism. When he began to voice complaints about the school's reluctance to divest its holdings in South Africa, Vassar officials "redesigned" the chaplain's job in a way Williamson couldn't accept. Finally, he wound up at the First Baptist Church in Granville.

Sunday-Feel-Good

While Williamson teaches a Bible class, a small group of children runs around laughing and yelling. On this typical day at the First Baptist Church, the children are in a newer building next door to the sanctuary, primarily used for Sunday school classes. Across the hall, the laughter of the children lightens the mood of a theology class led by Denison's own Professor David Woodyard. A group, comprised primarily of elderly people, has read Peter Berger's *The Sacred Canopy* and is discussing whether the Christian Church should act as a stabilizing or destabilizing influence in today's society. Members of the group challenge each other on what the Church's role should be.

Woodyard asserts that the goal of the Christian Church ultimately should be destabilizing. Many "Sunday-feel-good" churches tend to lose track of what the fundamental aims of Christianity are. They become obsessed with financial gain and maintaining the status quo, thereby conforming to and becoming reflective of society in order to attract more members. First Baptist aspires to exist in a certain tension with the society, rather than submitting to being an embodiment of the popular values of the day.

It is the role of the church, says Woodyard, to side with those who are the outcast, the

unfortunate, the oppressed and the poor. All too often, mainstream religion sides with the privileged and the well off because it is usually they who own and run the church. But therein lies a potential root for religious evil. Religion is often used by the majority or the affluent to suppress the minority and the less fortunate. So First Baptist, in its determination to avoid errors often made by the mainstream, sides with the oppressed and the underprivileged, often the enemies of the mainstream. By existing in such tension, admits Woodyard, they have lost members who believe their church ought to be complacent and in harmony with the world. But what is left of the congregation is a more active group, at least as demonstrated by its involvement and increased financial contributions (while not finan-

cially privileged by any means, the congregation manages to cough up almost twice as much money per person as any of the other three churches at the Broadway and Main Street intersection). But in going against the grain, the congregation is not alone: After all, Jesus, too, historically was critical of the established church and the society that governed the land. It was the underprivileged he helped and defended and with whom he lived.

The Other Holocaust

After the choir breaks up, the singers disperse, but some reconvene with other parishioners in the West Parlor of the church. A group of women ranging from their mid-30s to their late-70s listens to Carolyn Burkett (whose husband teaches at Denison) as she reads aloud from a paper written by Denison Professor of English Anne Shaver that analyzes the Walt Disney movie *The Little Mermaid* from a feminist perspective. It serves as evidence of how a patriarchal society is manifested even in children's fairy tales, and how the feminist movement has far from accomplished its goals.

But evidence of a patriarchal society and its effect on women over the centuries is perhaps better exemplified by examining what is now considered a holocaust for women. Perhaps the most brutal example of sex discrimination, what Williamson would call religious evil, is that of the famous, and often trivialized, witch trials. From the 15th to the 18th centuries, a reign of terror inspired by the Papal Bull of Innocent VIII spread throughout Europe and eventually made

its way to the United States. Williamson explains that it is estimated that early Christianity is responsible for executing more than nine million people accused of being witches. More than 80 percent of those were women. The number also includes children who were believed to have inherited the evil from their mothers. Many were subjected to such medieval tortures as the rack, the thumbscrew, "boots" that broke leg bones, vicious beatings, and, of course, death. Victims of witch accusation could be unpopular neighbors, the elderly, the senile, the mentally ill, women with displeasing looks, women who suffered from a handicap, homosexuals, and "Uppity Women" (whom we might today call "feminists"). Largely, though, women who did not conform to the Christian Church's view of what a woman's role should be, inspired fear within people, causing a narrow-minded community to react violently.

It is out of contempt for and the understanding of the plight of women that the group has taken a decidedly feminist position on issues. It is greatly due to the feminist movement within the church, explains Williamson, that the church has moved strongly in a progressive direction on a variety of issues. Women head up

several of the church committees, and newly ordained female minister Gail Adams is the co-pastor of the church. The women meet to support and educate each other as they increase their individual understanding of their changing roles in society.

Pamphlets and Politics

The church's interior is a metaphor for its mission: A traditional structure of stained glass and dark wood houses the obtrusive addition of colorful homemade banners encouraging activism. Parishioners are attentive, but they know that they can always read the most important sermons at their leisure: In the back of the church are two long tables, each covered with pamphlets on issues like NAFTA, AIDS, rain forests in South America and hunger in Africa.

At the end of the second table lay about 15 of Adams' and Williamson's sermons. One is a compilation of Williamson's thoughts on why he resisted the Gulf War. An Easter sermon



Williamson (center) conducts a Bible study class. Photo By Emmons.

encouraged the congregation to "live the prophetic life ... gather in the outcast ... and challenge the structures of meanness in the world." On Martin Luther King Jr. Day, Williamson spoke on the ideological differences and similarities between Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. He hopes the First Baptist Church in Granville is partly what King had in mind when he talked about his Dream.

The First Baptist Church, in our sleepy little town, has sought to stir things up by causing people to question fundamental beliefs—by exposing what it sees as the most recent in a long line of religious evils. The congregation rages at the injustice. In the end, though, those of the First Baptist Church say they believe that, like so many times before, there will be what Williamson calls a Breakthrough of God—a clearer realization of what the Christian message should be—and that religion will eventually come around to the right side. That is why they stay with the church. For it is the belief in what they see is the essential Christian message of love, peace and justice that keeps them coming back, faithfully. ☺

SHOULD DENISON HAVE
SEPARATE ORIENTATIONS
FOR INCOMING MINORITY
STUDENTS?

I think these students have different collegiate experiences for which they must prepare. A separate orientation, organized by these new students' minority peers, seems necessary to best prepare these students for what lies ahead.

—Christina Juergens '94

No. Everyone is the same. Minorities shouldn't have special treatment, nor should they be treated as though they need or deserve it.

—Brian Deem '96

No, because it's unfair to all involved. I live with a minority student, and she arrived two days before I did, so we didn't get to know each other well at the beginning of the year. It was really uncomfortable because she had two days to get to know people—but we get along well now.

—Lauren Watson '97

If the regular orientation will not prepare minority students for the unique situations they will face at Denison, then why not?

—Steve Durbin '97

Groups of different nationalities and backgrounds need an orientation that addresses the specific needs, concerns and problems of that particular group.

—Vernell J. Bristow '94

I was involved in the first pre-orientation this past August, and I felt it gave those involved valuable insight from a minority perspective.

—Francine Grace '95

Yes, the reason being that it may take longer for some minorities to integrate than others.

—Najmus Saquib Faruqui '96

HAS YOUR OPINION OF
RIVER PHOENIX CHANGED
SINCE HIS DEATH OF
A DRUG OVERDOSE?

River was an incredible actor and should be remembered as such. We have a tendency in this country to place emphasis on the personal lives of our celebrities and leaders, often expecting them to be the perfect symbols of morality that we know we'll never be.

—Margi Petersen '96

I always considered him to be a wholesome, earthy person. When I found out he overdosed, I thought he was just stupid.

—Orli Even-Nur '96

The pressures of life just got to him like anyone else. He was still a great actor.

—Craig DiGiulio '94

No. You could always tell that he was high; people just *wanted* to believe he was a model citizen.

—Chris Smith '95

Yes. Although I really had no prior knowledge of his reputation, I find it hard to look at his death in a mournful way because of the circumstances surrounding it.

—Janey Martin '94

He grew up in the spotlight, so he was under a lot of pressure and undoubtedly had many chances to screw up his life.

—Bill Correll '95

I now see him as a victim. He was just a normal person in a cruel world. He should not be looked up to or down upon: just let him rest.

—Kay DoBosu '95

Yes. He was seen as a role model for many kids, and because he used drugs, he will mislead many. It is as if he betrayed his fans' trust.

—Sacheen Davis '96

SHOULD DENISON
STUDENTS START
SOME KIND OF
STREAKING TRADITION?

Why not? If there weren't a law, I'd be naked every day and be about \$200 richer.

—Jill Jeffrey '97

A friend of mine goes to a school that is completely closed off on May Day, and everyone goes naked—that would be really great here!

—Juliet Ward '94

Sure, then maybe people would be less tense and conservative on the campus.

—Meredeth Simmons '95

What the hell for? Would this clinch our reputation as an excellent liberal arts school? I think not....

—Charis Brummitt '96

Why not? Relieve some stress, give people a few laughs and get some people used to nudity—they're uptight about it.

—James Smith '97

I'm not sure I see any purpose in this—but if you want to do it, fine with me.

—Carin Miller '96

Naw, I've seen one too many naked bodies here at Denison and have no desire to see more. It would probably start a whole new wave of anorexia and a bulimia epidemic—God knows that's bad enough already.

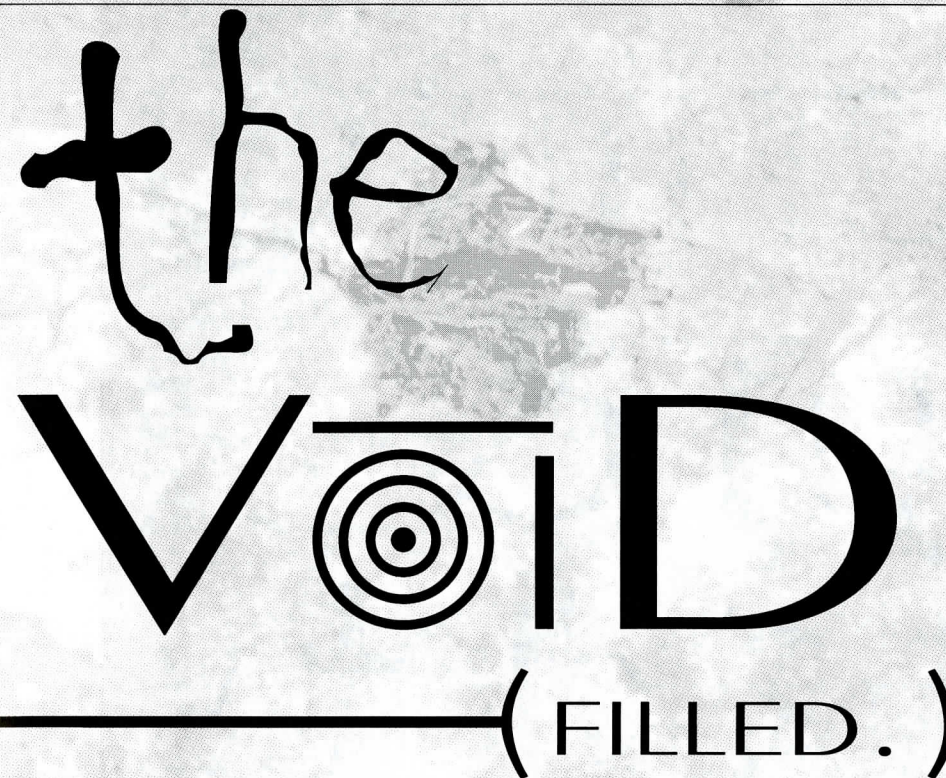
—Theresa Tiedman '94

There's nothing like a stark naked body in the middle of winter to keep those academic juices flowing! More naked is good naked!

—Marc Jacobson '95

Definitely. There's a lack of tradition at this school.

—Sadi Chhoa '95



WHAT DO YOU LIKE
OR DISLIKE MOST ABOUT
ORGANIZED RELIGION?

I like organized religion because people with similar beliefs but different backgrounds are brought together by a common tie for fellowship and friendship.

—Jon Puchalski '94

I dislike organized religion because I don't believe that God wants to set strict limits for us. I think he just wants to see what his creation will do.

—Holly Beeson '97

I like that religion gives people a sense of right and wrong. It helps build morals and shapes a community in a positive way.

—Amy Cane '97

Organized religion is almost too segregated, and if you look at the problems caused by certain religious factions (like Christianity and Islam), such as the Crusades of the past and the Middle Eastern terrorism of the present, I'm sure many can agree that it's often taken a little too far.

—Doug Heagren '97

WHAT IS THE STRANGEST
PHONE SEX FANTASY
YOU CAN IMAGINE?

I won't be graphic, but it involves Michele Myers, a SAGA worker and a large tool stolen from the pit of the Olin Science Building.

—Ryan Dobbins '95

Listening to the Slayter Desk recorded message over and over until you reach orgasm.

—Jennifer Seeds '96

Fax sex!

—Eric Bono '95

Calling my roommate from Slayter, and having him imitate heavy breathing and farm animal noises.

—Rob Will '95

I'd like to be coerced to imagine that I am the dominant female among a pack of males who are subservient to my mating needs.

—Lori Angalich '94

Memorizing π to the 10,000th digit while discussing "Steepest Descent Method."

—Jianming Wu '95

WHAT PURPOSE SHOULD
THE BULLSHEET SERVE?

It should allow power-hungry, lonely, repressed editors to make up for a lackluster social life. But that's only what I've heard.

—Paul Rinkes '94

I used to think *The Bullsheet* was a forum for stimulating campus discussion, but now I realize what a cockeyed optimist I've been. Any well-developed arguments about campus issues worth reading are now usually found on the *Denisonian's* Quorum page. *The Bullsheet* is now, frankly, often a waste of paper.

—Dan Meyer '94

It should give information and announcements and possibly put a little comedy in the pitiful lives of Denison Students.

—Zac Swartz '97

It should be a form of communication among students. I do not think it should be a medium for the personal bashing of other students.

—Juliet Ward '94

The Bullsheet should have two purposes. First, it should enlighten Denison students about daily events in the world. Secondly, it should be a voice for intelligent dialogue among members of the Denison community. I do not think it should not be used as a tool to express the unwanted views of the editors.

—Vernell Bristow '94

The Bullsheet should inform students about the world beyond Denison. Not every student has the time to read *Newsweek* and other weekly journals. *The Bullsheet* should not just summarize daily events in four to six sentences; I want some background as well. Besides that, *The Bullsheet* should promote student activities as well.

—Dang Vadysirisack '96

REACHING OUT & talking dirty

(when touching turns to touch tones)

By John Boyden '94

Not all students can earn money for school by giving out phone numbers at Slayter Desk; in their pursuit of book money, some college students reach out and touch a little more than a Denison directory.

Known as "Lolita" to the callers who request her, this Ohio State junior let her fingers do the walking to a part-time job as a phone sex entertainer (although her résumé, *ahem*, reads "telemarketing representative"). A candidate for an MFA in creative writing, she put her skills to work creating phone fantasies, earning up to \$23 an hour.

The Columbus agency for which she worked placed ads in magazines such as Jugs and Hustler to entice potential clients from around the world. Callers paid in advance by credit card or money order for her services—\$1.25 a minute (with a 10-minute minimum and a 60-minute maximum).

Her boss recently fired her entire shift because he suspected some of the women in the office were meeting their callers after work. With her newly found freedom, she had time to cross wires with me—and, yes, it was a phone interview.

John Boyden: What are you wearing?

"Lolita": Sweat pants and a T-shirt.

JB: When a man asks you this question when you're working, what do you tell him?

L: I'm wearing a pair of pink panties and a cut-off T-shirt.

JB: What is Lolita like?

L: She's 5'6" with blue eyes and blond hair down to her waist. Her measurements were 36-23-34. She was a physical education major at Ohio State, and she drove a Miata.

JB: Does Lolita have any qualities that you wish you had?

L: Big breasts [laughs]. Innocence. She has an edge of innocence to her that I envy—I have sort of a warped sense of everything now.

JB: Was it liberating to play this ultimate seductress?

L: Oh yeah. You're able to say things you would never say in your real life. You're able to be mean and vicious: You can tell a guy to fuck himself up the ass with a candlestick. [Laughs] I would never tell anyone to do that as myself.

JB: Do you remember your first call?

L: Yes—I was very nervous. It was a guy from Bermuda. It was so weird because he was into a fantasy involving a 13-year-old. And he kept asking, 'How young can you go? How young can you go?' And I kept trying to make my voice sound younger and younger. And I didn't feel right doing this because of the age. You know how prostitutes say they separate themselves from the act. Well, I had to learn to separate myself and say, 'This is just a fantasy, and maybe by releasing himself on a phone sex line he's not doing this in real life.' And at the end of that call he told me, 'You know, this is only my fantasy. I would never really do this or hurt anyone.' That was good to hear.

JB: Would you more closely associate doing phone sex with being an actress or being a prostitute?

L: With being an actress, because you're constantly in character. While a prostitute sells her body, I'm just sitting there on a fucking pillow, reading a magazine, saying, 'Oh yeah! Oh yeah!'

JB: The cliché single rule of prostitutes is that they won't kiss on the lips. Are there things you wouldn't do?

L: Actually ... no.

JB: If a caller asked, would you tell him that you loved him?

L: Well, actually, that's the one thing I would never do. It came up a couple times. There was a man who lived in Indiana, and he was just really lonely. And he would want me to tell him that I loved him, 'Please tell me that you care about me; please tell me that you love me.' At times I would say it just because, at times, he sounded borderline suicidal. I am pretty sure, in some small way, there were girls who worked there who saved some lives in some loose sense, just because they were an ear and gave these people someone to talk to.

JB: So phone sex makes the world a better place?

L: Well, yeah [she laughs]. Actually I think it does. We had something like 10,000 to 20,000 callers, and the world would be a scary place if all of these men actually went out, and they did the things they were fantasizing about doing. To be sure, the whole time during a call that I'm encouraging them to act out their fantasy, I'm reminding them that it is just a fantasy: 'Oh, do you want to fantasize about that?' And once they're getting off, you talk to them a little, 'You know this is just a fantasy, right?' 'Yeah, I would never do that.'

JB: A phone sex woman with a conscience.

L: I think I am one. I mean, unless they were born under a rock, no one there didn't have a conscience. You could not walk away from it and not fear what could actually happen if you weren't there. You kind of feel like a doctor in a lot of ways.

JB: Why do you think men call?

L: Because they have really great imaginations. And your fantasies are your own—something with which no one can interfere. And if you have someone who will be there with you, in a sense, who isn't judgmental, and who can help you develop your fantasy, it's really fun for them. There are a lot of guys who call who are actually virgins. They use it as a learning tool to find out what a woman would like.

JB: Is part of the appeal that phone sex is the perfect affair? No AIDS, no pregnancy, no gifts, no guilt?

L: Exactly. That's what I always tell people. It's just great sex with no commitment. You don't have to use a condom or call me the next day.

JB: Phone sex, after all, is a business. The ultimate goal must be to keep your caller on the line as long as possible. What are some of the tricks you used?

L: They aren't so much tricks as just introducing something different—something they haven't thought of. Let's say, for instance, you're talking to a guy who wants to be dominated. He may usually just be a 10-minute caller. But if you, say, tell him to go get a turkey baster and fill it full of hot water and fuck his

ass with that, that's another five minutes [she laughs hysterically]. Just little things, that's all it is.

JB: That's really heartwarming.

L: Or if you start to tell a guy about your private life—well not so much your private life—but like, 'I'm studying this and blah, blah, blah. Oh, and what do you do?' and act like you're genuinely concerned about their well-being when you may not care a flying fig-fuck about it. Or if he's used to one thing, I'll throw in a little variety, like I'll tell him to give himself the big finger wish....

JB: The big finger wish?

L: Lube up the big ole middle finger and rub it around your asshole. You can tell if they're actually doing it or not—you really can!

JB: Not to change the subject... From a professional standpoint, how do you define a successful call?

L: A 60-minute call is the best, especially when it's with a guy who's really cool. A lot of people have misconceptions about the guys who actually call.

JB: They're not all perverts?

L: Oh, no! We have celebrities!

JB: You recognize their voices?

L: No, if they've called before, we have their name and all their pertinent information on their life on the computer. Their name is right there! We have actors, screenplay writers, accountants, doctors, lawyers—and we have fucking truck drivers! We have everyone from every walk of life. We have one guy who lives on the really nice part of Park Avenue in New York. You type in his last name and his social security number, and it will list his address, what he's into, a few choice words to get him off (based on the last ten calls he's had, and who he last spoke to). They call in, and if you have some-

one call for 60 minutes who's really cool, you walk away with a smile—and you have \$23! They got off, and you had fun. There are some guys who are just great when they call. We talk about absolutely everything under the sun: books, and magazines, and politics, religion, abortion: I never want them to think Lolita's stupid. I've really met some of the nicest people in the world on the phone. If I ever go to their city, I'd love to look them up just to see how they're doing. Or just to talk and say, 'Hi—fooled ya, I'm not a sex goddess, but hi.'

JB: Do you think that part of the appeal of phone sex for a married man is that you'll do things his wife won't?

L: Oh, absolutely! Absolutely [she laughs]. That is very appealing. I wouldn't want to be with the same man, day in and day

"I'm just sitting there on a fucking pillow, reading a magazine, saying, 'Oh yeah! Oh Yeah!'"

out, for the next 90 years screwing him in the same position. You know? You get these guys who are 25, 35, sometimes 40, and they come home, and their wife is lying in her sweat pants with the kids, and she's just washed out from the day. And the last thing she's gonna want to do is screw you. So you can go in your den, sit in your big chair and jack off to someone wearing panties and a bra—the hottest chick in the entire world. Some women would never let their husbands screw them in certain positions and certainly won't entertain their fantasies. We've had women who've called, and we've had husbands and wives who have called....

JB: Together?

L: Yeah. That was pretty fun. The wives would totally take over, and the husbands would sit back and watch.

JB: Who was your most memorable caller?

L: There was this one guy they called Candy Ass because he would call up, and he would have like malted milk balls, Hershey's Kisses, hot dogs, Polish kielbasa, mustard, pickled relish, Butterfingers. And the whole point of this 15-minute fantasy is you'd tell him to put these items up his ass, and then he'd have to push 'em out, and then you'd say, 'Now you have to eat it you dirty bastard.'

JB: That's gross!

L: Isn't it! Then I'd say, 'Now put the Snickers up your ass.' I don't think this is what they mean in the commercials when they say, 'Snickers really satisfies you.' He'd say, 'Oh, please don't make me do it, Mistress.' Then he'd push it out and eat it; it's a great way to get in your sex and your meals. There was another guy from Chicago who had a shoe fetish. He would put his cock in the base and jack off in women's shoes—and they had to be leather. And he'd chew and bite at the leather and would come all over the shoes. And he'd tell you about his

different adventures, how he met this girl who was also into shoes, and how he went into her mom's closet and jacked off all over her shoes, and how her mom caught them. And this guy was like 30. And then there was this one asshole from Florida, and he'd say, 'Oh how is my little piggy doing?' And he'd want you to snort for him, and I was like his sex slave. And then he'd want to piss in my mouth and shit in my mouth and make me fuck dogs and horses, and I was like [sarcastically], 'Oh yeah, I love it, I love it.' I'm like, 'Up your \$23.' I can take the long-distance abuse of an asshole for \$23.

JB: Is there such a thing as a stock fantasy?

L: No. Each one is customized; it's just like writing a story. I liked to always start out where I have the guy stand undressed right in the middle of the room, and I come up behind you and

kiss you on your neck and down your shoulder and just run my tongue down to the base of your spine, just lick all the way down—I'd say it a lot better than I'm saying it now—and I'd kiss the insides of your thighs, kiss and suck on your balls, down, down, down, then I'd turn you around and lay you back on the bed, then I'd get between their legs and suck them off, then after that I'd turn around and sit on their face [suddenly laughing] I can't believe I can explain this so calmly! Then we'd do a little 69 for a while, and then when they're about to come, I pull their mouth away and turn around and sit on top of them and fuck them 'til they come. That usually got them off pretty quickly.

JB: Now when you're doing this, are you picturing it in your mind?

L: Actually, I'm probably flipping through *Cosmopolitan* [she laughs]. Yeah, in a way. You have to give them a diagram detail, and if you get screwed up ...

JB: It blows the whole thing.

L: Yeah, if at one point you're on his cock and then your on his toe, it's like you've jumped a whole leg.

JB: Were all of the calls masturbatory?

L: Not all of them. Some callers were just very lonely people who didn't have anyone to talk to. There are some guys who called up who were widowers. There was this one guy who was like 30 years old, and his wife had just died of cancer. And he would talk for like an hour, and tell me about how much he loved his wife. He would just cry, and then you might have a fantasy with him, and it was just really sad. Sometimes I'd cry on certain calls like that.

JB: When callers did masturbate, in the brief seconds before their orgasm, how does your role change?

L: I become louder [she laughs]. The louder I come, the more I know they're getting off. Most guys complain to me that their girlfriends or wives don't make any noise

when they come.

JB: Do men want a sincere, sensitive woman or a sex kitten?

L: They want both. They want a whore in the bedroom and a cook in the kitchen. I can't give them the cook, but I can give them a mind and sincerity, and I can also give them the sex kitten. The guys who usually requested me were of a little higher intelligence.

JB: You were one of the better-educated women there?

L: There probably were 20 girls who went to Ohio State, and the higher educated men, like the attorneys, usually requested us.

JB: I've always thought that the most erotic movies are the most psychological ones, not the ones with the most flesh. Is the mind sexier than *Playboy*, X-rated videos and peepshows?

L: Absolutely. In your mind you can be whoever you want. The guys didn't tell us exactly what they looked like, and we certainly didn't. And I'll admit it, there were times when I got turned on. You sometimes click with certain people, and you find yourself being aroused by certain ideas—this picture you're giving him, and this picture he's giving you. It's a hell of a lot sexier than the real thing.

JB: You got turned on?

L: Anyone who does phone sex who tells you they don't occasionally get turned on is either lying or frigid. The truth is, you couldn't help but be turned on. If we didn't work in an open office with dividers, I guarantee some of the women would be doing more than reading magazines while they're talking.

JB: Do you view men differently now?

L: I've learned you can't judge a book by its cover. Someone might give an outwardly appearance of being straight, especially on campus, like [in a husky voice], 'I'm a big fucking jock, and I'm gonna go out and get really sloshed.' And we would get guys with that type of mentality who would tell stories about being at frat parties and laying on another guy and how they'd be turned on. In a night that I might take eight or 10 calls, probably like five or six of those guys would have a homosexual fantasy. You know, in their fantasy life they can live out a lot of things they can't live out in their regular life. If they're paying for it, they're going to get the fantasy they want. You just can't judge someone by the way he acts. I went in not naïve, but my eyes have been opened a lot wider. Before when I would walk down the street I might have thought, 'He's kind of cute,' but now I'll be like, 'He's probably wearing his mother's underwear.' You just don't look at people the same way anymore.

JB: Are you OK with a fantasy that places you in a submissive role or as the victim of violence or rape?

L: I am. I just have to remind myself, OK he's doing this to me, and I'm charging him money. And I just have to hope that by his calling me and doing this on the phone, he's getting it out of his system and won't do it to someone in real life. Sometimes when you're alone in your room masturbating, you'll be having a fantasy, and you find yourself being aroused by something that is way out there or taboo, and you'll stop and think, 'What am I doing?' You have to remember this is all in your mind, it's just a fantasy, you're not actually doing this. Your mind is a really big house with a lot of different rooms, and you can go to each one, and you can visit, but you don't have to live there.

JB: That's nicely put, but a lot of feminists will say a fantasy

like that undermines the women's movement, reinforcing the idea in the minds of male callers that women exist solely for men's sexual enjoyment. Is it OK with you if a male caller's view of women changes for the worse because of a role you played?

L: No, it's not OK. I doubt that a man's view could change that drastically in a single call, but a lot of the time I'd try to turn it around. If a guy wanted a really submissive girl, I'd be really submissive in the beginning and then as things heated up, I'd become the dominant one. I'd tie him down and fuck him in the ass with a big dildo and ask him how he liked it. You're leaving him with a new perspective, and hopefully he'll think, 'Man, I wouldn't like this to be done to me.'

JB: As a straight woman, what was it like to do lesbian fantasies?

L: Well, actually, it made me not question my sexuality, but—I'll be honest—I've experimented. I think phone sex makes everyone a little bi-curious.

JB: Creating fantasies and hearing others' fantasies showed you more possibilities?

L: Yeah. If a husband and wife called in, I sometimes found myself being turned on more by the woman. The guy would interrupt, and I'd think, 'Shut up.' We had this one woman who was like the Miss North Carolina runner-up. She would call in, and there was like no way she could tell people she was a lesbian because she had been predetermined to be a beauty queen. She could either move to another city where no one knew her, or she could call me on the phone.

JB: Did you treat female callers differently?

L: I treated them the same way. Because when you get past our exterior coating, we're basically the same inside. So many women have been conditioned to think that sexuality for them

should be more sensitive. That's total bullshit! When you boil it down, we all want the same thing in bed.

JB: What was the working environment like?

L: If you could see the people who work the lines—it's pretty funny, actually. We give ourselves these sexy descriptions—there's this one girl whose character is 5'4" and blond with this little high pitched voice like this [imitates voice] and in reality she was like this 450-pound black woman. People just sat around, ate dinner, read books. We did our fingernails and homework. We had a lot of students. There was a grandmother working there, too. In the heat of the moment she'd say to her caller, 'Now lie back on the davenport....' A fucking davenport!

(continued on page 37)

Q: "In the brief seconds before their orgasm, how does your role change?"
A: "I become louder."

"OK, the secret's out. I met the guy I'm dating now, through phone sex."

KEEPING YOU IN TOUCH

You only call 900-numbers to get sports scores, vote for your favorite music video and talk to live psychic friends—whatever.

Nevertheless, you are aware that you can't call 900-numbers from your room. (We're told by Telephone Services this is not a moral stance taken by the University but a limitation of Denison's computer-billing technology.)

To circumvent this problem, as a service to the community, here is a complete list of Denison coin-operated public pay phones. Phone locations are rated with stars for privacy. Don't forget a roll of quarters and a box of Kleenex.

★ ACE MORGAN THEATRE, AT THE WEST END OF THE LOBBY

★★★ ATHLETIC CENTER, MAIN ENTRANCE UNDER THE WEST STAIRCASE

★★★★★ BEAVER HALL, FIRST FLOOR IN A CLOSET NEAR THE ENTRANCE

★★★ BURKE HALL, SECOND FLOOR BY THE REHEARSAL ROOM

★★ CRAWFORD HALL, FIRST FLOOR AT THE EAST END OF THE BUILDING

★★ CURTIS WEST, FIRST FLOOR IN THE KITCHEN

★★ EAST HALL, FIRST FLOOR IN THE KITCHEN

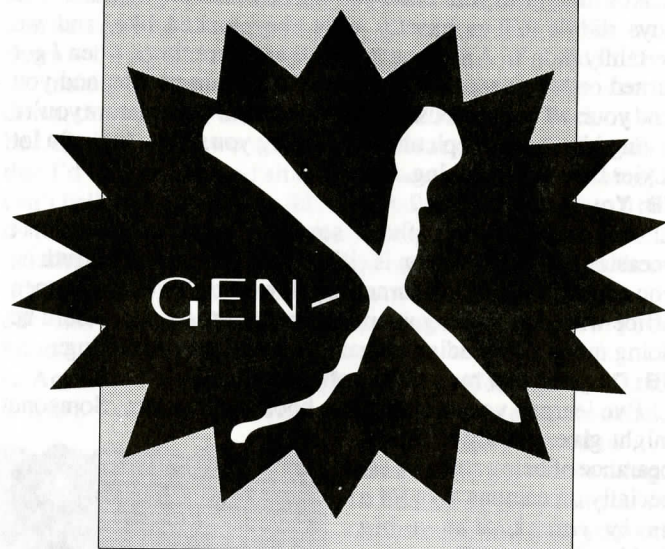
★★ LIBRARY, BASEMENT BY THE RESTROOMS

★★★★★ SHEPARDSON HALL, BASEMENT IN A BOOTH BY THE RECEPTION DESK

★ SHORNEY HALL, FIRST FLOOR BY THE RECEPTION DESK

★ SLAYER HALL, SECOND FLOOR BY THE PACKAGE ROOM

SOURCE: DENISON TELEPHONE SERVICES



ANGST

By Rich Vander Klok '95

I'm a member of Generation-X. I recently turned 21, putting me at the lower end of a generation that has nothing to look forward to, nowhere to go, nothing to do and doesn't care. I have a year and a half of college left costing me \$30,000 plus living expenses, and then I enter what college students refer to as "The Real World." And from what I understand, it's not like the show on MTV.

This piece is not supposed to be depressing, contrary to the impression you may have. It's more of an analysis of what I'm feeling about the future—which, according to the pundits, is what you are feeling, too.

We can't do drugs, have sex or make money. Drugs and sex were for the '60s and '70s, and making money was for the '80s. The '90s look like they're going to be for the people who snorted, fucked and spent their way through those 30 years to sit back, flashback and gloat.

What that leaves for me is a managerial position at Taco Bell, Sega, alcohol and masturbation. Overseeing the construction of 59-cent tacos isn't going to pay for my college loans, however. Sega gets my adrenaline flowing, but it's a short-term rush. The improvement in hand/eye coordination is useful only for getting those tacos made faster.

The alcohol speaks for itself. I drink for the same reason people drank thousands of years ago—to get drunk. It's the one constant in the universe. Masturbation comes in because it's easy, cheap and doesn't require me to please someone else. At least it won't kill me like AIDS could. But then again, masturbating can't keep me warm at night.

The Wall has fallen, the evil empire crumbled and Beavis and Butt-Head are the generation after me. There are no more dragons to slay, no worlds to conquer. God has decayed into a few dusty tomes, and we, the members of Generation-X, get to tilt at windmills. And we don't get a Sancho Panza to keep us happy. ☺

BANG! THUMP

(GETTING A TASTE FOR THE MEAT PROCESSING INDUSTRY)

By Julie Driscoll '97

Why do I have cows on my stationery? Because I love cows. (The way they udder "Mooooooo" is adorable.) That's what I innocently told my editors anyway, and that's why they "persuaded" me to witness the transformation of a walking, living, breathing cow into hamburger.

I thumbed through the yellow pages and located a meat processing business that I contacted by phone. They permitted me to accompany two employees and observe them slaughtering a cow, or as they say in the business, "to do a beef."

To my surprise, this particular business travels to their customers' farms and butchers cows on sight, rather than herding cattle into a truck, driving them to a huge pen, and killing them in larger quantities. I rode with the workers in their truck to the first customer's farm. They spotted the soon-to-be ground beef upon arrival, isolating it from the rest of the herd in a small pen. The driver had barely stopped the truck when he hopped out with a loaded rifle: BANG! THUMP. There were only two sounds: the shot of the gun, and the cow's half-ton body falling hard to the ground. A small trickle of blood flowed slowly from the bullet hole between its eyes.

The other man quickly approached the dying animal and slit its throat with one swift pass of a knife, and blood began to spill to the ground. Even though its body jerked slightly and its legs kicked a little, I was told the cow could no longer feel a thing. Both men then proceeded to cut up the body—one removed its hooves while the other sliced out its tongue. Even after nearly five minutes had passed, the remaining portion of the cow twitched occasionally, and its tail swayed slowly.

One of the two men concentrated on removing the hide of the

semi-dead animal while the other finished cutting off its head. I did not believe, as the men had said, that the cow was unable to feel anything until I saw its brain separated from its body. Afterward, one of the men cut out the heart to save it at the owner's request.

He then used a tool resembling a large hacksaw to cut through the rib cage. As the remaining organs gushed to the ground, one of the workers pointed out something I didn't expect: In

the mass of beef organs on the grass in front of me laid the fetus of a cow. It was about 1 month old and already the size of an adult hamster. Until the workers enlightened me, I hadn't known that female cows were used for beef.

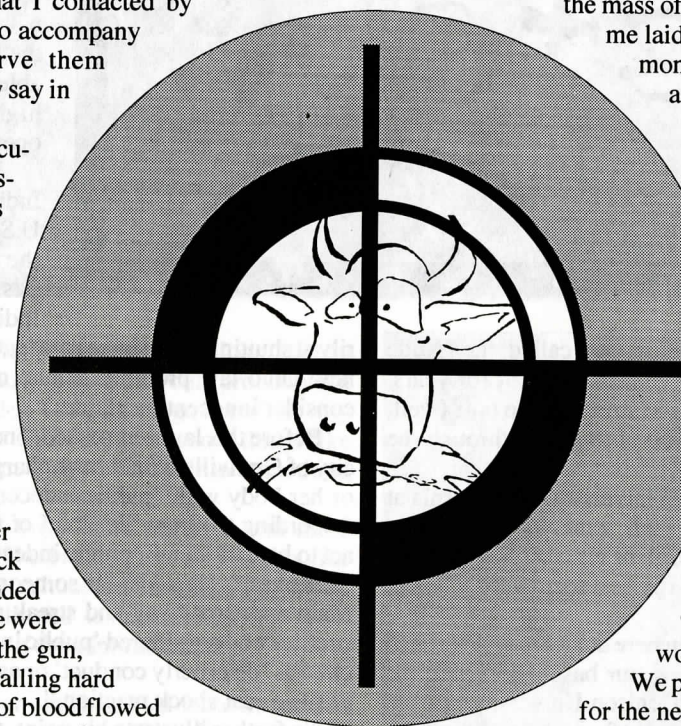
The organs were placed in large barrels marked "inedible" to be picked up by another company that specifically uses entrails (for dog food or ballpark hot dogs, I wondered). The men placed two large hooks into the remaining portions of the cow's legs and hoisted it up with the truck's winch to just above the ground. With another large tool that looked like a chain, saw they cut through the body lengthwise.

Two sides of beef remained that the workers hung in the back of the truck. We pulled the doors closed and departed for the next kill.

We soon arrived at the next farm; a large shed sheltered the next victim. The shooter jumped out of the truck, walked over calmly: BANG! THUMP. The cow fell inside the shed, but it needed to be removed for the men to go to work on its body. One of the men took a chain with which he connected two of the cow's legs to the back of the truck. His coworker drove the vehicle forward, dragging the animal from the shed—a small trail of blood from the gunshot wound traced the path.

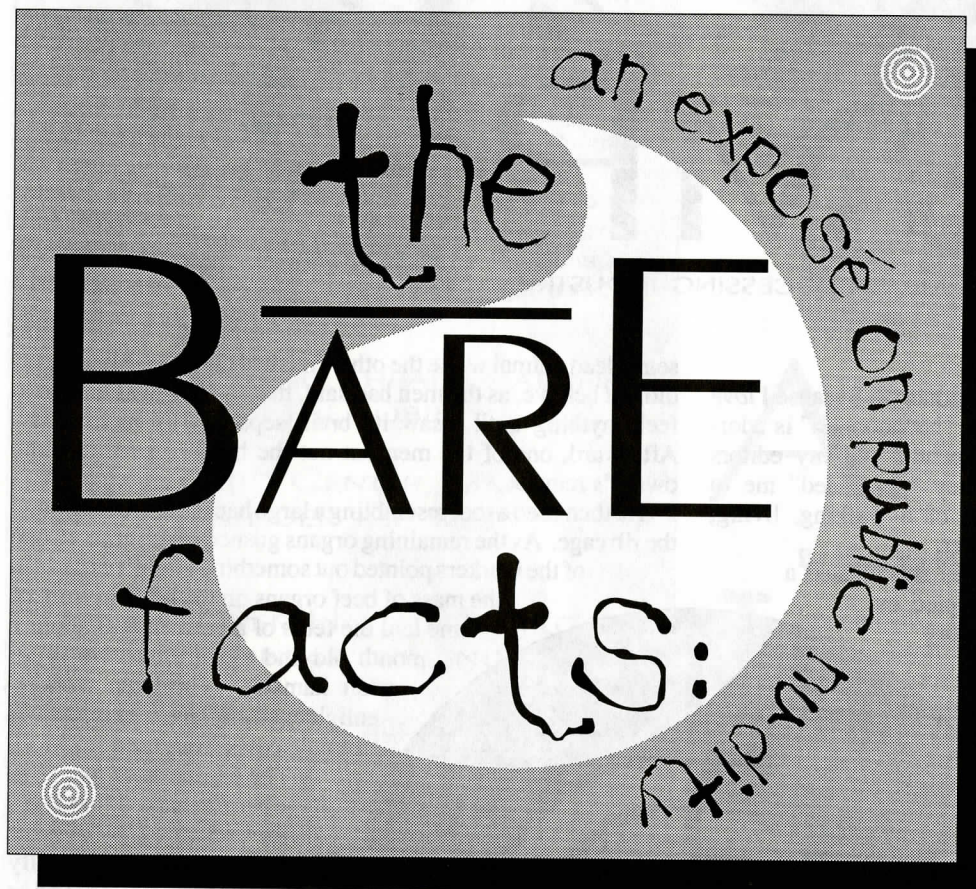
STAFF ASSIGNMENT

WE PICKED A
STAFFER, SLAPPED A
SPIRAL NOTEBOOK
IN HER HANDS
AND SENT HER
ON AN UNDERCOVER
ADVENTURE.



(continued on page 37)

Are you ready, Denison? The next time it snows, we'll meet on the academic quad and run in a huge parade across campus and through Granville—TOTALLY NUDE! Assemble at the flagpole at midnight, sans clothing. It'll be cold, but boy oh boy, won't it be a riot! Can you imagine this happening here at Denison?



public nudity, the University might get you under other policies. According to Associate Dean of Student Affairs Susan Norris-Berry, Denison officials could punish you for "behavior that may offend others" (*Handbook*, p. 21). Or they might charge you under an ambiguous umbrella rule that prohibits "conduct deemed unsuitable at Denison" (p. 24).

Of course, to convict someone under the former rule means attempting to determine exactly what it is that other people find offensive. That assumes that one body of people (namely, the Campus Judicial Board) can read the minds of the entire Denison community. Let's say we all signed a pact stating that we did not find public nudity offensive as long as no lewd behavior accompanies the display, then Denison could no longer charge an individual for nudity under this policy.

Unfortunately, the highly subjective rule that refers to "conduct unsuitable at Denison" is a little more difficult to sidestep. The rule is left purposely broad so that acts not covered by the rest of the printed rules might be covered by this ambiguous one. Of course, one could probably fight a charge made under this policy. After all, nakedness is the natural state of the body. What could be unsuitable about that at an institution of higher learning and supposed open-mindedness?

Interestingly, until recently Indiana was the only state in the U.S. to prohibit public nudity, but the Ohio Legislature recently passed a copycat version of Indiana's statute. Aimed primarily

at shutting down juice bars featuring nude go-go dancers, the new Ohio law prohibits public nudity—even what we might consider innocent displays.

Before this law was passed, one might have assumed that the city of Granville would have charged someone who exhibits his or her body with "public indecency," but this is not the case. According to Granville Chief of Police Steve Cartnal, "For an act to be considered 'public indecency,' it had to include sexual overtones." He adds, "If someone were to go to the corner of Main and Broadway and streak across in front of traffic, that could not be considered 'public indecency.' But the act could be cited as 'disorderly conduct' or as 'inducing panic,' if it were to create a real shock reaction."

To further illustrate his point, Cartnal explains, "Sometimes you've got the GranVilla letting out at one in the morning, and somebody just can't make it back to their car, so they stop off at a bush or tree." He says Granville police officers often give people citations for relieving themselves in such public areas. The problem is that many of those citations are issued under "public indecency." "We had to just drop those," says Cartnal, "because there was no sexual conduct involved. There have been some cases like that have gone through. It's improper, but the individual feels as if he's done something wrong, so he

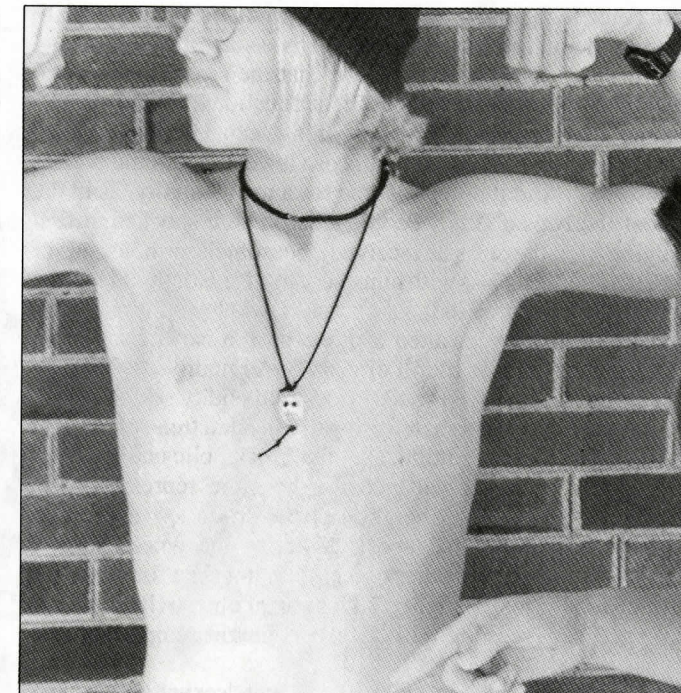
accepts the charge. If they'd have fought it, we'd probably have had to drop the charges." But the new law may change all that—at least in on public property.

On private property, anything goes. Nudist camps, for example, are not prohibited if the inmates take reasonable precautions to ensure their privacy, since their lack of clothing is not likely to offend those who live there.

So Denison, if we all decide to bare it together, maybe we can convince the administration we're a nudist camp and escape punishment (we'd just have to put up some high fences).

There are some types of public nudity, though, that may be openly tolerated by Denison. President Michele Myers says, "If students were to get together and streak, we would do nothing. Some things are just not worth pursuing. It doesn't hurt anybody."

Some behavior might be unacceptable, though. For example, says Myers, "If someone were to go out here completely nude in front of Slayter, we would probably send security in to cover them up and to say, 'Please don't do it again.'" According to her statement, an individual doing such a thing probably would not be fined or punished, but merely discouraged from repeating the action. Similarly, she adds, "I don't consider sunbathing topless, for women, obnoxious." She says that if a couple of female



Let's examine what might happen if we shed our J.Crew flannel boxers and threw our baseball caps to the wind.

students were to go out and sunbathe topless, as long as they were in a relatively inconspicuous area, they would probably not meet with any opposition. "I don't think we'd go out of our way to do anything," Myers said. "The more you ignore things like that, the more they keep from mushrooming into something big."

Some cases of nudity just draw more attention and more public response than others: The Naked Guy at Berkeley, for example, was dismissed from school because those involved judicially felt his nudity constituted sexual harassment. That charge could apply here as well if the administration was willing to stretch the policy.

Denison does have a section under sexual harassment that prohibits conduct that "has the purpose or effect of unreasonably interfering with the individual's performance or creating an intimidating, hostile or offensive University environment" (p. 21). Yet there is a problem with enforcing this policy. The policy states that sexual harassment is "any unwelcome sexual advance ... and/or verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature" (p. 21). So how has it come about in our society that any form of nudity is considered sexual?

Issues about the naked body being seen as a sexual object



Photo by Moncrief.

have come to the forefront recently in court. Many women are refuting the notion of the female breast as an object of sexual gratification. They are concerned that the sexual function of breasts has overpowered their natural functions, namely, lactating and breast-feeding. The only thing sexual about a woman baring her breasts is in the minds of viewers, not in the breasts themselves. And the same is true for a man's nudity, as in the case of the Naked Guy. People clearly were shocked at first (judging from the press he received), but somehow thousands of students attended class with him every day for months and found nothing deserving of judicial action. Berkeley administrators probably anxiously awaited a move on the part of a student because their policies didn't directly cover nudity.

The fact is American society does find nudity sexual. Dean of Students Scott Warren, referring to a general trend of thought during the sexual revolution, explains how public nudity at this time in our society could actually be more repressive than liberating. He says, "Liberation of the erotic ... can end up creating a situation that doesn't liberate the whole person. Instead, the person becomes objectified, not seen for who they are, but rather for their nudity." This sort of objectivity is almost always repressive, since the person becomes less important than his or her nudity.

Dean Warren also says he believes that "sexual politics and gender politics" play a strong part in considerations of public nudity today in America. He points to the fact that often in our society, "women are ... objects of the male gaze. Women walking around without clothing will be seen by men as sexual. Men can walk around naked without the same problem because of their power status.. Because of that political reality—that

gender reality—it's problematic."

President Myers agrees that our society has a difficult time seeing nudity as anything other than sexual. She says, "If everybody does it—if it becomes commonplace—then there may be no arousal. But when it's extraordinary, it's hard to believe there won't be some kind of sexual overlay."

It's unfortunate that we are conditioned to believe the human body is something to be covered and hidden away. Thank goodness somebody comes along occasionally to challenge our repressive conditioning. People all over the country seem to be progressing toward new ideas addressing the body and nakedness. But the change is slow, and that makes it difficult for people to step forward and challenge the system. Let's face it, most Denison women would feel self-conscious *bra-less*, much less topless.

College is the time to explore. Although I'm not encouraging anyone to go to class nude this year, I do hope we might all think a little more about how we view the naked human body. And if someone were to decide it was important to feel at one with the elements (or wanted to protest America's repressed sexuality), he or she could probably do so and build a strong case against any negative repercussions.

Perhaps the best way to go about this would be simply to start having little nudist gatherings in dorm rooms. You know, a couple of beers, a couple of smokes, a lot of skin. It'd be like the nudist camps: Anyone who'd show up there wouldn't be offended—it's a self-selecting group. As long as you kept the shades down and the lights low, probably no one would care.

Or maybe we could swing a coed naked dance party as the next big event on the third floor of Slayter. @

Village Flower Basket



Imaginative and creative floral design

FREE delivery to Denison!
Happy to work with Denison
fund-raising projects.

- *Fresh Flowers*
- *Small Gifts*
- *House Plants*
- *Silk & Dried Flowers*

**Wire Service
World Wide**

226 East Broadway, Granville
(1 block west of the Granville Inn)
587-3439

FRAMES

POEM BY JOSH ENDICOTT '96
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEX EMMONS '96



FRAMES ARE NEEDED
TO TELL YOU THIS SCENE
IS UNREAL, STAGED, A LIE.

THIS FRAME TELLS YOU
THESE PEOPLE ARE ACTORS,
FRIENDS, PERHAPS LOVERS.

BUT, YOU, THE ONE
IN THE BACK. YOU WHO
WERE RAPED BY YOUR BROTHER

OR YOUR FATHER OR PERHAPS
YOUR LOVER. WHERE DOES THE FRAME
END? WHERE MUST THE LINE BE DRAWN?

YOUR DREAMS ARE FRAMED
IN EXPERIENCE. THIS SCENE
IS COMMON, ALMOST FARFICAL.

THE MAN'S WHITE FACE,
LIKE A MOON OVER YOUR STOMACH,
RISING OVER YOUR DARK FOREBODING.

THE WOMAN'S FACE,
LIKE A SHRIVELED PEACH,
LIPS TIGHTLY PEELED AGAINST TEETH.

THESE IMAGES
WILL NOT BE GOOD ENOUGH
TO DISPEL YOUR DREAMS.

BUT,
BROTHER,
SISTER,
WHEN YOU ARE READY,
I AM HERE.

AND I KNOW YOUR STRENGTH
CANNOT BE LIMITED,
CANNOT BE SHOVED INSIDE OF
YOUR BATTERED, TORTURED
FRAME. @

By Dave Bussan
Assistant Professor of Cinema

I admit it, I once was the editor of *The Bullsheet*. Actually, Chris Casey '81 and I co-edited Denison's daily news-sheet during the spring and fall semesters of 1980. Our stewardship of the school's "forum for news and community opinion" came on the heels of the

Bull Session

WITH A FORMER EDITOR
ON DENISON'S SACRED COW

tenures of Ann Pollock '81 and founding editor Brad Bishop '79 during the spring and fall semesters of 1979. Before Chris and I took over the reins of the paper, we had worked as daily editors under Brad and Ann practically since *The Bullsheet's* first issue rolled off the press in February 1979.

The Bullsheet was Brad Bishop's brainchild. He began the daily paper in 1979 during the now-extinct January Term at the suggestion of an exchange student who came from a college with a similar publication. During the first year of the paper's existence I worked as a daily editor under Brad and then Ann as what Brad called a "news compiler." In those early years of *The Bullsheet*, the paper's front page was dedicated entirely to national and international news taken from WDUB's UPI ticker. As a daily editor, I was expected to make my way over to DUB, pick up the news and be in the DCGA Senate office, which doubled as *The Bullsheet* office, by 8:30 a.m. It was then my duty to sift through the news, type it up on an IBM Selectric typewriter and get the front page ready for printing. While I did this, another daily editor worked on the back page, consisting of campus letters and, if space permitted, announcements. After the front and back pages were "pasted-up," we cut a stencil of each and ran off copies using a Gestetner mimeograph machine. By 10:30 a.m. *The Bullsheet* was distributed in Slayter, Curtis

dining hall and Doane. This two-hour morning ritual was supervised by the editor-in-chief.

In looking back at the beginnings of *The Bullsheet*, it is interesting to note the reasons for its founding. In its present-day configuration, one might conclude that the 'Sheet, as some now call it, was established solely to foster campus dialogue on a variety of subjects. But Brad Bishop did not believe that creating a community forum for opinions was the only reason for establishing *The Bullsheet*.

He wanted Denison students to have easy access to national and world news. Keep in mind that this was 1979: There wasn't cable television in every dormitory room—and even if there had been, CNN had not yet debuted. TV news was on just a few times a day and mostly local in nature. Newspapers were not available on campus as easily as they are now. There were no boxes outside of Slayter selling *USA Today* because it did not yet exist. Brad thought *The Bullsheet* could fill Denison's news void; he believed it was important that Denison students have a sense of what was occurring in the world around them off "the hill."

In a sense, Brad was right when he called us news compilers. Sure, as a daily editor, and later as *The Bullsheet's* co-editor, I was responsible for deciding what news and which letters and announcements got printed, but during the first three years of the paper, the editors did little more than type and physically print the paper. By design, we kept a low profile. I'm

sure that most people on campus didn't even know who was responsible for publishing it. We saw our task as distributors rather than as makers of news and opinion.

Of course, times changed and so did *The Bullsheet*. From 1983-85, T.S. (Tom) Elliott '85 was editor and, though I was no longer at Denison, I sense that Tom did much to change the role of editor-in-chief. The first editor to include his name in the paper's masthead, he felt that editors should be held publicly accountable for what was and was not printed. Though Tom was much more of an editor than a "compiler," he was aware of the responsibilities inherent in his role. He stated the following in his guidelines to future *Bullsheet* editors: "Use Editor's notes sparingly. Only when pithy and genuinely funny or for clarification. No one likes a wise-guy."

Tom was the first editor to ask for submissions to *The Bullsheet* in the form of jokes, poems, favorite quotes, stories and drawings. In his first issue as editor he explained that such items would be used as "filler." He also began the practice of placing a famous quote on the front page. While by no means a regular feature during the Elliott years, I believe the first "overheard" can be traced back to Tom's fourth issue. On Sept. 2, 1983, a boxed item read, "'Hope you like vodka and fish eggs.' — Women to men in TV lounge after learning about the Soviet

attack on .077."

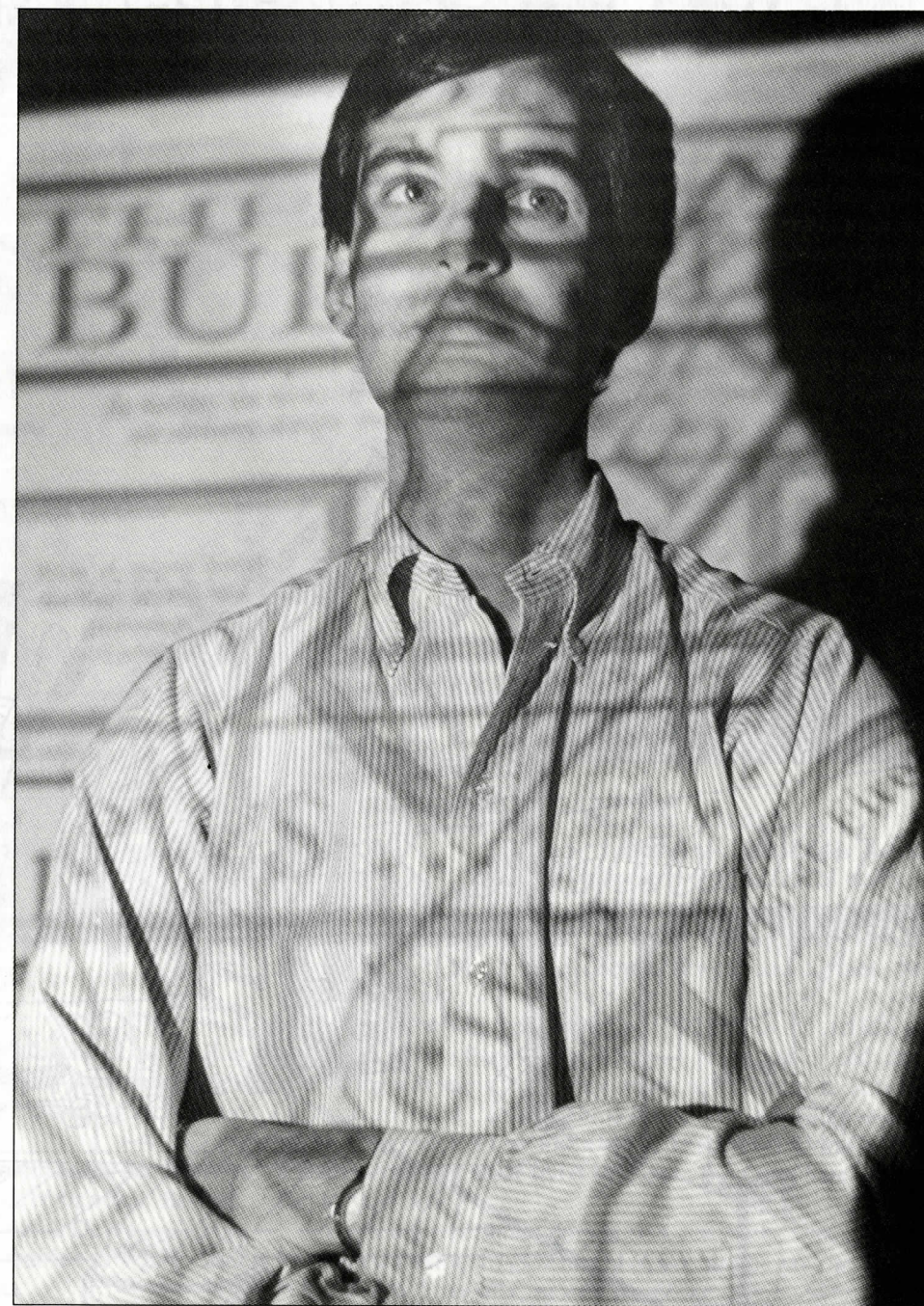
Not unlike Orson Welles' Charles Foster Kane, Tom Elliott was not above creating news. He printed many letters of his own under the pseudonym Bolivar Shagnaski, some of which were critical of Tom's own editorial skills. When not contributing to the paper under this alias, Tom wrote "fake letters," either as satire or to inspire controversy. One from the father of a prospective student explained how he suffered a coronary in Curtis dining hall caused by the malfunction of his pacemaker because of the microwave ovens in the building. Tom's satirical letter was taken seriously, and "microwave oven in use" signs were promptly placed in appropriate buildings on campus.

Certainly, Tom Elliott changed the path of *The Bullsheet*. What had begun as a forum for news and campus opinion under Brad Bishop was now a vehicle for an editor's voice. The paper continued to transform during the 1980s as true news stories became fewer and announcements proliferated. The back page was first called 'Opinions' then 'Commentary' and later 'Etc.' The masthead itself changed frequently. However, what has not changed over the years is *The Bullsheet's* capacity to allow for community dialogue.

In recent years there has been an on-going public debate concerning *The Bullsheet*. I have overheard and taken part in conversations in which *The Bullsheet's* editorial judgment was called into question. In looking over the past 13 years of the paper, I can't help but feel the adage "the more things change, the more they remain the same" somehow applies. From the beginning, one of Brad Bishop's great fears was that on any given day there would be no letters to print on the back page. Indeed, some issues have entirely blank back pages. Others have only announcements. Much to my own chagrin, I'm afraid that *The Bullsheet* never had a golden age. It would seem that all editors have begged for "reasonable dialogue" at one time or another. Letters have ranged from the crude and sophomoric to the insightful and clever. It may sound trite, but *The Bullsheet* is no better or worse than the submissions contributed to it.

The power of well-crafted satire should not be underestimated. Two of my favorite satirical letters printed in the early years of *The Bullsheet* were penned by Jeremiah McAuliffe '80. In response to perceived apathy by the student body, he suggested forming the Denison Terrorist Organization. The purpose of this school "club" would be to create controversy on

campus through the use of grenades and automatic weapons. Another of his submissions responded to a letter suggesting that campus-wide smoking be curtailed; Jeremiah called for the formation of the Denison Smokers Club. He thought the club could annually present a scholarship award to the Denison



Cinema's Dave Bussan, former *Bullsheet* editor. Photo by Graham.

smoker with the highest grade-point average.

Over the past thirty semesters *The Bullsheet* has managed to survive under the leadership of 18 different editors. Only when Denison students cease to have opinions will the paper lack a reason to publish. And, of course, the hope is that these opinions, when juxtaposed, will create "reasonable dialogue," leading to a better college for all of us. So take the "bull" by its horns, put ink to paper and let the campus know what you think. After all, it's almost a Denison tradition. @

THE NEW VICTORIA'S ANNEX, AS CONCEIVED BY THE F.W. OLIN SCIENCE HALL ARCHITECTS



By Aaron Webb '96

"It's here, it's here!" I screamed excitedly as I unfolded the tan letter with the words ROOMMATE ASSIGNMENT typed and centered on the page. I carelessly dropped the envelope as I frantically analyzed the name "Troy Archer" and wondered where exactly Caldwell, Ohio was located. My family stood around me just as

eager as I was, trying to decipher whether my roommate was black or white. Though the ratio of blacks to whites at Denison is disproportional at best, I was hopeful that fate would intervene and grant me a black roommate.

Being from Chattanooga, Tennessee, my geographic knowledge of Ohio was limited. Hurriedly, I thumbed through an atlas to see if I could find Caldwell. It took me quite a while, and when I finally did find it, it turned out to be a small, sparsely populated, rural, corn-growing, agricultural, hog-contest kind of town.

I decided to call him. I nervously picked up the telephone and with shaky fingers dialed the number. The phone rang three times until a voice *very properly* answered, "Hello?" My heart sank as I realized that the voice on the phone did not sound black. Remembering that a lot of my friends thought my mother was white by the way she answers the phone, I shrugged off the notion and asked to speak to a Troy Archer. She answered, "Troy is not here. He's working at the State Library today." (State Library! I thought. He *can't* be black! I mean, maybe a black guy might work at a regular library, but never a State Library!) After the conversation ended,

color BIND

FROM DIVERSITY ADVERSITY
TO RACIAL RAPPORT

the smile on their faces.

About two weeks later Aaron answered a letter I had written, and he sent me a picture, just as I had done. My supposition was correct; now I had to face the

By Troy Archer '96

"Guys, I think he's black," I said with ironic certainty after hanging up the phone. That was my first conversation with Aaron Webb, my roommate-to-be at Denison freshman year.

"How do you know?" my mom asked persistently. "I can just tell." I knew from the sound of his voice. Besides, his full name as typed on the letter was Aaron DeWayne Webb. The only other DeWayne I knew was married to Whitley and followed Bill Cosby on Thursday nights.

How dare I be so quick to stereotype? But can you blame me? I came from an Ohio town of 2,000 with *no* black residents. Despite my sheltered background, I was determined to be open-minded.

I spent the rest of the summer wondering what it would be like to have a black roommate. I kept convincing myself it would be cool.

"So have you talked to your roommate yet?" my high school friends would ask.

"Yeah, he's from Chattanooga, Tennessee—and I think he's black." This statement usually brought a blank stare, replacing

proverbial music.

Before I knew it, the summer of 1992 was over, and it was time to do the college thing. Daily, I reassured myself that everything was going to be fine with my new roommate and me.

Upon arrival at Camp Denidoo I became a little more apprehensive. In fact, it hit me like a brick. I had never formally met a black person, let alone lived with one. But I was here now: I had to "just do it."

Everything was hunky-dory at first—at least for me it was. I'm somewhat shy, so I gave him his space, and he gave my mine. We conversed casually, mostly about our home towns while looking at each other's yearbooks. I kept wondering how I could compare Caldwell, Ohio, population 2,000, Appalachia, USA, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, a city with ten times the population of Caldwell and its *own song* (the one about that Choo-Choo). The only similarity? Caldwell and Chattanooga each shared the Golden Arches of Mickey D's—our first and only McDonald's opened a month before I left for Denison.

After about a week, I experienced my first culture shock—at Denison of all places. It had been a long day, so I looked forward to retreating to the peaceful confines of my dorm room. Trudg-

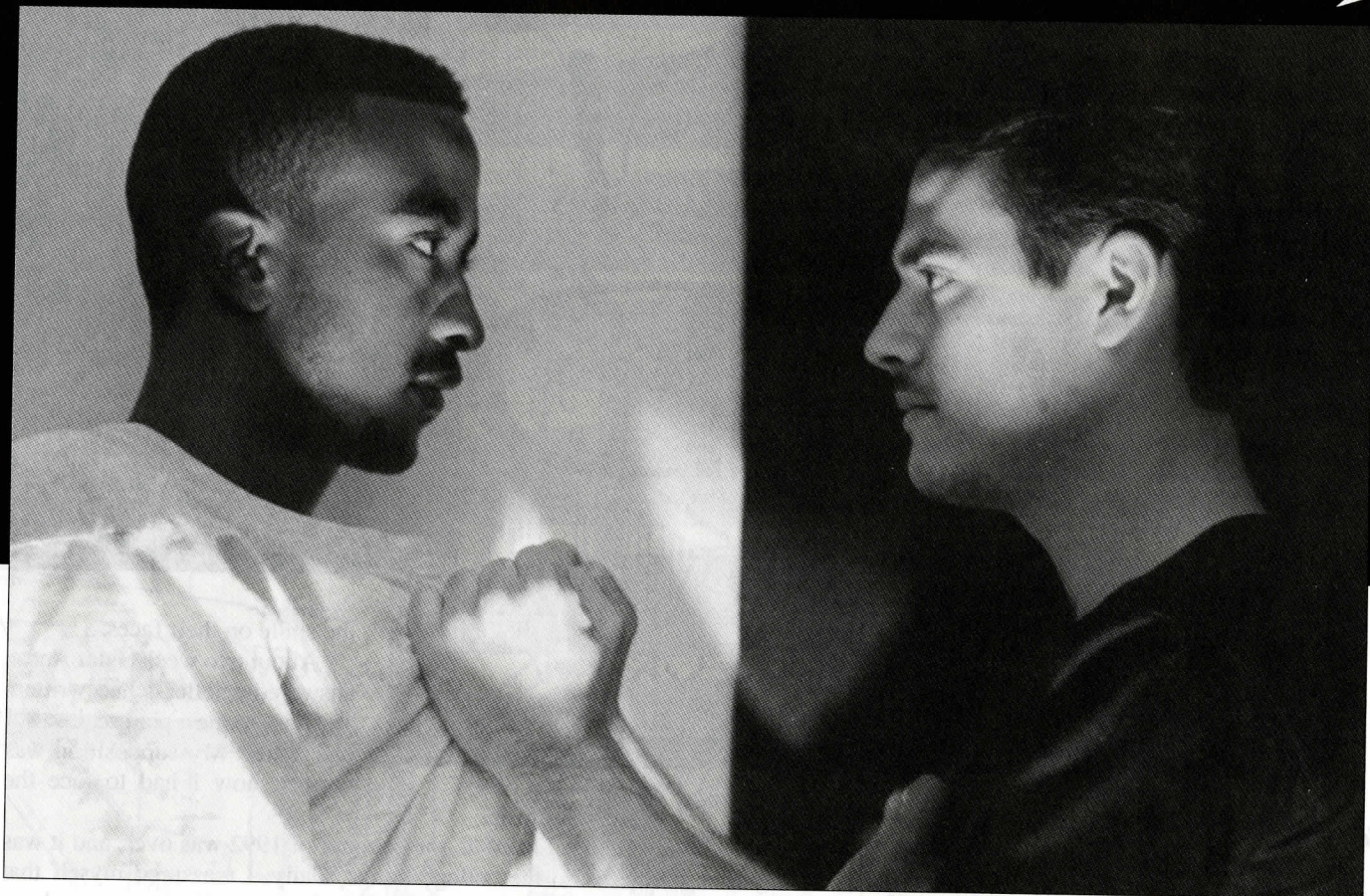
I hung up the phone discouraged, climbed the stairs to my room and flopped down on my bed. Later that week, I received a letter from Troy with a picture enclosed. My suspicions were correct: My roommate was white.

In his letter Troy informed me that the total population of Caldwell was at about 2,000—my high school had an enrollment equal to the size of his whole town! I wasn't really worried about being comfortable around him since my high school was 98 percent white, but I had the notion that my roommate would be some white guy who would be close-minded and racist because of the sheltered environment in which he was raised.

On the day we arrived, I made it a point to talk to this guy to

see what his general attitude was toward me. (I wanted to determine whether or not it would be safe for me to fall asleep in his presence—I figured I had better find out well before nightfall!) I wasn't sure what subjects I would talk to him about to break the ice. I practiced: "That George Bush is really something great, huh?" and "Dude! Wanna toss a Frisbee?"

After our first couple of freshman roommate conversations, I felt pretty assured that Troy was not going to call in the Klan to escort me to a ceremony where I would be the guest of honor (and I'm sure he felt comforted in thinking that I was not going to pull out an Uzi and spray down all the white people on the



Aaron Webb and Troy Archer. Photo by Graham.

ing down the hallway, I heard some R&B blaring from my room.

"Oh, that's all right," I thought. Aaron's got the radio on, I can live with that. Besides, this country boy happens to like R&B.

I opened the door and WHOOP—there it was! Aaron and about a half dozen of his black friends watched a video, jammin' to Queen Latifah. After managing a meager "Hi guys," I promptly did a 180 and headed for the room next door.

Later that day Aaron told me that he taped the video off BET. (What was BET? Some sort of Las Vegas home-gambling network?) Aaron introduced me to it on channel 34 (check it out). Remember, I'm an Appalachian boy who got all of about 10 TV stations at home via an antenna on my roof.

Pretending to be "ideal" roommates, we continued to give each other space, and we hung out with our own groups of friends, each according to our own color. Aaron and I slowly got

I soon found
myself saying
things like
"Fa Real?"

quad). Pretty soon, in fact, we began to share personal thoughts and concerns with one another even though we led our own separate and individual lives at Denison.

One night I was up organizing a Black Studies presentation with my classmate and close friend, Rashida. The subject matter was interracial relationships, and, as usual, my ideas on the matter came into direct opposition with Rashida's. Frustrated, we needed a third party to intervene to settle a dispute. Playfully, but strongly arguing with Rashida, I turned my attention to Troy and blurted, "Troy, do you think it is more accepted within society for a white woman to date a black guy, or for a white guy to date a black woman?" Little did I know that the question I had just asked would lead the three of us into a four-hour conversation about black-white interaction on the local and national level. Within those four hours I learned a great deal about things I previously only had speculated upon, and I later found that my roommate felt the same way. That night proved to be the turning point in my relationship with Troy.

Since then, we have discussed many sensitive and personal issues. We learned so much about each other's race and culture that we decided to room together again this year to further our racial education. (In addition, Troy is one of the few guys I know who doesn't snore!) Troy has invited me to go home with him on numerous occasions, but I ultimately decided against the idea because I feared Caldwell may not be as open-minded as my roommate. But there comes a time when a person has to be willing to take a risk and try something new. So Troy, the next time you go home, I'll be with you! @

to know one other, but we didn't discuss our "unique" rooming situation until the night with Rashida that Aaron mentioned in his article: They discussed interracial relationships, and they wanted my input.

After that, things loosened up. We would take turns listening to my Brooks & Dunn, Travis Tritt and Garth Brooks and to his Babyface, Take Six and Boyz II Men (actually that one is mine). Soon I found myself saying things like "Fa Real?" and calling Aaron's friends "G," the equivalent of the Denison "dude." Later I noticed Aaron saying one of my catch phrases: "Catch ya later man."

We started eating together in Saga, breaking that invisible barrier that everyone says seems to exist. I got to know the real Aaron, and he got to know the real me.

True, we've put up with our share of each other's crap, like when Aaron and six other guys would come into our room at all hours while he pledged Alpha Phi Alpha, or when I would insist on typing my papers at four in the morning at my desk. When it came right down to it though, we really did get along. So when it came time to pick a roommate for my sophomore year, I had to look no further than the top bunk. As it turned out, Aaron felt the same way (except, of course, he had to look in the *bottom* bunk).

Rooming with Aaron has been more than just a roommate experience or a college experience. For me it has been a window into another part of American culture. I have learned that being color blind is not just a trite expression—it's a *possibility*. And in between all that learning, we've had a lot of fun. I leave you with one more expression I've learned from my roommate: "PEACE OUT!" @

Lynne Windley Antiques

Affordable
antique jewelry
and
decorative
items



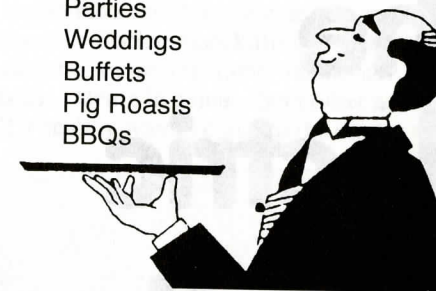
226 East Broadway • 614/587-3242
(1 block west of the Granville Inn)

Professional Chef's Catering at

The Diner

A Full-Service Restaurant
and Caterer

Parties
Weddings
Buffets
Pig Roasts
BBQs



Banquet Rooms Available
1875 Cherry Valley Road
522-3300
Chef/Owner Jay R. Estep

Discover The Ultimate In Contemporary Hair Styling

at



522-8570

832 S. 30th St. Heath Plaza



"Our Sun Always Shines"

The Electric Beach

349 West Church Street
Newark, Ohio
345-2910

A Taste of Italy

award-winning
fettucini
alfredo

neighborhood restaurant & bar

606 W. Church Street, Newark
344-1121

Must be 21 and have I.D.

Phone Sex: from page 23

Who the hell says davenport anymore?!

JB: When you're faking an orgasm, separated from your co-workers by a two-inch divider, didn't you get self-conscious?

L: You get over it really quickly. It's pretty funny: If someone were taking a tour of the office they'd just hear all of these fake orgasms! There was just no shame. There were some girls who I just really hated to hear come—this one sounded like a fucking baboon. I would feel sick. Sometimes we would have another girl hook up on the line (she could be in an entirely different room); I found that the majority of guys really like two-girl fantasies. So we'd pretend that we were screwing each other, basically. And we'd make noises with our fingers, pretending we were eating each other out, making noise with our hands imitating wet sounds.

JB: After you and this coworker perform this fantasy, what do you talk about during your break at the water cooler?

L: We talk about *it*. Like, 'He was so weird. [In desperation] I wish he would have *talked*.' And some of the time we're just cracking our heads up afterwards. It's pretty funny work if you can get it.

JB: Do you have a boyfriend?

L: Yeah.

JB: Were your dating him when you were doing this?

L: Um, kind of. It's a long story. [She laughs.]

JB: It'll just be between you, me and Ma Bell.

L: OK, the secret's out. I met the guy I'm dating now through phone sex. We started talking in January of 1992—this will be our second year of knowing one another. We just had a great time talking. He's just like my best friend in the entire world. He's very special to me. I think because we met in such an odd way [click, click]—oh, shucks!

JB: Is that your Call Waiting?

L: Yeah. Hold on a minute. [I wait.] Sorry. I'm back. He's older than me by about seven years—an accountant. He lives on the West Coast.

JB: How often do you see him?

L: Only every couple of months. He flies in. We've talked about doing the Big Thing, but I don't think I'm ready. It's the longest relationship I've had with another person in my life—and the best one I've had, too. More than likely, I'll end up marrying him. Watch, we'll be on *Oprah* in the year 2030 [mimicking an old lady's voice], 'Well Oprah, we met during phone sex.' @

Special Thanks to: John Berry, Mark Bryan, Mary Ann Draa, Josh Endicott, Dan Ewen, Adrienne Fair, Oyauma Garrison, James Herman, Ellen Kraft, Tom McKee, Michele Myers, Jon Paulson, Slayter Programs, Tricia Ruess, Kathy Swank, Lorraine Wales, George Williamson. No thanks to the Office of Public Affairs—they get in trouble every time.

The opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of Denison University, of our writers, of our editors or of those overly enthusiastic lip-sincing kids on *Barney*.

Questions? Comments? Write to *MoYO Magazine*, Denison University, Slayter Box 816, Granville, Ohio 43023. Or call 614/587-9232. Or e-mail to "MOYO@cc.Denison.edu." Or send a carrier pigeon.

Cow Killing: from page 25

Once they stopped the truck, the cow began to moo and jerk a little, but its swan song halted with a slit of its throat. The slicing of the body took place as the one before.

Finally it was time for the last kill of the day: an emergency call. A cow had broken its leg in the morning, and the owner phoned this particular business to have it slaughtered as soon as possible. We drove down a gravel road toward the field of cattle; the driver soon spotted the injured cow hobbling toward the others. Again, he jumped out of the truck to "do in the beef." The cow was relieving himself—the proverbial bovine last cigarette—when: BANG! THUMP. The cow fell to the earth in a puddle of urine, and the slaughtering process continued.

Alas, it was the end of the day for me, and I had witnessed the killing of three cows. I was surprised at how well I had handled all of this, being neither ill nor repulsed. In fact, I now feel that if my survival had depended on killing my own meat, then I could have pulled the trigger on any one of those cows, even though I adore cows dearly.

This particular business claims their method of killing cows is one of the most humane ways possible. At first, I wondered if there was really a kind way to take the life of an animal, but they explained their reasoning. Some methods used to kill animals in mass quantities include smashing cows' heads with hammers, herding them into carbon dioxide chambers and even stunning them with an electric shock by touching a metal prod to their heads. Sometimes when these methods are used, a few animals may not completely be dead when the butchering process begins, and they may feel pain. However, this company's workers shoot the animals in the brain where sensory nerves are located, and its feeling of pain is supposedly rendered senseless almost immediately.

The type of butchering I witnessed is not the process by which food arrives on the tables of most Americans. This business killed one cow at a time for one customer at a time. The meat we buy at the grocery store is usually the product of mass production. I only saw three cows die, and by means that I find acceptable, but I wonder how my views might be different if I had seen three hundred cows die by less humane methods. I might be appalled by the process and come to understand why some people don't eat meat.

Meat does not come from the supermarket or from some USDA-approved meat fairy. Most people have never even seen where meat comes from. They know that one minute there's a cow in a field, and the next there's a T-bone on the grill, but they don't understand this transformation—or they choose not to think about it. Society sees killing as dirty, immoral and cruel, so we distance ourselves, rather than confronting or accepting the process. Being in denial about other animals dying to feed us isn't a healthy way to come to the dinner table. @

A STUDENT PUBLICATION OF
DENISON
UNIVERSITY



