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**Are You a Snob?**

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.

---

**A MÖYO SELF-IMPROVEMENT QUIZ**

**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?"

---

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By James Herman '93

River Phoenix was one of America's most talented young actors. Hisidend 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 snatched him an Academy Award nomination. Comic cameos and other dramatic stints 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.

JH: It seems very different from Gus Van Sant's last film, My Own Private Idaho?
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. 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: 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 thing. 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 anymore.

JH: The Mosquito Coast and Running on Empty seem so abusive in this industrial age. It took away our fathers, I think.

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: 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, 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 thought I was 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.

JH: The whole thing 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.

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: Especially in Los Angeles.
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 what we were 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 just us. 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. JH: You’re not the selfish bastard who went into Kuwait— RP:独立研究。使用公共图书馆。努力工作，独立研究，和朋友聚在一起。^ ^

I want 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.

RP: [spoofing a new-age dude] my own religion. 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 to fight off things that are independent. All this 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. [Paritcular religions] are a bastard 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: People aren’t religious? RP: Oh, I absolutely have 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 something that is independent. I don’t know that you keep your brand-name soul, but definitely it goes somewhere. The fear of souls [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: 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 666, and numbers and people who sit on 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 control of the entire world. That’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: What 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 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 have all 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 hoplessly, 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. In fact, 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, ‘minicking a yuppie’ is this wrong? Should we have 10 cars per family.

JH: Yeah, it should be ‘the more, the better’.

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: God is never wrong. He’s the only one. RP: And kill your own people for the American Constitution is always behind America.

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: Can you really be proud to say you’re an American? 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 tomorrow. You know what I’m saying? And we’re left with this—this junk is in ours. We should claim it back. We should stand next to the gorilla and the python and the great blue heron. ‘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 get this thing back, this high self-esteem, all of us, because the more you know, the more you have to do to help 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, where we 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 also I don’t believe that Man has any place to present with arrogance: ‘I can change the world, the whole world. The world takes care of itself. We will all die, we will all die, and everything, and the world will still be the same. It’ll just be lessful. JH: We’re the ones who have to change.

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

James Herman ‘93 is an associate editor at ELLE magazine.
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ZIT COVER-UP

WRONG PARKING STICKER

A CLASS ABSENCE

EMBARRASSING STATISTICS

PROBLEMS ON THE ROW

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Colby    60%
Oral Roberts 100%
By S. Fischesser '97

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 naive cracker, a black orientation. Imagine it, black people arrived on campus two days before you did. Incredible, isn’t it?

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 had left the packet the students received at the office. It was the same flyer we all hear about, only in writing: “Being An Active Learner” and “Choosing Study Partners.” I 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 shouldn’t 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 freshmen 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; I held 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 freshmen—that the program made it seem like “white people are out to get you here.” So I discreetly 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.”
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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 subjected to religious evil, 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 God-fearing-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 inception 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. There 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 the 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. Williamion 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, he believes much of it has happened.

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

The Wrong Side
Religious evil is always occurring, 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 defy 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 movement has been met and checked at every step by more powerful anti-gay, straightest religion. By the 1990’s, only three major mainline 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 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 that 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 interpreters 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 genitalia. The Bible dictates that if a woman touches a man’s genitals, her hand is to be cut off. The Bible condemns 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 ideological conflict is misinterpretation. All too often a person with a preconceived agenda will consult the Bible looking for the truth, but for a validation of what that person already believes. In this way, one can misinterpret the Bible to a predetermined ideology. Some slave owners used the Bible to justify and sanction slavery (while others found slavery punished as illegal in the Law of God); some racists used the Bible to promote segregation and...
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 an 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.

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 baffled by what seemed to be two of the longest and lankiest arms in the world. His humongous face in his bosom, and only when released from the dress code did I get a proper look at the man to whom both energetic approval 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 families, 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 has always 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, he didn’t notice that he’d been treated unjustly. He recalls being taken back, though, when a black student participating in a sit-in explained on television that his protest against being denied a seat at the Woolworth’s lunch counter—where he was arrested by the local authorities—the black and white students were called 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 professor at Vassar College. His tenure there, he says now, was “redesigning 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 playing. This is the children who 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. Woodyard believes that “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 Church aspires to exist in a certain tension with the society, rather than attempting to become an embodiment of the popular values of the day.

It is the purpose of the church, says Woodyard, to side with those who are the outcast, the oppressed and the poor. All too often, mainstream religion sides with the privileged and the less fortunate. 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. And it is usually they who the church speaks to, rather than attempting to become an embodiment of the popular values of the day.

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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

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

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.

—Meredith Simmons ‘95

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.

—Verneil 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 Saqib Faruqui ‘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

Now, I 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 Dobos ‘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

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

Now, 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 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 Bessin ‘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 Ohio Science Building.

—Ryan Dobkins ‘95

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

—Jennifer Seeds ‘94

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 ‘97

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 Rickes ‘94

I used to think The Bullsheet was a forum for stimulating campus discussion, but now I realize what a cockeyed opinion I’ve been given. 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 ‘94

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 those who feel silenced by the Denison community. I do not think it should not be used as a tool to express the unwanted views of the editors.

—Verneil 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 Vadsirsitack ‘96

Turkey vulture excrement atop Swasey Chapel. Photo By Emmons.
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 resume, ahem, reads "telemarketing representative"). A candidate for an MFA in creative writing, she puts 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 Ings and Hustler to entice potential clients from around the world. Callers paid in advance by credit card or money order for their services—a $25 minimum (with a 10-minute minimum and a 60-minute maximum).

Her boss recently fired her entire shift because he suspected they weren't making enough money. While a prostitute sells her body, I'm just sitting there on a fucking truck driver's phone....

JB: What is Lolita like?
L: She's 5'6" with blue eyes and blond hair down to her waist. She's 23 years old, and she drives a Miata.

L: Actually ... no. [she laughs hysterically]. Just little things, that's all is.
L: Oh, absolutely! Absolutely [she laughs]. That is very appealing. I wouldn't want to be with the same man, day in and day out...
JB: Is there such a thing as a stock fantasy?

L: Yeah. That was pretty fun. The women would totally take over, and the husbands would watch 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 melted 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 them out, and then you’d say, “Now you have to eat it you little piggy.”

JB: That’s gross!

L: Isn’t it? Then I’d say, “Now put the Snickers up your ass.”

JB: Most men don’t do that.

L: OK, that’s why I said, “Little piggy.”

JB: Do you think that’s a big turn-on?

L: I don’t know about the men, but I always thought it was 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 fantasy—and that was a great way to get in your sex and your shoes.

JB: And the husbands would watch as well?

L: Absolutely. In your mind you can be whoever you want. The women didn’t have to tell 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 feel like you can really understand 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: How do you view men differently now?

L: I’ve learned you can’t judge a book by its cover. Someone might give you an outward 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 soloed.” 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 you might take eight or ten calls, probably like five or six of those guys would have a home-made fantasy. You know, in their fantasy life they can live out a lot of things they can’t live out in their real 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 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 an OK fantasy or a commanding fantasy?

L: You can be both, and that’s why I think it’s a lot more fun, because you can really turn guys on to the point that they’d do anything you say. It’s like a make-believe world.

L: There’s this one girl whose character is 5’4” and blond with this natural little high pitched voice like this [imitating]. She works the line with this, “I’m a little high pitched voice doing this, and I’ll be like, ‘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: Do you view 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 one girl whose character is 5’4” and blond with this little high pitched voice doing this, and she was like this 450-pound black woman. People just sat around, ate dinner, read books. We did our fingernails and did our homework. It was kind of a repetitive job. But we all got very good at working together. In the heat of the moment she’d say to her caller, “Now lie back on the davenport.” And we’d all be lying back on the davenport, and the orgies would be going on everywhere. And we’d all be laughing. Well, actually, I just made that up. It’s actually more like, “Now lie back on the davenport. ’Cause you’ve been trying to get a fantasy, and 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.”

(continued on page 37)
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 co-oped 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 by the rehearsal room

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

Sources: Dension Telephone Services

I am 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, fuddled and spent their way through those 30 years to sit back, flashbacks and gloat.

What that leaves for me is a managerial position at Taco Bell, a job that I接触 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.”

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 head falling hard to the ground. A small trickle of blood flowed 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. Two employees and observe them slaughtering a cow, or as they say in the business, “to do a beef.”

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The Wall has fallen, the evil empire crumbled and Beavis and Butthead 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.

(continued on page 37)
Believe it or not, they do it at Princeton. It’s called the “Nude Olympics,” and the sophomores have been doing it for years. Last year 400 students ran through the streets in the buff (well, some wore hats and tennies), and 100 of them ran through the center of town. Or recall the “Naked Guy” at the University of California at Berkeley last year. For the entire fall semester this student walked around campus and attended all of his classes in only his sandals. His apparent reason was to protest social repression in America.

Let’s imagine what might happen here at Denison if we shed our J.Crew flannel boxers and throw our baseball caps to the wind. If you happen to have your Denison University Student Handbook with you, get it out. Now before you go searching frantically for the rule that bans public nudity on campus, let me save you the trouble: There isn’t one. In fact, there doesn’t seem to be any written rule anywhere in campus law that directly prohibits public display of the body.

Well, there’s your challenge right there. There’s no written rule against it, so what’s keeping you from running out on the quad right now and stripping down? The cold is no excuse.

But wait. Before you get back to nature, there is something you should know. While there’s no specific written rule against 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 students, 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 exhibited 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 would 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 bus stop or tree.” He says Granville police officers often give people citations for relieving themselves in such public areas. 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, obscene.” She says that if a couple of female 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...
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.
By 10:30 a.m. each and ran off copies using a Gestetner mimeograph machine. Campus letters and, if space permitted, announcements. After this, another daily editor worked on the back page, consisting of typewriter and get the front page ready for printing. While I did double as The Bullsheet national and international news taken from WDUB's UPI ticker. What Brad called a "news compiler." In those early years of suggestion of an exchange student who came from a college with a daily paper in 1979 during the now-extinct January Term at the campus. The Bullsheet. Assistant Professor of Cinema. By Dave Bussan. Published in The Bullsheet. I'm afraid to 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 the paper under this alias, Tom wrote the paper under this alias, Tom wrote an on-going public debate concerning the 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, posted in 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. 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...
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 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 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 Denison 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. Trudge...
I hung up the phone discouraged, climbed the stairs to my room, and flipped 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 was 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 he 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 should talk to him about to break the ice. I practiced: “That George Bush is really something great, huh?” and “Did you know that I’m from West Virginia?”

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

One night I was up organizing a Black Studies presentation with my classroommate and close friend, Rashida. The subject of our discussion 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. Troy, as always, argued with Rashida. I turned my attention to Troy and said, “Troy, you think it is more acceptable 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 as 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!
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PB: I know, kind of. It's a long story. [She laughs.]
JB: If I'll just be between you, me and Ma Bell. I: OK, the secret's out. I met the guy I'm dating now through my roommate. Her boyfriend is an accountant. 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, clack]—oh, shucks!

L: Is that your Call Waiting?
JB: 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.

L: How often do you see him?
JB: 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 ever 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.'

A STUDENT PUBLICATION OF DEANSON UNIVERSITY

Onto the body took place as the one before.

1. Little, but its spin-lengthed with a sill of its throat. The slicing of the body took place as the one before.

2. 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 had relieved 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.

3. Alas, it was the end of the day for me, and I 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.

4. 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.

5. 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 by less humane methods. 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.

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The opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of Denison University, of our writers, of our editors or of those overy enthusiastic tip-up-sting kids on Barney.

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College is full of difficult decisions.