MOYO
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Mind of Your Own

SEX

DRUGS

VIOLENCE
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Pringles. The sound of the vacuum-sealed tube is a lullaby to a hungry man’s ears. Sure, you could buy Pringles in the Double Stack box — two foil bags, shrink-wrapped around a stack of chips. Maybe you’d even save some money. I mean, $2.39 is a good price for America’s Chip, as I like to call them. However, anyone worth their weight in fertilizer would buy the tube. Hell, it doubles for a tennis ball container. Plus, in the tube the broken chips are always at the bottom, while in the Double Stacks they’re right there at the top, greeting you like a shattered dream. I buy the tube. Original recipe, although the Right Crisps are one of the only “lite” success stories in our nation’s history. Pringles are something you can count on. Every chip the same shape and, like my mom says, you’ll never see that weird green stuff found on some regular chips at the edge of a Pringle. Pop a Pringles and you’re guaranteed the salty, bad-taste-in-your-mouth kind of love that means so much.

So America is the home of Pringles, and just a few hundred miles to our north another country is being born. Quebec, so long for all that’s American. Except Pringles (although by 1995, Pringles manifest destiny has spread their taste-in-your-mouth kind of love to Canada) you are merely a child of Canada, is finally coming into its own. Don’t get me wrong. Canada is a great country, and I hate to see such a valuable part of it break away. But these things happen, in the world political scene and elsewhere. There’s a time in everything’s life when it has to break away, from its own government and invent its own Pringles.

Let’s take the early days of the Mafia, for instance. The following “facts” are “facts” only in the most lazy, twenty-year-old-who-watches-too-many-movies sense of the word. They are fact according to that great historical film starring Christian Slater, Patrick Dempsey and Richard Greco (in the days before his career was on the back of a milk carton) Mobsters and another gangland film called Bugsy starring Warren Beatty and Annette Benning. Now, Bugsy Seagal portrayed by Greco and Beatty, respectively was part of that infamous Luciano gang of New York City. Bugsy, despite his unfortunate nickname, did quite well for himself — not only a successful bootlegger, but also quite a hit with the ladies. He could have stayed with Lucky Luciano indefinitely, but no. His dreams of Hollywood led him out west. Like so many pre-Pringles Americans, he journeyed westward to find fame and fortune. Are you feeling bad for America’s Chip, that yummy tube, that is? America is the home of Pringles. America pops a Pringles.

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American is the land of my birth. This is very exciting, seeing as how America is the home of Pringles. America pops a Pringles.

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So America is the home of Pringles, and just a few hundred miles to our north another country is being born. Quebec, so long for all that’s American. Except Pringles (although by 1995, Pringles manifest destiny has spread their reign to even that mecca of neon and sequins.) I think, in the end, Bugsy died broke and a failure (I never could get all the way through that Bugsy movie,) but the point is he followed his dream. Actually, the point was supposed to be he broke away from Luciano to be a success, but that just didn’t work out.

Regardless, I say this to Quebec: Break away. Go and follow your dreams away from Canada. Of course, this is all very metaphorical since you are merely a geographical area and can’t “go” anywhere. Sure, Quebec, may fail and never taste the Pringle of Los Vegas. So, going against the advice of everyone, Bugsy built a hotel in Los Vegas. He wanted to make a haven for all that’s American. Except Pringles (although by 1995, Pringles manifest destiny has spread their reign to even that mecca of neon and sequins.) I think, in the end, Bugsy died broke and a failure (I never could get all the way through that Bugsy movie,) but the point is he followed his dream. Actually, the point was supposed to be he broke away from Luciano to be a success, but that just didn’t work out.

Regardless, I say this to Quebec: Break away. Go and follow your dreams away from Canada. Of course, this is all very metaphorical since you are merely a geographical area and can’t “go” anywhere. Sure, Quebec, may fail and never taste the Pringle of Los Vegas, but you will have tried. To have failed trying is better than to have failed not trying ... or something.
James: So why don't you just show up at 6 or so.

James: You should probably bring a dress or some-

Our Hero: Ahh... Umm...

Our Hero: Oh, great. Yeah, I'm really looking forward

Caller: Dan, this is James. They said it would be fine.

Our Hero: Hello?

Ironically enough, I did.

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My contact, James Smith, laughed right along

Queens dressed me all up. Kind of an inside look. Ha

ha ha.” My contact, James Smith, laughed right along

commented, “It would really be great if the Drag

form at Outlook’s annual Drag Show. For some rea-

reason, be it journalistic instinct or damn foolishness, I

odd remembering that night, not so many weeks ago,

movie about Ed Wood. Still, I can’t help but feel a bit

odd remembering that night, not so many weeks ago,

back hair. With that thought, I entered

The dressing room was filled with costumes.

(The phone rings)

Dan: Drag is coming into the mainstream these days ...

Ashley: Being gay itself to becoming much more of

an everyday lifestyle. You’re not just queer or a fag,

you’re a regular person ... It’s not just a couple people.

They’re doctors, lawyers, they’re everywhere. People would just be amazed how

many there are if they’d all just come out. We’re everywhere. I mean a lot of people live
double lives. They have families or heterosexual lives and live homosexual lives on the side, thank god.

Is drag an exclusively homosexual thing?

There are straight men out there who do it as a

kind of a turn-on thing, but I can’t see it. A couple of

years ago I used to go and do a straight man up in
drag and he’d just sit in the house and feel it. His

wife didn’t mind. Of course he didn’t go anywhere in

it either. There’s a lot of different types of people in

this world. People really have no inkling of how many
types of people exist. I’m from a really small town in

the south and when I moved up here, I had no idea.

Is being in drag some kind of release because of that

town upbringing?

For me, it’s an art form. A lot of my friends are

transis, or transsexuals, and have breasts and have

all this work done on their face. I have no desire to
do that. I like being a boy. When it’s over I let my

mustache grow. A lot of people say that when they’re in

costume, they feel like a woman. I have never felt

like a woman. I just feel like I’m dressed up doing a

performance.

So it’s just something you do on stage ...

No, there are times I’ll go out to straight bars in
drag. I mean, I have a fabulous time. But I don’t try
to hide the fact that I’m a boy. Men’ll come up to me

and say, “You’re a very pretty woman,” and I’ll go,
“Thank you, but I’m a boy.” I’m not ashamed of being

a boy, and you have to be up front ‘cause you can get

yourselves into really bad situations if you aren’t up front; if you try to fool someone.

At first I was silent. Although the shorter man,

who had introduced himself as Ashley, made me feel

very comfortable, I was still somewhat in shock. I

kept asking myself, This guy, this frat-guy, is a drag

queen? My question received an unqualified answer

when he introduced himself as Rhoda ... Rhoda Horse.

While they were beginning to put on their make-

up. I started the interview and, at first, it went slowly.

I stuttered and stammered my way through the first

few questions. They were nothing important, noth-
ing prying, nothing interesting. How did you get

started? Do you have another job? They were things

like that. Eventually, I settled down. As the two men

transformed before my eyes into women, conversa-
tion began to flow more readily.

The Interview Transcript

Dan: Drag is coming into the mainstream these days ...

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a boy, and you have to be up front ‘cause you can get

yourselves into really bad situations if you aren’t up front; if you try to fool someone.
I think it's very funny and it's fun to watch. But no three men (Patrick Swayze, Wesley Snipes and John Leguizamo) looking like that could go on a cross-country tour looking like women. And to even get out of the car in those towns? Please, you'd be in all kinds of shit before you even got there. Of course it's fun to watch; I mean I loved it. But I think Patrick Swayze is just... ohhh. (groan of ecstasy)

Well, yeah, ahh...

When he had his face painted, I was just like, "Oh no, look out." But I think it says a lot for actors like those to take these parts. It says a lot for breaking down the barriers. We have broken down many barriers in the last several years, but then again I thought that we did years ago but then the AIDS thing happened. And, of course, gays were being blamed at first. We took, like, three steps back. But now that people have realized that it's not a gay issue, it's a human issue, we've taken five steps forward. People have realized it's not us and them, it's all of us. People should realize that we're a vital part of society. We're not going anywhere.

It's not as if homosexuality is something that just appeared in the 1970s...

Exactly. Everyone has their theories as to how you become gay. I think you're born with it. I can never remember not being gay.

Do you think sexuality in all forms, including drag, is so public because it's acting as some kind of surrogate since people are more careful these days?

I don't think that people are... how can I say this and be diplomatic... I don't think people have really taken a long look at what's happening with AIDS. I think people are being much more careful, on the whole, but they aren't having less sex. I don't think you have to quit being sexual, you just have to be careful and use common sense. You can still be human and fulfill desires, you just have to care enough about yourself and enough about the person you're with to be careful. People care more about the consequences of sex if they aren't safe, which is great.

I think that, before it's all over, it's going to be much sadder than it is. I think that there are a lot of stupid people out there, people who just don't care, people who don't have regard for themselves and so they don't have regard for anyone else. It's very sad. Personally, I wish everyone would be safe. I want to live until I'm 100. I want to be an old gray-haired drag queen.

Hopefully, people will realize that it's not something that'll just go away, we have to make it go away. I just wonder that, if everyone were cured today, would people forget everything they've learned? I really don't know...

The Transformation Begins

Feeling slightly sobered and immeasurably more comfortable after my conversation with Ashley, I sat back and observed the two men. Rhoda was still dressed in his frat-boy regalia, however, his face was in full make-up. It conjured strange visions of what goes on during pleading. Ashley was putting his hair in curlers, when I asked the two their full stage names.

"I'm Ashley West and she's Rhoda Horse. She figures she's ridden everything else, why not a horse." Laughter erupted in the room, and I politely reminded them that my tape recorder had captured that moment.

"Ashley's a bitch!" retorted Rhoda.

The mood had lightened, and I was about ready to begin. I couldn't help but thinking what exactly the process is called. Getting dragged didn't sound quite right. I decided not to ask, because I felt sure that such a stupid question they'd find neither sincere nor amusing.

I took my seat in the front row, after an amazingly long ten minute stroll greeting my friends. A few pictures were taken, and a few questions were asked. I wondered whether to pretend that I was a girl (an ugly one) or that I was a boy, and just tell people to fuck off. It was a question I never really
The Loss of Breasts

By the time the panel had ended, I was pretty comfortable. I didn't linger in the outfit, mind you. Actually, I made a dash for the dressing room. But while I was out there, I was pretty comfortable.

Back in pants, stockings only an uncomfortable memory, I reflected. Drag is an interesting thing. So much is attached to that change of attire. I can dress in a suit one day and in a football uniform the next, and no one will say a word. But the minute I put in fake breasts and wear heels, people talk. In the long run, I suppose it doesn't matter. In the long run, I'll be a better, more understanding person for it. Hey, it's fun. It doesn't hurt anyone, and it brings people smiles. So people talk. They'll talk anyway. Drag wasn't really my cup of tea, but I met some interesting people and had a little fun.

The next afternoon, I woke up late. Much as I would have liked to have gone back to sleep, I was wide awake. So I decided to make the most of the day and go do something.

Privacy. Defined by Webster's as "the quality or condition of being private; withdrawal from public view or company; seclusion," privacy and the American citizen's right thereof is a hot-button issue these days. The right to privacy. A cornerstone of American freedoms. Our most private moments, thanks to our founding fathers, should be just that. Secluded. Out of public view. Private.

Hence the paradox: the public restroom. Public. Oh sure, one may argue that there is some modicum of privacy implicit in the contemporary conception of the public restroom: the facilities that may be tucked out of the way in a dark forgotten corner, the particularly insular stall, the locking mechanism that actually works. These are the exceptions. Time and time again, we, American citizens mind you, are forced to lay ourselves prostrate before the staring and oft-giggle masses. I ask you, is not excretion a private affair? Public.

The college campus. A community of scholars, students, and public restrooms. We see them in our residence halls, our classroom buildings, our student unions. Public restrooms. Henry Rosovski, former dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University, in his The University: An Owner's Manual, claims "I could, with genius, excellent climate control, plenty of toilet paper, and a relative lack of patronage, has created the pride of Denison's excretery facilities. Always immaculate (true the custodial staff of Burke Hall receives our highest kudos), Burke's..."
facilities are spacious, dimly lit, cool in the warm months yet warm for our bitter Ohio winters, in a word, womb-like. They are woefully under-utilized and, consequently, one very rarely encounters another patron during one's visit. Ah, privacy. It should also be noted that when one must share one's space, Burke's clientele is, generally speaking, enormously polite and gracious. Finally, it is an odd day indeed when one enters the Burke Hall restrooms and encounters, dare I say it, any unfushed materials. On the whole, a fine excre-to experience is had by all.

THE BEST OF THE REST:

• SLATER HALL, 4TH FLOOR
I hear the naysayers. "But the third floor's restrooms are more spacious and so new." True. However, try as they might, the third floor's restrooms do not boast the finest views on campus. The fourth floor greets us with relative cleanliness, convenience, well-functioning facilities, relative privacy, and a killer view. A real estate agent's dream.

• THE LIBRARY, 4TH TIER
Plenty of privacy. Functional. Convenient. Here's the only problem: reeks of urine. It's a real trade-off. One can be assured that one's experience will be relatively private ... if one can stand the stench. Perhaps whoever cleans Burke Hall should go to town on our fair library.

• KNAPP HALL, THE BASEMENT
Long a secret of the WDUB disc jockey, a little spelunking of Knapp's subterranean depths yields up a lovely, yet small, surprise. While one might call it dank, drab, dark, or any any number of other "d" adjectives it is, in fact, PRIVATE, including and especially the masterful architectural element of real walls surrounding the stall. Separating you, the excretor, from them, the unwashed masses, is a door (with workable locking mechanism) and three honest-to-God walls. Very nice.

• HUFFMAN HALL, THE BANDERSNATCH
Okay, here's the thing. For male patrons, the facilities of our student-run coffee house are certainly acceptable. Rarely crowded, entirely functional, not especially aesthetically pleasing (but not bad), located just off the Bandersnatch's neighbor to the west, a seldom used exercise room. But, for female patrons, whose facilities abut the Bandersnatch itself, the clinging of mugs (well, paper cups), the chit-chat of the intelligencia, and the good-natured musings of an open-mic night, pale in comparison to the relative sonic solitude of the men's room across the way. In the end, not bad.

• FELLOWS HALL, ANY FLOOR
Clean, functional, convenient, relatively barren aesthetically (but at least there are no killer odors [see Library above]), Fellows' facilities have their pluses and minuses. The long hallways that separate the bowels of the facilities from the main corridors of this centrally-located classroom building, are a stroke of genius, seemingly carrying the excretor into a world of his or her own, free to pursue one's business in well-lit silence. The problem: we are without that long-quested-for ideal, privacy. Alas, the rooms are entirely too small and have far too many patrons. Try and hit these restrooms only during established class hours—avoid them at all costs during the final ten minutes of any hour. Overall, not too bad.

• CURTIS DINING HALL, JUST OFF THE GROUND FLOOR COMPUTER LAB
These restrooms are especially convenient for the lunchtime excretory break, relatively clean, and very functional. Their difficulty lies in that same old question of privacy. While the flow of users actually inside the restroom is fairly sparse, the problem arises due to the computer lab just beyond the door. While legions of Denisonians stop off here for a few moments every day to check e-mail, they aren't making the sort of noise that one expects from a large group of students. Except for the din of thousands of key-strokes, the room is silent. Any noise, therefore, from within, will surely echo throughout the computer lab, causing exceptional embarrassment to the excretor and forcing said excretor to escape through the tiny window above the sinks. A sad, sad tale.

Finally, and this is as true to the search for the perfect restroom experience as it is to an escape from Oz, there's no place like home. We, the staff of MOYO, wish you all the best in your never-ending quest for our elusive, yet Constitutionally guaranteed, right to privacy.
There's a curious irony in seeing a Nine Inch Nails sticker on a Saab. You see, I had always thought that industrial music was something the mainstream could never embrace. Its very nature is reactionary, a form of music that falls beyond just sub-culture into the territory of counter-culture. It deals with the darkest side of society, the things no one really wants to talk about: AIDS, S&M, fear of the government, man's dependence on machines, rage, frustration, depression, and death. Even the names of the bands make some people cringe: Skinny Puppy, Revolting Cocks, My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, and of course, KMFDM (which translates from German to 'no pity for the majority'). Hell, it even applies to NIN—Trent picked that name because Christ was crucified on nails nine inches long. Tell that to Seventeen magazine.

It seems I was wrong about it. It's a really strange feeling for me to have a guy in dockers and a polo shirt coming up to me asking if I know when the new Ministry album is coming out. I'm not making judgements here, I just remember when guys like him were ripping me five years ago for listening to exactly the same thing. In that time, something has happened—much to my chagrin, industrial has started to go mainstream. I don't pretend to understand the reason behind it, but I suspect it has much to do with MTV's fascination with NIN (not that they'd take the risk of playing videos from any other acts in the scene—god forbid). The big problem with this movement is that there IS NO SUCH THING AS INDUSTRIAL. It's an accepted and understood title now, but it means nothing. It was made up by record producers and their ilk to describe music that was darker than techno but didn't really fit in anywhere else. There's no other reason that could explain how two bands as different as Coil and Ministry could be considered part of the same style.

I'm not really trying to be elitist about this, but it makes me angry to see people blindly sucking up anything MTV (or anyone else) tells them is cool. It started with Reznor, now it's spilling over. If you like the music for what it is—regardless of what you look like, believe, whatever—and you understand what they're saying, that's great. But if you're buying it because someone told you it's the cool thing to listen to or to promote yourself as a proper "Gen-X'er" or some brainless shit like that, give up now. That's all I'm saying. Listen to it for what it's saying and not what other people are saying about it.

NOTE: for more information on "industrial music", write to me, Kent Huffman at:
Kent
501 County Road 89
Fremont, Ohio 43420

Or listen to my radio show on 91.1 fm Wednesday nights from 9:30-11:30pm
Summer.

"I'm hard to buy for. I mean, at Christmas and things."

Autumn.

"Fashion is beyond trying to make a statement, it's an extension of who you are."
PART ONE: I AWAKE

I looked out the window after waking. Cloudy; foreboding. The kind of weather that drives Amos to shoot up the McDonald's. It was a perfect day to be an action hero, a survivalist, a revolutionary soldier or a Wild West outlaw. Writing for MoYO affords a person many unique opportunities. Shooting guns is just one of them, but it was the one I'd do today.

I chose what I thought was fitting attire for the afternoon's excitement — olive drab army pants and big, black boots. Wouldn't you know it, my "Kill 'em All and Let God Sort Them Out" shirt is in the laundry. Nonetheless, I left my room feeling prepared for anything. Who knows what could happen on a Sunday afternoon at the shooting range.

PART TWO: THE MEETING

After picking up action photog Jill Jeffrey, I drove to the designated meeting place. At exactly 14.30 hours (that's 2:30 p.m. to all you civilians) I was to rendezvous with Denison's own adventure-seeker cum protector of the second amendment, Phil Dean. I'd heard the stories; hell, we'd all heard the stories. He was the man who lived by the words "Fully Justifiable Use of Force." The nerves began to set in and I was shaking and drooling, but Jill slapped me hard across the face and I regained my senses. It was a daunting experience before me. Maybe I'd never have to defend my country from communism, but today I'd prove my salt. I was do or die. Me and Dan Quayle — Brothers in Service and Patriotism. God Save the Queen.

From across Broadway, I saw a figure in black approaching a governmental-looking white Ford Taurus — the kind of car that, if it pulled in your driveway, you'd hide the endangered animals, kiddey-porn and hash. The man was carrying a very conspicuous blue duffel bag. It could be no one else; it was our man. Jill and I started off across the street.

Phil greeted us with a wide smile and a firm handshake. He introduced us to his cohort-in-arms, Arik Watson, who'd be driving. "Well, you guys about ready to do this?" I answered Phil's question as I thought Rambo might, I slapped him on the back and jumped into the car.

PART THREE: THE LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

The car ride to the shooting range was long, and stories of Phil's internship with the Philadelphia D.A. made it go quicker. He told me about a car chase and a skull in a dumpster. Needless to say, I was enthralled. Jill was fast asleep.

We arrived at the range and Arik popped the trunk. Inside was an arsenal. Phil loaded his arms with ammo. He looked like some kind of NRA Santa Claus: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Glock 9!" I helped out, carrying a couple of Big READ Bookstore bags full of ammo. This is real Denison diversity, I thought to myself.

The man at the register was predictably rugged. A thick, brown flannel shirt — and I don't mean one of those people wear around their waists, I mean a real flannel. Like Davey Crocket or Daniel Boone wore. I bet he made it himself, I thought. We bought ear plugs and targets, not the large human shaped targets I'll admit I was hoping for, but little bull's eye target. Jill bought a Mountain Dew. How could she be drinking Mountain Dew! This was serious business. For the first time that afternoon, I was jealous because Jill seemed so cool while I was so jittery. It wouldn't be the last time, either.

PART FOUR: THE GUNMAN'S APPRENTICE

We went out to the pistol range. A man, about 6'7", with a Harley shirt and a shotgun with a pistol grip, was unloading into something. I have no idea why, but the phrase, "Stay the hell away from my daughter," rang in my head every time he pulled the trigger. I made a mental note.

We reached a suitable shooting area, and Phil and Arik began to unpack the artillery. Phil told me it was time for my safety lesson, so I gathered close to him and listened intently. "Rule Number One: Never point a gun at something you don't want to destroy." Hmm. Seemed simple enough. This might be easier than I thought.

We went through the rules and Phil seemed to cover every subject, even providing scary anecdotes much like a caring father. I knew a man that shot himself in the face by accident ... you get the idea.

He said we'd start with the little gun. The little gun was a Beretta 21A .22LR. It looked small, almost toy-like. After showing me the stance Phil told me to aim at some cans on the ground no more than eight feet away. No problem, I thought, I'll rip 'em apart. I cast aside my nerves...
PART FIVE: REALITY AND UNREALITY

The gun really didn't kick much, nevertheless, I missed. Badly. About two feet to high. No big deal, I'd change aim and try again. And again. After six shots from little more than arm's length, In hit it maybe once, and it was a nick at that. I felt like a failure. Despite my shortcomings in the aim department, the feeling of power wielding the gun was inarguable. Hey, I couldn't hit Roseanne's ass from inches away, but I felt tough.

After honing my skills on the .22, Phil thought I was ready to move up to his new gun. He opened the case, like the Arc of the Covenant, and there it sat. The Smith and Wesson 4506 .45 ACP. It was big. I mean, much bigger than in the movies. It hefted well in my hand. It looked cool. A brief illustration of its many safety features, and I was ready to go. I took aim at the same damned Dr. Pepper can. As per instructions, I squeezed the trigger gently. Nothing. Again. Nothing. "Safety's on," snickered Phil. Just as I was losing myself in a world of pop can destruction, reality shattered my vision and said, You're an asshole.

With some help, I got the gun in firing shape and shot. I actually hit the can a few times. This was definitely, as gun owners say, a nice piece. When Phil suggested I fire two shots each at three different cans as quickly as possible, I was more than happy to oblige. He timed me. Six shots in six seconds, and I actually hit my mark twice. "Not bad," said Phil. At the time I was thrilled with his seemingly genuine seal of approval, however hindsight has shown me that he would have been closer to the truth by saying, "You're a moron."

PART SIX: A WOMAN'S TOUCH

"Jill, you wanna give it a try?" Phil was nonchalant in his invitation, and Jill was more nonchalant in her acceptance. Hey, I thought, this'll make me look good. OK, pretty chauvinistic. Sue me. I grabbed the camera hoping, on the inside, I'd be able to get some funny shots. Like a natural, she grabbed the gun and blew the hell out of each and every can. Damn. You ever hear of castration anxiety?

I was downtrodden when we switched to rifles.

PART SEVEN: A RETURN TO UNREALITY

The first rifle, an M-16 look-alike known as an Eagle Arms EA-15A2, was a genuine badass gun. It was covered in the Crime Bill and is illegal to sell, "But not to own."
THE THINGS WE LEAVE OUT OF JOB APPLICATIONS

By William Nichols

Lately, I’ve grown curious about the work experiences people omit when they apply for jobs. A look at my own vita got me thinking about it because I leave out some of my most triumphant working moments. For example:

Captain, Richmond Elementary Safety Patrol, 1951 - 52 — This was my first serious administrative responsibility. Michael Eisner worries about mergers and movies, but I was a captain, Richmond Elementary Safety Patrol,

Cascara Bark Peeler, Self-Employed, Summer, 1954 — When a generous farmer near Estacada, Oregon, invited my friend Ralph and me to cut down the cascara buckthorn trees on his farm and sell the bark, we jumped at the business opportunity. The tree topping was, of course, pure delight. But peeling cascara bark demanded self-discipline. We used linoleum knives and began on the trunk, where the bark came off in large, thick pieces. But the farther we moved up the tree, the more difficult it was to peel. The temptation to peel the trunk, grab our gunny sacks and move on to another tree was great.

Still, we peeled all the way to the top, and we later spread the bark in an empty hay loft and waited three months to dry it before we sold it to the local feed store. Ralph and I learned a lot about the free market, too, that fall of 1954. It was a surplus year for cascara sagrada, a common laxative. We barely paid for our linoleum knives and transportation.

Strawberry Slicer, Bredenkamp’s Cannery, Summer, 1957 — They froze berries at Bredenkamp’s Cannery, and among the several responsible positions I held there, Strawberry Slicer now seems to me the most important. The belt that brought the berries to the slicer was elevated, relentless, and noisy. My task was to fill big cans with sliced berries, mix in a giant scoop of sugar, and make sure each can weighed the same — let’s say thirty pounds. If I stood on my toes, I could just see the berries approaching on the belt. And that glimpse of what was coming gave the job its edge. Most of the strawberries that moved like lemmings toward the slicer were tiny, pathetic rejects from the regular lines, but occasionally, and tragically, a beautiful slice would appear on the belt. Apparently the mechanical screening system was programmed with the assumption that consumers are as put off by huge berries as tiny ones. My guess is that marketing research in the Fifties was still an inexact science because I found those big berries irresistible. My challenge was to check for the boss much as the pitcher checks the runner at first, then catch the berry as it fell toward the slicer, drop it into my vat of sugar, and devour it surreptitiously.

Salmon Liver Plucker, Oregon Fish Commission, Summer, 1959 - 60 — If you happened to watch salmon going over the fish ladders at the dams along the Columbia River in the late 1950’s, you might have noticed that some of them were very pale. The pale ones may have been suffering from tuberculosis. Perhaps they caught it as fingerslings in fish hatcheries, where they were fed unpasteurized cattle viscera. But however they caught consumption, what modern science wanted to know was this: how many salmon had TB. That was my assignment with the Oregon Fish Commission, and for various reasons, chest x-rays were not an option. Instead, I visited salmon canneries in Astoria, Oregon, where I gazed apprehensively over the shoulders of the butchers. Gently, with great respect for their flashing knives, I plucked salmon livers from the carcage and took them back to a laboratory to check for tuberculosis. This work with a microscope was the most boring I’ve ever known. Days would sometimes go by without a sight-

Those suppressed fragments from my vita are just a hint of the vocational virtues I’ve ignored. In addition to my formative years of bean and berry, newspaper delivery, and the setting of bowling pins, I once held a job in a quarry where men blasted sixteen-ton rocks for the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia River. This may have been an early version of a job that is crucial to our economy today: among other things, I froze berries at Bredenkamp’s...
DENISON POST-GRAD UNEMPLOYMENT REPORT

Finally, let's establish that I am a little bit afraid to write this article. My fear stems from the fact that I haven't worked in over two months (almost five full months), and I'm not entirely certain that I'm still able to work (at least not in the productive sense of the term) writing this article. Is this true? I think that this is true. This is how I continue...

- a desperate stab at doing something work-like/productive in the hope that it will serve as the last ray on my personal "ladder to success" (or maybe a pit stop or obstacle on my personal "road to nowhere")
- difficult to write - sensitive subject - rigid?

I am unemployed, cynical? Better? Good.
I don't want to sound soft on this, but I feel like it would be unfair to try & sound witty or light about a subject that I feel pretty genuinely frustrated & bitter about.

PATHETIC

I could offer a million & one excuses to explain my unemployment:
- not trying hard enough
- bad economy
- object philosophically to the idea of "work"
- work is work in capitalist society = contributor
- things didn't go your way

This is a calling - we need people with "connections"
- I'm ready to work now
- I work hard
- I don't feel bad.

This may sound terrible but I feel like most of my peers only work because they have to, not because they want to.

next stop to consider meaning of work
- only understand conditions
- no money = poor
- freedom = restlessness

Corporate America = not for the civic-minded (nobody escapes out of a sense of societal commun obligation)
- generally painted in a bad light - huge, cold, uncaring
- is there more to life than money, fame?
- be kind to your fellow man/woman people?
- you can't change the system.
Marketing & Advertising
SLEEP LATE
Be a
mediator,
a creative,
spending time
in classes
September
if preferred,
Village,
Road,
Now hiring several men and
women, 18 years or older,
to staff a new branch office.
The individuals we seek
should feel comfortable in a
rock 'n roll atmosphere, be
business-minded and con-
sider themselves worth.
No experience required, we
train. If you are free to start
immediately & desire
challenging career opportu-
nities, call to schedule an
interview (if ' qualified),
465-4602
$35,000

MEDICAL Assistant , Part
time/temporary for phlebot
omy, spirometry, drug
studies.

EXPERT A
Color and Graphic Designers
Earning up to $50,000/year.
"Median annual earnings for
graphic designers is $42,000.
Salary range is very wide,
depending on experience."
It's all really a matter of refocusing one's outlook; looking on the bright side, etc. Every time I attempt something, and achieve my goal (no matter how small) I chalk up another victory on my own behalf. For example, setting my alarm clock for noon, even if I don't have to get up by that time, and actually forcing myself to get out of bed rather than shutting it off, is something of a small victory - something to be proud of. Similarly, if I haven't shaved or showered in nearly a week, I pick a day (any day will do) and I clean myself up a little bit, just for the hell of it. It's all a matter of adjusting your outlook to resemble that of an employed or almost-employed person.

You mentioned that the state of unemployment can be seen as a bad thing - my personal outlook is that it's a good thing. It's a matter of redefining one's goals and adjusting one's perspective. For example, setting my alarm clock for noon, even if I don't have to get up by that time, and actually forcing myself to get out of bed rather than shutting it off, is something of a small victory - something to be proud of. Similarly, if I haven't shaved or showered in nearly a week, I pick a day (any day will do) and I clean myself up a little bit, just for the hell of it. It's all a matter of adjusting your outlook to resemble that of an employed or almost-employed person.

- nobody who is unemployed likes to hear it when they say they should not "relax" or "take it easy," yet that is exactly what you are doing when you are not working. You are not actively pursuing employment, but instead, letting it happen by default. This can be dangerous. You need to actively seek out employment opportunities and not just sit around waiting for them to come to you.

- work hard, but don't let it consume your life. Find a balance between work and personal time. This will help you maintain your mental health and avoid burnout.

- when you are not working, use your time to develop new skills or hobbies. This can be a great way to pass the time and also help you make new connections in your personal and professional life.

- don't be afraid to take on new challenges. Even if you are not currently working, there are many ways to get involved and make a positive impact in your community. This can also help you develop new skills and connections that may be useful in your job search.

- don't give up hope. While it can be frustrating to be unemployed, remember that there are many steps you can take to improve your situation. Stay positive and keep working towards your goals.
W Dub
91.1 FM
Commercial Radio
Still Sucks