Ann Magnuson
actress writer diva musician
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moyo magazine

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sentence—"There are problems with Denison's student government." That isn't a big revelation for too many people. I know a few members of DCGA who've said so themselves. I know I'm not causing any walls to tumble or elderlies to die when I say it. As a result of my clarity, people won't run through the streets yelling "Vive la Revolution!" At least I don't think they will. It's fine if they do, though. But I digress. That statement in itself won't cure AIDS or revive Kirk Cameron's career (unless there was a TV movie...). Nevertheless, it might get me in some trouble, and that's just the problem.

Before I was editor of MoYO, I was critical of DCGA. Things haven't changed since. In my opinion, DCGA as an institution has outlived its usefulness. In my experience talking to students, people don't know what DCGA's real function is. I've read DCGA's constitution and covered its activities for the past three years. Committee after committee discussing party barns and mascots are pretty much all I've seen done. Except the distribution of student activities funds. And that, dear reader, is the weenie.

All student organizations must have their budgets allocated by DCGA, that includes all campus media. The Finance Committee decides how much each organization is allocated, based on their budget request. In theory, the senate will question the final budget allocations and make sure that the Finance Committee has been fair. In practice however, the senate vote is a rubber stamp. Last year the final budget was passed without a single question. Everyone needs money, and everyone thinks that their budget is most important. At present, a single person, with the help of about ten committee members, is expected to understand the budgetary needs of every one of Denison's student organizations. This often includes knowledge of technical aspects of organizational needs. Suppose the Outing Club told me $500 was a fair price for a snowshoe; if I had to judge their budget, I'd believe them. I have no freaking idea how much snowshoes cost. The Finance Chair, however, is expected to know the cost of snowshoes, as well as the cost of everything else.

So, a single person is accountable for the unbiased and educated distribution of about $320,000 every year. Another example: I am familiar with instances where certain organizations have been allocated $312 for a certain thing, whereas they requested $3.12. An understandable mistake when you have such an overwhelming task, but certainly not an excusable one.

As any high school-level political science student will tell you, journalists are supposed to be one of the so-called "watchdogs" of a governmental system. Unfortunately, a problem arises when the government they're supposed to watch also happens to dole out their budget. This is not to say that there's some huge political power play between the media and the government, but when the media feel that someone screws up and they say so, egos are bound to get bruised. Without the right checks, the possibility of certain voices being squelched is very real.

So as I write this editorial, I have images of the MoYO staff selling their bodies as a means of fund raising. Seriously, I can see MoYO having an anemic budget next year as a result of my public criticism of DCGA. It seems to me that such thoughts, though they might simply be paranoia, are by-products of a structurally weak government. The media must be able to criticize freely and publicly, without fear of monetary repercussions. People must not be silenced out of fear for organizations with which they're affiliated.

Perhaps MoYO will suffer no budgetary consequences next year, and I sincerely hope that's the case. By the time this issue is available, I'll know. Regardless, I will remain a dissenting voice and I hope others will join the fray. Read the constitution and seriously consider the reform of DCGA.
Paris is traditionally described as being a woman—feminine, curvy, round, etc. And when you look at the city objectively, it is circular in shape, no tall skyscrapers, and all the streets radiate out from central points like stars making city blocks triangular rather than square.... And all of this is exclamation pointed by a nice, large, sturdy Eiffel Tower.

To be more kinky, Paris can also be described as not merely a woman, but a prostitute. In the turn-of-the-century song sung by the courtisane (i.e. high-priced prostitute) Mistinguette, Paris becomes a “woman of the night”:

From Toulouse-Lautrec to Tabatha Cash
(a look at prostitution in Paris)
by adrienne fair

Paris is a blonde: Who pleases everyone; Her nose, stubbed, mocking; Her eyes, always laughing.

Tous ceux qui la conçoivent:
Grâces à ses caresses
Son wont mais ravient toujours.
Paris, a tes amours!
C'est Paris! C'est Paris!

And so Paris is powerful, sexual, feminine... but also for sale. Only in Paris has prostitution been so widely accepted and popularized in art and literature.
or their own luxury sedans. At the Avenue Foche (behind the Arc de Triomphe), women can be found waiting in their bed-equipped trucks for customers. At night, the small streets behind La Madeleine (a Catholic church styled after the Panthéon) are lined with Mercedes and BMW’s where large-chested agin blondes file their nails and pet their lap dogs. These women have come to the top of the prostitution pecking order. Clients come to their cars and the women take them to apartments or hotel rooms under their own terms.

It should be noted that brokers are currently illegal. Therefore, prostitutes are forced to work in the street, in bars, or in vehicles. It is, however, completely legal to be a prostitute. Identity cards, required by law to be carried at all times, are usually marked “prostitute” in the profession box, if the holder is thus employed. The more “middle-class” prostitutes work at Pigalle or St. Denis. These are the sections of Paris that sport sex shops, peep shows, nude revues, and touristy bars and clubs. These prostitutes here work on the street or in bars. At Pigalle’s Rue Blanche during the day, older women who have not reached Madeleine fame work for cheaper rates. At night, Pigalle is known for its specialty prostitutes (i.e. dominatrixes, naughty schoolgirls, cross-dressers, etc.).

In an ironic sidenote, Marie-Madeleine (Mary Magdeleine) was the Biblical prostitute turned penitent saint. The area around her church today is anything but penitent. Another step down on the prostitution hierarchy are the women who work on the Petite Ceinture (the highway that encircles Paris). These are usually housewives, young mothers and immigrants who cannot afford the cost of living or cannot find legal employment. They wait near exit ramps, especially at the Porte de Dauphine, men can hire male hookers to wear them off into the forest with them. Place de la Nation is another popular pickup area for homosexual men and some of the men here may charge a fee and may specialize in sadomasochism. Finally, the Quai Jemappes, on the Canal St. Martin, is frequented by young male prostitutes (many of whom are I.V. drug users) who are picked up by older men.

For transvestites, who appeal to homosexual and heterosexual men alike, the central area is Montmartre, north of the Sacre Coeur church and south of Boulevard Ney. A friend of mine lived in a housing project just above this area and always greeted the drag queens on our way from the Metro to her apartment building. They were usually very stylish and rowdy (and had much nicer legs than the average female street walker)

At night, Pigalle is known for its specialty prostitutes (i.e. dominatrixes, naughty schoolgirls, cross-dressers, etc.)

At the Avenue Foche women can be found waiting in their bed-equipped trucks for customers.

The Offer

While in Paris, I actually received several offers to prostitute myself in some way. Needless to say, I turned them down but I was slightly tempted during those first few seconds of shock.

The most appealing offer was made to me at an airport cafe as I was waiting for my grandparents’ plane. A man, accompanied by his two bodyguards, paid for my espresso and asked me if I needed a place to live during my year at school. He offered me a free apartment if I would dance for him at his club on Rue St. Denis. At the time, I didn’t realize that St. Denis was the street lined with sex shops, but I definitely caught the sexual undertones in his offer. I still have his phone number if any females would like a summer job (but I wouldn’t recommend it.)

Another offer was made to me and my German boyfriend as we were eating falafels in a park. A half-drank guy with a dark tan showed us nude polaroids of an Asian woman doing somewhat foul things and asked us if we would be willing to pose for him. We refused and later became sick on the falafels. Another modeling offer was presented to me at the garden of Luxembourg from an old guy in pink-tinted glasses. He wanted someone to model for “artistic” photographs, perform erotic dance and give sensual massages. I was completely broke at the time, but was still forced by my bourgeois sensibilities to say no.

Yet another offer occurred when I was hitchhiking on my way home from work in Chantilly (about half an hour outside of Paris). The train-workers were on strike and I was somewhat in the dark as to what roads to take back in to Paris. The first guy to pick me up began asking me if I needed money—“yes, that’s why I wait here in Chantilly.” But then he began inquiring as to whether I would like to earn a little extra money by stopping in the woods and giving him a blow job. I had my hand on the door handle ready to jump out, but he amicably (yet creepily) dropped me off when I asked him to. I had no idea where I was, and was forced to hitch hike again—luckily with a much nicer driver.

Are you all repulsed, yet? Well, there’s more. Wandering with girlfriends one Friday night, we found, for the first time, the Rue St. Denis. We were dressed in clubbing clothes (i.e. short skirts) and were followed for about fifteen minutes by a teenage Arabic boy who was convinced he could pay us for sexual favors. He was glued to my arm for several blocks and kept raising his price. I repeated several times that I was not a prostitute, and when I finally just told him to fuck off, he spited at me and called me a “salope” (slut.) How lovely.

There are many more examples of prostitution offers, but I won’t delve into the details. Mostly they happened at Pigalle, since my apartment was only a few blocks away from the area. I would often walk past the Pigalle metro stop back to my house, or walk over to do grocery shopping, etc. The barmers that worked at the sex shows would either want me to come in to watch a show, or come in to be in a show. In fact, Pigalle was a Mecca for female employment—flyers were posted all around looking for pretty “jeune filles” who wanted to pursue careers in acting, dancing, and “artistic” photography. And to think I preferred being a waitress.
Again, no one said why. The weather was cold, so the Historical Society for a rally. No one that I knew had gotten excited.

One jumped off the bus and entered the building. “Yeah, let’s send ‘em back to Arkansas... eeehehehe.”

Around 15 other people and drove to the Ohio Historical to voters. I heard a rumor that the bus was suddenly drips with presidential candidates around February tenth. So, hell, I

Fortunately, one of the CR’s gave an interview to the Denisonian and I discovered that I had signed up to spend three days campaigning for Bob Dole in Iowa. Nevertheless, there were exclamations like Iowa—making phone calls and dropping off his list, and it turned out that we had to register for the trip. Each person was issued a white trucker-style base...

The Denison group boarded the bus with around 15 other people and drove to the Ohio Historical Society for a rally. No one that I knew had been officially told what it was that we were doing in Iowa. Nevertheless, there were exclamations like “Yeah, let’s send ‘em back to Arkansas... eeehehehe.” And a bunch of Democrat jokes—the bus was getting excited.

We arrived at the Historical Society and everyone jumped off the bus and entered the building. Again, no one said why. The weather was cold, so Sharon Hagopian and I decided to stay on board and await further instructions. Shortly thereafter everybody left the building with hats in tow. We thought maybe we should go check it out. We went inside and it turned out that we had to register for the trip. Each person was issued a white trucker-style baseball hat with “OHIOA in 96’” printed on the front.

Officially outfitted, the crew went down to the parking lot to stand by our bus and wait for the rally that was about to take place. All sorts of busses were there and it looked like wagons circling. As we waited, Amy Patterson pointed out a guy straddling a case of Bud Light and jokingly said that “guy really knows how to do it.” Little did we know, all of the people there knew “how to do it,” and those that weren’t straddling a case of beer had probably already ingested it. TV crews were there filming comedy acts of Bud Light and jokingly said that “guy really knows how to do it.”

Lil’ Dole did a job on the audience. He did say “let’s send Bill and Hillary back to Arkansas,” which everyone liked, but that was about it. Ohio Governor Voinovich spoke, informing the audience that Ohio was sending the largest number of delegates to the caucuses. A full seven busses were to make the 11 hour trek. Some people on the trip were very excited to see him speak—one ran up to shake his hand but got very embarrassed after calling him “Boyabitch” accidentally.

We all yelled one last “DOLE!” cry and then milled to our prospective busses. Some other eager Republicans joined us on our bus and in a while some so-called official came through and gave each of us a plastic goodie-bag. It contained a cookie, an apple and information about Bob, his wife, the platform and the trip we were on. The bag contained some answers... finally. As we started off, our bus leader, Jim—who felt inexplicably guilty when he used the P.A. system, popped a movie in the bus VCR. “Bob Dole, an American Hero” illuminated Bus 69 to Iowa.

The ad was relatively well done, as far as those g. I found out that was wrong with Bob’s shoulder, all about his childhood (it was tough...)

and that everyone thought he had a great sense of humor; there was a clip of Dole on Letterman talking about the number one way to balance the budget—”Arkansas? Sell it!”

Eventually, I fell asleep until we stopped at an Arby’s, where, during a wait in the ever-present line for an exempt women’s bathroom, my suspicions that every other trip participant was completely toasted, paved, hammered or drunk were confirmed. I saw a nice lady covered in whiskey (she was upset about this.) I figured it was just that particular group or something, but the number of people saying away without provocation at our next stop at some DQ in Illinois proved otherwise.

Our bus was filled with a few interesting conversations. I think they should just make the Midwest one big state. Just join Indiana, Illinois and Ohio all into one, I mean what’s the difference anyway? “Well, you can have sex with whoever you want, its just that everybody finds out. Which sucks.”

We were sitting in the back of the bus with most of the other Denison students and we started to realize that the OSU people in the front were rather light. As Kathy Neubel pointed out, “I happened to be sleeping, my face sticking out in the aisle, and I woke up around 4 to a flashback in my face and men holding up shots in the front.” The drunkeness became too much when a nice young lady named Kim started to play with the P.A. system. Most of the bus was asleep when we crossed the Mississippi River at 4 a.m.; Kim grabbed the mic for the third time and said “SHUT UP SHUT UP.” Two or three times. Sharon, of whom Denison should be proud, said the first “shut up” which prompted an entire busload of other exhausted shadads and yeah, shut the hell up. We made a pact to get this Kim later.

We finally reached our destination, the University of Iowa in Iowa City. At 7 a.m. Iowa time. The bus unloaded, everyone exhausted and stumbling far away from Washington D.C. Three people were way too far away from Washington D.C.

We made a pact to get this Kim later. Breakfast was wonderful and we made the acquaintance of a rowing drunk cassanova who approached our table with the effective, luring tone of “oooh, a table full of ladies.” He plunked down but we weren’t captivating enough apparently and he left, making rounds to each of the all-female tables. We saw him consulting a friend shortly thereafter, evaluating each table. We ranked “pretty dull” and another...

More wacky Republican fun.

We've all been subject to the standard Eisner indoctrination. It makes sense— he's the richest, most powerful person I can think of off hand, and he just happens to have graduated from Denison. So he and Mickey make an occasional appearance in the Denison viewbook or video tape and impress the pants off of citizens everywhere.

But every school has a black sheep. Now I'm not talking about someone completely insane like Ted Bundy or embarrassingly uncool like John Davidson. No, I mean someone cool— maybe too cool. Someone who is doing her own thing in the most severe sense of the cliche. Somebody people have called the Queen of Fringe. Ann Magnuson.

So there I was, writing for this magazine, convinced that I must get an interview with Ann Magnuson. Everyone I spoke to said, "she'll never do it; she hated Denison." But I persevered. I made phone calls, I wrote letters, I made threats and promises. Well, that's all in the past. This was going to be the big interview that would get me a job after graduation (yeah, right.) But days after the interview was arranged, articles started appearing in every magazine I picked up— Option, Detour, the list goes on. It was the world of journalism flipping me off, saying "Too little, too late, you schmuck!!" Yeah, maybe so. The story of my life, I feel like Morrissey. So much for the exclusive.

In My Head

The following is a transcription of the first minute of the interview. The writer's thoughts appear in italics.

Dan: OK. The first thing I'm going to say is that I'm recording this on our new answering machine.

Ann: Alright. Why tell her that. She doesn't care. No one would care.

Dan: I hope it works if it's new.

Ann: Interesting thought.

Dan: Yeah; I tried it out this afternoon.

Ann: I'll try and make this quick. I hope I don't sound like too much of an idiot.

Good. An air of confidence.

Ann: No. No apologies. She says that now....

OK. Give her a nice open-ended question she can run with.

Dan: The new album. How autobiographical is it?

Ann: Thirty percent. I'm dead.

Her Career

After graduating Denison, Magnuson moved to New York. There she became involved in what she calls, "the East Side Bohemian Scene." Performance Art in underground clubs, such as her Club 57, was the scene of choice, and the time was sometime before the dawn of MTV. Was there ever such an age?

When asked about the environment in those formative years, Magnuson is eager to describe. "People were doing art for art's sake. It was a frenzy of creative activity." Magnuson waxes nostalgic for a minute, then adds with more than a touch of bitterness, "then MTV came along and pilfered everything, like Seattle after Nirvana."

Soon she turned to music, involved in such left-of-center projects as Vulcan Death Grip and Bleaker Street Incident. Eventually, she teamed up with Indie luminary and Shimmy Disk founder Kramer for a band called Bongwater. It was one of Magnuson's most well-known musical collaborations, but also her least fondly remembered due to royalties disputes.

Her latest is on Geffen Records and it's called "The Luv Show." Written something like a musical theater-piece, it's one of the chronicles of a small town girl who move to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune. What she finds are sleazy men and sleazy places. Musically, it's all over the map— one minute slow and melancholy, the next, a Latin-fiesta— ola!

As far as acting goes, Magnuson has certainly had her share of roles. She's appeared in a number of feature films, including Clear and Present Danger, Tank Girl, Cabin Boy, and the upcoming Before and After and The Barefoot Executive. Recently, she's been a guest on The John Larroquette Show and has lent her voice to The Adventures of Pete and Pete. She also was a regular on the Richard Lewis/Jamie Lee Curtis sitcom Anything But Love.

"TV's a nine to five job. It's a regular paycheck," as opposed to most acting's on-again, off-again nature she professes to dislike. "I remember hearing actors talk when I was a student. They'd discourage you from acting, but now I know why. It's feast or famine."

The New Album

Dan: It's written in a theatrical form. Do envision it as a big production, like Tommy?

Ann: Well, I originally saw it as my next theater

ness, "then MTV came along and pilfered everything, like Seattle after Nirvana."
endeavor, it just happened to be a record instead of a one woman show. Then after the record was done we pulled the band together and created the stage show which is presented very much the way the original Jesus Christ Superstar was presented. Just in a concert format.

**Dan:** Are you taking it on the road?

**Ann:** I'd love to, but the record company is not giving me the money to tour with so I need to find ways to book it in cities as a theatrical venture. I've done it in Los Angeles and I did it in New York and I have some interest in maybe taking it to London which I'd love to do. I'd love to tour with it, but financially I'm not sure we're going to be able to make the math work.

**Dan:** You've said that Geffen doesn't really know what to do with the album.

**Ann:** They absolutely don't.

**Dan:** Has it been easier working with a major record label as opposed to indies?

**Ann:** I'd say the music business is pretty slimy, whichever level you're working on. They both have the pros and cons. They're both equally good and bad in equal ways. Probably the exact opposite ways.

**Dan:** Has the Bongwater experience turned you off to the music industry?

**Ann:** No. It's turned me off to the person who runs it. It's turned me off to the person who runs it. The stakes aren't even as high.

**Dan:** Scumbags?

**Ann:** ...Characters to the music industry.

**Dan:** You've had quite a career in music. Have you had experiences that have kept you involved in the industry?

**Ann:** Every time you're in front of an audience it keeps you going. It's a good audience and I've been blessed to have a pretty good response. That's the drug. That's the high. That's the heroin that keeps you crawling over cut glass to get to it again.

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**Panic**

We're about half way through the interview. Things are finally loosening up and I've stopped feeling like I'm a complete failure. We're talking about music. I'm naming bands and she's naming bands. She's giving me the inside scoop on the Mark Eitzel (of American Music Club) solo record. She's talking through a mouthful of pretzels and I'm feeling like we're old pals. Well, not old pals, but like I'd been talking to her for 40 minutes (which I had). Finally, we get to Denison and the tape runs out in the machine. No problem. I'll just flip that baby over and press record. Simple. It doesn't work. I hear echoes of Ann telling me that she loves the machine works, if it's brand new. So wise.

There is a frenzy of beeping. "Are things OK? What's all that beeping?" I feel like an asshole and consider lying. It's my important emergency beeper. I'm not an idiot. I'm not. But I don't lie. "It's the tape, it ran out." She's trying to be helpful by stopping, but I'm a mess. I drop the tape, and ask her to continue. She plows through the next few minutes, despite the phone's incessant beeping. I haven't heard a word.

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**Panic**

Finally, I relegate my self to paper, and in the corner of my mind, I see the journalism world giving me the finger again.

**Her Big Red Nightmare**

Her distaste for our home on the hill is common knowledge among those who knew her and those who care, but I had to hear it all from the horse's mouth. How did she wind up at Denison? "Jesus, that's a question I've been asking myself for years."

Given a choice between West Virginia University and Denison, Ann chose Denison "because it was small school and I felt I could get more attention in the theater department." While here, she put on productions in Theater II—which was her real creative outlet. Her relationship with the theater department (her intended major) was; well... "The theater department didn't like me. I was a bit of a renegade. I was a bit difficult."

She went abroad to London her junior year and spent second semester of her senior year in New York, "because there wasn't anything else [at Denison] for me to learn old and if I'd stayed I'd have a nervous breakdown. Which I had my sophomore year anyway, think."

"I didn't really learn anything practical at Denison, except from Elliot Stout. He taught me how to juggle."

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**The Future**

Just where will she go from here. She has videos for two songs off of The Luv Show "neither which can probably be shown on TV because they involve breasts." Isn't that always the way? But that should probably be the end of that— I'm going to be 40 soon and I'm going to have to put a halt to that sort of thing.

Well if breasts aren't in the old crystal ball, what then? Magnuson has two movies coming out, Susan Seidelman's The Barefoot Executive and Before and After with Meryl Streep. She also hinted toward the possibility of another TV show, although nothing is definite. As for the album, Magnuson doesn't wish for mainstream commercial success, just enough monetary success to convince Geffen to let her record another one. For life in general. Ann wants "to keep on performing. And a boy-friend."

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**Life**

I got the distinct impression during the course of our conversation that Ann Magnuson isn't all that impressed with too much. I guess I wouldn't be, either. She's done a lot and she's seen more.

So I asked her some big questions. She's somewhat well-known for being part of (if a blanket term can be used) the sex-positive feminist movement. Where does she see sexual politics going in the next century? "As Islam takes over, things certainly won't get any brighter for women. I guess we just need to start seeing each other as people. If we keep treating women as possessions and not people, it'll only get worse. And the gulf between men and women will never be bridged with what's going on on the right with abortion."

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**Ann Discusses Denison. "Big Red Diva," page 22.**
**Dorm, Sweet Dorm (where the hell can I live next year?)**

by michelle kahlenberg

The end is near. You can smell it in the air—four months of freedom and relaxation. However, most of us must return and face another year here at Denison. It is my personal opinion that life is always more bearable when you have a good place to live, and that is where I can be of assistance. For those who are not quite familiar with all of the living arrangements on campus (first-year students, this is most likely you) or for those of you who are just too lazy to scope all of the options, this is for you.

First and foremost, here’s a rundown of where you can’t live. Why, you ask? This is the First-Year Housing.

**Sawyer:** It’s Coed and Subsistence free if you care.

**East Hall:** Eh, oh well... it’s a boring dorm anyway.

**Morrow House:** Quiet Housing, out of the way. I wouldn’t fight for it.

And now, where you can live. These babies are up for grabs in the lottery.

**Beaver:** This one is still for upperclass females (at least they saved one for the upperclass women; read on and you will understand.) Anyway, I highly recommend Beaver. It is relatively quiet, yet it knows how to throw a good party and it has unbelievable bathrooms (see figure 1.) Also, Beaver has suites which are a good way to get to live with your friends. Watch out, though, because they (meaning those in charge of the whole living quarters shindig) are still thinking about making some of the suites for seven people. There is only enough closet room in any given suite for six people, and that’s if you have a minimal wardrobe. Keep your eyes open for their tricky little stunts.

**Sawyer:** For those who do not know, Sawyer is Beaver’s twin, in as much as buildings can be related. In theory, Sawyer is going to renovated over the summer, so it could actually be a great place to reside. That means one thing: beer sludge. Nope, no bare foot walking in this baby. Also, this tends to be a very loud dorm, especially on the weekends and Mondays and Wednesdays. But, if you like Dave Matthews and you can find a decent pair of plastic slippers, Sawyer is not so bad.

**Crawford:** Now for all students! The basement, however, will still belong to the freshmen. It’s still Coed, too. The second floor is for women, but of any class. The rest of the floors will be Coed and more than likely all four years of students. Block housing will be available, so you will get to live with your pals. Crawford has fairly large rooms, and if you are in to meeting firsties, then Crawford is the place for you.

**West:** This is the former Fiji house. There are going to be nine doubles in this building somewhere on the third floor. It is going to be either all male or all female and for upperclass students. I assume that if it is just remodeled, it will not be a bad place to live, but my only concern is the parties and bands that are held there. I think that it would be hard to have a nice romantic evening at home with a band playing two floors down rattling the walls.

**Ash House:** This place is Coed, and mostly for seniors. It has a great lounge (fireplace and all) and is mostly doubles, which comes in handy if you like to study or if you are in a relationship with someone.

**Huffman:** Here’s a surprise: Huffman is Coed. It’s still for upperclassmen and is now substance free on the first floor and quiet on the second. I think that poor Huffman is going to go into shock without its usual share of campus social life. The rooms are going to be mostly singles and doubles with a few suites. A word of caution: from being an upperclass male dorm for so long, there could be a lingering odor that will remain through next year, so buy some air freshener. (Huffman has been all-male for two years, it was coed in 1993-94; ed.)

**Curtis East:** Quiet housing. Your run of the mill Coed, for all ages and substance free. Anyway, Curtis East is going to have mostly doubles with some triples and quads. The triples and quads are relatively big, but the best thing about this dorm is the direct dining hall access and the workout facilities in the basement.

**Curtis West:** This baby is now Coed, for all ages and substance free. Anyway, Curtis West is going to have mostly doubles with some triples and quads. The triples and quads are relatively big, but the best thing about this dorm is the direct dining hall access and the workout facilities in the basement.
from Socialism to Santeria
(an american experiences life in Cuba)

by lyn moncrief

Everything was at an enormous distance. Standing in the middle of central Havana watching people wash over me in a crowded mess. In the distance, ocean water spitting high into the air, up and over the sea wall separating wet and dry. Yemaya’s voice—singing. I was caged in, wild-eyed looking around. The old yellow buildings crumbling into the ground. There was nowhere to go and everyone within eye shot focused on me. I tapped out a rhythm with some sticks, some kids joined in and we bit the rest of the evening talking about dunking basketballs. An old man with a torn face offered me some rum. I drank it and thanked him.

About 5 a.m. the streets emptied themselves. The homeless or those reluctant to go home buried their heads in the asphalt and closed their eyes. I stumbled down the Malecon, the main drag of Havana, hanging around you swarmed the Revolution. The Revolution. It is difficult for me to describe Cuba for people. It’s not like everyone that is sporting fatigues is holding a machine gun. Actually, the ones that aren’t in fatigues were sporting machine guns. Nevertheless, the experience was slightly intimidating, considering my own history with police here in the states. It was the typical routine of any check point, I suppose. The man bent down to see who was in the car—that being me. He looked me over and looked back at the taxi driver, who was about my mother’s age. That whole evening, I had asked the driver to take me to some sights. It was one of my last days in Cuba, and in my reluctance to see the tourist things there was quite a bit of pre-revolutionary stuff that I hadn’t seen. On driving back to the house I was staying at, a man flagged us down. So he asked her to step out of the car, she did. He asked her to follow her into a small building next to the check point—she did. She later explained to me that, he checked her license and papers. I asked her what else happened over the near two hours while I waited in the car. She began speaking very fast and shaking her fist.

Her husband fought along side with Che in the Revolution, she said. That is all I could understand. We were screaming down the Malecon in her small Russian car. Tears kissed her cheeks and I was in a distance.

It was only there for a month, which tends to be quite a bit longer than most United States citizens. Also, I was there as half research assistant and percussion student, studying Afro-Cuban folkloric dance and music. A great deal of my time was spent at the Escuela Nacional de Arte doing percussion work. If I wasn’t playing, I was watching someone play. I was there as a student, learning anything I possibly could about Afro-Cuban percussion—travels, religions and the people involved in the communities of the arts. I was able to travel in and around Havana, meeting and participating with professional musicians, teachers and dance groups, like Afro-Cuba de Matanzas.

I’m speaking frankly. I have never traveled before and it shows. I don’t know the first thing. I mean the greatest traveling experience I ever had included a family excursion into the Adirondack Mountains from New York City. We never made it. Our car broke down and we used my underwear to flag down other cars. Cuba was something I prepared myself for. I knew I was going to stick out, which I did. I knew speaking to people would be difficult, which it was. But I thought those difficulties would go away. They never did.

I did my best to avoid the tourist thing. But, everywhere someone wanted to interest me in something whether it was cigars, rum or people. One of my first observations of Havana were the murals of Che and slogans filling the cracked and tired buildings. It seemed as though the images would never be washed away. Of those people I met, there was an intense history chiseled into their faces. “CUBA Vive, CUBA DURA, CUBA BRILLA, CUBA VA, CUBA LIBRE, CUBA SI! PATRIA O MUERTE! SOCIALISMO O MUERTE!” Slogans inscribed into buildings faded like my old man’s tattoos. Everywhere around me swarmed the Revolution. The Revolution. The Revolution.

I sweated during the day from the exhausting August heat. My hands bled from playing so hard on drums. But for me, within the confines of music liberated me. I could speak loudly—my anger or my praise was translated through rhythms. It became my language— a means to communicate with those around me. I hung out with musicians and dancers mostly. They showed me how to have a good time Havana style, enjoying the life of percussion and song and a good night of dancing at a local rumba or the intensity of a Santería or Abakwa ceremony.

But nevertheless, I was distanced. Allowed to observe and allowed to participate, yet I knew nothing of the people. I knew nothing of their situation. I knew nothing of their anger. I knew nothing of their passion. When I had the opportunity to explore Havana, I did. Although, those explorations happened in the waning hours of the morning, when life was still in Havana. My guides were often the taxi drivers.

I couldn’t get around too easily and waiting for a bus is like waiting for next day’s mail. Eventually, you get taxi drivers hanging around you, because they enjoy your charming personality, you hope, and the dead presidents folded in your wallet. In recent years, the laws surrounding self employment, like taxi drivers, have become more lenient, although privately owned taxis are not supposed to drive foreigners around. It’s against the law. I, unfortunately, found out the hard way, as I was stopped at a check point with a taxi driver.
WHEN IT'S AN EMERGENCY, DON'T WAIT.

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We grabbed Toasters lead singer Chilly before their show on campus and asked him a few questions. Let's see what happened...

What's your favorite cheese?
Cheddar.

What's faster, a midget or a pig?
A pig when it knows you gonna kill that motherfucker. Am I allowed to curse?

What was your last automobile?
I never had one.

Why ska, and why now?
Cause it's a music from Jamaica, and I don't mean Jamaica, Queens. I heard it on the airwaves comin' from New Orleans.

Who skanks better, people from Boston, London or Gdansk.
Gdansk, I don't know. But I'm gonna say Boston. Where's Gdansk?

Growing Pains or Family Ties?
Which one is Growing Pains?
Julio or Englebert?
Eahhhhn. (a buzzer noise)

Antonio Banderas, Latino love machine or just plain wacky?
Eahhhhn. (a buzzer noise, again.)

Back at the Batcave...

Batman was contemplatin' gettin' some nonie which he ain't never had before.

What's this about deforestation?
Burn it down.

Sinatra?
Cool muthafucka.

How do you want to be remembered?
Live long and prosper, my friend.

How do you want to be forgotten?
Never.

Your favorite piece of rental equipment?
Sound system.

Sexier instrument, trombone or tuba?
Girls.

Whatever happened to the flute?
It died.

What's your favorite anatomical measurement?
Wait. Dictionary. What's anatomical?

In eleven (11) words or less, tell me about NAFTA.
Eahhhhn. (a buzzer noise)

What's the worst thing you were ever involved in burning?
Eahhhhn. (yep)

What do we need to know about the Toasters?
Eahhhhn. (s)
I think I'll wind this expose to a close. I am afraid of what female readers are going to think. I don't have any excuses. Yes, prostitution can be seen as the exploitation of women, but it exploits men almost as frequently. There are economically exploitative factors as well, but often times, especially with certain types of prostitutes, they are exploiting men against other options. In a way, you could even see call girls as having a certain power over men. And to look in the eyes of the big-busty bad blondes behind the Madeleine, you wouldn't dare tell them that they were being manipulated for fear they'd kick your liberal arts school ass.

I would say that in Paris there is much less of a moral stigma about the sale of sex. Are we as Americans of Puritan attitude? Are we hopelessly being bourgeois when we feign a shocked attitude? To quote the Queen of Sex, Camille Paglia, "career" prostitutes, prostitution is chosen against other options. In a way, you could even see call girls the Madeleine, you wouldn't dare tell them that they were being manipulated for fear they'd kick your liberal arts school ass.

I would say that in Paris there is much less of a moral stigma about the sale of sex. Are we as Americans instilled with a more Puritan attitude? Are we hopelessly being bourgeois when we feign a shocked attitude? To quote the Queen of Sex, Camille Paglia, "career" prostitutes, prostitution is chosen against other options. In a way, you could even see call girls commodified sexual encounters become a liberating force:

"Paris is for Lovers."

Continued from page 7.

The Conclusion

"Living on the Dole."

Continued from page 9.

A last, I saw it. Big men are guardians of the masculine impalpable. To have anonymous sex in a dark alleyway is to pay homage to the dream of male freedom. The unknown stranger is a wandering god. The altar, as in prehistory, is anywhere you hieled. Similarly, straight men who trust prostitutes are voluntarily striving to keep sex free from emotion, duty, family—in other words, from society, religion, and reproductive Mother Nature.

—From "Masculinity at the Time of Sex." (in John, Sex, and America's future.

I will let Paglia have the last word in the morality debate. Good or bad, prostitution was is and will be around for a damn long time. And so we can say au revoir to Parisian prostitution with the last image of the large phallic Eiffel Tower thrusting up out of the skyline. Or better yet, with the image of the Statue of Liberty whose body was almost as large as the phallic Eiffel Tower. Or simply with the immortal disco sexual anthem: "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir?"
Whoa...."

"You spent a whole weekend with Republicans?

was an interesting trip— I mean, hey, got to see the

found out that the bus that was supposed to take us

a little bit to do the turn) we safely returned.

difficulty with the cul-de-sac by Slayter (the bus was

company that we had to get back. The driver was

back to Denison wasn't coming. No one told the bus

ended up buying dinner for all sorts of people ("sure

someone felt bad enough for him to yank it out. He

bathroom to get it out, forgot and kept working until

after ten minutes of constant work on its extraction,

they don't serve alcohol, he swayed a little, loudly

breakfast for a pretty uneventful trip back home. The

real highlight was a nice young man named A.J. who

slammed beer after beer in the back of the bus. He

hit McDonald's for dinner where he ordered

rushed questions that seem to drive us all, Ann in-

work if you can find it, I guess.

L.A., all these people always want more, but they're

enjoyed spirituality. It's like the Hubble telescope; as-

nological breakthrough will bring us into a new awak-

nothing really turns my head

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about people, and sometimes

animals, but keep that under

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