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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 DCGA's 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.
From Toulouse-Lautrec to Tabatha Cash
(a look at prostitution in Paris)

by adrienne fair

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 courtesan (i.e. high-priced prostitute) Mistinguette, Paris becomes a "woman of the night":

"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."

Untitled by Georges Hagnet, 1936.

The History

At the turn-of-the-century, prostitution was rampant and somewhat glamorous. The dancers of the Moulin Rouge, for example, were made famous in the paintings and sketches of Toulouse-Lautrec: La Gouloue, Yvette Guilbert, Jane Avril, Cha-U-Kao, etc. Edgar Degas focused his woman-for-sale art on the "ballet rats" who were young dancers taken over by older men as love toys and symbols of wealth.

It should be said of course that prostitution was glamorized long before the 1800's. The courtesan Diane de Poitiers, the lover of Henri II, received her own chateau from the king when she was kicked out of court. Courtesanes lived in and among high ranks of society, supported by money they gained from wealthy men for sexual favors (although some courtesanes were undoubtedly in love with their benefactors.) The more mistresses a man could afford to keep in luxury, the more powerful he was thought to be.

As a literary example, Emile Zola's novel, Nana (1870), shows all of Paris being financially and morally ruined by the caprices of the copious sensual courtesane, Nana. And of course Charles Baudelaire never tired of writing about the decadence of drugs and prostitutes on the more bohemian side of Paris. Later, in the 1920's and 30's, literature renewed its love for sordid sexual exploits. Ex-Patriot Henry Miller wrote endlessly about Parisian brothels and diarist Anais Nin joined in his fascination for purchased sex. The most famous brothel of this period was "Suzy's" where prices were highest and the possibilities were the kinkiest.

To go back to the 1900's, you can trace the Parisian need for prostitution partly to a bourgeois vs. aristocracy root. At this time, the bourgeois were getting more and more money and cultivating prudish and tacky cultural tastes. The aristocracy had to find a way to distinguish themselves from the boring bourgeois people who had too much money and not enough ennui. The aristocratic solution lay in decadence. They threw crazy parties, did all the drugs they could and went to sex parties to try to outdo each other in sexual deviance. It was chic to rent young boys (for men) and boyish girls (for women) to accompany you to parties—challenging a bourgeois distaste for homosexuality. It was also common to pay to see women having sex with other women, with Great Danes, with groups of people, and with phallic objects (lends a new meaning to Marmaduke, doesn't it?) Aristocratic men also paid to have sex with midges, bearded women, Siamese twins and amputees at very specialized, very expensive brothels.

Interestingly, it was at this time that peep-shows were developed: a circle of booths with peep holes surrounded a central platform on which a dance or sexual act was performed. This, assumably, is the root of the children's song: "There's a place in France
Where the naked ladies dance,
There's a hole in the wall
So the men can see it all.

"It was common to pay to see women have sex with...Great Danes."

The Present

So now we come to the present day. Prostitution is still very common, very visible and sometimes is even still glamorous. Two female prostitutes turned porn stars, for example, are household names in Paris:

Tabatha Cash, who moved from porn flicks to her own radio show to a starring role in the recent social satire "Rai", and Brigitte LaHaie, who in addition to her pornos owns her own chain of "leather and latex" boutiques and her own sex line (the number one in Paris.)

To go down to street level, prostitution is a lot less glamorous. It, like any social structure, is extremely economically stratified. At the top, you have the older, wealthier women who have worked their way to owning their own camionettes (small trucks)
At night, Pigalle is known for the profession box, if the holder is thus employed. Therefore, prostitutes are completely legal to be a prostitute, identity cards, required by law to be carried at all times, actually are 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 specialty bars and clubs. The 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. Hence, this is where the “prostitute saint” is known. The pay-toilet prostitutes in Paris perform strictly toilet: closet-sized cubicles that sit on the street corners and open up at night but at an extra fifty cents. The pay-toilet prostitutes in Paris perform strictly. They come to their cars and the women take them to apartments or hotel rooms under their own terms. It should be noted that brothels 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. Women have large collections of dead rich husbands. No social class is exempt from prostitution in the “city of love.”

In addition to this female-centered hierarchy, there are also several male-prostitution venues. The Bois de Boulogne is a large wooded park on the west side of Paris where men frequently pick each other up. At the Porte de Dauphine, men can hire male hookers to wander 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.

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


The most appealing offer was made to me at an airport café 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 would recommend it.)

Another offer was made to me and my German boyfriend as we were eating falafels in a park. A drunk man with a dark tan showed us nude polaroids of an Asian woman doing somewhat foolish 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 some model for “artistic” photographs, perform erotic dance and give sensual massages. I was completely broke at the time, but I 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 to Paris. The first guy to pick me up began asking me if I needed money— “yes, that’s what 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 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 hitchhike 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 Arab boy who was convinced he could pay us for sex. I was shocked 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 spat 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 barkers 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.
I had no idea what happens at the Iowa Caucuses. For some reason, a state
rather far away from Washington D.C., where all of the people are stuck
in the fashions of 1990 (perms are an institution) suddenly dips with presidential
candidates around February tenth. So, hell, I went.

The College Republicans (“CRs,” as we would
learn to call them) stuck a ad in The Bullshit sheet about
a free trip to the caucuses. I thought to myself,
interesting, and hunted down a Republican to slap my
name on the list. None of the other people who had
signed up knew exactly what was going to happen.
Fortunately, one of the CR’s gave an interview to the
The Denisonian and I discovered that I had signed
up to spend the day calling for Bob Dole in Iowa—
making phone calls and dropping off his lit-
three busses were to make the 11 hour trek.

Our bus was filled with a few interesting con-
versations. “I think they should just make the Mid-
town the largest number of delegates to the caucuses.
Every other trip participant was completely toasted,
everything but the number of people swaying without
provocation at our next stop at some DQ in Illinois
proved otherwise.

I was 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 lit. As
Kathy Neubel pointed out, “I happened to be sleep-
ing, my face sticking out in the aisle, and I woke up
around 4 to a flashlight in my face and men holding
up shots in the front.” The drunkenness became too
much when a nice young lady named Kim started to
play with the P.A. system.

We finally reached our destination, the Univers-
ity of Iowa in Iowa City, at 7 a.m. Iowa time. The bus
unloaded, everyone exhausted and stumbling for
very embarrassed after calling him “Boynabitch” ac-
cepting the number of people that were 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 Bob, his wife, the
sas where they Bee-Looozong,” which everyone
liked, but that was about it. Ohio Governor Voinovich
spoke, informing the audience that Ohio was send-
ing 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
Bob Dole singing like a bird. (Photo: Megan Kellie)

right away from Washington D.C.

The ad was relatively
well done, as far as those things go. I found out that
Bob Dole is a great conversationalist, which made a pact to get this Kim
later.

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We've all been subject to the standard Eisner indoctrination. It makes sense—he's the richest, most powerful person I can think of offhand, 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 a lie. I hope it works if it's new. Interesting thought.

So I researched. I prepared. 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.

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.

Dan: Why tell her that. She doesn't care. No one would care.
Ann: I hope it works if it's new.

Dan: 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.

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 pillared 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 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—oh!

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."

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 piece.
**Panic**

We're about half way through the interview. Things are finally loosening up and I'm 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 telling me 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 hopes the machine works, if it's brand new. So wise.

There's a frenzy of beeping. "Are things OK? What's all that beeping?" I feel like an asshole and I'm not an idiot. I'm not. It's my important emergency beeper. I'm not going to do anything. I'm just going to keep going. If it's not working, I'll just flip that baby 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 hopes the machine works, if it's brand new. So wise.
**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.

**Beta:** It’s Coed and Substance 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. There is only one problem: it’s still going to be an upperclass male dorm. 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.

**Matthews:** This one is also an all women dorm, but it’s for all classes, freshmen included. The rooms are not too big. It’s pretty basic, but if you like living with women...

**Chamberlain Lodge:** Yes, 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 for seniors. 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.

**Fiji House:** There are going to be nine doubles 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.

**Crawford:** Now for all students! The basement, however, will still belong to the freepople. 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.

**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 with 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.)

**West:** Now for all students! The basement, however, will still belong to the freepople. 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.

**Irwin:** Where? I had to ask where this baby

**More places to live:**
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 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, watching people wash over me in a crowded mess. It 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, 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 Santeria 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 not like everyone that is sporting fatalities is holding a machine gun. Actually, the ones that aren’t in fatalities 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 off 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 went screaming down the Malecon in her small Russian car. Tears kissed her cheeks and I was in a distance.
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?  
Eahhhnn. (a buzzer noise)

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

Back at the Batcave...  
Batman was contemplating 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.  
Eahhhnn. (a buzzer noise)

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

What do we need to know about the Toasters?  
Eahhhnn. (3)
Continued from page 7.

The Conclusion

So I guess 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 teenagers and young women, they are being manipulated for fear they’ll kick your liberal ass.

I would say that in Paris there is much less of a moral stigma against the sale of sex. Are we as Americans with our Puritan attitudes instilled with a more Puritan attitude? Are we being manipulated to feel guilty? To quote the Queen of Sex, Camille Paglia, a liberal arts school ass.

Paglia, in her most recent book, *Sex, Power, and Politics: Third Wave Feminism*, instilled with a more Puritan attitude? Are we being manipulated to feel guilty? To quote the Queen of Sex, Camille Paglia, a liberal arts school ass.

武汉与世界

武汉是一个拥有2500年历史的文化名城。它位于中国的中部，是一个享誉世界的国际大都市。武汉以其丰富的历史和文化遗产而闻名，是中国最重要的文化中心之一。武汉还拥有众多的旅游景点和文化活动，是国内外游客的热门目的地。

武汉的特色

武汉以其悠久的历史和文化遗产而闻名。它是中国最重要的文化中心之一，拥有众多的博物馆、艺术馆和历史遗址。其中，武汉的黄鹤楼是一个重要的名胜古迹，吸引了无数游客前来参观。

武汉的美食

武汉以其丰富的美食而闻名，是中国最著名的美食城市之一。武汉的美食以其辛辣、酸甜适中的口感而著称，深受国内外游客的喜爱。其中，热干面、豆皮和鸭脖是武汉最具代表性的美食。

武汉的交通

武汉拥有完善的交通网络，包括公交、地铁和出租车等，方便游客出行。此外，武汉还拥有多个国际机场，方便国内外游客前来旅游。

武汉的旅游活动

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武汉的旅游规划

在武汉旅游，游客可以选择参观历史名胜、品尝美食或参与各种文化活动。武汉是一个充满活力和魅力的城市，值得国内外游客前来探索。

武汉的地理位置

武汉位于中国的中部，是中国重要的交通枢纽之一。它拥有多个国际机场和火车站，方便国内外游客前来旅游。

武汉的气候

武汉的气候宜人，四季分明。春季和秋季是旅游的最佳季节，夏季炎热但有雨，冬季寒冷但不太冷。

武汉的住宿

武汉拥有众多的住宿选择，包括豪华酒店、中档酒店和经济型旅社等，满足不同游客的需求。此外，武汉还有一些特色民宿和青年旅社，为游客提供独特的住宿体验。

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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 gave out his gold card to purchase "lobber for everyone on the bus. I really appreciate what you've done this weekend."

We hit McDonald's for dinner where he ordered beer from the guy behind the counter. When told that they don't serve alcohol, he sweated a little, loudly questioned their sexual orientation ("what are they, faggots? hey—are you guys FAGGOTS?") and proceeded to demand chicken wings. Unfortunately he couldn't get his wallet out of his back pocket. Even after ten minutes of constant work on its extraction, the wallet was still in his pants. A.J. talked about his challenge and started to ask for help. He went to the bathroom to get it out, forgot and kept working until someone felt bad enough for him to yank it out. He ended up buying dinner for all sorts of people ("sure someone felt bad enough for him to yank it out. He exceeded to demand chicken wings. Unfortunately he couldn't get his wallet out of his back pocket."

total hours worked for Bob Dole: about 3. It wasn't an easy trip, but I really appreciate what you've done this weekend."

The formal interview came to a close, and I spoke to Ann for a while about gossip—things I'd never have known about people I'd probably never know. Possible career, I think, gossip columnist? Nice work if you can find it, I guess.

Finally, we hung up. I had been intimidated from the interview, but just in time to hang up, that intimidation faded.

So I finished the big interview, and I write this article thinking, boy, am I hungry. But I'm also wondering where I go from here. I have nothing to do with Ann Magnuson, granted. But it's those kind of personal questions that seem to drive us all, Ann included. Plus, they fill space in the magazine.

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