Mind of Your Own

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My next door neighbors are victims of the system. I am convinced of this as I sit down at midnight on a Sunday to write this editorial. I have laughter and Funky Cold Medina through the nail-thin wall which separates my abode from theirs. These working conditions might not be the same for me if I were a resident of Smith or Shorney or Crawford, any of those buildings which fulfill the slum living needs of many a J-Crew wearing member of our student body.

I was in Shorney just last week. I pressed a drug bust as I was passing through. Some first year student in a blue button down shirt and what looked like sixty dollar cargo pants was caught by the HR, walking with a bong under his shirt. It was a plastic apparatus, amber in color, with a Grateful Dead sticker stuck near the top. The first year student in the sixty dollar cargo pants—I really am just guessing; they looked like a pair I have seen in an Abercrombie & Fitch catalog left in the TV lounge of my dorm—said he was just out walking the bong. He was just holding it for someone; it wasn't his. Security arrived; they went back with this kid to the room from which he exited with the bong. That room was empty but another first year student with a towel around his waist soon arrived. Security asked to search the room. He complied, saying they wouldn't find anything. Two cases of Busch Light and thirty bottles of liquor later, security took down the names of the two kids and carried away the booze which was to be stored wherever security stores such contraband. The two first year people went off to a ska concert. The whole scenario wasn’t Cups or anything; it was just amusing.

My next door neighbors are a lot like these guys. First year students. Heavy boozers. Loud partiers. Their door showcases pictures of marijuana leaves, voluptuous women in bikinis or cotton panties, and a photo of Fully, protagonist of the spiritually uplifting film Kids, with a word bubble drawn in pen by his grotesquely contorted mouth saying, “Romantico!” Their dorm is the self-proclaimed Home of Old Milwauke. Of the marijuana and the women, one friend told me that my next door neighbors post such pictures, not because they have those two things, but rather, because they are trying to attract them.

Earlier in the semester they posted an ebones gloss on their door; a resident removed it.

My next door neighbors and I have been in conflict this year. They won’t deny it. They’re proud of their ability to get under my skin. Unsigned offensive messages on my door. Killian’s Red boxes and a picture of Elvis shoved under my door. An e-mail bomb — 572 messages calling me a “faggot.” And a dead sticker stuck near the top. The first year student person in the sixty dollar cargo pants— I really am just guessing; they looked like a pair I had seen in an Abercrombie & Fitch catalog from the past month or two, and you’ll see ads for anti-depressants, anxiolytics, antidepressants, estrogen shots, and more. An more. I’m referring to the video showing at Slayter and the numerous pamphlets dealing with depression which the angst-ridden denizens of Denison eagerly are lapping up, a clear conflict of interests emerges. Both the video and the pamphlets are provided by Eli Lilly & Co. and make extensive references to medication, despite the fact that the video and several pamphlets claim to be non-prescriptive. I might be considered harsh in asserting that not all forms of depression require drug treatment, but I believe that not all forms of depression are a clinical, chemical problem. People with these particular conditions do not need clinical, chemical treatment. They should take the struggles of these who have real troubles. They make disease a fact.

I won’t deny that these types of people who abuse drug treatment have problems, nor will I claim to know fully what they are going through. As a lower middle class downtown boy with a relatively cushy two decades on this earth but truly believe there comes a point when each of us, not hindered by what truly is a clinical, a chemical problem, when we will do anything to change the situation and to get on with life. Hell, life is rough for all of us. I am lucky in most concerns and, though I don’t always show it, am a pretty happy person. I thank the powers that be for not giving me the opportunity to experience the duffs and deal. Hell, life is rough for all of us. I am lucky in most concerns and, though I don’t always show it, am a pretty happy person. I thank the powers that be for not giving me the opportunity to experience the duffs and deal. Hell, life is rough for all of us.

I am not in any way, shape, or form suggesting that depression isn’t a disease. It most certainly is and is one that we as a society too often fail to recognize. However, as a society, we are also beginning to fail to recognize that a problem might be something other than depression. The typical treatment period for situational depression is a year—the time I used to hear quoted as a typical grieving period. Too many people who do not have legitimate chemical imbalance problems—a family member has died, they have left home for the first time, their best friends are ignoring them—are using anti-depressants as the quick fix, as the short term solution to things like the temporary inability to cope with other people or a lack of desire to attend class. More than likely these forms of “depression” require a simple motivational thing, an adjustment thing, a non-chemical anxiety thing, or, quite simply, a getting on with life by facing the problem head-on and without a drug to speed along the process thing. I might be considered harsh in asserting that not all forms of depression require drug treatment, but I believe that not all forms of depression are a clinical, chemical problem. People with these particular conditions do not need clinical, chemical treatment. They should take the struggles of these who have real troubles. They make disease a fact.

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Just Be

By Randall Frey

In my hours behind the bar, I’ve found that, as in life, there are fun times and boring times, good nights and bad nights. Much of the time I spend holding down the job is devoted to cooking up great ideas of how I could make even more money for doing even less.

As you could imagine, mixing drinks all night long puts alcohol on the brain which, surprisingly, leads to the invention of many a new cocktail. There are already a million drinks out there; I learn about new ones everyday—What do you mean you don’t know what’s in an Irish Mother Fucker? So naturally, the first liquor fume-conceived brainchild I bore was a new specialty beverage—Berry Beer. Flavored beers are big these days, as are any mixed drinks involving fruit juices. With Berry Beer you would get such delectable flavors as cranberry, strawberry, blueberry—you get the picture. Berry Beer would come in wacky Kool-Aid colors and would be marketed to the under-21 crowd—not like that would be a revolutionary marketing concept. The Spice Girls would sing the Berry Beer anthem. You’d hear it eight thousand times a day on the radio and on TV. Berry Beer! What a concept! I experimented here at the bar. It didn’t taste great, but, hey, there are a lot of beverages out there which don’t taste great. Why should that stop me?

Another great idea of mine was the illustrated autobiography. I actually drew some pictures of myself on cocktail napkins. I thought about that for awhile. I mixed that for personalizing the project would be better suited for a broadside or maybe an illustrated “About the Author” column. I realized that my illustrated autobiography would have to be a book of lists, lists of some of the best jokes I know, some of my favorite songs, and maybe some good restaurants in the Pittsburgh area. The final chapter, the third or fourth one, would be a comprehensive guide on how not to score with women—You too can spend more nights alone! Imagine that. Illustrated autobiographies.

Lately, I’ve been thinking the best way to make a ton of cash is by being a celebrity. Famous people get paid to show up, have “talks,” and sign autographs. Famous people get paid for product endorsements. Some famous people don’t even have to do anything more than go to the airport and to book signings. I might show up at the occasional book signing and could bring him new shoes and underwear periodically.

Interestingly enough, the Calvin Klein people, not Mike, have exposed the key to happiness, success, and fame in their recent ad campaign: Just Be. That’s what Calvin and his gang do. That’s what Howard Hughes did in his later years, when he left off Baskin Robbins’ banana ice cream, didn’t clip his nails, and kept his feces in dated jars. Just Be. I bet Hugh Hefner is doing it as we speak. Sure the message is cryptic, but the Calvin Klein folks are masters of the obviate. Just Be. Like hell. That’s what I do on my days off, and nobody is running to take my picture. That’s why I drew some pictures of my own. These would definitely have gone in my autobiography if Michael Jordan hadn’t gained creative control. Before I go, if anyone knows of any way to contact the Zima people, I have an idea for them.

Randall Frey is just being in Pittsburgh, bartending, and suing Michael Jordan for movie rights.

007, Missing the Action

By Robert Parks

I n 1952 in the novel Casino Royal, Ian Fleming created the character of James Bond, a smooth, suave, super-sly British agent with a license to kill. He drank vodka martinis, wooed women of all walks of life, defended the decent world, was deadly dangerous, and had a scar on his cheek. In 1962 Sean Connery assumed the role of James Bond and gave him a new persona. He was still smooth, suave, and super-sly. He still drank vodka martinis, wooed women of all walks of life, defended the decent world, was deadly dangerous, and had a scar on his face.

In 2002 Pierce Brosnan entered the role of James Bond. The critics and audiences all liked him... except for a few Bond fans. In Bond’s Goldeneye, James Bond 007 is a British-sitter, but what do the women do? They act snooty and give our hero no respect.

Okay, the tank scene. Great. Lots of fun. You get to hear the James Bond theme throughout the scene, which is why I liked it. But wait a minute! This is more like a scene from True Lies with Arnold Schwarzenegger, which is a high octane plot on a James Bond movie. The scene with Q? What is that? A joke? Sure, it’s fun and all, but isn’t that what fun is. Am I witnessing the death of the 007 with whom I grew up, know, and love.

Ian, where are you? Sean, where are you? Are we going back to the days of Roger Moore? Or are we going back to the bad days of Roger Moore? What did the producers do after Roger Moore packed it in? They got Timothy Dalton.

Not many people liked Timothy Dalton, but he did a lot for Bond. He brought back the tough, gritty, gutsy days of 007. He portrayed a James Bond that could quite possibly be the toughest Bond to hit the screen and still have charm. Look at License to Kill! Here is a simple example of a James Bond adventure with the most gruesome deaths ever seen on the silver screen. It was a white-knuckle. Nobody gets shot until the end. People are eaten by sharks, drowned, impaled, implored, electrocuted, chopped up, eaten by maggots, set on fire, etc. This movie pulls out all the stops and plows its way through the plot. And the plot is a spy movie plot which is plausible. None of this destroying the world’s economy, but a movie about a drug lord who buys his way out of trouble, dodges laws, and makes a deal with the American DEA: “Lay off or I’ll get some use out of my Stinger missiles that I bought from the Contras.” Well, the plot’s more realistic than the plot of Goldeneye. The gruesome deaths are done by bad guys, which forces James Bond to be just as bad. That’s the real deal when it comes to James Bond. That’s the payoff of these bad guys who want to take over the world’s economy with a device called the Goldeneye. I can just see a cartoon image of Joe Don Baker, who plays the beer-bellied CIA agent, calling Bond a “stiff butt Brit.” As a matter of fact, I see cartoon copies of every character. Especially that Russian guy with the big nose. The character, plot, situations and music of Goldeneye are all straight out of a cheap cartoon, as well as the entire pre-credit sequence, the tank scene, and so on. These scenes fulfill all Saturday morning cartoon scenes, and so, these scenes could even be considered having validity when I heard that deals
Hatching a Masterpiece
Jeffrey Hatcher talks of writing, Melville, Woody Allen, and Denison

Jeffrey Hatcher is busy. The Reynolds Playwright-in-Residence is currently overseeing the premier of his adaptation of Melville’s Pierre, teaching a class, and rehearsing for the Homecoming production of John Brown’s Body. Hatcher’s resume is just as crowded as his schedule. His plays have been seen at theaters all across the United States, including the Manhattan Theatre Club, American Globe Theatre, Actors Theatre of Louisville, and StageWest, to name a few. He is a four-time participant in the O’Neill Center’s National Playwrights Conference and a member of New Dramatists. His plays Scotland Road, Three Viewings, The Turn of the Screw, and Smash are published by Dramatists Play Service, while his book The Art and Craft of Playwriting is published by Story Press. A 1980 graduate of Denison, Jeffrey Hatcher has come home.

MOYO: I know you’ve told me this story, but I think it’s a good story. Why did you switch from acting to playwriting?

HATCHER: Well, I was the sort of actor who at Denison was often cast playing older characters in Chekhov or Shakespeare—that sort of thing—by virtue of my receding hairline and a slightly lower voice. And when I came to New York, you know, those were the kind of roles I wanted to play. Those were the kind of roles I was trained to play. And I never wore a suit and tie. I was always wearing winged collars and cravats and carrying walking sticks...

MOYO: Do you think playwriting is maybe an easier genre than say, fiction?

HATCHER: It’s easier in terms of the amount of words we have to put on a piece of paper. I think a lot of playwrights become playwrights because we don’t want to have to describe trees, you know, and what somebody’s face looked like. The amount of heavy lifting required to write a Henry James novella, I think, would stress my poor talents to the max. I think some people are led toward prose narration; they like to describe the way things are, feel, smell, look. They like to describe the inner-workings of a character’s mind. And some people are more drawn toward the outer representation of those things, what dialogue and what actions represent inner thoughts, inner concerns. And if you’re one of those sorts, then you’re like me.

MOYO: You’ve done some television writing as well [Columbo]. Do you think the writer has less control in that venue?

HATCHER: In the theatre, a writer always owns his own words, and he leases them to the theatre... . but in film and television you sell your script to the producer... . and he or she can do with it whatever he or she likes... . Basically when you write for TV or film, you’re a hired gun, and once your gun has been sold to the producer, you’re merely a guy who’s allowed to hold it. It’s no longer yours.

MOYO: This could apply to all writing, but specifically playwriting, do you think it can be taught in schools or universities? Or is it a creative process that has to develop on its own?

HATCHER: Well, I’m afraid this is the old-fashioned thing to say, but you can’t teach dialogue.

MOYO: You’ve done some television writing as well, specifically Columbo. Do you think it can be taught in schools or universities? Or is it a creative process that has to develop on its own?

HATCHER: Sometimes the author... . of any work is simply the strongest personality behind that work... . In musicals, I think that you can write a good book for a musical, and they do give out Tony Awards for it and all that, but if you write a good book for a musical, it’s still not what the audience goes away humming. They go humming the music...

MOYO: What about musical theatre writing? I know you’re working on the book for Fanny [with my favorite composer Lucy Simon], is that right? How is that different from playwriting?

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MOYO: You’ve done a lot of your shows in regional theatres. I’ve heard talk of that being the breeding ground for new playwrights. Do you think that’s...
overripe narrative, and once you've made that style. He was always a very colorful stylist, but I think he chose a very purple prose for his work. I admire the full-throttle badness of it. Coppola said, I'm going to do this, and do it within an inch of my being... It is a film where a guy is working at the top of his powers, giving the thing that he has decided to do. The thing that is missing is a good story... but I was wildly impressed that he kept the throttle open all the way. I think that's something similar in Melville, the fact that he never seemed to shrink from it. As a writer, I really admire that.

HATCHER: I would argue that that's a pretty bad movie, but I would also argue that you have to admire the full-throttle badness of it. Coppola said, I'm going to do this, and do it within an inch of my being... It is a film where a guy is working at the top of his powers, giving the thing that he has decided to do. The thing that is missing is a good story... but I was wildly impressed that he kept the throttle open all the way. I think that's something similar in Melville, the fact that he never seemed to shrink from it. As a writer, I really admire that.

MOYO: Yes, unfortunately.

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MOYO: Yes, unfortunately.

HATCHER: I'd be happy for that if I could have Sondheim's career. I used to think that I could write jokes on a typewriter, but I had to write drama in longhand. I don't think I believe that any more... I used to also tape record some stuff, especially monologues. It was very useful. It sometimes caught me in a kind of weird, trance state. But I also found that I was taping them when I was in the car, or on buses, and at the end of the day, or the end of the week, I'd turn them on and I couldn't here a goddamn thing, just squealing brakes and hydraulic hisses. Not the safest thing to do.

MOYO: So was Melville insane? [may my llth birthday be a huge hit you can roll in millions... but to have a killing. So if you have a huge hit you can roll in millions... but to have a steady stream of income what you need are shows that will travel the regional theatre route.

HATCHER: Most playwrights do make most of their living from the regional theatres. You can make money in New York, but it's still like the old Robert Sherwood line, You can't make a living in theatre. You can only make a killing. So if you have a huge hit you can roll in millions... but to have a steady stream of income what you need are shows that will travel the regional theatre route.

MOYO: Why did you chose to adapt Pierre?

HATCHER: What I like about Pierre is that everybody knows who Herman Melville is, but very few people know what the book Pierre is. I had the advantage of a very famous name while having the advantage of no one knowing the title. None of the disadvantages of doing Moby Dick were there. Also, I loved the fact the book functioned very much like a play plot, that the plot of the novel corresponded in great detail to the plot of an Elizabethan or Jacobean revenge tragedy. I also loved this idea that you had a young man who's going to somehow make up for his father's wrongdoing, but in pursuing this wonderful, ethical goal, he was also getting to have illicit sex and a seedy adventure. I thought here's a man who wants to have it both ways. He wants to say that he's doing something noble, and he wants to get laid...

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Dial DU
For
MURDER

Cinema student shuffles off the mortal coil, and finds it an acquired taste
By Robert Levine

It's a simple, sad little fact that the sins of the few make for the hearty recreational reading material of the many, and too many personal accounts begin with confessions. However, for the sake of the truth, as serrated as it is, I commence my disclosure. For I dare not dilute this heinous deed of which I have partaken with the frivolous ornamentation of narrative. This is me; I am this crime. I am a killer, and I had to come to Denison University to become so.

Before college, I lived a sheltered life. The pointed, unsightly reality of adversity never blemished the postcard pristine veneer of my womb-like lifestyle in Northern Indianapolis, the city that always sleeps. Murder, that unwarranted segue to the death's dark coelom, made itself present only through dreaded prospect. Many a night would I lie awake, frozen deathly still in my bed, with the awareness of my fragile existence in full effect, awaiting some onslaught of random tragic bloodshed like a teen-aged, suburban Job. Reading horror novels didn't help either; the dozen or so hours...
But no matter, alum or no alum, know that I am a virtuoso in the art of murder-am desirous of improving myself in its details-and am enamored of your vast surface of throat, to which I am determined to be a customer.

*Killer to victim, from On Murder Considered As One of the Fine Arts by Thomas De Quincy, 1827.*

it took me to read Thomas Harris' *Red Dragon* probably cost me hundreds of hours of sleep as a result.

Then I came to the quiet, unsullied village of Granville, a place where (one would think) fulfilled homicidal urges are about as common and expected as street riots ("They're looting the Town & Gown!") and volcanic eruptions ("Ash over Ash House! Crater in Slayer!"). The everyday tranquil nature of this haven hardly seems conducive to violent crimes, as opposed to the seamy, turbulent discordance of the murder capitals of our nation, the New York Cities and Gary, Indiana (actually, Gary is doing much better; all the smog makes it harder to aim). Who could have known that here, in the heartland of our fair nation, I would be initiated into the sordid circle of man's most vile act of violence committed against himself?

November 30, 1997 - Cinema Annex - 2:30 p.m. - Bad Moon Rising

Stow your interests, aspiring cineastes; no class on this campus will call the morbid standing of your soul more into question than TC-410, Advanced Cinema Production, a filmmaking tutorial disguising a workshop of another, more devilish kind. Head Sin-nema professor Dr. Eliot Stout, the self-proclaimed Czar of the Rushes, accurately declares from day one that TC-410 is, "a baptism in fire" and he's not just talking about the relative difficulty of the course. The monetary cost of taking this class is $125, but the price your soul pays may well exceed the class which the police annals of Europe bring up, they meet and criticize as they would a picture, statue, or other work of art (101).

Murder as an art? The highest sin against humanity, a capital crime, interpreted as a perfectible craft and a perverse form of expression?! I gagged with knee-jerk repulsion. The author rationalizes their morbidity with this dubious logic:

Everything in this world has two handles. Murder, for instance, may be laid hold of by its moral handle, and that, I confess, is my weak side; or it may also be treated aesthetically - that is, in relation to good taste (100).

Mural in relation to good taste? I was not convinced of the correlation and reading this stuff instilled in me certain ominous feelings, i.e. the wavering of our society's moral foundations. So I
Reckoning Approaches

This was the last class session before we would saturate the streets of Granville with the blood of the unsuspecting. Dr. Stout laid down the dead-line: in two weeks, six rolls of exposed film were to be placed on his desk by 2 p.m. Until then, Dr. Stout announced, he would not be available. He was leaving town, and most likely, the country, distancing himself should one of our plots go awry.

We went over lighting set-ups and frame composition, then dispatched into the chilly, foreboding fall evening. The air bore the fragrance of sweet autumnal decay.

October 10, 1997 - Aladdin's Cafe - 2:00 p.m. - Doubt Ensues

Each of us entered the eatery at different times, unshaven (except for Belkis) and wearing sunglasses. Upon taking a booth, conversation was slim. When we did speak, no one used anyone’s Christian names. The place smelled of cold death. Then again, it seemed like every place I went lately smelled of cold death. Everyone took a lunch menu except me; I couldn’t stand to eat.

The events of those past three days had caused me to harbor a slight change of heart (or heartlessness). First off, securing the location had proved difficult, but now that we had, in order to get permission to use the warehouse, I had caught myself a little taste of the Big Red Tape, and it was frustrating. No one wants to host a murder and have to jump through hoops.

Secondly, we had not yet found any actors to fill the necessary roles, particularly that of the harried child killer. Employing busy college students Choppers on a strictly voluntary basis is a lot to ask of them, and many of those we had requisitioned had politely turned us down. No one wants to die around here.

Thirdly, the figurative levees I had built to hold back the cascading floods of my morbidity had been breached. Call me weak and trifling, but I respect human life. Knowing that I was about to commit the dirtiest of the devil's handicraft, guilt and fear invaded me like the black plague. At one point last week I couldn’t bear to face the alter. I sat on the pew backwards, which is not easy to do for an hour. I’d had a nightmares where I entered the Cinema Annex only to find Dr. Stout drinking dry martinis with the Devil himself. They tied my head under the blade of a huge Reevis splicer while the walls of the Annex seeped blood!

Connoisseurs in Murder would not have found much to appreciate in the delicacy and finesse of that method, so I let it slide.

In the spirit of lynching, I suggested beheading the killer with baseball bats. Everyone stared at me, aghast at my brutality. And I’m sure the Society of Den-of-Sin.. would have turned a blind eye.

The suggestion of a hanging came up, and all of us leapt on it like ravenous wolves. The idea had malevolent merit. Hanging someone is a very intricate process; lots of kinks and quirks, perfect montage material. We felt up to the challenge of employing our facilities of cinematic illusion to realize their peak by implying a hanging where there really was none. Plus, there was the narrative appropriateness, for hanging was one of the earliest forms of capital punishment. How prime!

We finished up feeling pretty good and illicit, high on that mischievous gratification that comes with conspiring to commit the criminal and subversive. We cleaned up our trash, wiped our fingerprints from the table tops, and left in haste, watching our backs all the way home.

October 7, 1997 - Cinema Annex - 5:20 p.m. - Reckoning Approaches

The Conspirators Arrive

They were four of us: myself, Christopher McMillen, Belkis Turan, and Michael Klabunde. This was our first meeting, wherein we would flesh out, so to speak, our spectacle of “Den-of-Sin.” University bloodshed. Chris prepared some coffee, and it set the mood; we were brewing. Throughout the meeting, however, I couldn’t help pondering long and hard, and admittedly, I can understand that there might be some aesthetic finesse and terrifyingly potent kineticism to be realized from wielding a arc of a shielded butcher knife or from the dire tumultuous throes of a strangulation victim. Artistically speaking, of course.

So, in true Christian College of the Liberal Arts fashion, I decided not to be ignorant to or close-minded about the opinions and beliefs of others, simply because they are diametrically opposed to my own, even if their beholders are a bunch of guys who sit around and valorize homicide like a posse of sick armchair assassins. With that in mind, I committed myself to executing a well-composed, artistically sound, intricate piece of murder, mayhem, well worth the price of my admission into the furrowing depths of hell.

October 2, 1997 - The Bandersnatch - 8:30 p.m. - The Conspirators Arrive

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Other sins only speak; murder shrieeks out.

John Webster in The Duchess of Malfi (Continued on page 22.)
Mom and Pop Alums Reflect on the Sixties Social Scene

By Kirsten Werne

What do we really do here at Denison? Time is spent on endless fifteen page papers due in three hours. Or figuring out where we’re going to get that five bucks for a thirty pack of Natty Light for a Friday night spent in someone’s room listening to music. Lines like, “There’s nothing to do, man,” or “God, I have so much work to do tonight. I’m seriously stressed on my econ exam tomorrow. I haven’t even thought about the books,” are heard floating around campus every day.

Well, I now ask you to do a little time traveling with me. No, this isn’t a Star Trek episode. It’s a look at life here at Denison in the years between 1959 and 1966, when Philip A. Rees, Patricia Strickler Werne, Joseph R. Werne, and Thomas S. Jones roamed the very campus where we are getting solid—or not so solid—education today.

Think about it. What do we do for fun around here? We go to someone’s room, and drink bad beer. Or we go to the Villa and drink bad beer. Or we go to the Somewhere Else bar and drink yet more bad beer. Back in the late 50s/early 60s, Denison was a dry campus. So what did Peter Rees’s, Scott Jones’s, and my parents do on their weekends? They hung out at bars in Newark (the drinking age was 18) at Tony’s or Jack’s. Mr. Jones liked to go to fraternity parties off campus at Buckeye Lake or to the 11th Street Market, which was half grocery store, half bar. Mr. Werne went to “easy parties” in the basement of a place called Tallyho, where he and his SAE brothers listened to records and drank. Or he went to the Manor House with my mom to get their famous purple eggs (Don’t ask me, I wouldn’t eat them, not in a box, not with the men). Mr. Jones roamed the very campus where we are getting some very close friendships. When the fraternities lived in the Phi Delta Theta house and developed theirénroner to lose any sense of responsibility for what members did in and in their house. I would have applauded if the college had banned fraternities altogether. I think the day of the fraternity is past, that they are relics from a bygone age.” Mrs. Werne thought the fraternities probably produced the problems, but she didn’t think throwing them out of their houses was the only solution. Mr. Werne didn’t care.

Everyone now has taken some interest in the so-called Wingless Angels, and many of us have no idea what they really do. But despite the random, harmful stories we may have heard, the Wingless Angels of the late 50s and early 60s were silly little pranksters. “They weren’t a racist group,” said Mr. Jones. “No, they weren’t,” added Mrs. Werne. Mrs. Werne also remembered some of their antics of mirth. “One time they took silverware out of the dining halls and broke into the library and set all the tables for dinner. Another time they showed off thoroughbred horses and coaxed them up to a high floor in the library. That was pretty sick. They had to drug the horses to get them out, and they could never be shown again.” Mr. Rees remembers them simply as immature, sophomoric jerks.

We think that we have tons of books to attend to, but believe it or not, things were just the same then. “I remember that I never seemed to be caught up, and that I never got all of the reading done,” said Mr. Rees. Mr. Rees remembered his fraternity hazing “Patty Murphy” parties, where they simulated executions of Talbot Hall, (now Knapp) where our professors were excellent, too. Sometimes they would come to eat with us in the dining halls. They would set up certain tables, like a German foreign language table, where we would speak in German for the entire meal. Also, after class, we would rent a farmer’s pasture and go out and drink the day after the festivities.

A variety of fraternities, sororities, and independents now exist on campus, but things were somewhat different in the early 60s. “I think when I went to Denison, the Greek system was going through a transitional period. Most of us in the early 60s were becoming disenchanted,” said Mr. Werne. “Ninety percent of us would join our freshman year, but then some would deactivate later on.” Mrs. Werne added, “Basically, if you weren’t involved in the Greek system, you had no social life.” Mr. Jones lived in the Phi Delta Theta house and developed some very close friendships. When the fraternities were kicked out of their houses, the alums had different views on the matter. “I was disappointed because that’s a very important aspect of building unity and bonding,” said Mr. Jones in regard to the issue. Mr. Rees’s opinion was a bit different. “I’m not sorry that happened. Most of them seem to have lost any sense of responsibility for what members did in and in their house. I would have applauded if the college had banned fraternities altogether. I think the day of the fraternity is past, that they are relics from a bygone age.” Mrs. Werne thought the fraternities probably produced the problems, but she didn’t think throwing them out of their houses was the only solution. Mr. Werne didn’t care.

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To wrap up this little blast to the past, I’d like to give a special thank you to the alums who contributed their time and memory to this story.

Kirsten Werne is currently attempting to revive Tom Jones parties to no avail; however, excessive alcohol consumption remains a popular campus pastime.
Between a Rock and a Hard Place
A geological excursion into the wilds of Canada

By Matthew Kohlbecker

I have always been fascinated by geology, but I was in denial for my first year of college. I practically grew up outdoors, spending my summers hiking and canoeing in the Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York. The first job I ever had was as a camp counselor.

When I was young, I was content to enjoy nature. I loved to lie down in the leaves of the Adirondack mountain floor and stare at the tree canopy above me, counting the stars above me, counting the stars above me.

But as I became older, I wanted more than just to enjoy nature. I wanted to learn more about it, to expand my knowledge about the natural world, to understand everything that we encountered, but I learned a lot and I want to try and pass some of that knowledge on to you.

The first day was fairly uneventful in the beginning, but it had a great finish. We left Olin at 4:30 and drove through Ohio to Buffalo and crossed the Canadian American border. We stopped at Niagara Falls, which I had seen since I was seven years old.

It was truly astounding. Since it was night, huge lights projected onto the falls from the shore, dying the water red, green, and blue. I remember looking down at the water, which was speeding past our group below the falls. I imagined how, very slowly, at the microscopic level, the current was altering the cliff over which it flowed and the rock below. I imagined how, very slowly, at the microscopic level, the current was altering the cliff over which it flowed and the rock below.

There are two primary rock types which compose the cliff over which the falls flow: shale and dolomite. The shale is more susceptible to erosion, and the dolomite, which lies above it, is more resistant. Consequently, the shale is being eaten away faster than the dolomite, thereby creating a steep cliff which is supported by a continuously receding base. Millions of years in the future—I do believe that the earth will still be around then, it's just humans that I am not so sure about—the shale base will be eroded and weathered to the point that it is unable to support its dolomite covering, and the cutting a relatively small gorge will, as we know them, be destroyed. Millions of years after the dolomite falls, I suspect that the cliff will once again attain the form it has currently, only a few feet further back.

At 12:00, the Falls’ lights went out, and after lingering for a little while longer, we returned to the falls. We drove for about two more hours until reaching the town of Brampton, Ontario, where we spent the night.

We woke up early the next morning, and proceeded to Kilarny Provincial Park, where we were to examine the famous Kilarny granite.

I had most striking features of the car ride up were the granitic outcrops along the road. Being rich in the mineral potassium feldspar, these granitic rocks have a pink color, something that I, spending so much time in the classroom, understand now but that was still so fascinating to me back then. I imagined how, very slowly, at the microscopic level, the current was altering the cliff over which it flowed and the rock below.

We stopped at a small park off the road to eat lunch and examined evidence of glaciers. We could see glacial striations: marks left by glaciers when they scraped across the landscape during the last glacial age, which was 18,000 years ago. Even though this may seem like a long time ago, when you think of the last glacial period in terms of your lifetime, realizing that the earth is just over 4.5 billion years old, it is almost like yesterday.

Where's Walden?
Comments on the Homestead
By Jean Lamont

Upon discovering that I was a summer resident at the Homestead, people often resorted to phrases such as, “How’s it goin’?” and, “What’s it like, living in the wilderness?” They certainly are entitled to their own opinions, but I think that they are missing the point. I can’t agree more that the Homestead is not exemplary of “comfortable” living. However, I don’t think that “simple” would be an accurate substitute only because it minimized the goals of such an establishment as the Homestead. Its goals of self-sufficiency and ecological soundness, if understood, make it evident that the aims of the Homestead include far more than a backyard camping trip.

The Homestead is located about a mile from campus. It consists of three cabins and is surrounded by variable amounts of full-time Denison students throughout the school year. I chose to live there this summer because of the purity of a campus job (which I proved successful) and because I take an interest in gardening and the environment, two hobbies which are easily fulfilled in such an environment. I spent the whole summer there with none of the others, all of whom had campus jobs as well. It didn’t take long for me to adapt, and overall it was a good experience. I learned many things about how a person could sustain herself without relying much on industry. I also learned many lessons in ecology.

The big project for the summer was the garden. This summer was the first for the garden (Continued on page 28).
Belkis suggested replacing the mob with a lone policeman, who, upon cornering the killer, throws away his badge in disgust for the merciful system. To emphasize his anger, Belkis would be emotionless, lack of restraint. To conclude the shot, Belkis would shoot the officer out as someone who might have to go to get what he wanted. You knew his motivations for letting his anger drain out of passion or vengeance. It was an assignment, a business endeavor for a grade. I needed to set my personal objections and feelings intrude; I merely needed to get the job done. Like the deranged policeman tending his badge, I would remain faceless, my emotions detached. After all, the film is in black & white, so I’d best approach it that way.

So I said, Pass the noose...

**A Collection of Facts for the Homicidally Handicapped:**

- Saturdays, Sundays, and public holidays are the times when murder most often occurs.
- Murders take place most often at night, and a murder around breakfast time is, “nearly always the act of the criminal.”
- More slayings occur inside the home than outside.
- Men kill and are killed most frequently in the street.
- Women kill most often in the kitchen, but are killed most often in the bedroom.
- The three most common motives for murder involve material wealth, family disorganization, and (here’s the kicker) delay of justice.

October 17, 1997 - Physical Plant Warehouse - 4:30 p.m. - We’re life takers and heartbreakers.

It was the first day of shooting. I had sunk through my classes that day with a steely indifference; thoughts about life, death, the bridge of morality, the substructure of sanity—all passed through my head with impulsive abandon, my being a barbed-stiletto dead-set on an abhorrent object: to be like Travis Bickle in Taxi Driver. I was driven.

I had finally received permission to utilize the warehouse, thanks to the understanding and generosity of the Physical Plant staff and the Theatre Department. My group and I were overjoyed at the brooding grandeur that our location offered, the coup-de-grace in its mise-en-scene.

Belkis has been equally successful in finding that rare thesis with a pronounced death wish. His name: Gabe Huddleston. I had seen him in a couple of the Theatre Department productions here on campus, and the group had singled him out as someone who might resemble a back-woods Ohio child killer. He seemed perfectly fashioned for him; it was certain a part to die for. He did not sway to our favor. His name: Gabe Huddleston. I had seen him in a couple of the Theatre Department productions here on campus, and the group had singled him out as someone who might resemble a back-woods Ohio child killer. He seemed perfectly fashioned for him; it was certain a part to die for. He did not sway to our favor.

A killer on the run.

A faceless vigilante.

A relentless pursuit to an abandoned warehouse...

A toppling of justice.

It sounded like a bad movie preview hook.

We then divvied up our responsibilities for the remainder of the project. We would do story boards the following day. I would continue to pursue access to the Physical Plant warehouse and the location should that fall through. Belkis would find an actor to play the killer. I would design the fake newspaper for the opening and Michael would take the killer’s photograph for the front page once we had the actor. Once we started shooting, Chris would supervise camera duties. Belkis would work with the actors. Michael and I would handle shot ordering and lighting.

All this talk of duty reminded me that what we were doing was hell-bent on acting normal around people. It’s the three most common motives for the warehouse.

A sense of urgency set in. But the best laid plans of mice and men—by special effects which look like drones. The skydiving down to the plane in the beginning of Goldeneye wasn’t bad, just outlandish. If they had used a stunt guy or something real instead of a special effect, maybe we would have bought it. But, no, the outlandish factor of it is re-iterated by special effects which look like special effects.

To those of you who enjoyed the spy novels, I strongly urge you to take a look at the older Bond films which star Sean Connery. And if you’ve done that, take another look at Timothy Dalton’s Bond. Escapades The Living Daylights and License to Kill. Watch them with what I have written in mind, and I hope you’ll be just as surprised as I was.

Belkis won’t be seen wearing a Tomorrow Never Dies T-shirt.

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We finished the last of the filming around 7 p.m. Homme simple cut-ins and P/V shots. Upon completion, we set down for a communal smoke, then set to straightening up the warehouse. Counting our losses at only a few tungsten bulbs and a burnt out fill light, we packed up and made our exit, leaving the place hung in equal, if not better, condition than we found it.

Content, relieved, and successful in our endeavor, I slept soundly that night. We were four perfect killers with one perfect crime.

Now all we had to fear was our professor.

Taken From The Graveline Sentinel, October 28th, 1997:

Double Murder Shocks Village Residents

Two deaths were reported last Sunday, the day of rest. Or in our case, the day of eternal rest. Work began at a similar hour, but both occurred early, in the dawn of the morn, the light of which was a fitting backdrop for the grim reaper's arrival. The first was an aged homeless man found hung in a local warehouse. According to the police, both occurred within the same time period, and both imply foul play. However, investigators have reason to believe that each crime was meticulously planned and executed.

The pathologists who examined the bodies found no motive has been established for each crime, and none of the responsible parties have yet to be detained.

That afternoon, the Cinema Annex was a veritable breadbasket for the GPD, teaming with the newly espoused “Who’s Who” in Granville’s Most Wanted. We were public enemies #1-7, the most unusual suspects, and we were laying low until our cinematic bloodletting became public knowledge. For the screening of our first products.

The past weeks had been hectic. Faster than Charles Whitman could climb the bell tower, we adorning our bodies with a warpaint production of Belski and handling the editing, what Dr. Stout calls, “the heart and soul of cinema,” probably by virtue of all the sharp objects one gets to handle. Chris locked himself into the recording studio at Burton Hall of Music to sculpt the pulse-pounding score. We cut the film into intervals of twelve frames which, equaling half a second of screen time, also coordinated with one beat of a meter, allowing Chris to sync up the music to the image as he wrote it.

The music, heavy on the shrill strings, escalates linearly, building in foreboding as things get violent. When the fiendish choker leaves the dangling killer, a lone bell rings in its tragic eulogy to law and order.

Watching the completed film with the music track, one word came to mind: Choice. “Connoisseurs in Murder” (scoff). We were masters.

Finally, Dr. Stout arrived in his oddy elongate and hearse-resembling blue Lincoln. We retreated into the Annex to thread up the Sonorex projector and have ourselves a good ol’ hangin’. I, and I’m sure the rest of my group, were fairly confident our work was as good as it gets. No one said it out loud, dare they jinx us all, but all of us secretly thought that perhaps our murder scene might show a new generation of ripe cinematic Homicide, one that Dr. Stout would break out from the annals of the Annex in ten years and show a new generation of ripe cinephiles, “how it should be done.”

Let me just say, it’s appalling how quickly and easily the strongest guise of achievement and finesse can be dispelled by a couple of dissatisfied low grumblings from Dr. Eliot Stout. Comfortably assuming his perch on the pedestal of aesthetic omnipotence, he picked apart our film with all the delicacy and tact of a desert vulture feasting on rancid meat.

He called the cutting, “funky. You just can’t deny that the editing is, ah, awkward.”

He deemed the hanging sequence, “implausible. The kick becomes risible. We laugh at it.”

Of the dolly shot: “Good dolly shot, but what purpose does it serve?”

Of the police character: “I just can’t understand why you wouldn’t reveal the hangman’s face. It’s what the audience wants to know. Perhaps you might have had a ski mask over the vigilante’s face, add an extra grotesque element.”

Entirely ignoring the fact that Chris composed the music himself, he called the score, “hyperbolic,” and laughing, he said, “It’s Wes Craven all over again!”

Commendation for our location and lighting was the only praise he was gracious enough to extend us.

Stout’s interminable onslaught of astute belittlement left me instilled with a beating feeling of mediocrity. Afterwards, I felt like I had been run through the Sonorex projector.

“As you have all learned, filmmaking is not easy,” he said, wielding his red grading pen like a blood-stained scepter.

“No, don’t worry,” I continued with a slight giggle, “you can all still go into creative writing.”

And here I am, writing for You.

On Murder Considered as One of the Liberal Arts
Time, fortunately, heals all wounds and I have arisen from the ashes of Stang's haranguing to resolve my internece experience in a fruitful and rather unexpected way.

First of all, I learned that depicting a murder on film requires much painstaking preparation, boundless patience, and flawless execution as committing a real one.

Second, and most important, I found that by participating in the act of delivering death, I was ironically able to develop certain indispensable life skills. Both myself and the other members of my group learned to be open-minded to the ideas of others, to cooperate and compromise without relinquishing our own beliefs. We learned to operate as a cohesive unit, equal to the sum of its parts. We also learned a lot about each other and are better friends for it. Indeed, murder brought my group together. In my estimation—though I cannot be sure of this—this cliff of its parts. We also learned a lot about each other and are better friends for it. Indeed, murder brought my group together.

Works Cited:

Rocks

(Continued from page 21)

green, and the pink rocks that bordered the lake created a beautiful contrast to the green water. We canoed the entire length of the lake and docked next to a small beach besides a large landslide. In my estimation—though I cannot be sure of this—this cliff of its parts. We also learned a lot about each other and are better friends for it. Indeed, murder brought my group together.

Open-mindedness, cooperation, personal and social growth—I can’t believe it. Mur-
they emerge on the surface or are revealed by later erosion. The fact that they are of a different mineral composition and are more susceptible to weathering than the surrounding rock often results in differential weathering, where one structure, either the dike or the surrounding rock, is lower than the other. In this case, the dike was weathered more than the surrounding granite, which gave the ground a depressed appearance, almost as if it had sunk from once being of equal height to the surrounding granite. We got back on the road and began to stop at various outlooks.

The most interesting feature we saw along the roadside consisted of a dark gray rock with pink granite boulders encased within. The rocks were poorly sorted; that is, there was no pattern of deposition with regards to size: they did not become finer upwards. We figured out that this lithology was created by underwater landslides that trapped all sizes of the pink granite within the finer gray matrix.

We crossed over the boarder and spent the night in a Michigan hotel. There was a pool there, and I really wanted to go swimming, but I was simply too tired to muster up the energy.

The final day, Sunday the 28th, was pretty uneventful. We drove all the way back to Granville. I studied for my tests the next day and gazed out the window as we passed my hometown of Toledo. I hoped to spy my family’s car on its way to church as we passed over the road we had always taken to church, but this hope was also in vain.

Getting back to Granville was nice, and I must admit that I love seeing Swasey in the distance, almost as a beacon welcoming me back home.

All in all, it was a great trip, and I learned a lot. The geology department conducts two trips each year, one in the fall and the other in the spring. I am really looking forward to the trip up to the Adirondacks which should be in the near future. Maybe I can learn why some of my favorite parts of the region are the way they are.

Matthew Kohlbecker is grateful for the refill policy of American McDonald’s franchises, although the Taco Bell’s policy remains the most generous.

Homestead

(Continued from page 21)

In a few years the plants were started in the campus greenhouse in March. The May Termers transplanted the youngsters to the 100 x 100-foot plot. A pumpkin patch (which has since perished) as well as two herb gardens (one indoor and one outdoor) were also planted. It took a while for everything to get going, due primarily to a pesky dry spell, but with the help of a few merciful rain clouds, it wasn’t long before the plants were usurping any control that we thought we had over the garden.

Many hours of weeding, mulching, and fertilizing led to a harvest of plenty, from which were cooked many delicious meals. Gifts for friends and family, and sales at Granville’s weekly farmer’s market. An important aspect of the garden is that it was grown using nothing but plant nutrients at Granville’s weekly farmer’s market. An important aspect of the garden is the fact that it was grown using nothing but plant nutrients. This also makes for a great, naturally predetermined cycle in which that which is produced by the garden can go back into the ground with no other variables aside from the gardener. Thus, an organic garden promotes the self-sufficient lifestyle as well as the ecologically sound.

In support of the afore-mentioned concepts and in renouncement of their perception is the fact that the Homestead actually houses some of the most unique technology on the campus—solar panels. The answer to the question of "How do those kids out there get along without electricity?" is simply that they don’t. Electricity is alive and well at the Homestead, although it is not supplied by the city. Early in the history of the Homestead, a student by the name of Doug Livingston took it upon itself as a project to install solar panels to provide electricity for the cabins. Energy from the sun is collected by these panels and stored as a project to install solar panels to provide electricity for the cabins. Energy from the sun is collected by these panels and stored in car batteries. This process supplies electricity enough to run nine fluorescent light bulbs and three stereo. Also, a pending addition to the amenities is a solar water pump (also run by this method), which will replace the delinquent windmill and taxing manual pumping sessions. Solar cells are a clean form of energy. It does not pollute or waste precious fossil fuels as other forms do. Solar panels also allowed the Homestead. However, that is not all from which the Homestead gains its worth. It self-sufficiency and ecological soundness brings about primitivity, then so be it. However, these goals and of themselves are those toward which most effort is put and upon which most emphasis should be placed.

Jean Lamont currently resides in Crawford Hall.

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By any means necessary.
My Late Adolescence
By Fred Porcheddu

Let me tell you a story. About three years ago I was diagnosed with a terminal illness not uncommon to many folks: I learned that I had AIDS. I saw no reason (then or now) to hide this fact from the people I know, and many persons reading this meditation are sufficiently acquainted with the details to forebear my repeating them here. I continued to teach because it’s what I do, but during the latter part of 1995 my health deteriorated consistently to the point where, based on all evidence and judgment, I could not expect to live longer than a few more months. I had been long borrowing heavily from the bank of good will inside many friends (who picked up more duties I left dangling and who buffered me from more tough confrontations than I’ll ever know), and as 1996 got underway I began to plan my good-byes and to settle the distribution of both my estate and my remains (“the guts,” as Shakespeare nicely calls it). I was focused and responsible to the fact of my death.

Then something remarkable happened: I didn’t die. The classic miracle cure dropped from the speckled welkin, and today I have as much reason to expect a mobile and productive middle age as not long ago I had to expect imminent interment. All the fantasies of my death—yes, I imagined its day and hour, and dressed it up spectacularly—with which I surrounded and comforted myself, and which over the course of a year and a half I had systematically substituted for my prior estimations of a long life, were negated by a drug therapy so effective that the HIV virus is now undetectable in my body. I know it’s still in there, and I sure as hell won’t take its abeyance for granted, but for however long the reprieve lasts it will remain a dramatic one.

And that’s where I am in my life right now: in the very midst of moving from a state of secure powerlessness to one of profound insecurity and nonunderstanding. It’s adolescence all over again, as nearly as I can figure, and just like during the first one 20 years ago I’ve once again become familiar with bewilderment as a sustained state. Now, as then, I've lost most of my reference points. I'm something of a stranger to my former ambitions and long-term goals. Now, as then, I seem to alienate and make up with the people around me at lighting speed. Now, as then, I'm suddenly piss-poor at recognizing my personal limitations. And the damndest part of all is that I can’t figure out what the hell is going on, there’s no way my intellect can maneuver through it. I’m stuck in a moving doldrum, a painted ocean of badly mixed metaphors. Because, you see, I did die last year. It’s just that my body finked out on me.

I open my experience to you because one of the more communicable revelations I’ve had during my... (rebirth? nondeath?)... the past year or so is this: I am beginning to suspect that the people whom in the earlier part of my life I trusted—really trusted—were preparing me for the whoomph of the fat man on the teeter-totter the whole time I knew them. For me, their love and companionship is for a living model of trust; not trust in this or that explanation or institution, but trust so fundamentally defined that I think I must have completely internalized it long ago. If I were religious maybe I’d call it “faith” (or “grace”). But whatever its tag, it is requiring me to live in an astonishingly deliberate way. Do you remember what it feels like to waste time? Not just to procrastinate, or to play Frisbee golf when you know you should be reading your B.F. Skinner, but actively and forcefully to kill the commodity for the sheer pleasure of the act? I do now. I find myself doing it fairly often. I catch myself weeping when I listen to Rostropovich play Vivaldi. I laugh when it starts to rain. I “eat the air” (Shakespeare again that quotation hog). And my intellect, a part of me I’ve cultivated and which has endured throughout both my death and my life, is now struggling for its accustomed primacy.

So when I look at my fellows here at Denison, it is as through a strange kind of perceptual filter. I’m passionately committed to the outcome of every conflict and crisis I perceive, and yet for some reason that I don’t fully understand I find myself getting involved in those conflicts and crises less than before this great gale blew up. Ten years ago, five years ago, I’d have put my ear right to the ground and easily found the identity of the guys who spit on someone writing “Let me love who I want” on the sidewalk; I’d have tried to let them know in no uncertain terms how clearly I see them at age fifty, warped and fruited tyrants of tiny masturbatory kingdoms. But instead I just watch and watch, and frankly I don't much feel like doing anything else. For a while I think I’ll live on my trust—trust that the light of openness and honesty is important, and that those who depend on darkness to express themselves will inevitably become trapped by it. Later on I may be in the mood to rabble-rouse again. Come see me after a good long while, and ask me do I think the Emperor has his clothes back on.
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