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MoYO
Mind of Your Own

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Features

8 Hatcher Job An interview with Denison’s playwright-in-residence By Alison Stine

12 Murder Most Cinematic Eat your heart out, Hannibal Lector; an exercise in homicide By Robert Levine

18 Time Warp Again Denison’s 50s and 60s social scene revisited By Kirsten Werne

20 Canada Rocks A field report By Matthew Kohlbecker

Columns and Departments

4 Editor’s Letter Housing policy blues By Paul Durica

5 Essay Prozac-tion reaction By Angelica Lemke

6 Frey Reprised Words to live by from a bar in Pittsburgh By Randall Frey

7 Dalton, Tim Dalton Celebration of a Bond underdog By Robert Purks

21 Homestead Action Denison’s in-solar power By Jean Lamont

30 Final Thought A communicable revelation By Fred Porcheddu
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 and hear laughter and “Funky Cold Medina” through the nail-thin wall which separates my abode from theirs. These working conditions might not vex 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 found 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 carted away the booze which was to be stored wherever security stores such contraband. The two first year students went off to a ska concert. The whole scenario wasn’t funny or anything; it was just amusing.

My next door neighbors are a lot like these guys. First year students. Heavy boomers. Loud partyers. Their door causes pictures of marijuana leaves, voluptuous women in bikinis or cotton panties, and a photo of a Fullb, protagonist of the spiritually uplifting film Kids, with a word balloon drawn in pen by his grotesque red-tinted mouth reading, “Romanticke!” Their room is the self-proclaimed Home of Old Milwaukee. 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 ebonics 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 it. They are calling me a “faggot.” An e-mail bomb—572 messages calling me a “faggot.” And aunsigned 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 aunsigned 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 aunsigned 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 aunsigned 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 aunsigned offensive messages on my door. Killian’s Red boxes and a picture of Elvis shoved under my door. 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An e-mail bomb—572 messages calling me a “faggot.” And aunsigned offensive messages on my door. Killian’s Red boxes and a picture of Elvis shove...
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 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 cranbeery, strawbeery, bluebeery—you get the picture. Berry Beer would be cute in kooky 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 together with realizing 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 to do anything more than go to the airport and to book signings. I nixed that format realizing 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.

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 lived off Baskin Robbins’ banana nut 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 obfuscation. 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

In 1952 in the novel Casino Royale, Ian Fleming created the character 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 for the silver screen 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 chest.

In 1989 Pierce Brosnan entered the role of James Bond. The critics and audiences alike liked him...except for a few Bond fans. In Goldeneye, James Bond 007 is a British-slash-talker, 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 boom 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, than a James Bond movie. The scene with Q? What is that? A joke? Sure, it’s fun and all, but I don’t really get the joke. 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 Licence to Kill. It’s a sample 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, impaled, 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: “I’ll 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 the 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 the gruesome deaths shown on screen that somewhere down the line 007 is going to have to show these bad guys just who is in charge.

I am a little more than skeptical about the new Brosnan film Tomorrow Never Dies. The movie has a preview which allows him to say, “Bond. You know the rest.” Bond is becoming too cartoony. As a matter of fact, I think these new Brosnan movies might as well be Saturday morning cartoons. I can just see it. “Next on Bond: The day after tomorrow. See Bond fight against his friend turned bad guy who wants 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-bellled CIA agent, calling Bond a “stiff butt Brit.” As a matter of fact, I can just see cartoon replicas of every character. Especially that Russian guy with the big nose. The characters, 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, any scene with a goofy character in it such as Boris—“I am invincible!”—the satellite arising from the water scene, and so on. These scenes fulfill all Saturday morning TV watching kids’ expectations.

So you could imagine my excitement when I heard that deals (Continued on page 22)
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 premiere 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 Chekov 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, these were the kind of roles I wanted to play. Those were the kind of roles I was trained to play. And I would go to casting directors and producers and they would say, ‘Well, you’d make a fine Judge Brach, but we already have guys who are fifty-five years old and we don’t have to put white gunk in their hair...’ Consequently enough any shows I did do in New York always took place in the nineteenth century. I never played a character in the twentieth century. I never wore a suit and tie. I was always wearing winged collars and cravats and carrying walking sticks...

At the same time, the day to day process of hitting the pavement and knocking on doors and auditioning...became very frustrating and I think as much as a playwright puts up with rejection, the rejection that an actor gets is a thousand fold worse. I found I was much more comfortable getting rejections over whether or not he should put down his glass, or how he should do it, or when he should do it.

MOYO: What about musical theatre writing? I want the audience, or rather, the readers, to know that he put down his glass, and the rejection that an actor gets is a thousand fold worse. I found I was much more comfortable getting rejections over whether or not he should put down his glass, or how he should do it.

HATCHER: Sometimes the author...of any work is simply the strongest personality behind that work...In musicals, I think that you can write a great 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 back humming the music. So I think the most powerful person in a musical is the one composing the actual notes. The role of the book writer in a musical is usually the one putting them in envelopes, and getting my rejections in the mail than I was in showing up and getting rejections face to face. And as it happened the plays started getting fewer rejections and more and more acceptances. There was a gradual changeover sometime in the mid-eighties from hacking to writing.

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 lead 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.

But here is one thing that the fiction crowd has over us playwrights and that is that once it’s on paper, you immediately connect your words with the reader’s eyes whereas a playwright has to work through numerous intermediaries. Playwrights have to work through the director, the actor, the designers, the way the theatre itself is set up...I knew a playwright once who said she was going to start writing novels, and someone said why? And she said, ‘Because when I write the words he puts down his glass, I want the audience, or rather, the readers, to know that he put down his glass, not that there was a discussion in rehearsal over whether or not he should put down his glass, or how he should do it, or when he should do it.’

MOYO: How is that different from playwriting?

HATCHER: Sometimes the author...of any work can learn. You can teach a good writer to become more theatrical. You can teach a good writer to become a better plot. You can teach a good writer how to jump start ideas...a way of turning a story into musical. You can teach all sorts of other things. You can teach dialogue. You can teach plot structure. That’s something anybody can learn. You can teach a good writer to become more theatrical. You can teach a good writer to build a better plot. You can teach a good writer how to explore character. And you can teach a good writer how to jump start ideas...a way of turning your brain on and then throwing a curve ball so that your brain is sometimes functioning in a different way.

MOYO: You’ve had 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 choice, you've got to really stick with it. It's a little like saying, 'Well, I'm going to drive my car at a hundred and twenty-five miles per hour, and if I do that, I better not hit the brakes or the whole thing will explode.' In that sense, sure, it's mad. It doesn't mean that Melville was clinically insane. It just means that he had gone out on a limb. I think a lot of writers are like that. You'll often look at a writer, and say, boy, this isn't good, but it sure does have the courage of its convictions. Did you see the Francis Coppola Dracula from a few years ago?

MOYO: Yes, unfortunately.

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, really I admire that.

MOYO: It was horrible, but it wasn't lazy at being horrible.

HATCHER: And sometimes a writer does something like that not because that work is going to be particularly good, but because that writer is experimenting in a different area entirely. And Woody Allen does stuff like this, like every third movie is completely humorless. And it's like he wrings the humor out of himself, does a really terrible, serious movie so that when he does his next movie he can balance comedy and drama a little better. This is not one's intentional purpose, but after you've been writing for a long time, sometimes you can look back at your work and say, 'This seems to be my purpose.'

MOYO: So was Melville insane? [may my llth grade English teacher forgive me]

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.

And 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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MOYO: Why did you choose to adapt Pierre?

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 drumbeat of income what you need are shows that will travel the regional theatre route.

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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..."
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 Slayter!"). The everyday tranquil nature of this haven hardly seems conducive to the bloodthirsty atmospheres which inflicts the fatal blow is not more deeply imbedded in blood than his who passively looks on (102)."

I was already an accomplice.

What was Dr. Stout's cutthroat criterion?

1. The deed must be done without the use of a gun.
2. The murder must take place indoors.
3. The motive must be clear.
4. There can be no under-grads killing under-grads in a dorm room (a common offering from past creative cinema wunderkinds).

"Keep it clean," he commanded.

The last few murders I've committed were done with delicacy, very little blood.

Dr. Stout seemed to stem less from practical criminal concerns, i.e. not getting caught, and more from some kind of artistic agenda. He deliberated, with astute clarity, the need for a wholesome, non-violent, suspenseful murder scenario. The blood thumping through my temples prevented me from hearing his example; it was something along the lines of a nun killing another nun in a swimming pool.

Who's the murderer? Why couldn't we all shoot another genre, something less abrasive, less morally repugnant, like say, a women-in-prison scene.

"Because murder," Dr. Stout conceded, "is as American as apple pie."

Oh, that garish garroter, dragging my heritage through the mangler as well. Allow me the charity of restating the cultural contributions that I am willing to advance in my everyday life: I'll eat apple pie, I'll wear blue jeans, I'll even play baseball from time to time. But I'd prefer to abstain from this fiendishly unsavory Americana essential, if at all possible. Leave it up to a liberal arts school to broaden my horizons.

On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts

Often times, coming to terms with the violent act of homicide takes form in the urgent crafting and reading of written narratives on the subject, so upon leaving the Cinema Annex, I headed straight to the library to set myself upon a compressed, two-week tutorial on the logistics of life-taking. When I took my dozen or so books bearing "Murder" in the titles to the front desk, I was sure to give the library clerk a look like, "Lock your doors buddy, the spree's about to begin."

I immediately receded into seclusion, spending many hours sifting through the extensive, sordid legacy of this bastard exploit, reading books with chapters ranging from "Portrait of a Plane Bomber" to "Blood and Sand" to "Voodoo Murders." But it didn't stop until I came upon the writings of Thomas De Quincy, a troubled 19th century English writer who suffered from opium addiction, that I discovered the twisted historical backdrop behind Eliot Stout's infamous first camera assignment.

De Quincy published two essays, one in 1827 and one in 1839, entitled On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts; both are first-hand accounts of lectures given to an underground group of intellectuals who took up regular meeting in early 19th century London under the moniker of "The Society for the Encouragement of Murder" or, as they so preferred to be called, "The Society of Connoisseurs in Murder".

They profess to be curious in homicide: amateuir and dilettante in the various modes of bloodshed; and, in short, Murder-Fanciers. Every fresh acidity of that 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 morbid fascination 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 (106).

Murder 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...
pondered long and hard, and this is what I came up with: that was back in the 1820s, and they didn’t have television, so we’re compelled to make mankind to pursue more lurid forms of recreation. And admittedly, I can understand that there might be some aesthetic finesse and terrifyingly potent kineticism to be regained from the toxic arc of a wielded butcher knife or from the dire tumultuous throes of a strangulation victim. Artistically speaking, of course.

So, in true liberal arts mode, we decided to be ignorant or close-minded about the opinions and beliefs of others, simply because they are diametrically opposed to our 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, aesthetically sound, dramatic piece of murder to screw up and get caught. If you can think of 20 of them, you’re a genius.” I think we were all agast at my brutality. And I’m sure the Society of Connoisseurs in Murder would not have found this wasleless.

We started off by brainstorming possible scenarios. “There’s 150 things you can do when committing murder to screw up and get caught. If you can think of 20 of them, you’re a genius.” I think we were all agast at my brutality. And I’m sure the Society of Connoisseurs in Murder would not have found much to appreciate in the delicacy and finesse of that method, so I let it slide.

The suggestion of a hanging came up, and all of us leapt on it like ravenous wolves. The idea of hanging someone was a very intrusive process, lots of kinks and quirks, perfect montagewort. We felt up to the challenge of making the visual aspect of executions terrible by 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 illicitly over the crests of their menus. They had to see I was wilting, my backbone giving like a Nerf ball. “Afternoon everybody. What are we up to today?” I could barely restrain myself from blurring out a confiding right out “Can I take your order?” Yes, I thought, I’d like a chicken sandwich, home fries, and some complete disregard for the sanctity of human life, please.

Once the food arrived, we began running over our scenarios again, finalizing the order of events and elaborating on the details. But it reminded us that the scene could only involve two people, the murderer and the victim. (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 a 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 Tallboy, 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 my mom to get their famous purple eggs (Don't ask me, I wouldn't eat them, not in a box, not with

Greek system, you had no social life." Mr. Jones remembered some interesting stories I discussed of our class material there than we would

Mr. Rees remembers them simply as immature, sophomoric jerks. 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 lived in and around the 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 acts 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 stole some thoroughbred show 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 focused on the studies," said Mr. Rees. "I had my fun and then some; I just lived back in the late 50s or early 60s. Think about it. The freshmen could drink in the bars, and we would never be bored."

I'd like to give a special thank you to the alums who contributed their time and memory to this story.

To wrap up this little blast to the past, I'd like to share some of the more interesting stories I discovered while doing my research. For instance, the women of Denison lived on the east quad, while the men lived on the west. If one sex slept over in the other's room, both would be immediately ex-pelled. Something to think about, ladies and gentlemen? Mr. Werne remembered his fraternity having "Patty Murphy" parties, where they simulated a fake Irish wake. They dressed up in suits and carried a coffin. When the lid opened, one member jumped out, and the party started. Unfortunately, one of the parties was cancelled when the campus was informed of the assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

I hope you found this time traveling as interesting as I did. I almost wish we lived back in the late 50s or early 60s. Think about it. The freshmen could drink in the bars, and we would never be bored.

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, or speed past our group below the road to eat lunch and examine the famous Kilarny granite. 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 not seen since I was seven years old.

It was truly astounding. Since it was night, huge lights projected onto the falls from the shore, dyeing the water red, green, and blue. I remember looking down at the water, which was speeding past our group below and tumbling over the edge. I imagined how, very slowly, at the microscopic level, the current was altering the cliff over which it flowed and the rock below. Even though it had been such an eventful day, we 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 not seen since I was seven years old.

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I had not realized how much I missed canoeing until I dipped my paddle into the water. It was so great to watch the wind and waves produce ovular disturbances on the water surface as they approached the canoe, and, since there was only one other person besides myself in the canoe, thereby further lightening the vessel and allowing the wind to toss us more than my partner and I would have liked. It was truly a struggle to keep the canoe directed straight into the coming wind.

Canada is, in my estimation, a truly beautiful country. It was fall and the leaves were red, brown, yellow, orange, and perhaps more spectacular than the striations was a huge glacial drainage ditch where water melted off the glacier and drained over the rock, thereby creating a relatively small gorge that we know as the falls, as we known them, will be destroyed. Millions of years after the dolomite falls, I suspect that the falls 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 vans. 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.

The 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 assume a pink color, something that I Spending my outdoor life in the grey ornithoisite granite of the Adirondacks, had never seen before.

We stopped at a small park off the road to eat lunch and examined evidence of glaciers. We could see the glacial striations: marks left by glaciers when they scraped across the landscape during the last glacial age, which was 18,000 years ago and ended only 10,000 years ago. Even though this may seem like a long time ago, when you think of the last glacial period in terms of human time, realizing that the earth is just over 4.5 billion years old, it is almost like yesterday.

By Jean Lamont

Upon discovering that I was a summer resident at the Homestead, people often resort to phrases such as, “How’s roughin’ it?” 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 minimizes 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 a few miles from campus. It consists of three cabins and is home to variable amounts of full-time Denison students throughout the school year. I chose to live there this summer because of the pursuit of a campus job (which I successfully obtained) 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 three 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).
A relentless pursuit to an annihilation, and (here's the kicker) delay of justice.

October 17, 1997 - Physical Plant Warehouse - 4:30 p.m. - We're life takers and heart breakers.

It was the first day of shooting. I had slunk 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 impasse abandon, my being a barbed stiletto dead-set on an abhorrent objective. I was 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-scène.

Belkis had been equally successful in finding that rare thesis with a pronounced death wish. His name: Gabe Hudleston. 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 normal at mealtimes, but the best laid plans of mice and men - by the time Gabe and I were complete, our group found ourselves in haphazard disorder.

Murder

(Continued from page 17)

murdered, so the idea of the lynching mob would have to be scrapped. Belkis suggested replacing the mob with a lone policeman, who, upon cornering the killer, throws away his badge in disgust for the merciful system and takes the law into his own hands. We all agreed it was a great touch, and decided we would keep the officer’s face hidden, in order to emphasize his virtue, his flawless lack of restraint. To clarify, I outlined the narrative one more time:

- 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 all do storyboards the following day, I would continue to pursue access to the Physical Plant warehouse and find a location that should 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 not out of passion or vengeance. It was an assignment, a business endeavor for a grade. I needed to get my personal observations and feelings intruded; I merely needed to get the job done. Like the deranged policeman tendering 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 Enthralled:

- The three most common motives/reasons for murder involve material wealth, family disorganization, and (here’s the kicker) delay of justice.

Taking on the most difficult set-ups first, we began filming and lighting the extensive dolly shots down to the warehouse, the plan was to renovate the annals of the building. In order to get an exposure, regular light bulbs were replaced with photo flood bulbs and tungsten lights, our cameras were suspended from the rafters above. We rehearsed the shot ten times over, practicing keeping the dolly’s speed in sync with Gabe’s, making sure the camera movement remained smooth. By the time we had filmed the shot to our satisfaction, it was 10:00, and Gabe had to leave.

Wrap was called, and we cleaned up hastily, frustrated at our seemingly enormous lack of progress. Like Janet Leigh’s hallucinatory flow in Psycho, we were drained.

October 18, 1997 - Physical Plant Warehouse - 10:00 a.m. - “Swing Low, Sweet Chariot…”

We had agreed to reconvene at 10 a.m. the next morning. Our actors would arrive around 11:30 a.m., after which, Gabe would join us, our first set-up waiting for him. Ah, but the best laid plans of mice and men - by the time Gabe and James showed up, we had yet to decide upon the conclusion to our piece. A sense of urgency set in.

Yet once the first three set-ups were complete, our group found itself in haphazard disorder. We refer to the story boards and dictate the basic outline of the shot. Then Chris would place the camera and dictate the arrangement of subjects within it, while Belkis, Michael and I would organize the lighting scheme. The actors would wait until all the scenery in place; then the stage was set, then we would quickly rehearse blocking. Then lights, camera, pro-action...What had begun in haphazard...
The Ideal Murder Victim, according to the Society of Connoisseurs in Murder, should:

- not be a public figure.
- not be in good health.
- not be over 25 years of age.
- be dealt with at night and in private, “yet there have not been wanting cases where this rule was departed from with excellent effect” (135).
- have a family, including young children, so as to “deepen the mystery, and make us believe that each crime was methodically plotted, and as if committed by persons of the very best characters” (135).

Excellence in murder is not simply satisfied by, “a copious effusion of blood—the enlightened connoisseur is more refined in this taste; and from our art, as from all the other liberal arts when thoroughly mastered, the result is, to humanize the heart” (134).

October 19, 1997 - Physical Plant Warehouse - 10:30 a.m. - Hangin' Tough

Double Murder Shocks Village Residents

Two deaths were reported last evening by local authorities, one a young woman found strangled with a leather belt in a downhill dormitory, the other a middle-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.

With the aid of a harness tied by James and under the guise of Gabe’s corduroy pantaloons, I undertook the role of stunt double. As I hoisted myself in the air, we shot my legs from the waist down, my feet kicking and flailing, pin-wheeling in a mid-air run, aimlessly fleeing the jaws of death. Swaying slowly ten feet above the floor, my shoulders hunched awkwardly from the harness, assuming the part of the dead, I took in a view of the surrounding lights that I had not yet been privy to. I felt strained and short for air, yet helpless and cradled in an oddly comfortable way. Here’s to indulging new world outlooks.

We finished the last of the filming around 7 p.m. Homie filming simple cut-ins and POV shots. Upon completion, we sat 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 warehouse as we found it, equal if not better than we started.

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 Granville Sentinel, October 28th, 1997

Music to sculpt the pulse-pounding score. We cut the film in 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 into itself as things get violent. When the final choked breath leaves the dangling killer, a lone bell rings in its tragic eulogy to law and order.

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 put a ski mask over the vigilante’s face, add an extra grotesque element.”

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 kicks become 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 put 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!”

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

Stout’s inarticulate onslaught of astute belittlement left me instilled with a biting 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. “Don’t worry,” he continued with a slight giggle, “you can all still go into creative writing.”

And here I am, writing for MoYO.

On Murder Considered as One of the Liberal Arts

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- And here I am, writing for MoYO.
Time, fortunately, heals all wounds, and I have arisen from the ashes of Stout’s haranguing to resolve my internecine experience in a fruitful and rather unexpected way.

First of all, I learned that 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 addition, by taking on the assignment, we seized a rare opportunity to forge new ground, explore the unfamiliar, and to spill fresh blood in a hands-on way that we might never have come to Denison.

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 addition, by taking on the assignment, we seized a rare opportunity to forge new ground, explore the unfamiliar, and to spill fresh blood in a hands-on way that we might never have come to Denison.

The highest smokestack in the world is located in Sudbury, and it was originally created as a col-liding tectonic plates or an intruding bulb of lava called a diapir, a bunch of things, such as the breakdown of original minerals, happen which alter its appearance forever. This particular metamorphic rock was created by extreme pressures and temperatures when two tectonic plates were colliding millions of years ago.

This was the first metamorphic rock I had ever seen, and it was absolutely beautiful. We spent a while identifying faulting, crossbedding, etc. in the rocks, and then moved on.

We slept that night at a place called the Sportsman’s Inn, right on the shore of Lake Huron. I got more sleep, hopeful to experience the next day in a more conscious, less drowsy state.

We got off a little late the next day, at about 8:30 am in the morning, but it did not end up being a problem. We drove up to Sudbury, a town with its major industry being the mining of nickel.

The highest smokestack in the world is located in Sudbury, and it was originally created as a col-
to size: they did not become finer within. The rocks were poorly sorted; that is, there was no pattern of deposition with regards to size. Thus, 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, though the Taco Bell's policy remains one of my family's car on its way to town of Toledo. I hoped to spy out the window as we passed my home.

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.

Homestead (Continued from page 21)"
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 long been 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 lightning speed. Now, as then, I’m suddenly piss-poor at recognizing my personal limitations. And the damniest part of all is that I can’t get past it—since 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 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 frustrated 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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