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MoYO

Mind of Your Own

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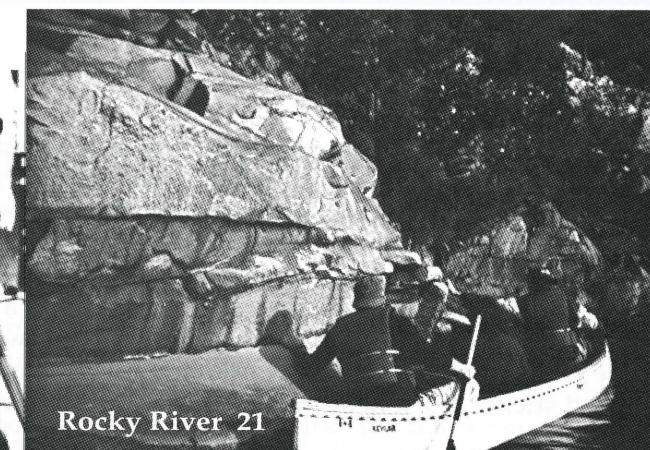
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Rocky River 21

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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 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 witnessed a drug bust as I was passing through. Some first year student person 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 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 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 people went off to a ska concert. The whole scenario wasn't *Cops* 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 Tully, protagonist of the spiritually uplifting film *Kids*, with a word balloon drawn in pen by his grotesquely contorted mouth. Tully is saying, "Romantickel!" Their room is the self-proclaimed Home of Old Milwaukee. Of the marijuana and the women, one friend told me that my neighbors post such pictures, not because they have those two things,

but rather, because they are hoping 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 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 curious urine stain which I can't prove is their doing without extensive testing. Bitter, you say? Maybe. All I ever did was ask my neighbors to turn down the volume when I was writing a paper.

I could take all of these annoyances and many more if I had elected to live in Smith or Shorney or Crawford. But I live in Curtis East, the quiet dorm. Only the geeks live here, according to a friend. I agree with him. I'm a geek. So be it. Just look at the picture which accompanies this editorial if the whiny nature of my prose isn't enough to convince you.

Despite my bitterness and Felix Unger-like disposition towards noise pollution, I do not blame my next door neighbors for all that has occurred. They are victims of the system really. As first year students, they did not choose to live in Curtis East. My next door neighbors were assigned to live in this dorm, to live in a dorm with rules to which they never expressed a desire to comply. They never checked the quiet housing box on their residence forms; the Office of Campus and Residential Life is to blame for all of my problems this year. The Office of Campus and Residential Life fails to meet the housing desires of the student body. My hallmates aren't bastards; they are protesters, reformers. Through their drinking and e-mail bombing, smoking and peeing in the hall, they are protesting an unjust housing system which places individuals in undesirable environments. They are to be applauded for calling attention to the fallibility of the housing system. And now because of their valiant efforts to bring about reform, I'm going to play *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust* as the back cover instructs me— at maximum volume. Just as they are protesting housing policies, I am going to protest bad taste. Enjoy the seventh year of *MoYO* and don't be afraid to be a crusader in your own right.

Paul Durica
Editor-in-Chief

Paxil, Effexor and Prozac, Oh My! Is Depression Awareness Day going too far?

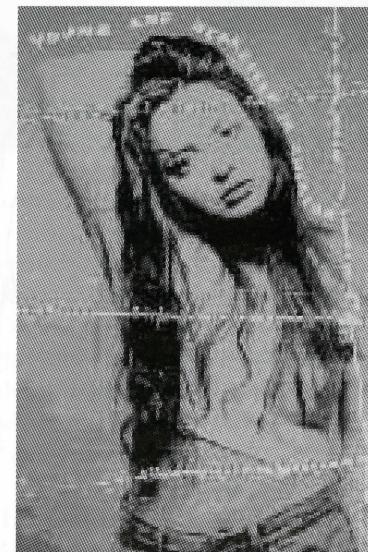
By Angelica Lemke

I am writing this on Depression Awareness Day. Everybody is talking about how important it is to talk about the problem of depression, to get treatment, yadda, yadda, yadda... typical "awareness" kind of talk... which is fine, which is necessary, but I think there's a bit of a problem with the Depression Awareness Day activities at Slayter Student Union. For starters, Eli Lilly & Co., the producers of everybody's favorite anti-depressant Prozac, help to fund this event. I'm already irritated with them because of a summer ad campaign for the drug; the campaign consisted of a two page ad in various periodicals. The first page of the ad had a drawing of a gray cloud and the caption "Feeling bad?" The second page depicted a bright yellow sun with the caption "Prozac can help," as if treating depression were as simple as a box of crayons. And when did prescription drugs start needing ad campaigns? Open an issue of *Newsweek* from the past month or two, and you'll see ads for anti-depressants, antihistamines, estrogen supplements and more. In regard 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 Zung scale, a diagnostic tool used for depression screening, making no mention at all of medication as a treatment for the disease.

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 trivialize the struggles of those who have real troubles. They make disease a fad.

I won't deny that these type 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 daughter of a single mother, I have had 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 crippling problem, has to get up off our 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 my happiness. However, when problems do slap me in the face, I do my best to confine my complaints to a small group of friends and family and to apply my negative energy to something positive, doing something to change the situation and to get on with life. Isn't that what we are supposed to do, being Americans, following the American Dream? Isn't the American Dream all about success through hard work and the pursuit of happiness rather than the guarantee of happiness through chemical means?

Angelica Lemke was never a Flintstone kid.

Above: Elizabeth Wurtzel author of *Prozac Nation*

Just Be

How to make money without really doing anything

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 floor is devoted to cooking up great ideas of how I could make even more money for doing even less.

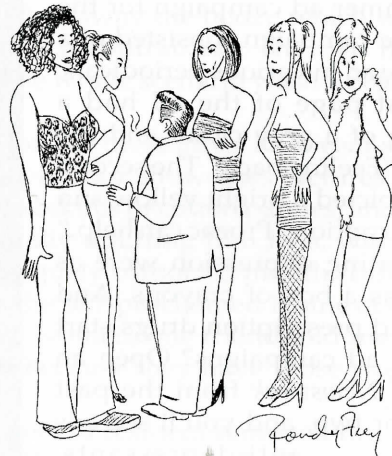
As you could imagine, mixing drinks all night long puts alcohol on the brain which, surprisingly, leads to the invention of many a new cocktail. There are already a million drinks out there; I learn about new ones everyday— *What do you mean you don't know what's in an Irish Mother Fucker?* So naturally, 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 cranbeery, strawbeery, bluebeery—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 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.

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 awards ceremonies. What a life! I could become a beloved filmmaker or a movie star if only I could become famous first. Take what's his name— Michael Jordan. Here's a man who is more famous for being a celebrity than for anything he has done with a basketball. He's done so many product endorsements that I must have six hundred pictures

of him in my possession and am not even a basketball fan. Furthermore, I don't even care for the son of a bitch. He comes into my home with his shoes and his underwear and god knows what else. He's hiding in my magazines. He's even signed a book deal wherein he's going to write my autobiography for me. Then he'll give some "talks" and book signings. I might show up at the occasional book signing and could bring him new shoes and underwear periodically.

ME AND THE SPICE GIRLS



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 Robbin's 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 obtuse. 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, let me know. 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

Dalton's Bond reconsidered

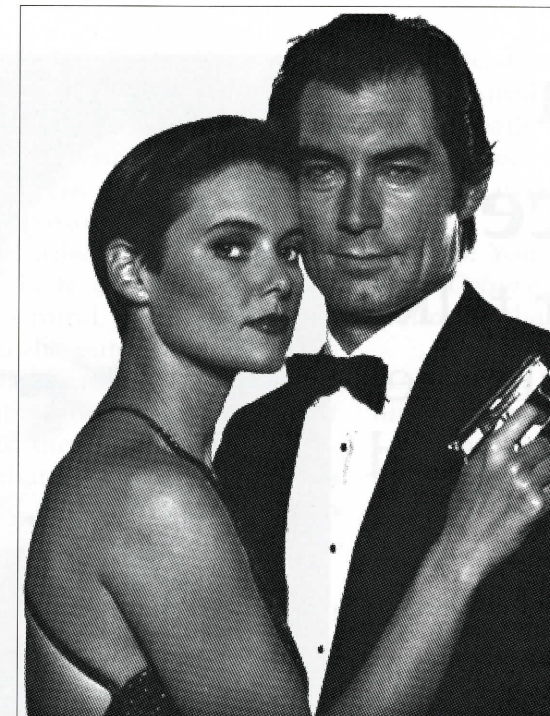
By Robert Purks

In 1952 in the novel *Casino Royal*, 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 glimmer in his eye and charming dialogue. However, he had a scar on his back, not on his face.

In 1995 Pierce Brosnan entered the role of James Bond. The critics and audiences all liked him... except for a few Bond fans. In Brosnan's *Goldeneye*, James Bond 007 is a smooth-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 play on a James Bond movie. The scene with Q? What is that? A joke? Sure, it's fun and all, but it isn't that much fun. 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*, for example: a James Bond adventure with the most gruesome deaths ever seen on the silver screen. It was a white-knuckler. Nobody gets shot until the end. People are eaten by sharks, drowned, impaled, imploded, 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 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 to all 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, these new Brosnan movies might as well be Saturday morning cartoons. I can just see it. "Next on *James Bond 007*, James is up 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-bellied CIA agent, calling Bond a "stiff-butt Brit." As a matter of fact, I 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)

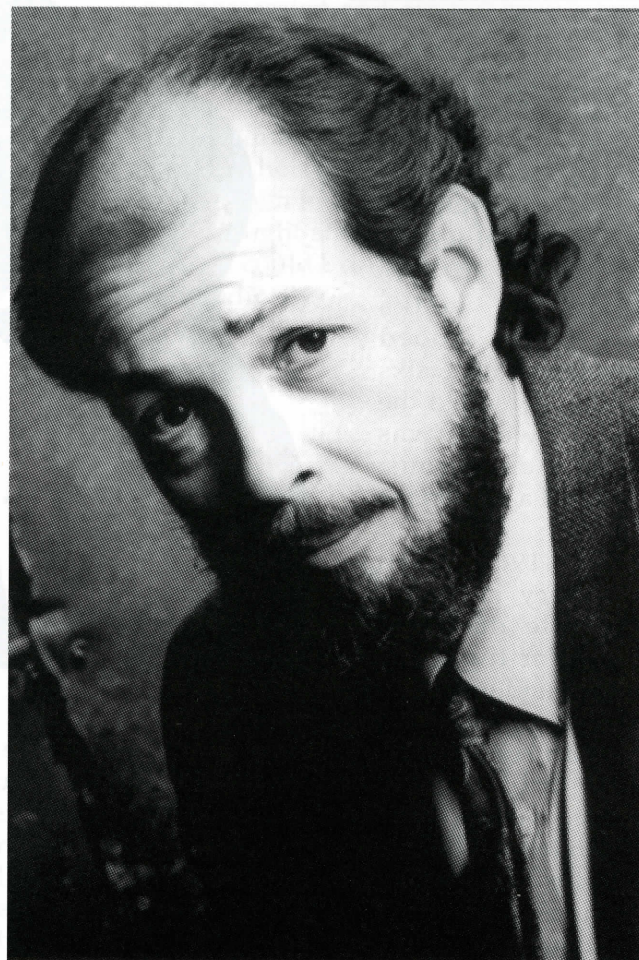
Hatching a Masterpiece

Jeffrey Hatcher talks of writing, Melville, Woody Allen, and Denison

Jeffrey Hatcher is busy. The Reynolds Playwright-in-Residence is currently overseeing the 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 Chechov 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 would go to casting directors and producers and they would say, 'Well, you'd made 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.'...Peculiarly 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 writing plays, 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 there 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, 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: 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?

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?

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 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 at least the number two or number three person. But having said that, sometimes the composer and

the lyricist can't write a word until the book is written, until the story is there, but in that case what you're really doing is providing a foundation for an architect to come and create a great lovely wedding cake edifice on top of it.

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. Either somebody has an ear for dialogue or they don't. You can't teach an affinity for the stage, by which I mean to say, you can't teach a talent that exists best within the confines of a proscenium stage or a thrust stage or in the round. Certain intelligences are best connected to film, some to poetry, some to television, and some to the stage . . . but you can teach all sorts of other things. 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

the best venue to start out in? I know Wendy Wasserstein and Marsha Norman emerged from regional theatres.

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.

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.

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 by this femme fatale. And I thought, that's really like a lot of young men or middle-aged men who have a mid-life crisis. We pretend that we're doing something for altruistic or noble reasons when as a matter of fact, we just have a desire so we rationalize the desire. That's what *Pierre* is about.

MOYO: So was Melville insane? [may my 11th grade English teacher forgive me]

HATCHER: I think he chose a very purple prose style. He was always a very colorful stylist, but I think he chose a very blood and thunder plot, very overripe narrative, and once you've made that

choices, 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. . . . 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: Getting back to when you were a student here, how do you think things have changed in the years since?



HATCHER: You've got that God-awful cement thing in front of the library. You know, I couldn't blast through that with a tank. I mean, I know it's there for handicap access, but I can't help but think that the architect could have come up with something better than that. It's really ugly as sin. Otherwise, I think the campus and the town of Granville look more spruced up than when I was here . . . it looks like it kind of brightened itself over the last 'x' number of years.

MOYO: What about the student body? Do you think it's any different?

HATCHER: We were the tail end of the sixties and seventies . . . so we were still the hairier, shaggier crowd. Lots of corduroy jackets and bushy hair and beards. It was just in like 1978, say, those New Wave types with the real short hair showed up. And they were a lot cooler than we were. And I think that was a part of 80's irony.

MOYO: Okay, now. Serious question: pen or pencil?

HATCHER: Pen. A uni-ball, Royal, deluxe, fine-point pen. That's the only thing. I will write with something else when I have to, but I buy forty of them at a shot. They're dotted all over the house

and briefcases. And on yellow legal pads. It just feels good to write that way. I think everybody's got a different way of doing it.

MOYO: Sondheim used to say that he used pencils and drank lots of water so that he could get up often to go to the bathroom and sharpen his pencils and that would get him thinking, all that walking around the house.

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.

Whatever Jeffrey Hatcher's doing, it seems to be working.

Interview by Alison Stine

Above: Jeffrey Hatcher, 2nd from right, in 1979's *Absent Friend*

Senior Chris McMillan lines up a view to a kill

Dial DU For MURDER

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

Photographs By Sara Almirall

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 Slayter!"). 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, Indianas (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 moral 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 be eternal.

It was on this day that Dr. Stout unveiled the

first camera assignment for the semester, to be shot on 16mm black and white Tri-X film, MOS, with a music track to be dubbed in later. "Each crew of four," he declared with malevolent glee, standing in profile like a bespectacled collegiate Hitchcock, "is to design and execute a scene within which one human being (pause for dramatic effect) dies at the hands of another."

A bitter chill swept through the room, icy enough to make the blood brittle.

A mad brew of questions immediately bubbled up in my head: Did not this professor just requis-



tion us, the students, to carry out a homicide? Is that sanctioned by the university? What kind of curriculum is this? Was murder in the syllabus?

And then to higher inquiries:

Is there a Homicide major? If so, is it my major? Why wasn't I made aware of this when I was a prospective? Are there a couple pages in the Viewbook that I happened to miss, featuring a full color glossy photo of four well-groomed cinema majors standing over the bloody, punctured body

of their hapless victim, well-dressed aside for the deep rouge splatters of the arterial spray that stain their garments, the glint of the butcher knives they brandish perfectly complemented by the twinkle of the pearly white toothy smiles they offer up to the camera?!

His proposition well in place, Dr. Stout continued to expound on his demands for the assignment. I thought about fleeing the Annex, but he may as well had a knife to my throat. Indeed, "the hand which inflicts the fatal blow is not more deeply imbrued 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."

His demands 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, sumptuous, 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.

Why murder? 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 final, 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 "Voodoo Murders." But it wasn't 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; amateurs and dilettante in the various modes of bloodshed; and, in short, Murder-Fanciers. Every fresh atrocity 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 its 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 1820's, and they didn't have television, so boredom may have impelled 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 reaped from the swooping arc of a wielded 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, aesthetically sound, dramatically effective piece of murderous 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

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 but notice the look on everyone's face, the suspicious uncertainty with which we eyed each other. In the movie *Body Heat*, Mickey Rourke said, "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 curious if our combined mental capacity and moral anesthesia would be sufficient enough to pull this thing off, lest we fall prey to the presage of prophet Mickey.

We started off by brainstorming possible scenarios. Indeed, there are many ways to devise someone's demise. Chris suggested setting the crime in a church, with someone being murdered in the act of prayer. Everyone liked the idea, but obtaining the location would be difficult. Belkis suggested having a woman strangle another woman with a turban; that too peaked some interest. Caught up in the spirit, she then suggested tying live power lines around someone's ankles and dragging them through a car wash; concur-

rence was understandably thin.

I unveiled my favorite possibilities. The first, a racquetball court massacre, did not blow over. My second conception, however, held some water with the others.

I started with the ideal location: the Physical Plant warehouse in Granville. A criminal, perhaps a child killer, is on the run from a lynch mob. The death penalty has just been banned, which I figured we could establish, along with the killer's identity, with a strewn newspaper. The members of the mob find the killer on the lam and, craving an eye for an eye, corner him in the immense warehouse. Knowing he won't get the electric chair if they turn him over to the authorities, they take matters into their own hands and kill him. The piles of chairs in the warehouse would give the execution an eerie resonance.

The group seemed enthused; our film was a go. We agreed to pursue the location and began finalizing the details of the deed. The most important question, the keystone inquiry coming before "Colonel Mustard" and "in the Study", is, of course, what will the weapon be?

In the spirit of lynching, I suggested beating the killer with baseball bats. Everyone stared at me, aghast 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 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 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

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 Café - 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. There were many people to talk to 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 around here.

Secondly, we had not yet found any actors to fill the necessary roles, particularly that of the harried child killer. Employing busy college students as actors 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 levee I had built to hold back the cascading floods of my morality 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 handiwork, guilt and fear invaded me like the black plague. At church that week I couldn't bear to face the altar. 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 martini with the Devil himself. They tied my head under the blade of a huge Reeves splicer while the walls of the Annex seeped blood!

By then I had turned as pale as a senior chemistry major. The other three looked at me incredulously over the crests of their menus. They had to see I was wilting, my backbone giving like a Nerf 2x4. The waitress' arrival broke the heavy silence.

"Afternoon everybody. What are we up to today?"

I could barely restrain myself from blurting out a confession right there.

"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 scenario again, finalizing the order of events and elaborating on the details. Belkis reminded us that the scene could only involve two people, the murderer and the

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.

John Webster in The Duchess of Malfi

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Back in the Day

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 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 a fox.). My mom went to the Draft House, where she had her own mug and grilled her own burgers. "I remember peanut shells on the floor. I guess that's not too sanitary," she said. Sometimes she went to a place called The Farm, where she and her Pi Phi sorority sisters attended Tom Jones parties and ate dinner without utensils. "Your father and I also used to go out to Evergreen's for breakfast on Sunday mornings." Gross!

When we think of current D-Day celebrations,



we recall the trudge down hill to Mitchell for a not so scrumptious Saga buffet, then maybe staying to hear the bands play. However, I think that most of us students would rather not support the school function and drink some more bad beer in our rooms, an event that can be done any given morning, noon, or night. But what if we were students of the 1960s? "Everyone would wait in anticipation for the chapel bell ringer to play 'Hold That Tiger' which meant that classes were canceled for 24 hours. No one knew it was coming except the bell ringer," said Mrs. Werne. They, like us, had buffets. Unlike us, they had buffets for all of their meals—breakfast, lunch and dinner. "We usually had a big named band, like The Four Seasons, or Johnnie and the Hurricanes," said Mr. Jones. "We also had Whiskey Sour Breakfasts, where 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 dif-

ferent 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 to 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 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 caught up, and that I never got all of the reading done," said Mr. Rees. Feel better, friends? Mrs. Werne remembered some interesting aspects of her schoolwork, as well. "There was no partying during the week. 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 foreign language table, where we would speak in German for the entire meal. Also, after class, we would all go to the student union in the basement of Talbot Hall, (now Knapp) where our professors would join us. Most of the time we had better discussions of our class material there than we would in class."

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 these 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.

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



towards a geology major and, subsequently, the fall geology field trip from September 24 to the 28. When people ask me how the trip was, I respond that it was a religious experience. Since I had only been formally studying geology for twenty-four days before the trip departed, I did not 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 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.

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 falls, as we know them, will 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 vans. We drove for about two more hours until reaching the town of Brampton, Ontario, where we spent the night.

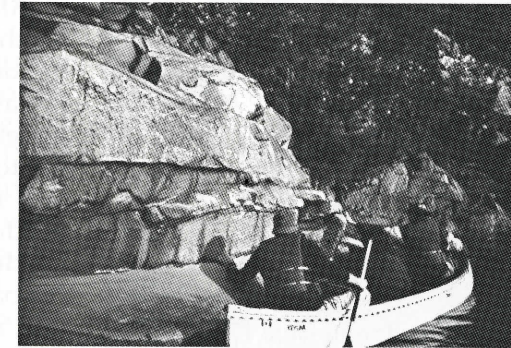
We woke up early the next morning and proceeded to Kilarny Provincial Park, where we were to examine the famous Kilarny granite.

The most striking features of the car ride up were the granitic outcrops along the road. Being rich in the mineral potassium feldspar, these rocks assumed a pink color, something that I, spending my outdoor life in the gray or northisite 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 glacial striations: marks left by glaciers when they scraped across the landscape during the last glacial age, which was at its peak 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 geologic time, realizing that the earth is just over 4.5 billion years old, it is almost like yesterday.

Perhaps more spectacular than the striations was a huge glacial drainage ditch where water melted off the glacier and drained over the rock, thereby cutting a relatively small gorge in the rock that was about 10 meters wide.

We reached Kilarny later that afternoon and stopped at an outfitters store and rented canoes. The canoes, being made of the ultra-light material Kevlar, and therefore practically the best type of canoe, were nice, but they were not too helpful in fighting the headwind with which we



had to deal in paddling up George Lake.

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 currents 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

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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 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 about a mile 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 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 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

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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, to jump into the freezing waters of a tributary that was spilling down a mountain, and to inhale the forest's pine scent mixed with the burning wood of the campfire. As I became older, however, I wanted more than just to enjoy nature; I wanted to understand nature. I wanted to know where dikes came from, why streams looked the way they did, and why the mountains formed in the

way they did.

One of the primary reasons I am so fascinated by geology is its postdictive power: by examining the rock type, fossil content, sedimentary structures, unconformities, rock distribution, etc., in a given area, an individual is able to construct its past environment. For example, thanks to the work of Dr. Bork and Dr. Malcuit—and there are others whom I know I am forgetting—I know that, 350 million years ago, a delta which emptied out into a relatively shallow salt-water sea was prograding to the northwest in central Ohio, and I know that that sea suddenly transgressed onto the shore like a tide that would not stop coming in, thereby depositing the sandstone that I see on top of Denison hill.

Anyway, it was the chance to expand my knowledge about the history of the earth that drew me

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are being made for Timothy Dalton to do his own Bond movie. Yes! If nothing else, this will show the makers of *Goldeneye* just what 007 is all about. We'll see a James Bond who gambles and looks smooth, not one who gambles and tries to look smooth. Maybe *Goldeneye* does pull some stops... but it pulls all the wrong stops. Brosnan has the potential to be a good Bond, but the script of his first film is so terrible that even if Sean Connery had been in the movie, it'd be bad.

Dalton for me was mysterious as 007. You knew his motivations but didn't know how far he would go to get what he wanted. You wanted to know every personal detail about James. He was a James Bond who acted normal around other people and was subtly smooth in doing so. Brosnan's Bond was hell-bent on acting normal around people. Sure some people said that Dalton looked like he was trying to do a math equation in his head, but at least he behaved as close to a real person as James Bond the character could—even more so than Sean Connery. I like to identify with the hero on screen, especially when he's James Bond.

Another good thing about Dalton was that he did *all* his own stunts. Before Jackie Chan, there was Timothy Dalton as James Bond. He believed that if the audience were to buy into him as James Bond he would have to be James Bond. But Pierce Brosnan and the makers of *Goldeneye* believed that the audience would still buy into the film if they used cheap-o special effects in place of stunts or stunt doubles. 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 film *Goldeneye*, 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 notice just what it takes to be 007.

Robert Purks won't be seen wearing a Tomorrow Never Dies T-shirt.

Murder

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murdered, so the idea of the lynch 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 emotionless 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 re-

sponsibilities for the remainder of the project. We would all do story boards the following day. I would continue to pursue access to the Physical Plant warehouse and find a backup 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 order 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 not to let 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 decidedly 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:

- 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 insane" (10).
- 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 / reasons 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 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 impassive abandon, my being a barbed stiletto dead-set on an abhorrent objective. 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 mis-enscene.

Belkis has been equally successful in finding that rare thespian 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 willing to don the role we had fashioned for him; it was certainly a part to die for. He did not have any objections to relinquishing an entire weekend of Denison revelry for the sake of our placating our professor's homicidal desires. The winds had swayed to our favor


Indeed, all the times that Gabe's mother had threatened to "wring his neck" would soon come to a startling fruition.

I found another readily dis-

posed actor in James Burnham, who I just happened to talk to on the quad as I was making my way down to the warehouse. James would play the vigilant police officer. There was violence in his eyes, even though we would never see them in the film.

Shooting commenced around 4:30 p.m. with the outside establishing shots of the warehouse

Junior Gabe Huddleston steers clear of the reaper



and the close ups of our fictional newspaper. The strewn publication, entitled *The Marvel Sentinel*, bore two headlines. The top kicker read, "Electric Chair Banned; Citizen Groups Protest." Under it was a fake political cartoon by Patrick Murphy of a toppled electric chair, its three-pronged cord unplugged. The second headline stated, "Child Killer Still on the Loose; Citizens Demand Capture." Under it was the mug shot of Gabe, his face a visage of cold-blooded menace.

Once the exteriors were complete, the time around 6:00, we began shooting the complex process of Gabe's evasion from his pursuer once inside the warehouse.

Taking on the most difficult set-ups first, we began blocking and lighting the extensive dolly shots following Gabe through the annals of the building. In order to get an exposure, regular light bulbs were replaced with photo flood bulbs and tungsten lights 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 hematic 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., when we would have our first set-up waiting for them. Ah, but the best laid plans of mice of men - by the time Gabe and James showed up, we had yet to decide what shot to begin with. A sense of urgency set in.

Yet once the first three set-ups were complete, our group found itself a groove. First, we would refer to the story boards and designate the basic outlay of the shot. Then Chris would place the camera and dictate the arrangement of subjects within the frame while Belkis, Michael and I would organize the lighting scheme. The actors would wait patiently until the proverbial stage was set, then we would quickly rehearse blocking. Then lights, camera, pro-action...What had begun in haphazard de-

rangement quickly developed into an assured systematic delivery. Lighting conflicts required a meticulous trial-and-error approach, and sacrifice was inherent. But finally, we felt as if we were shooting a movie instead of shooting from the hip. It was great.

We broke for lunch at 4:30 p.m. so I could watch a film for philosophy class. We returned to the warehouse at 6:00 p.m. and pushed on through 10. Though we often let our reach carelessly exceed our grasp on certain proposed shots, the filming remained on the slow but steady.

Gabe passed the time with warm a cappella renditions of "Don't Fear the Reaper," keeping up an attitude of hearty jocular-ity despite having duct tape placed over his mouth and a frayed noose wrapped around his neck. James, in his sweeping brown trench coat, emanated mad sadism, but off camera he was a real sweetheart. Thanks to his extensive Boy Scout experience, he also proved most proficient in fashioning a sturdy noose. Talk about an American pastime gone wickedly askew; there's nothing quite as a satisfying as warped conventions.

By the time we had wrapped around 11, all the shots including both Gabe and James were complete. Gabe left to attend a late night soiree, eager to inform everyone at the party about how well hung he was. We charted out a definite shooting agenda for Sunday and left hopeful, the end of the tunnel close enough to us to give a light reading.

The Ideal Murder Victim, according to the Society of Connoisseurs in Murder, should:

- not be a public figure.
- 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 pathos" (135).

Excellence in murder is not simply satisfied by, "a copious effusion of blood-the enlightened connoisseur is more refined in his 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

Sunday, the day of rest. Or in our case, the day of eternal rest. Work began at a similar hour, but it came off like gangbusters. Primary filming with Gabe was complete. Only the shots involving James alone and the montage footage of Gabe's death needed coverage.

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 surroundings 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. with some 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 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 Granville Sentinel*, October 28th, 1997:

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. Homicide investigators have reason to believe that each crime was meticulously planned a propos with malicious forethought, yet involved a long, drawn-out implementation. 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 cigar-

insufflating, blood-letting benefactor showed up for the screenings of our final products.

The past weeks had been hectic. Faster than Charles Whitman could climb the bell tower, we administered the necessary post-production. Belkis and I handled 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 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 and bleeding 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.

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

Finally, Dr. Stout arrived in his oddly 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 in our work. No one said it out loud, dare they jinx us all, but all of us secretly thought that perhaps our murder scene might be a stand-out entry in the long history of Denisonian 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 kicking 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 put a ski mask over the vigilante's face, add an extra gro-

tesque 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 biting feeling of mediocrity. Afterwards, I felt like I had been run through the Sonerex projector.

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

"But 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

ME EXPERIMENTING WITH BERRY BEER



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 depicting a murder on film requires as 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 addition, by taking on the assignment, we seized a rare opportunity to forage new ground, to explore the unfamiliar, and to spill fresh blood in a hands-on way that we might never have had a chance to do at a larger, more renowned university. I can honestly say that we're all a little more worldly, a little more well-rounded than we were before we came to Denison.

Open-mindedness, cooperation, personal and social growth—I can't believe it. Murder actually functions as a vanguard for all the primary constituents of a liberal arts education.

You know, maybe a major is in order. Well, at least a GE. How about an independent study option? No, wait, a student run organization! Our own Connoisseurs in Murder Society— we'll

chalk the quad with body outlines! What about a sixth commandment-free dorm? I nominate Smith Hall, it's closest to the graveyard. How's Slayter Pit and the Pendulum sound? Ace Morgue-an Theatre? Cleaver Hall? We'll add a whole new meaning to the term "Big Red."

Robert Levine's fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Gaughf, is the niece of Alfred Hitchcock

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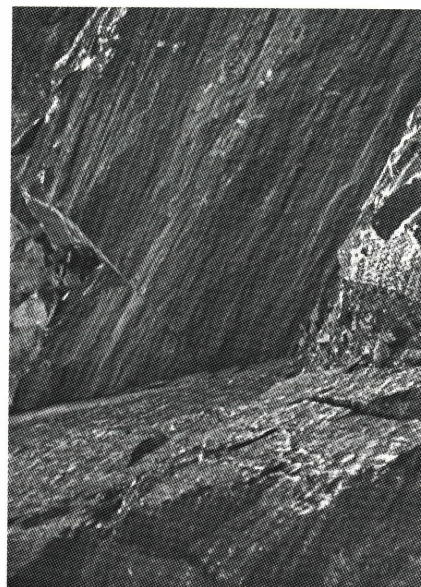
Rocks

(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 seemed to be created by a rock fall that left plenty of talus, or rock debris, behind.

We observed two primary types of metamorphic rock: one called quartzite and the other called gneiss. Metamorphic rock can be created when a sedimentary or igneous rock undergoes extreme heat and pressures. When a rock is subjected to such pressure and temperature, which could be brought on by two 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 Sudbury, and it was originally created as a pol-

lution control. When the smokestack was constructed years ago, the environmental engineers figured that if they could simply push the pollution created by nickel mining and smelting, high enough into the atmosphere, it would simply disappear. While this engineering masterpiece did in fact reduce the pollution that the town of Sudbury received, it created a burden on the surrounding area. Such is typical of environmental solutions to industrial problems: while they do improve the situation, it is never remedied.

For decades, geologists argued over whether or not a meteor had hit the Sudbury region years ago. It is now generally accepted that a small meteor did indeed hit here about 1.7 billion years ago, creating a crater that is 2 miles deep and 30 miles wide.

The major debate centered around the fact that the crater, which is too big to be seen from the ground level, is oval in shape, whereas impact structures are usually circular.

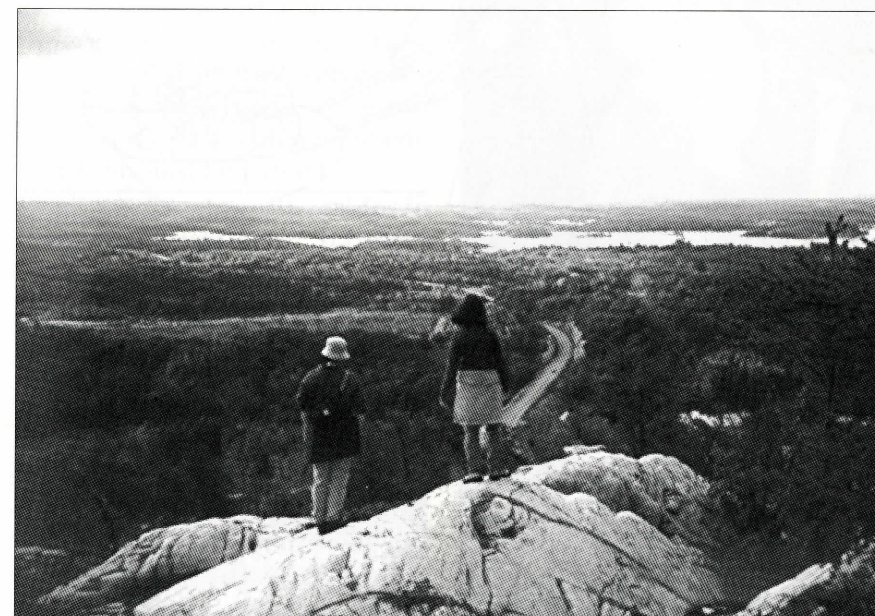
Eventually, geologists came to realize that the deformation of the shape of the crater occurred because of the Penokean orogeny, or, in other words, the mountain building that occurred when two tectonic plates collided with each other nearby the meteor.

We examined structures such as shatter cones which were used to prove that a meteor impact had occurred by the pro-impact geologists. Essentially, a shatter cone is a structure that is only found near impact sites. When an asteroid strikes the earth's surface, it sends great shock waves through the surrounding country rock, thereby creating what looks like branching trees of various sizes at the rock surface. The pointy part of the cone points towards the direction from which

the shock waves came, or from the shatter cones.

In addition to the shatter cones the next day we saw fall-back breccia which was created when debris from the impact site and the asteroid settled back down onto the earth. We spent the night in Sudbury, and I had a great meal at McDonald's. Did you know that they limit you to

the rock type of which this mountain was composed, comes from sandstone (which can be observed right below our feet on top of the hill on which Denison was built) which undergoes extreme temperature but not necessarily pressure. This parent relationship allows any structures which were once preserved in the sandstone to be transferred to the



two refills at a McDonald's in Canada?

The fourth day of the trip, Saturday, was by far the most interesting. There was a continental breakfast provided at the Sudbury hotel, and I finally got some coffee in my system. This day consisted primarily of hiking around and stopping at outcrops along the roadside.

First, we stopped at Quartzite Mountain to examine synclines and anticlines from a bird's eye view. I had not yet studied this phenomenon, so, needless to say, I did not understand much of what was going on. I diverted my attention to the crossbedding in the rock. Quartzite, which was

Quartzite.

Crossbedding is a structure which can be created by wind and flowing water. This particular crossbedding resembled tiny sand dunes when looked at in cross section, but crossbedding can also take the form that the surface of a sea takes, consisting of pointed crests. By looking at crossbedding, one is able to tell the direction of wind or water currents and the original orientation of a given rock sample.

We left the mountain and stopped to eat lunch. After some difficulty, we located two dikes by using a map. Dikes are intrusive—coming from the inside of the earth—formations that follow weaknesses in a rock and ei-



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, though the Taco Bell's policy remains the most generous.

Homestead

(Continued from page 21)

in a few year. 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 taken 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 organically. For those of you who have been locked in a closet for most of your lives, an "organic" garden is a garden that was grown using nothing but plant and animal matter and zero

chemicals. This is done in the interests of keeping the earth clean and keeping the consumer free of nasty chemicals that she could receive by eating non-organic foods. This also makes for a great, naturally predetermined cycle in which that which is produced by the ground 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 its 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 himself 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 stereos. 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 is a clean form of energy. It does not pollute or waste precious fossil fuels as other forms do. Solar panels also allowed the Homestead to remain lit when the lights went out in Granville this summer, as they frequently did during storms.

As far as descriptions go, the Homestead may sound quite rudimentary. Residents there use

an outhouse. There is one tap of running water (cold). Meals are cooked and cabins are heated via woodburning stoves. The gardening is organic. It is the consideration of these conditions which creates the basis for the perceptions of the simplicity of the Homestead. However, that is not all from which the Homestead gains its worth. If self-sufficiency and ecological soundness brings about primitivity, then so be it. However, these goals in and of themselves are those toward which most effort is put and upon which most emphasis should be placed.

Jean Lamont currently resides in a more primitive habitat: Crawford Hall

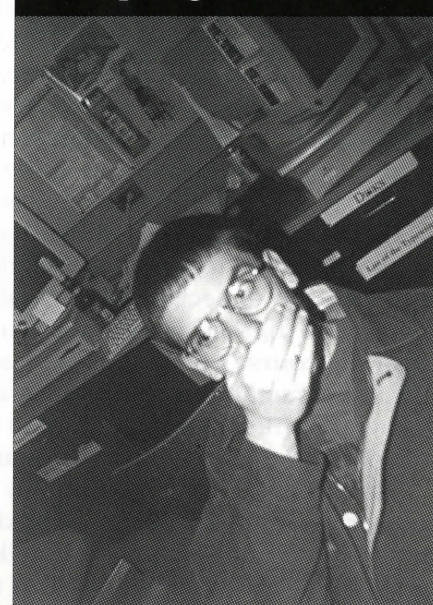
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ther emerge on the surface or are revealed by later erosion. The fact that they are of a different mineral composition and are more susceptible to weathering than the surrounding rock often results in differential weathering, where one structure, either 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 outcrops.

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,

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 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 damndest 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 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 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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