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mind of your own

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An interview with Clay and Adam By Kirsten Werne
If you are a resident of the west quad—or any quad if the promoters were truly diligent—then you may recall seeing signs which posed the question, “Does your relationship suck?” Many of these posters were to be found in the community bathrooms, which I believe are the best environs for considering such a question. By the way, before I launch into a whiny diatribe, I should mention that the signs pertained to a talk delivered in the lounge of Curtis West on Thursday the fifth of March; the topic of the talk was the “art of the healthy relationship.” Sadly, I did not attend the talk and know only of the signs. Apparently, “Fun prizes” were awarded, but I did not receive anything fun as a result of my absence.

Back to a consideration of the sign and my thoughts on the “art of the healthy relationship.” The “Does your relationship suck?” question is of interest because it speaks directly to what many feel is an important part of the college experience: finding that special someone and making the union work. A generous amount of alcohol on any given night has certainly helped many a student here find that special someone, but whether or not it has helped the union work is a decidedly different matter. Nonetheless, these concerns remain prevalent among the student body, and never have I seen the situation so handily summarized as in the question, “Does your relationship suck?”

The poster then asks, “Would you like to improve your relationship?” to which every reader in a sucking relationship most certainly responded affirmative. Now the next questions is where this sign becomes troublesome for me: “Do you get stuck with those psycho boneheads, salivating at your door, when all you want is someone with a decent brain, or at least a ‘brain’?” Whereas as the previous two queries would have pertained to any person in a sucking relationship, this third question seems to be directed at individuals of a certain persuasion. More importantly, this question seems to be placing the blame for relationship sucking on individuals of the other persuasion.

A closer examination of the language of the third question makes my point clearer. Notice the use of “psycho boneheads” in the question. “Psycho” to me conjures up images of Norman Bates, who we all know was responsible for a rather sucky relationship with his mother. “Boneheads” is easily associated with “boner”; any faithful viewer of Growing Pains can tell you that Kirk Cameron’s best friend bore that distinct appellation. The “decent brain, or at least a ‘brain’” portion of the question calls to mind Frankenstein’s monster—whose brain wasn’t very decent at all—and the Scarecrow from the Wizard of Oz—whose brain wasn’t very present. What do all these allusions have in common? What is the purpose of this word play? Simply, the third question seems to be insinuating that the male gender is primarily responsible for relationship sucking. As one of that persuasion, I feel it is my duty to defend men against this stifling allegation.

Unfortunately, I may not be up to the task. I am something of an Irwin Allen of college relationships. I have had several—one rather long, a few rather short, and some very, very short—but all have ended with a burning building, a sinking ship, or enough tragedy for a Cham Bell campaign. I can say this; You won’t find a defense for men anywhere in this issue. You will find articles on the Greek system three years after the landmark Option Three decision—which serve as a sort of tribute to MOYO’s premier issue—diner culture, sexual confusion, Chickrock, and rock stars. You will also find an article on acupuncture, which if your relationship sucks may provide a vehicle for relief.

Paul Durica
Editor-in-Chief

As If Lipstick Was a Sign of My Declining Mind
How ChickRock Happened
By Amy L. Spears

C

hickRock—you admit it’s an odd term, but I like it. It often evokes snide remarks and stupid questions (So, you like Mariah Carey? What do you play besides Madonna? Ugh.) but at the same time it makes me feel a little empowered. I’ve created my own genre.

So what exactly is ChickRock? Well, it’s not Madonna, but it could be Madonna. It probably should be artists like the Indigo Girls and Sarah McLachlan, but sometimes my own prejudices get in the way. It’s always Ani Difranco, Tori Amos, Jen Trynin, P.J. Harvey, Maggie Estep, Lisa Germano or whoever else gets dubbed my obsession of the week.

ChickRock is a genre of music without any particular sound to define it. But, as I’d like to tell all the record companies who’ve proclaimed the “Year of the Woman,” it takes more than the right anatomy to be worthy of initiation into ChickRock. First, talent is a must. So the Spice Girls need not apply.

Second, a true ChickRock artist displays a certain degree of political consciousness and a healthy dose of cynicism, but she’s got to be able to stop taking herself seriously once in a while. (Hence, Alanis Morissette isn’t included but Ani Difranco and Dar Williams are.) The subtle irony of Cole’s “Where Have All the Cowboys Gone?” runs circles around the ranting of Meredith Brooks’ “Bitch.”

Third, a sense of individual musical style can’t be left out. There will be no pop princesses admitted to this elite group, which is why Madonna waves in and out of our little band of misfits as she waves in and out of brilliant originality and sappy regurgitated pop.

With that established, you’ve got an idea of what goes on in my head when adding to my personal CD library, if nothing else. But why do I think ChickRock is a necessity? As I see it, the recent surge of female performers into the pop music mainstream (or the “alternative mainstream” if you subscribe to all the industry labels) is doing almost as much harm as good. Once Melissa Etheridge became a household name (never minding that her first two albums are her really excellent ones) it seemed as if every year after was dubbed “Rock’s Year of the Woman.” More female artists began to get record deals and air time. Mainstream music journalism started reporting that music produced by women was on the upswing. But let’s think about this way—the people who told us this was the trend of the future are the same people who profit when we accept that notion.

It’s just like Sweetest Day. The floral and greeting card industries told us we needed to declare our love by purchasing their products on some day in September, so we go right ahead and do it. The record industry has told us that women are the hottest thing on the market now, so we go out and buy records while commercial radio stations play strategic blocks of female musicians all too obviously to spur on the purchasing.

But what am I getting at with this rant? To put it bluntly, it seems people are getting record deals because of their biology. Not that it has anything to do with it, but for years, it was an all-male show. So while it’s great that talented women are finally getting an equal shot, it sometimes seems all you have to do is teach a woman a few chords and next thing you know she’s triple platinum. And she’s “secured a spot on next year’s Lilith Fair lineup,” or some other similarly nauseating cliche.

Not to say that all of the women who’ve achieved substantial fame are completely untalented. In fact, most of them are really great. I just think there’s a big difference in the standards for quality between men and women in the music industry, so we’ve got dozens of female one hit wonders on the scene, singing sappy love songs over worn out drum machines, while the women with real messages are left to waste away on the periphery of fame.

So all of this is why ChickRock was born. And it’s why I’m so sad to leave WDUB after three years. All of this is why I feel I can defend myself when called a separatist or any other not so nasty name by those who told us this was the trend of the future.
Sex in 4-Color

Portray the cartoonist as a young man

By Randall Frey

I saw my first Playboy when I was seven. A friend of mine who lived down the street had discovered his daddy’s secret stash and had plundered the magazines for the benefit of his pals one fine Sunday afternoon. My pals and I feverishly flipped past the articles on hair loss clinics and sports cars and politics. We paused on the centerfolds. I can’t really relate what it was like seeing that first centerfold. It was like I was some sort of alien just beamed down to earth, studying this strange culture. I was like one of those bounty hunters from *Critters*. And I was trying to take it all in, as if there would be a test later. None of this stuff, by that I mean woman stuff, was ever mentioned in school, or at home, on the TV shows I watched—Daisy always kept her ducks on. The stuff in the magazine was new. The stuff was hot. And I couldn’t really figure out why.

Traveling a bit farther down the old memory lane makes the matter seem a little clearer. A year or two before my pals broke out the Playboys and we all engaged in our little street corner cultural study, I had an affair with the girl next door. When I say, “had an affair,” I actually mean, “had the affair.” The girl and I played on swing sets together. We had tea parties. I was actually allowed in her house once. And as long as the affair went on, I lived in a state of absolute denial with my pals. They were the kind of boys who spent afternoons in the woods, turning over large rocks and squashing the bugs underneath just for kicks; they would not understand afternoons spent inside Sally Ferguson’s pink and yellow Candyland home. They wouldn’t understand white wicker bedroom furniture. I was never really sure what was wrong with going over to her house, but I sure as hell never wanted my pals to find out.

Then came the girls I met in school. I wanted to stand close to them. Maybe if no one else was around I would ask to hold hands. Looking at *Playboy* seemed odd then because the girls in the magazine were nothing like the girls I knew. None of the bunnies had white wicker bedroom furniture. And none of the girls I knew had breast implants and the like. One of the magazine’s cartoons showed a guy and a gal doing “it,” whatever it was. I was even further confused by the fact that the man was coming at the woman from behind. For one reason or another, I didn’t think this was how “it” was done. Even when I did learn about sex years later, this cartoon still troubled and haunted me. Little did I know, this cartoon would give me the idea for how to make sense of my pubescent follies.

Lately, I’ve considered writing some articles accompanied by cartoons and submitting them to magazines other than *MoJO*. Because the material is ever-present, I’ve decided to go for the low, bawdy road. *Playboy* has been cited as one of my intended targets. I want to create a series of cartoons which deal with the anxieties I addressed above, only in a less Norman Rockwell-esque manner. The cartoons all focus on a little unlike me he knows what is going on. Every punchline involves the boy—in early drafts called Dink—looking at something in his neighborhood and getting kind of horny. One cartoon I’ve finished has Dink looking at a girl eating an ice cream cone. Dink has a blank look on his face. The thought bubble above his head reads, “I’ve got a boner.” Now that’s comedy.

Another cartoon I’ve been working on involves a much more elaborate set up and is several panels long. The gag is that Dink’s father—Dick, Dick Johnson, or maybe Mr. Pecker—is showing Dink how to fix a deflated bicycle tire. Dink’s dad pumps it up, commenting on how round and firm it is. To make a long gag short—this takes about six more panels—Dink quips that the woman down the street might want the pump because she has no breasts. Ha! Ha! Chris!

Anytime I read over the dumb sex comics currently in magazines, I say to myself, “I can do this. I can do better than this.” I go back to working on Dink. I really want to write a joke which simplifies the whole male anxiety experience—including health concerns, politics, stereo performance, car racing, boats, and thoughtful erotic gift ideas—and which involves the punchline, “I got a boner.” I have yet to write the joke. Maybe if I remove the part about cars which is a hangover from some old gag on hair loss, the gag will work. I don’t know. I haven’t given up yet and am sure that young people out there are relying on me for that first does of sexual information. As a kind of rite of passage, I have moved on from the small-town coffee shops of my kindergarten/elementary school years. When I actually thought about it, I realized that I’ve been going to diners, coffee shops and truck stops since I was five or six. My Pap (a great, big, retired steel-mill foreman) used to take my sisters and me to a small coffee shop in the old mill town where he lived. It was there that I had the first reuben sandwich, the first whiff of over-strong coffee that was to stay with me for life and shape a part of my post-adolescent food-consumption experiences.

As a kind of rite of passage, I have moved on from the small-town coffee shops of my kindergarten/elementary school years. When I first puberty, my father thought I was ready for the big town experience: Primanti Brothers. Primanti Brothers is a Pittsburgh diner (with swivel stools and stainless steel countertops, yep!) and a Pittsburg alternative. People from all over the country visit this diner, including Hillary Clinton (even she has taste), have sampled its famous sandwiches. I can still taste them:

(Continued on page 27)

Grease Me Up

One woman’s descent into the depths of Pittsburgh diner culture

By Nina Clements

There are two types of people in this world: those who like diners (and by default, grease), and those who hate them. I belong to the former category.

Another interesting fact about diners and grease is that you never can tell exactly who belongs to which category, which in my opinion makes diners and grease all the more fascinating. People who enjoy diners are not simply grungy, sketchy, over-forty truck drivers named Dwight, or teenagers trying to sober up. I, and many other people, enjoy diners and diner culture for a multitude of reasons. For me, the love for grease is the on the front of the plates, and the tables, and the napkins (this is making my mouth water). I still question what exactly it is that diners offer me and all kinds of people from different classes, backgrounds, genders, and ethnicities. Is it merely the grease?

Hmmm. Grease. The stuff heart attacks are made of. That stuff that forms the perfect glaze atop a slice of choice or over a hot burger, or the bubbly perfection of a grilled cheese sandwich. In case you haven’t noticed, grease and cheese are interrelated in my world of diners. Food here at Denison never quite satisfies my grease-filled cravings. The food is often unintentionally greasy, like the veggie chicken sandwich, but it’s not the same. This dissatisfaction has led me to the conclusion that it is not only the grease, but also the atmosphere that accompanies it, which I crave. I miss going to truck stops and diners on a regular basis: I haven’t found any in Ohio thus far which compete with Pittsburgh’s diner culture (subculture?).

When I actually thought about it, I realized that I’ve been going to diners, coffee shops and truck stops since I was five or six. My Pap (a great, big, retired steel-mill foreman) used to take my sisters and me to a small coffee shop in the old mill town where he lived. It was there that I had the first reuben sandwich, the first whiff of over-strong coffee that was to stay with me for life and shape a part of my post-adolescent food-consumption experiences.
Under the Needle's Point

The healing power of acupuncture

By Robert Levine

“I have a plan for you,” Dr. Terry Smith said excitedly. “There are little wells of energy at your fingertips. We’re going to access the yang points on the meridians of your large intestine. The meridian runs up your arms through the shoulders, and out at the top of your head. That’s where the energy will be released.”

Brandishing a fine needle tightly by its coiled wire base, he leaned the tip of the needle right up against the skin. After a brief preparatory warning, he inserted the needle quickly—its tip piercing the skin several mm deep—directly above the cuticle of Mark’s index finger. The needle stuck in place.

“Feels like a bee-sting” he added. “Now, I’m going to turn the wheel, and call that an acupoint.” Leaving the needle inserted, he carefully turned it clockwise; suddenly, like a screwdriver tightened to its limit, the needle wouldn’t turn any more.

Upon entering the main room of the Wedgewood Surgery Center, located in Powell, OH, performing normal medical practices, with the exception of one day out of the week. On that day, Dr. Smith, normally an anesthesiologist, practices acupuncture treatment, the ancient Chinese medical technique that uses needles to stimulate healing points within the body. Radical Chinese medical treatment in central Ohio! What’s this guy thinking, one might ask. The prospects of success seem as likely as a Luce daytime Emmy. However, Dr. Smith has history in his corner.

Acupuncture is a bit of an anomaly. From a Western perspective, it is a wildly unique medical system of maintenance and healing, with roots stretching back several millennia. We would consider it “alternative medicine,” but if seniority has any weight in the scheme of things, acupuncture should certainly be considered the constant. Comparing conventional medicine in our country today to what our ancestors did five thousand years ago would be an attempt to veer across an enormous gorge of perpetual change and development. The difference is unfathomable.

Acupuncture, on the other hand, maintains the same fundamental scientific beliefs and techniques today that its originators did when it was first discovered in 2696 B.C. under the reign of Huang Di, the third emperor of China. Personally, I find it relieving that the spirit of Huang Di might be around today in the body of some Newark native and still be able to get his gimp knees treated traditionally.

Acupuncture has only recently made sporadic interjections into European and Western modes of medicine. It was first introduced in Europe by the French Jesuits, namely the priest PP Harveill, in the 17th century. The technique experienced a sort of renaissance in the 1820s as the Dutch and the Germans accompanied the French in teaching acupuncture in hospitals. The first physician and surgeon organization dedicated to instructing acupuncture in the United States was not formed until 1973. There are now over 3,000,000 acupuncturists practicing worldwide, so accessing a knowledgeable expert like Dr. Smith is not exactly like finding a needle in a haystack.

I was able to find Dr. Smith through one of his patients. Denison University junior Mark Coleman has had trouble with his right shoulder for five years. Last month, he visited the Wedgewood Center for his second acupuncture treatment from Dr. Smith. I went along to observe and absorb.

Mark described Dr. Smith as “a combination between a physician and a hippie.” Indeed, upon his entrance to the examination room, the re-formed Willie Nelson resemblance was undeniable. Dr. Smith is a short, stocky man, with tiny silver rim glasses and slicked-back gray hair that looked as if it had been cropped to his shoulders from a much longer length. He is very excitable and accommodating, and has no qualms about speaking passionately in spiritual and abstract terms that seem incongruous within the context of a suburban Ohio surgery center.

Acupuncture entails stimulating pressure points on channels called meridians. Meridians run up and down the body in orderly, discernible patterns and govern the movement of the body’s healing energy, called qi.

Disease and ailment occur when our bodies are out of balance. When the flow of qi is obstructed, Stagnant qi can lead to anything, from muscle soreness to cancerous tumors. Acupuncture attempts to clear the body’s energy channels, much like Drano would a clogged pipe. Traditional practice of the system has been used to remedy almost any ailment that can occur in the human body.

The general Western mindset environments medicine in direct, linear, cause-and-effect terms. If someone has heart problems, then the doctor attends to the heart. The idea of stimulating a point in the index finger of the hand to relieve pain and soreness in the shoulder might seem implausible to us. But the practice of acupuncture does not picture symptoms in isolation. Acupuncture is indicative of the holistic way of thinking that pervades Chinese scientific thinking. It draws connections between all parts of the body, realizing the human anatomy as an intricate network of healing.

After Dr. Smith’s introduction, Mark got undressed and put on a hospital gown. A nurse came in to take his pulse and measure his blood pressure. She also put a CD into a portable stereo on the dresser next to Mark’s bed. “This is some new-age Asian music,” she said. The title of the CD was SFLA, the artist Chris Thériault. It sounded like elevator music; light, overly synthesized, played over “natural” sound effects like birds chirping and water rippling. It was the kind of CD you would buy at a store called Earthly Designs, along with a stuffed Koala bear puppet and a bumper sticker that read “Save the Manatee.”

“It’s all about setting the mood,” the nurse explained.

“During the wait for Dr. Smith, three of the nurses would pop in intermittently, offering Mark blankets or bed adjustments. One came in carrying a small box of liquor to show us. She announced it as tokays liquor. The box was a deep rouge, with gold borders and lettering. The printing on the side read “Shebiangejieju.”

“Look at the ingredients,” she said with a knowing smile.

I read them aloud to Mark. The bottle contained a tonic derived from the testes and penes of snakes and dogs and the testes of cocks, dear, and sparrows, combined with dozens of Chinese traditional drugs, all immersed in a sweet liquor.

Mark laughed. I read on. The box read, “for invigorating the kidney—young and replenishing vital essence and blood. For
When Dr. Smith inserted the needle at the base of the hairline to act as the meridian release point, Mark said it felt like someone had jabbed a syringe. Pulp Fiction-style, right into his forehead.

Dr. Smith twisted each needle clockwise until the qi engaged. Mark moved slightly, and the needlehead swayed in a wild arc, like the red arm on a stereo frequency modulator.

In China, twisting the needles and burning moxa are traditional methods for activating the pressure points; however, in order to constantly stimulate Mark’s energy points, Dr. Smith would use electricity. Small white power packs about the size of a walkman were hooked up to the needles with con-

nectors that resembled tiny jumper cables. The clamped pairs on needles that were next to each other in order to create polar forces.

Mark would comment later that the needles in his fingers stung upon entry, though the pain was nothing terrible. He said he barely felt the needles in his shoulder, and didn’t feel the needle on the back of his neck over at all. However, when Dr. Smith inserted the needle at the base of his hairline to act as the meridian release point, Mark said it felt like someone had jabbed a syringe, Pulp Fiction-style, right into his forehead.

In addition to the needles ad- dressing Mark’s shoulder, Dr. Smith inserted needles into his feet, knees, and arms. When asked why he was stimulating points near the feet, Dr. Smith explained that the needles in the feet were meant to hit the Shao-Yang meridian, the body’s meridian of motion. He returned to the con- cept of Heaven and Yang. According to Dr. Smith, the body is a conduit between heaven and earth, with the feet acting as our connection to the latter. Yin energy travels up from the earth while the yang travels downward. Mark’s shoulder trouble could be attributed to a blockage of this reciprocal energy flow and the needle would need to be used in opposite directions on his feet and legs. Dr. Smith intends to accelerate the yin-yang (lateral?) exchange. By stimulating the yang point, one can achieve a similar point on the other side of the body, and immediately locate and neutralize any pathogens that might gotten in.

"Is this Yihann’s?" he asked of the music.

He placed two more needles into Mark’s left forearms, one on the top, the other on the underside. The needles stuck out at 45 degree angles, aimed in opposite directions.

The needles were in place. The nurse began increasing the electrical current, building the flow of electricity. The vibrating flow of electricity should be felt as a buzz between his hands and knees, but it should not be uncomfortable. Mark was only required to tell the nurse when the currents would be increased incrementally throughout the half-hour.

She pushed the current on his right foot a little too fast. Mark said, "Ow!" and his big toe lurched viciously inward.

"Did you see it pull my toe over?" Mark asked. "I had no control over that." After they concurred on suit- able levels of stimulation, the lights were dimmed, and Mark lay back and tried to sleep. I decided to stay a minute and watch the treatment at work. Throughout the time I was there, Mark was removed, the doctor inserted the needle into the central spot, twists, and pulls it out quickly. Any negative energy that had been collecting at the pressure point is instantly removed. Dr. Smith wakes Mark and begins removing the needles. He would remove them quickly, straight back from the body, and immediately place them in a trash receptacle. All the wires were disconnected and removed. Mark sat on the back of the chair. He looked utterly bewildered.

"I feel like I’ve woken up from a really delicious nap."

Mark proceeded: "You’re experiencing a release of endor- phins. Endorphins are morphines, the opiates of the body. They should give you great sleep, great relaxation." Mark proceeded to get dressed.

Pretty soon I was tapping my foot along with the needle, and we were both in sync with the music. Just me, Chris Theriault, and Mark Coleman’s qi, snapping to the beat.

Dr. Smith returned with a small package. Inside were "seeds", miniscule coated in 14 karat gold. Seeds were used with a section of acupuncture called auriculotherapy, which is defined as a therapeutic intervention in which the skin around the needle turns red wherever this organ is located.
some might say that the Greek system created MoYO. Our first issue, published in October 1991, consisted entirely of discussions on all things Greek. Since then, the system and the magazine have gone their separate ways. We played around with theme issues for a year or two—one dedicated to college sex, another to hate crimes—and then developed the broad, always-on-the-fringe format with which most of our current readers are familiar. When the fraternities lost the right to reside in their houses in 1995, Mind of Your Own was silent on the issue. As for the Greeks, they remain as popular, unpopular, controversial and controversial as ever. Still coming to grips with losing their houses, the Greek system is nevertheless a source of pride for a significant segment of the student body, while remaining a symbol of shame to others. Even with the fraternity men actively integrated into campus living and dining space, the Greek-independent divide endures. And, as always, there are many students who are just plain apathetic. MoYO has decided not to be.

With this being the final year in which current students witnessed firsthand the events in 1995 which have shaped the past three years, MoYO returns to its dialogue on the Greek system. We want to look at the system as it is now in comparison to what it was when the trustees made their decision. We want to focus on the questions and concerns raised by the student body in '95 and see how they have played out. Changes in the academic, social, and residential life are at the center of this consideration. And we have culled a variety of voices—Greeks and independents; first years and seniors; students and administrators—to address these issues. We may not have every voice represented because of space and time limitation. If any perspectives are missing, especially the reader's—then don't hesitate to respond. After all, you do have a mind of your own.

Interview By Jean Lament

In 1995, during the turbulent days of Option Three, Smokin’ Joe Raiser’s column was a staple in the Denisonian. In 1998, Raiser, a member of Delta Upsilon and former IFC president, stokes the flames of free expression once more in the pages of MoYO and addresses the past three years of change, with the assistance of our most salutary, voluble and vaporous correspondent. Raise high the stogies, it’s Raiser time!

When asked if Michele Myers was justifying such a decision, Raiser answered, “I’m sure she can justify her decision,” but mentioned that he himself could not. Raiser feels that the administration acted unfairly in making the decision. “The administration...took it upon themselves to decide for the fraternities how we should be and how we should act.” He suggested that the logical way to conduct any kind of decision process would have been for the administration to have sat down and to have talked to the IFC, and essentially to have worked together to arrive at an agreement upon how the fraternities should conduct themselves. However, Raiser stated that the president, the president, etc. did not work with the fraternities to achieve any of these goals. It appears that the administration proceeded at its own will, and eventually ended up evicting the men from their houses. Raiser agreed that much has come of this decision, and that, although the administration had planned otherwise, the changes have not always been for the better.

One might rightfully speculate that one of the goals of the decision was to improve the grade point averages of the fraternities as a whole. When asked if he saw a change in academics, Raiser did not feel that anything drastic had happened since the fraternities were moved out. “As far as grade point average, I’d say that, no, it hasn’t really changed.” Raiser added that he felt that, on the whole, GPA depended on the individual, regardless of whether that person was Greek affiliated or not.

A significant effect of the decision that Raiser detected is a dramatic change in the social activity of the University. Before the decision, Raiser noted, fraternity Row did. “They haven’t been able to do what the Greeks did.”

A major difference from the past to present is that he noted was the change in the individuality among the fraternities. Raiser said that it is easy to connect a fraternity with its house, thus giving each fraternity its own identity. “It seems silly to say,” Raiser said, “that a house, a physical structure, could create an identity. But it did. Maybe a fraternity can make a name for itself from the places where they do, but the houses definitely helped.” Now that they are not in their houses, and essentially spread around campus, it is harder for people to recognize each fraternity. Although Raiser does not think that the together-ness of the individual fraternities is threatened, he did express concern for the unity of the entire fraternity side of the Greek System. He mentioned that the Row helped to encourage brotherhood among the fraternities. Raiser said that it is easy to encourage brotherhood among the fraternities. Raiser suggested that the logis
cal way to conduct any kind of decision process would have been for the administration to have sat down and to have talked to the IFC, and essentially to have worked together to arrive at an agreement upon how the fraternities should conduct themselves. However, Raiser stated that the president, the president, etc. did not work with the fraternities to achieve any of these goals. It appears that the administration proceeded at its own will, and eventually ended up evicting the men from their houses. Raiser agreed that much has come of this decision, and that, although the administration had planned otherwise, the changes have not always been for the better.

One might rightfully speculate that one of the goals of the decision was to improve the grade point averages of the fraternities as a whole. When asked if he saw a change in academics, Raiser did not feel that anything drastic had happened since the fraternities were moved out. “As far as grade point average, I’d say that, no, it hasn’t really changed.” Raiser added that he felt that, on the whole, GPA depended on the individual, regardless of whether that person was Greek affiliated or not.

In 1995, billiard balls damaged President Meyers’s window. In what was believed to be a response to Option Three,

Interviewer Jean Lament likes to date wrestlers who are on time.
Intervew By Paul Durica

In 1991 then Editor-in-Chief John Boyden conducted an interview with Michele Tolela Myers which became a highlight of MoYO's first issue. On November 5, 1997, Denison's eight president announced her resignation and her plan to assume the presidency of Sarah Lawrence College in the fall of 1998. Before she left, MoYO wanted to speak with her once more and to discuss the Option Three decision which will forever be associated with her presidency. With courtesy and good cheer, she readily obliged. Like my predecessor Boyden, I was able to ask many an interesting question but failed to learn the appeal of Jerry Lewis to the French.

MoYO: In the first MoYO interview in 1991, you stated, “I am not out to dismantle the Greek system; I want to strengthen it—I want to make it stronger and better.” Now, three years after the fraternities have been made non-residential, do you feel you’ve made the Greek system “stronger and better” than it was when you first arrived at Denison?

Michele Tolela Myers: I absolutely believe that. There’s no question in my mind. It’s not completely where it’s at, but it’s moving in the right direction. I think the decision to make the system non-residential has helped to diminish the most egregious excesses of the system and began to take away the more divisive nature of the system on the campus. I think that after three years we are beginning to see that the campus is coming together a little more than it was before. In that sense I think it has been good for the campus, and it’s been good for the Greek system to understand finally that they have to look inside to find out what are the causes of some of the problems and to begin to bring different sorts of young people into the system, who are able to give it better leadership. I think they have done that to some extent.

MoYO: Would you care to elaborate on what the “egregious excesses of the system” were that necessitated the decision?

MTM: Traditionally, I was told that the Greek system—particularly on the men’s side but probably on the women’s side as well—was able to attract students who were campus leaders and that the majority of people who were influential on the campus belonged to the Greek system—the athletes, the campus government students, the leaders of organizations of all sort—and that they were also pretty good students. I’m talking about thirty or forty years ago. It wasn’t my experience when I came to this campus almost ten years ago. The members of the Greek system on the whole were not particularly prominent among the leaders of the campus, nor were they certainly prominent among the very good students on the dean’s list. There were obviously exceptions; there were some terrific students who were members, but not if you look at those students as a group. It was weaker. In fact, the grades reflected that. The Greek men as a group were always performing less than almost any other group you could conceivably consider on the campus. When you begin to draw into an organization only the weaker members of the larger society, then you begin to create small groups in that society that are less productive and that are going to contribute less. Except if you are going to be a group that is just making some sort of a social scene. I think that’s what we saw. So it was a matter of getting the Greek organizations to take seriously the challenge of recruiting better students. They were more and more able to do so because we were also getting better and better students. We have a larger and larger group of very talented students, which means these are the students who are going to be the members of all the organizations we have. They are coming in better to begin with. We really have made improvements in the quality of students who were formerly not send us our good students. All of a sudden our pool has changed, and we are able to be more selective. We don’t have to take everyone anymore, and that has made a big difference. We are now getting a different sort of talent, and better students. The fall semester is used to get them acclimated to the campus and to the academic demands. Now per-formance of freshman, particularly men more than women, falls down when the spring accounts for some of the average GPA increases.

MoYO: It’s better. That helps because it is a great deal. The full semester is used to get them acclimated to the campus and to the academic demands. When we look at the kind of awards we give for outstanding leadership or outstanding academic performance, there are better students who are now prominent among the leaders of the campus in high schools and in places who wouldn’t send us their good students. They thought this place was far too social and not academic. That decision held them to attention, and we began to get many more good students from schools who formerly would not send us good students. All of a sudden our pool has changed, and we are able to be more selective. We don’t have to take everyone anymore, and that has made a big difference. We are now getting a different sort of talent, and better students. We really have made improvements in the quality of students who were formerly not send us our good students. All of a sudden our pool has changed, and we are able to be more selective. We don’t have to take everyone anymore, and that has made a big difference. We are now getting a different sort of talent, and better students. The fall semester is used to get them acclimated to the campus and to the academic demands. Now performance of freshman, particularly men more than women, falls down when the spring accounts for some of the average GPA increases.

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MoYO: Extending the academic issue just a little bit further, do you see more academic and service-oriented fraternities like Sigma Epsilon as the way of the future for the at Denison?

MTM: I think Sigma Epsilon is the way of the future. There’s no doubt in my mind. The purely social business, if it is going to lead to the kind of excesses it once led to and the dangerous behavior—because there are people who die every year, either from hazing and rushing, abuse, alcohol, and accidents as a result of abuse of alcohol. I mean people don’t kill each other deliberately, but people die out of a sense that there was no body paying attention. It’s just truly dangerous. The risk of just a purely social emphasis I don’t think anyone wants that anymore. The young people may want it, but
I think my sense of accomplishment comes from believing that I’m leaving the place in better shape than I found it—more focused and with a sense of being really focused on improving the academic program and the academic quality of the institution, that is really what I’ve worked on all along. Everything I’ve done, at least in my view, has been to build little pieces that all came to that central focus that we had to improve academic quality and academic reputation.

MoYO: Would you care to clarify the housing situation in the North Quad as in now stands? How will problems over there be resolved? Three of the houses are still owned by fraternities, right?

MTM: Right. There are three that are still owned by the fraternities. Two of the three are being leased to us for a medium-term—I wouldn’t even say a long-term—and then one is not. They haven’t done anything. Sigma Chi has neither sold nor leased, nor will do anything. They are going to keep it. Kappa Sig and Theta have leased, but they still own. All the others we own. From my perspective, I think the University would be better served if we owned them all or if we had really long term leases with the three others who don’t want to sell. On the other hand, if one of them or two of them decide to go it alone and can do it, I don’t see any problem. They won’t be able to use them to house their members. I mean that’s not an issue anymore.

Sigma Chi wants to use it as a chapter house for the members of Sigma Chi to meet and have their regular meetings. They won’t be able to use it for parties. They won’t be able to be used for sleeping in there. There is some doubt in my mind about the viability of such a big house which costs so much money just for meeting a week. That’s a lot of money to invest to provide the chapter with a place to meet. The other fraternities are meeting in their houses—I mean, when they sold to us or leased to us, a space in the basement remained theirs. They’re leasing it from us for little cost, basically no cost, and it’s far more from a business point of view a better operation for them. Sigma Chi is choosing not to do that. They are choosing to absorb all the cost—the renovation of the building, the operation of the building—only to make it a chapter house. That’s their business if they want to do it.

MoYO: In 1995, there was talk of building lodges for the fraternities to hold meetings in. Whatever became of the lodge plan?

MTM: We proposed it. We made land available to the fraternities. In fact, those who sold to us got enough money to build a lodge. It turns out once each of them began to investigate the cost of the lodge and what they would use the lodge for, all of them decided it wasn’t worth it. So the decision not to do it was entirely theirs. We had actually picked the site and had done the work so that they could get those lots and build the lodge on the lot. They chose not to do so. In a way I’m glad because I think that having a space in their old house is probably sufficient for the amount of use they’re going to get out of it. Students would have loved lodges if they could have held parties, but everyone—alumni, the board, and the administration—was very clear that we did not want Greek organizations to host parties on campus, unless they would do it on facilities we operated, so that they could be supervised.

MoYO: Speaking of supervised activities, how would you evaluate the University’s efforts to meet the social needs of the student body after the fraternities were made non-residential? One concern which was frequently voice when the trustees were making the decision was that social life at Denison would completely evaporate without the Row. Has SAC been able to meet the social expectations of the student body? Are there areas in need of improvement?

MTM: I think it is far better now than it ever was. Maybe students see it differently. I’m not very sure. My sense was that when Greek system was operating, when the fraternities were operating—providing parties, with unlimited alcohol to anyone who was invited—any social alternative that was tried failed. Even the students who were not invited to the fraternity parties didn’t want to go to anything else. They were just gnashing their teeth because they didn’t get invited. They were not willing nor able to create something else. Nothing else was going to match the aura of these parties. That’s what I think was so destructive, so it didn’t matter that we tried, what SAC tried, it didn’t matter how much money we gave them to do things. What they did had nobody show up. Social alternatives were non-existent.

Once we took away the parties at the Row, then there was no other alternative but to have things on campus or else to do things off campus. Now the fraternities have tried to do things off campus, but things off campus cost a lot of money. You have to get buses because everyone they should be—about driving, so it’s far more costly than doing them in a house. As a result there are fewer of those things. So really the campus social life is all there is. We’ve put in money, added a staff, and have empowered students to do whatever they wanted to do and to fix up the existing social venues so it would work. We are still fixing up the Roost, that’s not the best venue yet. There will be action there over time. The Bandersnatch took off. The Bandersnatch was renovated when I first came. I wanted it to be a nice coffee house for people to use it as they are using it now. If you had ten people there, that was it. Now every night there is a nice group of people pretty much—from what I hear—and nice things happen there, fun stuff. And there’s no alcohol there. And it works really well. We need to find something to
I think that on a whole the social alternatives have mushroomed and provide a lot for the people who want it. My belief is that the smaller, more private groups do things in private. That's why I like the fact that we are building these apartments with nice social spaces in each room, so that people can have a party and invite twenty or thirty of their friends. When I invite friends to my home, I don't invite two-hundred. I invite twenty people. We have a good time. We talk. We might drink. We might do whatever we do. I listen to music we enjoy. I think that's the way people enjoy being together. When you are very young maybe having three-hundred people going to listen to a band is great, and I think we should have them, but they shouldn't be the exclusive way to have fun. If we have larger, private rooms in the dorms where people can get their friends together in addition to structured activities from SAC, then you have a variety and a mix. More organizations that bring people together. That's the way to have fun, I think, in smaller, more private situations.

MoYO: Alumni support was predicted to drop after the decision was adopted. Statistics indicate that such a drop has not occurred. How would you say the overall alumni response has been? Has it improved over the past three years?

MTM: First of all, affiliated alumni are far more numerous than non-affiliated alumni. For a very long time, 95% of the alumni have been affiliated until twenty or thirty years ago that was the case. When you look at twenty-three thousand alumni, easily two-thirds of them are Greek people, so we have more of them to begin with. I think that's the explanation for what a good number of them were affiliated and who were very negative about the decision decided not to give. What we saw was the percentage of givers went down. It did not effect the dollars, and it caused those who decided not to give tended to be the younger people who otherwise did not give the bigger amounts because they were not in the position to do so. We lost a lot of dollars. In the last three years and late 70s; these people tended to be the most angry about the decision. They also didn't give huge dollars. We didn't lose any big gift. Dollar wise it made very little impact; percentage of givers, we took a dip in the first two years.

We worked very hard all along to recapture all these people because even though they didn't give big dollars, they do get older and we don't want to lose them forever. So we have worked very hard in the development office—I have worked hard—to go out into the country and to talk to people, to explain the decision. I knew we wouldn't be able to convince those people who were absolutely rabid, angry. They can't stand me. They won't listen to me. Just forget it. But the people who were in the middle, who were kind of negative but didn't understand why we did what we did, those are the people we have talked to a lot, and these people have come back. They are now giving again, so the percentage of giving is up again. I think that in a year or so we will be back exactly where we were before. It's not because of the decision that people are giving—that's not true, for some it may be true—but overall we are simply regaining the confidence of those who were very disappointed when we made the decision, and not making them think that since the decision the school has not gone down the tubes, which is what they were afraid of—they really were afraid—and we have shown them that we have a better pool of students applying. The scores are going up. Retention is going up. The students are not all unhappy—any student body is unhappy about stuff all the time—but major unhappiness is not there. People are not all unhappy about their financial situation. We are receiving lots of foundation support. Our reputation is better. What's wrong with this picture? People are beginning to see that the University is rising, and it's helping to convince them that it wasn't such a bad decision after all.

MoYO: How did you react to the large amount of criticism from the alumni directed specifically at your presidency?

MTM: It was hard. It was really hard. You see these three big, red notebooks that you receive—[1.5] are full of letters that we received that year from alumni, and I would say that the vast majority of these letters are very negative and very personally negative. There is no way to react but to say, "Oh, my god, these people are hating me. They don't know me." It's not easy to take such criticism, but after awhile you become a little more immune. After I passed the first one, I would go through and not even figure, although it was addressed to me, it would be addressed to whomever was in that seat. I had to disengage and say, "It is not about Michelle Myers. It is about students younger than me at Denison, it is not about me personally." That's the only way to survive it because it's a lot. I had a lot of support from the board, from the faculty, from a lot of students here, and the faculty had a very supportive role. I think finances have done exceedingly well in raising money and investing money, so I would say that what I feel very good about is the financial stability and growth has allowed us to invest in academic quality. That is what I feel best about.

My regret, if I have any, is that the students have had conflicting views about me all along, and that has always been distressing to me because I really like students and care about students a lot. I do this business, because I care about people getting the best possible education, and I like students very much. I think I haven't been very successful at that, so that's one of the regrets. I think financial management has done exceedingly well in raising money and investing money, so I would say that what I feel very good about is the financial stability and growth has allowed us to invest in academic quality. That is what I feel best about.

Interviewer Paul Durica is a poster boy for bad behavior.
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everal years ago, like many people on campus, I found myself quite involved in the controversial decision about whether or not to make fraternity non-residential. At the time I was a faculty advisor to a fraternity, a member of a key administration committee on Greek life, as well as someone who was asked to write and present to a committee of trustees a report about some of the current issues surrounding the fraternities. In all of these roles I openly expressed my views on the topic. I spoke out in various meetings and assemblies. I wrote more than one letter to the editor in the Denisonian. For a variety of reasons, I was firmly in favor of fraternities being made non-residential. Obviously, some people like what I had to say and, obviously, some people didn’t. Some of the more secret-society oriented among those people who disagreed with my position have even found it noble to direct a bit of petty retribution, in the form of vandalism, against me and my family at home. So be it. What I’ve always found remarkable, however, about those turbulent days (by Denisonian standards) is what was rarely discussed seriously by people on either side of the fraternity issue. Namely, how would such a move effect the intellectual life of the college?

I had occasion to exchange views with practically everyone of type person who had a dog in that fight. You name it, and I heard all the arguments, pro and con. I especially heard from fraternity supporters the many predictions of gloom and doom if these organizations were to be made non-residential. You know, people would stop enrolling at Denison; alumnae and (in particular) alumni would stop contributing money to the school; the social life on campus would dry up (in particular)…

The change is more apparent to me than in the past three years, Denison has become an exciting place to teach. My hope is that it will just keep getting better. There is still a lot of work to do in this arena. I contend that we’ve all benefited from the structural change to the fraternity system. We’ve all benefited for the simple reason that Denison is a better academic college now than it was before. We are markedly more diverse. That development has brought its own turmoil, but it is a realistic and a necessary turbulence we wrestle with now. There are no pat answers in an open society. To walk out on another limb, I would contend as well that among the people who have benefited most from the change are fraternity men. They’ve been mainstreamed. They’ve been part of the social fabric of Denison. Of course, losing special privileges—unfair and undemocratic advantages—will piss anybody off at first. But, on the other hand, it can be quite an educational experience. Real learning makes difficulties. For fraternities to exist now as they do, it is a realistic and a necessary turbulence we wrestle with now.

In my seven years at this school, the past three years have brought about a dramatic and overwhelmingly positive surge of cerebral wattage to our collective educational pursuits. For one thing, students are no longer closet intellectuals. I remember in the beginning many students who hid the fact from their friends that they like to read, to write, to think, to come to class to deal with ideas. It just wasn’t Camp Denidoo cool. In fact, every year I knew three or four academically talented first-year students, usually women, who would transfer out of the school because of this anti-intellectualism. Less and less now, Denison students strike me as being academically ashamed. Just the opposite, in fact. Secondly, as a teacher, I no longer find myself constantly playing the role of devil’s advocate in class, that is, voicing and arguing in favor of all those wild and wacky ideas that Denison students traditionally seem to loathe to hear or to consider. You know, ideas such as the American Dream just might be a crock or the notion that “everything happens for a reason” might be mere happy noise. There’s plenty of students at Denison now who, via personal experience, see through many of the myths of American middle class (and higher) suburban life.

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Kirk Combe is an Associate Professor of English.
Elephants on the Floor Above and Brats in the Basement

By Adam Williams

Everyone on the North Quad has them. They dwell in the basement. It's more pressing than the lady bug invasion and worse than the failing intelligences of the buildings. The Okan man isn't qualified to handle the situation nor the Granville gun toting bumphkins. No not even our very own Denison University Keystone copse would be permitted to bungle these affairs. At night they creep out from their lowly rented room as an outlet for their covert desires underground with excessive coercion and territorial ape urges. The fraternity sexless male dominated lodge is the apex of this Frat Brat infestation. Now for me to light on the ambiguous Row Affair. The Denison collegians responded as a collective intelligence or, in more reasonable discussion of The Deceit and properly placed it towards the rear of the April 24, 1995, Vol. 138, No. 20 publication. The Resolutions of Ye Grande Olde Council were presented in print. The Trustees further appealed to the populace by addressing the student body about the implications of their declaration and holding an open forum for students to express concerns. In other words, get the complaint out of your words, get the complaint out of your corpse now: what is done, is done. Denison classmates no doubt valued their dramatic performance. A bonfire illuminated the tear drop and billiards balls cracked Michele Myers's windows. But that's over, and all is forgiven for the most part. So the question hidden within the abyssal nothingness of the remaining malcontent—affectionately dubbed Frat Brats—is what exactly did transpire in the minds of Ye Olde Committee? I asked Angie Sheets, Director of North Quad affairs, to shed some light on the ambiguous Row Affair. My inquiries engaged facts, technical data, and holding an open forum for students. I have a point of view. Denison's Greek system under the aforementioned terms would be an act of suicide to my definition. Frat Brats are those small factions outside the gentle-manly conduct of a respectable Fraternity. These wanna-be Frats resort to their manly conduct of a respectable Fraternity. These Frat Brats use the independence above owned by Deni-doo; others

still stand defiantly above domination. Sigma Chi remains the sole Fraternity to possess a home on campus. The others either lease the infrastructure beneath the Row dorms, or Denison provides the area for fraternity chapter space. Notice, Denison and the men’s Greek Chapters have negotiated to have full possession of each house over the last few years and compromises still survive for further diplomatic banter. Except for SIG, the Greek system is confined to specified underground areas of their former abodes.

Once Denison obtained the rights to some buildings on the Row, immediate renovations commenced. After the Trustee decision in April, Denison University experienced one of the biggest housing crunches. The incoming class exceeded the number of rooms. Curtis Hall started the adventure which is food services. Beta and Moors were the first to be re-configured to accommodate students and the easiest to renovate. Minimal structural changes occurred on the other halls. The finished result was that each room was equipped with two beds in the walls to pose as close space. The bulk of the shared cost between the Chapters and Denison was passed on to the student body and the men's Greek Chapters have

added the risk of unruly conduct with the repo of Fraternity Row. The Board of Trustees truly believed that the declaration to remove fraternities from the Denison scene would warrant a better environment and a better scholastic institution. At least the Trustees believed in the good kind of intentions. Whether or not those intentions were achieved could only be determined by mass meat surveys and statistics.

For the most part Fraternities have continued on with standard operations: community services, Rush, Pledges, co-sponsored events, etc. But the sects of Frats never thrive to harass the innocents, as if their houses represented the core bond of the chapter. I have two words: penis envy.

Adam Williams is an angry, young man whose fashion sense is pure Johnny Cash.

New Kid on the Block

Sigma Phi Epsilon's president speaks

In order to gain a clear understanding of what Sigma Phi Epsilon is about, it is probably beneficial to take the spread of apathy that some pledge-modeled fraternities experience upon initiation. Thus, rather than completing some requirements at the beginning and then coasting for three years, we ask our new members to begin a life-long series of contributions to the house, especially for all three or four years of membership here on campus. What this translates into is that we don’t haze.

Keeping this major difference in mind, it has been a difficult road starting out here at Denison. Many people on campus see us in a different light, both positively and negatively. This has sometimes caused some friction between us and other ‘traditional’ fraternities. This is something that all 61 members of our house do not want. We just want to do our thing — what we think is right, and hopefully others will follow. We enjoy hearing about other fraternities, because honestly we have been very successful (both within our fraternity nationwide and here on campus), but we don’t like to receive the expense of other organizations here at Denison. We just try to uphold what Sigma Phi Epsilon stands for and more honestly, by brotherly love. Overall, we are very pleased with the way things have started, and we strongly hope that our momentum continues in this direction.
Do you feel the Decision benefited the campus?

"I don't know whether the decision to make the fraternities non-residential has been beneficial because I wasn't here when they were residential—I have nothing to compare it to. As for what the Greek system offers the community...social options (yes, even for non-Greeks) and a bit of community service."

Lyndsay Greer '99

"No, the decision simply made parties move off campus, which could lead to drinking and driving or into dorm rooms which disturb the residential environment. I don't know how much they offer besides enforcing cliques and stratification of our society."

Jack Inman '99

"I think the decision was very beneficial for the campus—the campus is much more integrated. It is a much fairer system in comparison to the sorority system."

Jen Brickner '98

"No. If they were in their houses, I wouldn't have to deal with them in the dorms."

Emily Williamson '99

"I think they were falsely disillusioned that students would do better in the classroom if they weren't in the frat houses. I hear this has taken away from the male bonding that occurs between brothers in the houses, being together 24-7, and that the GPAs have not changed at all."

Laura Griffin '00

"Administration: careless crusaders against tradition and friendship provided by Greek life."

Mark Stevens '99

"The administration is definitely not supportive of the Greek system, but I also wouldn't say that they are harshly vindictive. They definitely want to change many aspects of the Greek system."

Mary Beth Carren '00

"Harshly vindicative."

Jack Inman '99

"I don't know. I guess not because I think a lot of resentment exists between fraternities and current residents of the houses. Maybe it would be better to make a clean break from the houses."

Jennifer Schenk '98

"Authorized."

Ben Satherly '98

Administration: harshly vindicative or sternly supportive.

"Trying to mediate the interests of Greeks and non-Greeks...trying to keep the students happy, but out of too much trouble. Trying to deal with a strong, yet in some ways (admittedly flawed system) that is very important to many people, including students and alumni."

Lyndsay Greer '99

What type of access should the fraternities have to their old houses?

"They should install lawn jockeys, so they can pee on their own grass."

Kari Hernquist '99

"It's only practical for them to be limited — people live in there. Maybe to their chapter rooms. I think they deserve something on campus."

Erica Schmidt '00

SAC: your venue for Friday night fun or unknown acronym.

"I really don't even know what that means."

Kari Hernquist '99

"I've never done anything SAC. I know what it stands for, but I don't participate."

Emily Williamson '99

"That's it...Student Association...I don't know what the hell they do."

Magnus Isaksson '98

"I appreciate the things that they plan, and I go to some of them, but I often have other plans."

Erica Schmidt '00

"I know this stands for Student Activities Committee, but I can safely say that I will never attend one of their activities while I am a student here."

Laura Griffin '00

"SAC = Shitty Administrators Correction of past mistake."

Mark Stevens '99

"Unknown acronym—I'm not sure what can be done to make SAC more socially acceptable, but unfortunately there aren't free kegs at SAC functions."

Jen Brickner '98

"It sucks because only 10 or so people go. How can you have a social life—only books, exams, and research."

Jack Inman '99

"I think SAC does a lot of great activities, but as a senior I have no social life—only books, exams, and research."

Jen Brickner '98

"They should install lawn jockeys, so they can pee on their own grass."

Kari Hernquist '99

Any favorite "riot" or Row memories?

"Yeah. But I won't tell you."

Magnus Isaksson '98

"I remember they couldn't riot worth a damn. I mean, five of my friends could riot better than that. All they did was sit a couch on fire and break some windows. That's not a riot. Although it was funny to see Wyatt Holliday's middle finger in the picture in the paper the next day."

Darin McGinnis '98

"I don't know. I guess not because I think a lot of resentment exists between fraternities and current residents of the houses. Maybe it would be better to make a clean break from the houses."

Jennifer Schenk '98

"With my academic performance? Definitely no. I would have gotten a C in research methods if I was a Tri-Delt or not. My letters don't help or take away from my ability to do statistics."

Laura Griffin '00

"Probably not. One can go to parties or not go whether they are affiliated or not. I have two roommates, one's a frat boy with a 3.91 and the other's an independent who might not graduate this year."

Jack Inman '99

"Does being affiliated have anything to do with academic performance?"

Ben Satherly '98

"I think SAC does a lot of great activities, but as a senior I have no social life—only books, exams, and research."

Jen Brickner '98

"It sucks because only 10 or so people go. How can you have a stupid dance with 10 people? Or do anything else?"

Nate Paine '00
Acupuncture

(Continued from page 11)

stimulation of the auricle of the external ear is utilized to alleviate health conditions in other parts of the body.

Dr. Smith referred to the human ear as one of several holograms on the human body. He used the example of a snowflake to illustrate the concept. A snowflake, he said, has six sides that appear to the human eye. The ice crystals that make up the snowflake have a similar shape; they have six sides as well. A snowflake is hexagonal at both its ultimate level and at its molecular level. The ice crystals are "holograms" of the snowflake as a whole. In a similar fashion, the ear is a hologram of the entire human body. There are points on the external ear that represent every other part of the body. Holograms are essentially anatomical microcosms.

The nurses showed me a diagram to illustrate the auricular hologram. On it was a human ear with a little man, bent over and twist the needle and engage my index finger. Are you ready?" he asked. He unwrapped a new needle and pushed it in just below the surface of my skin. I felt the entry for a moment; it was slightly less stated then the injection of a syringe. I was invited to twist the needle and engage my qi. I turned the needle several times, not feeling any resistance, until I noticed the needle itself was twisting, and that the end in my skin was firmly grounded. My hands went light for a second, and I couldn't grasp my pen or notebook any longer. Mark carried them for me as we walked out to the car.

Mark started the car and pulled out of the parking lot. Writing with needles still in my hand was difficult, but I had had my share of the external ear is utilized to alleviate...
evening. I decided not to tear ourselves away that extremely personal way. Hmmm. You after we were done eating, in an ex-
pectable manner, the group of people passed the men in the dining room, who we were convinced owned the Ford outside, and were greeted with catcalls and loud whistling. They waved and grinned at us throughout the window in the dining room as we drove away, immediately after my friends left the bathroom. The fel-
low who was missing one leg, The Fat Bitch affectionately referred to him as Stumpy, staggered up to ap-
proach one of my more squeamish friends, and that was the end of that: we were going to leave and we were going to do it then and there. I trea-
sure that experience, because only at diners do I have the opportunity to be treated like a crude piece of meat by the over-fourty, drunken va-
riety of male. I think it boosts my ego, or alternately deflates it depend-
ing on the occasion.

Many people fail to recognize that diner-going is an extremely risky business, not to be taken lightly, especially at those twenty four hour places (like the Del-Kid and Primanti Brothers). It simply tempts us from our warm, little beds to the questionable part of town at two in the morning. This was the case after my senior semi-formal dance. My friends and I decided to go to the Del-Kid, in our very racy formal attire, and were consequently hit on by two bright, young gent who informed us of their recently acquired cocaine buzzes from across the dining room. They also informed my female friend and I (when Dave went to the bathroom) that they would like to get to know us better after we were done eating, in an ex-
treme personal way. Hmmm. You can imagine how difficult it was for us to tear ourselves away that evening. What could have possibly

Coffee Talk
at the
Bandersnatch

An Interview with Kevin Clay and Adam

By Kirsten Werne

Kevin Clay and the Plastic Bono Band, with an open ing from the Columbus-based band Adam, rocked the Bandersnatch for the second time on February 27, 1998. Kevin Clay has toured all over the United States, including stops in Tennessee, Mis-
souri, Georgia, Florida, Michigan, and Indiana in the the past year alone. He has appeared at various festivals, such as Cornerstone and the G.A.S. fest, and is a member of various zines like 7ball, Night Times, FOREHEAD, Dead End, and Zingo Graffiti. Adam recently released a six song EP en-
titled “Irish Coffee” and has per-
fected numerous times at their home on the Black Lodge. This time around, MoYo was able to play a little Q&A with Mr. Clay and Mike and Tito from Adam after the concert.

MoYo: How did you get started in the music business? KEVIN: Well, in 1991, I was doing solo acoustic shows in small clubs in St. Louis. The next year I started my band My Little Dog China. We practiced for a year and put out a five song EP, which got us signed by Alarma Records and an album out in 1993. Two years later we were playing clubs in St. Louis every weekend. Later that year, MLDC broke up. So I started working with Mike Knott and got an album out called “Watch Me Fall.” This past year, I’ve played over sixty shows, and I’ve now formed a band in Nash-
ville. We are interested in signing us, actually.

MIKE: I was tired of the idea of working a desk job the rest of my life and wanted to play music and write songs, so I started this band with Tito. We love (almost) every minute of it, and are scared to death of ending up like our parents: work-
ing forty-plus hours a week at some job we hate just so we can afford our middle class tastes. No thank you. I want that. I think we all do.

MoYo: What were your influences, both musically and non-musically? KEVIN: I listened to a lot of U2, Pale Divine (a St. Louis band, whose guitarist now plays with Love Spit Love), the Velvet Underground, Jane’s Addiction, and the Pumpkins. Recently I’ve moved more toward the epic shock rock/Indie rock like David Bowie, the Sex Pistols, Ani DiFranco, and Superchunk. As far as non-musically goes, I would have to say mixing literature and the fine arts. For example, I have artwork up at my shows. Kind of like an Andy Warhol thing.

MoYo: What does music mean to you? KEVIN: Pure religion. It has very little rules or restrictions. Art is its own thing. I mean, there are certain aspects that are established, like an
open mind and an open heart, a lot of work and persistence. But on the other hand, I write songs that I don’t know what’s going on in them, which makes them mystical and spiritual in a sense. I believe that art, any form, but music especially, speaks to everyone. Sometimes it’s even like therapy.

MoYO: Do you have anything going besides your band?
KEVIN: Since “WMF,” I’ve written about two-hundred and fifty songs. I’ve also managed other bands and produced quite a bit. I love to write, and I’ve written an actual mass that I call My Lonely Shrine. I’ve written a play, poetry, and done a lot of painting.

MoYO: Have you met anyone that has really stuck out in your mind?
KEVIN: My closest friends, the band Perch from St. Louis, the list goes on. I think its cool that these small bands are your heroes one minute, and you want to be them. The next minute they’re working on your album, and the next minute you’re playing better shows than they are.

MoYO: Life.
MIKE: What kind of question is that?
MoYO: Sorry, Mike. What was your most memorable show?
KEVIN: I would have to say the fourth show MLDC put on in Kansas City. We had just played at a university, and it wasn’t that successful. So we went into it with the attitude that we were going to have fun. We dressed up like a cross between transvestites and junkies. We were kicking in a new song, and when I looked up, everyone in the place was jumping. The show had sold out, and it was incredible.

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MoYO: What do you see yourself doing in ten years?
KEVIN: Still creating music, writing, doing artwork for galleries, and producing bands. I want to be married and have some girls with my wife, no boys. I want to be living out life in a Christian community, waking up, kissing my wife and daughters good-bye, and going to work. And making more money than I do now.

MoYO: What was it like to have that first album out in the stores with your picture on it, your music, etc.?
KEVIN: It was a great feeling, a feeling that you exist as a real artist. It gave me a sense of completion, but I’m never satisfied. I always want to go farther. It also is a reassurance that money was well spent. It meant that I had lived out a fantasy and a dream.
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