SICK! TWISTED! ELECTRIC!

Obsession
Confidential

ears with feet
recycling renegades
cyprus paradise
We've got plenty to howl about

The latest in design graphics to give your printing project the biggest bite

Call us.

Printing Arts Press
CREATING GOOD IMPRESSIONS IN PRINTING
8028 NEWARK ROAD • PO. BOX 431
MOUNT VERNON, OHIO 43050-0431
TELEPHONE (740) 387-6106
FAX (740) 397-6832

moyo
mind of your own

editor-in-chief  Paul Durica
managing editor  Will Leland
art director  Sam Abmirall
finance  Philip Gennarelli
contributing editors
Robert Levine
Kirsten Werne

contributors
Chris Anderson
Karan Anshuman
Kara Burt
Dave Bossen
Dan Fisher
Michelle Grindstaff
Tom Hankinson
Andy Hiller
Chris Million
Alison Stine
Alex Thackeray
Luc Ward

photographers
Sara Almirall
Alison Stine

design
Paul Durica
Will Leland

editorial director  Fred Porcheddu

Mind of Your Own is a student-run semi-annual publication of Denison University, published through advertising revenue and Denison University Student Activities funds. Subscription rate: $24 for four issues. Questions, comments, advertising or subscription requests can be directed to MoYO, Slayter Box 633, Denison, Granville, OH 43023. The opinions expressed herein are not those of Denison University, nor the editors, writers or advisors of MoYO. Material herein is the sole property of MoYO and the writer. Unauthorized reproduction or distribution is prohibited.

features
10 Tori Story A different kind of story  By Alison Stine
16 Environmentally Friendly, or Else Saving the world, one can at a time  By Tom Hankinson
18 Fantasy's Island Fear and loathing in Northern Cyprus  By David Bussan

departments
4 Editor's Letter The Editor obsesses over Superman  By Paul Durica
5 Manifesto Heaven for Thunder  By Dan Fisher
6 Return to Sender Mail-order brides deliver  By Karan Anshuman
7 Madonna or Whore The trap of female sexuality  By Michelle Grindstaff
8 Strike Against the Right Canadian college students fight injustice  By Alex Thackeray
21 Innocents on Break Alternative break in New York  By Kara Burt
23 Two Turntables and a Ten-gallon Hat Interview with Slipstream  By Kirsten Werne
34 Friendship a Modern Away, sigh AOL connects campus  By Chris Million
In July 1988 Superman turned fifty. The city of Cleveland, his birthplace, decided to celebrate by throwing a parade and hosting a convention. All the dignitaries in the worlds of comic books and science fiction attended, sitting in the backseat of convertibles trolling down Euclid Avenue and waving at the city's most famous citizen. Kirk Alyn who played Superman in the 1940s performed alongside Jonathan Frid of Dark Shadows fame performed his one-man stage show. Jonathan Frakes signed autographs. Scotty from the original series and Stan Lee, the creator of Spiderman, conducted symposiums. I remember I wore a Doctor Who T-shirt and clutched an autograph book from Disney World, the pages filled with the scrabbles of Donald, Goofy, and Prince John. My father took a picture of me with Spiderman. We bought hot dogs from a street vendor. I asked my father if we could attend the convention. Sure, he said.

In the convention hall, I walked among space aliens and zombies. I spied Drac from Frank and Drac, a short-lived late Saturday night show specializing in old Universal horror films. Drac signed my book; he even drew a bat. I lied and said I liked his show. In truth, I thought it was lame. He said if nice boys like me wrote the locale affiliate, then maybe he and Frank would get back on the air. I said I would think about it.

Before Drac finished posing for a picture, I saw Scotty. He walked beside a Klingon. The Klingon’s nose ran; he wiped it with a silver gauntlet. Scotty was animated, gesticulating with his plump hands and growing red in the face. “Where’s my sub sandwich?” he asked. My father said to approach him, to tell him I am a quarter Scotch. In truth, Scotty is Ukrainian. I held out my book and pen with a “please” and a smile. He took one look at me, said “Attend the lecture, kid,” and continued to complain about room service. Tickets to the lecture cost twenty-five dollars. I shut my book and blew ten bucks on issue one of Marvel Tales.

That night Stan Lee spoke. He wore bell-bottom jeans and Elvis shades. I asked him a question about a favorite character of mine he had created. He answered like a politician, circumventing my question entirely. He didn’t sign autographs.

If Superman were real and attended the festivities, I think he would sign autographs for a young boy. When the creators let me down on that summer afternoon in 1988, I turned to the creations. They continue to meet my expectations, even if I have to hide my books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

This is an issue of obsessions, individuals obsessed not by fictions but by genuine physical entities or historical occurrences. Unlike me in my four-color tower, the writers in this issue grapple with disappointment, a lack of satisfaction as they pursue their various desires. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Ston’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

He didn’t sign autographs.

If Superman were real and attended the festivities, I think he would sign autographs for a young boy. When the creators let me down on that summer afternoon in 1988, I turned to the creations. They continue to meet my expectations, even if I have to hide my books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

This is an issue of obsessions, individuals obsessed not by fictions but by genuine physical entities or historical occurrences. Unlike me in my four-color tower, the writers in this issue grapple with disappointment, a lack of satisfaction as they pursue their various desires. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Ston’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

This is an issue of obsessions, individuals obsessed not by fictions but by genuine physical entities or historical occurrences. Unlike me in my four-color tower, the writers in this issue grapple with disappointment, a lack of satisfaction as they pursue their various desires. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Ston’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

This is an issue of obsessions, individuals obsessed not by fictions but by genuine physical entities or historical occurrences. Unlike me in my four-color tower, the writers in this issue grapple with disappointment, a lack of satisfaction as they pursue their various desires. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Ston’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

This is an issue of obsessions, individuals obsessed not by fictions but by genuine physical entities or historical occurrences. Unlike me in my four-color tower, the writers in this issue grapple with disappointment, a lack of satisfaction as they pursue their various desires. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Ston’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.

This is an issue of obsessions, individuals obsessed not by fictions but by genuine physical entities or historical occurrences. Unlike me in my four-color tower, the writers in this issue grapple with disappointment, a lack of satisfaction as they pursue their various desires. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Ston’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be books in the closet. Some might say I’m obsessed with comics. That may be true, but only with the fiction. The fact of the industry is prosaic.
By Karan Anshuman

They exist! They are real! One in a million? Freak exotic godsend? Unbelievably, no.

The presence of mail-order brides in the United States is continually underscored by a plethora of Internet sites cropping up every other day, promoting this growing phenomenon. As of 1988 there were three thousand mail-order brides in the US. Eleven years later that number has more than doubled. Marrying a woman through mail-order is relatively simple compared to popular belief, says a man who met his wife with postage due. Before starting, he warns about the financial implications. You have to be a rich man to carry this off. Step one involves purchasing addresses. This what means is that you dish out about ten bucks for a single address or hundreds of dollars to become a member of a club that provides you with an unlimited number of addresses. Step two involves writing letters for nothing less than six months. By the third month should have narrowed your list to about three thousand mail-order brides in the US. Eleven years later that number has more than doubled. Step six is marrying her within three months of her arrival (or you are technically in trouble with the law) and, finally, step seven is getting her citizenship (m_n_y—fill in the blanks). Easy? All qualification you seemingly need is multimillionaire status. And why would a multimillionaire want to go through all this? Beats me.

But I've been restraining myself. Let me explain my stand on the issue. Personally, I don't think mail-order brides are a great idea. The net covers only three aspects of this lurid subject. The first type of site is, of course, an agency advertising its "stock" of women by showing erotic photos in exotic locations (Lithuania—erotic—yeah right). The second category of mail-order bride sites contain book reviews. A plethora of books have been written on the subject, and, while expecting them to be Indiana Jones sensationality, almost all reviews are remarkably mundane. Finally, sites exist that try to clear up "misconceptions" about mail-order brides—the popularity of this stricken as being rather odd and irked me to some extent. Why are there so many sites out there dedicated to showing us that mail-order brides are indeed one of the better options in life? There is obviously something wrong here, and all these people trying to help lost soul make the right decision come across as phonies making a quick buck. The worst part is that in one involves getting her here—you can achieve this by just sending her an airline voucher (more money).

Step five involves getting her here—you can achieve this by just sending her an airline voucher (more money). Step six is marrying her within three months of her arrival (or you are technically in trouble with the law) and, finally, step seven is getting her citizenship (m_n_y—fill in the blanks). Easy? All qualification you seemingly need is multimillionaire status. And why would a multimillionaire want to go through all this? Beats me.

But I've been restraining myself. Let me explain my stand on the issue. Personally, I don't think mail-order brides are a great idea. The net covers only three aspects of this lurid subject. The first type of site is, of course, an agency advertising its "stock" of women by showing erotic photos in exotic locations (Lithuania—erotic—yeah right); the second category of mail-order bride sites contain book reviews. A plethora of books have been written on the subject, and, while expecting them to be Indiana Jones sensationality, almost all reviews are remarkably mundane. Finally, sites exist that try to clear up "misconceptions" about mail-order brides—the popularity of this stricken as being rather odd and irked me to some extent. Why are there so many sites out there dedicated to showing us that mail-order brides are indeed one of the better options in life? There is obviously something wrong here, and all these people trying to help lost soul make the right decision come across as phonies making a quick buck. The worst part is that in order to achieve this by just sending her an airline voucher (more money).
Strike Against the Right
Canada collegians take action
By Alex Thackeray
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Thursday, Feb. 11 - Hundreds of students surrounding the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD), effectively shutting down the school. Some students hand out flyers to passing motorists. Others present their demands to Provincial Minister of Education Wayne Gaudet. The demonstration spreads to the Halifax branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, where students present mock "customer satisfaction" cards before closing their accounts.

Ottawa, Ontario
Wednesday, Feb. 10 - One-hundred and fifty students stage an angry demonstration outside of Robertson Hall, the administrative building for Carleton University, to protest increasing tuition costs. University President Richard Van Loon receives a petition signed by 1,200 students demanding an immediate tuition freeze. Van Loon refuses to sign the petition, arguing that cuts in government funding threaten the university's ability to provide quality education. Students who attend colleges and universities in Canada as compared to more than twelve million students in the United States. Since the late 1980s, Canada has been deregulating its post-secondary education system while lowering the amount of federal funding given to each school. This financial squeeze has caused the current uncontrolled tuition increases and the elimination of student services. In effect, the deregulation has resulted in the schools changing their mission from educating students to earning profits. In market terms the students (with governmental assistance) are paid to pursue their education, and the schools used to provide that education. Now students pay for their education and the schools use that income as profit. Instead of upgrading equipment and holding class sizes constant by hiring more faculty, schools increase enrollment (increasing profit) while providing a constant level of academic facilities. A constant level of facilities cannot cope with the expanded enrollment and the quality of education suffers. The profits from this expansion and dilution go towards exorbitant administrative salaries and attracting corporate donations. In the near future students will pay for their education and the schools will provide a piece of paper representing a college education. Students will have earned their degree because they paid for it, not because they worked for it.

In June 1998, as the average undergraduate debt load exceeded $25,000, bankruptcy protection for recent college graduates was eliminated.

One million full-time and 500,000 part-time students attend colleges and universities in Canada as compared to more than twelve million students in the United States. Since the late 1980s, Canada has been deregulating its post-secondary education system while lowering the amount of federal funding given to each school. This financial squeeze has caused the current uncontrolled tuition increases and the elimination of student services. In effect, the deregulation has resulted in the schools changing their mission from educating students to earning profits. In market terms the students (with governmental assistance) are paid to pursue their education, and the schools used to provide that education. Now students pay for their education and the schools use that income as profit. Instead of upgrading equipment and holding class sizes constant by hiring more faculty, schools increase enrollment (increasing profit) while providing a constant level of academic facilities. A constant level of facilities cannot cope with the expanded enrollment and the quality of education suffers. The profits from this expansion and dilution go towards exorbitant administrative salaries and attracting corporate donations. In the near future students will pay for their education and the schools will provide a piece of paper representing a college education. Students will have earned their degree because they paid for it, not because they worked for it.

On the other hand, moderate tuition increases are acceptable to match diminished federal funding. In 1993 Canada provided $90,074 per full-time student. In 1997 federal funding provided $7,674 per student, a 15% drop. Therefore a 10-20% tuition increase would be reasonable, but the 40-50% increases that occurred are ridiculous. This situation brings up another question, are the federal funding cuts justified?

As tuition increases, fewer students can afford to attend college. In the United States needy students are eligible for federal grants. The US educational grant system gives an average of $2,470 each to 3.2 million students. Canada has no national system of grants. Students have to rely on private scholarships, grants and loans to afford the high cost of higher education. Private investment cannot help most of the students, so they depend on loans. The average undergraduate debt in Canada has risen steadily during the 1990s. In 1998 it exceeded $25,000. At the same time Canada has eliminated bankruptcy protection for students. Instead of having at least ten years to pay off the debt, students must do so in just a few years. Banks called for this legislation not because defaults on student loans had increased but for purely capitalistic reasons. Student loan default rates have stayed relatively constant for years. The increased tuition in the 1990s did not translate into an increase in defaults, an impressive display of discipline by the students involved. The revoking of bankruptcy protection was an unjust reward. If these trends continue, higher education will be available to only the rich. Poor students will have to risk enormous debt and the threat of bankruptcy in order to pursue a college degree. The educational system will become segregated by students' ability to pay. The rich will have access to higher education while the poor will be constricted to a high school diploma.

Demands - Education is a right - L'éducation c'est un droit!

Students across Canada have organized to prevent the two-tiered system from becoming a reality. These ef- forts most likely won't h elp current st udents, but their success will give future generations access to adequate, affordable post-secondary education.

The following list of demands, in conjunction with a one-day student strike, were approved by the student body at Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD). Ninety-four percent of students voted for the demands and the strike, with a 62% voter turnout.

To the Governments (Federal and of the Provinces)
1. Adequately fund post-secondary education and freeze tuition fees
2. Oppose and revoke the bankruptcy legislation and introduce legislation requiring corpora tions to repay their government loans
3. Abandon consideration of designation of institutions, as well as other restrictions on eligibility for student loans

To the Banks
1. Stop pressuring governments to restrict eligibility for student loans, including, desegregation, credit checks, and redefinition of full-time status

To the NSCAD Board of Governors/NSCAD President Ron Hobbs
1. Freeze enrollment and alleviate pressures on departments due to overenrollment
2. Freeze tuition fees
3. Grant students a vote on the Board of Governors Executive Committee

Results - The movement gains momentum

(Continued on page 24)
Secrets of a Toriphile:
Good girl gets plugged
By Alison Stine

Even the wind cries your name.
—Tori Amos, “Mary”

The fall of 1992 was, by all accounts, not a pretty good year. Flipping through channels, I caught sight of a redheaded girl in a blue dress tumbling in a box. The girl was Tori Amos and the song was “Silent All These Years,” the first US single from her debut solo album *Little Earthquakes*. I found myself, as soon as I got home from school, locking the door to the living room, and staking out MTV in the hopes I’d see Tori again. “Silent” was a buzz clip, and to my good fortune, it repeated often. I asked my classmates about Tori. Most had never heard of her. One girl said Tori was a devil worshipper who sang a song called “Crucify”. Red hair, a box, and the devil. I was hooked. But the music store at the mall didn’t have Tori’s album. I waited through countless “Real World” marathons hoping another video would air. “Silent” came on more and more infrequently, and then not at all. I cut my hair short and went into high school. I forgot about Tori.

In the spring of 1994, I was in Toronto on a drama club field trip. We had a few hours to kill before an evening performance. I went with my friends Chelsea,
Red hair, a box, and the devil. I was hooked.

Rachel, and Anjali to the thrift shops and used record stores on King Street. We passed a place called Much Music. We went inside but there were only T-shirts for sale. No CDs. I watched through a glass partition in the wall a woman with messy red hair making passionate gestures and grinning. We started to leave. Chelsea grabbed my arm, and said something along the lines of, "Oh my God. It’s Tori Amos. I love her."

Tori Amos. The girl in the box. I had loved her once, too.

Much Music is a big Canadian music channel, an MTV of sorts (this will be important later). Tori had just released a new album, Under the Pink, and was giving a promotional interview. We decided to skip the show and wait outside till Tori left. We waited for three hours. It started to rain, then snow, then rain. A small crowd was gathering, slowly. People passing by would stop to ask who we were waiting for. When they discovered it was Tori, they rolled their eyes, or gave a dispassionate "oh." They moved on.

After three hours, a small woman in a blue jacket, jeans, and boots, with red hair pulled up into a sloppy ponytail came through the doors. Tori grinned, thanked us profusely and sincerely, smiled as pictures were snapped, gave hugs all around. Anjali snapped a photo of an exorbitant Chelsea with her arms around Tori. Back at home, I would discover that a strand of Anjali’s long hair had blocked Chelsea’s face in the shot. I didn’t ask for a hug or a picture. I had only heard one song.

On the long bus ride home to Ohio, I kept thinking of Tori. How small and sincere she was, how she kept saying, "Thanks, you guys. You’re so nice."

After three years, Tori opened her first tour. It was die-hard fans who bought the tickets, and it was free for those who waited in line. In line we bought T-shirts for ten bucks. The shirts were shitty and illegal, a thing along the lines of, "Oh my God. It’s Tori Amos. I love her."

I asked for Little Earthquakes and Under the Pink for Christmas. In 1996, shortly before my eighteenth birthday, Tori would release a third solo album, Boys for Pele. A world tour would follow. This time, I would be there. I had only heard one song.

Tori opened the tour at Mountain Stage in Manhattan, New York. The place was packed. A cross-armed security officer. I squeezed my way into the center of the room. I only knew one song. It wasn’t "Precious Things," the first time I realized I loved Tori besides my mother.

Tori made Monica Lewinsky jokes: "Girl, why don’t you swallow?"

Tori played in Cleveland on the Dew Drop Inn tour in June 1996, the day before my high school graduation. I drove up with a van of my friends. The concert was free for those who bought the tickets, and it was free for those who waited in line. I had only heard one song.

After listening to their stories, Tori founded RAINN, the Rape, Abuse, and Incest National Network (1-800-656-HOPE), the only, toll free national, confidential rape crisis hotline. It was RAINN that would bring me back to Georgia in the summer of 1998 to meet Tori.

Tori opened with "Precious Things." The floor rose to their feet, and did not sit down. After the first few songs, my friends’ legs went numb. Tori thanked us for writing the nice letters. She may have said more, but my friends were screaming too loud to discern anything. At the first blackout, we rushed the stage, past a hairy cross-armed security officer. I squeezed my way into the third or second row. Despite the elbow aimed at my side, I had only heard one song. I only knew one song. It wasn’t "Precious Things," the first time I realized I loved Tori besides my mother.

Tori made Monica Lewinsky jokes: "Girl, why don’t you swallow?"

After the concert, we stumbled upon a mass of people behind security gates by the tour buses. I persuaded my friends to join the crowd. There were almost a hundred people behind the gates, and several hundred more sitting on the hill above the parking lot. I think this was the first time I realized how many people loved Tori besides myself. I had only considered my affection for her music, a private
All around me glitter melted off faces and homemade faerie wings dropped. keep from freezing and felt the hard edges of the tape. I pulled it out.

“What’s that tape?” a boy near me asked.

“My songs.”

“For Tori?”

“Yes,” I said, although I hadn’t made up my mind to give it to her.

“That’s important,” he said, “We’ll get it to her.”

The crowd on the hillside erupted and I knew she was coming before I even saw anything. The crowd around me surged. I could not move forward, closer to Tori, or back. Some started fighting. We found out Tori Amos, but he forgot the letters “o” and “e” and the crowd surged,化妆, and I knew she was going to leave. A black limo drove by. Tori had the windows down, waving and smiling. I stretched out my closest thing to a call box that I was on Tori’s guest list. As soon as I had the backstage passes, blue hexagons with a picture of the back cover of the album and the words Tori Amos Plugged 98 After Show, I kept them on. I learned they were security passes. I set them down on my seat, hoping they were still there. I had sewn a small camera on the inside lining of my velvet bag. We cooled down, and she let us through without frisking.

We found our seats, just above the floor and to the right. The seats were concrete slabs, still wet from the morning. Large plastic tarps were slung over the seats, but the sun was shining. We waited for a while and some techies removed the tarps, a sure sign. My sister had turned on the weather channel. Still, I dressed in a sundress, descended into clouds. We watched the doomsday forecast. I had my small camera, turned on. I discovered they were stickers that licked on like nametags. Johl let us in. A girl behind me in the crowd yelled, “Give Tori my love!” I told her I would.

The audience on the hillside seemed to expect a certain moist expression in the zephyry heat, but I didn’t. I wore a tight shirt, curly hair, and a certain moist expression not to encourage me or fanaticism. I wasn’t sure what she hoped this Tori wasn’t too weird. These were the fans. They held cups of beer. They talked about how they had won the tickets, how they had been up for three days without sleep, how they had slept on the floor in front of us. We waited for a while and some techies removed the tarps, a sure sign. My sister had turned on the weather channel. Still, I dressed in a sundress, descended into clouds. We watched the doomsday forecast. I discovered they were stickers that licked on like nametags. Johl let us in. A girl behind me in the crowd yelled, “Give Tori my love!” I told her I would.

Fingers with Feet, Meet and Greet NPR host and home-schooled pianist Noah Adams conducted this interview with Tori. He writes in his book Piano Lessons, “If the Tori Amos audience was one person, it would be a seventeen-year-old girl, with well-faded torn jeans and boots and a tight shirt. She would be red-haired, and a certain moist expression.” Tori mentioned in an interview once that she disliked the term fan, coining a new one, ears with feet. She began to wash down my shoulders, over my new blue dress. I kept from freezing and felt the hard edges of the tape. I pulled it out.

“It’s that tape?” a boy near me asked.

“My songs.”

“For Tori?”

“Yes,” I said, although I hadn’t made up my mind to give it to her.

“That’s important,” he said, “We’ll get it to her.”

The crowd on the hillside erupted and I knew she was coming before I even saw anything. The crowd around me surged. I could not move forward, closer to Tori, or back. Some started fighting. We found out Tori Amos, but he forgot the letters “o” and “e” and the crowd surged. I kept from freezing and felt the hard edges of the tape. I pulled it out.

“Tori and Agent Orange at the Atlantic meet and greet.”

- Alison Stine
By Tom Hankinson

The first shadows of an early nightfall shrouded the scene as a battered red pick-up truck pulls into the gravel drive of the barn. The truck park in front of the barn, and someone lets the tail gate down. The driver and passenger exit, walk around to the back. They closely examine one package of chocolate chip cookie and one of peanut butter. The cookies are set out on the open tail gate, an offering to the students gathered around the vehicle. The students are haggard, filthy, and strangely euphoric. They have completed roughly three hours of grueling work through aluminum cans, liquor bottles, plastic packaging, and soup tins. They take the cookies, some trying to avoid direct contact with their hands, afraid that the fluids slowly soaking through the work gloves that afternoon might have adverse effects if ingested. One worker starts to sit on the tail gate—OOPS. DURP juice seeps into his pants, leaked from the tail gate—OOPS. DURP juice. The cans skitter down the edge like you wish those whiny little brats would. The tin and plastic flash through the air as amateur shotputters toss them toward their respective containers, sometimes accidentally smacking an incautious worker across the table.

Unfortunately, not all the items found in the campus recycling bins are recyclable. Soggy paper and cardboard, too difficult to store and recycle, must be discarded. This and other sorting troubles prompt DURP member Greg Balch to suggest that Denison students “need more education about what [DURP] can recycle.” Sometimes, whole bags of non-recyclable garbage are placed in dorm recycling bins. Other times, gruesome refuse will be mixed with cans or bottles. The people responsible for dumping these items are called “DURP offenders.”

“We know everything they throw out,” says William Morse, dedicated DURPer. “To offenders, he adds, "We have your credit card bill." These recycling criminals are not all anonymous—their offensive trash often includes mail or papers with whose names in clear view. This affront sometimes provokes the urge for revenge in DURP sorting crews.

Perhaps these vengeful feelings seem unjustified to the non-DURPer, but DURP offenders don’t always stop their heinous crimes at soaked paper products. Their waste is disgraceful and provoking the worry of who have to sort through it. What kind of waste exactly? "Vomit and used condoms," declares Balch. "Gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, a monster-cool can crusher, gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, the little elves to..."

DURP tough on DU junk

DURP—a campus organization that receives funding from DCGA—remains a mystery to many of Denison’s students. The group, occasionally (or the recycling bins; they hear vague, unconfirmed references to a substance called DURP juice; they perhaps even spy a squad of DURPers cruising by in the back of a truck on Friday afternoon; however, do they realize the scope of DURP in its function, goals? Not very often.

DURP is an acronym for Denison University Recycling Program. It encompasses all of Denison’s recycling activities, as well as other conservation programs. In its capacity as the campus’ environmental watchdog, DURP handles all facets of recycling, including awareness, availability, and administration. The group meets regularly (on Mondays at 9:00, this semester) to discuss projects and pick-ups. That’s the clean part.

Unfortunately, not all the items found in the campus recycling bins are recyclable. Soggy paper and cardboard, too difficult to store and recycle, must be discarded. This and other sorting troubles prompt DURP member Greg Balch to suggest that Denison students “need more education about what [DURP] can recycle.” Sometimes, whole bags of non-recyclable garbage are placed in dorm recycling bins. Other times, gruesome refuse will be mixed with cans or bottles. The people responsible for dumping these items are called “DURP offenders.”

“We know everything they throw out,” says William Morse, dedicated DURPer. “To offenders, he adds, "We have your credit card bill." These recycling criminals are not all anonymous—their offensive trash often includes mail or papers with whose names in clear view. This affront sometimes provokes the urge for revenge in DURP sorting crews.

Perhaps these vengeful feelings seem unjustified to the non-DURPer, but DURP offenders don’t always stop their heinous crimes at soaked paper products. Their waste is disgraceful and provoking the worry of who have to sort through it. What kind of waste exactly? "Vomit and used condoms," declares Balch. "Gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, a monster-cool can crusher, gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, the little elves to..."

Environmentally Friendly, or Else

DURP is an acronym for Denison University Recycling Program. It encompasses all of Denison’s recycling activities, as well as other conservation programs. In its capacity as the campus’ environmental watchdog, DURP handles all facets of recycling, including awareness, availability, and administration. The group meets regularly (on Mondays at 9:00, this semester) to discuss projects and pick-ups. That’s the clean part.

In a somewhat more direct act, DURP has strategically placed recycling bins in most campus buildings. These highly visible, well-marked receptacles must be emptied regularly, and all contents sorted into categories. That’s where the fun and the fight come in. On Friday afternoons, the loyal DURPers gather around the containers of refuse and recyclables to plunge in elbow-deep and sort the materials into categories. Tin, plastic, aluminum, and three gradations of glass go in different storage areas. The glass (mostly empty bottles) shatters pleasingly as it gets tossed into the bins. The cans skitter down the sloped sorting table like the monsters in the ice skating rink, plunging off the edge like you wish those whiny little

DURP Quiz

1. What does DURP stand for?
   a) Denison University Recycling Program
   b) Donate Unsanitary Remnants
   c) "Deriison University Recycling Program"
   d) import child labor

2. What does DURP do?
   a) runs recycling at Denison
   b) sells unwanted infants to desert nomads
   c) setting out the materials in the evening, and the monster-cool can crusher
   d) sraall woodland creatures

3. What should those green cling bins be used for?
   a) gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, and the monster-cool can crusher
   b) a miraculous laser trash-zapper
   c) housing prospective students
   d) imported child labor

4. Where should be a DURP member?
   a) to meet those hot DURP guys/girls
   b) playing "horsey" Yee hah!
   c) disembodied limbs
   d) small woodland creatures

5. How does DURP sort recyclable material?
   a) gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, and the monster-cool can crusher
   b) a miraculous laser trash-zapper
   c) baby tests show DURP juice to be intoxicating
   d) free stuff: dude!

6. What kind of equipment does DURP use?
   a) gloves, trash cans, bins, a sloped table, and the monster-cool can crusher
   b) a miraculous laser trash-zapper
   c) bare feet (like stomping grapes)
   d) imported child labor—so devoid of spirit, they’re almost like machines

7. Why be a DURP member?
   a) to make a positive impact on environmental/conservation issues
   b) animal tests show DURP juice to be intoxicating
   c) to meet those hot DURP guys/girls
   d) free stuff, dude!

(Continued on page 30)
Fantasy's Island
Alums find paradise in Northern Cyprus
By David Bussan

This year I spent spring break with Rob Messenger '93 and Dan Fiden '97 in Istanbul, Turkey and in the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus (TRNC). During their time as students Rob was editor of The Denisonian and Dan edited MoVo. And if push came to shove, I'd admit to editing The BullSheet back in 1980-81 when I was a student. What follows is some of what I remember of our week spent together in the Levant.

Saturday 13 March
At Atatürk Airport in Istanbul, Dan and I sit playing cards at the Welcome Cafe awaiting Rob's arrival. We flew Turkish Air from New York. Dan claims I hogged three of the four seats in our row. I admit it; I'm hardboiled eggs, cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, rolls, coffee and an almost satisfying breakfast of hardboiled eggs, cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, rolls, coffee and orange Tang, we head out into the street. Not passing safety standards back in the States.

Sunday 14 March
I wake up early and insist that Rob and Dan do the same. According to the two of them used all of the hot water for my shower. Really, it was merely lukewarm, at best. After an almost satisfying breakfast of hardwood eggs, cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, rolls, coffee and orange Tang, we head out into the city. Our taxi drops us off at the Haghia Sophia, the Church of Divine Wisdom, commissioned by the Byzantine Emperor Justinian in 532 and completed six years later. It's dome rises 182 feet high and is 105 feet wide. To say that its interior is an impressive sight is an understatement. It was here, in May of 1453, that the Byzantine Empire ended when the Ottomans, led by Sultan Mehmed the Conqueror, captured Constantinople and re-dedicated its greatest church as the Aya Sofya Mosque. And though the mosque is now a museum, the Turks have controlled Istanbul for nearly 5-1/2 centuries.

Ignoring as best we can the street merchants hawking everything from postcards to fezzes to ersatz Rolex watches and upscale cologne, we walk over to the Sultanahmet (Blue) Mosque that dates from 1609. It's claim to fame, other than its sheer beauty, is that until recently it was the only mosque in the world with six minarets (not spinnerets, as some would claim).

Next we're on to Topkapi Palace, the royal residence of the Sultan. Built in the 15th century, it's now a museum but was home to Sultans and their families for 400 years. While there's much in it to fascinate individuals interested in the Ottoman Empire, I've always been taken by the holy relics of both Christianity and Islam displayed here. I mean, how did the Sultan acquire not only St. John the Baptist's skull plate but his forearm and hand as well? And would Mohammed have acquiesced to having single strands of hair from his beard encased in glass and shown-off as rare jewels? While I have no answers to these questions, I'm sure glad that someone felt that these items were worth saving.

At the Basilica Cistern (Yerebatansaray in Turkish) we pause for a few minutes to enjoy some Turkish coffee and apple tea among the ancient columns supporting the ground above. Built by Justinian, the cistern collected water for the city of Byzantium. Most noteworthy of the columns' capitals are the two of Medusa heads turned upside-down and sideways. There's an odd mix of Christian, pagan and Islamic influences in this part of the world.

Unfortunately the Grand Bazaar and the Egyptian Bazaar are closed as it's Sunday. Still, we mill about the book bazaar and the flea market where Dan discovers a So-

Monday 15 March

I first came to the TRNC in the summer of 1984. I've been back more than a few times since, and somehow feel that I left my youth here fifteen years ago. In any event, there's something about this "little country that isn't" that has cast a spell upon me. No nation other than Turkey recognizes the government of President Rauf Denktas's republic occupying the northern third of the island. Since 1974 the Turkish Cypriots have lived here while the Greek Cypriots remain in the south of the island where their government is perceived internationally as the
The Abbey of Bellapais dates from the early days of the Lusignan reign on Cyprus. Richard the Lionheart gave the island to the Frenchman Guy de Lusignan in 1192, and Cyprus remained under his family’s rule for the next 300 years. Some of the finest remains of French Gothic architecture can be found on Cyprus as the Abbey of Bellapais might suggest. Its well-preserved ruins are built on a hillside between the village of Beryerbe (home to author Lawrence Durrell when he wrote Bitter Lemons) and the village of Zeytinlik at The Pines, a pub run by my friends John and Nesrin Done. John’s Welsh and Nesrin’s Cypriot. I first met them back in the summer of ’94 when John ran the Golden Pub above the harbor in Girne. The Pines is quite small and really is no more than the family room of their home. It’s frequented by expatriate Brits and Brits on holiday. Nesrin prepares lunches and John works the bar. There are four bar tools and additional seating for maybe a dozen indoors. Some folks take their food and drink outside and sit in John’s garden. It’s really quite a delightful place. That’s the best sense of the word. There’s usually one or two conversations going on among all its customers. I’ve been here often enough now that I’m known among the regulars and even receive welcoming kisses from one or two of the older British widows. On this day, Jeff, a British pensioner, entertainers Rob and Dan as John fills me in on local island gossip.

**Tuesday 16 March**

At breakfast Rob’s fair quiet. I ask him if everything’s OK. He responds with, “I’m moving at the speed of tomorrow.” That’s a certain pace to island life. At its best, one looks for activities to occupy the time between meals and drinks. We go to see Allan Cavinder, another British expat who runs the Pegasus Restaurant and Bar during lunch hours. You sense a bit about Allan when you see the sign behind his bar proclaiming his establishment “a cell phone free zone.” Sensingly all Cypriots have “mobile” phones.

We order fish and chips (chips come with everything in Cyprus) and sit outside. I eat only a few bites, worried that my meal resembles swordfish, to which I’m deathly allergic. Allan confirms my worst fears. We leave to find an eczane (pharmacy) so I can buy Benadryl, the antidote to my poison. It comes in liquid form, which I don’t trust. Still, I do feel better and head back to our villa at the Onar Village. There I take another prescription antihistamine and lie on my bed waiting my demise. The drugs make me groggy, but so much so that I can’t hear Rob on our patio telling Dan, “He seems to be breathing, but his heart’s not beating.” Then the conversation turns to what happens if I die which becomes a common topic of conversation for the remainder of our visit.

Today’s Dan’s birthday and we celebrate it by taking him to dinner at Niazi’s Restaurant. Our meal consists of mezze (hummus, beet, cabbage salad, yogurt, grilled halloumi (local sheep cheese that squeaks when you bite into it), cacik (yogurt and cucumber salad)), pita, döner kebab with rice and onion/parsley salad, six kebabs, fetta kebab, and a family of thyme bread. For only 2,000,000 TL. With the exchange rate being 358,000 TL to one US Dollar, the full kebab meal at Niazi’s comes to a little over $5.50. I think Niazi’s is Dan’s favorite restaurant in Northern Cyprus.

**Wednesday 17 March**

Today we venture south to Lefkosa, the capital of the TRNC and the Greek Cypriots’ Republic of Cyprus (RoC). It’s the only divided city in the world, now that Berlin’s is reunited. The Greek Cypriots call their portion of the city Nicosia, the name used for the entire municipal area before 1974. We drive to Atatürk Square without getting lost, which is something unusual for me. I always seem to lose my bearings in Lefkosa and Gazimagusa. We head to the Saray Hotel, an eight-story structure and reputedly the tallest building in the TRNC, to get a view of the capital. The top floor has a bar and restaurant as well as balconies from which one can look south past the Green Line (buffer zone separating the city) into the Greek sector. Greek Nicosia is quite modern compared to Lefkosa. Tall buildings rise south of the Green Line and both Greek (one carpet, a sink, and some shelves. The leaky radiator, a few roaches, and the stained curtain really added to the ambiance. Despite our surroundings, we quickly fell fast asleep.

On Monday morning, we took the subway to God’s Love We Deliver. After a brief training session, they let us loose in the kitchen and on the streets. Two people go to deliver food, and the rest of us got ready to help prepare it. Once we donned hats or hairnets, put on aprons, washed our hands, and put on gloves, we were ready to chop. It was the first time in a long time I was trying to turn a small, green mountain of stems into tubs of tiny cubes. I was in mortal fear of the giant knives we were given since our trainers relished telling us about gory accidents. My favorite was about a guy who dropped his knife. It went through his shoe and all the way through his foot. My parents, on the other hand, were terribly worried.
Two Turntables and a Ten-gallon Hat

By Kirsten Werne

When you think of Nashville, you think of boots and spurs, cowboys with ten-gallon hats, and Garth Brooks blasting the speakers at the local Gap. But Nashville isn’t called “Music City, USA” simply for its Country and Western. If you go a little underground and pop into Club Med, for example, you’ll see kids like us break dancing on the wooden floor. You’ll hear Captain Kirk scratch the hell outa some vinyl. You’ll hear Kenny and Andy Birch battle it out on the mic with a little freestyle, Kenny with his dope rhymes, and Birch kickin’ his quick-witted Slim Shady style. The coolest part? It will all soon be available on CD. How do I know this crazy side of the city? My good pals are right at the center of it all, and they’re bringing it to you.

Alex (AZ) and The Ant Zhott, along with Seth Nations, make up the band TV Set Fire and run a recording studio called Slipstream. The three operate right at the center of it all, and they’re bringing it to you. Tonight I take John and Nesrin to The Address Restaurant in Karagölängulu. Situated next to the sea, The Address is a bit pricier than a regular kebab joint. After seeing the sites of Salamis (gymnasium, Byzantine baths, Roman amphitheatre, Basilicas of Campana Petra and St. Epiphanius and The Temple of Zeus) we head back to Girne. Along the way Rob suggests that Cyprus backhoe would be a great name for a band. It’s first album would be a jazz hoe would be a great name for a band. It’s first album would be a jazz

(Continued on page 31)

MOYO: What is your impression of the music scene in Nashville?
SLIPSTREAM: It is clipped, but you can’t tell. Sight speaking?

SLIPSTREAM: It will all soon be available on CD. How do I know this crazy side of the city? My good pals are right at the center of it all, and they’re bringing it to you.

MOYO: Tell me about this way cool film score you are doing.

SLIPSTREAM: We are doing this way cool film score that will be in a film done by a director and screenwriter who are into making films. We will do all the music for the movie. We are not musicians. Our goal is to fuck up music.

SLIPSTREAM: Where did the name TV Set Fire originate?
MOYO: Where did the name TV Set Fire originate?
SLIPSTREAM: Who are your influences?
MOYO: Who are your influences?
SLIPSTREAM: Tell me about this way cool film score you are doing.
MOYO: If you could play anywhere in the world, and with anyone...
SLIPSTREAM: What do you do in your spare time?
MOYO: What do you do in your spare time?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What do you do in your spare time?
SLIPSTREAM: What have you done previously, musically speaking?
SLIPSTREAM: Where did the name TV Set Fire originate?
MOYO: Where did the name TV Set Fire originate?
SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: What do you do in your spare time?
MOYO: What do you do in your spare time?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!

SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: MOYO: MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments?
SLIPSTREAM: What the fuckety fuck do you fucking mean by spare fucking time? We got none of that!
Student Strike (Continued from page 9)
Canadian students recognize that access to higher edu-
cation could be restricted to the wealthy few. They have re-
tacted to these trends by reaffirming the right to an edu-
cation for themselves and their future generations. Wealthy
students who can afford the tuition increases cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present a
united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.

Death Penalty (Continued from page 5)

have to live with? Should I deny “closure” and assert
that we should know better than to kill people no matter
how bad we feel they are or what they did was? I think
I should. We may think, whether we’re a member of
the Mitroff family or the average person, that certain people
“deserve” to die, but the truth is that the death penalty
does not teach us anything. If it is going to work as a death
thing, and it doesn’t make things better for the victims’
legacies. Most importantly, it doesn’t stop murder and
other violent crimes. The execution of Wilford Berry
for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

in the King case. Even in the face of these great diffi-
culties, I think we must try for the sake of the victims.

Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases
cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present
a united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.

Death Penalty (Continued from page 5)

have to live with? Should I deny “closure” and assert
that we should know better than to kill people no matter
how bad we feel they are or what they did was? I think
I should. We may think, whether we’re a member of
the Mitroff family or the average person, that certain people
“deserve” to die, but the truth is that the death penalty
does not teach us anything. If it is going to work as a death
thing, and it doesn’t make things better for the victims’
legacies. Most importantly, it doesn’t stop murder and
other violent crimes. The execution of Wilford Berry
for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

in the King case. Even in the face of these great diffi-
culties, I think we must try for the sake of the victims.

Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases
cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present
a united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.

Death Penalty (Continued from page 5)

have to live with? Should I deny “closure” and assert
that we should know better than to kill people no matter
how bad we feel they are or what they did was? I think
I should. We may think, whether we’re a member of
the Mitroff family or the average person, that certain people
“deserve” to die, but the truth is that the death penalty
does not teach us anything. If it is going to work as a death
thing, and it doesn’t make things better for the victims’
legacies. Most importantly, it doesn’t stop murder and
other violent crimes. The execution of Wilford Berry
for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

in the King case. Even in the face of these great diffi-
culties, I think we must try for the sake of the victims.

Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases
cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present
a united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.

Death Penalty (Continued from page 5)

have to live with? Should I deny “closure” and assert
that we should know better than to kill people no matter
how bad we feel they are or what they did was? I think
I should. We may think, whether we’re a member of
the Mitroff family or the average person, that certain people
“deserve” to die, but the truth is that the death penalty
does not teach us anything. If it is going to work as a death
thing, and it doesn’t make things better for the victims’
legacies. Most importantly, it doesn’t stop murder and
other violent crimes. The execution of Wilford Berry
for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

in the King case. Even in the face of these great diffi-
culties, I think we must try for the sake of the victims.

Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases
cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present
a united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.

Death Penalty (Continued from page 5)

have to live with? Should I deny “closure” and assert
that we should know better than to kill people no matter
how bad we feel they are or what they did was? I think
I should. We may think, whether we’re a member of
the Mitroff family or the average person, that certain people
“deserve” to die, but the truth is that the death penalty
does not teach us anything. If it is going to work as a death
thing, and it doesn’t make things better for the victims’
legacies. Most importantly, it doesn’t stop murder and
other violent crimes. The execution of Wilford Berry
for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

in the King case. Even in the face of these great diffi-
culties, I think we must try for the sake of the victims.

Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases
cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present
a united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.

Death Penalty (Continued from page 5)

have to live with? Should I deny “closure” and assert
that we should know better than to kill people no matter
how bad we feel they are or what they did was? I think
I should. We may think, whether we’re a member of
the Mitroff family or the average person, that certain people
“deserve” to die, but the truth is that the death penalty
does not teach us anything. If it is going to work as a death
thing, and it doesn’t make things better for the victims’
legacies. Most importantly, it doesn’t stop murder and
other violent crimes. The execution of Wilford Berry
for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

in the King case. Even in the face of these great diffi-
culties, I think we must try for the sake of the victims.

Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases
cross class barriers to join their classmates in demanding
universal access to education. Canadian students present
a united, growing front, demanding that the government
provide equal educational opportunities for all.

As of this writing at least two schools have held major demonstrations against the tuition increases. One school has voted for a strike, and one has set a strike vote date.

In Sudbury, Ontario, the 5,000 students at Laurentian University voted to strike on March 23rd. The University of Guelph in Ontario, with 14,000 students, has scheduled a strike vote for March 8-12. The vote is expected to pass overwhelmingly, and the tentative strike date is set for March 24th.
New York
(Continued from page 22)

each other better? Nooo. Why not?
'Well, I live in Ohio. And this is like,
undoubtedly want to be answering
(rolls her eyes). And all these girls
are running around, and I'm like, I
live in Ohio. He says, that's 'OK',
but this is where you're going to
be heading for the ends of the earth
for them.

And finally my driver comes
in, and he's like, "...why can't we
get there?" And he's like, you aren't
allowed to, it's not legal, blah blah
bleh bleh. So we're all like, good,
and this guy who's walking by is,
like, do you have change for a dol-
lar? I said no. I'm trying to talk
this guy, would you please pay
attention to me! I was like,
"LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Someone broke in, "He actu-
ally said, 'I'm trying to hit on you'
during our evening off, including
measems, the Empire State Build-
ing, Rockefeller Center, and Times
Square. We all wanted to see some
of Broadway play, and so we went,
many debates most of us de-
cided on Art, which won a Tony for
the best play. It was interesting and
funny, and starred the guy who
played Norm on Cheers [George
Wendt, ed.]

Although we did a lot in our
free time, we spent much more
time with God's Love We Deliver. I'm
not sure how they picked that name
since it's not a religious organization,
but I do know that it was founded in
the early nineties by a hospice
volunteer named Ganga. She started
asking restaurants for food for her
AIDS patients, and it eventually turned
into an organization that serves any-
one with AIDS in New York City.
Although
to delivering for God's Love. Ollie had
chosen to live on welfare, among
others. He was a close friend of the
lived and had gotten him the job
delivering for God's Love. He grew
up in New York City, and
talked about his background. His
father had died when he was little
and his aunt took care of him. Currently
he was negoti-
ating custody of a cat with his ex-
girlfriend and was working on mu-
sic with Ike. Ollie indulged my
impulsive to take pictures when
we were going over the Brook-
llyn Bridge.

I think I saw much more
of New York than I would have if I
was simply a tourist. Many people
don't have the opportunity to buy
in New York made it life work,
in which I usually don't think, and
I felt great to help people. I also
got a look at a few of New York City's
magic tricks. Alternative Break
was a great experience that
exposed me to many new situations.
Of course, I was keeping an eye
out for anyone else will witness a drug
deal through this program.

Toriophile
(Continued from page 15)
row, amusing seats, and I couldn't
see anything.

We started talking to two girls
in front, sisters, like us. When
the lights dimmed and the crowd
was still simmering, the girls
pushed two folding chairs out of
the way and pulled us up beside
her. Finally, I had made it to the
front and saw a man who looked like
right, with a clear view of
Tori's face over the piano, and an
amazing drum solo. I knew that
this guy in the game seemed to be
selling drugs.

"Yeah, they usually are," was
her response. Ollie was a pretty
light and stuck to the piano. We
discussed her job, "I always
choose to live on welfare, among
other things. He was a close friend of like and had gotten him the job
delivering for God's Love. He grew
up in New York City, and
talked about his background. His
father had died when he was little
and his aunt took care of him. Currently
he was negoti-
ating custody of a cat with his ex-
girlfriend and was working on mu-
usic with Ike. Ollie indulged my
impulsive to take pictures when
we were going over the Brook-
llyn Bridge.

I think I saw much more
of New York than I would have if I
was simply a tourist. Many people
don't have the opportunity to buy
in New York made it life work,
in which I usually don't think, and
I felt great to help people. I also
got a look at a few of New York City's
magic tricks. Alternative Break
was a great experience that
exposed me to many new situations.
Of course, I was keeping an eye
out for anyone else will witness a drug
deal through this program.

Toriophile
(Continued from page 15)
row, amusing seats, and I couldn't
see anything.

We started talking to two girls
in front, sisters, like us. When
the lights dimmed and the crowd
was still simmering, the girls
pushed two folding chairs out of
the way and pulled us up beside
her. Finally, I had made it to the
front and saw a man who looked like
right, with a clear view of
Tori's face over the piano, and an
amazing drum solo. I knew that
this guy in the
people. "Tori," I said. She turned.

"Joel," someone said. "There's a kid back here."

I said, "I don't know." I wished I was already there.

Tori asked if she had anything to send her up. She said anything the whole time. I tried saying, "Hey. How's the back row doing?"

I took her hand and helped her in. I said, "There's a kid back here."

"Till December," I said.

"I was in Bath a few months when my parents called with a message about MTV. I talked to the producer, Jack. Jack explained that they saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"I was in Bath a few months when my parents called with a message about MTV. I talked to the producer, Jack. Jack explained that they saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"

"What are you going to say?"

"You're my Toriphile to meet Tori for 'FANatic,'" he said I was very close. The last time I saw Tori perform in 1992: 'Never in my life have I seen anything like that. Tori's record company sent her to London because they weren't quite sure how to respond to her. It was a great deal, and had some really important things to say. There was also a soothing quality to her voice, which I liked best.'"
Late Nite, you can bet they'll be but who wouldn't want to see Joseph accomplished so much (Laura, just keep aumph the Dog. and tell yourself that one day you'll forget the infamous stare-down contiqued art, conversed with Bill Clinton and Don King, tried to hip-others to see what this guy could get away with on national television! mom loving him. I like the company, away with on national television!

Conan's wrestled gators, cri- ing the relative merit of either thing to think about, and if you stay fall through. Perhaps it's a sign that you're being destructive, and it all

Conan (Continued from page 15)

staying up late not to party or do homework but to watch Conan O'Brien. I'm even responsible for my sister's, my roommate, and my mom loving him. I like the company, but I really don't need any company when watching Conan. I just wanted others to see what this guy could get away with on national television!

Conan's wrestled gators, critiqued art, conversed with Bill Clinton and Don King, tried to hip-others to see what this guy could get away with on national television! mom loving him. I like the company, away with on national television!

Conan (Continued from page 15)

was the summer home to the Livingston court. The castle's joust-field is now used by the Turkish Army for artillery practice. As a change of pace, we take the bus to the Buffavento Mountains to Gazimagusa. Along the way, we stop for a photo of sheep grazing in a meadow. As I check out an angle for a shot with my camera, Dan asks if he can chase the sheep. Remembering a bad experience with a sheep about a couple of years earlier, I tell him to leave the sheep alone. We both look up in time to see Rob already in hot pursuit of the flock.

Kibris—Stick your head in it.

DURP (Continued from page 17)

programmers and other group activities for which people use DURP's facilities. Without debat-ing the relative merit of either agency, the shift was abrupt and rather drastic. DURP's new office is still in Shep, but resembles a tiny walk-in closet. After parking room for a few seats, an antiquated com-puter, and DURP's ever-expanding environmental research library, two more occupants would prompt a fire hazard. Maximum possible occu-pancy (making use of packaging techniques) is about five. DURP often contends with un-familiarity, and in some cases, ani-mosity from some Denison res-taurant patrons. "Be aware of recycling practices and DURP's other efforts toward public aware-ness have resulted. The main question "What exactly is DURP?" is all too common among Denison students, even though they pass bins where it is clearly spelled out. In one extreme case, a DURP member was even the victim of a drive-by-can-ting. Sarah Locher, a local active DURPer, was sitting in her room peacefully when the door was opened a crack, allowing an alumi-num can to be hurled into the room. Rapidly pattering footsteps marked the retreat of the hooligan(s). While I could give a detailed de-scription in itself, it typifies a sort of resent-ment with which DURP members must sometimes deal. People don't always appreciate having their environmental shortcomings pointed out.

Despite these problems, DURP still thrives—collecting, sorting, and recycling for all the residents of Denison's cheery little campus. Though sometimes bitter about recycling bin nastiness, DURP mem-bers are generally optimistic towards the future. The hope of a Recycling Coordinator and expanded services keeps the group motivated. DURP's main message is one of conservation and environmental aware-ness, but it is best expressed by its mem-bers and leaders. "It adds up if you're being considerate, and it all adds up if you're helping," says Sa-rah Locher. This theme rings true in DURP's implicit philosophy and is expanded upon by Kari Hernquist, DURP's student recycling coordina-tor. Hernquist warns, "Be aware of your impact. Every cup makes an impact. Every action makes an im-pact, so it's better to have the background and the more militant sides of DURP find a common ideological keynote in the official DURP slogan, "Re-cycle or Die!" The preferred method of execution? Death by DURP juice.

Conyers (Continued from page 22)

the island in other seasons. The new and much improved church ruins and the waters of Ayios Philon and Ayia Trias we appear when the Lusignans were crowned Kings of Jerusalem here after their coronation as Kings of Cyprus in St. Sophia's Cathedral in Nicosia.

Possible tourist campaign slo-gan: Kibris—Stick your head in it.

Saturday 20 March

After a meal of döner kebabs in the harbor and a bit of souvenir purchasing, we head to Pacific Resort Car to pay for our Vitara jeep and to get new windshield wiper blades. Our Vitara comes to 121 British pounds for the week. I tell Berkan, the man-ager, that 'I'll be paying in dol-lars.' He asks me if I know the exchange rate, and I oblige. He does n't question the rate as we settle up our account. I return to the jeep in time to hear Dan's running commentary as the wiper blades are replaced by one worker as two of his friends look on. "Yes, that's it. Just turn this little drabkey and... there you go, now if this piece of plastic can just be moved over there, yes, just like that, we'll be in business." Well, maybe it was funnier at the time.

We begin the 2-1/2 hour drive for the Kirpasa Peninsula. Just on the other side of the World Famous Tower of Kadi Restaurant (their name, not mine) as Dan and I sing The Monkees' "Daydream Believer" (much to Rob's chagrin) it begins to return our conversation concerning grapes vs. grape flavoring took place now, but it might as well have. Dan has this theory that when the word grape is mentioned most people think of the artificial grape soda or grape juice instead of the actual flavor of the fruit. However, the orange juice, as well as the orange due to the amount of orange juice we drink. Orange is still natural, but it was funnier at the time.

Tell that to the folks who drink Yediğin Light.

Sunday 21 March

Other than climbing to the top

The new and much improved road goes out at Yeni Erenköy about forty minutes from our final des-ination of Aphrodite, one of the great cities of ancient Cyprus. All that remains of this once prosperous settlement are three small churches dating from the 12th and 14th centuries. Still, the views of the land meeting the sea are as spec-tacular as the fields of barley are green. Cyprus in spring belies the earth-tone Mediterranean colors that domi-nate the island in other seasons. After visiting the church ruins of Ayios Philon and Ayia Trias we head back to Girne. I can't swear that...
of Buffavento Castle (3100 feet), we do no sightseeing on our final day on the island. Instead we return to The Pines to say our good-byes to John and Nesrin and to have a drink or two. Next we pick up Ugur and have lunch at The Courtyard Inn in Karakum. Serving an eclectic mix of French, British and Pakistani cuisine, the restaurant’s apparent sophistication is undermined by the incessant pop music wafting through the dining room. Cher is the Madonna of Cyprus.

Just after nightfall, on his way to a state dinner, Ugur leads us to a gated community of homes. We told him earlier in the week that we were interested in possibly purchasing a villa on the island. As it begins to rain, and in the dark, Ugur tells us to look around as his driver whisks him away. In a few minutes Ugur’s presence and assistance would have been appreciated as Rob, Dan and I are confronted by the community’s non-English speaking security guard who thinks we’re Greek spies from the RoC. Funny thing is, Dan and Rob look German, not Greek.

Instead of going out for dinner, we decide to eat in the Onar Village’s bar and play cards in front of the fireplace. On the walk from our villa to the bar we stop in at the reception desk to ask Irfan, the night clerk, if we can order food at this hour. He immediately calls Sami, the restaurant’s maître d’, who’s stationed immediately above us. After exchanging words on the phone, Irfan tells us to wait as a menu is being brought down to us. In no time at all, a waiter presents us with a menu and we follow him up the flight of stairs to the bar. Sometimes the Onar staff’s eagerness to please runs counter to logic.

The same waiter who moments earlier brought us the menu takes our order of various sandwiches and chips. But after Rob finishes ordering the waiter asks him, “Toast or sandwich?” Rob counters, “I’ll have the cheese and tomato sandwich,” repeating what he’d just said, but this time more slowly. Seemingly to make himself better understood the waiter asks again, “Toast or sandwich?” followed by “Sandwich or toast?” This pretty much ends the conversation.

Monday 22 March
Sitting in Ercan Airport we await our 5:50 AM flight for Istanbul, and subsequent flights home. Though Kurd sympathizers terrorize Istanbul and the TRNC is not a recognized country, we have never felt in danger. The food, drink and mystique of Cyprus just won’t permit it. If the TRNC is ever recognized or a solution is found to re-unite the island, Northern Cyprus will no doubt vault into the next century as a tourist destination. But for now, this charming piece of the Levant is still more or less unspoiled and reminiscent of another time and place. And that’s not all bad.

Possible tourist campaign slogan: Kibris—The State Department can’t place a travel warning on paradise.

Robert Levine travels to New York and enrolls in the film school of hard knocks

Chris Anderson interviews Denison’s Marathon Woman, Professor of Psychology Rita Snyder

Andy Hiller reveals the ins-and-outs of an internship with Miramax

And much, much more
Friendship a Modern Away, sigh
AOL alters Denison social scene

By Chris Million

After my classes, I head for my fellow's dorm to check my email. He's not here. I then pause in the computer lab, searching for an open terminal, even a Mac. I notice a guy hammering away at the keys and smiling. I step closer to see what he's doing, but he is oblivious to me. I feel guilty after reading over his shoulder. He's chatting with his girlfriend, and he's just written, "I don't know what I'd do w/o u." Looking over his shoulder, I watch a swarm of cheerful young people walk by in the sunshine of a nice afternoon. An idea hits me.

One of the technological feats foisted upon our generation is the incredible network and communication system America Online. AOL offers Instant Messenger (AIM), a downloadable software that allows anyone with Internet access to talk to friends who are also online. It is nearly instantaneous, like a chat room, but personal, like an e-mail. America Online introduced a limited Instant Messenger on May 22, 1997, and released the current Netscape AIM on October 14, 1997. More than 14 million people are members of America Online, and in October, 1998, AOL announced a total of 35 million users of Instant Messenger. A press release earlier that year stated that 225 Instant Messages on average were sent daily. With AIM only two people communicate in one dialogue box; although once signed on, people can talk to as many friends as they like in separate boxes. I have a friend in Columbus who types fast enough to carry on separate conversations with as many as eight friends of hers.

So what is the problem? Years ago, coming to college used to be lonely, right? We've all heard stories of people passing the better part of their first year in school writing those long letters to parents or friends, right? And AOL Instant Messenger allows us to move past those days of desolate solitude, right?

I interviewed fifteen first-year students about their experiences with IM. They gave a unanimously positive review of it. Though several saw some problems with the service, they all felt it was useful and fun. Common comments included: "I can just sign on whenever I'm done typing to say, 'hi,' to any buddies who are online." "It's better than e-mail because you talk back and forth." "It's better than chatting because you know when your friends are on." "It's free!" and "I talk to people on IM that I wouldn't spend the time to write to. It helps me stay in touch with them." Some identified a few problems. The most common complaint was confusion, especially when trying to carry on four or five conversations at once. The fact that it is instantaneous communication can be troublesome as well because simultaneous communication depends on typing speed. And sometimes it is hard to understand meaning without behavioral cues. Like people talking on the phone who cannot see each other's expressions to establish meaning, people IM-ing cannot hear each other's voices. They are dependent entirely on the text, which can include emotions such as: lol, rofl, jk, :-), lmao, imho, insomnia, <g>, and brb. And these are only the expressions I recall offhand.

The first-year students varied in their use of the service. Most used it a couple of times a week, often in the early evening. Some unabashedly admitted spending as much as twenty hours a week on AOL IM alone. This is where concern over this service stems.

Instant Messenger is a helpful tool. Like any tool, it can be used for the wrong reasons. For some people, IM-ing becomes an integral part of their life, as they pass hours chatting with old friends. I am certainly not going up on a soapbox to denounce talking to old friends; however, there is clearly an extent to which this behavior can extend, wherein people make no effort to make new friendships. They are content to rely on the support of safe friendships and wait patiently online to share their lives with people thousands of miles away while perfectly friendly and interesting people walk by them on their way to print a paper. My research indicates no reason to stay away from Instant Messenger but only a cautionary finger wagging.

The students of the class of 2002 (who do appear more likely to use AOL IM than their older classmates) do not seem to be more isolated socially than older classes, generally speaking; however, the full effects of the technology have not yet registered. Even if general isolation does not become a significant issue in our class, we must be aware and understanding of individuals who become lost in the Cyber-Universe. As for the abbreviations above, or anything else pertinent, if you don't get it, just ask. My screen name's grapechris.

alison stein
wdub 91.1fm
denison university
granville, oh

because commercial radio
still sucks.