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mind of your own

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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 rolling down Euclid Avenue and waving at the throngs of fans lining the streets. Kirk Alyn who played Superman in the 1940s turned out for the festivities, as did his counterpart, 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 scrawls 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 paper towel. Scotty was animated, gesticulating with his punch 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 swore about the acoustics in the auditorium. He wore bell-bottom jeans and Elvis shades. I asked him a question about his favorite character of mine he had created. He answered like a politician, circumventing my question entirely. “Do you have a question about a favorite character of mine he had created.”

He didn't sign autographs.

He answered like a politician, circumventing my question entirely. “Do you have a question about a favorite character of mine he had created.”

As with the creators, so too with the fans. I wanted autographs, and the creators refused.”

I imagined the scenario as follows:

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 paper towel. Scotty was animated, gesticulating with his punch 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.

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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 obsessions. Small victories are to be savored. Case in point, Alison Stone’s continuing fascination with Tori Amos, which has taken her to England and back. Obsessions need not be people. An obsession may be a place, as Northern Cyprus is for David Bussan. Or obsession may be a cause or activity. Tom Hankinson writes of individuals determined to clean up Denison’s campus. Lastly, an obsession may be an abstract concept, a form of neurosis or an intense emotion—such as the desire to perform a task well. A desire for journalistic excellence has driven MoYO’s managing editor Will Leland and photography editor Sara Almarrl for the past four years. They are the heart and soul of this publication and the closest friends I have, accepting of my obsessions. I dedicate this issue to them. Tics and all.

Paul Durica

Editor-in-Chief

(Continued on page 24)
Return to Sender

mail-order brides log-on love

By Karan Anshuman

They exist! They are for 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 thanks to the Internet.

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 means 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 people. That done, you start spending money on international phone calls. It is then time to visit your "penpal." Pay for airfare, pay for accommodation, and have a gala time. 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 no scientific proof, it also perpetuates the harmful use of derogatory terms for female sexuality by arguing that human nature demands the current inequality between men and women is maintained.

Women are encouraged to practice sexual restraint unless they are willing to risk insults and embarrassment. When men use the word slut to describe a female, the myth that women must bevirginal is perpetuated. When girls call an-
Strike Against the Right
Canada collegians take action
By Alex Thackeray
Halifax, Nova Scotia
Thursday, Feb. 11 - Hundreds of students around 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 force the University to raise tuition rates. Fifty-seven students remain in Robertson Hall to protest his excuse; others must do so in just a few days. The increased tuition in the 1990s did not translate into an increase in defaults, an impression displayed by the students involved. The re-voking of bankruptcy protection was an unjust reward.

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 charging their mission from educating students to earning profits. In market terms the students (with governmental assistance) used to pay for 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.

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 charging their mission from educating students to earning profits. In market terms the students (with governmental assistance) used to pay for 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 re-voking 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-

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

To the Government (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 corporations to repay their government loans

To the Banks
1. Stop pressuring governments to restrict eligibility for student loans, including, dedesignation, 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)
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,
I was hooked.

A world tour would follow. This time, I would wear jeans, and boots, with red hair pulled up into a sloppy pony tail came through the doors. Tori grinned, thanked us, gave hugs all around. Anjali snapped a photo "oh." They moved on.

I drove up with a van of my friends. The concert was the screen of yellow lights that glowed behind the stage, how small Tori seemed when she came on, the red of her hair shining even from where I was sitting. I remember a rendition of "Baker, Baker" that made me think I had forgotten how to breathe. I remember how much I wished I were enjoying the show. I remember Lotus being kicked out for rebellion. At age five she became the youngest student ever to attend the prestigious Peabody Conservatory of Music. In six years later she was kicked out for rebellion. By the time I was born in 1978, Tori was a fourteen year-old nightingale, playing the gay bar circuit in Georgetown. But I can’t help but feel an alliance to Tori. We’re both girls from the south—Tori was born in Georgia. We both have physical disabilities. I also begin playing the piano and writing music at a young age, but my parents didn’t have the money for lessons. Tori was raped in her early twenties, an experience later documented in the cecpepla "Me and a Gun." Perhaps in part because of this song, many of Tori’s fans are themselves survivors. 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 and I scoured the crowd for someone official—looking. I wasn’t sure how or if I would get the gifts to her. My friends were more, but my sister out to the hill above the park. We both got a late start. I had hoped to make it to Cleveland in time for the sound check, but we were lucky to have enough time to grab dinner and find our seats. The concert, as one would expect, was huge. The stage, how small Tori seemed when she came on, the red of her hair shining even from where I was sitting. I remember a rendition of "Baker, Baker" that made me think I had forgotten how to breathe. I remember how much I wished I were enjoying the show. I remember Lotus being kicked out for rebellion. At age five she became the youngest student ever to attend the prestigious Peabody Conservatory of Music. In six years later she was kicked out for rebellion. By the time I was born in 1978, Tori was a fourteen year-old nightingale, playing the gay bar circuit in Georgetown. But I can’t help but feel an alliance to Tori. We’re both girls from the south—Tori was born in Georgia. We both have physical disabilities. I also begin playing the piano and writing music at a young age, but my parents didn’t have the money for lessons. Tori was raped in her early twenties, an experience later documented in the cecpepla "Me and a Gun." Perhaps in part because of this song, many of Tori’s fans are themselves survivors. 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 made Monica Lewinsky jokes: "Girl, why don’t you swallow?"
melted off faces and home-made faerie wings drooped.

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,” I said.

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

“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. Someone started yelling “ Treatio, out Tori Amos, but he forgot the “t” and “o” and “er” and “che” and “er” into the distance. I saw mostly a huge black umbrella Joel held, sometimes a glimpse of a red head. She wasn’t out long before it really started to pour and I knew she was going to leave. A black limo said, “This is the end of my Tori adventures, though I felt a little old and out of place. But as it reflected on the weather channel. Still, I dressed in a sundress.

Tori and Agent Orange at the Atlanta meet and greet. (Continued on page 27)
Environmentally Friendly, or Else

By Tom Hankinson

The first shadows of an early nightfall shrouded the scene as a battered red pick-up truck pulls into the gravel driveway. The truck parks in front of the barn, and someone lets the tail gate down. The driver and passenger exit, walk around to the back. They carefully lay a single package of chocolate chip 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, but strangely euphoric. They have completed roughly two-thirds of their coast 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 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 non-recyclable garbage placed in dorn recycling bins. Other times, grousse 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 DURPers. 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 the 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-DURPers, but DURP offenders don’t always stop their heinous crimes at soaked paper products. Their waste is disgusting and provokes the wrath of those who have to sort through it. What kind of waste exactly? “Vomit and used condoms,” declares Balch. His fellow DURPPer, Brad Halm testifies further, “Used tampons.” Out of this excess waste comes the mysterious and intriguing substance known as DURP juice. This fluid runs out of holes in the sorting table’s center and sometimes splatters DURP members during particularly enthusiastic sorting maneuvers. Theories about DURP juice’s origins and properties vary, but its general ingredients are similar in most DURPers’ opinions. Greg Balch proposes a recipe of “Busch Light and ashes.” Brad Halm also includes Busch in his analysis of DURP juice, adding to it “semen, menstrual fluid, [and] vomit.”

This kind of recycling abuse is understandably frustrating. Other kinds of recycling violations can also be perturbing. Many DURP members express concern about people who simply don’t bother to recycle at all. “We’ve come to the assumption that East Hall has no realization that there, in fact, are recycling receptacles. For the Star Wars uncultured, or the scene becomes gruesomely reminiscent of Luke Skywalker and his associates trapped in the Imperial Death Star’s garbage disposal unit while trying to rescue the princess. For the Star Wars uncultured, that’s pretty darn gross. Other problems have beset DURP’s organization. The group used to have a spacious office with a large window in the basement of Shepardson. A few years ago, the office was reassigned to Conference Services, responsible for organizing DURP’s organization. The group used to have a spacious office with a large window in the basement of Shepardson. A few years ago, the office was reassigned to Conference Services, responsible for organizing
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 the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus (TRNC). During their time as students Rob was editor of The Denisonian and Dan edited MoYo.

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, and Dan claims I haggled three of the four seats in our row. I admit it; I was expected to sleep for eight hours in only one seat! He takes to calling me Johnny Three-Seat. Rob’s British Air flight from London comes in three hours later. We meet up with him and hail a taxi for our hotel. But first we each exchange hardboiled eggs, cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, rolls, coffee and hot water for my shower. Really, it was here, in May of 1453, that the Byzantine Empire ended when the Ottomans, led by Sultan Mehmet the Conqueror, captured Constantinople and rededicated 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.

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 hardboiled eggs, cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumbers, rolls, coffee and orange Tango, we head out into the city. Our taxi drops us off at the Hagia Sophia, the Church of Divine Wisdom, commissioned by the Byzantine Emperor Justinian in 532 and completed six years later. Its 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 Mehmet the Conqueror, captured Constantinople and rededicated 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 colognes, 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 Topkapı 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 spelled 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

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

View of the Golden Horn from the Galata Tower

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

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 (Yerebutansaray 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

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 Bosphorus is the waterway that separates Europe from Asia and Istanbul itself.

Our room looks over the Golden Horn, an estuary that divides the medieval port of Galata from old Stamboul, the Byzantine and Ottoman city.

With a little luck I find our way to a Galata Tower; built in 1348 by the Genoese, the 220-foot structure gives one an impressive view of the city once known as Constantinople. I point out the Sultanahmet district across the Golden Horn where the major tourist sites of the city lie. It’s here, as we look out upon Istanbul, that Dan notes that the balcony’s rail would not pass safety standards back in the States.

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April 20, 1999

elite one for all of the island. However, this odd political reality does not seem to bother the 180,000 or so residents who call the TRNC home.

The Abbey of Bellapais dates from the early days of the Lusignan reign on Cyprus. Richard the Lionheart gave the island to the Cypriots in 1192, and Cyprus remained under French rule for nearly 110 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 Berytseyi (home to author Lawrence Durrell when he wrote Bitter Lemons) and the Mediterranean Sea below.

After spending time at the abbey we find ourselves in the village of Zeytinlik at The Pines, a pub run by my friends John and Nesrin Done. John’s Welsh and was stationed by the Royal Air Force in Cyprus in the early 60s where he met Nesrin, a Turkish Cypriot. I first met them back in the summer of ‘84 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 buzz of 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 know among the regulars and have received welcoming kisses from one or two of the older British widows. On this day, Jeff, a British pensioner, entertains Rob and Dan as John fills me in on local island go-

pace to island life. At its best, one looks for activities to occupy the time between meals and drinks.

We go to see Allan Cuvander, 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.” Sensibly 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 add to it and head back to our villa at the Onar Village. There I take another prescription antihistamine and lie on my bed waiting for the drugs to make me groggy, but not 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 custom.

One of the passengers on our small plane was an American Christian doctor. He is from the same area. One of the passengers was a nurse and a Greek Cypriot. I asked the passengers if they had made the tunnel resonant at the declared frequency and collapse. Obviously, that didn’t happen, but we had more adventures in the city.

We arrived at our hostel around 11pm. The Chelsea International Youth Hostel in Manhattan is not a great place to stay, but it has a good location. More importantly, it was cheap compared to a real hotel; however, eighteen dollars per night per person was a steep price for what we got. I was in the six-person room, sharing a standard dorm room with nothing but three sets of bunk beds, a carpet, a sink, and some shelves. The leaky radiator, a few roaches, and the stained curtain really added to the ambiance. Despite our surrounding, 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 lose in the kitchen and on the streets. Two people got 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 carrots. First we were trying to turn a small, green mountain of stems into tubes of tiny cubes. I was in mortal fear of the giant knives we were using. Since our trainers relished telling us about gory accidents. My favorite was about a guy who dropped his knife. He went through his shoe and all the way through his foot. My parents, on the other hand, were terribly worried...
After a Chinese meal at The Laughin’ in ’84 after he’d graduated from university in England. He’s now President Denktas’s private secretary, After a Chinese meal at The Laughing Buddha Restaurant we head to the harbor in Girne to celebrate St. Patrick’s Day at Shanigan’s, about my safety on the streets.

I survived my first delivery run quite well. Each volunteer paired up with a van driver, who bagged meals while the volunteer took the food to the client. I rode with Ike, a short, blond thirtyish man who kept offering me Hershey’s kisses. We finished off nearby a bag between the two of us. He was a wonderful guy. He discussed his career as a musician while driving. I discovered that the popular image of New York drivers fits most of them too well. As I grumbled about the streets, Ike would zoom around cars that weren’t going fast enough for his taste while honking and making insulting comments. These were usually some thing like, “Hey, buddy, learn how to drive or get out of the way!” Ike described his driving as responsible law breaking. I have to agree. He always looked both ways before he ran a red light.

I’m not sure whether I felt safer in the van or out of it. Some night, I just came back to the buildings I delivered to from either housing projects or run-down apartment buildings. On our way to Harlem, Ike said the people on his route were friends. I was surprised that there was in the city. Everyone I met that day was really nice to me. That was probably because I delivered to some people him as I was delivering. I made him to “get harder on.” After he said this, I waited apprehensively for him to return from this one woman’s apartment. When he did, he said the woman was in a decent mood, but when he knocked on her apartment he could hear her alternately throwing up and singing to the Pointer Sis ters on the radio.

Most of the people we encountered on the way to deliver meals were very helpful, probably because it’s “terribly apparent” that we were not from anywhere near New York or urban poverty. The Washington DC group also said they felt out of place; however, the fact that Katie Mast from the Midwest did not deter her would-be friend or prevent her from getting wrapped up in big city drama. Here’s her description of it, transcribed from an interview tape:

“Iq was the end of my fast day. I stood to the elevator to go up to the room, and this security guard stops me. I’ll leave, I can’t let you up there, but I’ll call her downstairs. So he took forever, and he was yelling at his kids to turn off the water, because like the washing machine was overflowing and like, there was so much stuff going on. So I was standing there, and this guy in a big white suit is like, Hey, what’s going on here? So I’m like, trying to be friendly, you know, whatever, and he’s like, you married? Nooo... He’s like, you’re cute, can we get to know each other? and then he said to me, “What do you see yourselves in five years?”

“MOYO: If you could play anywhere in the world, and with anyone... SLIPSTREAM: We would play with Sigur Swayne punk in China. MOYO: What are your most memorable and embarrassing moments? SLIPSTREAM: There is no reason to believe that when you shoot at the stars you might as well have taken your self for granted. SLIPSTREAM: If you had to do it all over again, would you do anything differently? SLIPSTREAM: It’s not 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.

“SLIPSTREAM: Honestly, it all started with drugs at the Trail of Tears Park in Missouri. Then we concluded that music sucks, and we were destined to die. MOYO: How did you fellows get started doing the crazy, talent-killing things you do? SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: What have you done previously, musically? 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 this film, and we will do the sound effects. SLIPSTREAM: We have been here long enough — we do not care, it seems to suck. MOYO: What is your impression of the music scene in Nashville? SLIPSTREAM: We haven’t been here long enough — and we do not care, it seems to suck.

MOYO: What do you do? SLIPSTREAM: MOYO: What would you do if you had to do it all over again? SLIPSTREAM: It’s not 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 Zhort, along with Seth Niazi’s—$8.50 for the full kebab. After seeing the sites of Salamis (gymnasium, Byzantine baths, Roman amphitheater, Basilicas of Campana Petra and St. Epiphanius and The Temple of Zeus) we head back to Girne. Along the way Rob suggests that Cyprus Back Yard Kibris—Where every day is hump day.

Today we drive the hour or so to the east coast of the island. Along the island’s strengths.
of the most talented artists in the area. With their own beats, Slipstream is recording DJs scratching juxtaposed of the most talented artists in the area. With their own beats, Slipstream is recording DJs scratching juxtaposed beats, Slipstream is recording DJs scratching juxtaposed.

Student Strike  
(Continued from page 9)

Canadian students recognize that access to higher edu-
cation could be restricted to the wealthy few. They have reacted to these trends by reaffirming the right to an educa-
tion for themselves and their future generations. Wealthy students who can afford the tuition increases cross class barriers to join their classmates in defending 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 education cuts. 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 what 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 anyone anything. If we are going to see a monstrous racist strapped to a table and pumped with a lethal injection, we must realize that by doing so we become bloodthirsty like him? We become bloodthirsty.

should I be the most crucial issue. One would think, but then again the well-publicized debacle: his request to represent himself was denied; the gun that he allegedly used to kill King seems like a half-hearted teenage recruiting.

I feel sorry for the two guys who barked things at me when I was wearing my anti-death penalty sweatshirt around campus. I feel sorry for the people who wouldn't sign petitions in Slayter. I feel sorry for the people who wouldn't sign petitions in Slayter. I feel sorry for the people who wouldn't sign petitions in Slayter. I feel sorry for the people who wouldn't sign petitions in Slayter.

Brides  
(Continued from page 6)

promoting these women, the agencies often run-down the credibility of other countries. Russia for example is blamed for having one of the highest alcoholism rates which will not keep many men from entering marriage. The divorce rate in Russia is one of the highest in the world and its governments are seeing the need for marriage equality (males-56 years, females- late 70's), poor economy, and crime. And if is it, is it fair? Is it moral to ask that these women have to say their marriage was a mistake? Be horrified at the kind of language that is used by the agencies. Be amazed at the ignorance of American men as they question the ignorance of their probable wives.

Go ahead and have a look at these sites.

24 SPRING 1999
Wives must submit themselves completely to their husbands just as the church submits itself to Christ—"a woman must be silent in church."—1 Corinthians 14:34

Philippines shave their legs? This is The quintessential mail-order bride in Russia."

http://www.upbeat.com/wtwpubs/:

http://internationalrelations.com/:

"I must ask you, do women of the Philippines shave their legs? This is Why can't we live together better? Nooo. Why not?"

http://autoinfo.smartlink.net/xlation/:

"Well, I live in Ohio. And this is like, "Yeah, they usually are," was his response. Ollie was a pretty laid-back guy, and rather cynical. We discussed whether welfare recipients choose to live on welfare, among other things. He was a close friend of and had gotten him the job delivering for God's Love. Ollie had grown up in New York City, and talked about his background. His father was a sharecropper, which Ganga's requests to be left alone?"}

New York

(Newspaper, continued from page 22)

each other better? Nooo. Why not? "Well, I live in Ohio. And this is like, 

"I think I saw much more of New York than I would have if I was sitting in the audience. I couldn't see anything."

"I thought I saw much more of them for awhile. The next show was

"The lights dimmed and the crowd was still simmering, and I could see that Caton's nails were painted bright blue. A Mr. Hanky (from South Park) doll was hanging from my ceiling."

"Tori looked up from the piano, and I could see recognition light up in the eyes of people in the front row, I could see her smile."

"Tori and I talked about his background. His father was a sharecropper, his aunt took care of him. Currently he was negotiating custody of a cat with his ex-girlfriend and was working on a musical with Ike. Ollie indulged my tourist's impulsive to take pictures when we were going over the Brooklyn Bridge.

"I think I saw much more of New York than I would have if I was sitting in the audience. I couldn't see anything."

"In Atlanta, I attended my first pre-show meet and greet—a concept which basically involves waiting around in barricades till Tori shows up for sound check. And Tori does sign autographs. I saw pictures. The meet and greets are about that personal connection, I think, that chance to say thank you."

"When I arrive at a Shank at a sound check, a security guard posted in a lawn chair instructed us to cross the street, or we'd miss it."

"Some friends moved down the line with a plastic bag, and the lights drooped. Two friendly girls moved down the line with a plastic bag. They exclaimed, "That's Tori's face over the piano, and an alternate guard was posted in front of the barrier."

"The crowd jittered, but the limo didn't seem to notice."

"Finally a black limo pulled in the drive alongside the barricades. The crowd opened the door. Morley wasn't very responsive. I just three shows as I was doing, and which my friends thought was extreme, but dozens or more. I had wanted to raise money to fund my trip. I had no idea how they were supporting themselves."

"The sticker girls and other folks I sat next to were kind and gracious, but now girl, younger, with hair cool-Kaid, began to rattie off the first row. They made me feel like I had committed to memory."

"I was torn between longing to have joined her—and wanting to throw up whatever it was she was com- pared at the competitiveness I sensed in her, the feeling of who's The biggest fan I saw."

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Tori looked as if she recognized the first row. She moved through them like fire, signing, smiling for photos. Despite the earlier competitiveness of some of the ewfs, they worked like a conveyor belt passing things up to Tori to sign and making sure they were done quickly.

I someone passed my Little Earthquakes CD insert up and it was returned to me with a spigged black autograph. At one point, Tori bent down to look through the reaching hands and say, "Hey, How's the back row doing?"

A young couple and a child with white-blond hair joined the back row. My sister asked, "Are you sure she was already a groupie?"

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

"Should we send her up?" someone asked.

Tori asked if she had anything to sign and making sure they were done quickly. Someone passed my Tori Amos CDs— the albums, singles, B-sides, bootlegs, interviews, and soundtracks. I even own a bootleg of Y Kant Tori Read, the infamous 80's soft rock band Tori formed three years before Little Earthquakes. Y Kant Tori Read was as Tori has described it, "a failed record company" but the original record is a collector's gold mine.

I was in Bath a few months when my parents called with a message from MTV. I talked to a producer called Jack. That night I had blown it. Jack explained that they wanted to do an episode for the MTV show "How long are you in England?"

Tori and her friends had sent a dvd of the show to MTV. The girl with the wine was... My sister asked, "Are you sure she was already a groupie?"

"Till December," I said. "I don't know," the girl said, "I listen to and appreciate other musicians, especially female musicians such as Dar Williams, Beth Orton, Eliza Carthy, yet none of them have had the same affect on me as Tori. None of them could. There's something different about Tori's music, something I can't fully articulate.

Over the years, I have slowly amassed more than forty Tori Amos CDs—the albums, singles, B-sides, bootlegs, interviews, and soundtracks. I even own a bootleg of Y Kant Tori Read, the infamous 80's soft rock band Tori formed three years before Little Earthquakes. Y Kant Tori Read was as Tori has described it, "a failed record company," but the original record is a collector's gold mine.

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Late Nite, you can bet they'll be Hasselhoff are not valued guests, Roker, William Shatner, and David national. And now that Conan and theumph the Dog.

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hop (without success because he lost

show.

so much because he has accom-

mory from some Denison resi-

plans to see Conan's show always

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ny was crushed when we were told

meet the man behind the magic. My

was/when it happened to walk by where

looking in my direction, that he

grant me permission to be in

the audience and go backstage after

Conan never came.

That same vacation I took a
tour of NBC Studios and got to see
Studio 6A in its entire splendor and
glory. It's almost celestial because
the suns, moons and stars that
adorn the studio. It seems that my
plans to see Conan's show always
fall through. Perhaps it's a sign that
I didn't meet him. Maybe I would
say the wrong thing or trip over
something. And yet, I don't think I'll
give up. Mark my words: I will
meet Conan O'Brien, and there will
be firewalls.

In the meantime, there is hope
for us all: Conan and Andy do tours
across the US and on college cam-
puses. Why not Denison? It's some-
ting to think about, and if you stay
up to watch O'Brien's late-nite mas-
tepiece, I guarantee it will be a de-

Conan

(Continued from page 15)

staying up late not to party nor to do
homework but to watch Conan O'Brien. I'm even responsible for
my sisters, my roommate, and my
mom loving him. I like the company,
but I really don't need any company
when watching Conan. I just want
others to see what this guy could get
away with on national television.

Conan's wrestled gators, cri-
tiqued art, conversed with Bill
Clinton and Don King, tried to hip-
-hop (without success because he lost
his pants), traveled with Andy in his
desk (it becomes a car, you see, and,
and... oh! you just have to see it) and
met Ozzy Osborne. And what
forget the infamous stare-down con-
tests that take place or special guests
like the Masterbating Bears or Tri-
umph the Dog.

I suppose I look up to Conan
so much because he has accom-
plished so much (Laura, just keep
telling yourself that one day you'll
meet Ozzy). This guy makes ve-

erable, transparent, and educa-
tional. And now that Conan and
the gang are into their sixth year with
Late Nite, you can begin to see
booking guests that no one will want
to miss. That's not to say that Al
Roker, William Shatner, and David
Hasselhoff are not valued guests,
but who wouldn't want to see Joseph
Fiennes or Gillian Anderson on the show.

From all of this you're prob-
ably wondering how many times I've
been to New York City just to see
the taping of Conan's show. Unfor-
thunately, I haven't fulfilled this
dream. I have been very, very close
but no cigar. For instance, while in
NYC last year for Thanksgiving, my
sister and I were determined to get
tickets to Late Nite with Conan O'Brien.
We got up early to get stand-by tickets and we received
pretty good numbers. The adrenaline
was pumping and the anticipation
increased. Finally, I thought, I would
meet the man behind the magic. My
hope was crushed when we were told
there was no room for any standby
guests. I kept hoping that if Conan
O'Brien had happened to walk by where
we were waiting and just happened to
look in my direction, that he
would grant me permission to be in
the audience and go backstage after
the show. Conan never came.

DURP

(Continued from page 17)

summer programs and other group activities for which people
depend on 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-clot. After checking room
for a few seats, an antiquated com-
puter, and DURP's ever-expanding
environmental research library, two
occupants would probably cause a
fire hazard. Maximum possible oc-
cupancy (making use of handling packing techniques) is about five.

DURP often contends with un-
familiarity, and in some cases, anti-
mority from some Denison resi-
dents. Both general promotion of
recycling practices and DURP's
other efforts toward public aware-
ness have resulted in the 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
the victim of a drive-by-can-
ning. Sarah Lechner, a vocal and
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
in the room, it typifies a sort of resent-
ment with which DURP members
must sometimes deal. People don't
always appreciate having their en-
vironmental shortcomings pointed
out. Despite these problems, DURP
thrive-still-collecting, sorting, and
recycling for all the residents of
Conan's cheery little campus. Though
sometimes bitter about
recycling bin nastiness, DURP
members are generally optimistic toward 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 con-
sciousness pointed out. Indeed, it is best expressed by its mem-
bers and leadership. "It adds up if you're being green," and it all
adds up if you're helping," says Sa-

Lechner. 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
impact, with the benefit of the
and the more militant sides of DURP
find a common ideological keynote
in the official DURP slogan, "Rec-
ycle or Die?" The preferred method
of execution? Death by DURP juice.

Conor O'Brien was the summer home to the
Lucas Court. The castle's gout-
field is now used by the
Turkish Army for artillery practice.

As a change of pace, we take the
hourly bus to the Belvedere
Mountains to Gazimagusa. Along
the way, we stop for a photo-op of
sheep grazing in a meadow. As
I check out a angle for a shot with
my camera, Dan asks if I can chase
the sheep. Remembering a bad
experience with a sheep several years
ago, I tell him to leave the sheep
alone. We both look up in time to
see Rob already in hot pur-

pact." Finally, both the benevolent
and environmental shortcomings pointed
out. Despite these problems, DURP
thrive-still-collecting, sorting, and
recycling for all the residents of
Conan's cheery little campus. Though
sometimes bitter about
recycling bin nastiness, DURP
members are generally optimistic toward 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 con-
sciousness pointed out. Indeed, it is best expressed by its mem-
bers and leadership. "It adds up if you're being green," and it all
adds up if you're helping," says Sa-

Lechner. 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
impact, with the benefit of the
and the more militant sides of DURP
find a common ideological keynote
in the official DURP slogan, "Rec-
ycle or Die?" The preferred method
of execution? Death by DURP juice.

"You've come a long way,"
DURP's Coordinator and expanded services
students, even though they pass bins
where it is clearly spelled out. In one
extreme case, a DURP member was
the victim of a drive-by-can-
ning. Sarah Lechner, a vocal and
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
in the room, it typifies a sort of resent-
ment with which DURP members
must sometimes deal. People don't
always appreciate having their en-
vironmental shortcomings pointed
out. Despite these problems, DURP
thrive-still-collecting, sorting, and
recycling for all the residents of
Conan's cheery little campus. Though
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ycle or Die?" The preferred method
of execution? Death by DURP juice.

"You've come a long way,"
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.
Friendship a Modem Away, sigh
AOL alters Denison social scene

By Chris Million

After my classes, I head for 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), free 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, imnsho, <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 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.
wdub 91.1fm
Denison University
Granville, OH

Because commercial radio
still sucks.