Among the Spirits

buxton inn seance
barney hall phantoms
beatty’s presidential bid
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.
During my six semesters as editor of MoYO, I have attempted to use this space as an introduction to the magazine rather than a paper and ink platform. One objective of my tenure has been the production of a publication with one foot rooted in the local—an interview with Michelle Myers—and the other dangling near Jupiter—Dutch male prostitutes—maintaining a balance unique among Denison media. In order to achieve this balance, I have oftentimes been as much steward as editor, sacrificing time on and space for my articles to prune and shape the work of others, placing their thoughts and concerns and those of the magazine above my own. Although the full title is Mind of Your Own, I enjoy obscuring my opinions and allowing an issue to speak for itself. My reasons are threefold. One, the publication’s timetable is longer than that of other campus media; when an issue reaches a student’s hands, the incidents or concerns upon which I may comment—the same ones filling the pages of The Denisonian or squeezed into the Bullsheet at the moment of composition—have been forgotten, regardless of whether anything has been resolved. Two, I write for a very narrow segment of the populace—most dining hall denizens pick up MoYO for the pictures (although Exile may have us beat this time) or to cloak the turkey cutlet—and those of you who look forward to an issue’s release either share my views or do not deserve additional didacticism. Three, four years is too short a time to correct an institution’s ills, especially when these same problems are entrenched in Western culture, perhaps all human culture, and will continue to affect our lives after graduation. Since this is my final issue, however, I will cast aside tradition and offer a trite, if not obvious response to everything ranging from paper waste to racism.

Most of Denison’s problems exist within individuals as much as within the institution. Focus on yourself for a change; point a finger if it helps. The University has committed its series of blunders. I admit. After all, Denison is an institution that publishes the presence of a paper-saving measure—a small, pegboard kiosk—by printing out two thousand flyers to stuff into student mailboxes. OK, the flyers are half a page, costing the world a mere thousand sheets of paper, but they could occupy only a quarter of a page, conserving even more trees, couldn’t they?

A better question: why am I expressing this eco-awareness when the same two thousand flyers were discarded upon the floor of Slayter? Instead of complaining about paper cups in the dining hall and essays being printed on both sides of the page, try not littering in the student union, cleaning your mailbox by casting a pile of Xeroxed, multicolored offal on the floor. Instead of signing petitions and staging rallies, trying to talk students of other races, other creeds into the fray, I write it—social classes, getting to know people as individuals, not as symbols. We, the student body, including myself, can lessen problems of segregation by making an effort at interacting. And this interaction might also cause us to acknowledge a slew of overlooked problems—the treatment of and attitudes towards women, both students and faculty; classicism as thick as an Abercrombie sweater, just as omnipresent; and the persistent, almost socially accepted and rarely punished, prejudice shown towards homosexuals. Take some personal responsibility.

Of course, you who really care are doing what I’ve suggested and will continue to do so. You don’t need the media serving as a moral compass. And the rest? They are content to get their degree and get the hell out, enjoying the pleasures the place provides and having no regrets. They are like a professor I know who read the latest campus bulletin concerning the Wingless Angels in front of his class, mocking the victim’s feelings of being “violated,” saying this incident would be regarded as joke twenty years ago, when he claimed, as proof of the before mentioned group’s frivolity, a minister of the BSU was Wielder of the Naughty Knob. Of course, the liberal, sarcastic pissant in me wants to write something about assaulting area coordinators and harassing first year women being a real barrel of laughs, but—and this is truly disappointing—not one of us believes I am right. Perhaps we lose site of our educational goals and let passions get the better of pragmatism. Perhaps we need to relax before exercising personal responsibility. Think before reacting.

Since this magazine is dedicated to free thinking and creative expression, I leave you the above harangue without guilt, bolstered by the feeling I have finally come close to capturing the spirit of MoYO, loud and loose. Since this is a last hurrah of sorts, I yield to a further indulgence and mention my muse, my critic, my love Alison Stine. She is a new Eve who seized the apple, ate it whole, and not for a second felt shame. To her I dedicate this issue. As for the nature of its contents, decide for yourself. After all, you have a mind of your own.

Paul Durica, Editor-in-Chief

The More You Resist, Babe, the More It Excites Me
support for Beatty’s bid
by D. Fisher

"Vixon was so bad that he could get innocent people in to politics, but Clinton is bad in a way that will get all worse because there will be no year 2000, except for moronic and pimpish political junkies with no pulse...."

—Dr. Hunter S. Thompson in 1994

I t’s Aug. 23, 1999. The first day of classes at our illustrious campus are a mere week away. As we all continue longing with the remaining time or scramble to end our final week with monumental experiences and lasting memories, the political scene is in its ceaseless state of flux. At this particular moment, there is no news—reporting there will be no year 2000, except for moronic and pimpish political junkies with no pulse. Meanwhile, the party’s likely nominee, Texas governor George W. Bush, is, in the other body, paying a heavy price for much-too-careful voters to quietly, direct answers to questions about his possible history of cocaine use. All of this comes hot on the coattails of the Iowa Straw Poll.

Taking their name from the idea that by throwing a piece of straw into the air one will determine which way the wind blows, the Iowa Straw Poll is the only way possible to communicate the feelings of the electorate for candidates for office by presenting the results of a small, representative sample of the state. The Iowa Straw Poll, held in Ames, is a baroque gala in honor of the Republican Party and the folks clashing for the contingent’s presidential nomination. Candidates are all given chances to speak and rally support in a carnival-like setting, and at the end of the whole extravaganza, the results of the straw poll are pounced upon, imagined, and manipulated.

I imagine the Granville Fourth of July festival with a few more people, a few more snack shacks, and organized voting for GOP presidential nominee candidates. Watching CNN’s extensive coverage of the Iowa Straw Poll showed anything to liberals like myself, this aforementioned roller coaster of a campaign.

The Right certainly has the options open again for every run-of-the-mill candidate like George W. or Dan Quayle, the GOP has some sexy alphas—like Newt Gingrich and Mike Pence—or intriguing competitors like Mrs. Dole and John McCain. The Democratic nominees are no longer the theme. There are a whole lot of people who are on the fence about who they are going to vote for in November and are likely to have to grudgingly settle for Gore or Bradley as the nominee, they wouldn’t necessarily be satisfied with them.

As a liberal, I’ve found it difficult to late to determine any Democrat I would really want to cozy up to. "Is it too much to hope that some forceful, dynamic liberal like Al Gore, or Gary Hart isn’t going to step forward," I found myself thinking after being impressed by his 1998 film Aulkworth and the electrifying—albeit fictional—profile of the title character. So when The New York Times reported on August 12th that the man once asked to play the president in 1987’s "The Right Stuff" was considering announcing a run for the part in 2000, I was somewhat excited. "I fear we’re getting closer to a plutocracy than we want to,” Beatley told
The Haunting of Barney Hall

mysteries of the by luc ward
fourth floor revealed

The theater was as dark as baby Jessica’s well, the only image visible to the audience was the calm, grainy face of Mick Jagger as he pointed his laser pistol at Emilio Estevez. I sat alone in the front row, so I believed, until I felt a warm breath down the side of my neck. One of those warm breaths that makes your skin feel like sandpaper, I turned my head to examine the breath’s source, and there she was. Eyes like a Monet painting—sof t, tender colors, beautifully blended. Ears calling out for you to lean towards effervescent, smooth cartilage and whisper, “I like your ears,” or, “Are you of legal age?” and hair that made you want to go out and buy tampons.

As I admired my new guest, she presented me with a black box and before I could ask her name, she vanished. Unfastening the box, I discovered a badly neglected pair of dentures. Suddenly, the woman returned and after a quick scuffle with a peer. Donnelly, a student who perished after falling down a flight of stairs, the end result of a scuffle with a peer.

“How unfortunate,” remarked my photographer, one Devlin Boyle. “The name or the death?”

Neither. I was marking about your burned-off eyebrows.”

After finishing our research we began our assignment with several interviews of various area locals.

“So what do you think of the specter who haunts the fourth floor of Barney hall?”

Before the first local could answer, a car swerved off the road and struck him, smashing his body into a brick wall. “And what about you, do you believe in the ghost of Barney hall?”

“OH MY GOD! MY HUSBAND!!!”

The third local we interviewed entered into a long tirade concerning the idiocy of people who believe in ghosts and any sort of afterlife. I can’t be sure what his conclusions were because my attention span wandered from his words to the scene in William when Kevin Pollack falls in love with a cat.

“We continued our journey to Barney hall to spend the night and meet this apparent apparition. As we reached the fourth floor I noticed the first sign of our ghost—a strange, spongy object attached to my jacket.

“Luc, I think that’s the spleen of the first guy we interviewed.”

“And the red ectoplasm all over your head is his blood.”

Actually, no. Somebody put strawberry syrup in my hair tonic.” Devlin dropped his camera and pointed at the end of the hall. “Look a safe.”

My photographer was correct in his observation. Built into the wall of the fourth floor was a safe, looking as old and impenetrable as a Jean Renoir film. After several weak attempts to open it, we realized the task required some sort of explosive. I sent Devlin to retrieve his asthma inhaler and a sharp object, while I looked around for anything helpful at hand. Or anything from a higher plane.

The ghost I was looking for had been one of the first students at this illustrious institution. He had been caught in a whorehouse, had received a restraining order in connection with the girl’s college, and had died defending himself from an accusation of theft. Since Francis’s demise, reports have been circulating about his ghost appearing on the fourth floor and throwing fruit at an occasional passerby on the walkway outside Barney.

“What fruit?” I asked myself just before hearing the deafening pop of Devlin puncturing his asthma inhaler with a pen.

I ran over to find the safe intact but sporting a large dent, with Devlin unconscious beside it, minus both his hands. Ignoring his injuries, I grabbed a large sledgehammer conveniently lying in the middle of the hallway and worked the dent into a hole, obtaining access to this mysterious safe. I crawled inside and found myself surrounded by stacks and stacks of money.

“What is going on here?”

“Getting yourself into lots of trouble.”

I turned around to see the all too familiar face of my editor painted white. He wore a black spandex jumpsuit with a picture of Marvin the Martian ironed onto the front. “What are you wearing?”

“I spilled coffee on the white sheet with holes cut out for the eyes, and this was the next best thing. Now stand up.” I noticed he was holding a gun.

“So now comes the part when you explain why there is all this money in the safe, and basically what the hell is going on here.”

“Well, actually, I was just going to shoot you, but since you ask, I’ve been embezzling all of the money from the DCGA by convincing them to grant me much more funding.”

After a quick investigation, I learned the identity of the apparition who wanders the halls of Barney—one Francis Donnelly, a student who perished after falling down a flight of stairs, the end result of a scuffle with a peer.
interview with Chet Snouffer by Chris Million

Chet Snouffer greeted me in jeans, sneakers, and an Adidas long-sleeved shirt. A well-built fellow standing about 5'10”, he looked to be in his mid-thirties though he’s actually forty-three. He’s been throwing boomerangs in Ohio since his boyhood. Chet Snouffer has been the World Champion three times (’85, ’89, ’94), US National Champion eleven times (’83, ’87-’96), and US Open Champion five times (’92-’96). He was the President of the US Boomerang Association (USBA) for four years, and is now a member of the USBA board. He holds a number of World Records in his sport and has been featured on “PM Magazine,” ESPY’s “Amazing Games,” CRN Nightly News, Australia’s “Who” Magazine, MTV Sports, Sports Illustrated, Men’s Fitness, and Ohio Magazine. He has a resonant voice and a warm handshake. Chet lives in Delaware, Ohio, on the bank of the Olentangy River, with his wife and two children.

MoYO: I wanted to start by talking about the origin and history of boomerangs. How old are they? What can you tell me about their development?

Chet: Well, the oldest boomerangs are about 12,000 to 15,000 years old. The earliest found pieces were in Europe, Australia, and northern Africa. The boomerang movement has come in waves. The first surge was around 1900. There was a four blade for backyard play that Victorian ladies caught with nets. Then, in the 1950s it was around 1900. There was a four blade for backyard play that went, only 18 would be selected for the teams. So we were trying to beat each other, but because of that, we were training together there and we divided up the teams randomly. And then we’ve got... um... Aaron McGuire, a Kent State grad, a track athlete, built like a horse—we didn’t expect him to end up on the team, but they thought, “he’s got...”

Continued on page 17
Night in Nine

Seance in Buxton stirs more than spirits

by Paul Durica
Photos by Devin Boyle

Your room, sir? The girl behind the desk asks the question twice before I take notice of her, a friendly smile, a striped smock and colonial-style dress. She is meant to be a flesh and blood image of the past, but like all such images she looks a dyed hair or a piercing where one would not expect it, and the illusion wanes. I can help but wonder if she wears leather after work. “Your room?”

I’m standing at the front desk of the Buxton Inn, staring at a photograph of a post propagandist, a genial old man resembling Rockefeller. His name was Major Buxton; Major was his Christian name and not a military designation. He died in 1900. From time to time, he appears by the dining room fireplace, warming his hands; sometimes only the hands appear. I glance at the fireplace and see three porcelain cats.

“Nine,” I tell the girl.

“Room nine?” She gives me a look, the look needed in this type of story. After all, this is a ghost story, and must follow the form, beginning with calm and peace and becoming tense with each subtle move. She gives me a knowing look, rich in sinister import, but I know what she will say and respond for her. “Yes, the haunted room.”

Although the Buxton prides itself on being “Ohio’s oldest continuously operated Inn in its original building,” as even the souvenir matchbook claims, its long-term inhabitants intrigue me more than any bit of architectural history. As the Inn’s multiple copies of Hammont Ohio II, only eleven dollars apiece, attest, attachment to things past rests on more than the strength of its timbers. One can say the Inn is also Ohio’s oldest continuously haunted inn in its original building. No less than three former owners stalk the narrow halls, as well as a slew of nameless spirits and an undead cat. The spirit whose activities are best documented is Ethel “Bonnie” Bourel, who ran the Inn from 1934 until her death in 1960. She is known as the woman in blue, and room number nine, her former room, her place of death, is where I plan to rest my head this evening.

Her hands me key and wishes me a pleasant sleep.

My plan is simple: rent the haunted room, invite over some associates to conduct a seance, and see what happens. If the spirits is true, I can still write about my associate’s reactions, their attitudes towards death and the beyond. My biggest obstacle—how to get them all into the room without arousing suspicion, we are rowdy college students—is quickly solved; room nine has an outside entrance, a rickety set of stairs leading to the second floor and my door. As I turn the key in the lock and push open the door, I sniff the air for the scent of gardenias, the traditional marker of Bonnie’s presence. A certain floral sweetness fills the room, but it attributes to the can of air freshener from the ever-present bathroom. I notice a curious stain circular the toilet and damp to the touch, but it seems more the product of poor plumbing than anything.

Regardless of the television and refrigerator, the coffee maker and complimentary minis, the two chairs pos-

seas a Victorian flair. Ottoman chairs, stiff sofas, and thick wood dressers surround me, devoting most of the space.

A rose leaf border appears hand-painted; the beds are high off the floor and, when I recline upon one, I am turned by my feet poking over the end. I have never had greater empathy for Abe Lincoln.

The Odeons were kind enough to leave a Bible on the vanity and I mark Psalm twenty-three with a pencil. On the bedside table, I arrange the articles necessary for conducting a proper seance: two white candles, for the front and back of the room, a glass of water, paper and pen in a box for direct writing, and additional paper for automatic writing. I also remove my microcassette recorder and place it on the table; it will serve as my seance journal. To my disappointment, none of the tables are round, but I intend to solve this problem after dinner. I check myself over in the closet mirror; my clothes are black, natural, and my friends will later remark upon a passing resemblance to David Copperfield. With a swift flick of the wrist, I lock the door behind me and disappear down the back steps.

I decide to dine in the basement tavern and order the beef stew and a beer. I have to be necessary in order to conduct a proper seance; the physical energy provided by food is translated into psychic energy upon the table. I order a carpet, abandonment from alcohol beverages is also suggested, but I am willing to take my chances on this point.

The basement of the Buxton, its rafters festooned with cobwebs and green and red lights, once served as the bedroom and dining room of passing coachmen. Some of them still visit, playing an invisible hand on a dinner’s shoulder or helping themselves to what is on tap. The only ghosts I observe derive from my past. The plastic tablecloth decorated with a curtain carriage, the dark, wood furniture, garish lighting, and endless renditions of “Gloria” and “Nine to Five” conjure up images of the materials related to séances and the haunted history of the Inn. We are to begin by joining hands—left palm up, right down—and taking three breaths to steady the nerves. A recitation of the Lord’s Prayer seals the psychic circle and serves as protection against malevolent spirits. I am taken in, a cat runs past the glass window, and the part of I see, the second of swift motion, gives me a start. I believe it was not black but the color of circles. I look back at my papers and am startled once again by three boys on bicycles riding past the glass and yelling as only children can. I glance at my watch and ask for the check.

The last time I dined at the Buxton I was seated with a party of four in the atrium; September night air cooled our meals and made the candle on the table flicker. My party seemed more concerned with the state of the wine bottle than with the various invocations and a pen scratching paper, automatic writing by the Poet. On the tape, she insists the source is a pressure on her elbow; my right hand rests on her left, but I do not move it. And if she tells the truth, then who

1980s and my own harrowing youth. When the check arrives—a bill not ordered among the listed items—the specter of Reagonomics descends, and I am grateful for the light and warmth of the first floor. Time does seem to stand still at the Buxton, but in terms of decades, not centuries.

I take my desert in a dining room with a glass ceiling and walls, offering a view of one of the garden’s many fountains. I eat a gingerbread cake smothered in warm apple pie and a cup of coffee while reading out from number nine, the genuine haunted room, my room. A strange form of serendipity, I wonder.

My guests arrive in one car, six in total, counting my photographer. The séance must have a gender balance, and so I have invited two more men—whom I will call the Playboy and the Artist and three women—the Texan, the Activist, and the Poet. A few of them dressed as instructed—drab colors, muted grays, black, and brown;—the Artist wears neon orange pants, visible from my place on the terrace and sure to attract attention from more than disembodied spirits. I wave them over to the stairs and bid them silent with a finger raised to my lips. Inside room nine—of the door locked and the blinds on all the windows draw...
moves her hand? Long before we reach this stage, I outline the story that the participants set up and the distinctions that are best made. The Poet, sitting on the sofa, the Activist and the Playboy sit on the floor. First, we decide on which of the two chambers to use. The Playboy asks for the death room, but I tell him I'm not sure in which room Bonnie breathed her last. The stories do not provide such details. We select the larger room and move the only table that will work—a small, angular beds

The chandelier hanging over the bed and the wall-length mirror squeezed between two windows in the room where we convene. From what he has read, the Playboy says the presence of mirrors is important; his remark reminds me of the childhood Bloody Mary game, but out of ignorance I agree with him. I put the glass of water, and paper and pen fill the table. The Photographer makes himself a cup of coffee; he seems satisfied this arrangement will work, I tell them what to expect.

Before beginning, we must agree upon whom we will contact and who will be as spirit guide. The spirit guide is an entity friendly to the participants—a deceased relative, for example—and intercedes on their behalf, bridging the world of the living and the dead. The participants must remain focused on the name of the spirit guide throughout the seance in order to maintain the connection. Since I am serving as the conductor, I choose my great-grandfather as the spirit guide, hoping to God he won’t be offended, cantankerous Scotsman that he is. Our desire is to reach the spirit of Bonnie Bounell—although the Playboy seems quite keen on channeling the dead cat—and my great-grandfather, we hope, will bring her to us.

At 10:00 PM the Photographer turns off the lights, and I tell my friends to join hands, shut their eyes, and take three deep breaths. I recite the Lord's Prayer and, after a pause, the Point of Light Prayer (another protective gesture) and the Twenty-third Psalm. Between the latter two, I instruct the participants to visualize a white light rotating counterclockwise around our circle; after seeing the light circle several times, they are to imagine it swirling into the center and funneling up into the air. After the prayers, I tell them to focus on the name of our spirit guide and wait. A seance is intended to last two hours, with most of the interesting ac-

The stories do not provide such details. In which room Bonnie breathed her last. The Geldert Inn concerns her. His argument passed around the circle and back to me, it is a palpable entity. We all open our eyes and thảm back in our chairs, sofas, on the bed. The Poet gets up to turn on the lights, and the Activist switches off the record player. The Photographer and Artist go out onto the terrace to smoke.

After a short break, in which the Photographer makes himself a cup of coffee, we convene to discuss the shortcomings of our initial effort. The Playboy believes we selected the wrong room; some of the others, he feels more of a presence in the first room. He now believes this is where Bonnie died; I tell him about the air freshener and the Twenty-third Psalm. Prayer and, after a pause, the Point of Light Prayer correctly this time; according to her, I omitted three verses. I tell the group to remain focused on our spirit guide. The Activist asks me for the middle name of my great-grandfather, and I tell her I don’t re-
member it. The Poet asks me if his middle initial was A; something tells her it was. I tell her I don’t know her, and that she’s making an attempted invocation. She asks, “Is there anyone out there who wishes to communicate with us?”

Forty minutes pass before we hear a low, guttural noise, coming from the floor and moving towards us. At this point, I laugh. The sound: the Photographer’s snore.

Phobia or Philia? student questions prejudices against spectre

by Kim Curry

I've never been afraid of ghosts, although I know quite a few people who are. I even know people who are afraid of them who they’ve never encountered in person. The difference is, I have; the first time was right after my birth. Try as I might, I can’t come up with any other explanation for my experiences. I don’t want to believe I’m not scared. In fact, I’m fascinated by ghost stories, especially my own, and according to my mother I always have been.

We lived at #1 Badener Strasse in Bitburg, Germany. Our home was the second story of a large house owned by Hans Alff. It had been converted into a small apartment. After I was born, my father and my mother would take turns getting up in the middle of the night to feed me. My mother, being the lucky person she got weeknights, and my father got the weekends. Almost from the very beginning, my mother noticed something that frightened her when she awoke to fix my nighttime bottles. She assumed the presence was my father, but whenever she turned around no one was there. Things continued this for over a week before she said anything to my father. He also felt watched and was aware of the same presence. Years later, when I asked them why they didn’t say anything sooner, they said they both felt silly. But there were things from so long before they talked about what they were experiencing, what they experienced changed.

At first my parents only noticed small noises in addition to being watched, so they assumed they were being silly again. They were both a little shaken, so they started talking to me at night while they were up, and sometimes take me to their bedrooms while they fed me. Or they both got up with me. Safety in numbers, they believed.

After a while, they noticed more than noises. Occasionally, a small waft of perfume, the type an older “grandmother” type wear, hung heavy in the air. My mother didn’t wear that kind of perfume (though she surely will someday), and it certainly wasn’t my father’s. Then they started noticing more and admitted, more frightening things. When my parents would leave the apartment and return several hours later, the window blinds would be in a different position. The stereo would be set on a speed of 78. My parents were going to forget the window blind incidents because maybe it was a phase. One day, however, the stereo would be set on a speed of 78, let alone play anything. By this time my parents were pretty unsettled, but that, too, would change. My parents talked about what they thought, but the stereo could not be explained by a memory slip or negligence. They didn’t even record that the stereo was at a speed of 78, let alone play anything.

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eyes and look around for a sign of another presence. The Playboy notices the flame flares and flickers without any other presence. The Playboy asks Bonnie to make one candle flare if the answer is "yes" and both candles flare if the answer is "no," and instruct each participant to ask a question. I ask the first question. "Bonnie, are you happy?" asks the Playboy, and receives one flare. The Poet follows me. "Bonnie, are we alone?" One flare.

The Poet follows me. "Bonnie, is she right-handed or left-handed?" she says. The force, which now seems to bind our group together, feels concentrated in my wrist and elbow. I feel the urge to write. I take the pen and pull the paper near, but nothing happens. I hand the pen to the Poet, and she writes. At first, the pen crawls along, and then the strokes broaden and lengthen. Nothing but lines appear, but the Poet insists they are trying to take form. Someone or something is trying to write "the..." or perhaps a name. She feels the words in the pen. The Playboy asks Bonnie if she is right- or left-handed and watches the flame. He is convinced there is something trying to write a pattern. I see three letters, the first and last corresponding to the name of the woman who made the impression of the table. The Poet supports his sigil scrying in the pen. He believes something is trying to communicate with him.

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As this point, my recording of events becomes garbled. The Activist's memory is fading. I ask about the garbled recording, and if this accounted for the odd movement of the flame. We allow the image to form in my own mind, before reciting the Twenty-third Psalm and shutting the Bible. I declare the seance at a close, and the Photographer switches on the light. The force, which now seems to bind our group together, feels concentrated in my wrist and elbow. I feel the urge to write. I take the pen and pull the paper near, but nothing happens. I hand the pen to the Poet, and she writes. At first, the pen crawls along, and then the strokes broaden and lengthen. Nothing but lines appear, but the Poet insists they are trying to take form. Someone or something is trying to write with the pen and pull the paper near, but nothing happens.

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Bonnie ing in films rife with political commentaries. "Of Michael J. Pollard's liberation-by-civil rights, Beatty has expressed the vision of American democracy.

Bulworth tells the tale of neo-con-servative, Democratic senator Jay Billington Bulworth and his confrontation with his own dishonesty, namely the loathsome manner in which his campaign's financing and his participation in the American Carpet Party's duplicity in regards to the African-American community.

Ironically, these feelings are aroused after he takes a contract on his own life, but Bulworth is soon liberated by the realization that speaking the truth, even a little bit of the truth that Jay Genetti of the Washington Post finds shocking, should be taken seriously, especially when one considers the slow and lazy entertainers who have achieved political office (test we forget Ronald Reagan, Sonny Bono, Fred Doppelganger, "the Body" Ventura, Bill Bradley, and so on). So those who believe in the possibility—Lloyd Grove of The Nation—would not consider joining a lowdown scum-sucker like...

I interrupted Devon by shooting him in the face.

"Now the only thing we have to worry about is the article.

"The article," the editor laughed and put his arm around my shoulder. "Don't worry about that. I mean, who's gonna believe it anyway?"

Barney Ghost

Continued from page 5

than necessary for my various front activities, like MoYo, Exile, and the David Hasselhoff Impersonation Club. I have been known to use the coupons I get in the mail scaring away would-be-steepers with this ghost routine.

"Why then did you assign me this story?"

"I didn't. I thought I assigned it to my accomplice, Muzelli. Oh, well, now you do!"

"NO!" cried Devon as he leapt up to grab the gun and save the day. Because he didn't have any hands, he missed completely and collided with the wall behind Edward G. Tackling advantage of the distraction, I threw the sleigh northeast at our finest political artist. Bulworth also stands as the perfect return to those Scottish and电缆ated about the candidacy of Warren Beatty: if Warren Beatty the Man could bring him with him to the office of the presidency and his lifestyle, the character would make us assume otherwise, then his interest in the office should be met with gravity and advocacy.

But just how serious is the Oscar winner about actually entering the race for the presidency? Well, by and large, Bulworth is soon liberated by the loathsomeness of his campaign's financing and his participation in the American Carpet Party's duplicity in regards to the African-American community.

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Boomerang Boy

Continued from page 9

potential—if we put him on team three, he won't feel any pressure, so we'll put him on team one and see how he handles the pressure and he kicked butt, so within the first day, we kind of gave up on the idea that we'd get somebody who's going to keep it up, instead of going back and forth. "The article?" the editor laughed and put his arm around my shoulder. "Don't worry about that. I mean, who's gonna believe it anyway?"

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Chet: Yeah. I went to all those championships that we mentio...I'm surprised to be in Columbia now, but one of my teammates was going to go for ten days, and there was a lot of war and unrest down there, so I decided not to go. It sounded a little dangerous—the state department issued warnings. We go to Australia in February and then around the country with my speaking, so you get to see a lot.

MoYO: That's awesome. But it wasn't always like that.

Chet: No, but since '81 it's taken me all over the world—I've travelled across the world to find out what it is. I've got some friends in Europe and Asia. I've travelled the world, but it's been a way to see a lot of places. I've gone—Australia, New Zealand, and so on. Before that, before the '80s, when I was a kid, I threw in my field. No tournaments, I didn't know anyone else who threw boomerangs. I liked it because it was a bit of a challenge for me.

MoYO: Yeah, I wondered how you and your brother came across it.

Chet: I read an article in a book, a Reader's Digest book. I just thought this was really cool. There was a pattern at the time where they were calling it my passport to the world. It was for this big hunting boomerang. It was about half the kinda side-arm pitch and they went upppppp and came swooping back to us. I said, "This is unbelievable!" So I set up the competition at which I could compete, and I reached out to the kids. I've found other sponsors, boomerang throwing is always individual, but we've got National, we've got World Championship, we've got Tiger Woods of the boomerang world, and we'll still be poor. [laughs] "Man, we missed it by that much!" We feel like we're kind of paving the way, and even if boomerangs don't take off...well, boomerangs are so unique, I have a hard time seeing it becoming as popular as soccer or something. I mean, nobody will tell you golf is an exciting game, but one of the reasons golf is so hugely popular is that most people know a certain amount of fame. Chet: It's funny, because there are always opportunities. The biggest perk of winning was the opportunity to go somewhere else. When I travel to schools, the kids ask me, "Are you rich?" I always say, "No, I'm rich in experience. I've been places, I have a certain amount of fame, people want to teach that fame and fortune do not go hand in hand. But you're right, sometimes we think, "Where's Oakley or Nike for sponsorship?" And the only way to get that air time, usually, is sponsorship. So, sometimes you have to be willing to sell your soul for that. If you want to be sponsored, you realize you have to offer boomerangs indoors. And I've turned those down because of my own convictions. I've found other sponsors because of that. We joke that our kids, like Cody, have been out to me, but it's worth it, because boomerangs are unique, and we'll still be poor.

MoYO: What do you think of these other extreme sports, outside of the mainstream?

Chet: If I'm watching mountain biking or skateboarding or BMX biking on ESPN 2, I feel like it's a very parallel universe to our sport. It's a world of its own. There are a lot of our top players in their thirties or forties, like myself, and we're still competitive, but we're not going to be there for ten more years. Our young guys just don't have the experience yet. We've got a great team this year though. It'll be tough, because they don't have any weaknesses. Chet: What is the atmosphere like at the US Nationals?

MoYO: What is the atmosphere like at the US Nationals?

Chet: What is the atmosphere like at the US Nationals?

MoYO: What is the atmosphere like at the World Championships?

Chet: What is the atmosphere like at the World Championships?

MoYO: What is the atmosphere like at the World Championships?

Chet: Obviously, we're just trying to get in the Olympics. We pitched really hard to get boomerangs in the Olympics in Australia. When you're the only world champion, you can add a sport. It didn't go through. Still, we do a lot of roadside appearances. We're traveling around the world, which is what we'd be doing if it were an Olympic sport. MoYO: What is the atmosphere like at the US Nationals?

Chet: It's really cool. I mean, I'm pretty focused, pretty centered, but most of the guys, even top competitors, are socializing. It's not cutthroat, you're talking to your buddies, congesting the park for good throws. I mean, I have people say, "You're little, they, you're not good enough." We don't hire referees. Each of us makes the calls for ourselves. It's that tough, because sometimes people abuse that, but they have to live with it, they have to work for it. They'll probably lose anyway, but if they win, they win knowing they cheated to get there. It puts a lot of responsibility on the part of the competitors. That's the spirit of the sport: it's your call.

MoYO: How is it different than the World Championships?

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things to try to make it circle. I tell them it's just like throwing a ball, or imagine a tomahawk. It's an overhand throw, like you're trying to throw a tomahawk into a tree. At first, the less you think about it, the better. I mean, keep the curved side facing you and throw it and see what happens. That's the easiest thing, instead of reading the directions, "90° to the right of the wind at 5° elevation" or whatever, because you're so paralyzed with data. If you know somebody who can throw, you'll be throwing in five minutes. I've taught all sorts of people, athletes and non-athletes, and given them feedback. But the boomerang gives you its own feedback, which is neat. It tells you what you did right away by the way it flies... but the thing is, just to do it. I mean, the main reason people don't succeed at things is because they're just afraid to try. We're afraid to fail so we just don't try. You have to get out there, believe in it, and make it happen.

I have further boomerang literature, including a boomerang catalogue. To learn more or order boomerangs, e-mail LeadingEdgeChet@compuserve.com.

Supernatural is Super-boring
Denison student non-plussed by multiple ghostly experiences
by Tom Hankinson

I was surprised when my editor said that lots of stories for the magazine this semester were going to be on ghosts. I have had numerous experiences with ghosts, and I can tell you, they are not that big a deal. For instance, the first time I saw a ghost was in third grade, when my mom was hanging up the laundry to dry. She had just got finished clipping all my underwear to the line with clothespins, and she was starting to hang up the sheets. My friend was there too; he was making fun of the red, white, and blue stars on my briefs. Then, suddenly, he became very quiet. My mother had hung one of the sheets on the line, and it started to move, seemingly of its own volition, roiling with some unseen force. My friend and I both felt a distinct chill, as if from the presence of some unearthly cold. Wow, I thought, is that all you've got, ghost? I mean, if supernatural beings are going to visit the corporeal world, you'd think they would at least do something cool.

Then, of course, there was the time in junior high when Bobby McOwen ran into the girls' locker room after gym class one day. He was gibbering and yowling like a banshee, and swooping around with his arms out. It made all the girls scream. Bobby almost got in trouble for it, but he told the principal he was actually possessed by some strange, disembodied spirit who craved a young, healthy body for its own devices. After that, we had to burn a bunch of fantasy books in the library for containing "occult references." That was pretty neat, but not big enough to deserve all the attention ghosts seem to get these days. Bobby was fine the next day, and the ghost never came back.

Finally, there is the biggest exposure I ever personally had to a ghost. I came back from summer vacation this year and was moving my stuff into the dorm room. When I came back from one trip to the car, there was a mysterious "person" sitting on my armchair. I asked him how he got in, and he said, "Through the walls, how do you think?" He didn't seem like a very exciting ghost; he just sat there on my chair and looked at me. Then he asked me if I had anything to eat, and I told him that ghosts weren't supposed to eat, because the food would fall through their "bodies" and stain things. He asked me to turn the lights on so he could read. Obviously, he didn't know ghosts have special powers over light fixtures. I don't blame him; the whole light-flickering thing seems overrated. I mean, if I was going to come back from the dead, I'd want more than just the strange ability to turn the lights on and off. I'd at least ask for a smooth ride, maybe a pale horse or something. But anyway, this guy definitely didn't know his stuff.

"Just what kind of a ghost are you?" I asked.

"A ghost that's going to kick your ass if you don't start making sense," he said. He never followed through on it.

Ghosts are all talk. In fact, he still lives with me. Claims he's my "roommate." Sometimes ghosts are just stupid, I guess. I mean, can't they get it through their insubstantial skulls: they're dead?

So I fail to see why everybody makes such a big deal. Ghosts are all over the place, and when you get right down to it, they're all talk. We should spend our journalistic time on more important issues, like cats. Those animals are the really scary thing, if you ask me. Ghosts I can handle, but I'd hate to be haunted by stupid cats.
I magining running more than 25 miles in sub-freezing weather with a wind chill of two degrees. Imagine also that you have trained for months in the rain, heat, and cold. Sound like fun? This is what Denison University psychology professor Rita Snyder does to relax. Dr. Snyder has run in the Columbus marathon for the last four years. One might expect Dr. Snyder to have run cross-country or track during her high school or college days but she did not. Snyder took up running only six years ago. She decided to start running one day when she was out for a walk. She slowly changed her stride from a walk to a run. Though she only ran a block, she describes the experience as one of the freer moments of her life. It was exhilarating. Running was a tremendous release. Soon after, she started running regularly.

Running a marathon is not something one can do without preparation. Those who do not prepare properly pay a price. Those who are unprepared have either injuries, are unable to finish, or both. When Dr. Snyder decided to run a marathon she went to the Granville Public Library and looked at many different books about marathon training. There are almost as many different training programs as there are books. The training program she uses stresses rest. She begins training for a marathon about five months before the run. Throughout her training, she runs about 50 miles per week. She does not care if people pass her nor does she glower over passing others. She never treats the marathon like a race. Snyder says, “Running a marathon is more like a social event than a race”.

As to how she prepares for the marathon, she maintains life is not lonely on the bike path. Along the bike path, there are birds, bullfrogs, and turtles on logs. She sometimes stops by a farm that has llamas (they do not spit!). Of course, there are also the other people that she passes on the bike path. She especially enjoys watching the seasons change. Though she may run alone, Dr. Snyder receives much support from her husband and other colleagues. She ran her first marathon with Susan Diduk. She ran her second marathon with communication professor Laurel Kennedy. She ran her third marathon with English professor Marlene Tromp. The latest marathon she ran by herself.

The marathon itself is a wonderful experience. Snyder finds it easier than training because of all of the people around. The social atmosphere at a marathon is supportive; however, the elemental atmosphere is not always so agreeable. Snyder says, “The marathon always seems to fall on the coldest day.” Even so, Snyder still stresses how fun the marathon is. She finds all sorts of interesting people with whom to talk during the marathon. She usually talks with people about kids, careers, or training for the marathon. Though the Columbus marathon is a relatively small marathon (only 4,000 - 5,000 people), there are fans along the entire route. Last year she finished with a time of 4:32:40, her best time yet. This time placed her in the middle of her age group. The best part is the participants get a medal for just finishing.

The most difficult aspect of the race for Dr. Snyder is seeing other people drop out because of injuries. Most people have the hardest time between 16 and 18 miles. She says if they are not crying they are near tears. These moments are very emotional because so much time has been invested in preparing for the run. Luckily, Dr. Snyder has only had one injury, and it did not prevent her from finishing the race. During last year’s marathon, she hurt her hamstring.

Denison’s marathon professor
by Chris Anderson

Denison’s marathon professor

Running a marathon is more like a social event than a race

Denison professor of psychology
and marathon runner Dr. Rita Snyder

What most impressed me when I talked to Dr. Snyder was the attitude she took towards running. She keeps a slow and steady pace (about an 11-minute mile while training). She does not care if people pass her nor does she glower over passing others. She never treats the marathon like a race. Snyder says, “Running a marathon is more like a social event than a race”. The true race is the hectic world outside of running. She does not keep a log and makes a point never to think about the psychology of running. Running is something she does to get in touch with a different aspect of herself. She runs for the sheer joy of it.