Among the Spirits

buxton inn seance
barney hall phantoms
beatty’s presidential bid
MIND OF YOUR OWN

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During my six semesters as editor of MoYO, I have attempted to use this space as an introduction to the magazine rather than as a paper and ink platform. One objective of my tenure has been to create a publication with one foot rooted in the local—a profile of 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 at times been more steward than editor, sacrificing my articles to prune and shape the work of others, placing their thoughts and concerns 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 timescale 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—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)—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, try talking to students of other races, other creeds—write to me—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, mockingly asking 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 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—part of me agrees with him. Perhaps we lose sight 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 free. 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

by D. Fisher

"Winston was so bad that he could get innocent people to the polls, but Clinton is bad in a way that will get all our votes, our votes will no doubt be won."

— Dr. Hunter S. Thompson in 1994

I t’s August 23, 1999. The first day of classes at our illustrious campus is a mere week away. As we all continuelogged with the remaining time or scramblerto end the final week with monumental experiences and lasting memories, the political scene is in its ceaseless flux of flux. At this precarious moment, the news is that Tennessee’s Lamar Alexander has abandoned his race for the Republican primary and thrown his hat into the ring. Meanwhile, the party’s likely nominee, Texas governor George W. Bush, is enjoying a heavy advantage, paying a heavy price for much-too-careful and inflexible direct answers to questions about his possible history of cocaine use. All of this comes hot on the coasts 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 will blow, national polls attempt to communicate the feelings of the electorate about candidates for office by presenting the results of a small, representative sample of the electorate. 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 determine who can call themselves a candidate. So when The New York Times reported on August 12th that the man once asked to play the president in Mars Attacks! was considering running for the top spot in the 2000 race, I found nothing wrong.

“I fear we’re getting closer to a plutocracy than we want to,” Beatty told me.

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The Haunting of Barney Hall
mysteries of the 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—soft, 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.

I opened the new container to reveal an elaborate compound screen that fuzzed-over before presenting the all too familiar face of the editor-in-chief of this magazine.

“Oh, Mazzetti, I have another assignment for you,” he spat out, his voice a mixture of Edward G. Robinson and the guy from Fat Albert who wore the lampshade.

“It’s Ward, sir. What’s going down?”

“No, no, Benetti. A spook, specter, spirit, ghost. I want a government assassin?”

“A government assassin?”

“Ah, Muzzetti, I have another assignment for you,” he said, “Mr. Boyle needs you to get me the skinny on the fourth floor of Barney.”

“The fourth floor of Barney?”

“They say it’s haunted by some spook?”

“A government assassin?”

“No, no, Benetti. A spook, specter, spirit, ghost. I want you to spend the night up in the fourth floor of Barney and get the lowdown on this thing. Oh, and take that photographer of yours, Chan.”

“Is Boyle, sir.”

“Right, right. Well, I want this article on my desk by Sunday. Good luck, Butafuco. This message will self-destruct in fifteen seconds.” The screen blipped and went blank. While I was standing up, I stumbled over the box, which exploded, sending both my eyebrows. These are times to try men’s souls, but there’s no rest for the vigilant.

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.

“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.

“Why 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...”
Not Your Crocodile Dundee

**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 6’10”, he looked to be in his mid-thirties though he’s actually forty-three. He’s been throwing boomerangs in Ohio since highschool.

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,” ESPN’s “Amazing Games,” CBS Nightly News, Australia’s “Who” Magazine, MTV Sports, Sports Illustrated, Men’s Fitness, and Ohio Magazine. He has a resonant voice and a warm European descent are so competitive anyway, and some of the people of European descent are so competitive anyway, and some of the other cultures don’t have that same, “let’s make a game and try to beat each other at it” kind of spirit. The boomerang was designed to hunt birds. They weren’t trying to make something that would come back, but something that would climb and hit the flock. But when you throw it overhead, it comes back. They would throw them sidearm and it would sweep up and it was like a shotgun blast in a flock of birds.

It really stacked the odds in their favor.

**MoYO:** Could you tell me more about the first international match between the Americans and Australians?

Chet: The US challenged the Australians to a match. It was just a group of American throwers, but the Australian Boomerang Association had been running since the late 1960s. The Americans had some events that the Australians didn’t do then. So there was a lot of negotiating about which we would do and which we wouldn’t. So the Americans dominated all the events we brought over with us, and ended up winning the whole thing. But there’s always been talk that the Aussies would’ve beat us if we hadn’t done some of our own events.

**MoYO:** What about today? Are there international rules or guidelines?

Chet: Yeah, there’s an international set of rules and they’re pretty standard now. They kept changing year to year until about 1991. The format since ’91 has been pretty universal. The Europeans were ready to go along with whatever the Australians did, but the Americans were always making up their own rules. Americans are always free-thinking, trying to make something new and more exciting. We finally agreed to use their rules when it started costing us in the world championships. We were doing events there that we didn’t ever do anywhere else and it was hurting us.

**MoYO:** Are those American innovations still used?

Chet: Yeah, the US, the Germans and the French are the top countries as far as throwing and definitely the most innovative in their design work. The Americans are pretty innovative in their work, but the Germans—sometimes we get a hold of a German design and we try to modify them and make it different, but we’re using their design to start off with. So we think of coming full-circle with it. They won the last two world championships, so there’s a tendency to think that they’ve got the better technology—we’ve got to get what they’ve got. In some ways, you’re limited, because then you’re only as good as they are—you’ve got to keep evolving the technology, to keep the edge.

**MoYO:** Is that where most of the difference is made in the sport?

Chet: I think so. Now, America has always trained harder, whereas the other countries are slower. I mean, we’ve dominated for the past ten years, we’ve won all the international championships, and I think it’s because we had more athletes and more athletic approach to training, as opposed to the advanced boomerangs. Now, it seems like the Germans are pretty athletic and the French, and you see more athletic throwers, and the technology has evolved out. There is no edge now—you’ve got to get it either in technology or in training. We did some things this year that we’ve never done before.

**MoYO:** Anything in particular?

Chet: Well we did the team training camp in PA, and 24-30 throwers were there to select three teams, the third being a developmental team. People were very competitive with each other—we were trying to beat the top throwers in the world, and she’s very competitive, so there’s a tendency to think that they’ve got the better technology—we’ve got to get what they’ve got. In some ways, you’re limited, because then you’re only as good as they are—you’ve got to keep evolving the technology, to keep the edge.

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**MoYO:** Who’s involved? Who are the coaches?

Chet: Larry Ruth and Barnaby Ruhe and Eric Darnell. And they are, to me, the very best. They were on the boomerang team with me in ’81 and I was the youngest member of that team, and I’m the oldest of the team I’m on now, but I’m on team one. I’ve got a nice group—I’ve got a nineteen year old, Adam Ruth, the world-record holder, and I’ve got Betsy Mallar-Giggs, the only woman on any of the teams, one of the top throwers in the world, and she’s very competitive, and Stacie Cavanaugh, really laid back, and 30 or so now, but we think of him as a college kid, got the long Rasta hair [laughs] and real force, that’s his best trait. And my brother Greg—we’ve only lost once that we’ve been on the same team. We were always on different teams, but we’re really strong unit—we bring out the best in each other, so that’ll help. That should get us worried already, just that we’re together. 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

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**fear of flying back**

The science of boomerangs is complicated, but there are a few basic forces acting that can be described without too much scientific jargon. First, the aerodynamic shape of the boomerang’s “wings” allows it to pass through the air with an airfoil-like disturbance in the leading edge of the wing that tends to keep the bowstring (the air) provides updraft similar to that of sticking your hand out a car window on the freeway. Third, lift is generated as air passes over the curved top of the wings. It works the same way an airplane does. Air pressure is not enough pressure pressure lifts the boomerang in whatever direction the curved side is facing. Since a boomerang is thrown with the curved side to the left, its flight curves to the left. The high speed and strong spiral movement of the boomerang provides great lift, but there is also a difference in speed over the top and bottom wings because the top wing moves in the same direction as the thrust and the bottom in the opposite. All these forces contribute to the graceful curving flight of the boomerang.
Night in Nine
scene in Buxton stirs more than
spirits

by Paul Durica
Photos by Devlin Boyle

Your room, sir? The girl behind the desk asks the question twice before I notice 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 lost 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 proprietor, 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 room to room 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 vivid tale. 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 Haunted Ohio II, only eleven dollars apiece, attest, interest 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 unabashed cat. The spirit whose activities are best documented is Ethel "Bonnie" Bourell, 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.

The girl hands me keys 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 are low, I can still write about my associates' 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 solved quickly: 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 two rooms, but it attributes to the can of air freshener I left in the room. I notice a curious stain circling the toilet and damp to the touch, but it seems more the product of poor plumbing than poltergeist.

Despite the television and refrigerator, the coffee maker and complimentary minis, the two chairs possess a Victorian flavor. Ornate chairs, stiff sofas, and thick wood dressers surround me, dressing 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 tipped by my feet poking over the end. I have never had greater sympathy for Abe Lincoln.

The Odeons were kind enough to leave a Bible, a 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 an additional paper for automatic writing. I also remove my microphone 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 horseradish sauce. I have it necessary in order to conduct a proper séance; the physical energy provided by food is translated into psychic energy upon the page. I abstain; abstraction from alcohol beverages is also suggested, but I am willing to take my chances on this point.

The basement of the Buxton, its rafters lined with coatwet and green and red lights, once served as the bedroom and dining room of passing coachmen. Some of them still visit, placing an invisible hand on a diner'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 cornucopia carries: 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 upon 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. As I'm taking this in, a cat runs past the glass window, and the part of it 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 in 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 invitations 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

1989 and my own harrowing youth. When the check arrives—a said not ordered among the listed items—the specter of Reagenomics 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 dessert 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 cake4 brushed in warm appliance and drink 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 Playboys and the Artists and three women—the Texan, the Activist, and the Poet. A few of them dressed as instructed—drab colors, muted grays, black, and brown—while others were dressed more casually, and they talked with each other to the stairs and bid them silent with a finger raised to my lips. Inside room nine, with the door locked and the blinds on all the windows drawn, the fun begins.

As I write this article, I listen to the recording I made of the séance, the
moves her hand? Long before we reach this stage, I outline exercises that take us on a journey to the foot of the bed, and the Activist suggests assist in preparing the room. First, we decide on which of the two chambers to use. The Playboy asks for the death room, but I tell him I’m 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—of the rectangular bedside variety—into the room. The Activist takes a few minutes before we begin; he seems intrigued by 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 ask him. I put the box with paper and pen beneath the table. The Poet lights the candles, placing one on the television and the second on the vanity, which is behind me during the seance. The Texan gets the shortbread cookies next to the coffee, we reconvene to discuss the shortcomings of our initial effort. The Playboy believes we selected the wrong room; like 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 in the bathroom. We agree to leave the door leading to the first room open; if Bonnie wishes to join us, she will have free passage. The Playboy remains fixed on the mirror, and I assure him I will sit with one directly behind my head.

The Activist believes part of our problem derives from a lack of focus. The Texan confesses to thinking about the chandelier a few minutes before he heard a low, guttural noise, coming from the floor and moving towards us. At this point, I laugh. The sound: the Photographer’s snore.

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.

and slump back in our chairs, sofas, on the bed. The Poet gets up to turn on the lights, and the Activist switches off the recording machine. The Poet and Artist go out onto the terrace to smoke.

After a short break, in which the Photographer makes himself a cup of coffee, we decide to discuss the shortcomings of our initial effort. The Playboy believes we selected the wrong room; like 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 in the bathroom. We agree to leave the door leading to the first room open; if Bonnie wishes to join us, she will have free passage. The Playboy remains fixed on the mirror, and I assure him I will sit with one directly behind my head.

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Phobia or Phillia? student questions prejudices against spectres

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 but who admit they’ve never encountered any. The difference is, they talk about what they’ve experienced in their daily lives, whereas I’ve never heard of anyone else’s experiences. In my case, I’ve been told that the only thing scary is the unknown. I’m not scared of ghosts, but I am of the unknown.

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 would 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 wisp of perfume, the type an older “grandmother” type would 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 obvious and, admittedly, more frightening things. When my parents would leave the apartment and return several hours later, the window blinds would fall open, or the stereo would be set on a speed of 78.

My parents were going to forget the window blindness incident because maybe I was misremembering things. But then I couldn’t get those images out of my head. I was never afraid of ghosts, but I was afraid of the unknown.

My parents were going to forget the window blindness incident because maybe I was misremembering things. But then I couldn’t get those images out of my head. I was never afraid of ghosts, but I was afraid of the unknown.
eyes and look around for a sign of another presence. The Novelist notices the flame flame flares and flickers without a candle flame behind my head, how to develop a system. I tell 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. "Bonnie, are you happy with how the Buxton is managed?" One flicker. The Poet follows me. "Bonnie, are we alone?" One flicker. The Playboy leans forward on the couch. "Bonnie, why is it you appear asleep?" Nothing. "Bonnie, are you happy?" asks the Texan, and receives one flicker. The Artist follows. "Is there such a thing as a spirit?" as a little girl. The Poet supports her belief, insists they are trying to take form. Someone or something is trying to write "yes" or perhaps a name. She feels the words in the pen. The Playboy asks Bonnie if she is right-handed and watches the flame. He is convinced something is going on in the other room and asks the Photographer to take his place. I tell the Photographer to investigate and for the Playboy to stay put. The Poet continues to write; the strokes become bolder and begin to spill off the page. I place my hand under her wrist, but she tells me to put it back on top. She asks if I am moving her hand. I am not. She says she feels a pressure at the back of her hand. She believes Bonnie is unhappy with the Inn.

I tell Bonnie the recorder is there for her to use if she desires to speak with us, but the Poet continues to write. The recorded sound of the pen on paper is harsh, like sawing through bone. It lasts the side of a tape, burying our voices in its rhythm. As abruptly as the writing started, it stops. I ask for Bonnie's patience; we are all new at this type of thing, but whatever presence may have joined us feels free.

We talk about our bodies; the left side seems cold and the right warm. We are exhausted. Almost two hours have passed, and we move from the seance to the witching hour. I decide to end the seance by reciting the Point of Light Prayer and telling them to visualize the white light descending from the ceiling and moving in a clockwise position around us. I pause to allow them 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. Cleaning up, we investigate the candle on the vanity behind the seance. Tall and thin, the candle was set inside a coffee mug and kept aloft by a base of melted wax. We wonder if the candle came loose during the seance and if this accounted for the odd movement of the flame. We find the candle rooted in place.

The Photographer has another idea. As the candle melted and descended into the mug, he believes, the flame received less oxygen, and this deprivation produced the flares and flutters she described as "suffocating slowly," he says.

The other candle has simply melted, covering the table in wax and scratches assume a pattern. I see three letters, the first and last corresponding to the letters A, B, and C. The letter B is longer and more pronounced than the rest, is A.

"I wanted to know her better," she says. Before they leave, I ask my associates what they thought about the seance. At times, the Texan says, she felt like she knew Bonnie; for example, she says, "I opened the door; when she entered, the Texan said, "I wanted to know her better," she said. The Poet supports his belief, says, "After you die, only the stuff that made you happy in life matters," she says.

The Photographer believes he spoke with Bonnie in his head, and she appeared in his mind's eye as a little girl. The Poet supports his belief, says, "After you die, only the stuff that made you happy in life matters," she says.

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"I wanted to know her better but then she left," says the Playboy as he shuts the door.

I am alone again in the haunted room. I get ready for bed, observing the curious stain around the toilet to see if its size has altered. As I return pieces of furniture to their original positions, I notice something scratched into the surface of the table we used. At first, I think the pen may have slipped off the paper while the poet was writing and damaged the wood. Then I realize we never removed the glass shield from the table—

To unwind, I watch a documentary on scientology, which qualifies as one of the more frightening moments of the evening. When I attempt to sleep, I leave on the lights. The next morning, the Inn embroidered by the Haunting of Seven and Nine. The nurse awoke to see a woman sitting at the foot of the bed. The woman asked if the nurse were sleeping well; when she replied in Spanish, the spirit vanished. The next day, after seeing a photograph of the nurse identified her as Bonnie Bounell. The next day, after seeing a photograph of the nurse identified her as Bonnie Bounell.

Portraits of George and Martha Washington watch me eat; I search for a feeling of ghostly eyes cast upon me, but Buxton and company keep their distance. I return the key to room nine, escaping with two pilfered shampoo bottles, and drive back to Denison for class.

A few days after the séance, I have coffee with the Activist. We talk about our mutual experiences. Like the others, she had never seen a ghost. I was more intrigued by how we responded as a group, the feeling of unity the séance fostered. I told her the same group of individuals has to meet eight times or more before anything interesting happens. She asks about the article, how I plan to approach the
and Clyde, with the devastating results of Michael J. Pollard's liberation-by-ken."

"Turn it into a real ghost story." Continued from page 5

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Continued from page 7

Continued from page 5

Continued from page 9

Continued from page 7
Chet: Yeah, I went to all those championships that we mentioned before. 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 I travel 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 remember calling it my passport to the world because if I wasn’t throwing boomerangs, I was in some really interesting places. I’ve gone—Australia, New Zealand, and so on. Before that, before the 80s, when I was a kid, I just threw in my field. No tournaments, I didn’t know anyone else who threw boomerangs. I liked it because it was unique.

MoYO: Yeah, I wonder how you and your brother crossed at 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 with the boomerang, and the thing actually flew. I read the kinda side-arm pitch and they went upppppppp and came down on the grass. What was interesting was that the boomerang didn’t land, it was still some mingling. I go to dinner with the Swiss guys, and I still have fifty meters to go, it was a huge indoor stadium. I was throwing fifty meter boomerangs, they’d go out and back, the boomerangs were made for indoor boomerangs, so I have ones that fly inside. I found books on it. I found another pattern in the encyclopedia, two inches thick, and a killer. I mean, I would throw these things down and they would go up. It was unbelievable! I knew I can’t do that. Golf is like that. I never forget how to do that. It’s something that we’ve kind of carried over. They get to travel, and do things, and they have a certain amount of fame. The little perk of winning was the opportunity to go somewhere else. When I travel to schools, the kids ask me, “Are you right?” I always say, “No, I’m rich in experience. I’ve been places I never would have been.” I’d like to see that 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 air time, usually, is sponsorship.

Chet: So, sometimes you have to be willing to sell your soul for that. When you compete, you realize you have offers for beer commercials and Marlboro and I’ve turned those down because of my convictions. I’ve found other sponsorship because of that. We joke that our kids, like Cody, and I will probably have Nike contracts, because we’re the Tiger Woods of the boomerang world, and we’ll still be poor, I laugh. “Man, we missed it by that much!” We feel like we kind of paved the way, and even if boomerangs don’t take off...we calling the sport boomerangs is so unique, I have a hard time explaining how it became so popular as a sport or something. I mean, all you need for boomerangs is open space and some friends, and all you need for boomerangs is open space and some friends, and all you need for boomerangs is open space. And the boomerangs are all over the world. I think we were able to keep the same exact team for the worlds in ’98. These guys were still young, a little older, a little wiser. They’re really where the US was ten years ago when we dominated. It’s kinda scary. A lot of our top players are 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 younger guys just don’t have the experience yet. We’ve got a team this year that though, it’ll be tough, because they don’t have any weakness.

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, conventional, I’ve never seen more boomerangs than them. They’re really where the US was ten years ago when we dominated. It’s kinda scary. One of my teammates was so upset, he lost, he lost and he lost. He had offers for beer commercials and Marlboro and I’ve turned those down because of my convictions. I’ve found other sponsorship because of that. We joke that our kids, like Cody, and I will probably have Nike contracts, because we’re the Tiger Woods of the boomerang world, and we’ll still be poor, I laugh. “Man, we missed it by that much!” We feel like we kind of paved the way, and even if boomerangs don’t take off...we calling the sport boomerangs is so unique, I have a hard time explaining how it became so popular as a sport or something. I mean, all you need for boomerangs is open space and some friends, and all you need for boomerangs is open space. And the boomerangs are all over the world. I think we were able to keep the same exact team for the worlds in ’98. These guys were still young, a little older, a little wiser. They’re really where the US was ten years ago when we dominated. It’s kinda scary. A lot of our top players are 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 younger guys just don’t have the experience yet. We’ve got a team this year that though, it’ll be tough, because they don’t have any weakness.

Chet: What’s your advice for beginners in the sport?

Chet: When you became the World Champion, was there a lot of pressure on the part of the competitors. That’s the spirit of the sport: it’s your call. You’ve got to eat with your teammates anytime I want. On the field of competition, there’s really a sense of team pride. That’s neat, because boomerang throwing is always individual. It’s not like you are just competing against one person, you realize you have to do what’s best for the whole team, not just yourself. Sometimes you have to hold back, because it can be too great a risk. In individual competition, if you blow it, well, you’re out. But it’s just you, not your whole team. I really feel a responsibility for my team.

MoYO: The Germans have been pretty good at the last couple of World Championships...

Chet: Yeah, in ’98 we beat us, but we were without some of our best players. We lost by a really small margin with a really weak team. But they were able to keep the same exact team for the worlds in ’98. These guys were still young, a little older, a little wiser. They’re really where the US was ten years ago when we dominated. It’s kinda scary. A lot of our top players are 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 younger guys just don’t have the experience yet. We’ve got a team this year that though, it’ll be tough, because they don’t have any weakness.

MoYO: What is the career path of a boomerang thrower?

Chet: Well, we’ve been running ours in Delaware for the last twenty years. It’s the oldest and the largest tournament in the country. We always have the first weekend of August. We’ve held the nationals here a bunch of times, and we held an international match against the Aussies in ’84. There are a lot of good boomerang throwers in Ohio. My brother and I here, Gary and Mike are in Canton, John Glisky in Chicago. There are more US team players here than anywhere else.

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

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MoYO: What other tournaments are there?

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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, come on, 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.
Run, Rita, Run

Denison’s marathon professor
by Chris Anderson

Imagery 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 running more than 25 miles. She often trains alone. Snyder 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 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 running 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.

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 gloat 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.” Snyder 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.

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