Wingless Angels Speak Out!

A MoYO Exclusive

Also Included:
Death Seduction Pecan Pie
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Join Students for Tibet in the struggle to stop these injustices against the Tibetan people!

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Editor’s Letter: Coming Around to Reality
Chris Million

Manifesto: Disciple of Mr. Dewey
Annie Louden

Commentary: Wingless Angels
Tom Hankinson
COMING AROUND TO REALITY

Former Cult Member Turned
Editor Uses You for His Own Therapeutic Purposes

by Chris Million

The rush is in the catching, the reconnection of a boomerang thrown seconds ago. I met Chet Shouffer when I attended a summer camp in middle school at Ohio Wesleyan University, our neighbor to the north. What I knew going there was that Chet was a god. Maybe not actually God, but a true-to-life deity anyway. What I didn’t know would haunt me for the next seven years.

As anyone can tell you, Chet Shouffer is the greatest American boomeranger of all time, perhaps the world’s best. He’s the only person who’s won the World Championship thrice. He was teaching the art of sport at the camp, and all my friends there loved him. We all worked diligently to make our own ‘rangs, and spent our afternoons and evenings throwing with each other in the broad grassy fields of Delaware. If only one of us could be like Chet, could compete and enter the realm of greatness. If only that one could be me. Looking back, these were hopes we shared. But we all got more than we bargained for.

For me, my wild ride in the world of cults ended on the side of a dirt road, thirty miles from a tournament. I knew I had to pull my life together and fast. I was lucky enough to get into rehab and, with a little help, deprogram a boomerang cult survivor is the fact that the boomerang always comes back. You can throw it hard, or soft; in wind, or still air; with a forged Chet auto-graph in blue sharpie pen, or black. It will always come back, these were hopes we shared. But we all got more than we bargained for.

In short, it was our intent as editors to present the issues, the people, and of course, the rhetoric, leaving the writers on this issue of MoYO. We present both sides of the coin: activities accepted as “culture” and those insidious practices that constitute a “cult.”

Heidi Newitt writes on the followers of Kid Rock and other alarming cultural developments in the fusion of rap and heavy metal. Ilana Silverstein writes about Contact Improvisation, a dance form with the potential to change the lives of those who join in the jam. Adam Mallinger bemoans the corruption of Pop Cult to Pop Culture.

Alicia Friebert and Kate Soucy both write about an unorthodox obsession, one with a former Senate majority leader, and one with the written word. Jim Dunson and Steve Kovach open up MoYO to philosophical inquiry, approaching the problematic culinary paradigm. Tom Hankinson writes on Denison’s own “mystic band,” and I offer my reflections on the cult of masculinity.

In short, it was our intent as editors to present the issues, the people, and of course, the rhetoric, leaving the writers to come to your own conclusions. After all, you have a Mind of Your Own.

A Disciple of Mr. Dewey, and All His Dirty Little Decimals

Confession of a Book-Hoarding Monomaniac

by Annie Louden

I have a problem, an addiction. I’ll admit it; I’m weak. All my money, all my time, all my thoughts go into one thing: cardboard, glue, paper, ink, and an attractively designed dust jacket. Yes, it’s true.... I have a book fetish.

Can’t get enough of them. Gotta’ be near them, surrounded by them, drawn into the power and the pull. I thought I’d be cured when I came to college. I was sure the required reading and the book bills would quench my thirst for all things literary, but I was wrong. In fact, I think it’s gotten worse.

I already belong to four book clubs. They seek me out. One day I’ll innocently ruffle through my mail and come across a brightly colored pamphlet, offering me six beautiful new hardbacks for the price of $4.95. How can I resist that? And they’re delivered right to my door. It’s like Christmas, but better. Every three weeks I get a new best friend. A few clicks of the mouse and soon I’ll have a package notice in my Slayter box to pick up my new, enticing book.

But even then, I like to OWN books. It’s not uncommon for me to stand in my closet, staring at the shelves with MY books. They look so lovely, so friendly, so inviting, and they’re all in pristine condition. I don’t dog-eat or underline favorite passages. I remove the dust jacket while reading a hardback so as not to scuff, bend, or get fingerprints on the cover. I don’t own many paperbacks in ratio to hard, but even these I treat with loving care. I read them with the book open as little as possible so as not to crack the binding. This slightly hinders my ease in reading, but this is a fetish. I don’t have to be rational.

I currently own about sixty books I’ve never read. It doesn’t matter; I’ll still buy more. I have lists and lists of books. Some are recommendations from friends, some from reviews I’ve read, others just look interesting from the title or cover. I have college book lists, 20th century book lists, banned book lists.

There is no discrimination. I’m obsessed with books, and it’s not getting better.

And now there’s the Internet. Amazon.com is my new best friend. A few clicks of the mouse and soon I’ll have a package notice in my Slayter box to pick up my new, enticing book.

Is there anyone out there that can help me? My dorm room is full of Stephen King, Michael Crichton, Barbara Kingsolver, Dean Koontz, Dave Barry, and Terry Pratchett. I can’t stop my compulsive book buying. Perhaps there’s a Bookworms Anonymous I could join. If you find out, come get me. I’ll be in my room, drooling over my shelves of addictive books.
Reflections After a Trip to Haiti

by Kate Soucy

My usual day here at Denison consists of regretfully rolling over to turn off my alarm clock, crawling out of my cozy warm bed, hopping into the shower, getting dressed and heading off to Huffman to grab a quick bite to eat before I head off to the academic quad. Throughout my day, I busy myself with classes, reading, writing papers and attending the meetings of the various organizations in which I am involved. Hopefully, sleep is in the near future. But then there are those days when all of this activity has caught up with me and my body gets worn out, tired, and I catch the dreaded cold. After days of trying to fight it off with Echinacea, zinc lozenges and vitamin C, I regretfully make an appointment with Whistler and head on down. Then I proceed to sit in the waiting room watching the Lion King for almost two hours until the nurse or nurse practitioner calls my name. Then it is another twenty minutes to a half hour before I see the doctor. All of this for a decongestant. This exact scenario occurred many times during my freshman year, as I fought off one sinus infection after another. With each new case, I grew to despise the medical care that this campus provided. Then I went to Haiti.

In May of 1999, along with eight other Denison students and a professor, I traveled to Haiti for two weeks to do community service work painting the local school and building benches in a small village called Dumay. This experience transformed my whole worldview. It would take many pages and many hours to try to explain all the ways in which even such a short trip changed me (and even then I’m not sure it would be entirely possible to put the whole experience into words). Instead, I would like to share with you the stories of two young men whom I met while in Haiti. It is their stories, the small pieces of their lives that I witnessed, that have had such an influence on my perception of my life and our world.

Our first day in Dumay, we began painting the inside of the school. In a small, musty, poorly lit classroom, I met Aldo. I had gone into this classroom to their stories, the small pieces of their men whom I met while in Haiti. It is to share with you the stories of two young possible to put the whole experience in for almost two hours until the nurse or nurse practitioner called my name. Then it is another twenty minutes to a half hour before I see the doctor. All of this for a decongestant. This exact scenario occurred many times during my freshman year, as I fought off one sinus infection after another. With each new case, I grew to despise the medical care that this campus provided. Then I went to Haiti.

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Ireland, Land of Ire
by Alicia Frieberg

“You’re so brave.” Everyone kept saying that to me, but I wished they’d shut up. “You’re going to Ireland for the summer and you don’t have a job or a place to stay?” No. “Do you know anyone there?” No. “Wow.” Shut up.

I was on a quest of cultural experience. Determined to see new places, to try new things, to become a world traveler. After years of hearing endless accounts of the exotic landscapes, the quaint cultures, and the friendly locals, I was going to see them for myself. Everything should have been fine.

At one week before departure, my passport arrived and I had the work permit, but my plane tickets remained conspicuously missing. I called the travel agency and found a problem. They had not mailed my tickets! With fewer than 24 hours remaining, they finally came. I was ready to go. My friends saw me off with lots of caring encouragement and advice. “Don’t become a bag lady!” “You’ll have a blast!” “Come back with an Irishman!”

At last on my way and finally reflecting on the actual happening of the long anticipated journey, I didn’t feel that brave. “What the HELL am I doing?” I asked myself. I had no idea what I was getting into. As this was my first trip to Europe, I had hoped to spend a few days in London before completing my journey by train to Dublin. I’d be in Europe the following day, but I had no set plans on arrival. I’d just take it a step at a time. There wasn’t room for the jitters at that point.

My worries didn’t last long. Waiting for my international flight, I met a Michigan University student who was also going to work abroad. Maritza had a permit for London where she was meeting up with friends, and invited me to join them. The next few days were a blast as the five of us visited decadent bars, chatted with the classy locals, and took funny pictures jumping on the bed after sneaking back to our tiny single-rate shared hotel room. Exploring London with Julie, Mark, and Darren, I adjusted to my foreign surroundings.

Leaving a pub on my own one afternoon, however, I managed to get myself completely and hopelessly lost. I wandered the streets alone for an hour and a half until I hadn’t a clue where I was anymore. It might have been scary if I didn’t still have the mood of my first fine red wine with me. Only by some miraculous chance did I manage to wander back to recognize a billboard a few blocks over and find my way back.

London was wonderful, but I knew I couldn’t stay forever. I needed to find work and begin a life in Dublin. After a difficult parting with the gang, I was back on the road. Traveling another day, I arrived in the Dublin city-center near 10:00 p.m. as dusk began to fall. With less than 12 pounds in my pocket and no reservations for accommodation, I was just a little worried about finding a place to stay for the evening. Thankfully I worked the Ireland ATM, so I got money and headed out for a nearby hostel.

First, I tried a hostel on Marlborough Street, but they were completely full for the next week. Instead of walking, I opted for calling the other hostels, and at the same time got one of my first cultural experiences dealing with Ireland’s extreme payphone rates (of 2 pounds a minute without change for even local calls). Luckily I only had to make two of them.

Heading for N. Great Georges St, I began to take my first real look at the city. It was hard for me to picture making this place my home for the next few months. The strange old men staring over their beer cans as I made my way up the dirty streets of the Eccles Court Hostel weren’t the most welcoming sight. The desk attendant inside with wavy flowing brown hair seemed to understand my inexperience. “You’ll see all kinds of people here,” he advised me, “Some clean, some not so clean. Most keep to themselves, just watch out for your stuff.” Assigned to the sixteenth bunk in a room of twenty-four, I was overcome with exhaustion. My passport, credit cards, and other documents were safe in my back pocket, and I huddled deep in my sleeping bag to avoid being targeted by beggars and thieves as sympathetic tourists. The most emphatic advice of the entire stay was that you “Do NOT walk the streets of Dublin alone after dark!!” Only after repeated warnings did I begin to take this seriously, riding high in the speeding, green double-decker buses to watch the rapidly emptying streets of dusk.

Newspapers told stories daily of the many drug-, gang-, and race-related crimes of those very streets. “Take the bus when out at night, always act like you know where you’re going, and project a ‘don’t-mess-with-me’ attitude,” we were cautioned.

It didn’t save us, however, however. That evening, after leaving The Stag’s Head, we were short to notice a tattered old man stumble out of a nearly alley-way. Our friend suddenly shoved us out of reach as the strange old man lurched forward. He grabbed her, and she screamed at him. “I haven’t any in years!” she screamed at us. We hurried ahead, but Rachel faced him off, creating a scene as she angrily waved her finger, scribed his shameful behavior loudly, and warned him against trying any more. People down the street turned with detached amusement, and the stunned old man backed off. Rachel was our hero.

Clamor from the street below made it impossible for me to sleep as I lay on my hostel bunk by the window that night. Trying to imagine the comfort of Denison, I attempted attributing the noise to a late night student gathering. It was difficult making the accents fit, but at last I drifted off.

Sometime in the night I awoke. Someone was

proved to be useless, however. We were told they did not have “space” for us to attend for another week. Turned away by our only contact and left to our own devices, we debated what to do next.

We needed a job. We needed a place to stay. We decided to go with first things first, and set off on a whirlwind apartment hunt. Grabbing the morning issue of The Irish Times, Mark and I immediately began circling ads. We had no idea where most of the listed residences were, so we focused on the ones that potentially included both of us. With a couple of phone calls at about 15 pounds, we scheduled some appointments. With our directions, newspaper, and city map, we felt ready to find our way through Dublin’s great unknown, but two and a half hours later we were God knows where. How could directions that had literally been spelled out for us have still led us wrong? The angling roads changed street names every few blocks, and very few even had signs posted on random buildings. An hour past our first appointment, we gave it up for lost. Hoping to actually make our next destination, sick of walking, and lacking the confidence to avoid being targeted by beggars and thieves as sympathetic tourists, we learned...
The Gift of the Reverend Jusan Fudo William Frank Parker

By Dan Fisher

Nobel Peace Prize winner Tenzin Gyatso, His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama of Tibet, has written that when we truly see the impermanence of our lives and the immanence of our deaths, we realize that short-term satisfactions and powers mean very little and that living our lives positively and meaningfully will ultimately bring us happiness. In his book *The Joy of Living and Dying in Peace*, he argues that while we cannot take the fleeting and material with us, as it were, we can leave our lives satisfied, knowing that we have done as much as we can for others and for ourselves if we practice mindfulness, peacefulness, and compassion. We must simply realize that the best and most advantageous life for ourselves and everyone else is the life dedicated to meaningfulness and loving kindness. The best way to come to this realization is to face the reality of our impending death without fear and understand its implications. “You will regard the enduring peace and happiness as more important than short-term pleasure. Recollecting death is like using a hammer to destroy all negative tendencies and disturbing emotions” (35). Certainly, recollecting death could be no easier for anyone than for the individuals on death row who were aware of the date and even the exact time of their deaths. No person’s story could be such a testament to the Dalai Lama’s sentiments than Jusan Parker’s.

Parker first met with Buddhism through the Dhammapada, the 423 verses of the Buddhist canon that appear in the Khuddaka Nikaya and perhaps best explain the fundamentals of Buddhism. The introduction in 1983. Given his life and all that he had been through, Parker arrived on death row as a self-described “mad, mean and very cruel inmate...[who] was always giving everyone a hard time.” But the rough and tough convict was on the brink of unanticipated change through Buddhism.

Parker’s story is like using a hammer to destroy all short-term pleasure. Recollecting death could be no easier for anyone than for the individuals on death row who were aware of the date and even the exact time of their deaths. No person’s story could be such a testament to the Dalai Lama’s sentiments than Jusan Parker’s.

On November 5, 1984, Arkansas native William Frank Parker shot and murdered his parents-in-law James and Sandra Warren in their home. Soon after the killings, he was sentenced to death by the state and was put to death on December 15, 1986.

The only book you’re allowed in the hole. During the day they would take your mattress away from you so you have very little to do, so I’d read the Bible when I wasn’t pacing the floor, hating everyone for doing this to me. The guard, thinking he was screwing me over, threw in a copy of the Dhammapada at me and said, “You will regard the enduring peace and happiness as more important than short-term pleasure. Recollecting death is like using a hammer to destroy all negative tendencies and disturbing emotions.”

Delightful, recollecting death could be no easier for anyone than for the individuals on death row who were aware of the date and even the exact time of their deaths. No person’s story could be such a testament to the Dalai Lama’s sentiments than Jusan Parker’s.

Parker and Malone

CinTex

Cinema Annex Formerly Home to
One Heck of an Adequate Feline

by Laura Barrett

People often ask me why I became a cinema major. I have my reasons, but there is one I had overlooked until now: Mouchette, the feline extraordinaire of Denison’s own Cinema Annex building (located on 122 N. Mulberry, for those of you who don’t get down the hill that often).

Durian Durian would say, “Girls on film.” Well, I say, “Cats on film.” That was my initial impression in the fall of 1997 when I first came to the Annex, and it still holds true. We cineastes sometimes forget our feline friend from days of yore, but I am attempting to revive the memory of the late and great Mouchette. Sitting down with Department Chair David Bussan, we discuss the legacy surrounding Mouchette— a cat ahead of her time.

LB: When did Mouchette become your cat?
DB: My cat? She was never my cat— she was the annex’s cat.
LB: Where does the cat’s name derive?
DB: Elliott Stout named her. It’s from a Robert Bresson film.
LB: Ok. Ok. So where did you find Mouchette, or did she find you?
DB: I was working in Columbus at the time. I found her on College St. in the fall of 1985. The doctor said she was one-year-old then.
LB: And then you became a professor at the university and Mouchette came with you?
DB: Yes. She stayed at the annex for eight and one-half years. Elliott would feed her, and we set up the litterbox. A 1200’ film canister served as her litterbox.
LB: That’s innovative. So then you and Elliott would take turns cleaning the litter and feeding her?
DB: No. Elliott did most of it.
LB: So, Mouchette must have left sometime in 1994.
DB: Yes. She stayed at the annex for eight and one-half years. Elliott would feed her, and we set up the litterbox in the bathroom. A 1200’ film canister served as her litterbox.
LB: But doesn’t the cat always come back? Did you feel used and abused?
DB: Well, Mouchette was the same way— she would worry.
LB: Did you ever get worried?
DB: In the winter, yes. When it was really cold, we would worry.
LB: Ok, so after eight and one-half years of having Mouchette, you had to find a new home for her, which turned out to be your own home?
DB: Yes. Mouchette came to my house in ’94 and became an indoor cat. Basically sleeping, eating, throwing up, and clawing up my furniture.
LB: Nice. Did Mouchette have a favorite place in your house?
DB: She had favorite places all over the house. Her last spot was behind the stove in the den.
LB: What was the circumstance surrounding Mouchette’s death?

Continued on page 25

Continued on page 24
By Way of Introduction...

Late-night Delivery Frightens Editors into Submission

From the Editors

I arrived at the MoYO office in Barney Hall at nine o'clock on a Thursday night, planning to sort through some articles and start piecing together the issue. When I opened the door, I found a manila envelope that had apparently been slipped under from outside. I opened the envelope and skimmed over the contents, consisting of two pages of single-spaced typing and "signed" (still typed) "The 2nd Chief Angel of the Quill." The second page bore the Wingless Angels logo. Several pictures were also included in the envelope. After giving the document a cursory perusal, I called Chris and left a message on his machine. We had apparently been visited by the Mystic Band.

We have tried to produce a faithful version of the manuscript described above here in MoYO, altered only to fit the parameters of magazine publication. Chris and I decided to type the document and lay it out just as a regular article would be, so as not to privilege the piece unduly. At the same time, we did make an exception of it in one way: we left the text completely as it was found, including typographical errors, syntax, and spelling. All the other errors in this issue are accidental, but the Wingless Angels' errors have been painstakingly copied and copied checked with the original manuscript. This editorial decision was not intended to mock the author(s). Rather, we thought that the errors contained in the text were an important part of the Wingless Angels' style and stamp, essentially forging a communication from the Mystic Band. This seems like an equally reasonable guess, and only clues of style and content can be used to support either assertion. The third opinion that I foresee in the critical reader is that MoYO itself faked the document. I have debated how best to address this possibility, and have come to no satisfactory response. If MoYO trickery is the underlying assumption, then nothing I write here could hope to reassure the reader. I can only offer my own account, and let it be taken with the same skepticism that surrounds the Wingless Angels article itself. So be it.

The question of dubious authorship is not unique to the manuscript reprinted here. Questions of authenticity are inherent in any society. There is no way to be sure that any specific action was truly performed by the group. If someone who is not a part of the society fakes a Wingless Angels article, it's no different. The question of dubious authenticity is not unique to the manuscript reprinted here. Questions of authenticity are inherent in any society. There is no way to be sure that any specific action was truly performed by the group. If someone who is not a part of the society fakes a Wingless Angels article, it's no different.

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you poor Nebbi! We plan to continue and enhance our engaging and brilliant strategies for voicing the concerns of students at Penison. We will express our disdain for the decisions about off-campus housing by burning our initials in new and innovative locations (first the tennis courts, next...raquetball? Cackle, cackle). If a clear and articulate response such as a flaming symbol in the grass does not get through to Boane about the importance of Res. Life decisions to students at Penison, we don't know what will. Other popular Mystic tricks and treats are also on the docket. Maybe one cat’s head will not enact the kind of broad social change we're looking for, but a gobbeting of late, and we know just where to strike to make Boane feel the flames of the Furnace #2 chapter of the Mystic and Calorific Band of the Wingless Angels. Beware, you decrepit, self-deceiving, Boaner-slurping critics of the Band. We are faster than you, we are cleverer than you, and we are smarter than you—the Wingless Angels are everywhere.

Now that we have stooped to address you pathetic Nebbi, whom we hold so dear yet speak to with such divisive and patronizing tones, it is time to act. The Wanderer of the Mystic Void has spent much time out gawking of late, and we know just where to strike to make Boane feel the flames of our publications. We have been slandered and misrepresented to an unbearable degree. Once and for all, we must say that the Wingless Angels are not racist, sexist, or anti-queer. It is not that we dislike members of these groups. It is just that we think that they ought to be kept in their place, with the rest of the power-grubbing poor people. All people who are now struggling for their pathetic rights, regardless of ethnicity, background, or orientation, should be kept in their low-wage jobs where they can benefit society, rather than at institutions like Penison, where all they do is bitch. Go get a job somewhere and quit moaning about your rights. It’s annoying as fuck.

Denison Man Struggles to Reach Girlfriend at Medium Security Prison...er...University

by Jeremy Miller

Start with a simple circle. Now pretend that this circle encompasses an area of about two to three hundred miles in diameter. At the outer limits of this circle is a concrete fortress with barbed wire growing out of its cracks. At the center of this circle is a treasure, a prize, your prize. It is your high school sweetheart. When choosing a college or university, would you dare venture so far away? If you would, or if you never had a high school sweetheart, then humor me.

Many college students have based a major part of their college decision on the location of their boyfriend/girlfriend. I am no stranger to this. In fact, I am no more than two hours away from my girlfriend. We'll call her Hot Mama for discretion’s sake.

Some couples live the dream and attend the same college. Others, like Hot Mama and I, tried to entice each other, in vain, to go to our respective colleges. She attends a Christian college and I attend a year-round beer-fest. Every time I said, "my campus is prettier," she would say, "my campus has me." I would plea and argue, "but our academics are first rate!" She would simply reply, "me." She has a great skill that I am convinced many women have of guilting us poor saps into submission with simple words and soft eyes, but nonetheless, I held my ground. We decided that we would see each other on weekends, and we resolved to visit each other as much as possible and stretch our phone bills to limits never before reached. It wasn’t until later that I discovered certain rules made our colleges as different as Huffman’s ice cream machine and Curtis’s slop dispenser.

At Denison, we have privileges abound. We can have guests, male or female, stay overnight for days, and with a certain amount of privacy and freedom. Our curfew may extend to the next morning’s class, and we are allowed to make many of our moral decisions. Heck, some of our dorms contain both men and women, and yes, I said these were privileges. At Hot Mama’s Christian school, many of these privileges don’t exist. When I visited her college to go to her Homecoming, and coincidentally their first dance ever, I found out which ones exactly don’t exist.

I was a bit early arriving to her dorm. My watch read 12:30 p.m. I decided to wander aimlessly about the campus, using my superb male intuition to find her dorm room. Luckily, a friend I knew from high school caught me sniffing a tree, and she

Continued on page 26
Cult-ivated Taste

Pop Cult vs. Pop Culture

by Adam Mallinger

"Culture is on the horns of this dilemma: if profound and noble it must remain rare, if common it must become mean." - George Santayana, The Life of Reason.

Webster's Ninth Collegiate Dictionary definition of "cult" is as follows: "1. Formal religious veneration. 2. A system of religious beliefs and ritual. 3. A religion regarded as unorthodox or spurious. 4. A system for the cure of disease based on dogma set forth by its promulgator. 5. A great devotion to a person, idea, or thing; esp: such devotion regarded as a literary or intellectual fad. 6. A small circle of persons united by devotion or allegiance to an artistic or intellectual movement or figure." It is the fifth definition that I will refer to when explaining pop cult. Ignore the other definitions; this is not an article about bizarre loners who speak in odd languages, congregate regularly, worship a false idol, believe in UFOs, dress funny, and don't have sex.... (well, ok, aside from the Trekkies I'm not covering that.)

The classic example of a pop cult is the original Star Trek series, which aired from 1966-69 on NBC. The series was never a ratings smash during its original run and would have been canceled after its second season if not for the efforts of a devoted group of fans. Those fans organized a massive letter writing campaign to NBC and convinced the network executives to pick the series up for a third year. After the series was canceled, Star Trek found a wider audience as syndicated nightly reruns. The actors were also usually unaware of the character development and long-term story arcs. The characters were morally ambiguous and were often faced with more difficult ethical choices than most sci-fi characters. This made it difficult for the show to attract casual viewers, but it attracted an extremely devoted audience. Still, in terms of popular culture, "Star Trek" is the more successful show. Even people who have never seen it would likely be able to identify some of the show's characters (nine times out of ten they'd probably know Jeri Ryan's saran-wrapped Seven of Nine, thanks to the multitude of magazine covers she's been on.) DS9 never achieved that kind of visibility.

Another recent example of a production that crossed the line from pop cult to pop culture would be a little indie movie released last summer called The Blair Witch Project. Perhaps you've heard of it?

As most of the free world must know by now, the film is a "mockumentary," supposedly made of footage shot by an ill-fated trio of film students for a documentary on a local legend known as "The Blair Witch." A caption at the start of the film informs the viewer, "In September of 1994, three student filmmakers disappeared in the woods near Burkittsville, Maryland. One year later, their footage was found."

The film was unique in that every frame was shot by one of the three actors and that the film's dialogue was entirely improvised. To keep the documentary feel of the production as authentic as possible, the directors and producers really did send the actors into the woods alone for an eight-day shoot. The only contact the cast had with the directors was daily packets left that contained information for each performer about their motivation that day. The actors were also usually unaware of the scares that were to be sprung on them each night by the directors. Their only instruction: "Film everything."

As a filmmaker I thought this was a really clever way to make a movie, sort of a "method filmmaking." The documentary premise was a clever conceit that not only allowed the filmmakers to pass the events off as real, but shooting on digital video and 16 millimeter film drastically reduced the budget. Also having the actors actually experience the events rather than perform them only added to the tension of the film and helped earn the movie the reputation of "the scariest film since The Exorcist." Even those that knew it wasn't a genuine documentary raved about the way the film was made. Buzz for the film slowly began to build over the next few months, leading up to the picture's wide release that July.

Until the movie opened nationwide, it was still part of "pop cult." When filmmakers and critics watched it, their reaction was something akin to "Cool! This looks real, it feels real, it's scary, and it's a very original way of making a movie." Mainstream release quickly propelled the film into the realm of "pop culture." For a while, you couldn't turn on the TV without seeing a Blair Witch parody. The Blair Witch Project had found a wider audience, and their response was:

"Boring!"  
"The camera movements make me dizzy."  
"Not scary at all."  
"Man, that was sooo fake!" (This one amused me...as if it makes a difference if the events in the film actually happened. I don't recall anyone saying Scream or Psycho weren't scary because they were "just a movie.""

On one level, it is understandable that most filmgoers weren't as dazzled by the "behind-the-scenes" efforts as an audience of filmmakers had been, but the film should have had other appeal. Yet, the scare factor didn't translate well to most people. It seems that some filmmakers aren't scared by a movie unless there's blood and gore in the first ten minutes and plenty of scares throughout. To me, the scariest parts of The Blair Witch Project were the sound effects, atmosphere, and tension, but the audience ignored all of that and focused on the scare factor. As a result, the audience, and their response was:

"Not scary at all."  
"Man, that was sooo fake!" (This one amused me...as if it makes a difference if the events in the film actually happened. I don't recall anyone saying Scream or Psycho weren't scary because they were "just a movie.""

This brings me to my next point. Aside from spawning many, many parodies, The Blair Witch Project was also responsible for stoking the flames of the "Digital Revolution" in filmmaking. Never again would directors need to use expensive camera equipment to make movies. Movie making would be so much more accessible now. A person could buy a $1,500 digital video camera at Circuit City, shoot their movie on that, transfer the footage to their computer to edit it, and distribute...
A Day in the Tights
A Ballet Boy's Continued Search for Masculinity
by Chris Million

As a young boy, I could often be found in my backyard, closely following my dad with a child-size chainsaw. This was not the result of a severe Oedipal complex, but because he was cutting down the old beech trees that threatened to fall on our roof. He and I would spend hours in silence (aside from the growl of the chainsaw and the occasional tree fall) while he cut and I pretended. If only this simple boyhood dream could remain uncorrupted.

The years have passed, and I've left home to discover that there are a number of ways a boy can become a man. After celebrating my twenty-first birthday, I thought I should reflect on my attempts at manhood.

As a skinny little white boy in the suburbs, my ideal of manhood after my father was Spiderman. He was smart, polite, very nimble, and strong in his own lanky sort of way. Spiderman didn't claim to be faster than a speeding bullet, but he could climb walls. Also enticing, his powers came not from work or alien origin, but from a radioactive spider bite. When my father told stories about sitting under his desk in school to practice for his debut, I wasn't sure what the swimming had to do with it, as I have always considered it a substitute for a bath. Had Spidey been with me that day, the web-slinger and I wouldn't have stuck around for any more. However, on becoming a man, I still had much to learn.

I met another McDonald's girlfriend while helping out at the Dublin restaurant, which was understaffed that day. Forward enough to put her number in my back pocket while I was taking an order at the register, Jess lived in the country, forty minutes from my home. Still, love knows no bounds, and I drove out there several times. On one date, she drove my car into a ditch. She hadn't told me it was her first time. But the zenith of our romance was the Balloon Festival. Jess was going to show her horse, compete in the beauty pageant, and ride up into the heavens in a friend's balloon at the climax of the festivities, as hundreds of brightly colored hot-air balloons took to flight.

Having never attended any of these events, I already knew I was looking forward to the end. Beauty pageants depress me, horses were dirty, but the balloons - that sounded cool. Sitting by myself watching the horse-showing, I pretended to sip on the coke I had finished fifteen minutes earlier, hoping to avoid eye contact with the guy in the Confederate flag ball cap next to me. Maybe I would get to ride up in the balloon with Jess, high above all of these people, who presumably would look like ants hard at work below. Imagining myself shimmying up the side of a building, press me, the ducks 

My most recent attempt at uncovering manhood has been to arrive late to Club Soccer scrimmage, in favor of practicing ballet partnering with some dancers on campus. I have taken ballet classes for a total of eight months, a time characterized by deep choreographic confusion and the laughter of little girls. I decided at the beginning of the year that the ballet world was ready for my debut in a piece on campus followed by a small role in The Nutcracker. Of course, the guys at soccer are very supportive. When I arrived late, Hogan curtsies in welcome. When I make a good play, Frank says the prima ballerina has done it again. I'll have to tell him sometime that the term is "male danseur."

Spending my afternoon hours and weekends in bike shorts and ballet slippers dancing has taught me several things. First of all, any straight guy who thinks the stereotypes of male dancers are too great a burden to take a class or perform has not spent much time with the dancers at Denison. These are strong, beautiful women who spend most of their time in the Dance building, cut off from the rest of campus. It is a building full of caring, active women, many of whom are single. If there are a number of gay dancers upon whom the stereotypes are based, they must be pissed. They're surrounded by these great people who love using their bodies, and hardly a one of them is a man.

Secondly, the clothing for ballet is as hard as the steps. Try to find a weighty cotton men's shirt that is close fitting with short sleeves. Then, wander through the...
A Feminist Glimpse into the Overt Misogyny in Popular Culture Today
by Heidi Newitt

We arrive late, and find that we have missed System of a Down and Powerman 5000. The anticipation we experienced during the four-hour-long slowdown on the freeway wears off quickly, and the one-mile walk from the entrance into the Speedway leaves us hot, tired, and ready to go home. But no, we say to ourselves, this will be worth it. Shuffling through the crazy, already half-drunk and slobbering men, and the barely dressed, trashy women (“trashy” is really the only word to use for these particular females) becomes a nightmarish blur of yelling, sweating, and wandering hands. This is going to be bad, I think. Very bad. Water is six bucks a bottle. Beer is equally expensive. And in the sea of sweat and vomit, wondering who on earth could be cruel enough to have convinced me that going to the Summer Sanitarium concert in Sparta, Kentucky in the middle of August would be fun.

It wasn’t so much the crowds, or the expense of beverages, or even the amount of intoxicated people in the audience that bothered me—all of that should be expected at any concert, whether it’s Ozzy Osbourne or N’Sync onstage. No, what bothered me the most was the absolute male-ness of the entire scene.

First, there was Kid Rock’s performance (Keep in mind; I’ll not even touch the content of his lyrics. If you’d like to hear his thoughts on women, download some songs off of Scour). Granted, he is not known to be the most feminist-friendly artist on the market today. I can certainly accept that. However, his whole set felt a little too much like a circus sideshow, created especially for horny young males, aged 16-29. Anyone familiar with Kid Rock’s music is aware that one of his fellow musicians (my apologies to anyone with relatives who are vertiginous) becomes “open up and say ‘ahhhhh’.” Whatever his pen size may be, there is no denying that a midget onstage is a guaranteed crowd-pleaser. (errr...I mean, Mr. Rock). No women appeared on the stage. Each band member was well over the five-foot height range. But, as refreshing as these men were after the healthy dose of pure testosterone, they continued the idea that rock’n’roll means two things: sex and violence. Kid Rock’s approach was fire. About ten minutes into their set, the sign above the band was set aflame. By this point, tired, hot, and angry at the silliness and blatant misogyny of Kid Rock’s performance, I found Korn’s antics to be pathetically weak. Is a flaming sign supposed to make me want to go out and kill small animals? What the hell was this? I kept thinking, oh God, please let that sign get out of control and set the entire stage on fire.

Again, I am not personally against the anarchist views of the current musicians. Hey, I’m all about Punk Rock. Yeah, rip some shit up! Go you! *Mental picture of the cheerleaders from Nirvana’s “Smells Like Teen Spirit” video.* However, it has to be done for the right reasons. These artists keep playing to the old image of “man-the-destructor,” a slave to fire and his own libido. Isn’t this getting a little stale?

Metallica was no better. James Hetfield, lead singer of the band, was absent due to a back injury. All Lars Ulrich (drummer) could say as he announced this was how much of a big, strong man Hetfield is, and how much pain he can take. Then, during their performance, they repeatedly encouraged the crowd’s moshing. After the recent rash of mosh-related deaths, one would think that Metallica would care more about their fans’ safety. I guess that’s just not manly enough. For some reason, though, I can absolve Metallica of their cock-rock attitude, though, since they have been around since the age of the dinosaurs. Criticizing Metallica for misogyny feels a bit like criticizing your grandfather for being a republican. It’s just something that comes with the territory.

The worst of all, by far, was the crowd itself. Not only was there moshing (not unusual, I realize, but at one point I practically had to physically restrain my roommate, who had just put her cigarette out on a drunken moshers’s shoulder), but also the women in the crowd took great pleasure in stripping at the least provocation. Every ten minutes during the four or five hours of the show, a little huddle of loud, creepy men would appear, and immediately you would know what was about to happen. Let’s just say, I saw WAY too many breasts that day. It was demeaning to the women doing this, and it was demeaning to my friends and me. Leering, drooling figures were everywhere, and the sooner I escaped from that hellhole of filth, the better.

Overall, it made the show almost impossible to enjoy, despite my appreciation for the music (I’m a reasonably big fan of Korn and Metallica, and, I hate to say it, but I like Kid Rock, too). What has music come to? Have I just been living in some kind of hole? What has happened to music? I suppose it has always sucked. As for my future concert plans, I think I’ll stick to nice, safe, feminist-friendly Ani DiFranco.

It’s December, and the holidays are coming up.

Meetings are held every other TUESDAY in SHORNEY LOUNGE, 8:00 P.M. For more information, contact Brad Reed at reed_b
Stuck in the Dole-drums

Attempted Seduction of U.S. Senator Strikes Out
by Lindsay Woods

I arrived early and strategically positioned myself in the front row. From my seat I was able to catch a glimpse of his silver hair and captivating blue suit. He sat down in the red chair in a manner that demanded respect, legs crossed, back straight. Then, he delicately sipped the water that had just been set out for him. Oh, that lucky glass, to be so close to the mouth that had uttered such infamous words as, “In America, any boy can grow up to be president... except me.”

As he stood up to speak, my heartbeat began to race. How anxious I was to hear the insightful words that he would proclaim in the next hour. Yet, as he began to speak, my mind began to wander. Just think about that he would proclaim in the next hour. Yet, as he began to speak, my mind began to wander. Just think about that he would proclaim in the next hour. Yet, as he began to speak, my mind began to wander. Just think about that he would proclaim in the next hour.

I prepared my outfit months in advance and I knew exactly what to say when I was given the opportunity to speak with him. I practiced my line over and over again, just glad I hadn’t put on my glasses. Normally, my ultra-liberal views would keep me grounded and far from the heart of any republican, but the only explanation that I can offer is that love knows no boundaries, even political ones. My friends warned me against falling for him. They said things like “He won’t have any time for you, he’ll always be stuck at work”, and “He’s around young interns all day, what chance do you have?” Even Bob Dole himself said, “Power and responsibility cause skewed views of what’s important.” I know that it’s not going to be easy, but how can I not fall for his handsome good looks? Besides, power and responsibility are sexy.

Speaking of sexy, if there is one girl out there who cannot admit that when Bob refers to himself in the third person they get turned on, I’d sure like to meet this stone cold female. People say he knows all about the right, so I want to teach him the wrong. As soon as I heard Denison was bringing him to campus, I knew this was my chance. I prepared my outfit months in advance and I knew exactly what to say when I was given the opportunity to speak with him. I practiced my line over and over again, “I hear Clinton liked soft money, I’m guessing you like it hard.”

So there I was, listening to the man whose words I had been waiting to hear for years, whose destiny I had hoped was inevitably united with mine. Before I even realized it, his speech had concluded and everyone was cheering. I hurriedly collected my belongings, pulled out my camera, and prepared to fight the crowd of people who, along with me, were anxious to meet the great man that had just spoken.

“I’ll be ready for you in 2 days.” “What?” The abrupt reversal left us momentarily stunned. Sarah was the first to come to and snatch it before anybody else showed up, and we exchanged our information. Walking home in a kind of stupor, the full effects of the day finally hit us. We had done the impossible. We had found a place to LIVE! And we had done it in 2 DAYS! Giddiness swept over us, and we began dancing in the streets. It was uncontrollable.

Many other people had been stuck living in the hostels for months. We were privileged to abandon the hostels’ daily thefts and rampant nakedness. Moving into our “beautiful” new flat was a completely new experience. For the first time, we saw the tattered walls, cracked ceiling, and left over pieces of junk. It was a cold, damp, sunless hell-hole, but we didn’t let that get us down. It was ours.

“23 SPRING 2000

Sitting through the late USIT orientation, Mark and I grimaced at each other. We had already discovered everything on our own. Unfortunately, USIT had not been able to warn us at a useful time of the sorts of districts into which we might not want to move. Our nonexistent “backyard” was enclosed by a lovely gray block fence topped with barbed wire. A red painted sign read “DAYS! Giddiness swept over us, and we began dancing in the streets. It was uncontrollable.

We had found a place to LIVE! And we had done it in 2 DAYS! Giddiness swept over us, and we began dancing in the streets. It was uncontrollable.

Mark for breakfast, and he introduced me to Sarah from Calgary. Sarah had tiny blond corkscrew curls and a charming, bubbly personality to match. We welcomed her on our second day of flat hunting, where we modeled our best behavior, but the odds remained stacked against us. We were continually beaten to the game as lines of job-holding students arrived ahead of us. Landlords promised decisions within the week, but it didn’t look good.

“It’s beautiful!” we exclaimed of every flat we saw. It didn’t matter; we just needed a place to live. “It’s perfect!” They began to run together, looking the same. “It’s beautiful.” We were desperate for anything. “We’d love it! We’d be happy in any room with a door that locked.”

“If you also have trouble seducing a Senator or would like to try it but don’t know how to get started, call Senascore at 1-800-LOVEGOV. Their friendly technicians are available 24-hours a day to equip you with the skills you need to make that special someone on Capitol Hill yours. Call Senascore today for a more... participatory Democracy tomorrow.

Foreign Hostel Encounters
Continued from page 9

Our Intrepid Seductress, on the Prowl

speaking very loudly. I lifted my head to see two figures standing in the light from the doorway. “Would you look at that!” exclaimed a female with an English accent, “Everyday’s a surprise already!” The guy at the bunk to my right rolled over as well. “Yeah, we’ve seen your naked arses!” he said with loud impatience. “You can leave at that!” exclaimed a female with an English accent, “Everyday’s a surprise already!”

The English woman repeated her consternation several times, and the man with her suggested they go have a look in the other rooms. “What was that?” exclaimed a girl somewhere else in the darkness. I was just glad I hadn’t put on my glasses.

Not knowing who might make it past the desk attendant and sneak in from the streets, I returned to an uneasy sleep. The next morning I awoke with a start, as a strange young man was poking my shoulder. “Wake up, sweetie,” he cooed, “We’re going to find a place to live today.” After several hours of horror and confusion, I remembered where I was.

Twenty minutes later I went downstairs to meet Mark for breakfast, and he introduced me to Sarah from Calgary. Sarah had tiny blond borkscrew curls and a
Open the Road Wider
Continued from page 10

‘Here’s your God damn holy book,’ and laughed. Then he closed the door real fast so I couldn’t throw it back at him. I yelled and screamed, then, when I got tired, I sat down on the floor and looked at this ‘heathen book’ which was the greatest gift I had ever received! Later, many a year later, with tears in my eyes, I thanked that guard for his gift. He, naturally, thought I was quite insane.

Immediately following his discovery of the Dharma, or Buddhist doctrine, Parker began a formal meditation practice following the instructions in books he both found in the prison and which Roshi Robert Aitken of the Buddhist Peace Fellowship kindly sent him upon request.

He reached out locally to the Ecumenical Buddhist Society, located in Little Rock, for support and consultation on various Buddhist concerns. The group arranged for him to take his Buddhist refuge vows with Lama Tharchin Rinpoche in 1995. Parker’s practice flourished and he and several other inmates would go on to take a study and practice meditation together.

On March 20, 1996, Parker wrote a letter to the Engaged Zen Foundation, a Buddhist prison support group, thanking them for sending him a copy of their newsletter, The Gateway Journal. At the time, his execution was set for some time, Reverend Malone contacted Parker and offered both the group’s and his own support. Parker confessed that he had originally planned to die without a spiritual advisor, but finally asked Reverend Malone at the end of their first telephone conversation if he would be with him when he was executed. When Reverend Malone arrived in May 24 to be with Parker before his scheduled execution on May 29, he discovered that Governor of Arkansas Jim Guy Tucker had granted a reprieve to Parker to July 11, after Lieutenant Governor Michael Tucker had granted a reprieve to Parker on December 22. Reverend Malone wrote later. But the last possible day for a clemency grant passed and the only change made by the defamed governor was to reschedule the execution to September 17. Then, one week after Lieutenant Governor Michael Huckabee assumed the office of Governor of Arkansas, Parker’s execution was moved forward six weeks to August 8. The governor’s office reported that the change was made “out of consideration for the victims’ family.”

Huckabee would go on to refuse all of Reverend Malone’s daily requests for a meeting and cancel the only one he did eventually schedule.

With little hope of receiving a clemency grant, Parker and Reverend Malone concentrated on Parker’s Buddhist practice. Parker expressed an interest to Reverend Malone about fully ordaining as a monk before his death. On August 4, Reverend Malone and E-Kun Liz Potter, also of the Engaged Zen Foundation, performed an ordination ceremony for him. It was the only time he would ever wear his monk’s robes, and he remained shackled for the duration of the ritual. His ordained name, determined by Malone, was “Fudo,” after the bodhisattva (selfless, enlightened being) who let himself be chained in Hell until all sentient beings reached enlightenment. Parker’s practice remained in the front of his mind, and he left all those in his company impressed with his strength. His own confrontation with his death, as theorized by the Dalai Lama, led to his making every moment meaningful and peaceful. Having read from the Ecumenical Buddhist Society, he said: “Every night when I close my eyes to sleep, I think I am dying. Soon I may be murdered by the state. I’ll die with a smile on my ugly old face; they may not understand, but you’ll know...[A war-en] said something to me that made me the proudest I’ve ever been in my life. He said he wished that all the inmates were Buddhist if they would live like me.”

After spending ten days on death row and nearly eight years with the Dharma, the Reverend Jusan Fudo Parker was executed at 9:04 P.M. on August 8, 1996. The last thing he saw was a picture of the Buddha held up to his face by Larry Norris, the Director of the Department of Correctional Services. During his last day alive, Parker was able to speak by phone with several important Buddhist teachers, such as Rebi En Shimano, Roshi Philip Kapleau, and Roshi Eido Shimano. As his spiritual advisor, Reverend Malone was able to stay with Parker throughout his last day and be with him at the execution itself. Parker was denied permission to wear his robes at his execution, but was able to wear his nukasu (ritual b), given to him by Reverend Malone at their first meeting, with photographs of His Holiness the Dalai Lama paper-clipped to the strap. He asked Reverend Malone to keep the photograph after his death and present it to His Holiness along with a khata (white silk scarf) some day.

An excerpt from his final statement perhaps best illustrates the profound effect that Buddhism had upon his life down to his last moments alive, as well as the harm that the inmates and their committed heinous crimes may find the small light that I have kindled an inspiration, and spread the flame of compassion to illuminate the entire universe, so that all beings may realize the fundamental compassionate nature that resides within all of us.”

Author’s Note: As I was trying to come up with a topic to write about for this issue of MoYO, it was suggested to me by co-editor Chris Mil-

lion that I do something based on the research I did this summer on a Woodward Summer Scholar grant. The project was concerned with Bud-

Requiem for “An Ok Cat”
Continued from page 11

DB: I was in Barcelona, Spain this past summer when I received an email from my vet explaining that Mouchette had an abdomi- nal tumor. I replied asking if there was anything he could do. He replied back saying he believed the tumor was cancerous and I told him, ‘If you can’t do anything, you can’t do anything.’

LB: Did you get to see Mouchette when you returned home?

DB: There’s a funny story there... when I came to retrieve the frozen cat at the vet, she clawed me through the plastic bag. I still think it was her way of getting back at me.

LB: Wait, you mean Mouchette wasn’t a people-cat?

DB: No, she wasn’t at all she was a hateful cat. Alumni Rob Levine and Mark Bryan claim that Mouchette liked them but I think whoever had the food, she liked.

LB: If you got the goods, you got it. Well, since Mouchette wasn’t what we’ll call ‘affectionate’, did you miss her nonetheless?

DB: I miss her. It’s weird, you hear noises in the house and think oh Mouchette’s... dead. It couldn’t be her.

LB: Do you think the annexe or yourself will get another cat?

DB: I’d rather have a dog.

LB: What would you say of Mouchette to those who never had the opportunity to meet her?

DB: I think it is best summed up by saying, ‘Mouchette was an OK cat’.

Thanks Dave. I think so too.
Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let Down Your Keycard
Continued from page 15

guided me to the correct residence hall. She had to use her key to unlock the doors because I came about an hour before visiting hours, which were from 1:30 to midnight. I waited patiently in the lobby while my friend called for my girlfriend, who had just finished showering a few stories up.

Their lobby was quite expansive. The ceiling was about two stories high, and there was an entire glass wall with two doors opening to a grass courtyard. It was extremely muggy, and the two ceiling fans twenty feet above were in slow mode, emitting a breeze similar to that of a fly flapping its wings in my ear. There was an ancient brown Paisley, emitting a breeze similar to my nose. My eyebrows were quivering, emitting a breeze similar to my tighty whiteys. After a time of thought, I decided not to notice him as I sat up and innocently whistled “Amazing Grace” while tapping my forehead and trickled down my eyelashes. Then girls started filing in one by one. From the main entrance and hallways they came, smiling and carrying a book each. I was confused, because they congregated around the redhead. Was he supposed to be a stud? Nope. They opened their bibles and began a bible-study session. What a relief! And just then my girlfriend strolled in from the hallway, rescuing me from my embarrassment.

We spent the afternoon eating Chinese food and preparing for her dance. While in her room, the door had to be 45% open, or, if you are an optimist, 45% closed. I had to dress in my slacks, dress shirt, and tie, but she didn’t know where guys went to take care of business, because of course, I couldn’t dress in her room unless I wanted to risk exposure of my tighty whiteys. After a time of searching and an inquisition of a few RA’s, I was sure I was going to make a changing room of my car, but just then I stumbled upon a small door beside a supply closet. I walked in, clearing a path through extensive cobwebs, a few skeletons, and a poster of the women of the Amazon. I took care of business, but not all business. In this frequently used bathroom, I knew it must be a burden to refill the t.p. rolls, so I dismissed it this time.

At their lavish dance, we were instructed not to “floss” or “grind.” I was underdressed. Most of the gentlemens there were fully adorned in suits. Those studs! The ladies were in my slacks, dress shirt, and tie, but not all business. In this frequently used bathroom, I knew it must be a burden to refill the t.p. rolls, so I dismissed it this time. Then girls started filing in one by one. From the main entrance and hallways they came, smiling and carrying a book each. I was confused, because they congregated around the redhead. Was he supposed to be a stud? Nope. They opened their bibles and began a bible-study session. What a relief! And just then my girlfriend strolled in from the hallway, rescuing me from my embarrassment.

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Don’t talk to me about your electro-cyber-frou-fra. You’ll never catch fish in a net made of little ones and zeroes.

Welcome to Interactive MoYO Ouija!
As a public service, your kindly editors have decided to provide you with an enlightening spiritual experience unparalleled in any other campus publication. We have combined the mysticism you adore in Ouija spiritual channeling with the journalistic integrity you have come to expect from Mind of Your Own. Not only that, but we have persuaded a prominent public figure, a pillar of our great nation, to be the locus of our otherworldly journey. We invite you to channel, through your very own fingers, the ghost of Senator Strom Thurmond.

We are aware that Strom Thurmond is still alive. Please, stop your cold-hearted cynicism and leave the magic to us.

This Ouija board works like any other, by making use of a slider-piece (see next page) as the concentration of spiritual energy, which then picks out a message from the other side. For your convenience, we have done some pre-testing and come up with the messages that Senator Thurmond usually selects (he’s quite repetitive). By just spelling these out and letting the spirit-Senator choose between them, we have dramatically increased the efficiency of the seance experience. We hope you enjoy your ghostly time with Mr. Thurmond. He is a spirit guide like no other, guaranteed.

How to Make Your MoYO Ouija Slider
Materials required: (1) MoYO magazine, (1) ruler (not a monarch, a measuring stick), fully functional digits with opposable thumbs, (1) picture of a Communist World leader, and (3) skeins of red wool.
Instructions:
1. Separate your least favorite article from the rest of MoYO, taking special care to remove staples first.
2. Fold said article twice length-wise (1/2 and 1/4" from the edge) and once at a forty-five degree angle to the first fold.
3. Pull the innermost dove-tailed corners to the outer layer, resting the flaps on the first fold.
4. Be sure to score each fold twice with scissors BEFORE any additional folds.
5. Using the grommet/washer coupling included with this issue of MoYO, carefully seal exposed flaps.
6. Tie a piece of red wool around one of your digits to help you remember to take down the picture of the communist world leader before the FBI arrives.
7. Contemplate ramifications of bringing into existence the type of technology that will make Ouija predictions possible (I mean, is that really something you can live with?).
8. If confused by Ouija slider directions, consult Strom Thurmond (via MoYO Ouija board) for help.
A Day in the Tights
Continued from page 19
the women’s department for the next two hours, making frequent references to your girlfriend, who happens to be your exact size. And try to find a single shade of periwinkle or peach that looks manly. Finally, there is the dance belt, the glorified thong, which is designed to order your tights or bike shorts, as opposed to superhero fashion. This is an evil article serving a dual purpose. First, it makes a man’s organs resemble a burial mound in front of his hips. Second, it also rides up his crack, distracting him from the pain incurred in stretching.

The last thing I have learned from ballet partnering is that women want their space, and that to be a man involves respecting that. Just ask Peter Parker about Mary Jane. Do you think he works a day job and makes frequent references to your girlfriend, who happens to be your exact size. And try to find a single shade of periwinkle or peach that looks manly. Finally, there is the dance belt, the glorified thong, which is designed to order your tights or bike shorts, as opposed to superhero fashion. This is an evil article serving a dual purpose. First, it makes a man’s organs resemble a burial mound in front of his hips. Second, it also rides up his crack, distracting him from the pain incurred in stretching.

And then there are the Wingless Angels’ publications. I hesitate even to start—the examples of extreme squarishness are so numerous, it’s fatiguing to keep track of them. First on my list, what’s with all the ten-cent words? I used to get beat up in junior high for using words half as pretentious as “calorific.” Moreover, the band is constantly referring to their long tradition at Denison. Even their stamp has the self-purported founding date of the group on it, 1905. I have trouble thinking of a single thing more appropriate to a first-rate dork than being fascinated with one’s own insignificant group history. Pretty soon, we can probably expect a Wingless Angels’ centennial celebration, complete with historical speeches and self-congratulatory posturing. Hey, while you Angels are at it, would you like to go see a civil war reenactment with me? Maybe we could even visit a Colonial museum on the way back.

Wordiness and historical pretentiousness aren’t the only problems with the Wingless Angels’ publications. Look at the language in which these materials are written. It relies heavily on catch phrases and code words that the band has apparently made up. Here’s a news flash, Angels: secret languages are not cool. Furthermore, if we study the unique Wingless Angels brand of humor... we find that it’s not unique after all. Actually, it’s the same brand of humor that a forty-year-old reject pervert uses in the locker room at the gym.

And the most frequent form of comedy found in any Wingless Angels’ publication is I-am-not-making-this-up-the-pun—that’s-right. Our fierce and frightening secret society, the band that claims to be the student body’s only free voice, uses the pun as its major form of humorous expression. Maybe we should call them the Witless Angels. Ha, har, har. Did you like that one, Angels? Should you right up your alley.

Continued from page 19

Wingless Angels Just a Bunch of Dorks
Denison’s secret society-watch out, they might hit you with a pocket protector
By Tom Hankinson
After receiving the document that has been reprinted on page 13, I got to wondering about Denison’s “Mystic Band.” I asked around for stories about the WA (a process similar to asking for Bible stories at a gathering of Jehovah’s Witnesses). I looked up some articles in the Denisonian and tried to recollect some of the publications they have printed since I came to Denison.

In the process, I made a startling discovery. The so-called “Mystic and Calorific Band of the Wingless Angels” is full of absolute, ankle-bitin’, pasty-white dorks.

I am not claiming to be an expert on what is considered “cool,” but when I started observing the Wingless Angels, keeping a conscious record of their activities, it was frighteningly obvious that most of their antics are not just stupid, but incomprehensibly geeky. There is not a single exploit of the Wingless Angels that you could not find in one of the Revenge of the Nerds movies. Think about it.

First of all, these guys all run around in the woods wearing matching sweatshirts. Ooh, that’s really scary... to the fashion conscious, maybe. And what are they doing out in the woods, anyway? Don’t they have someplace to go? It seems a little silly to go traipsing about the forest in matching outfits on a college campus when you could be, for example, socializing with people who aren’t as mind-bendingly dorky as you.

I have chosen the masculinity offered in dance for now, and have been teaching a creative movement class to kids. I suppose I hope that if a little boy sees me dancing, he may consider trying it himself. It hasn’t gone altogether smoothly so far. The only boy in the class now is a handful, running around doing jump-kicks at me and the others, telling me he’s Spiderman. ©

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Continued from page 19

Cunnilingus
Continued from page 14 or two fish hatred, if space permits.
Many in the market test group did not respond at all, but this may be an indication of societal pressures and not true apathy on the part of the survey-takers. Indeed, if enthusiasm is to be judged, it would be best to do so in naturalistic critical trials, not in correlative studies.

Only time will tell if this hot new trend will catch on with Granville’s dense population of retarded persons and senior citizens. For now, we at least have the leftover coffee cups. ©

Bullshit” publications I’ve seen—try—so hard to be irreverent, and failing so miserably at doing it smoothly). And his laugh is a bit too loud and more than a little forceful (notice the false bravado and strained good-times tone that the Angels try to put into their writing). There is a name for this type of guy who tries so desperately to fit in. He’s a dork. A complete and utter reject. He’s the sharpest square on the checkerboard—the guy wearing water wings in the shallow end of the gene pool. And that is what the Wingless Angels seem like to me.

I am not trying to excuse the acts of the Wingless Angels as harmless. On the contrary, it seems that many of their actions result in damage to the other people’s property or the victimization of innocent students and faculty. My intent is certainly not to minimize these criminal activities. All I’m saying is that it’s bad enough to have a secret society on campus that claims (dubiously) to be the voice of the students and goes around intimidating people. It adds insult to injury when you find out that in addition to that, they also seem to be the most pathetic group of social rejectes in the state of Ohio. It can’t be good for the university’s reputation when even the supposed rebels are just a bunch of forest-frocking punsters, e-mail-savvy social rejects, and cravenly anonymous dorks. ©

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First Contact
Improvisational Dance on Campus
by Ilana Silverstein

Personal Contact Collegiate institutions neglect to mention that the only way to graduate on time from a four-year liberal arts school is to know your academic plans when you arrive as a freshman. On the contrary, most freshmen enter college undecided or end up switching their majors before graduation. This entire process of deciding a major is a tedious, frightening, and frustrating one. However, advice such as, “a liberal arts degree is a liberal arts degree” and “your major will not necessarily connect with your career” help make the process more bearable. Still, I struggled with this decision as I searched for the meaning in my college career.

Last semester, as the moment of declaring a major grew closer, I met three professional Contact Improvisational dancers who have all succeeded in their careers. The Denison University Dance Department hosted a weekend Contact-Improvisation Dance workshop that combined instruction, jams, demonstration, and performance. Learning from, dancing with, and observing these dancers made me want to follow in their footsteps. I grew to love this form of dance and decided that I would like to dance for as long as possible (with the discipline during each minute of our duets. If we were partnering in class, I was receiving first-hand knowledge of what they all were trying to relay to the class by how we interacted. Dancing with Andrew was like cooking a meal with the chef who discovered the recipe.

At the end of the week I had developed a love for this movement and the philosophy behind it. I was more enlightened of how my body worked, where I could feel each tiny muscle of my body, and most importantly, how to let my mind rest and follow my body rather than my mind taking control. The combination of listening, moving, observing, and messaging contributed to my discovery of a new identity. I loved to dance and I was going to do it as much as possible; I was going to major in dance.

While I was thanking the teachers and saying goodbye, Chris complimented me on my positive attitude, constant participation, and commitment to trying my best. His words inspired me and reassured me to continue dancing for as long as I can.

Philosophy of Pecan Pie
The Culmination of a Grand Tradition of Culino-Epistemological Thought
by Jim Dunson

The history of Western philosophy has profoundly influenced, for better or worse, how we perceive the world that we inhabit. For instance, Cartesian mind/body dualism has forced a strict conceptual separation between the isolated self (mind-in-a-vat) and the external world of "dubious" sense perception. This is problematic for any number of reasons, the gravest of which is the exclusion of food as a legitimate and delicious field of philosophical inquiry. Food is a unique object of sense perception: I see it, smell it, touch it, and taste it, maybe even hear it cook. If I am to doubt my sense perception, then I may begin to view this tasty food as merely an illusion cooked/baked by an Evil Deceiver. Believing otherwise (i.e. not being skeptical) would amount to getting philosophically "burned" to a crisp golden brown. Unfortunately, the imposition of Cartesian categories of thought has prevented a comprehensive analysis of cuisine; moreover, it has created a rift of skepticism between satisfying food and the grateful recipient of its sustenance. Thus, my project here is ambitious, to right the wrongs of Western philosophical history in less than 600 words.

Pie. The perfection of the circle meets the scrumptiousness of ingredients whose combination far surpasses each particular one's virtue. This admirable community of ingredients includes both pecans and that sugary, gelatinous stuff upon which the pecans rest. And the crust that encompasses the pie around with you for as long as possible (without devouring it) during the day. It can be held at arm's length in front of you if necessary, in order to direct your wandering thoughts/meandering ways. This forkful of pecan pie carries the implicit promise of a blissful moment in the future, regardless of how challenging the day appears to be. If you succumb to the sugary confection, then you have found the silver lining (curiously colored caramel) of the cloud of everyday existence. Of course, the forkful of pie is also appropriate to celebrate a wonderful, inspiring day. Thus, it is evident that pecan pie is a potential bridge between the two conflicting positions of pessimism and optimism, collapsing the distinction in a moment of affirmation of the senses. Moreover, there seems to be no better way to teach self-restraint than to allocate only one forkful of pecan pie per day. Of course, it may take a while to build to this type of enlightenment-through-dessert, but there is surely value in the attempt.

Now, I suppose that the desire for pecan pie is relative, and lacking in those allergic to pecans or loathe to indulge in sugar-laden confections. So, as an early concession to competing pie philosophies, it may be acknowledged that pecan pie, while certainly preferable, is not the only option. Fruit pies might suffice, but I would not recommend cream pies in the summer. Those who are diabetic may even have to eat sugar-free pie. Those who simply dislike pie in general should probably get over it; cake is not an allowable substitute, nor is a cookie, a caramel apple, a regular non-fattening apple, a tofI health bar, chicken wings (though admittedly wonderful in their own right), or even a heap of said chicken wings arranged in the shape of a pie.

In summary, Descartes was wrong. Big time wrong. About the indubitability of the senses, about the philosophical significance of pecan pie. Taste and see. Reinvent cuisine.
Empirical Test Goes Horribly Awry

Frozen Yogurt Proves Less Philosophically Fruitful than Pie
by Steve Kovach

Upon hearing about Mr. Dunson's philosophy of pecan pie, I found it both uplifting and compelling. Under its influence, I was inspired to make several changes in my outlook on life. For instance, instead of waking away my mornings, repetitiously hitting the snooze alarm over and over again until ten minutes before class, I sprang from my bed in joyful anticipation of all the excitement of a brand new day. I thought of everything that could happen: I could meet a new friend, I could find love!

I knew for a fact that today I would finally receive my grade on the big semester paper on which I know I did exceedingly well. With all of these possibilities dancing in my mind, I quickly adorned myself with a warm sweater and headed out the door.

Upon exiting Smith Hall I paused, inhaling the cool crisp autumn air. A soft smile appeared on my face as leaves of red and gold danced in the gentle breeze. A cold front appeared on my face as leaves of red and gold danced in the cool, gentle breeze. A cold front

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When I arrived at Barney-Davis Hall, a blast of hot stale air flared into my nostrils in the entrance hall, giving me a nasty headache. The intense heat reminded me of how uncomfortably my wet clothes clung to my body. Despondently, I trudged up the stairs, leaving a trail of mucky puddles as I sloshed my way to class.

Reassured, I exited the dining hall with confidence and proceeded merrily along my way to my 8:30 class. The brisk outside air greeted me with a chill. By this time, the sun had been swallowed by the dreary clouds which loomed above. Their dismal gray overcast produced a nervous tinge in my stomach. Hesitating for a moment, I licked the cold provision in my hand, attempting to maintain my good cheer. A sudden gust of frigid wind ripped through my threadbare sweater sending shivers down my spine. Shuddering, I walked to class with my shoulders hunched and my head bent forward as I trudged up the stairs, leaving a trail of desolate footsteps behind me. Upon hearing about Mr. Dunson's philosophy of pecan pie, I found it both uplifting and compelling. Under its influence, I was inspired to make several changes in my outlook on life. For instance, instead of waking away my mornings, repetitiously hitting the snooze alarm over and over again until ten minutes before class, I sprang from my bed in joyful anticipation of all the excitement of a brand new day. I thought of everything that could happen: I could meet a new friend, I could find love!

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As I struggled with the rapidly depleting ice cream, I could feel the barrage of snickering from my "fellow" students ricocheting off my pride. The jackass next to me in the stupid Hawaiian shirt kept grinning at me. Yeah, I guess it is pretty easy to be amused when nobody on campus will even talk to you, isn't it? Jerk. I then heard the dumb bitch next to me in the tiny dress actually burst out laughing. That's right! That's right, keep laughing you fucking harlot!

I sat there steaming, the humiliation causing me to breathe faster and faster as I gritted my teeth. I was so absorbed by my rage that I hardly noticed the tall, dark figure of my professor looming over me. "Mr. Kovach," he said, his voice echoing in his contempt. Wrinkling his nose in disgust, he dropped my paper on my desk as one would drop another's repulsive, used tissue into an incinerator. The paper dived onto my desk, skidding into my weak, panicking stomach. An "F" stared back at me. Misery and frustration had almost consumed my entire being. Desperate, I looked at the cone in my hand, frantically seeking some measure of solace. However, all that was left was... nothing...

Nevertheless, all was not lost! Hope still remained, for the second best thing, a cool, soothing cone of frozen yogurt (it's fat free, you know) is always available at our fine dining establishment. With a sigh of relief I moseyed over to the dessert bar and selected the most tempting cone Curtis had to offer. I then carefully dispensed the cool chocolate deliciousness into the cone, creating a perfectly swirled masterpiece.

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