TAPE THIS TO DOANE
When you're finished reading...

Pass a Mind of Your Own to your Friends.
I'm sure you've passed worse.

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And I must admit his words make me very happy.

Some people... think nothing more of it. Have you ever been in a relationship where one of you has had "baggage"? Honestly, people, humans, carry too much baggage. All the emotions get in the way. There’s mixed signals in flirting, you just don’t understand why your girlfriend/boyfriend just doesn’t want to be close to you, the constant wonder if you did something wrong- it all sucks. And that is just some of the baggage that comes along with being human.

Computers don’t feel guilt, love, hurt, or happiness. They lack compassion, hatred, fear, and sexual desire. A computer doesn’t have a family, doesn’t pay bills, has no need for friends and social gatherings; it doesn’t have to take college courses and the tests that go along with them. How easy my life would be if I could just live that way, live as a machine.

How about test taking? You read the entire book, arrive for a test or class discussion and you totally blank out. A computer has it all stored in the hard drive. I certainly wouldn’t mind having any Random Access Memory. And when you want to forget something a human can’t just delete the file. There we go, back to the issue of baggage. To make things worse, life, that is human life, doesn’t come equipped with an UNDO function. Machines could be our answer to the fountain of youth. Life broken down is birth, a bunch of crap, middle age crisis, and death. If I were a computer I’d come out of the factory, do my thing, which is whatever a machine would do, start having the effects of old age, go back to the factory and get upgraded. I think the possibility of the world could use some sort of hardware inside it. There is so much stupidity within the human race that could easily be solved with a little software installation.

I could be on to something here. No, I really mean it. This could revolutionize the world. Morality would no longer be questioned; it would all be programmed. As machines we’ll bring an end to world hunger because we wouldn’t need to eat. Criminals could be programmed to be the perfect citizen instead of having to face capital punishment. People would find the Big or question life after death. Ask if there is a God and I’ll say, “Something like it. I believe it is called Mainframe.” We could program positivity and cut costs in prisons.

I really liked my life as a high-end computer more than the overall experience of being human. “What does this all mean?” I asked myself. No, I wasn’t falling for someone on the Internet, which in some way would still be a person. I was definitely in love with the machine. In fact, I don’t need porn; I pick up the nearest DELL catalog. Then it dawned on me just why I felt this way- it sucks to be human. That’s all. If anything has sucked more than the overall experience of being human, I have yet to experience it.

Growing Pains, wasn’t much without my mind. I was definitely in love with the machine. In fact, I don’t need porn; I pick up the nearest DELL catalog. Then it dawned on me just why I felt this way- it sucks to be human. That’s all. If anything has sucked more than the overall experience of being human, I have yet to experience it.

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Before the Seneca Falls Convention in 1848, women in America had virtually nowhere to turn to right the injustices of their everyday lives. But through the collective action of brave women across the nation, a movement was built. There were conferences, rallies, newspapers, and local groups, all dedicated to women’s rights. In short, there was organization. The women’s movement has grown and thrived since Seneca Falls, and the organization is evident in groups like NOW, the National League of Women Voters, and Ms. magazine. In fact, despite the ground that women have gained, the battle rages on, and feminists rely on organization to make a difference.

But there is something to say for organization. If our ideal of purity is the engaged individual, the liberated activist, this individual needs support and motivation. And organizations have the power to stimulate this grassroots engagement. There are times when the system is ready for critical roots engagement. There are times when working within the system is useful.

There seems to be an implicit appeal in the idea of “selling out” to the notion that flawed humanity is purest in small doses. For example, you may consider your local boy scout troop is more trustworthy than the NRA. This is one of the reasons people are suspicious of the government, the Catholic Church, and Greek Life. Power corrupts, we say, and think nothing more of it.

But some of you may be asking why it sucks to be human. I find the emotions for the most part are the stupidest part of all. Have you ever been in a relationship where one of you has had “baggage”? Honestly, people, humans, carry too much baggage. All the emotions get in the way. There’s mixed signals in flirting, you just don’t understand why your girlfriend/boyfriend just doesn’t want to be close to you, the constant wonder if you did something wrong- it all sucks. And that is just some of the baggage that comes along with being human.

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Our Staff Connoisseurs Hit the Spots That Hit the Spot
by Jim Dunson and Tom Hankinson

At a college like Denison, many of the most engaging leisure activities will involve eating and drinking. There simply isn’t that much else to do. With that in mind, we have decided to provide a few pointers on the former, and leave the latter to the experts.

The following restaurant reviews should give you some help in selecting the fine dining establishment that will give you the most joy de vivre for your lucre (if you’ll pardon the hoity-toity expression—we have to make some concessions to the highfalutin tradition of stuck-up food reviews), in essence, more bang for your buck. And by bang, we mean overall food-dollar value, so don’t get the wrong idea.

For sake of clarity in our analysis of the three eating establishments we reviewed, we will divide each write-up into two sections. The first will be a sort of introduction, covering the atmosphere and service (this is written by Tom). The second section for each restaurant will contain the review of the actual food (this is written by Jim). The rating system we will use in evaluating the restaurants is as follows:

Food: oooo

Atmosphere: oooo

For example, a restaurant that scores overall oooo will fit nicely into the center of the rampant consumerism of the mall area with a neat, boxy look from the outside, broken up pleasingly by outdoor seating with umbrellas, some of which outdoor tables face the sporadically spouting Easton fountain. Inside, however, the neat, proper, cúbish feel disappears, in favor of a noticeably airy and welcoming interior. Sweeping draperies running from the center of the incredibly tall ceiling, coupled with a large set of high windows, almost conceal the fact that the restaurant is an enclosure at all. Rather, the atmosphere is one of an outdoor pavilion, or perhaps a courtyard. Some leafy green plants scattered about the place aid in the effect, as do the cheerful, yellow-draped windows that make up almost the entire back wall of the room. All of the tables are in one room, allowing the patron to see the scurrying servers and other diners throughout the restaurant.

These servers went about their business with marked efficiency, yet retaining a courteous and patient attitude that seemed sincere, not put on. Upon entry we were given a J-Tech buzzertlight disc that later exploded into visual effects when our table became available. From then on, our server took care of us as if we were the only ones in the place, though we could see her hurrying to at least four other tables as she made her rounds. During the process of ordering, she was a great help, offering her own favorites, and during the course of the meal, our drinks remained topped off and our extra cutlery and dishes were whisked away expeditiously. She did steal my salad fork prematurely after the initial round of appetizers, but that was at least partially my fault for leaving it on an empty plate.

The actual presentation of the food contained a streak of artistry. The beef carpaccio was served with an attractive display of green and red onion strips built up on the middle of the dish. A swirl of darker color adorned the butter nut squash soup. The antipasto sampler and flatbread lacked this sense of style, but this did not seem inappropriate in these less prestigious—though equally valid—selections.

Overall, the service was highly effective, without reaching the point of being pushy or obsequious—a fine balance to achieve. The ambiance was also a plus, from the bunched kihaki window dressings to the cherry-and-olive-striped hardwood floor. Brio felt classy, but not intimidating; clean and efficient, but not enclosed.

The Brio menu is compartmentalized (e.g., primi, insalata, pasta, etc.) while maintaining continuity; namely, all of the food-descriptions are in a language that is foreign to me. Impressively speaking, the food combines a certain flair for presentation with quality ingredients that harken back to the time I never spent around the old hearth in Tuscany. To begin the meal, we ordered the antipasto sampler.
They are marvelous in both places, subtle and sweet but undoubtedly helpful in achieving a balanced and consistent flavor. The same cannot be said of the shaved reggiano parmesan cheese: while delicious and welcome to any individual dish, it was overused across the number of dishes we tasted. The onion straws and asparagus, amongst others, individually benefit from the reggiano, but over the course of a meal it becomes apparent that the kitchen relies too much on the cheese.

Having always wanted to try beef carpaccio, I finally gave in. The uncooked beef, pounded razor thin, had the texture of silk. The flavor, while good, was a bit overwhelmed by the aggressive accompaniments: field greens tossed in an overly sweet dressing, pungent mustard aioli, capers, and the delicious and infamous reggiano parmesan cheese. The beef was a backdrop, although to deny the accompaniments full status as parts of the dish is perhaps unfair. Indeed, they would not do individually: for instance, the sweet dressing, while taming the bitter greens, would not function as a house dressing, and seemed only to work in the context of the aioli. The garlicly crostini and the capers were the most toned-down and therefore acceptable additions to the dish.

The wine list was extensive, and a moderately-priced glass of Chianti Pietrarta was a welcome guest to the meal. Brío also serves aestheticism with pizzazz, though it is perhaps not the most desirable beginning on intimacy. The main seating is in booths, arranged in rows along the outer edges of the room, forming an "L" shape around the magical short-order grill, bar seating, and register area. The intimacy of the booths is startling—it is almost as if there is only room for one and three fourths of a person, forcing the patrons to a greater proximity that can potentially be refreshing or disconcerting.

The service at the Waffle House was of a unique flavor, much like the pecan waffles. While the servers do not seem particularly courteous, there is a deeper shade of underlying comfort that comes from a basic understanding and familiarity with the customer-server relationship. The feeling one gets from interacting with the servers (mostly mature women with the wrinkles and crooked gait of true restaurant experience) is one of mutuality. It is as if they are saying to you, "I recognize you as a person, and you recognize me as the same. Right now, I am acting as your server at the Waffle House, and you are acting as a customer, but this does not define you or me. So let's take care of business, but not get carried away with false assurance or assumed airs." Or perhaps it is as if they are saying, "It is two in the morning. What do you want to eat?"

The simplicity and genuineness of the service is endearing in the long run—it makes one feel more connected to the establishment and more authentic. The clean, but not done-up interior design works similarly. But the most important factor of the Waffle House's ambiance is the menu—clear, intensely compact on a single plastic-covered sheet, yet bursting with variety and possibility, it is a masterwork of the genre. Unequaled anywhere in individuality and pizzazz, though underscored by the ominously repeated admonishment, "No Sharing." In summary, there is no uptight frou-frou here, just traces of a down-home hospitality filtered through a conception of restauranteering that focuses on taking care of business.
“Happy, O Monk, Is Thy Shadow!”

A “No Pluses, No Minuses” Memory of a Spiritual Friend

by Dan Fisher

“For those who approach the Dharma in quest of intellectual or emotional gratification, inevitably it will show two faces, and one will always remain a puzzle. But if we approach the Dharma on its own terms, as the way to release from suffering, there will not be two faces at all. Instead we will see what was there from the start: the single face of Dharma which, like any other face, presents two complementary sides. — Bhikkhu Bodhi

Few things rouse my heart as much as good American folk music. Like all great art but perhaps more so, the good stuff of folk is stripped, unabashed, and self-possessed. Think tragic ballads, “Blue Moon of Kentucky” or Patsy Cline. If I had to pick one song from the canon of American folk that I find most deeply touching, though, it would be Joe Ely’s “Because of the Wind.”

I know you know why they bend, / And sway and twine? / The trees bend because of the wind / All along the line.” The song continues, saying that, as with the trees, a breeze-like presence can rouse and move us, saying that, as with the trees, a breeze-like presence can rouse and move us. This song is not just about trees, it’s about life. It’s about the wind that blows through the world, the breeze that blows through life. It’s about the way that life moves, the way that we move.

Who is S/he?

Leslie Feinberg Interview Inspires Introspection

by Liz Reuss

When I tossed the idea of an interview with Leslie Feinberg out on the table at the first MOYO meeting, I had no intention of actually doing it myself. Prior to that day, when I was told about her speaking engagement at Denison, I had no idea who s/he was. I knew s/he was a transgender and activist for the queer community, that much was indicated on the flier. So when the idea for an interview arose, I tossed Feinberg’s name out while it was still fresh in my mind. I knew it was a good suggestion—a speaker like that doesn’t come to Denison often and I knew that most people probably didn’t even know what a transgendered person was. However, when I got drafted for the assignment, I didn’t have the guts to admit that I didn’t know either. I had always considered myself fairly hip, pretty with it and accepting of things different from me and that always present proverbial “norm.” I didn’t want to admit I had no clue who this person even was.

I decided to hunt down the information I needed. I visited every website that search engines led to; I downloaded bios and magazine interviews. I even accessed book reviews for some of hir novels, particularly a work of fiction titled Stone Butch Blues. From what I could glean from the articles there seemed to be a lot of debate concerning the book’s protagonist Jess and Feinberg’s identity or the activist movement, there still was no explanation as to what that exactly entailed. I didn’t want to admit I had no clue who this person even was.

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particularlly important. Camp Firefly was started by the two in the early nineties in order to provide a place for kids with terminal illnesses. Every year Kirk and wife spend about a week at the camp, hanging out with them, doing gymnastics routines and autographing old Growing Pains posters. Why Growing Pains? Doesn’t he have a new movie coming out called “Left Behind”?! Hasn’t he moved on since his glory days that ended so abruptly back in 1992? Maybe he has, but no one cares.

Okay, there may be a few truly devoted souls out there who are growing with Kirkie as he grows up. The rest of us still think of him as the guy from Growing Pains who got left in a cloud of dust by Leonardo DiCaprio. So despite his best efforts to be a mature, caring, and versatile individual, hell! he’ll always be Mike Seaver. Tune in for those re-runs every day at five.

I’ll be honest: I’ve seen about two episodes of “Growing Pains” during the course of my entire life. I was not one of the people to admit to having a poster of Kirk, because I never even had so much as a magazine clipping of him. In other words, I had to look beyond my vast knowledge of television stars in order to find out more about our man of the year. I owe my life and college degree to www.kirkcameron.com so if you have interest in the guy beyond this article, go there, don’t ask me.

Best Invention: The Thermos

The glories of the thermos are best quoted in the words of a fellow Denison student when asked to give an opinion on its greatness: “How can it tell when something needs to be kept hot and when it needs to be kept cold?”

Now doesn’t that make you burn with curiosity over the thermos, over such an intriguing object of our daily lives. Think about it. What keeps coffee hot on the way to class at nine-thirty in the morning? Definitely not a paper cup. Trust me, I used to try the old paper cup thing until I realized that the wind was blowing into it and cooling the coffee down before I could get to the front door of Barney. Then I invested in a colorful thermos-like cup and can enjoy a steaming cup of coffee during the course of my British Literature course. Without the thermos, I would not have survived BetteWulf.

Many students have a thing for cold milk and juice, and I have seen the thermos come in very handy for them. It’s an excellent tool for smuggling those much needed beverages out of Curtis Dining Hall. Then there’s soup, tea, or even just a plain cup of water. The thermos comes in all shapes and sizes, from X-Men to just plain silver with a black lid. If you don’t own one of these, I highly suggest that you hop the bandwagon right away and invest in one. They can be quite cheap, but definitely has so many nice hostels and bed-and-breakfasts to stay in. Knowing that you have a place to stay and feel a bit thin, you head off toward the nearest pub. Now, whereas Granville may have only a few bars, every Irish town has a good many pubs and bars that are sure to be popular and can equivalent would ever have inside. Notice you a great pub phenomenon. As Tony Hawks, that English lad I saw running around in Crosspointe Mall, is... from Cork, that English lad I saw running around in Crosspointe Mall, is... from Cork, that English lad I saw running around in Crosspointe Mall, is... from Cork, that English lad I saw running around in Crosspointe Mall, is...
PAGANS IN PRINT

The craft—so much more than Sabrina
by Kalyn Wilson

In recent years, Paganism has become a trend, part of a youth culture that buys “Protected by Witchcraft” stickers and pentagrams on imitation leather cords from suburban shopping mall kiosks. Films such as The Craft and Practical Magic explicitly portray a vision of Pagan practices which, rather than sparking controversy, gross well at the box office. Spell books and tarot decks proliferate at Waldenbooks and on Amazon.com.

Just what is it that pop culture has picked up on? Where did all this stuff come from, and what do real Pagans believe in? Complicated questions with multiple answers, and to attempt a complete explanation in an article such as this would be ridiculous. However, I would like to give some insight into? Complicated questions with multiple answers, and to attempt a complete explanation in an article such as this would be ridiculous. However, I would like to give some insight into...
DU Press Release Revisited

The fine print brought to the forefront
by Adam Mallinger

Sidney J. Harris once said, “A cynic is not merely one who reads bitter lessons from the past; he is one who is pre-naturally disposed to believe that the present is worse than the past.” As a cinema major, that quote pretty well illustrates my attitude towards the administration, particularly since their announcement of all the upcoming campus improvements. If you happen to be in an administration program in more than a quarter century, I’m sure you’re ecstatic about all the new buildings. For a person who studies the Fine Arts, these improvements are analogous to hearing that Doane added a hot tub to their spa while your building is still lacking running water. However, even considering the shoddy state of the downhill buildings, I don’t think the administration is deliberately giving the finger to the Fine Arts. They’ve ignored us for so long I’m convinced they’ve forgotten we’re even there.

That said, allow me to run a recent Denison Press Release through my “Administrative Rhetoric Translating Program” and show you what the administration is really saying. The paragraphs in italics are from the original press release, followed by my translation.

GRANVILLE, Ohio—Beginning this March, Denison University will embark on its most ambitious construction program in more than a quarter century, with work commencing on a new “Campus Commons.”

Beginning this March, student convenience and environmental concerns will be thrown to the wind, with work commencing on a new “Campus Commons,” which will herald more construction and traffic problems than 1-270 in a bad year. ...to be framed by a new fine arts building and the Morgan Center, for student, faculty and alumni-related activities.

The new Burton D. Morgan Center to the east will provide a new point of entry for campus visitors and will house a variety of academic and administrative functions, including the Career Development Center; a faculty lounge; offices for Alumni Affairs, University Resources and Public Affairs; and Organizational Studies; and a host of technology-rich classrooms and seminar spaces.

In other words, all areas used more by administrators than students. (These new offices are different from Slayter how? Oh yes, the facilities are larger. I suppose it does make some amount of sense to construct new buildings for administrative purposes. What else could they do? Shove the offices in an old frat or sorority house? Denison would never do anything that absurd.) By the way, the administration hopes that the Fine Arts departments will move their new tents...they were cheaper than the classroom trailers.

At the western edge of the Commons, the new life sciences building will be built to take over the functions currently housed in Highley Hall, a building erected in 1941 when biology, as both a discipline and an academic department at the college, was much smaller. The new space will provide greatly expanded facilities that reflect advances in molecular biology and biochemistry.

Denison University’s Campus Compact—Myth or Reality?
DU’s bubble, burst
by Kelli Zellner

As taken from the Denison University Website, the Campus Compact of Denison University reads:

"Denison University is a place where individuals respect one another and their environment. Each of us possesses a full range of rights and responsibilities, and foremost among these is a commitment to treat each other and our environment with unconditional respect. With mutual consideration and trust, our community will thrive as a place of liberal learning and humane life. As a university, we value learning and scholarly work. We value our campus and respect our environment. We respect individuality. We celebrate diversity as a strength from which we grow and learn from one another. All interactions, academic and social, are characterized by integrity. We take responsibility for acting in accordance with our community’s standards and rules, and for reporting violations of those standards and rules."

The compact is supposed to reflect the values of our community, and so, in light of some recent events on our campus, I have decided that the compact could use some revisions when it comes to time characterized by integrity.

"As a university, we value learning and scholarly work."

"We value our campus and respect our environment."

"We respect individuality."

"We celebrate diversity as a strength from which we grow and learn from one another."

"All interactions, academic and social, are characterized by integrity."

"We take responsibility for acting in accordance with our community’s standards and rules, and for reporting violations of those standards and rules."

The future hate-group members. Each of us possesses a full range of rights and responsibilities is a commitment to treat each other and our environment with unconditional respect when we feel inclined to do so. With mutual unrestrainedness, love, and respect, our community will thrive as a place of liberal learning and as a breeding ground for future hate-group members.

"As a university, we value learning and scholarly work."

"As a community, we share common purposes, governance, bonds, and traditions. All Denison traditions must continue unbroken, and this is without exception, even if they involve harassment of students, littering of the environment, or vandalism of personal property."

"We treat each other with respect. Civility is a cornerstone of our community."

"We value our campus and respect our environment consistently between sunrise and sunset. All other times are open for the free expression of disrespect, hatred, and fear."

"We abhor individuality. We are terrified of diversity and see it as a transgression from our ideals, which cannot be forgiven."

"All interactions, academic and social, are from time to time characterized by integrity."

"We take responsibility for acting in accordance with our community’s standards and rules when it suits us, and for reporting violations of those standards and rules."

My revised version of the compact is as follows:

Denison University is a place where individuals respect one another and their environment as long as everyone is a white heterosexual who does not date outside their own race anyway. Each of us possesses a full range of rights and responsibilities, which may be completely ignored by other community members if they feel opposition or indifference to one’s position. Foremost among these insignificant rights and responsibilities is a commitment to treat each other and our environment with unconditional respect when we feel inclined to do so. With mutual unrestrainedness, fear, and silence, our community will thrive as a place of liberal learning and as a breeding ground for future hate-group members.

"As a university, we value learning and scholarly work."

"As a community, we share common purposes, governance, bonds, and traditions. All Denison traditions must continue unbroken, and this is without exception, even if they involve harassment of students, littering of the environment, or vandalism of personal property.

"We treat each other with respect. Civility is a cornerstone of our community but one that is as eroded as the grout on the front of DU library."

"We value our campus and respect our environment consistently between sunrise and sunset. All other times are open for the free expression of disrespect, hatred, and fear."

"We abhor individuality. We are terrified of diversity and see it as a transgression from our ideals, which cannot be forgiven."

"All interactions, academic and social, are from time to time characterized by integrity."

"We take responsibility for acting in accordance with our community’s standards and rules when it suits us, and for reporting violations of those standards and rules."

Perhaps you are now interested in my motivation for proposing these revisions. They climaxed on the night of Mrs. Shepard’s talk (February 21), but really gained fuel the weekend before that. Here’s what happened.

That weekend (February 17 and 18) was: "Li’l Sils Weekend."

An overnight weekend for potential students. A weekend of unusually high vandalism on our campus (see the letter from Campus Safety and Security posted in the Bullsheet on February 20th).

Denison University is a place where individuals respect one another and their environment as long as everyone is a white heterosexual who does not date outside their own race anyway. Each of us possesses a full range of rights and responsibilities, which may be completely ignored by other community members if they feel opposition or indifference to one’s position. Foremost among these insignificant rights and responsibilities is a commitment to treat each other and our environment with unconditional respect when we feel inclined to do so. With mutual unrestrainedness, fear, and silence, our community will thrive as a place of liberal learning and as a breeding ground for future hate-group members. As a university, we value learning and scholarly work. As a community, we share common purposes, governance, bonds, and traditions. All Denison traditions must continue unbroken, and this is without exception, even if they involve harassment of students, littering of the environment, or vandalism of personal property.

We treat each other with respect if other people are watching and/or it is daytime. Civility is a cornerstone of our community but one that is as eroded as the grout on the front of DU library.

We value our campus and respect our environment consistently between sunrise and sunset. All other times are open for the free expression of disrespect, hatred, and fear.

We abhor individuality. We are terrified of diversity and see it as a transgression from our ideals, which cannot be forgiven.

All interactions, academic and social, are from time to time characterized by integrity.

We take responsibility for acting in accordance with our community’s standards and rules when it suits us, and for reporting violations of those standards and rules."

With mutual consideration and trust, our community will thrive as a place of liberal learning and humane life. As a university, we value learning and scholarly work. We value our campus and respect our environment consistently between sunrise and sunset. All other times are open for the free expression of disrespect, hatred, and fear. We abhor individuality. We are terrified of diversity and see it as a transgression from our ideals, which cannot be forgiven.
Bureaucracy—Friend of the Common Man

We might clarify our search for reasons by looking at the etymology of the word “bureaucracy.” It is of Latinate derivation, from “bureau,” meaning “office,” “cours,” meaning “doing nothing,” and “y,” as in “Why?” Because we like it. The truth is we like it, for bureaucracy, we cary out for it, through the standards to which we hold institutions like Denison—if there is something we don’t like about the “campus climate” (whatever that is), it is the institution’s fault; if something changes, however, and we don’t like it the new way, this is also the institution’s fault. The Man gets it both coming and going. There are too many people, too many different interests, for any university or other establishment to please even the majority, much less everybody. Bureaucracy develops from this state of affairs as a form of institutional self-defense. The people in charge—sometimes there are some actual authorities, somewhat dark and deeply hidden, like Mammoth Cave—these authorities, somewhere dark and deeply hidden, like Mammoth Cave—these authorities, somewhere dark and deeply hidden, are not the best people to come and complain if anything changes. However, and we don’t like it the new way, this is also the institution’s fault. The Man gets it both coming and going. There are too many people, too many different interests, for any university or other establishment to please even the majority, much less everybody. Bureaucracy develops from this state of affairs as a form of institutional self-defense. The people in charge—sometimes there are some actual authorities, somewhat dark and deeply hidden, like Mammoth Cave—these authorities, somewhere dark and deeply hidden, are not the best people to come and complain if anything changes. However, and we don’t like it the new way, this is also the institution’s fault. The Man gets it both coming and going.

We tacitly, perhaps subconsciously, support bureaucracy in all our institutions because we are frightened of what other people could do if bureaucracy didn’t stop.

In the vast majority of interactions with the establishment, we are Charles Thompson, not Rudy DeCappianco. Because, at the end of the day, when the people who work within one consistently complain about the internal procedures they are bound up in on a daily basis. The people only imagine that they would admit an interest in maintaining bureaucratic systems would be the executors at 3M (I hear they make the red tape). Why so does this way of doing things (or, more accurately, way of not doing things) persist?

Continued on Page 27

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Ourn Administration Building, March 8, 2001

An Expiation Rather than an Expletive

by Tom Hankinson

One sunny day at Denison University, in the middle of a lovely Spring semester, I decided to procure a purchase order for a student activity planned to buy office supplies for MoYO, the campus magazine, so I trekked over to Doane to see if I could locate some money. I started out in the Cashier’s office (“Cashier” sounds like “Cash”” was my reasoning, I think). A helpful staff member there directed me to the Accounting Office, next door. I thanked her profusely for setting me straight, and headed to Accounting. The lady behind the desk there told me that, no, I did not want Accounting at all—Purchasing handles all student activities funds, though Accounting does have a record of group account numbers. Still not discouraged, I hauled myself up two flights of skinny stairs that were effused with a tense, yellowish light. Pausing to catch my breath (I had bounded too swiftly in my chipper enthusiasm, and needed a breather), I noticed that I was at Telephone Services, where I used my pay phone bill until they put a sign up to pay telephone bills not in Telephone Services, but in Purchasing (just for a little while—don’t ask me why). I proceeded down the hall to Purchasing and entered their comfortable, friendly office space. A duo of desk attendants of differing but unclear authority was present. The first directed me to the second. The second explained to me that only the current Treasurer of DCGA (a very efficient and helpful chap at the time) could give me a short order form. It was further explained—and this is, in my opinion, the best part—that the DCGA Treasurer picked up the forms from Purchasing.

Spring 2001
A Very “Tasty” Quiz:
The Denison Social Hierarchy - Do You Cut It?

by The TastyPaycheck

1. When entering Shorney, the first thing I look for is:
   a.) an exit
   b.) any floor where I can hear the smashing of beer bottles
   c.) any door where I can see a towel stuffed underneath it
   d.) an exit

2. Rather than attend a potentially interesting or enlightening lecturer during the school week, I would rather:
   a.) get fucked up at the Villa
   b.) get fucked up at Brews
   c.) get fucked up in my room
   d.) get fucked

3. My favorite thing about The Wingless Angels is:
   a.) They look good in black.
   b.) Their Rush booklet caused them to look like bigger assholes than they already were.
   c.) They’re not smart enough to damage school property in a creative and irreplaceable manner.
   d.) Wait, who?

4. When I have a problem, the first thing I do is:
   a.) ask God
   b.) bother my friends
   c.) let the problem bug me until it requires a licensed therapist
   d.) let the beer figure it out

5. The #1 reason for me to become an Environmental Studies Major is:
   a.) I like to smoke pot
   b.) I care about the environment, and like to smoke pot
   c.) I want to be Amish when I grow up, and like to smoke pot
   d.) I’m too lazy to shave… because I smoke pot

6. What I plan to get out of Denison is:
   a.) a history of alcoholism
   b.) a future of alcoholism
   c.) good stories for my therapist
   d.) $100,000 in student loans, which I paid off with my credit card to get free shit

7. My favorite cheap drink of choice is:
   a.) Natty Light
   b.) wine from a box
   c.) hong water
   d.) NyQuil

8. Hummus is made of:
   a.) crushed chick peas
   b.) stuff scraped from the weekend floors of Crawford
   c.) stuff scraped from the bowls of Shorney, but what kind?
   d.) ask God

9. My neighbor:
   a.) I’ve never seen him, I think he’s a swimmer
   b.) has tourettes
   c.) is a screamer
   d.) holds a prayer for my soul every week with his/her friends from Campus Crusade for Christ

10. What I hate most about the residence halls going smoke free is:
    a.) I can’t smoke pot
    b.) I can’t smoke crack
    c.) I’ll be expected to talk to the person after sex
    d.) can they do that? I guess I’ll have to live in Shorney

So, you’ve made it this far. Are you sure you want to go on? You have more important things to do, right? Just remember, if this offends you in any manner, then we did our job. We’re not here to take sides, we like to make fun of them.

Look for the answer key on page 31.
An unaccustomed look back from a Big Apple intern

by Kim Barry

Looking back has never really been my style. I've always been much more of a "focus on the future" kind of girl, in Manhattan, but for the first time in my life, I never expected this to happen here, bit early and I'm working as an editor. I started working on my plan right away. I continued doing well in my English classes and told some of my teachers that I was going to be an editor. They told me that I might as well get started right away and put me in charge of the school literary magazine and newspaper. Things were falling into place wonderfully. Everything made perfect sense in my head, my parents supported me, and my friends thought it was kind of cool that I was going to do it. That was my plan that I had thought so much about. Of course I had made personal notes about this grand plan in my diary, but my first chance to write it down in-depth came in eighth grade. My English teacher, Mrs. Roberts, had given my classmates and I what she called one of her favorite assignments: a futurity, an essay describing where we saw ourselves in 20 years. I clearly remember the big dreams I put into that essay. I didn't omit them dreams, though. To me they were very real things that just hadn't happened yet. After all, 20 years is made up of a lot of steps. So I wrote about being the valedictorian of my high school class, going to a small but respectable university, majoring in English, and then transferring to Columbia to get my master's degree. I wrote about my husband, three children, and two dogs, and I wrote about the friends in my life that were as important as ever. Then came the big dream; I wrote about sitting in my office in the Big Apple, doing my job as the editor-in-chief of Disney Magazine (I was 12 years old...even the most serious goals had to involve something fun). When I turned in my essay, I told myself how amazing my future was going to be.

DU Press Release

Continued from Page 1

No translation here. I could point out that at least Higley was constructed specifically as a science building, and even 1949. Contrast that with the Cinema Department, which is currently housed in an old sorority house and a tiny cottage. Furthermore, the school is not in law and outdated despite the fact there are more than 50 majors enrolled in the program. As I said, I could rant and rave about this, but I'm not going to be the one to do it.

The building project is part of an overall Campus Master Plan created in 1999 by the firm of Graham Gund Architects of Cleveland, Ohio. The building project is part of an overall Campus Master Plan created in 1999 to give the downhill fine arts disciplines the impression that the administration actually cares about them. The so-called "30 Year Plan" is nothing more than a publicity stunt. We'll show the department chairs blueprints of some "Fine Arts Complex" to be constructed sometime in the next 30 years. Let them think we'll just jump on the bandwagon and contribute to one new state of the art building. That'll buy us enough time to cycle out the facility, ensuring no one will hold us to the promises.

The Albert M. Higley Co. of Cleveland will serve as construction managers for the project. The Higley firm has been the architect of projects such as the next 30 years. Let them think we'll just jump on the bandwagon and contribute to one new state of the art building. That'll buy us enough time to cycle out the facility, ensuring no one will hold us to the promises.

The Albert M. Higley Co. of Cleveland will serve as construction managers for the project. The Higley firm has been the architect of projects such as the next 30 years. Let them think we'll just jump on the bandwagon and contribute to one new state of the art building. That'll buy us enough time to cycle out the facility, ensuring no one will hold us to the promises.
Happy, O Monk
continued from page 10.

"Soft-spoken" in that he not only spoke with little frequency but also just barely above a whisper, Godwin Samararatne otherwise should have been a constant center of attention. With his richly dark skin, tall stature, and fine silky silver hair, and disarming subdued gaze, Godwin was certainly one of the most physically striking individuals I have ever seen. These lovely physical attributes combined with his regular outfit of a stark-white dhoti kurta would seemingly make Godwin hard to miss. Somehow, though, he managed to deflect attention from himself. Walking with our program director and Munindra-ji, Godwin hung in their shadows with his arms folded neatly across his chest. In dharma talks, he always yielded to Munindra-ji as an instructor. He constantly behaved as his student, rather than the intellectual equal that he indeed was. Godwin carried a certain air of almost completely devoid of any pomp. With his head downcast, his arms ever-folded across his chest and positively petite steps, his manner of walking revealed for him to cloister himself away among a crowd. I often would not catch sight of him if we both happened to be walking through the village towards each other. Instead, I would never see Godwin again, but I took the news very hard. Not many how marginally "I knew" Godwin, I found his death devastating. What I knew was Godwin with feeling that, during my time in India, I had not been the best student of Buddhism in practice, particularly with Godwin. I remembered debating Godwin’s retreat. I had turned my back on important lessons at a fleeting time in my past. I should have been more focused on every opportunity, no matter how small. This lesson of life was made all the more vivid by the death of Godwin. Although I have a tendency towards over-dramatizing my life and feelings, I cannot be lanced because of my hairiness and the common knowledge that I saw as precious only with the opportunity that I saw as precious only with the need to come together and fight these common oppressions under a unified front, rather than be torn apart by our individual agendas and differences. There is no fast basis for a coalition," she said. Meaning that we could not fight what we saw as a monom. mon, we’ll never get anything done. The goal is, "to fight against each other’s oppression." I realized afterwards, as I was flipping through my useless set of interview questions, that the completely wrong position. I was so caught up in what I didn’t understand about him, that I neglected to notice what might have in common. While she’s by the stand of the pulmonary autopsies, I shirked in the corner and tried to think up a new set of questions on the fly. I still had yet to introduce myself, though. I was sure I glanced over at a couple times. Probably wondering why I was staring at her, pen in hand, scribbling in my notebook. Eventually the crowd dissipated and only the people who had organized the retreat shared small talk over the catered dinner. Eventually my friend who had arranged for the interview got fed up waiting for me to make my move and pushed me over to where she was. She introduced me, but we never talked. I was too close to her, inviting me to sit, making sure not to break the normalcy of finishing her pasta. A circle of people gathered around us on the floor and I suddenly felt like it was story time, and I was the narrator.

Six months later—back at Denison—I was checking my Wehrnall account and found a message from one of my friends on the Antinotch program. I had heard from one of the students on the program that Godwin had been sick and had decided to ask this friend if she knew anything about it. Her reply read: "They typed your e-mail address wrong. I guess you didn’t see this. Sorry, kiddo." Attached was a message from the program director in information technology that Godwin had passed away.

I do not believe that I honestly ever thought that I would ever see Godwin again, but I took the news very hard. Not many how marginally “I knew” Godwin, I found his death devastating. What I knew was Godwin with feeling that, during my time in India, I had not been the best student of Buddhism in practice, particularly with Godwin. I remembered debating Godwin’s retreat. I had turned my back on important lessons at a fleeting time in my past. I should have been more focused on every opportunity, no matter how small. This lesson of life was made all the more vivid by the death of Godwin. Although I have a tendency towards over-dramatizing my life and feelings, I cannot be lanced because of my hairiness and the common knowledge that I saw as precious only with the opportunity that I saw as precious only with the need to come together and fight these common oppressions under a unified front, rather than be torn apart by our individual agendas and differences. There is no fast basis for a coalition," she said. Meaning that we could not fight what we saw as a monom. mon, we’ll never get anything done. The goal is, "to fight against each other’s oppression." I realized afterwards, as I was flipping through my useless set of interview questions, that the completely wrong position. I was so caught up in what I didn’t understand about him, that I neglected to notice what might have in common. While she’s by the stand of the pulmonary autopsies, I shirked in the corner and tried to think up a new set of questions on the fly. I still had yet to introduce myself, though. I was sure I glanced over at a couple times. Probably wondering why I was staring at her, pen in hand, scribbling in my notebook. Eventually the crowd dissipated and only the people who had organized the retreat shared small talk over the catered dinner. Eventually my friend who had arranged for the interview got fed up waiting for me to make my move and pushed me over to where she was. She introduced me, but we never talked. I was too close to her, inviting me to sit, making sure not to break the normalcy of finishing her pasta. A circle of people gathered around us on the floor and I suddenly felt like it was story time, and I was the narrator.

Suddenly questions came to me and I felt my- self just writing. She was one of those people that did not know just what needed to be asked. The question was even asked. Her body of knowledge was amazing. When I asked her opinion concerning the por- trayal of queer society in the media, she’s went through her useless set of interview questions, that I had taken a small talk over the catered dinner. Eventually my friend who had arranged for the interview got fed up waiting for me to make my move and pushed me over to where she was. She introduced me, but we never talked. I was too close to her, inviting me to sit, making sure not to break the normalcy of finishing her pasta. A circle of people gathered around us on the floor and I suddenly felt like it was story time, and I was the narrator.

Who is She?
continued from Page 11.

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MoYO Millenium Picks

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MoYummy continued from Page 9

cuttley area and the greater dining hall strikes one, though depending on crowds, it may seem more or less welcoming and airy. The self-service idea has its charm, particularly when one gets to see the food before committing to it—you don’t just know what dish you’re ordering, but exactly what piece of food you are selecting. The tables are moderately clean, for the most part, and the booths have a pleasant, comfortable atmosphere that deflates under pressure. Whatever accouterments the diner requires are provided in well stocked salad bar and condiment bars. The atmosphere is one of hurry in the business, but once a table is selected, each diner is allowed to set his or her own pace.

Of course it would be impossible to describe the Huffman dining experience without some mention of Betty, the worker who operates the card slider for many of the students. She is a fixture in the dining hall that brightens the day of many a patron with her down-to-earth wisdom and blurt, but not over-used smile. In addition to Betty, the other staff members of Huffman are courteous, though their interaction with the clientele is limited. What might be lacking in efficiency is made up in consistency and hard work. The regular schedules and open attitude of the Huffman workers contribute as much to the ease of getting food as the almost familiar presence. While the cafeteria-style service lacks something in the style department, this is certainly mitigated by an immediate sense of familiarity and control that the patrons feel encouraging the diner to eat. Huffman is not about luxurious seating, or impeccable service, or opulent décor, but it is about getting food on a tray.

MoYummy continued from Page 9

Food: oo

Overall: oo

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called Alex Sanders began asking questions about Wicca of some of its notables, such as Gardenerian high priestesses Patricia Crowther and Doreen Valiente. Sanders somehow (and this remains both unclear and hotly debated) obtained at least a partial copy of a Gardenerian Book of Shadows, the book in which Wicca’s spells and rituals were recorded, and by 1965, just a year after the death of Gerald Gardner, he and Future wife Maxine were running a coven of their own. Its existence was publicized that summer in a newspaper article which included Sanders’ account of being initiated into an older branch of witchcraft than Wicca in 1933, by his grandmother. The priestesses with whom he had been in contact were furious and vented in public, declaring Sanders a charlatan for this statement, which he could not prove. The article also “provided details of the rituals, which were standard for the Gardenerian Book of Shadows” (Hutton 325). He soon created the title of King of the Witches, and declared by 1967 that he had a network of covens including over 1600 people (Hutton 326).

In the United States, both Gardenerian and Alexandrian covens still exist, but in far smaller numbers than they did in Britain. More significant as a group in the U.S. is the Dianic group of traditions. In “The United States, the women of the groups that call themselves ‘Dianic’ are linked by one thing: their emphasis on the Goddess” (Adler 121). Many feminists are attracted to this branch of Wicca, which counts among its originators feminist author and activist Z. Budapest. Members of this tradition are most likely to define the Goddess as a vol- untarial and academic disfavor, to embrace the Great Goddess theory of prehistory as described in the early 1990s by archaeologists and anthropologists J.J. Bachofen, Margaret Murray, and, most recently, Marija Gimbutas (Adler 120). This worldview says that the prehistoric cultures of Europe, Britain and the ancient world were matriarchal; that is, that women were given at least equal power with men in government and in home life, and that they were worshiped and revered as priestesses of the Great Mother Goddess. Life was peaceful until the arrival of patriarchal invaders who destroyed such societies and the Goddess along with them, putting in place their male-centered pantheons and structures of government and family roles, subjugating women. Only by stopping this subjugation, they say, is it possible to reclaim our patriarchy from everyday life in government, the workplace, and religion. Often, those who subscribe to this worldview are ecologi- cally minded as well. The absence of the goddess in the ritual is the notable difference between Dianic and other Wiccan practices.

Despite its youth, Wicca today has undergone significant change and upheaval since the days of its origin. Many as Christianity has been con- stantly re-envisioned throughout its his- tory. Traditional Wicca’s nature are no longer the primary work- ing and organizational group. Because Wicca considers itself an open religion, new and different ways of doing things are invented and revised at an exponen- tial rate. Many people on both sides of the Atlantic have elaborated upon the original 下午 traditions of Wicca using their own interest in classical, Egyptian, Norse, or Celtic mythology, among other things. I would call such new or revised traditions syncretic or eclectic Wicca, because they synthesize elements from a wide variety of sources into their religious traditions. Despite their differences, however, one can retain a core of similarities in order to define one’s tradition as Wiccan. Wiccans typically celebrate eight holy- }

{days, or Sabbats. Four are the quarter days of the year, the two solstices and the two equinoxes. These four sol- lar events are the key festivals of Wiccan ritual, and they are associated with the agricultural calendar. Samhain is celebrated on October 31 or November 1. It is a festival of the dead and a time of remembering the beginning of winter. Yule is the winter solstice, celebrated on December 21. At this time, there is the shortest day of the year, the sun is said to be reborn. Imbolc is celebrated on or about February 2, a festival “of the coming of the Maiden Goddess.” Ostara is the equinox, cele- brated on March 21. It is a festival of spring and the beginning of the planting season. Beltane is cele- brated on or about May 1. As the begin- ning of summer. It is a fertility festival at which rituals are performed to ensure that the crops and young animals will continue to grow. Lughnasadh is the summer solstice, celebrated on June 21 as the “zenith of the sun.” Lughnasadh is the harvest festival, and is celebrated around August 2. It is ded- icated to the Celtic god Lug, about whom more will be said later. Mabon, or Herfest, is the autumnal equinox, celebrated on September 21.

Observers not related to the calendar year, at such times as the four quarters (waxing crescent, full, waning crescent, and new) of the moon, ought to be celebrated whenever possible, as esbats. Wiccan solitary and author Scott Cunningham explains as it is “an ancient vehicle for drawing down the moon: a history of modern paganism.” (Adler 86). Divinity is seen as a part of each worshipper, and any method that facilitates contact with the divine is considered acceptable (Cunningham 53).

Some few exceptions, however, tend to be the things that are focused on in the negative press that Pagans receive. Whatever the path chosen and by whomever it is shared, Pagans can fortunately find themselves victims of persecution, perhaps more so than followers of any other set of beliefs. This can range from simple tuants of classmates or -co-workers to threats or even physical violence, to nothing but well-meaning souls perpetually attempting conversion. Part of the reason for this is the mistrust ofPagans, the way that the first Rosecrucian Society in 1999. 


Once Again... The Armpit Epiphany

AHEM, AHEM. IT HAS BEEN Brought TO THE ATTENTION OF THE EPHEMNY THAT AEROSMITH'S LEADER SINGER STEVEN TYLER HAS EXTREMELY OBLIGE- SYM CHOPS. BY NOW WE DOSE, WE'VE SEEN THE PICTURES, NOW AS OUR CIVIC DUTY, WE FEEL IT NECESSARY TO PROPOSE A

PETITION TO SUR- GICALLY REDUCE STEVEN TYLER’S POINTY-BONE HEROIN CHEEKS

INHUMANLY JAGGED! UNCOMMONLY DEADLY!

OAH AND ONE OTHER THING: SEND THAT MALNOURISHED IMPLODING TINGY FOR A QUART OF BLOOD, BLOOD.

Pop the Cork

continued from Page 12.
gives you a nod, and mumbles, "Dia duit." You try to figure out what he said, as there are times when you are not sure if the people are talking to are speaking English or Irish, and then you remember that you have made the Gaelic, the Irish speaking parts of Ireland. Now, the Irish are a friendly people, but at the same time, they are not apt to draw a great deal of attention to themselves, unless in a greatly altered state. The stranger continues on his way, and you do the same. You think to yourself, "Does he know that I am not from around here?" and then you realize that he probably does as he probably knows every one of the locals. He may not have known you were an American, but he knew you were not from the area.

You continue on your day's adventures, and then as the sun sets, you head back to wherever you have decided to call home for the night. You know that your time in this wonderful place is coming to close. You look forward to seeing people back here in the States, but deep in your heart, you know that this is the type of place you could get through the rest of your life, if you could suck your friends into emigrating with you. There is a slower pace of life there. There is plenty of excitement, but you have to know where to look to see it. You say good bye to the Irish lads whom you have met, and one of them looks to you and says, "Go n-éir an bheath leat." May the road rise before you, you say to yourself, and then you board a plane to leave this wonderful place behind for a while.

TastyPaycheck Quiz Answer Key

If your score is:

10pts to 17pts - You must be a Denison Campus Crusader. And to this we ask, "Why did you bother even taking this quiz?" You must now go seek the Bible and the word of God for we have tainted you and took much pleasure in doing so.

25pts to 31pts - You're an above average Denisonian. So you're the smart one who figured out that you could go to the frat parties without having to pay and go to chapter. At the same time you're probably responsible for half the actions you've taken. Again, this copy of MoJo is not a responsible read for the average student. If you're too smart for the actions you've taken, you're not a normal student, but a above average student. Why in the hell are you in the Denison campus crusader? Do you really think this is what God wants you to do? If you do, you're probably a better person than I am.

This quiz was brought to you by the letter 3, and the number joint on behalf of all us staff members here at The TastyPaycheck. We at the Paycheck are of a collective thinking, a lot like the Borg of Star Trek. We are the bureaucracy to end bureaucracy.

MoJO is not responsible for the ideas expressed in the TastyPaycheck quiz. The views expressed here may be, at times, classified as part of human agents in the world. We expect that after publication, they will dissipate once again and join the oneness of the universe.

Redemption question answers:

01. A 02. C 03. B 04. A 05. D

31 Spring 2001
Give this to a liberal you care about. It may be... THEIR LAST CHANCE!

All semester I've been collecting pamphlets distributed around campus. Pamphlets about homosexuals, evolutionists, and people who celebrate Halloween. And I've realized that these evangelical comics have won countless souls for Christianity, in the face of radical, militant resistance and lies. Which is great. But what about Capitalism? Who's going to carry the torch for it? I am.

Chris Million
Co-Editor-In-Chief

Campus Compact continued from Page 17.

A weekend of unusually visible Hate on our campus.

A weekend prior to a campus presentation by a woman who speaks against Hate

A time of survey about campus hate by the Campus Climate Association

Many young people visited our campus that weekend for the first time. I do not see how any of them, given the following circumstances, could see us as people who believe in or possess "a commitment to treat each other and our environment with unconditional respect."

That Saturday morning, as I was walking up to the library, I noticed a small, faded orange sticker lying on the ground. Dismissing it as a trash sticker blown from a neighboring yard, I chose not to pick it up. But I kept an eye on the ground for other trash on the rest of my way, admiring the new way that I felt better about letting the litter remain there. It was not long before, to my shock, I noticed another fluorescent sticker. This one was stuck to the base of a lamppost. I read it and quickly peeled it off.

"Earth's Most Endangered Species: THE WHITE RACE Help preserve it."

This was followed by the address, phone number, and website of a group whom one could contact to support this cause and to order more of these stickers. If this is what it says: "DON'T CATCH AIDS" and proceeded to prescribe behavior for avoiding the disease. I have an idea of what it said, but because I do not currently have it in front of me, I cannot quote it and do not want to misrepresent it. I will say that its contents were charged with tones of prejudice toward race and sexual orientation.

What is being done about this—about this message? As I sit with it here before me and look at it in disgust, this is what it says:

"Earth's Most Endangered Species: THE WHITE RACE Help preserve it."

I had been waiting for someone else to comment on the situation with these stickers so that I could say "Yeah! They're right! I'm glad he/she said that!" I'm sure there are others who've done this very thing out of fear or laziness or apathy for a cause that they've seen as irrelevant to them. As the Campus Climate survey made me realize, that is wrong. It's irrelevant to no one. Perhaps we could start a regular publication that specifically serves to make discrimination and hate on campus visible to everyone—so no one can ignore it. It is my hope that there would be a mob of students interested in publishing their thoughts on hate and related issues.

If not, perhaps we could look into revising the campus compact to suit the values we currently display by being passive and condoning hate.
Strategies for getting more enjoyment out of world conquest
by Steve Kovach

Often times, people make the mistake of relying on instruction manuals to decipher how to enjoy themselves while playing a board game. For example, the instruction booklet for the classic game of world domination, Risk, will attempt to convince the reader that in order to maximize the enjoyment that one can experience from engaging in the game, one should strive to occupy all the territories on the game board with their respective armies. However, this mentality seriously inhibits one from achieving even higher levels in which Risk can be enjoyed. Although "world domination," so to speak, can be fulfilling, one must look at the bigger picture. Even if a player manages to be victorious and seize control of all the countries, nothing has really been accomplished in the three or four hours spent playing Risk because, after all, it is only a board game. Therefore, one must be more innovative in their strategy than the instruction manual demands in order to produce more concrete results, such as pissing other people off.

Just as the European Classical Balance of Power prevented any one nation from growing too strong, often times in Risk, one or two players become dominant and the weaker players forge alliances in order to accomplish the same end. However, one must be more innovative in their strategy than the instruction manual demands in order to produce more concrete results, such as pissing other people off.

As the European Classical Balance of Power prevented any one nation from growing too strong, often times in Risk, one or two players become dominant and the weaker players forge alliances in order to accomplish the same end. However, one must be more innovative in their strategy than the instruction manual demands in order to produce more concrete results, such as pissing other people off.

The particular technique is generally frowned upon by the Risk playing community, kicking, shaking, or otherwise disturbing the surface area in which the game is being played in order to scatter the pieces on the game board (commonly known as the "earthquake" technique) is another enjoyable alternative. Especially if one finds him or herself losing. Admittedly, this particular technique may not solve anything, but, damn it feels good.
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