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If you are a resident of the west quad—or any quad if the promoters were truly diligent—then you may recall seeing signs which posed the question, “Does your relationship suck?” Many of these posters were to be found in the community bathrooms, which I believe are the best venues for considering such a question. By the way, before I launch into a whiny diatribe, I should mention that the signs pertained to a talk delivered in the lounge of Curtis West on Thursday the fifth of March; the topic of the talk was the “art of the healthy relationship.” Sadly, I did not attend the talk and know only of the signs. Apparently, “Fun prizes” were awarded, but I did not receive anything fun as a result of my absence.

Back to a consideration of the sign and my thoughts on the “art of the healthy relationship.” The “Does your relationship suck?” question is of interest because it speaks directly to what many feel is an important part of the college experience: finding that special someone and making the union work. A generous amount of alcohol on any given night has certainly helped many a student here find that special someone, but whether or not it has helped the union work is a decidedly different matter. Nonetheless, these concerns remain prevalent among the student body, and never have I seen the situation so handily summarized as in the question, “Does your relationship suck?” The poster then asks, “Would you like to improve your relationship?” to which every reader in a sucking relationship most certainly responded for me. “Do you get stuck with those psycho boneheads, salivating at your door, when all you want is someone with a decent brain, or at least a ‘brain’?” Whereas as the previous two queries would have pertained to any person in a sucking relationship, this third question seems to be directed at individuals of a certain persuasion. More importantly, this question seems to be placing the blame for relationship sucking on individuals of the other persuasion.

A closer examination of the language of the third question makes my point clearer. Notice the use of “psycho boneheads” in the question. “Psycho” to me conjures up images of Norman Bates, who we all know was responsible for a rather sucky relationship with his mother. “Boneheads” is easily associated with “boner”; any faithful viewer of Growing Pains can tell you that Kirk Cameron’s best friend bore that distinctive appellation. The “decent brain” or at least a “brain” portion of the question calls to mind Frankenstein’s monster—whose brain wasn’t very decent at all—and the Scarecrow from the Wizard of Oz—whose brain wasn’t very present. What do all these allusions have in common? What is the purpose of this word play? Simply, the third question seems to be insinuating that the male gender is primarily responsible for relationship sucking. As one of that persuasion, I feel it is my duty to defend men against this stiffing allegation.

Unfortunately, I may not be up to the task. I am something of an Irwin Allen of college relationships. I have had several—one rather long, a few rather short, and some very, very short—but all have ended with a burning building, a sinking ship, or enough tragedy for a Chum Bell campaign. I can say this; You won’t find a defense for men anywhere in this issue. You will find articles on the Greek system three years after the landmark Option Three decision—which serve as a sort of tribute to MoYO’s premier issue—dinner culture, sexual confusion, Chickrock, and rock stars. You will also find an article on acupuncture, which if your relationship sucks may provide a vehicle for relief.

Paul Durica
Editor-in-Chief

As If Lipstick Was a Sign of My Declining Mind
How ChickRock Happened

By Amy L. Spears

C

hicRock—yes, I admit it’s an odd term, but I like it. It often evokes snide remarks and stupid questions (So, you like Mariah Carey? What do you play besides Madonna? Ugh.) but at the same time it makes me feel a little empowered. I’ve created my own genre.

So what exactly is ChickRock? Well, it’s not Madonna my best friend could be Madonna. It probably should be artists like the Indigo Girls and Sarah McLachlan, but sometimes my own prejudices get in the way. It’s always Ani DiFranco, Tori Amos, Jen Trynin, P.J. Harvey, Maggie Estep, Lisa Germano or whoever else gets dubbed my obsession of the week.

ChickRock is a genre of music without any particular sound to define it. But, as I’d like to tell all the record companies who’ve proclaimed it the “Year of the Woman,” it takes more than the right anatomy to be worthy of initiation into ChickRock. First, talent is a must. So the Spice Girls need not apply.

Second, a true ChickRock artist displays a certain degree of political consciousness and a healthy dose of cynicism, but she’s got to be able to stop taking herself seriously once in a while. (Hence, Alanis Morissette isn’t included but Ani DiFranco and Dar Williams are.) The subtle irony of Cole’s “Where Have All the Cowboys Gone?” rings circles around the ranting of Meredith Brooks’ “Bitch.”

Third, a sense of individual musical style can’t be left out. There will be no pop princesses admitted to this elite group, which is why Madonna, wavers in and out of our little band of misfits as she wavers in and out of brilliant originality and sappy regurgitated pop. With that established, you’ve got an idea of what ChickRock is. The people who told us this was the trend of the future are the same people who tell us this was the trend of the future, are the same people who tell us this was the trend of the future, are the same people who tell us this was the trend of the future.

So what am I getting at with this rant? To put it bluntly, it seems people are getting record deals because of their biology. Not that it has always been that way; for years, it was an all-male show. So while it’s great that talented women are finally getting an equal shot, it sometimes seems all you have to do is teach a woman a few chords and next thing you know she’s triple platinum. And she’s “secured a spot on next year’s Lilith Fair lineup,” or some other similarly nauseating cliche.

Not to say that all of the women who’ve achieved substantial fame are completely untalented. In fact, most of them are really great. I just think there’s a big difference in the standards for quality between men and women in the music industry, so we’ve got dozens of female one hit wonders on the scene, singing sappy love songs over worn out drum machines, while the women with real messages are left to waste away on the periphery of fame.

So all of this is why ChickRock was born. And it’s why I’ve never said to leave WDUB after three years. All of this is why I feel I can defend myself when called a separatist or any other not so nasty name by those people who told us this was the trend of the future, are the same people who told us this was the trend of the future, are the same people who told us this was the trend of the future, are the same people who told us this was the trend of the future.

Besides ChickRock, Amy L. Spears will long be remembered for her fondness of titanium. Oh, glorious, uncordial metal!