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mind of your own

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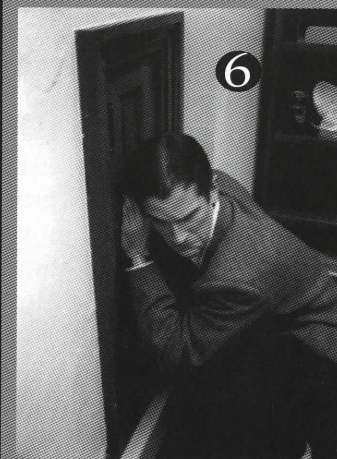
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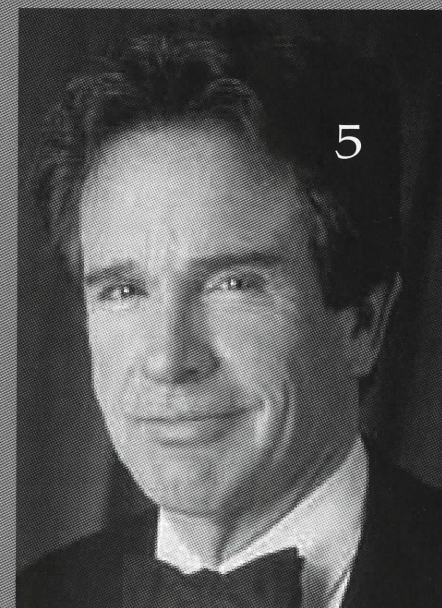
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During my six semesters as editor of *MoYO*, I have attempted to use this space as an introduction to the magazine rather than a paper and ink platform. One objective of my tenure has been the production of a publication with one foot rooted in the local—an interview with Michelle Myers—and the other dangling near Jupiter—Dutch male prostitutes—maintaining a balance unique among Denison media. In order to achieve this balance, I have often been as much steward as editor, sacrificing time on and space for my articles to prune and shape the work of others, placing their thoughts and concerns and those of the magazine above my own. Although the full title is *Mind of Your Own*, I enjoy obscuring my opinions and allowing an issue to speak for itself. My reasons are threefold. One, the publication's timetable is longer than that of other campus media; when an issue reaches a student's hands, the incidents or concerns upon which I may comment—the same ones filling the pages of *The Denisonian* or squeezed into the *Bullsheet* at the moment of composition—have been forgotten, regardless of whether anything has been resolved. Two, I write for a very narrow segment of the populace—most dining hall denizens pick up *MoYO* for the pictures (although *Exile* may have us beat this time) or to cloak the turkey cutlet—and those of you who look forward to an issue's release

either share my views or do not deserve additional didacticism. Three, four years is too short a time to correct an institution's ills, especially when these same problems are entrenched in Western culture, perhaps all human culture, and will continue to affect our lives after graduation. Since this is my final issue, however, I will cast aside tradition and offer a trite, if not obvious response to everything ranging from paper waste to racism.

Most of Denison's problems exist within individuals as much as within the institution. Focus on yourself for a change; point a finger if it helps. The University has committed its series of blunders, I admit. After all, Denison is an institution that publicizes the presence of a paper-saving measure—a small, pegboard kiosk—by printing out two thousand flyers to stuff into student mailboxes. OK, the flyers are half a page, costing the world a mere thousand sheets of paper, but they could occupy only a quarter



alison stine

of a page, conserving even more trees, couldn't they?

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

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

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

Paul Durica,
Editor-in-Chief