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moyo
mind of your own

editor-in-chief Paul Durica
managing editors
Chris Million
Tom Hankinson
art director Devlin Boyle
finance Chris Million
contributing editors
Robert Levine
Alison Stine
contributors
Chris Anderson
Laura Barrett
Kim Curry
Dan Fisher
Andy Hiller
Jason Shuba
Luc Ward
photographers
Devlin Boyle
Alison Stine
design
Paul Durica
editorial director Fred Porcheddu

Mind of Your Own is a student-run semi-annual publication of Denison University, published through advertising revenue and Denison University Student Activities funds. Subscription rate: $24 for four issues. Questions, comments, advertising or subscription requests can be directed to MoYO, Slayter Box 633, Denison, Granville, OH 43023. The opinions expressed herein are not those of Denison University, nor the editors, writers, or advisors of MoYO. Material herein is the sole property of MoYO and the writer. Unauthorized reproduction or distribution is prohibited.

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Winter 2000

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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. The University has committed its series of blunders. After all, Denison is an institution that publicizes the presence of a paper-saving kiosk—by printing out two thousand flyers to stuff into student mailboxes. OK, the flyers are half a page, costing the world a mere thousand sheets of paper, but they could occupy only a quarter of a page, conserving even more trees, couldn’t they?

A better question: why am I expressing this eco-awareness when the same two thousand flyers were discarded upon the floor of Slayter? Instead of complaining about paper cups in the dining hall and essays being printed on both sides of the page, try not littering in the student union, cleaning your mailbox by casting a pile of Xeroxod, multicolored offal on the floor. Instead of signing petitions and staging rallies, trying to talk to students of other races, other creeds—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 overlooked problems—the treatment of and attitudes towards women, both students and faculty; classicism as thick as an Abercrombie sweater, just as omnipresent; and the persistent, almost socially accepted and rarely punished, prejudice shown towards homosexuals. Take some personal responsibility.

Of course, you who really care are doing what I’ve suggested and will continue to do so. You don’t need the media serving as a moral compass. And the rest? They are content to get their degree and get the hell out, enjoying the pleasures the place provides and having no regrets. They are like a professor I know who read the latest campus bulletin concerning the Wingless Angels in front of his class, 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

The More You Resist, Babe, the More It Excites Me
by D. Fisher

"Mixon was so bad that he could get innocent people in to politics, but Clinton is bad in a way that will get all our worst traits out there and do so by year 2000, except for moral and principled political junkies with no pulse..."
—Dr. Hunter S. Thompson in 1994

The More You Resist, Babe, the More It Excites Me support for Beatty’s bid

It’s August 23, 1999. The first day of classes at our illustrious campus are a mere week away. As we all continue lobbing with the remaining time or scramble to end our final week with monumental experiences and lasting memories, the political scene is in its ceaseless state of flux. At this particular moment, the big news is that Tennessee’s Lamar Alexander has abandoned his race for the Republican presidential nomination. Meanwhile, the party’s likely nominee, Texas governor George W. Bush, by the borders, is paying a heavy price for much-too-careful listening directly answers to questions about his possible history of cocaine use. All of this comes hot on the coasts of the Iowa Straw Poll. Taking their name from the idea that by throwing a piece of straw into the air one will determine which way the wind blows, the Straw Poll aims to communicate the feelings of the electorate about candidates for office by presenting the results of a small, representative sample of voters. The Iowa Straw Poll, held in Ames, is a baroque gala in honor of the Republican Party and the folks clashing for the contingent’s presidential nomination. Candidates are all given chances to speak and rally support in a carnival-like setting, and at the end of the whole extravaganza, the results of the Straw Poll will be released. Imagine the Granville Fourth of July festival with a few more people, a few more snack shacks, and organized voting for GOP presidential nominee candidates.

Watching CNN’s extensive coverage of the Iowa Straw Poll showed anything to liberals like myself, this aforementioned roller coaster was precisely it: it demonstrated that The Right certainly has the options once again for every run-of-the-mill candidate like George W. or Dan Quayle, the GOP has some sexy alibi—subtle, charming, and intriguing candidates like Mrs. Dole and John McCain. The Democratic Party has only Vice President Al Gore and former New Jersey governor Bill Bradley seriously vying for the nomination. While I think a lot of liberals feel like myself who have to grudgingly settle for Gore or Bradley as the nominee, they wouldn’t necessarily be satisfied with them. As a liberal, I’ve found it difficult to determine any Democrat I would really want to cozy up to. Is it too much to hope that some forceful, dynamic liberal with a chance of winning in November will step forward? I found myself thinking after being impressed by his 1998 film A Life in the Day and the electrifying-although-fictitious-plotters of the title character. So when The New York Times reported on August 12th that the man once asked to play the president in Mars Attacks! was considering announcing as the party in the real world, I was more than delighted. I heard “I fear we’re getting closer to a plutocracy than we want to,” Beatty told