

VERITAS & VANITAS

A Journal of Student Writing from MTC & OSU

Volume 1 Issue 3

May 1994

What's *The Problem*?

Danielle Clevenger

I had wanted to write an article about *The Problem* between OSUM and MTC, but draft and draft came up short of my goal. After consulting with my writing advisors, I realized I couldn't write a knowledgeable article on the subject, because I don't know what the problem is!

Anyone who has put in five years on the Marion campus—like I have—has heard about *The Problem*. What we hear comes to us in bits and snatches, incomplete, and usually biased towards the school of the teller. I've heard that OSUM students hate MTC students, and vice versa. I've heard that the two administrations are only slightly more cooperative than the nation of Israel and the PLO. I've heard that blow-ups have occurred over everything from the signs in front of each building to the purchasing of the old McDonald's.

What I would like to know is this. If *The Problem* is so huge, why aren't the students given some legitimate information about it? It's ridiculous that we, as students working on a campus journal, know that a

controversy exists, know that we have to be careful about what we write, yet we do not know how, why, or who our words will offend. Here we sit with this wonderful forum for discussing such problems, and we don't have the details to do it.

I'm a student, and as far as I see it, my biggest campus problem should be whether to go to class or to watch Ricki Lake in the Student Center. (Not a hard choice—I've never had a professor half as dull as Ricki.) I haven't the slightest idea what *The Problem* is based on, at what levels it rears its ugly head, or why I, a student, should worry about it or get involved.

If this conflict does exist, and if it's so overwhelming that it's going to affect my academic career, shouldn't I be given the opportunity to try to help solve it—shouldn't I be made aware of what is going on? I think so. This isn't high school where administrative differences must be kept hidden so the infrastructure will remain strong. This is college, where, if I'm to believe what my professors tell me, the students often lead the way down new paths of thought. •

What do you think *THE PROBLEM* is?

Let us know what you believe students, faculty, staff, and administrators could do to unify our two institutions!

Address your letters to:

The Editors,
Veritas & Vanitas
Marion Campus Student Center
1465 Mt. Vernon Ave.
Marion, OH 43302

Write us!!!

Inside This Issue

A commentary on coming to America...

Articles about books and learning...

Thoughts on healing the pain of AIDS...

Assorted graphs and lists...

Words, Word Games, and Cartoons...

On Words Jennifer Reid

It's kind of funny. I hear thousands and thousands of words each day. Still when I sat down to write on words, I was stumped. Nothing remarkable or profound or astounding appeared on the paper. After 45 minutes of blank staring--still nothing. In fact, I had reached the point of giving up and hoping that something would inspire me tomorrow, when I saw something that did inspire me. It reminded me of all the important events in my life for which I had remembered images, but until now had forgotten the words.

There was a wedding photo standing on the mantle. The lighting for the picture had been dark, so I could not see the faces very well. Still, the emotions of that day ran so high that I could hear it all again through the picture. The couple stood facing each other, her hands in his. A single unity candle shone between the couple. Seeing that photo of the day that Mike and I got married brought back all the emotions I had felt and the words I had heard and spoken that day: "To love, honor and cherish as long as we both do live." I meant every word of it. My husband often says that he regrets not having "obey" thrown in there so that I would have to listen to him more. Ah, the power of one little word. Little does he realize that he spoke "I do" also, which would mandate his obedience as well.

Some of the song titles or lyrics played at our wedding were very important to us because of their wording. The three songs which were most important to me were "Faithfully" by Steve Perry, "Ode to Joy" by Beethoven, and "Wind Beneath My Wings" from the Beaches soundtrack.

Remembering some words from the night that my son, Michael, was born brought back a few smiles and even a giggle. I remember shouting at Mike to go get the nurse because the

baby was "coming now!" He calmly told me to "relax and breathe". I shouted that I was breathing and demanded that he get the nurse because I not about to have the baby without a nurse being there. He matter of factly asked me how I could possibly be "relaxed and breathing when I was shouting" at him. As furious as I was at that moment, when my doctor asked me hours later what we would name our new son, I replied with pride "Michael Leigh Reid II". Since then his name has been transformed to Mikey for most people. But for me, he's just "Pookie Lookie."

Another event that is very important to Mike and me was at our son's church dedication. When we were asked by Pastor Robinson if we were presenting our child to the dedication of God we replied in unison, "I do." It's funny how those words repeat themselves at important occasions. Mike and I thanked God that afternoon Mikey was asleep during the ceremony so that he was not able to ad lib with the Pastor. Of course I will never forget the most precious words I have ever heard. Hearing my son, Michael, say "Dadda" and "Mamma" for the first time were the sweetest sounds I could ever imagine. Each day when I get home from school he runs at me yelling "Mamma, mamma, mamma." That can make any rough day at school just disappear.

Now that I have had to look back over the words that were so important in these events, and I see how much they mean to me today, I hope that I will be more conscientious about the future. •

WORD GAMES

Here are a few games you can play with words—
what can you create?

Make an eponym: a word created from names

Winfreyzize (as in Oprah Winfrey)—to exploit a controversial issue

Create a new word by adding a suffix

Techless—having no technical knowledge whatsoever

Be Punny—make a play on words

Fake 'n' Bake—a tanning salon

Veritas & Vanitas?
Truth & Vanity!

Coming to America

Bela R. Bowley

It was a cool, crisp fall day when I first set foot on Ohio soil. The memory of that day is still very vivid. As I journeyed with my host family from the airport to their home, I couldn't help but notice a great deal of enthusiasm and a sense of BIG preparation all around town, especially in the vicinity of the OSU campus. "Is the President coming to town?" I asked my hosts. "Oh no! A visit from the President does not draw such attention in America. There is a football game between Ohio State and Michigan tomorrow. Would you like to go?" my hosts inquired. I gave an affirmative answer since I am an enthusiastic football fan.

My hosts spent a great deal of time and energy to get two tickets for the game. Next day, at the stadium, I was awed by the sheer number of spectators wearing hats, carrying banners and flags, food, blankets and binoculars. Soon the band was playing, and I fixed my gaze on the field to watch my favorite sport, "football." Time passed. People around me were cheering, yelling, waving flags,

cursing and munching. "Are you having fun?" my host asked. "Oh! yes, It's very interesting, but when will they start playing football?" I impatiently questioned. My host gave me a puzzled look, "But they *are* playing football."

"Football? What football? They are not playing football, they are just knocking each other down," I said.

My host burst into laughter at my ignorance, and I painfully realized that my version of football, soccer, is hardly a national pastime in America! I still don't understand American football, but I get carried away by the spirit of the game. As a matter of fact, there is no escape from football in this country. One falls under its spell the moment one becomes a part of this land.

Coming to America was not a cultural shock to me in most ways. I grew up in a multicultural and international environment, and that made the move from one end of the

world to the other an easy one. But as I adjusted to daily life in my adopted country, some changes did occur in my personality and lifestyle. The most noticeable change is my heightened awareness of "time." Life "before America" was relaxed, almost stressless. I had plenty of time to stop and smell the flowers. Coming to America put my life into high gear, and like a racing engine, I picked up speed in everything I do! Time became more valuable, more precious, my rarest commodity.

For example, the concept of "distance" used to exist in my mind in terms of miles, but my American experience changed that concept. Now, I measure distance in "time"! My mind expresses distance in terms of hours, minutes and even seconds! It's now how many minutes or hours I have to drive to reach a destination, not how many miles I have to travel.

My American sense of time has produced another change in me, impatience when driving behind a slower moving vehicle. Oh, how I fuss and fume if I end up behind a car that moves slower than I want to go. Being a nice and non-violent person of course, I refrain from harming the driver or the car, but I do get a burning desire to tell that other driver to park it and walk. (I am sure they can walk faster than they drive!) So, all of you who drive like a snail, stay out of my way, pull over and let me pass, please! Now, that's American! Isn't it? •



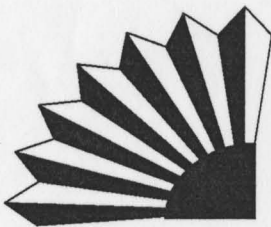
WANT TO BE A PART OF IT?

VERITAS & VANITAS
NEEDS
MTC & OSU STUDENTS
WILLING TO WORK
FOR FUN & EXPERIENCE.

CONTACT SCOTT DEWITT
(389-6786 ex 6211)
OR MARCIA DICKSON
(389-6786 ex 6256)
FOR INFORMATION

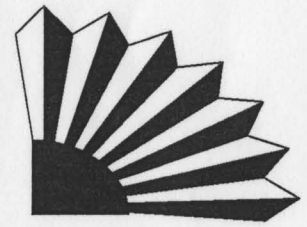
Top Ten Reasons to Go to School This Summer

10. Better parking.
9. Avoid skin cancer.
8. Don't have to turn on your air conditioning at home.
7. Get to see the faculty's bare legs.
6. A possibility of outdoor classes, preferably by the pond.
5. Vending machines are stocked full of candy bars.
4. Plenty of copies of Buckeye Briefs and Tech Talk to read.
3. Five-week courses improve short-term memory.
2. Good excuse to turn down job at Taco Bell.
1. Didn't really want to go to Cedar Point anyway. •



Book? What's a Book?

Rhonda Stannard



Are books going the way of the eight track tape? Are the days of the trashy paperback numbered? Will you one day be considered old fashioned for reading the printed page? Now, picture yourself curled up in a big chair next to the fireplace with a cup of cocoa and your laptop computer! Would *War and Peace* even fit in the memory? Alas, computers are becoming smaller and smaller in size as their memories get bigger and bigger. They have become book size in many cases. Computers have advantages such as, no torn pages or overdue fines from the library, and mustard spills wipe right off the screen.

Are you frightened by the thought of shifting from book to computer? Well, as is usually the case in life, there are people who are in a worse predicament than you. Imagine the fear in the bookmark industry. Those poor people with careers in a soon-to-be-extinct industry must be watching their lives flash before their eyes. And the bigger problem: how many out of work bookmark makers will our economy be able to take?

What possible use will there be for bookmarks when there are no more books? Will the kids of tomorrow equate 'turning a page' with what we today would think of 'going to the outhouse?' In the next century there will be a bookmark wing on the Smithsonian, right down the hall from the dinosaurs. Tourists will be taking pictures of each other next to a famous

bookmark once owned by Dan Quayle. He couldn't read, but at least he had the foresight to steal one of Nancy Reagans' bookmarks.

Years from now you'll be at an auction and the auctioneer will hold up a tattered and time worn old bookmark, the bidders will 'oohh' and 'aahh.' Small children will ask their parents, "What's that?" The bidding will be fast and furious for this rare bit of antiquity. The winning bidder will go home with a smug sense of self satisfaction, not to mention a nostalgically overpriced bit of bygone days.

My advice to you is don't throw away any bookmarks. Someday they may put your grandchildren through college or pay for your retirement. As a matter of fact, I recommend that you go out and stock up on bookmarks. Rent one of those garage storage units and fill it with \$1.49 bookmarks, wait about 30 years, and I guarantee a huge return on your investment. This is one of those once in a lifetime opportunities to secure you and your loved ones' financial future. If you let this pass you by, you'll kick yourself later. And by the way, I'd run down and take a picture of your local bookstore because my bet is that it will soon be a computer store. After all, we laptop owners will have to buy software somewhere, won't we? •

The Place That Jives

Natalie Walston

I'm going to be honest with you, no matter how strange this may seem. The outside of the Galaxy Cafe located on 33 Beach Road in Powell looks like a barn or a horse or cattle feeding arena, a place where cows or other such grazing animals can go and stick their heads in the windows to slurp water. It's painted plainly in white, and the windows are unadorned and perfectly square, just large enough for a cow or a horse's head.

And next door, flowing with the country feeling, is "The Powderroom Pistol Range." I didn't see any horses parked outside but I was sure that Annie Oakley and her buddies were inside chowing. Images of the kitchen help came hopping into my mind, of a 6 foot tall, 300 pound, gun toting waitress (with nicely applied make-up) would be waiting to grunt in the direction of my table/feeding bin.

Granted, looks are deceiving, after all I should've known better, it's in Powell, land of the yuppies, home of the families with 2.5 children and the majority of the Lexus owners you see cruising 23. Inside, it is quite a delightful and thank goodness colorful atmosphere in contrast to the boring exterior. The Cuban pictures on the walls in assorted colors and textures (some made out of felt and rhinestones) gave it life. And my waitress, who didn't at all resemble the amazon monster in my mind, was more of a delicate long lost daughter of Frank Zappa (Moon-Unit's evil hippie twin.) Looking around there were several like her, painfully leaving their lava lamps at home to dine out. Of course the yuppies strayed from their usual haunts, piled into their Lexuses without their 2.5 kids (although I wanted to see the child deemed .5) to mingle and feed their faces at the Galaxy.

More important than the other diners, the food was awesome, radical, groovy; the people can cook. I dove into

the black bean nachos, which look a little scary when you think the place resembles a barn, and dove into something called eating satisfaction at a wonderful price—\$3.50 for a full plate. My fellow diners oohed and aahed at the array of colors on their plates. The angel hair pasta mixes with yellow baby corn, bright green snow peas, and carrots orange enough for a rabbit to do a double take, all for yet another reasonable price. Sourdough bread sliced and lumped on a plate can be passed around the table, just like home, with greedy hands grabbing for the center pieces.

The menu with a peace symbol adorning the back cover is full of colorful surprises which I'm sure would fare equally well with my taste buds. Unfortunately, my stomach has its limits; I would've liked to keep trying their food all night.

If you're into Mexican/Cuban cuisine, and feel that Taco Bell just isn't your thing, the food at The Galaxy Cafe would be to your liking. Maybe it was the instant karma, the waves of love hopping through the air from Moon-Unit's twin, or the feeling of relief overcoming me by not meeting up with the larger-than-life, gun-toting waitress, but I really enjoyed this dining experience. In my search of the weird and the sometimes greasy, I've found a place that really jives.

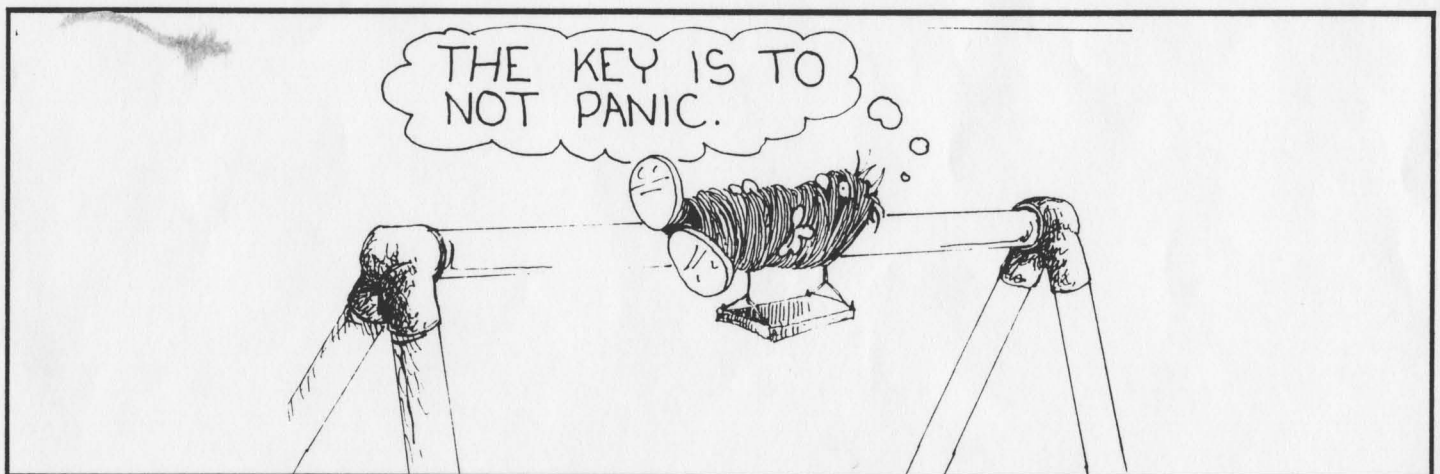
VVV (the yuppies gathered their belongings in fright)

Rating guide:

VVV I licked my plate and squealed with delight.

VV It was a chuck wagon hash slinging hell-hole, but I kind of liked it.

V I'd rather dine from a feed bag.



I Know a Secret

Rhonda Stannard

I've got a novel way for students to get more out of college. Talk to your professors!

Students need to use certain tools in order to be effective and to successfully complete their classes. But, if I were to take a poll, I'm guessing that most students never use the best tool there is, the professor. Computers, textbooks, study guides, library, all these things are tools a student uses daily. But what about using your professors? Do you speak to them outside of class? No? Well you are not alone, and you are making a big mistake.

When I talk with fellow students and they tell me about the trouble they are having with a particular subject, the first thing I ask them is,

"Have you spoken with the professor?" I get a response that makes me think I just asked if they sacrificed the right number of virgins to the study gods this week. Am I getting that response because virgins are so hard to find these days, or is it because most students would do anything to keep from speaking to a professor?

I often hear students say the professor doesn't like them or they don't like the professor. But how would you know that if you haven't even had a conversation with them? It's very hard to not like someone you've never uttered a complete sentence to.

Misunderstandings begin when students gets a less than adequate grade. Your grades are not a barometer of the

professors' acceptance of you, they are a measure of the quality of your work.

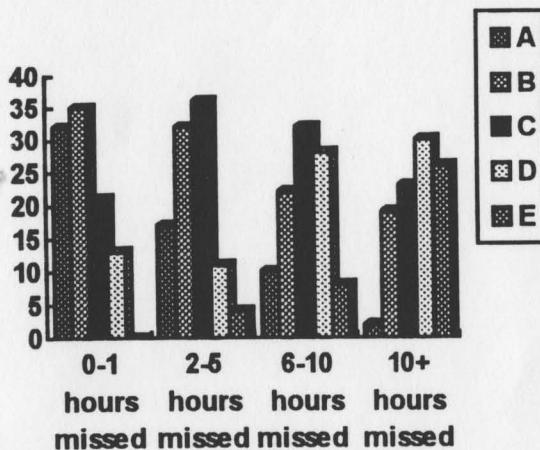
The professor is not required to chase you down in the hallways to talk to you although that seems to be the prevailing attitude among students. It seems kind of ridiculous when you stop and think about it. Examine other aspects of your life for just a minute. If you want something, like a candy bar or a video, don't you just go out a get one? Why shouldn't it be the same for information? After all, you are paying for it aren't you? You wouldn't let a store cheat you out of something you paid for, would you? Well don't cheat yourself out of what your tuition pays for. You might as well take a correspondence course.

Now ponder this thought provoking question. How do you suppose all those professor types entertain themselves when you are not taking advantage of the office hours you paid for? The fact is that they all have ongoing secret lives. Shocked? Well you should be. Believe it or not, just the other day I caught Russ Huang and Tim McNiven engaged in the bloodiest rubber band fight I have ever seen. Other professors play kickball in the hallways, and as if that weren't bad enough, most of the faculty are addicted to the Home Shopping Channel and those horoscope 900 numbers. You are to blame, for all of this mischief and mayhem because it occurs during all those unused office hours.

My parting advice to you is visit a professor once a week, even if it's just to have a friendly chat (believe it or not they can do that). Professors don't have to be your new best friend, they would just like chance to share what they know. When you let them, you won't believe what you've been cheating yourself out of. •

THE EFFECT OF ABSENCES ON FINAL GRADES

Dr. Teresa Mensing (acting on a hunch that the number of times they miss class will effect students' overall grade) created this chart, which analyzes the relationship between grades and absences in Geological Sciences 100. She was right. From Winter 1990 through Winter 1994, 274 students took this introductory geology course. As the chart demonstrates, the more classes a student misses, the greater the likelihood that his or her grade will suffer.



You might reconsider cutting class;
what you learn there could bring up your GPA.

Healing

Mark Byrd

A friend of mine, who has full blown AIDS, gave me a brochure for the Ohio AIDS Coalition Healing Weekend and offered to pay for my fee to attend. I really didn't want to go. All I wanted to do was to wait for death to come to my door, but alas, I went to the weekend conference anyway as it was a three-day paid vacation.

The drive to Delaware was full of uncertainties and fear. I was not even certain that I would have a good time or that I may get even more depressed about being positive with HIV. I was also afraid of actually seeing people who are terminally ill, and that I wouldn't be able to handle it that well.

When I pulled into the roadway to the campground, I was surprised to see so many people. People were helping one another unload their cars, hugging, kissing, or sharing the latest gossip. There were approximately 100 people infected by AIDS that came from across the state of Ohio. Gay and lesbian people, heterosexual men and women, and minorities of all walks of life. The oldest person was a woman of 75 years of age. I, at 22, was the youngest.

We walked to the main conference center to discuss who had the disease the longest. The longest term survivor of HIV/AIDS was of 11 years. I was the most recently diagnosed, five weeks.

That afternoon the Healing Weekend began. People were talking about how they were dealing with the disease, emotionally as well as physically. I talked about the first couple of weeks of being diagnosed, thoughts of suicide, and being lonely. The people looked at me with all the attention they had, and at the end, one by one, came up to me to give me a hug for support. They all understood what it was like to be diagnosed with the disease.

I realized that the more we talked, the more the fear was slowly going away. The more we cried, the more joy filled the void. We were slowly being healed by expressing our deepest feelings of being hurt, abandoned, sad, and being lonely. We were not being criticized, or

being put down by others. I started to feel comfortable talking to others around me and more comfortable living with AIDS. People didn't ask me how I got the disease, as that didn't matter. Our racial, religious, and cultural prejudices were eliminated as we all shared one thing in common: Living with AIDS.

Not only did we discuss our thoughts and feelings. We even had time to enjoy one another's talents at the Coffee House presentation that Saturday night. Our talents ranged from singing and dancing to poetry reading to telling jokes. At the end of the talent show, some of us went back to our cabins to sleep, some of us danced to the wee hours of the morning.

On Sunday morning, we discussed loving ourselves in a new light. We discussed tearing down the walls that some of us constructed around ourselves when we were diagnosed. We also talked about letting friends and family love us more than ever before. A lot of us looked to one another with tears streaming down our cheeks yet smiling. The walls were crumbling down as we let others, those we just met that weekend, love us.

That afternoon, some were sad, as I was too. We were leaving a place, a safe place, to head back home to our environment. Some of us were heading back home to fear, bigotry, and constant pain of being alone with the disease. But we left the weekend feeling better than before, with love, hope, and new friends.

When I returned home, I felt more comfortable being who and what I am as a person with HIV/AIDS. Today, I'm living with the disease, learning new ways to keep living with the disease. As well as loving people around me and acknowledging the love coming to me from other people.

As George Melton said, "AIDS has been a transformative process for me. It's turned me from a person living in fear to a person who loves himself. I let others love me too. My walls are coming down."•

Coordinator's Corner

Danielle Clevenger

I can't believe this is our third issue and we're still missing nearly every deadline we set! Some little thing called homework always seems to be in the way of writing. It's been a challenge to stay on task, but we've worked hard and earned every bite of pizza we ate.

The focus of *Veritas et Vanitas* (that would be Truth and Vanity in our world), is to deal with issues that affect our lives as students and faculty, but for the V&V staff, the real issue has turned into improving our writing skills and learning new jokes. Believe your profs when they tell you the key to good papers is in revisions—hundreds of them!

Summer's on its way, and many of us will be hitting the beach, and some of us will keep hitting the books. But whichever it is you'll be doing, spend some time with a good book, sleep out under the stars, and watch the fireworks on the Fourth. Plato said the unexamined life is not worth living, but is the un-lived life worth examining?

See you next fall!•

THE EDITORS

Danielle Clevenger, Coordinator
Rhonda Stannard, Natalie Walston, Scott DeWitt, Marcia Dickson

Cartoons by Jason Orcena

Special thanks to
Dave Beckel & Lynda Barry



SUDDENLY RALPH KNEW THAT HIS
HEART DOTTED BOXER SHORTS WERE
NOT THE "COME HITHER" SEXUALITY
HE WAS LOOKING FOR

Letters to the Editors

Dear Editors:

Freedom plays a significant role in this publication. "On Censorship," by Marcia Dickson in the first issue was front page news. Dickson acknowledges the irritating influence that loud-mouth wanna-be's have in American society, "People tempt censorship because they make others uncomfortable and angry." In the end, however, she reveals that censorship usually silences the wrong side. Scott DeWitt's "The Problem with Freedom of Expression" attacks the danger of cart blanche tolerance when defining *Freedom of Speech*. "The definition and application of 'freedom of speech' has become as dangerous as censorship," he maintains.

We have some difficult problems with our Constitutional Freedoms. When anyone can go around chanting "AIDS KILLS FAGS DEAD" classifying an entire group of PEOPLE as nothing more than another target of pest control—Raid kills bugs dead--it's natural to get a lot more protective. But if you do not like what someone else advocates, you need to consider some alternatives. You could start a shouting match. However, chances are you will end up alienating the people you are trying to reach: those who are not yet sure what's right or wrong. Sometimes the one who attracts the most attention is the one who speaks the softest. "People may not always strain to decipher the shouting, but they will often strain to hear a whisper." Obviously, others will say things that irritate you. They thrive on confrontations; it will just add fuel to the fire. Let them call you a coward. If your opinions are lost because of one good hit, chances are your conscience is trying to tell you something: LISTEN.

You do not have to have a brighter spot light than your opponents, especially if you are one who likes to remain in the shadows, but you need to help dim your opponent's light: JUST BREAK THE SILENCE !

These irritating people cannot and should not be silenced, but neither should you. Constitutional freedoms bring responsibility--an active responsibility: USE THEM OR LOSE THEM!

-- J. C. Cramer

Got a comment for us?
Write the editors
care of the address on page 1.