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*Veritas & Vanitas* is a student journal for the Marion Campus of The Ohio State University and Marion Technical College. It is intended as a forum for the exchange of ideas. All writers featured are or were students of the Marion Campus at the time the pieces were written.

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# Breasts: My Alter-Ego

By Carrie F. Mull

I guess I'm what most people could accurately term a "late-bloomer." I was, and always had been, slightly less "developed" than the girls I hung around with in middle school and on into high school. To put it bluntly, they had bodies (yes, this includes boobs), and I, with my flat chest and petite frame, did not. Going to a private school did little to help matters. Many of the girls were stuck-up, largely because they came from wealthy families--they could afford to snub anyone they wanted! Those of us who were not rich constantly sought acceptance into the elite group of "rich-and-popular" girls. If you were lucky enough to gain acceptance by these high-and-mighties, you were "somebody."

I was a nobody: I was not rich, I was not accepted, and I had "no body." I was frequently teased, by girls and boys alike, for being so small; yet, after a time, I learned to live with this juvenile form of torture. I didn't mind so much, you know, not having Breasts, and it wasn't until I was in the seventh grade that I acquired my first bra, size 24AA. This was unheard of. "Oh my gosh," my friends with their 36B-sized bras would exclaim, "we never knew you were so...undeveloped, Carrie (\*giggle giggle\*)" Imagine being a 36B in the seventh grade! For me, it was a dream devoutly to be wished. Yet, I never really allowed myself to brood over my body, or lack thereof; and when I finally reached that all-important "High School" plateau, I was pretty much happy with who I was: simple-looking, petite, and flat-chested. It was my lot in life.

High school gave me the chance to meet new people and make new friends, friends who didn't seem to notice that while they wore fancy floral brassieres, I wore Band-Aids! I began to blend in with everyone else, and, except for the occasional "short joke," no one seemed intent to single me out for the torture that I had always, until this point, unwittingly received. I was part of the crowd--Breasts or no Breasts.

Then, just into the start of my senior year, two amazing things happened: one, I became involved with a young man, my first steady boyfriend; and two, I finally made it into the Singers, our high school show choir, after three years of auditioning! For the first time in my life, I felt the exhilarating rush of acceptance. All of my friends,

including those in the Singers and my "significant other," liked me for who I was, even though I was short and flat-chested. It was the most outstanding feeling in the world!

**I had CLEAVAGE!**  
Me, the girl who had  
always thought that the  
word "BUST" pertained  
to a sculpture!

But then, something happened, something so life-changing that it nearly wiped away all of the embarrassments that came with being short and flat-chested: all of a sudden, out of the blue, I grew Boobs. Breasts. Outward Protuberances. I don't know exactly when it happened, I don't know why, and I certainly don't know how; but I can recall--vividly--the day I made the discovery--the Day of Reckoning. Our vocal music director had the Singers arrive at school early one morning so that we could get some group photos taken. Naturally, when the proofs finally arrived a few weeks later, everyone crowded around to see who looked "good" and who did not. Yet, one group picture was capturing more attention than the others, especially among the guys; but I didn't understand why until I got a closer look. Then I saw it: me, in all of my unassuming glory, sitting on the floor in the front row, smiling and trying my best to look professional, and--CLEAVAGE!? I had CLEAVAGE?! Me, the girl who had always thought that the word "BUST" pertained to a sculpture?! I did a double-take...but there was no denying what I saw. My dress actually appeared to push my (\*gulp\*) Breasts together and UP. But where had they come from?! How could this have happened? Maybe no one else had noticed. Maybe those who HAD would just forget that the picture--or my newly-acquired femininity--ever existed.

Continued on pg.3

## V&V MISSION STATEMENT:

It is our hope here at V&V to provide a forum for expression of ideas, musings, witticisms, and philosophies of OSU and MTC students. While we are definitely interested in campus issues, we will not limit ourselves to coming events and "complaints about parking." Writers who wish to do so may submit companion pieces where issues are debated. Sarcasm is welcomed and blessed, but illogical reasoning will be looked upon with disfavor. This is your chance to express your individuality!



## Finding My Place

By Karen Faye VanBrimmer Stoner

I have no national voice, national chairperson, lobbyists, telethon or headquarters. I face prejudice at weddings, funerals, banks, churches, schools...where a pen attaches to a chain attached to a table, or a desk with a writing arm assumes that the arm sitting down to write is a right one.

Only a handful of students understand my dilemma as I enter an auditorium and search desperately for an available left-armed desk. When such desks exist, they are few in number. As I cover the territory, I get looks saying, "Take a seat already! What's wrong with you?" If no suitable space is open, I fabricate one by sitting to the right of a flip-up arm and hoping someone won't sit to the left of that contraption and expect me to abdicate.

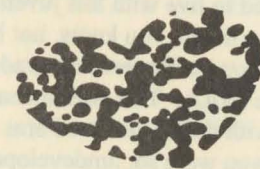
Researchers generally agree that the right-handed population remains steady at about 90% of the total. One in ten persons is left-handed then, correct? Why don't I find a left-handed desk for every 10 right-handed ones? If I ever possess one million dollars, I will come to schools, specifically for left-abled desks. Scientists

around the globe argue about whether left-preference is primarily biological or cultural. They study the relationship between handedness and ability and how babies seem to begin life left-handed and switch after several months. Important stuff, I suppose, but it doesn't spell relief!

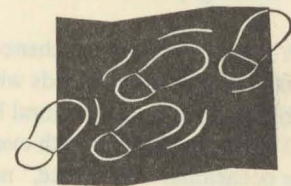
The right-handed world, and its stapling copiers, figure the greater part of the world is right-handed, so it's fair to staple papers in the upper left corner. I'll grant you that the right-armed outnumber the left-armed (but are we gaining ground?), and one has to make choices, maybe in favor of the majority, but I do ask forbearance as I explain my predicament. Imagine that I'm under the gun of a timed examination. My sharpened #2s (lead or graphite) are in my hand (the left one of course). Extra eraser handy. Left-armed desk or table space secured. "Go!" commands a voice. Little trouble on page one, but on TWO the quandary emerges: I have to put down the pencil, or maneuver it

Continued on pg. 4

**Hey! You  
reading this!  
Haven't you missed  
the publication of  
V&V these many  
months????**



**Don't suffer a broken heart,  
but instead,**



**make tracks to the  
V&V/Cornfield Review  
office, Room 200A, pick up  
a sheet about writing and  
submission guidelines,  
and become a part of the  
team!**

**Thanks!!**

### **BREASTS...** Continued from pg. 2

No such luck. After that day, every guy who saw that picture noticed; even guys whom I had never spoken to before would blatantly stare as I walked down the hall at school. The words "top-heavy" and "cleavage" seemed to pop up with growing regularity in conversations among the males of our show choir. To make matters worse, all of the "attention" that I received sparked some jealous tendencies among certain female members. So, what's a girl to do? I had finally come to accept that I would always be just petite, flat-chested me, when, suddenly, my little world was disrupted by the acquisition of Breasts.

Well, I came to accept it--the New Me. I learned how to distinguish between a genuine compliment and "lewd comments"; yet, even now I flinch when I hear the word "cleavage," and I grow uncomfortable when I walk down the street while less-than-attractive males whistle or make catcalls directed at me. Does the word "horny" ring a bell here? Please excuse my language; I'm feeling a little "top-heavy" today...

**LEFT..Continued from pg. 3**

through the left fingers, so I can turn the page over with my left hand. YOUR left hand, my right-handed colleague, probably flips the page, but your pencil is stable in your right hand. Even if I try to turn a page with my right hand, this means crossing the plane of the desk and interrupting the natural flow of action. Such action is fluid for right-handers, awkward for left-handers.

## Must be a *CONTORTIONIST!*

I often have a smudge on my left little finger because I smear the writing I just did, especially if the pen leaks! In the right-handed world, penning is predominately an enviable flow from left to right. (However, I wonder if right-handed Hebrews have MY problem since they write from right to left!) Some left hand users frequently heard the elementary school command to tilt the paper according to a manual's directions. However, left-gifted handwriting is not symmetrical to right-gifted handwriting. The rules don't apply; we must experiment to orient paper, pen and arm to best suit People of the Left Arm. (That's my tribal name, if I can gather a tribe for a national assembly, in a picturesque locale.) I personally can write beautifully, if I have the time to be patient, by tilting my paper northwest to southeast and not knurling my left hand. Others need to curl their hands. One of my acquaintances slants the paper clockwise almost upside down and then writes by pulling her pen toward herself! Must be a contortionist. I believe left-abled persons develop extraordinary extra-perceptive and extra-motor abilities

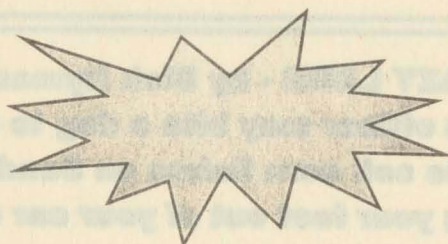
spending their lives adjusting to a reversed world and super-taxing their brains.

Our language and folklore discriminate against the left-handed: We admire the adroit (French for directional right), the righteous, a "right-hand man," right-handshakes and salutes and testimony sworn with the right hand raised. We insult with a "left-handed compliment," gauche (French for left) is a bad description, and we don't want to be goats on the left side at Judgment Day. That's also prejudice against cloven hooves, but that's another paper.

Not that I knew him personally, but I found an ally in Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, who supported the Ambidextral (his spelling) Culture Society in England. To give compensation to the left-gifted, scouts greeted one another with a left-handed shake!

Those who use the right hand for writing, toothbrushing, cutting with scissors or carving a turkey are presumably rational and analytic, I read, while left-handers are probably intuitive, holistic and creative. This should compliment me, but since I'm holistic and creative I want people to discuss and implement solutions to left-arm dilemmas!

I don't think people make assumptions about handedness as they see others type. It's pleasurable to hide my handedness while I'm at this computer; some concealment is refreshing. No one notices or comments, "Oh...I didn't know you were a lefty;" no one condescends or even empathizes, for we are equals. However, the keystroke designers must have been right-fingered, because my right hand strikes fewer keys...must give the right-fingered group some needed right-hand rest.

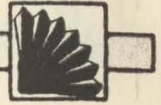


Two-thirds of the given letters in the bonus round on "Wheel of Fortune," the r, s, t, l, n and e, are typed by the left fingers. The common word "the" is typed two-thirds by the left hand. I've taken the time to notice that my left hand is typing more than my right. My left hand gets more tired than my right. My whole left side gets tired! I cannot use my right thumb on the space bar although high school typing class taught this. My brain would have to halt my fingers after every word to say, "Use the right thumb!" Insanity!! So, I use my left thumb, type beaucoup words per minute, continue lifelong adjustment to a right-handed world, and expand my mind, right? I mean, correct?! Just call me She Who Is About To Blow Up. It's getting too stretched in there.

## Attention Marion Technical College!

### Students, Faculty, Friends! What's missing here?!

There isn't anything  
in this issue from  
you! Please  
contribute to our  
cooperative  
publication soon!



# Is Your Time Well Spent?

By Bruce Shealy

***" Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."***

**—Theodore Roosevelt**

Even though some ten years have passed since I first read these words, the call to action they evoke is only now being heeded. Perhaps readers of this essay will pause to reflect upon how they spend their own time, and will not wait as long as I did to begin making changes they deem necessary.

All of us have an unknown amount of time to be alive in this world, and at age 42 I am finally beginning to realize that if I want to bring to fruition some of my dreams, I had better start working on them. It is too easy to shelve dreams in our to-do file, always telling ourselves there will be more time to begin a project sometime in the future. I now am aware that my life is only going to become more crowded, and only an increased self-discipline will get any of these projects off the ground. Either I am going to begin a task or I'm not-- it is that simple. If I truly want to do a certain thing, I will make the time.

Twenty years have passed since I graduated from college. My degree was in accounting, and I have spent these twenty years working at the same job in a field closely related to my major. However, all this time there has lurked in the back of my mind a gnawing dissatisfaction with my job, which has led me to this reappraisal of how I am spending my time.

My income is adequate, but my job is increasingly stressful. There is relentless pressure to get things done "right away." All of America is in a hurry and I see this plainly every day at work. I fear I may become as impersonal as the numbers I calculate all day long, and have grown weary of giving over so much of my life to them. I can appreciate Thoreau's statement that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation," for such I now believe I have been doing to a greater degree than I realized.

Many positive activities I have done have been accomplished on the periphery of my life. I have run marathons and traveled to England several times, but the day-to-day rut of living resumes too soon.

Time passes ever more quickly, just as I have always been told it would. This is disturbing, especially when I review what I have done in a preceding period of time and fail to discover any significant accomplishments.

But I have already begun to be more conscious of how I spend my time. Most importantly, the television will be turned on less often....

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***It's the Law!* (From CRAZY LAWS - by Dick Hyman)**

**-In Paulding, Ohio, an officer may bite a dog to quiet him.**

**-It's against the law to sell corn flakes on Sunday in Columbus, Ohio.**

**-Ohio forbids sticking your feet out of your car door to enjoy the breeze.**

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# Confessions of a Fry Baby

By L. Stevenson

It's lunch time and it hits me--the craving. This is not just any craving, not your run-of-the-mill-it'll-go-away-on-its-own craving. This is a gotta-have-it-right-now, no-holds-barred craving. I'm talking french fries...hot, crispy, sometimes greasy, french fries. The question is not "Am I going to have some?", but "Where am I going to get them?"

I start daydreaming about the perfect fries I once found--waffle fries at Mr. Spot's in Bowling Green. For a dollar, you got an order that would fill 3-4 McDonald's super size boxes. The only problem was, Spot's wouldn't deliver orders under \$3. Logically it didn't seem worth it to drive all the way downtown for a \$1 worth of something. So, what would I do? I'd order three orders of waffle fries, of course! I mean, really! What would you expect?

***Where am I ever going to find my perfect fries... I hadn't been to the Root Beer stand in a couple of years ... Here at last I tell myself, I'll find happiness...***

When the delivery guy showed up, he just shook his head at what he saw as a ridiculous situation. Hadn't he tried his own fries? Didn't he know what he had--literally--right under his nose? I tipped him a dollar and he thought it an all-right situation--weird, but all right. Trust me, it was worth it!

And, so, I begin my Quest. It's a road trip of sorts. A hometown search for the perfect fries--fries like I so fondly remembered. But, with those out of reach, I have only my car and my lunch hour to help me satisfy that overwhelming need for fries.

I start at the McDonald's Drive-Thru. I've been a loyal McDonald's fry baby for years. No other mountain of cholesterol could compare; however, I've never gotten over how they tried to switch to vegetable oil. Most have switched back, but it is that loss of faith that still plagues me. I know vegetable oil is better for me, but really no fries are good for me and 100 percent of calories from fat is still 100 percent of calories from fat; so, I like to go all out. Hot and crispy gets me every time--I'm a french fry addict.

Micky D's fries are good, hot, cooked just right, but something is missing. I want more. I toss the empty carton in the back seat and head for Rax.

Rax's fries are pretty good, too. They are bigger than McD's and cooked a little more, but nothing really sets them apart as significantly better than the competition, just like Arby's. It must be a roast beef thing. Arby's tries--they have regular, curly, and spicy fries--all of which are overcooked. Their only redeeming factor are their dipping sauces--BBQ and honey mustard--which makes their fry experience fun. A couple more boxes are sent tumbling to the floor and I'm on the road again.

***Hot and Crispy gets me every time - I'm a french fry ADDICT!***

Wendy's fries are thicker than any of the others. They've got that real potato taste, they take great to ketchup, but they don't measure up on the crispiness scale. When cut too thickly, fries never get crispy enough. Another box goes flying and the rubber hits the road again.

I find myself in line at Burger King. It's a big toss-up. McDonald's used to have it hands down, but BK has been gaining steadily. And, BK has onion rings--another big plus. The onion rings and fries are cooked together and tossed in the same bin. They try to keep them separate, but it is inevitable that the two touch. This is important because onion

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# Fries ...

continued from page 6

rings only exist for their batter. When the onion ring batter comes in contact with the fries, it's magic. That batter rubs fries just the right way--the more grease, the more flavor. But, still, something's lacking. "Onward fry soldier!" I cry.

On the north side of town, Dubbles looms into view. Dubbles makes spicy fries. I hate spicy fries. They lured me in with advertising promises of curly fries, but they covered them in spicy coating. It completely covers the potato taste. I can't even taste the ketchup. I can't stand it! Where am I ever going to find my perfect fries?

Just up the street is Stuart's Root Beer Stand and they have curly fries. I'm a sucker for curly fries. They make ketchup fun and are almost always cooked to crispy greatness. I hadn't been to the Root Beer Stand in a couple of years, but I remembered their fries. Here at last, I tell myself, I'll find happiness. I do not.

They get great marks for using real potatoes. They're so real that I find the spirally ends of the potatoes in the bottom of my box. I know that this is truly where my sweet little curly fries began. But, alas, they miss the mark in the cooking. Some were shamefully crisp; others had barely begun to fry before being rudely plucked from the grease and dumped into my box.

Where was I to turn?

At wit's end, I head south--surely the G&R in Waldo can save me! They've cornered the market--regular fries and curly fries! They understand curly fries. Plain, unadorned, cooked-to-perfection curly fries. The kind with lots and lots of spirals that spring back when you shake them and can hold an absolute ton of ketchup. And, maybe it's the combination--fries and the famous G&R baloney sandwich. I never order one without the other.

Fry after fry disappears into my mouth and I think I may have found something close to fry heaven. Somewhere in this reverie, I realize my lunch "hour" is well past.

As I leave the G&R heading back to Marion, I'm munching happily along on my latest conquest. Maybe I swerved a little too much as I reached across to the passenger seat to pull the next delectable curl from its box, or maybe in my excitement and delight over such a great find I was driving a little too fast, but the next thing I notice are flashing red and blue lights coming up behind me.

In the berm I sit alert, remembering to keep my hands high on the steering wheel so he can see that I am no threat, waiting for him to approach my car. He stares into the car long and hard--surveying the piles of french fry boxes that now nearly fill the back seat and overflow into the front passenger area. "Having a little problem with your fries?" he asked.

"I...ummm...well..." I stammer.

"On your breath, too. Uh-huh," he states firmly. "I'm writing you up for a clear-cut case of DUF."

"DUF? What's that?" I manage to ask.

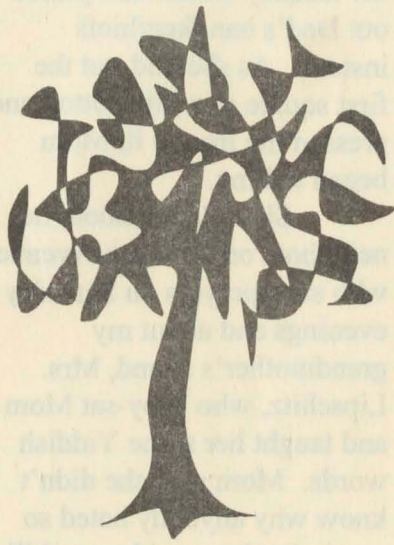
"Driving Under the influence of Fries," he says. "I'll need to see your license and registration, please."

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***At wits end, I head south - surely the G&R in Waldo can save me.***

***They've cornered the market- Regular fries and Curly fries!***

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My greatest childhood pleasure was taking my new library book from our weekly trip to town and climbing high among the branches of one apple tree in the orchard that stood between our weathered old house and the fence where the cows gathered. I'd climb up to a spot where I could lean back against the tree trunk and stretch my legs along the length of another branch. From there, I could see nothing around me except a mass of leaves the same green as the new apples. When the wind blew, the leaves drowned out the noises of squabbling sisters, cantankerous tractors and hunting dogs that thought they smelled rabbit. The wind made the same Shhhhhh sound our librarian used to hush children who lacked the proper reverence for the printed page. Perched in my tree, I felt isolated from all the distractions of farm life. It was there that I first understood the reality of evil.

## TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

By Sharlene Morris Kline

In those days I consumed books with a mind starving for worlds different from the rural fields of Ashland County, Ohio. I was ten, and my favorite books were ones about girls I imagined to be just like me but who lived in places or times more romantic or exciting or adventurous than mine. I'd drawn my latest book from the shelf because of its title, *The Diary of a Young Girl*. I was relishing the story, identifying more and more with the heroine, Anne, confined in that attic hiding place with short-tempered parents who didn't think she was old enough to like boys, a sister who tormented her, and her only escape inside a book she wrote herself.

**I continued reading, more concerned about whether Anne would get to kiss her boyfriend than anything else.**

Anne and her family had to hide because they were Jews, and the villainous Nazis wanted to hurt them. I didn't know what Jews were, but I was pretty sure we didn't have any in Loudonville. Almost everyone there attended the towering brick Lutheran church just off the village square. A smaller group which included

my mother, sisters, brother and I, went to mass in the small stone Catholic Church next to the railroad tracks, and a few families had some kind of prayer meeting every Sunday and Thursday in the back room of Mrs. Underwood's beauty parlor. No Jews. But like Anne, I wrote to God in my diary, and I didn't think which God mattered. So I continued reading, more concerned about whether Anne would get to kiss her boyfriend than anything else. I took a happy ending for granted.

On I read, secure in the sustenance of God, family and a good book. Then I turned to the last page of Anne's diary. The solitary, small paragraph stated the brutal facts: Anne and her family were discovered by the Nazis, possibly through betrayal

by an acquaintance. Separated from her parents, Anne died in a concentration camp. After the war, her father returned to their hiding place and found Anne's diary, which was published as a testament to her faith and optimism and innocence.

I felt cheated. The story wasn't supposed to end that way.

Continued on page 9...





**...Continued**

Anne was supposed to be rescued from the confines of that attic. She was supposed to be safe and free and someday kiss that boy she liked. I stared at that isolated paragraph, unwilling to shut the book like a mourner waiting for any last possible sign of life before finally lowering and locking the casket lid. Finally, I closed the book covers. I pressed the book to my chest, pulled up my knees and wrapped my arms around my legs. I was terrified. I'd heard about evil in Father Hughes' sermons on Sundays, but I never realized that it could kill a little girl -- a girl who loved her parents, who thought about kissing boys and who

**I felt alone and vulnerable to something darkhearted and malicious that might even be lurking among the leaves.**

**I suddenly remembered what Eve found in her apple tree, and I scrambled down...**

wrote to God. A girl like me.

My peaceful refuge in the orchard was poisoned by my own fear. I felt alone and vulnerable to something darkhearted and malicious that might even then be lurking among the leaves. I suddenly remembered what Eve had found in her apple tree, and I scrambled down the branches, afraid of what I might touch. I ran through the rows of trees

until I reached the back yard where my younger sisters were singing so their dolls could dance, and my father tinkered with the car engine as a radio sportscaster droned on about the Indians game. The normality of it all soothed me, and by the time I reached the back door steps, my panic had lessened. I went into the kitchen, placed Anne's book on our dented metal table and waited for my mother to notice me.

I knew Mom could help me understand Anne's death and my sudden fear of evil, not because she was a mother -- I'd lost that faith long ago --but because she came from a place far away from Loudonville. Brooklyn, New York City: a place in my imagination that contained every kind of person, event and object in the world.

She was ironing the cuffs of one of Dad's shirts, and it took a few minutes before she could raise her eyes to mine and smile. I asked her what Jews were and why someone hated them enough to kill them even when they were just kids and why someone didn't stop the killing earlier and did she know about Anne Frank? Mom had been laying out another shirt to iron, but she placed it back in

the laundry basket and pulled out Dad's handkerchiefs instead. As she laid out the first square of white cotton and pressed the iron to it, Mom began talking.

She told me about her neighbors on Flatbush Avenue who sang prayers on Saturday evenings and about my grandmother's friend, Mrs. Lipschitz, who baby-sat Mom and taught her some Yiddish words. Mom said she didn't know why anybody hated so much that he would try to kill others, and that millions of people had read Anne's diary because even though there was evil in the world, Anne still believed in goodness. By the time she explained that there weren't any more Nazis trying to kill children, I was feeling safe again, and Mom had two neat stacks of folded and pressed handkerchiefs at the end of her ironing board.

I now possess my own copy of *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*. It sits on the second shelf next to my desk at home. This spring marks the fiftieth anniversary of Anne's death. A new edition of her diary includes passages that her father considered too personal, too critical of the family to publish originally. I have not yet read the new version, but I doubt that extra passages can make me know Anne any more personally and powerfully than I did all those years ago.

Continued on page 10...



...Continued

My 11-year old niece Michelle has read the diary and finds it interesting but not scary. Michelle is a child of television. She knows the world is dangerous and uncertain. Before she could read, she was taught to memorize her "safe" word for identifying trustworthy adults, to dial 911 if she were in danger, and to just say no. I want Michelle and all children to be safe, and I know there are children we fail. Too many children live in places where fear is constant and brutality is power. But wasn't Anne Frank just such a child in such a world? How do we convince our children and ourselves of that faith in humanity that Anne wrote so passionately about?

Perhaps we're achieving the first step simply by recognizing and acknowledging that evil exists. After all, just protecting children isn't new. My mother protected us by keeping us all close to home where she thought she could spot any potential threat and gather us under her wings for safety. What she saw as threat, we often saw as opportunity, and her restrictions resulted in silent and sullen resentment. She wanted to protect her children not only from any possible dangers, but from the knowledge that danger existed.

But knowledge of evil is power. It's a tool that helps us recognize good as well. Anne not only acknowledged evil, she knew it was hunting her. For her, that knowledge only clarified where good existed. She recognized every bit of kindness, every sliver of pleasure. She celebrated joy in the tiniest of places. I had been spared the knowledge, and when I discovered it on my own, I panicked and fled the garden, unable to tell any longer if it was good or evil. When my faith in goodness and safety was restored, I was eventually

**Too many children live in places where *fear* is constant and *brutality* is power. But wasn't Anne Frank just such a child in such a world?**

**If I read a book that impresses me, I have to take myself firmly in hand before I mix with other people; otherwise they would think my mind rather queer.**

-Miss Anne Frank

## **Veritas & Vanitas Wants YOU!**

V & V knows that every student has opinions and ideas, and we want to hear yours. We need interesting, nonfiction writings of 1,200 words or less (serious, humorous, whatever), political cartoons, anything that helps you express yourself. If interested, contact any of our editors, or leave submissions outside the V&V office, Room 200A, Morrill Hall.



# Marion Buckeyes... Hidden Wonders of the Regional Campus.

By Stef Stoner

Cars gather in the parking lot as students hurry to class. Chimes ring across campus. Happy "hellos!" are exchanged by people as they rush by.

Names of students are spoken in acknowledgment by the professors of the past and present, as they pass by. They ask and care how you're doing. Life as an OSUM student is a privileged one.

Many students on this campus don't realize or appreciate how good they have it here. A lot of criticism floats around and about our little campus. Some say life here is too much like high school, with no college-type activities to do. I disagree.

The Cultural Optimist Club, for example, offers several activities throughout the year. Students can celebrate Kwanzaa, Chinese New Year, and Cinco de Mayo. Authentic meals are served up along with generous helpings of cultural music, artwork, and teachings. Learning Lunches provide stimulating topics and conversations among the students, faculty, and community. Student Activities holds quite a few parties including Halloween, Go Bucks!, Beach Party, and May Day. All come complete with beer and entertainment.

If none of those choices sound appealing enough, you always have the option of truckin' on down to Main Campus. The trip is a short one-hour drive, and the options are endless. We students of the Marion area are still students of The Ohio State University, and our ID cards allow us access to all resources and activities in Columbus. And when you've exhausted yourself playing tennis and sitting in coffee bars, the ride home is still only an hour.

OSUM offers an extensive

academic support system. Student tutors are available to work with you in a wide variety of subjects from French to Calculus, at no cost. The Academic Skills staff is available from the wee hours of the morning until late at night to assist you. If you have further questions, another option is still open; talk to your professor.



All professors hold regular office hours. The only thing you have to do is walk up three flights of stairs and find his/her cubicle. As a student of OSUM, you can have a one-on-one conversation with any professor. This is a wonderful bonus to attending this campus. Main Campus students do not have this luxury.


Access to any campus administrator can be gained in Marion. Do you feel there is a problem with computer availability? Make an appointment with the Dean and Director. He will listen to your complaint and ask your opinion on how to solve it. I've done it, and it works. This type of open communication is what makes our campus unique. Problems can't be solved if the

people with the tools to fix them don't know what needs repair.

The number of students who attend OSUM is around 1000, which is much like a small private college. The student to faculty/staff ratio is close to 14:1. This provides great opportunity for communication and cooperation. Students have a voice that can be heard. The enrollment here is increasing. The campus is growing by leaps and bounds, yet the cost of attending OSUM is less than a Main Campus student's cost. OSUM students are getting a bargain--a private education at less than a public education cost.

The low price of an OSUM education is one reason many students even have the opportunity to go to college at all. This campus provides opportunities for all types of non-traditional students: people returning to school later in life, students who work full-time, and moms and dads who can leave their children at the Early Childhood Center at a low cost. The very presence of the Marion campus makes a difference in the number of higher-educated members of society.

Attending OSUM can be positive for you. All you have to do is take advantage of all the opportunities available. In the spring you can graduate along with every other student, in the horseshoe, receiving your degree from The Ohio State University. Anything that one does not do, misses out on, or leaves undone is caused by laziness. This campus and its faculty and staff are available for our use, and Columbus is only 60 minutes away. We are lucky--we have the best of both worlds. The pot of gold is sitting at the end of the rainbow, but you must be willing to climb a little to reach it.



# Testing: Is It Worth It?

By Debra Hoover

The subject of testing and categorizing people is one of great concern to me. It is a complex issue with many conflicting opinions on its general worth to humankind. We can all think of countless examples of advancements made as a result of testing. Unfortunately, I also can think of examples of individuals and groups alike who live with the legacy that results from being defined by one's test scores. These are legacies that can last for generations with little hope for improvement.

*"And, like many of those who test. He was much more concerned with the differences in people than with their similarities."*

I sat in amazement as I read the results of a study conducted in 1865 by English scientist, Frances Galton. The founder of eugenics, he was also the inspiration behind Cyril Burt's research done to determine the influence of genetics and environment on intelligence. To prove that intelligence is determined "by descent," Galton chose to study different races of people. He chose American Indians and "African Negroes" as his main subjects. He felt that American Indians were a good choice because they were divided into many varieties and were located all over the country, in both cold and warm areas. According to Galton, although they lived in varying environments, they had fundamentally the same character throughout. This caused him to believe that environment had very little to do

with character traits and intelligence. As a result of his studies, he concluded the American Indians were a people of "great patience, great reticence, great dignity, and no passion," by descent. He felt that the fact that they were observed sitting in canoes without talking to one another and that they walked in a line were hereditary traits! He also concluded that they nourished a sullen reserve and showed little sympathy with one another.

On the other hand, based on his studies, he concluded that "African Negroes" were a people of "strong impulsive passions, and neither patience, reticence, nor dignity." He also felt they were warmhearted and always jabbering, quarreling, or dancing. He further claimed that these and other races had "their peculiar characters, and that whatever they were, they were transmitted generation after generation, as truly as their physical forms."

I was struck as I read this, by his narrow view of humankind and most of all, by his even narrower view of the term environment. However, I must consider the social context of the time. We now know the term environment to include far more than the climate. It also involves family values, as well as racial and cultural values. Did the American Indians pass to subsequent generations a genetic determinant for being patient, reticent, and dignified? Or did they pass to subsequent generations a culture that included much introspection and focus on the inner qualities of people and nature, resulting in those characteristics? I think it is fairly certain today, that it was much more the latter than the former. Likewise, did the "African Negro" exhibit characteristics such as strong passions, a lack of dignity, and always jabbering, dancing, and arguing by

genetics? Or did they develop those characteristics as a culture, in response to the degradation, hopelessness, and sorrow they lived with in slavery? Again, we now know it to be much more the latter than the former.

I was stunned by the apparent bigotry that existed even in this man of science. Though a well-educated and supposedly open-minded man of research, he was a member of a culture himself and was caught up in the definition of people. And, like many of those who test, he was much more concerned with the differences in people than with their similarities. Testing began long before Galton's time; in fact it seems we have always tested ourselves and others in one way or another. What I haven't figured out is, "Why?" Why must we constantly compare, contrast, and label each other? I wonder when it will end and if the positive outcomes from testing members of the human race will ever outweigh the negative outcomes.

For example, in the social context of his time, Galton's conclusions were not only accepted, but totally believable. When he began his testing of these subjects, he did so with preconceived ideas about what he would find. He obviously went into his testing expecting to find the proof that these races of people were different from what he saw as his superior white race. Culture and other influences did not exist for him, so the testing was biased from the onset by today's standards. This concerns me a great deal because, as his conclusions demonstrate, stereotypes can be manufactured and/or perpetuated by testing. The legacy left by this stereotyping is this: It is difficult for a race of people to see themselves as having the patience and dignity needed

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## Testing

...continued from pg.11

to take charge of their lives, if test results show them to lack those qualities by genetics. And unfortunately, we can still find many tests today that are similarly culturally and racially biased.

Just as the results of Galton's studies could lead to stereotypes and a misunderstanding of racial differences, testing can also lead to those same misunderstandings on an individual level today. We live in a society that constantly bombards its children with data on themselves. We categorize them as good students, poor students; good athletes, poor athletes; valuable people, worthless people; normal people, special people; beautiful people, and ugly people; and the list goes on and on. It seems that we are consistently being made the subject of testing. In addition, we are still constantly trying to determine the effects of genetic and environmental influences on our intelligence and character traits.

According to a recent article published in The Washington Post National Weekly Edition, Jerry M. Weiner, president of the American Psychiatric Association, explains: "What we call IQ is really the unfolding of innate abilities in response to environmental stimuli." In our quest to solve the nature versus nurture controversy, we seem to have lost sight of the issue. Does it really matter how much of intelligence is hereditary and how much is contributed to environment? As Dr. Weiner points out, it is really a combination of both. An example of the importance of both can be seen with infants. They can have the genetic determinants for genius, but unless those children are in an environment that stimulates their cognitive growth, they will fare no better than genetically average children. The same can be said of character traits. Empathy comes to mind. We know it to be at least in part genetic, but unless the environment stimulates

it, development of this trait will lag.

Regardless of the conclusion one draws from the nature/nurture issue deciding what makes us who we are, there is something in all of us that wants to be accepted, loved and treated with dignity. I believe that at some point, we as a society must accept responsibility for perpetuating the stereotypes and for all too often, assigning people their identities. As I pointed out earlier, I fear in our quest for answers we might have lost sight of the question. Rather than explaining and recognizing our uniqueness and the uniqueness of others, the testing itself becomes the issue. Charting and defining differences for the purpose of ranking seems to be paramount in the process. By constantly putting children in a race against one another for ranking and placement, does society somehow fail to provide an environment that allows, in Dr. Weiner's words, valuable character traits to "unfold?"

I have raised many questions in this paper and provided few answers. I wish I knew how to make this enormously complex issue a simple one. Do we need testing in our lives? In many areas, I feel that the benefits are countless. Perhaps it is more a question of how we use testing that is important. One point becomes very clear to me. We cannot expect people to accept the challenge of becoming responsible, contributing members of society if test results convince them that they lack the intelligence and character to do so. Perhaps the answer to the age-old question, to test or not to test, lies somewhere in this observation: that in a kinder, gentler society, we might instill in people the recognition that we all have strengths as well as weaknesses, and that we are far more alike than we are different. And, in the process, we may be far more likely to pass to subsequent generations an environment that allows for the "unfolding" of the intelligence and character traits needed to face life positively.

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**The Staff** for this issue consisted of Karen Stoner, student, who has great appreciation for the *many* persons it took to produce the previous issues of V&V, faculty advisors Scott DeWitt and Marcia Dickson, and the new editors: Carrie Mull, Alexis Mitchell, Tara Wertz, and Scott Schoonover. The new editors hope to continue and improve the wonderful tradition of V&V, but we can do that only with your help. See ya next issue!!!


foible (foi'b l), noun:

1. a weak point or whimsy; a weakness of failing of character.
2. the weaker part of a sword blade, between the middle and the point.



Life is dry  
without  
V&V!

3. the deliberate choice not to read every issue of Veritas & Vanitas!



# A Time To Die

By Scott Schoonover

I had just turned twenty-two years of age, and the belief that I was immortal was slowly becoming a lost memory. Yes, I had finally realized that even for me, someday the Grim Reaper would come knocking at my door. This enlightenment was cast upon me over a period of two years; a period in which I realized I had a lot of growing up to do.

I think every guy from the age of fourteen to twenty-four feels immortality. The thought that "it could never happen to me." I'm not sure where the crazy idea in my head came from. It might have been sports, events which I endured in high school and often fell to injury. Despite my injuries, I was always able to get back out on the field, knowing that if I fell again, I would get back up. It took me about ten years to realize that, in life, I wasn't as invincible as I thought.

Within these lines of invincibility is the feeling by males that they are able to conquer any obstacle no matter how large. The boundaries were endless when it came to life and its problem's. This is the myth that I believed, and the premise by which I lived my life. It is a premise which I am sure many other young men live their life, and therefore bestows upon them a responsibility that is too heavy a burden for any man no matter what age. I can only use this premise to explain my feelings of invincibility, and to show why it was that I lived a year of my life without practicing safe sex. I thought it couldn't happen to me.

I was a restaurant manager by the time I had turned nineteen. This was a very good job for someone that age, but it also detracted from me being able to live the type of life that most of my friends lived. I worked fifty to sixty hours a week, leaving little time for socializing. Three months before my

twenty-first birthday, I became weary of the hours that I had been working and decided I was going back to college. I then decided not only was it time to go to school, but more importantly, it was time to party.

The parties came in waves. Okay, mostly in tidal waves. At the time, I thought I was releasing all the pressures that built up from my job, but now I realize I was just longing to do what most every other guy my age had been doing: living a life full of drinking, partying, and being promiscuous.

*"The parties  
came in waves.  
Okay, mostly  
in Tidal Waves."*

In the four months that followed, I dated (I use this term in the loosest sense) probably twenty girls, all the time telling myself I was just looking for "Miss Right". This rationalization had nothing to do with the fact that I didn't get to know half of them. I also, unfortunately, did not practice safe sex during this period. In fact, I am not sure to this day if it was having sex or not practicing safe sex that made me realize I was not immortal. My social life became more important than my school, and my grades suffered.

The more time that went by, the more I became concerned that I might have contracted something. I

didn't know where many of these girls had been or with whom they had been. I realized how stupid I was for even having unprotected sex once. I also became very frightened of the possibility that I might have contracted something. It seemed as though posters were popping up everywhere. Posters read things like, "One in 250 people has AIDS" or "I thought AIDS was only a big city disease until it found me."

It was only after long days and nights that I made a stand.

There were so many questions and so many answers that created new questions. How long did I need to keep being checked before I would know I was healthy? What were my chances within my age group? What were the signs? I fought with these questions every day, often unable to deal with them.

My life became days filled with anxiety and uncertainty. I couldn't concentrate on much of anything. While I was going through what I will call my "stage", AIDS became an important topic in my life. At first it didn't matter whether I used protection. Yet, each day was spent wondering if I had it. For that matter each day was spent wondering if I had contracted any type of disease. I called AIDS help-lines, I started getting tested regularly, but, most importantly, I started using protection and became monogamous.

Many of the nights were worse. I can not fathom the number of times I prayed to God that I hadn't caught a disease. My nights were sleepless omens of anxiety that demanded my presence at the end of each day. Needless to say I didn't care much for sleep and the dreams that awaited me when I did manage to get there. I often awoke to the fear that death was my partner coveting the space in bed.

**A Time...** continued on pg. 15

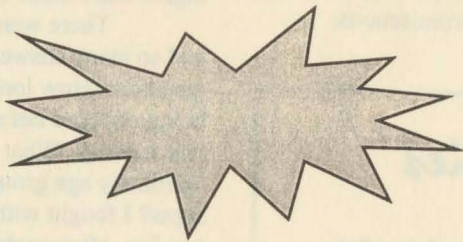


## A Time... Continued from pg. 14

The day I tested negative for HIV was one of relief to say the least. After I found out the results, I thanked God that I had a life. I can only relate to one other time of such elation in my life. It was after my basketball team won a championship game. I kissed the floor of the gym as we won on a last second desperation shot. I didn't think life could be any better. Little did I know that four years later I would be overjoyed that I had a life rather than a championship. On this day I went outside to kiss the earth, repeating only "I've got a life. I've got a life."

The life that I now live is one of concern, but one I can cope with, knowing I was monogamous basically for two years. And more importantly, I have been practicing safe sex. And now that I am on my own again, I know I must be careful in the future to avoid these worries again.

We all have choices in life. Our health is one of the choices people tend to neglect. Having unsafe sex may not be the closest I have ever come to death, but it was a very intense time in my life. I realized during this time that my health was very important to me. Fortunately for me, there will be a time to live. For many, there will only be a time to die.



### *Growing Up*

*When you're young  
you can't wait until you grow up  
so that no one can tell you what to do.*

*Only you won't grow up  
until you learn that never happens.*


*- John R. Aurelio*

## coming next issue!

V & V IS EXPANDING TO INCLUDE SUBMISSIONS OF NOT ONLY ESSAYS, BUT MOVIE AND BOOK REVIEWS, SPORTS, AND CARTOONS. SO, EVEN IF YOU HATE TO WRITE ESSAYS, IF YOU'VE SEEN A GOOD MOVIE LATELY, READ A GOOD BOOK, OR LIKE TO DRAW, V & V OFFERS SOMETHING FOR YOU!

For more V&V information, call (614) 389-6786, extension 6296 (Bob Gibson) or visit the V&V/Cornfield office, 200A in Morrill. *Point the way for someone else!*





## A Few Quotations Courtesy of Amy Isler

- ◆ Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.— EMERSON
- ◆ Lose your dreams and lose your mind.— THE ROLLING STONES
- ◆ I force myself into self-contradiction to avoid following my taste.  
— MARCEL DUCHAMP
- ◆ Do you realize you spend one seventh of your life on Tuesday?
- ◆ If you don't get lost, there's a chance you may never be found.
- ◆ To dream of the person you'd like to be is to waste the person you are.
- ◆ If I go to a restaurant, I am very likely to get that meal free. But poor people who go to the same restaurant got to wash dishes to eat. And I am the one that can afford it. Explain that, and then you can explain society.— MICHAEL JORDAN
- ◆ The truth is that there is nothing noble in being superior to somebody else. The only real nobility is in being superior to your former self.— WHITNEY YOUNG
- ◆ All the money in the world doesn't mean a thing if you don't have time to enjoy it.  
— OPRAH WINFREY
- ◆ The most enduring freedom is freedom of the mind.— IBID.
- ◆ Ideas rise with new morning but never die...only names, places, people change...
- ◆ It isn't a calamity to die with dreams unfulfilled, but it is a calamity not to dream.  
— BENJAMIN MAYS
- ◆ You should not attempt to outwit a woman. — ALEXANDRE DUMAS
- ◆ Men's minds are raised to the level of the women with whom they associate.  
— IBID.
- ◆ Learning without thought is useless. Thought without learning is dangerous.—  
CONFUCIUS



## A Few Quotations Courtesy of Amy Isler

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not. — EMERSON

Love your dreams and lose your mind. — THE ROLLING STONES

I turn myself into self-contradiction to avoid following my nose. — MARCEL DUCHAMP

Do you realize you spend one seventh of your life on Tuesday?

If you don't get lost, there's a chance you may never be found.

To dream of the person you'd like to be is to waste the person you are.

If I go to a restaurant I am very likely to get that exact liver. But poor people who go to the same restaurant get to wash dishes to eat. And I am the one that can afford it. Explain that, and then you can explain society. — MICHAEL JORDAN

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