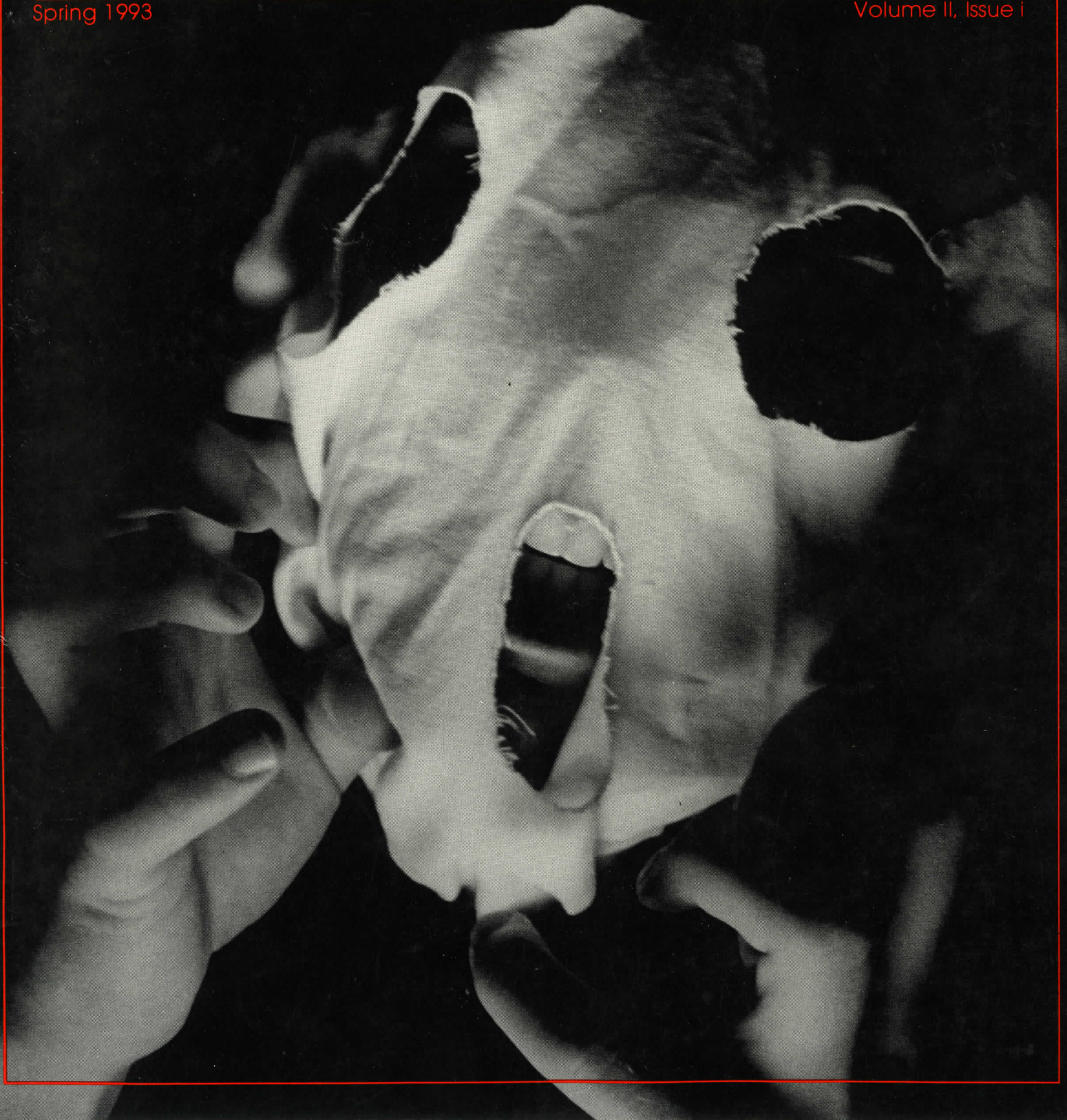


# MOYO

*mind of your own*

Spring 1993

Volume II, Issue I



# MoYO

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## ON THE COVER

a picture of depravity: the wingless angels, denison's secret society, have been raising hell for almost a century

*the ideas expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of Denison University*

# EDITOR'S LETTER

Thanks to an ambitious and forward-thinking sophomore named John Boyden, just over a year ago 1,000 copies of *MoYO* (*Mind of Your Own*) hit Denison with an impact akin to a nuclear bomb. There are twice that many students here—not to mention faculty and staff—so the magazines disappeared faster than beer at a frat party. The entire issue fixated on one big subject: the Greek system. Though not all students belonged, every one of them had a very strong opinion.

Throughout the issue, those opinions—both positive and negative—were presented in candid personal essays. Because John's view of the Greek system was negative, and because he stated it in an extremely articulate and witty introduction on the first page, some Greeks were displeased, to say the least.

A few were so displeased that they left life-threatening messages in John's mailbox and on his answering machine. Although many other students were simply thrilled with the issue and expressed equally passionate, though considerably less intimidating responses, John still feared for his personal safety—or, more accurately, the safety of his beloved Volvo. Nonetheless, he was already brainstorming ideas for the next *MoYO*.

Sex. Another topic everyone feels strongly about. John planned, put together and put out the second issue only four months later. It was much improved: more style and much more substance. Students wrote about interracial sex, homosexuality, sexual fantasies, sexually transmitted diseases, sexism and rape. Massive controversy again erupted on campus, though this time, fortunately, it took the form of heated intellectual debates instead of death threats.

Currently John is studying at the University of London. Before leaving the country last summer, he asked me to take over the editorial helm of *MoYO*. I had just returned from a year in England myself: When not reading or raving, I worked as an editor for *ISIS*, the century-old student magazine of Oxford University. Unlike students who wrote for *MoYO*, the undergraduate staff of *ISIS* covered journalistic territory far removed from campus. My contributions, for instance, were interviews with actor/activist River Phoenix and pop gurus The Pet Shop Boys.

Thus I agreed with John, who liked the idea of making *MoYO* less Denison-centric. (Especially since it's so easy to forget about The Real World when tucked snugly inside of our idyllic ivory tower.) At the risk of sounding like Captain of the P.C. Police Squad, I must express my pleasure not only with the tough subjects my writers tackled but also with my writers themselves: Denison students past and present, female and male, black and white, gay and straight—whoops, I almost forgot, Greek and independent, too. This issue of the magazine exemplifies genuine progress at a school which for so long remained about as diverse as a loaf of Wonder bread. There's truly something for everyone on the following pages. While many of us often seek temporary thrills in mind-altering experiences (drugs like alcohol and TV) during our college years, I hope *MoYO* provides you with a mind-opening one.

James Herman  
Editor-in-Chief

# DIRTY DEVILS

*Everything You Always Wanted to Know about the Wingless Angels  
(But Were Afraid to Ask)*

## The Editors

"What is life without rough-house?"

—Wingless Angels' motto.

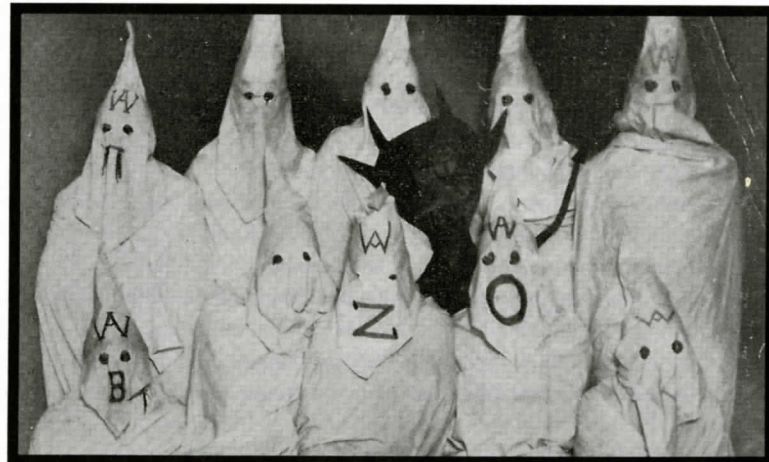
Donna Tartt's recent acclaimed bestseller, *The Secret History*, is an uncanny instance of art imitating life: It tells the tale of a band of bored children of privilege who attend a small, private liberal arts college set high on a hill. Motivated by ennui, or perhaps hormones, the gang's rough-housing goes a bit too far when they kill a townie—and then even off one of their very own.

Tartt should have researched her novel at Denison. After all, we've got the real thing here, a non-fictional exclusive boys' club. With almost a century-long tradition of dastardly deeds, it remains one of the university's oldest and most prolific organizations. They hail themselves as "The Mystic and Calorific Band of the Wingless Angels," and though they haven't killed anybody yet (as far as we know), some of their more

outrageous pranks have ended in cold blood. Here is the previously untold story of their secret history.

Once upon a time (1905 to be exact), recalls Dr. Wallace Chessman, Denison's longtime historian, 10 boys formed a secret society to poke fun at a campus they saw as being too restrictive, too conser-

vative and unwilling to recognize the individuality of students. Devoting themselves to the herculean task of "righting the wrongs of Denison," the band began performing a series of harmless pranks too dull to detail. Because they did all their dirty work at night, the Angels were not put in the public eye until four years later when a group photo appeared in the *Adytum* yearbook. The mysteriously clad clan sported sleek white-robed, white-hooded, apparently KKK-inspired garb. In 1910, not only did they strike a similar pose, but these self-proclaimed "Curators



The boys in the band back in 1909

of Hades" attached the noble caption: "An institution, in financial destitution, characterized by dissolution, trying to stir up a revolution, with small hopes of absolutism." In other words, *raise hell!*

Little is documented—let alone remembered—about the early years, appearances in the yearbook having ceased

by 1914. As World War I preoccupied America, the Angels either went underground or disbanded entirely. The boys refused to stay down, however, making a memorable comeback during WWII: Armistice Day of 1941 dawned on a white banner bearing the threat "Wingless Angels Will Fly Again" instead of Old Glory proudly waving from the academic quad's flagpole.

Continuing on into the happy days of the '50s, pranks remained suitably playful, albeit clichéd. The now-legendary "horse in the library incident" occurred back then. Somehow the gang managed to lead the animal through the front door and up five flights of stairs to what is currently the music room. Unlike the purloined steed in *Animal House*, though, the horse survived—although it had to be drugged and dragged out of the building. In keeping with the theme of *bibliothèque* terrorism, the Angels later played 52-plus pick-up with the card catalogs, forcing the library to shut

down for heavy-duty reorganization.

The '60s, with the decade's emphasis on flower-powered individualism, resulted in a wilting of the Greek system's power at Denison. As the traditionally conservative campus lightened up and became—at least for a short while—more liberal (even the Grateful Dead played), the Wingless

Angels, as Chessman reminisces, "didn't have anything to bitch about anymore." With little left to rebel against, the boys resorted to more devilish behavior.

In the spring of 1966, they stormed the dorms in search of "free love." Unsuccessful, one horny devil got his wings clipped: Apprehended, he was expelled and the administration called for immediate disbandment. The remaining members prepared a written resolution to end it all, but, of course, breaking up is hard to do. Before long, the boys were up to no good once again. They did, however, reveal their identities at the end of the school year (when they were safe from punishment). And so began the traditional "coming out" for senior members in the *Adytum*.

The Angels more or less maintained their bad attitude through the '70s, a period that preferred white polyester to white robes. About the same time that John Travolta was greasing back his hair, the boys were busy greasing up a pig, which they then set free to disco through the library's reference room. But the dawn of the morally bankrupt '80s found the clan truly in its element, having long practiced the decadence and depravity that defined the Reagan era. They even updated their wardrobe, trading in the old sheets for sporty monogrammed sweatshirts and Jason-style hockey masks. New duds aside, though, it was nasty business as usual for the boys in the band.

To kick off the decade of lust and illegal acquisitions, the Angels went on a late-night party raid of epic proportions—now known as the infamous "dorming incident"—in all-freshman Smith Hall. Several members were caught, unmasked and sent, briefly, to rot in hell: the Granville Police Department. Despite the fact that Student Judicial Council, claiming full student body support of the Angels, was willing to turn the other cheek, President Robert Good overrode their slap-on-the-wrist decision and served up a slightly more severe one: a whole semester of suspension (i.e., vacation).

The naughty boys didn't learn their lesson—and so they chose to teach one to Denison, lashing out against their paranoid delusions of "liberal brainwashing." During a 1985 all-college convocation on abortion, fiery Angels burst into Slayter Auditorium and began pelting the crowd

with condoms and coat hangers. When two gutsy female faculty members tried to unmask the protesters, they were thrown to the ground and the Wingless Ones escaped unscathed and unidentified. Shifting their attention from human rights to animal rights, the following year they came to dinner with squirming handfuls of stolen lab mice. After surviving an aggressive air-raid of rodents in the cafeteria, many students understandably lost their appetites.

President Andrew De Rocco lost only his composure when, in the midst of a speech, a strange foul-smelling liquid suddenly began oozing into the room. "That was one of the rare appearances by the president," explained Angel Sean Weston to the *Columbus Dispatch*. "We thought some of his ideas stunk."

On November 19, 1987, the Wingless Angels committed perhaps their most heinous crime against livestock to date (that we can prove). Seven of them showed up for the traditional Thanksgiving banquet in Curtis Dining Hall and, pilgrim-like, brought along clubs, hedge-trimmers and a live turkey. When the manager interrupted their bloody bird carving, several Angels began beating him in the head. They quickly fled the scene, but not before striking another food service employee in the ribs. Fortunately, both men suffered only minor injuries—unlike the turkey.

In response to the Dining Hall Massacre, the administration offered a \$5,000 reward for information leading the identification and prosecution of the Angels. This time even students felt the boys had gone too far. Numerous campus leaders put down their Buds long enough to pick up their Bics and sign a statement that declared "the attempted slaughter of an animal is opposed to the ideal of acceptable, mature, moral conduct." Duh. President De Rocco whined to the *Dispatch* that he was "profoundly disappointed" and "extremely unhappy that they couldn't find something more constructive to do than be vulgar."

Seeing the group as a dangerous threat to Denison's very recent dedication to diversity, current President Michele Myers *does* want the Angels to fall—and she's not the only one. The boys have been on their worst behavior during her four years here, contributing to an already volatile

(continued on page 26)

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# PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

By Kim Cockrell '95

As we are all well aware, this is to be the decade of change: doorway to the future. Before crossing the threshold of the 21st century, however, we need to get our past in check.

As college students it is especially important for us to view our future as hopeful. But how hopeful can the future be when racism still flares up on "open-minded" college campuses as well as in the real world? Many white Americans

want to turn a blind eye to this problem. Meanwhile, most blacks cannot escape the shackles of discrimination. After decades of their ancestors fighting for freedom, dying for freedom, racism is still alive and well.

There are many people around who believe blacks are better off than ever before—that enough has been gained in the struggle. This is not true when there are more black men in jail than in college and when the remnants of the black family are often imprisoned in ghettos shunned by

dominant white male culture. The excuse is that blacks must work harder to escape these ghettos by "just saying no" to drugs, gangs and violence (as if blacks had any control over this environment).

We all witnessed the result of decades of governmental blind-eye politics when Los Angeles exploded, and—for a few weeks, anyway—the nation paid attention, facing the fact that life has not changed much since the emergence and silencing of leaders such as Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. We also realized that blacks have not lost the power to fight back.

Recently Hollywood, of all places, has become an avenue for black power to emerge once again: Black directors are examining the black experience both past and present. But it seems that every time a black director releases a movie that exposes the truth about society, controversy and criticism are never far behind. Remember the hysteria that



Shorty (Spike Lee) encounters police harassment in *Malcolm X*

David Lee

surrounded Spike Lee's *Do The Right Thing* and the violence that erupted during the opening of John Singleton's *Boyz n The Hood*? Yet these films are honest depictions of black life, not tales perverted by white storytellers.

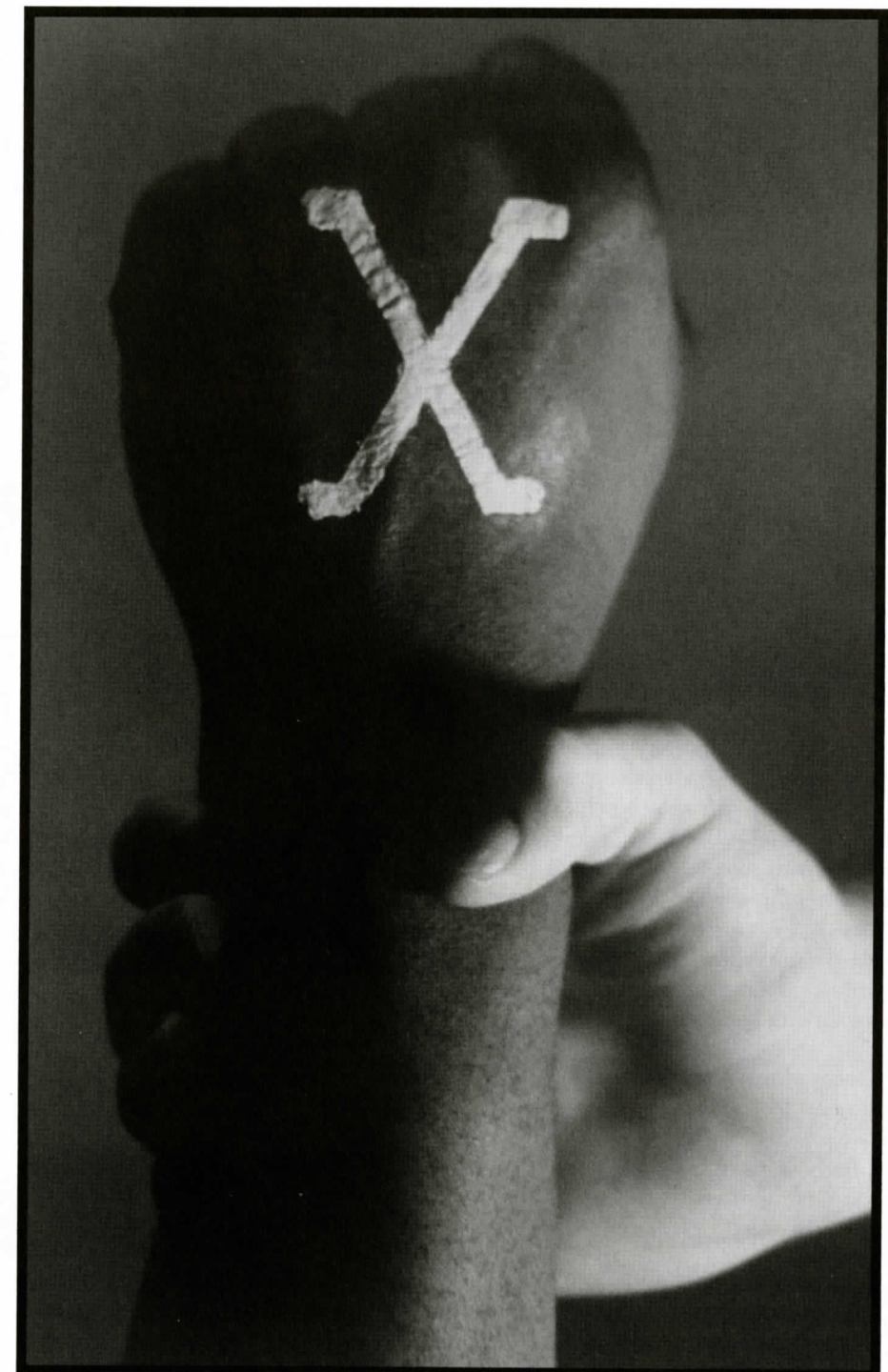
Again fear and anticipation stirred up the nation before the release of Lee's *Malcolm X*. The movie opens with shots from the Rodney King beating juxtaposed against a burning American flag. The subject is the life of one of the most feared and revered black men who ever lived. Some say he was a racist. Others say he was a prophet. All opinions aside, he was man of awesome power.

It is this power that makes white people fear him even today, mainly because he coined the phrase "by any means necessary" and referred to whites as the devil. It is this same power that makes black people revere him because he recognized that blacks could no longer sit around and let whites walk all over them.

Lee shows the truth about Malcolm X: He was a prophet who gave an unqualified strength and dignity back to blacks. He did not breed racism; rather, he restored and inspired black pride. The more that whites caught only bits and pieces of his gospel without looking at the whole picture, the more whites misunderstood and feared him. Misconceptions keep many white people from opening themselves up to the truth about blacks—and ignorance breeds fear. This fear fuels and spreads the fire of racism.

Lee took on the enormous task of telling Malcolm X's story. As a community, we must all respond to this story in order to walk into the future without the shadow of racism looming dangerously overhead. As college students, we must realize that our destiny is to create a tomorrow suitable for future generations. But we cannot do that until we understand the past. Blacks are struggling to resurrect their own leaders after years of being taught only about white leaders in school. Focusing on white history has denied all others their rich ethnic background. Lee asserts that black history is equally important—if not *more* important—to our times.

Until whites realize how much of their history is based on discriminatory evil—while black history is embedded in a noble struggle to establish self-worth, dignity and pride—whites will continue to be seen as devils and blacks will continue trying to



Hollie Graham

exorcise white ignorance. As Lee recently said, "Things are still the same in this country. Blacks are still being treated like second-class citizens. If Bush had his way, we'd all be in chains."

Finally the time has come for these chains to be broken—and this is not possible until we all accept and value each others' histories. Blacks have done it their entire lives and now it is "whitey's" turn. A white person who wears an X cap is not down with the struggle unless he or she

can explain what that X truly represents. But we all must educate ourselves. The worst thing a white person can do is to criticize a man like Malcolm X without having any clue what he was about. Of course, a black person who defends Malcolm X by misusing his words is just as bad. Both are equally capable of corrupting the minds of others who don't know anything either. If you don't know, then shut up and find out! Spike Lee has given you a great place to start. X

# JUST SAY YES

By Rich Vanderklok '95

President Clinton may have rejected marijuana but George Bush owes his life to it. When he was shot down over the Pacific during WWII, his parachute's webbing was made from hemp. Almost all the rigging and ropes of the ship that pulled him to safety were made from hemp. Even the shoes on his feet were stitched together with hemp, as are all military shoes to this day.

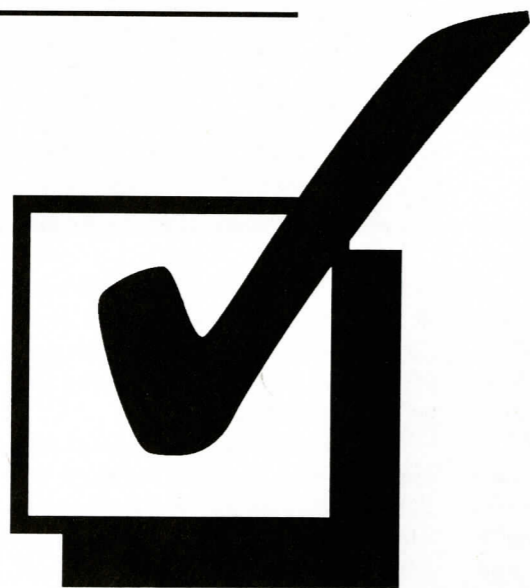
George Bush is not the first statesman to find hemp useful—our founding fathers did, too. Early drafts of the Constitution were written on hemp paper. In fact, Benjamin Franklin started one of America's first paper mills with cannabis. Both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson grew hemp, the latter preferring it to tobacco because of its tremendous versatility. And let us not forget that our country's first flag—stars, stripes and all—was sewn from hemp cloth.

Levi's jeans, an even more respected American icon, were initially hip-huggers made from hemp, not cotton. When Levi Strauss saw the need for strong, inexpensive work pants for his

fellow '49ers, he cut up a few tents and stitched them together. Any guesses what those tents were made from?

Marijuana remained a fairly well-respected member of the agricultural field until the beginning of the 20th century. Then it came under attack because of growing concern about its use as an intoxi-

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in the closet any longer**



cant, particularly among blacks and Mexican-Americans in the South and Southwest. This is one of the main reasons the Marijuana Tax Act was passed in 1937. It imposed a registration tax as well as record-keeping requirements that made medical use of cannabis extremely difficult. The legislative counsel for the American Medical Association objected to the law, arguing that future clinical investigations might reveal significant medical uses for cannabis.

Sure enough, modern research has shown marijuana to have considerable medicinal value—contrary to what the government would have you believe. Government opponents of marijuana pretend that it has no medical benefits. They ignore the conclusion of one of the Drug Enforcement Administration's own judges, who called marijuana "one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."

Despite this testimony, the U.S. Public Health Service refuses marijuana to people who could benefit from its effects. The diseases from which marijuana can provide relief include cancer,

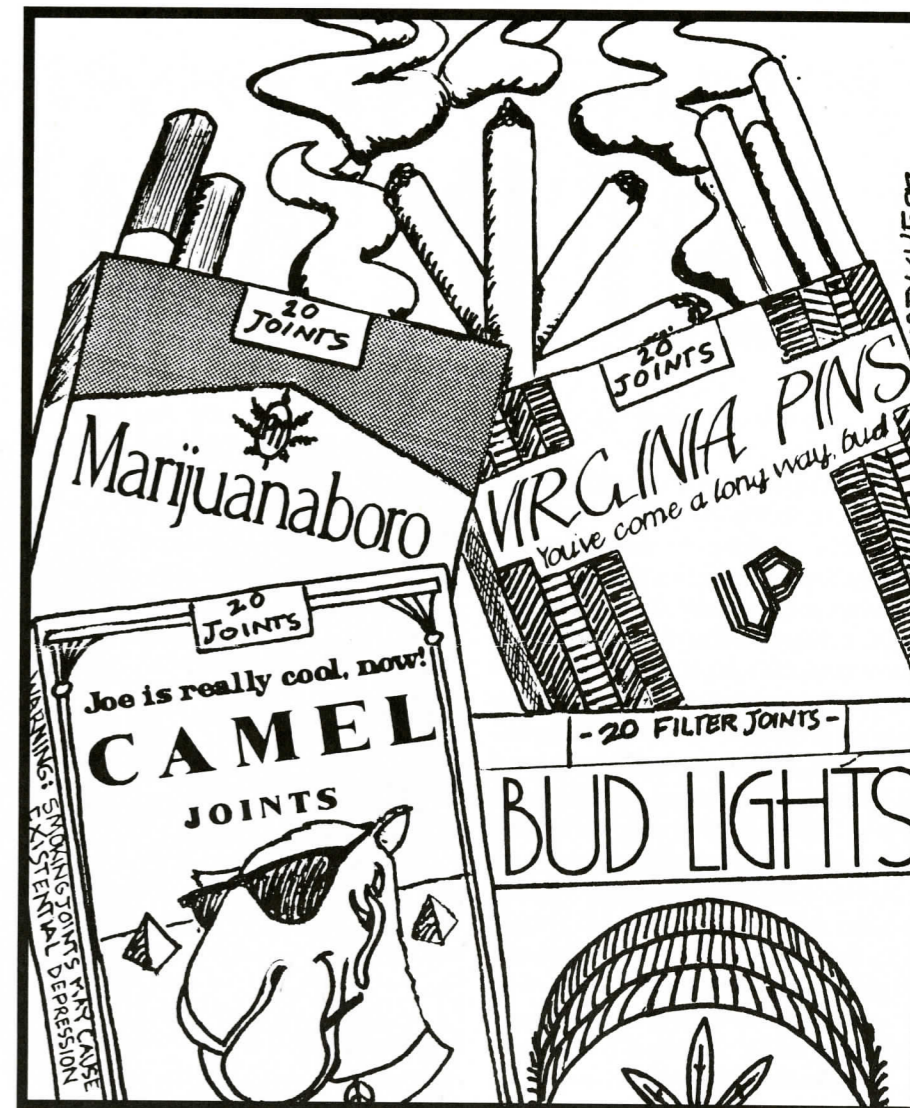
multiple sclerosis and AIDS. Because AIDS activists already have forced the government to change many of its policies in several areas of medical research, they eventually could push for the reclassification of marijuana as a Schedule II (prescription) drug. It is currently classified as a Schedule I drug—a classification that identifies marijuana as extremely dangerous and without medicinal value.

There is a synthetic form of marijuana that has been approved for prescription by the FDA. Marinol, the drug's brand name, is an anti-nausea drug used to help cancer and AIDS patients control the nausea and vomiting that are side effects of chemotherapy and AZT. If marijuana has absolutely no medicinal value, then how can a synthetic form of it have medicinal value? Someone isn't telling the truth.

Many doctors think the government is lying. In a recent nationwide poll of cancer specialists, 50 percent said they would prescribe marijuana if it were legal, and 44 percent admitted they already had recommended it. Doctors have been fighting to use marijuana therapeutically ever since it was made illegal.

According to a recent article by John Berendt in *Esquire*, "In 1938 the New York Academy of Medicine reported that marijuana was relatively harmless, not physically addictive, and did not lead to crimes of violence. A 1962 White House drug conference called the hazards of grass 'exaggerated,' and a 1972 presidential commission recommended decriminalization." As the *Merck Manual*, the military's official field manual of medicine, astutely points out, "the chief opposition to the drug rests on a moral and political, not a toxicologic foundation."

If toxicity were considered equally among drugs, alcohol would have been banned long before marijuana. According to "Marijuana in a Time of Psychopharmacological McCarthyism," an article by Lester Grinspoon, "[for marijuana] the ratio of lethal dose to effective dose is estimated on the basis of extrapolation from animal data to be about 20,000:1 (compared to 350:1 for secobarbital and 4-10:1 for alcohol)." This means that when used in a medical context, marijuana is very safe. For example, if smoking one marijuana cigarette a day controls the nausea of a cancer patient for 24 hours, it would take 20,000 marijuana cigarettes to



Matt McTygue

overdose. Alcohol is more than 2,000 times more dangerous.

There is no reliable evidence of a human death caused by marijuana. Evidence of biological damage caused by marijuana is also lacking, even among relatively heavy users. When used in therapeutic doses, marijuana does not disturb any physiological functions or damage body organs. It produces minimal physical dependence or tolerance. And yet 400,000 people a year—about the same number who die from their abuse of tobacco—are arrested for possession of marijuana.

Decriminalization of marijuana appears to be a logical step. More than 66 million Americans (all of them criminals, of course) have smoked marijuana, enough to qualify "toking-up" as a mainstream experience. The Netherlands proves that decriminalization can work. As part of

health education programs, drug use and its effects are explained in school. According to statistics compiled by the University of Amsterdam, of students up to 19 years old, only 2.7 percent used marijuana during the last month. Even cocaine use was less than 0.005 percent among the same age group. Only 0.15 percent of the Netherlands' population are drug addicts.

Marijuana is safer than alcohol. It has many medical, agricultural and industrial uses. It can also be used safely as a recreational drug. According to Denison's health and counseling center, more than 60 percent of students here found that out last year. We should all think of cannabis as a plant of promise instead of a threat to the moral foundations of society. Marijuana has far too many benefits to be kept in the closet any longer—let's get it out in the sun where it belongs. X

# THE WAR ON ART IN AMERICA

By Chris Timura '96

Denison graduate Dr. Gregory Sanford came back to campus last semester to speak about the time he spent as a U.S. Foreign Service agent in East Germany prior to the fall of the Berlin Wall. He recalled, among other things, his many meetings with dissident groups comprised mainly of artists and intellectuals. Struggling to overcome Communist oppression, he explained, these artists shouted the first calls for reform and liberation which would result in the wall being pulled down only two years later.

Artists in our own country are fighting a similar war against oppression: Though many have survived heavy fire from the religious right, their fate remains to be determined on a moral, not aesthetic, battleground. The National Endowment

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for the Arts, specifically, has been targeted by boisterous conservative leaders and political opportunists such as Senator Jesse Helms. Much of what the NEA sponsors lacks "redeeming cultural and artistic quality," according to Helms, a Republican from North Carolina. After his aggressive attacks, the nature and necessity of the NEA has come under considerable public scrutiny.

The NEA was established in 1965 under the auspices of the Arts and Humanities Endowment Act. As explained by President Johnson, its goal was "to create conditions under which the arts can flourish; through recognition of achievements, through helping those who seek to enlarge creative understanding, through increasing the access of our people to the works of our artists and through recognizing the arts as part of the pursuit of American greatness."

In pursuit of his own greatness, Helms has criticized art that appears to be somewhat foreign to his highly limited world view. Capitalizing upon the apparent decline of "traditional" values in this country, Helms has exploited the issue of morality to garner political support.

Despite the fact that its charter specifically prohibits the intervention of any government officials or agencies into its affairs, the NEA has acknowledged—and, in many ways, succumbed to—the religious right's mix of fanaticism and fascism. Fearing loss of legitimacy as a nationally funded agency, the NEA has become hypersensitive about the potential immorality of work it supports. Joy Sperling, chair of Denison's Art History Department, fears permanent damage to the "spectrum of artistic expression" because many once-provocative artists will resort to self-censorship to win grants. And if NEA funding were to be yanked altogether, leaving corporate philanthropy

and private foundations to take up the slack, non-commodifiable work—mainly protest and performance art—would not be funded at all.

"Some of the artists under attack from Helms and other right-wing moralists are feminist artists who are making political statements with their work," says Lisa Ransdell, director of women's programs. She attests that many of the sexually explicit images condemned by Helms and his ardent supporters are not considered objectionable by mainstream feminists. "What feminists are most concerned with are images depicting violence and abuse toward women, not erotica or even explicit sex."

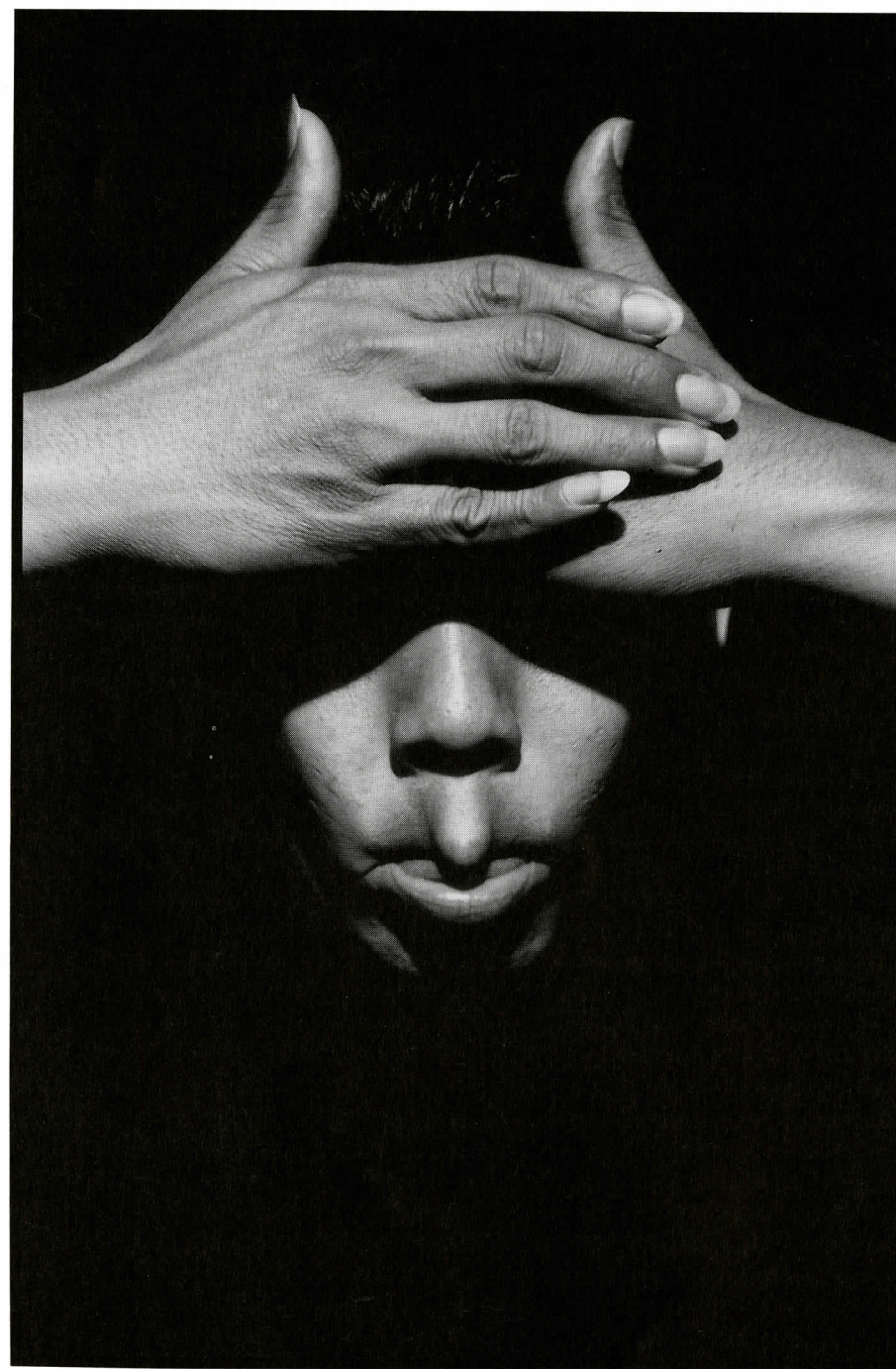
According to Kok Yong, instructor of photography, the fundamental question that really needs to be addressed is "What is Art to you?" A simplistic response like "anything you want it to be"—one he often receives from his students—is extremely dangerous. "The person in power will say the same thing and then make that decision for you," he says. "Ideally, if we could educate the masses about the nature of artistic inquiry, many of the problems the NEA has encountered might not be an issue after all."

As both reflectors and agents of change, American artists have explored our culture and the human condition. Often they have functioned as a conscience for the country. If an artist places sexually explicit images in a piece or denounces established religions or governmental figures—or even government in general—that is a valid and valuable personal response.

Art, like newspapers, radio and television, must remain an open forum for communicating ideas and experiences. Even if an artist's work is deemed "offensive" by some, it is still an exercise of that artist's right to free expression. ✕

# I WAS CENSORED

By Kok Yong '86



A taste of Kok Yong's more recent, less controversial work

I don't consider myself a controversial artist, and less as one who panders to obscenity. But my story of censorship began in 1989, when I submitted a photograph for an exhibition organized by the Toledo Friends of Photography. The image, titled *Wish You Were Here*, was from a series investigating the myths of male sexuality, and it depicted a horizontal profile—a torso balanced on a wooden bench by the fulcrum of an erect penis. The image, although graphic, in contrast was quite humorous as well. The absurdity inherent in it was a stab at the fallacy (no pun intended) of male machismo. The juror, Tony Mendoza, a three-time NEA award recipient, accepted my image for the exhibit. However, contrary to Mendoza's decision, the exhibition committee screened his choices and rejected it. They feared that any image depicting graphic nudity displayed in the lobby of the Owens-Illinois building would offend the public and sponsors of that space. The press caught wind of this and made me a minor celebrity for the next 15 minutes. Naturally, the show was installed minus the photograph. As a way to mitigate the self-censorship issue, I was invited to give a talk about my work to the TFOP membership. All this occurred shortly after Mapplethorpe's exhibit at the Cochran Museum in Cincinnati was withdrawn due to the controversy it created. Clearly the Arts community was nervous, as it still is, about being singled out by the ultra-conservatives and the self-proclaimed Art Police who were suddenly crawling out of the woodwork. In a small way, I had a first-hand experience of the trickle-down effect created by Jesse Helms in his crusade to impose, on a larger scale, limitations on the policy of Arts funding by the NEA. ✕

# LEFT WING

## WHAT SOME D.U. LIBERALS

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT CONSERVATIVES?

True conservatives are selfish and they really bastardize the concept of democracy. Their self-righteous invasion of personal and human rights is *appalling*. They are too judgmental.

—Nissa Copemann '94

Fascist assholes. Conservatives seem to turn their backs on a lot of people's big problems and needs and to some basic problems in the structure of American society.

—Kristina Kruse '93

Conservatives are either blind to the real problems of society or too fucking selfish to care.

—Dan Ewen '96

They have every right to their opinions, but they try to push their idea of morality on all people.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

Conservatives and liberals are two sides of the same coin—only the points of interest differ. A lot of people view conservatives as bad and liberals as good, but it seems that both are pretty inflexible in their beliefs.

—Hassan Pitts '93

I disrespect those who make choices without investigating all relevant points of view. It seems to me that Republicans—especially our college Republicans—are products of conformity to their upperclass society and not critical thought.

—Christopher Iven '94

### DO YOU SUPPORT CENSORSHIP?

People are able to make their own choices about what they feel is offensive. No one has the right to make that decision for others.

—Kim Osborn '93

Tough question in the case of non-consensual violence against women that can promote rape. In general, though, I do not believe in censorship—not letting people speak their minds through words, actions and art.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

I support *no* censorship. To me, it means a limitation of my opportunities to create art. If the constitution were strictly interpreted, there would not be any law which allows censorship.

—Christopher Iven '94

I don't support it, but until education is a top priority in this country, many songs, movies and such should be limited. Certain statements—like "kill the police"—if heard enough, can work on the subconscious of an impressionable human.

—Mike Benzie '94

Censorship seems more like hiding ideas—it is not the ideas we need to worry about; it is acting upon these ideas that should concern us.

—Geoff Phillips '94

Censorship means the eradication of free speech. It symbolizes the "morality movement" to impose the prudish opinions of the minority upon the majority.

—Nissa Copemann '94

### SHOULD DRUGS BE LEGALIZED?

Why does the government care if people want to get high? Drugs are a symptom of how shitty things are—they don't make things shitty. People are going to get high whether they're legal or not.

—Adrienne Fair '96

No. Alcohol and cigarettes should be made *illegal*.

—Dan Ewen '96

Yes, but only when education is upgraded. The drugs that people will not legalize should not be let into the country. Natural drugs that people can grow themselves should definitely be legal.

—Mike Benzie '94

Marijuana should be legalized. Right now it's hard to weigh the pros and cons of other drugs like cocaine and LSD.

—Nissa Copemann '94

It's foolish to believe that drugs will go away if they are illegal. Drug abuse is a direct reaction to problems within society.

—Kristina Kruse '93

I think everyone should be allowed to grow anything they want. However, it should be only for personal use as alcohol production is legal for personal use.

—Christopher Iven '94

I come from a family of alcoholics and drug addicts, so I've seen the damage they can do—but I also see the ridiculousness of trying to stop something that will always exist.

—Lisa J. Wilson '94

# RIGHT WING

## AND CONSERVATIVES THINK

### HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT LIBERALS?

Liberals really scare me with their ideas. The more liberal people become, the more they lose touch with God and His Will.

—Leah Day '93

On the extreme, liberals are arrogant, elitist, closed-minded egomaniacs who refuse to believe that anyone else's opinion may be valid. Trite as it sounds, this is the media's attitude. For the most part, though, liberals are reasonable and well-meaning, but they are out of touch with reality.

—Phil Dean '96

I could never support an ideology that encourages bigger government, abortion and higher taxes.

—Beau Euton '93

Liberals are necessary because there should always be diversity in the nation. However, I do not like most liberal views—or liberals—especially when they get so radical about certain issues like the environment and AIDS. Conservatives are doing a damn good job if you examine their records.

—Ryan Downey '94

Liberals are too broad-minded to formulate or defend their own opinions.

—Christina Green '94

I feel that liberals have good views, but they are usually too radical and this causes people not to care.

—Abigail Pringle '96

### DO YOU SUPPORT CENSORSHIP?

To a certain extent I do. While the media does have freedom of speech, they also have freedom of responsibility. Some sort of check on the media is only fair to the community and government.

—Beau Euton '93

No! Any censorship limits expression and that will lead to a weaker democracy. However, art that depicts children being raped is an abuse of free speech.

—Chris Curtin '94

I do not support any censorship. It removes our right to think for ourselves and to teach our children to do the same.

—Tom Crumrine '95

Censorship limits evils that someone is exposed to and thusly reduces temptations.

—Leah Day '93

Never! Censorship is the revocation of a person's right to express their own views, opinions and morals; whether others like or agree with them is immaterial.

—Richard O. Martin '96

There are many people I'd like to shut up, but I don't. The right to express one's opinion is too often regarded as the right to express that opinion *unchallenged*. The police have a *right* to complain about Ice-T's "Cop Killer," the same right Ice-T has to sing it. I have no patience with fat-cat MTV types who issue statements from their multi-million dollar L.A. mansions, whining about how oppressed they are because some people want their music stickered.

—Phil Dean '96

### SHOULD DRUGS BE LEGALIZED?

From an economic standpoint, it would be great policy, but it cannot be done based on moral values. Sending the message to kids that drugs are OK can't be done.

—Ryan Downey '94

I feel that all drugs should be legalized.

—Abigail Pringle '96

No company in its right mind is going to market crack because all the bad publicity would kill them. The scum [drug dealers] are not ready to give up their money and will find something else. Some of the Medellin cocaine cartels have already started diversifying into kidnapping.

—Phil Dean '96

I don't believe drugs should be legalized! Anyone who has any knowledge on this subject would agree.

—Chris Curtin '94

The entire idea is *ludicrous*. Just because a drug might be *safer* if legalized is no reason to legalize it. Alcohol and cigarettes cannot kill after one use—cocaine can.

—Beau Euton '93

No. There are other ways to have fun in the world. Alcohol should be as it is in Europe, where alcoholism is not a problem.

—Tom Crumrine '95

No way! But then again, I don't believe in our medicinal practices anyway. Herbs are the way.

—Leah Day '93

# SPEAKING OUT

## WITH A GAY GRAD

By Rob Messinger '93

Seven years ago Jeff Masten, currently an assistant professor of English at Harvard University, was an English major at Denison. He was also, among many other things, gay (though many of his peers never would have guessed). He did not feel comfortable—or even safe—being open about his sexual identity on a campus where “diversity” was then considered a dirty word.

Hoping to ensure a more positive four years for future graduates, in the spring of 1991

Masten and three others began organizing a network for gay, lesbian and bisexual alums. During the past two Homecoming weekends, grads from across the country have reunited to discuss ways of making Denison a place where non-heterosexual students can feel at home, too.

How did the Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Alumni Organization originate?

It was the result of a Common Hour alumni panel, where some of us came back and talked about being gay at Denison—or, as I spoke about, *not* being gay at Denison and coming out publicly after that. In the aftermath of those panels, we felt that the campus environment had not improved enough on this issue and that some kind of intervention from people outside of the community was needed. We want to show students that it is possible to be gay and to be happy being gay, letting

them see the possibilities outside of the kind of social situation that has always characterized Denison. If we show students that there are other ways one might be gay other than in the closet and feeling marginal, that would be a wonderful thing.

Why were you in the closet when you were a student?

Part of it is where I came from: I grew up in a small, conservative town in Ohio. I didn't have the language to talk about

think it was that kind of in the closet/out of the closet process, but rather a process of learning to think of myself in a new way.

Many people have exploited the socially-constructed view of homosexuality and said, “Well, we can heal them, then.” How do you respond to people who want to heal you?

My first response is to fight back. There's nothing here in need of curing, and to think of this in terms of disease and cure is a real mistake. I mean, what we have to work toward is a situation in which we say that all kinds of

homosexuality at all. I'd never met another gay person until I came to Denison. I certainly defined myself as straight for at least one year and part of a second. There were family pressures and my own relation to religion and that sort of thing—a whole diverse set of issues that were keeping me closeted in the end. But maybe I should scratch that answer and start again, because in a way I don't feel like for me it was a process of realizing that I was gay, but rather *remaking* myself as gay—that is, realizing the possibilities of being gay and deciding to act on those possibilities.

A lot of people talk about the process of “coming out of the closet” as uncovering their gay identity. I don't think I had a gay identity prior to the time I started thinking of myself as gay. I got the language for becoming gay through a variety of sources, some of which were classes and organizations and people at Denison. So I don't

eroticism are valued in this culture. We have a long way to go before that happens, obviously. If we start thinking in terms of behaviors rather than necessarily always in terms of identities then we'll be on safer ground—if we say we value all sorts of nondestructive sexual behaviors. Then there's nothing to cure. We have to be up front on this issue and fight the people who think there is something to be cured; what needs to be cured is their way of thinking.

Those who think of homosexuality as immoral behavior often try to link it to pedophilia.

The more people that we show—that we exhibit ourselves to—as being not the way they're defining us, the more difficult it's going to be for them to associate us with pedophilia. Certainly there are pedophiliacs in the gay community; that's not a tremendous secret. But there are also pedophiliacs in the straight community,

and if you just look at the statistics, child molesters are much more likely to be straight men, whatever kind of child they molest. We have to respond with those sorts of statistics, and we have to make it impossible for them to define us in the media as being pedophiles. We can do that by being out.

The essay you wrote for Denison Magazine about forming the GLBA group received a lot of response, some of which was very angry and homophobic. Is that what you had expected?

I've gotten a number of extremely positive letters sent by straight alums who knew me when I was here and said, “I didn't know you were gay until after you left, and I just want to be supportive of the article you wrote.” Someone from the class of '50 said, “I got married after Denison and just came out, and I never thought it was a possibility while I was at Denison.” I know that the college has been receiving some negative letters, but to put the label “first person” on an article like the one I wrote is to say that these are my opinions, to kind of contain its radicalness and not imply that the college necessarily sanctions what I'm saying.

Is Denison headed in the right direction under President Myers in terms of dealing with some of these issues?

I think President Myers came in with a mandate to make the college a more diverse place. To the extent that our agenda is part of that, I'm really pleased with the way she's been very supportive of including us in her efforts. It's clear that Denison has to respond to the ways in which American culture is becoming more diverse and is recognizing its own diversity.

Where does the most work need to be done to foster a better environment?

A concern that has really emerged has been a pervasive fear of labeling at the college—that is, if you even speak out in favor of rights for gay and lesbian students, you'll be labeled as potentially gay

or lesbian yourself. We have to think of ways to get around that. That's an impossible situation, to my point of view. The biggest effort is to make this place comfortable for all students, regardless of whom they sleep with, and to make it confront those structures that have been reluctant to let gay people speak.

A big concern of mine is to work with the fraternity system, which many of us see as an institutional structure which has kept gay and lesbian people from feeling comfortable on campus. I'm eager—we're eager, as a group—to find ways to talk about these issues with members of the Greek system. There are gay and lesbian Greek members, and we also want to make



Gay grads Jeff Masten '86, Michael Dowling '85 and Kim Cromwell '81 were reunited during last October's Homecoming weekend celebration

it clear to those people that they have alums they can talk with, too. If they feel that they have nobody to talk to, they should get in touch with us.

As time goes on, are you feeling better about your connection with Denison?

Yeah, the alumni group has helped me to feel a lot better about this place because it's given us all a way to feel like we're doing something to improve the situation. What I tried to do in that article was not to whitewash my experience here, not to pretend that I had been in the closet and it had been all OK. It wasn't. There were innumerable moments of desperation—maybe that's a dramatic word, and the other word that comes to mind, of course, is *oppression*—but moments of desperation when things were not OK, and I don't want to pretend that they were. At the

same time, I'm committed to a more positive view of this place. I also don't want to hide the fact that there were very positive things about Denison that made it possible for me to do what I'm doing now.

What advice do you have for current students who are thinking about coming out of the closet, especially in terms of how to deal with the oppressive climate?

Easy for me to say, “Come out, just do it.” It's important to come out, but I didn't do that while I was here. People have to make their own decisions. In general there's more support now among the faculty and in the administration for coming out than when I was here, and increasingly I think that it's important for us to define our-

selves publicly as gay, lesbian or bisexual or queer, however you want to put it. We need to counter the strenuous and organized efforts of the far right to portray us as perverts and entirely marginal to how society—the society at Denison and also the larger society in the United States—runs, and the only way to do that is to come out to everybody, to say, “Look, we're

here, and we do all these things in this culture, things that are important to the way this society thinks of itself and works on a day-to-day basis.”

I've been coming out to seat partners on trains and airplanes. Not “Hi, I'm gay. I want you to know that; you're sitting beside me,” but just bringing it up in conversation on a casual basis. I think it's important for people to know who we are and where we are and that we're everywhere. And Denison needs that as well.

Are you pleased with the debut of a freshman studies course devoted to gay and lesbian literature?

The course is going to have wide-ranging effects—on the students who are taking it, of course, but also on the students they talk with who aren't in the

(continued on page 26)



# ADVICE FROM AN

# ACTIVIST

By Amanda Fuller '95

Seattle-based writer Paul Loeb has made a 20-year career out of activism. His first experiences with protest occurred during the Vietnam War, but unlike many of his generation, Loeb never stopped believing in the power of the individual to effect change in society. His latest book, *Hope in Hard Times: America's Peace Movement and the Reagan Era*, examines the lives of the most improbable people who have made a remarkable difference. The *New York Times* said it gave "the peace movement the serious portrait it deserves," and it has also won praise from the likes of Alice Walker and Susan Sontag, who regards Loeb as "something of a national treasure." He is currently at work on a new book, tentatively titled *Next Generation*, which will focus on his meetings with student activists from over 100 colleges and universities.

How can we build a tradition of activism in a politically inactive environment like Denison?

We look at this campus and it's pretty conservative. Part of what makes Oberlin or Earlham different from Denison is a tradition built over time. After awhile people will come in and they'll think that this is what people do: They involve themselves in the issues of their time.

We slide through our education without ever encountering a serious grappling with the movements that have changed our nation or changed the world. We don't really know the history, so that things we take for granted we assume to be the inevitable course instead

of the product of human decisions. It didn't just happen. Rosa Parks was just part of a long line of struggle.

Some say our generation is an apathetic one, that we've been corrupted by TV, desensitized to violence and social crises. Do you think this is true?

Those generalizations are actually not right. I wouldn't call it a dead time, I just think it's a very frustrated time. Churches, in particular, have experienced a significant movement toward activism from the beginning of the decade: a lot of people went back and forth between Nicaragua and El Salvador, coming back, talking, and getting contributions.

What has happened that's caused people to back off? On campuses there was a trauma; the people whose children were going to school [in the late '60s-early '70s] were largely 1950's silent generation. So you just have people [who were raised by Vietnam-era activists] trickling in now. On campuses, it's just beginning to hit. I see students all the time—that I just didn't five years ago—who have said, "I've been political since age 3 when my mom took me to a march." It continues between generations. There's a difference between

coming into college, sniffing things out and dipping your feet in the water and really getting involved full tilt. If you get a significant group of people in that second group, a lot can happen.

How can professors provide impetus to students?

At any given school I've talked to people who are active, and a big chunk of them will name professors who are extraordinarily influential in their development. At a school this size, they will



Author and activist Paul Loeb Mark Sullio

# I WOULDN'T CALL IT A DEAD

# TIME

# I JUST THINK

# IT'S A VERY

# FRUSTRATED

# TIME

always name the same handful of professors. It seems to be professors who teach more than that there's simply something wrong with this society. It seems to be professors who care about what they teach, but especially what they do with their everyday lives. They involve themselves, give a feeling that it is possible for citizens to act. It could be almost anybody who makes the importance of engagement very clear through what they teach and what they do. It's those models who are really taking a stand as citizens. So when I finish the book I aim to get students out of the rut, but I also want to put a challenge to all those professors who want to teach a good

course but still believe in ideals.

After a decade of anti-nuclear activism, don't you think the change in world order and decline in the threat of nuclear war will discourage people from getting more involved? The issues once debated are no longer issues, and although there's some shift toward the environment, many of the activists of the '80s must feel displaced.

One effect the new Eastern European democracy should have is to make very clear that people can do astounding things. Those governments everybody thought to be ironclad in power were really overthrown by popular revolts, demonstrating the power of citizens to make a tremendous change. What's happened in the wake, unfortunately, is troubling: People are not necessarily getting off in the initial steps

of activism and asking, "What type of society do we want?" Instead, they've initially gone after a Reagan-Thatcher model which takes the most voracious aspects of capitalism—we're seeing some early results of that now. The boosters here have used that to proclaim the

triumph of global capitalism, forever and ever, and that's bad because it says we could never challenge that hugely powerful economic order and could rule out any other system.

How significant is the ability of charismatic leadership to inspire activism?

Obviously there are people who come along in history who have that gift. If they find a situation in which to exercise that, they can play a tremendous role. But I don't think you can train for charismatic leadership. If you get as many interested people as you can involved and thinking about an issue, sometimes one will rise up and you've got a Martin Luther King or a Malcolm X who has that gift for coalescing a movement. But in this society they're vulnerable; they can be killed. I've met some students who are astounding, who have that gift for coalescing, and I expect them to be some of the national leaders in the future.

You said earlier that acting in partial ignorance, or acting on the wrong side, is better than not acting at all. Why shouldn't we fully educate ourselves about an issue before making a decision and possibly doing something imprudent or wrong?

I'm not advocating action for action's sake. I'm saying that you should think about what you do, always question it. People are up against the feeling that they might not do any good. Unless we're eloquent enough to debate Ted Koppel on *Nightline*, we dare not act. People do respond to the barbaric indignity they see, but then they think, This is really not my place to take care of it; somebody else will. They say, "I'm a business major. I can't deal with these issues. They're not in my field. I'm not that kind of person." They transfer what is a cultural thing, a conscious choice, to being almost genetic. We always act in imperfect knowledge. How do you know when you know enough to act? First of all, you act in situations in which you see human pain, when you see a violation of what you consider right. I don't think a code of human rights is subjective. Even if you're acting for someone who's in pain, you may not know what will stop it, but you damn well know it's a problem. And that's a good starting point; it's not an abstraction, and it holds up a challenge to violators of human rights. We need a declaration of human rights—I think a standard of human harm is a good starting place. ✕

# FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT TO PARTY

By Craig Bowers '93

We are assholes, I admit it. There seems to be nothing any of us can do to change this stereotype. That's not just how I feel, either—the same goes for most other members of the fraternity system.

Denison has been radically transformed over the past four years. The actions of President Michele Myers and the rest of the administration have been intended to improve academics and curb "partying" on our campus. It is useless for fraternities to resist new rules and restrictions. We are a herd being rounded up by the administration, branded with Greek letters and fenced in by state laws, insurance regulations and the general consensus that we are a sexist excuse for a party.

I remember the good ol' days: kegs galore and no guest lists, no Triangle rent-a-cops, no curfews, no hassles, no worries.

Unfortunately, this era has come to a screeching halt, and it looks as if we are the assholes who jerked the brake. Now at our parties we have to be elitist "frat guys" by only letting up to 200 people in and allowing only those who are of legal age to drink alcohol.

To make things worse, this year we can't even offer beer to our guests who *do* show up and are 21. They have to bring their own beer; we have to make them wear a ridiculous plastic wristband and give them a ticket resembling a carnival stub for each can, then take their brew down to our ice bin and finally serve it up whenever they feel thirsty.

Fraternities can pass the buck, of course. We can complain about the Granville Police Department constantly harassing Denison students. We can even debate the productivity and legitimacy of Ohio's drinking laws. In fact, we can go all the

way to the top, because this controversy is a direct result of the Reagan administration's use of Federal highway improvement funds to blackmail state governments into accepting the 21 drinking age.

What is there to do here in our picturesque little village of Granville for those unable to legally consume alcoholic beverages? Now that Trivial Pursuit and cocaine have become passé, how do other adults enjoy themselves without drinking? How do your parents have fun in today's society, which demands guaranteed—but accepted—forms of entertainment? These are questions the administration has been forced to address, but their answers have been less than adequate.

Undeniably, America's favorite pastime is television. So what has our university so kindly gone and done but installed cable TV in every room on this campus, in dormitories and fraternity houses alike. Here is a splendid social opportunity for Denison students: Sit around and watch hours of mindless, brain-numbing nonsense. This will surely boost grade point averages.

What more acceptable social setting could the administration ask for? No one talks, no one moves, no one thinks. It's perfectly legal, perfectly safe, risk-free entertainment, right? Just keep the kids entertained and locked behind doors, sitting quietly in an apathetic lull. Then maybe they will not gather again in Swasey Chapel to attack President Myers on the lack of Denison's social options. Honestly, that was the real issue on the table at the forum last fall between the student

body and the administration. It was only a release for the frustration stemming from the stricter regulations on drinking and parties.

Since then, the administration has attempted to fill our abyss of boredom by investing vast amounts of money into numerous on-campus groups. What about Student Activities Committee events? Slayter programming? Arguably, the majority of students have shown little interest—many of these activities, which few attend and fewer still enjoy, are simply a waste of money.

I do not wish to offend those who do attend such events (at least the programs are not a *total* waste). I do not mean to insult the organizers or planners, because I have no idea how to improve "acceptable" social alternatives either. But this does not dismiss the fact that, to many students, these are not viable solutions to the problem.

Honestly, I am not convinced that we as a university can come up with *any* that are acceptable. This is not to say that SAC or the administration should stop trying. The plans for the new pub on the third floor of Slayter Hall look fantastic, but is this going to be an option for underage students? The number and caliber of the bands SAC has been signing is impressive, but it's hard to enjoy a band while being smothered by half the student body in the Bandersnatch. It takes half the concert just to squeeze through to the back corner to purchase an overpriced, undercooked pizza bagel. Then there is the field house, a significantly larger venue, but music gets utterly destroyed by the acoustics of the place. (And green foam-rubber proves infinitely more suitable for indoor track meets than dancing.) Granted, all these intentions are good, but the final

products leave something to be desired.

However, there is still the fraternity party, that illustrious institution which has been all but abolished. There's that same bunch of assholes who won't let anyone in their parties, who didn't put anyone on the guest list, who you

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## NOW THAT TRIVIAL PURSUIT AND COCAINE HAVE BECOME PASSE HOW DO OTHER ADULTS ENJOY THEMSELVES

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can't even get a beer from anymore.

These assholes throw parties that are so crowded no one can move around or see the band, whose bathrooms are disgusting and never have toilet paper—and they act like they own the house or something! They shell out thousands and thousands of

dollars a year to help entertain themselves and the rest of this campus. They allow students to congregate and socialize somewhere other than dorm rooms or off-campus parties pestered by cops. You can even smoke inside—a true rarity these days in Licking County. (I am wary mentioning this last point, fearing that the wrathful Wellness Committee might come down and wallpaper my house with their dreaded signs.)

They also take the rap if something goes wrong, say some freshman (or senior) happens to sneak into a party already trashed and bellyflops down the stairs. Or if someone underage happens to get alcohol poisoning from guzzling Mad Dog in his room but mentions that he did have a beer or two down at The Row earlier. They are the assholes who risk losing their house, simply because they want to provide this school with more diverse and—in some people's opinion—more enjoyable social opportunities.

Now I am not soliciting thank-you's from the student body, nor am I asking for sympathy. The majority of students on this campus probably despise going down to The Row on the weekends. It is crowded, there are a lot of drunks bouncing off walls and spilling beer on you and you have no real desire to engage in conversations with most of the people anyway—even if you could talk over the blaring music. But what can these assholes, these fraternity men, do about such problems? Until the conservative lawmakers in America and whoever else was responsible for the insane decision to make 21 the legal drinking age are finally smitten with common sense, the social options for underage students in this country will remain bleak or illegal. X

# SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT FOR THEMSELVES

By Erin Dempsey '93

Whenever the topic of equal rights for sorority women is broached, the same points are usually discussed: We can't live in our houses, we can't drink alcohol in our houses, we can't have parties with a band in our houses and we *certainly* can't stroll around our houses in our underwear on a Sunday morning while sheepish males try to slip out a back door unnoticed.

Greek women at Denison also fall victim to the actual history of the campus itself. As legend has it, when sororities were establishing themselves as legitimate women's organizations at the turn of the century, a Granville law prohibited six or more unrelated women to live together. The law deemed that arrangement a brothel, which was certain to pose a threat to the respectable community.

So as the decades buzzed by and Denison gradually evolved into the campus we know today, the sorority house arrangement remained unchanged. Which brings us to the issue of equality. No community bonding, no boys and no beers: a seemingly unequal lifestyle for sorority women. But in reality, Denison's unique sorority system has retained the true purpose of

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sorority life. It's not a question of where or how we live together; it's a question of why we are together in the first place.

Equality for women, in any arena, remains an ever-present struggle even today. The numerous women's organizations in the United States are evidence of the need for unity on a strictly female basis. This is the fundamental rationale behind the formation of sororities.

Greek organizations were created in the 1800s for athletic unity, academic strength and men only. Because women had just begun filtering into the previously all-male collegiate environment, men's organizations became all the more exclusive. Educated women felt the prejudice and found the strength to band together as Greek women. The only absolute restriction for joining a sorority was quite simple: You could not be a man. You were there as a breast-developing, estrogen-producing, potentially child-bearing female with a uniqueness separate from but parallel to masculinity.

The founding women of any sorority, local or national, saw such value in womanhood that they sought equality despite being ostracized, blackballed and cast out of the larger community. But this led to

true success. No longer were women grouped strictly by their environs (i.e., neighbors, dormitories or familial relations) but were organized by goals, interests and ideals. Hence the idea of a new community developed, which teemed with a powerful enthusiasm to produce strong scholars, leaders and role models.

Ironically, the sheer fact that we don't live in houses works to our advantage. Given how small Denison is relative to many private liberal arts schools, the idea of affiliated women living on sorority circle would seem to perpetuate inappropriate exclusivity. For the sake of the larger community, the boundaries and distinctions among Denison women need to remain flexible.

And as for the argument that residential sororities could become an alternative social arena, it is a moot point. We could not shoulder our part of alcohol liabilities or gain the territorial advantage that fraternities now hold because national sorority by-laws strictly forbid the consumption of alcohol in our facilities. Specific policies differ from sorority to sorority, but ultimately sorority houses could never provide an equal social alternative to Fraternity Row. Unless Denison radically reconstructs the campus, sorority houses and fraternity houses will remain apples and oranges.

The living arrangements in our residence halls also foster a unity and strength among all women. Although sorority door signs and paraphernalia can be seen hanging around Shorney, Crawford or Shepardson, these are not territorial statements.

The halls of Curtis West, for example, are representational of nothing, or no one, in particular. Independent women can live

next door to two roommates of different affiliation. Within this structure, a true sense of community can be established and maintained throughout all four years on The Hill. This healthy reality could easily be lost in a mélange of social and environmental boundaries caused by liv-

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ing in our houses with the same women year in and year out. It is strengthening for sorority women to emerge from our individual rooms all over campus and convene at a common facility for meetings and events. When we return to our rooms, our subsequent interactions are back with the

larger community—not simply among fellow Greek females.

Another positive aspect of the sorority structure at Denison is the options women have. Everyone has made decisions that weren't carefully thought out. Hasty or misinformed, some decisions can be devastating (at the very least, embarrassing). As far as sorority membership is concerned, there are always women who join and then decide that the Greek side of Denison is something they can very easily live without. Luckily, the decision to pledge is one that can be reversed with little or no blood lost. And if a woman depledges or deactivates, her lifestyle doesn't drastically change—in fact, it doesn't change at all. Women in general, I have observed, hold no real opinion on a woman's decision to be Greek or not to be Greek. Denison women—regardless of affiliation—seem to form a much stronger community than the Greek and independent men on campus.

A great deal has been accomplished by Greek women, and more chapters are emerging every day. The sorority itself offers an outlet for women to cultivate leadership and organizational skills as well as to increase their self-esteem through group encouragement. There are times in a college career when these opportunities seem vital.

At Denison, specifically, we are fortunate. The sororities are never the only aspects of life; they are never all-encompassing or over-

bearing. They are there for the women who choose to join them, and they remain an integral part of the Denison community. And the history of sorority life will always remain one of the first steps taken to promote equality for women, especially at the collegiate level. ✕

# A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By Peter Short '94

I woke early that August morning to find that the hurricane off the coast was not going north after all—it was headed straight for Miami. I rushed to gather my clothes and leave my friend's apartment in Coral Gables, realizing that my house was unattended and my dogs were alone. Driving toward Naples, I saw hundreds of people lining up outside several lumberyards, and as we now know, those hours spent trying to get wood to protect their homes were futile. Hurricane Andrew devastated South Florida leaving 22 dead, 63,000 homes destroyed and a total of \$20 billion in damage. But the day after the storm, *The Miami Herald* still made it to every doorstep, including the ones remaining in Homestead.

Andrew was the most financially destructive natural disaster in the history of the United States, and the resulting appearance of South Florida caused people to refer to their neighborhoods as combat zones. But no one had been shot, and people did not live in fear of one another in a war-like atmosphere; in fact, this community has been brought even closer together in an effort to rebuild.

In the weeks following Andrew, the federal reserve set up 12 tent cities to house 36,000 people, created an AM station and gave out hand radios. The entire country seemed to unite—if only for a short while—in sympathy, responding to the devastating tragedy with numerous nationwide fund raising drives.

While I do approve of most of the support that this country has given to the survivors of Hurricane Andrew, I worry about our priorities. The government has

offered Florida \$3.6 million to provide mental therapy for the survivors—and Florida is asking for \$22 million more. Dr. Barbara P. Plank, who is in charge of the American Psychological Associations chapter in Broward County, said these victims are experiencing the normal feelings of anxiety that accompany natural disasters. Apparently \$25 million is the normal financial prescription for mentally stressed hurricane victims.

We were so eager to spend all this money for hurricane survivors while overlooking the mental anguish suffered by survivors of the L.A. riots. The man-made disaster in Los Angeles will certainly have longer-lasting repercussions on our country as a whole. When my weekend ritual of armchair quarterbacking was interrupted by 1-800 numbers asking for donations, I wondered what made those people special, why there weren't numbers for people in Los Angeles who had lost *their* homes and businesses. Why, as a nation, have we not felt the same sense of responsibility for them?

In L.A. there were no uprooted trees, water-soaked buildings or even a significant increase of homelessness. But more than \$1 billion worth of damage was done, 51 people were killed and many small businesses destroyed, creating a pervasive sense of fear that still saturates the air.

While South Central L.A. dwellers have never lived the glamorous life of their 90210 counterparts, residents of Watts experienced a community rebirth following the 1965 riots. Out of the rubble and ruin left behind from the racial violence emerged youth centers and work programs and bookstores featuring African-American writers.

Despite the brief and isolated bonding, though, over the last 20 years, racial discord has remained an ever-present problem in America. While South Florida residents will concentrate only on physical structure in their rebuilding process, L.A. faces far more challenging reconstruction work. Unresolved social and economic tensions smoldered there for decades before erupting violently once again: Unlike a natural storm of wind and rain, the storm of rage that tore through L.A. was not unforeseeable. X

**the man-made disaster in L.A. will certainly have longer-lasting repercussions on our country as a whole**

# 16 CREDITS & KIDS

By Amanda Fuller '95

"You grow up so fast," Kim says, trying to sum up the changes in her lifestyle since she became a mother. "We went to a party at Ohio State and we didn't feel like we fit in anymore. All we wanted to do was get back to our daughter."

As new parents, she and her boyfriend Sean face real-life problems other 21-year-olds only know about from watching *All My Children*. While most Denison kids stress about getting papers finished for weekend playtime at the undergraduate Disneyworld, Kim worries about her grades as well as caring for a kid of her own who is *truly* helpless—she must assume responsibility, having realized at an early age that life ain't Fantasyland.

"I can't do anything else while she's awake, not even read," Kim complains. "She demands constant attention." To fulfill little Kira's needs, Kim and Sean have learned to plan ahead and share responsibility equally. Presently Kim tries to concentrate more on nurturing her academic growth while Sean functions as full-time father. Once Kim graduates, Sean plans to finish his degree at Ohio State while she takes over as full-time mother. Even now, though, Kim admits that her daughter remains first priority.

"I can't neglect my baby," she says. "Sean's a terrific father but if Kira was sick, I'd still skip class to take care of her." Admittedly, Kim has often pushed aside academic work for her daughter. Her career will also have to wait—at least until Sean graduates—and even then the parents aren't sure that they'll want to devote both their lives to careers if it means leaving Kira with a sitter all day. "We've

learned to take it one day at a time," admits Sean. The future is surely intimidating, even frightening, for two young people faced with such overwhelming obligations.

Initially Kim contemplated abortion. Giving the child up for adoption was another option she later considered, but parting with a baby after carrying it for nine months proved impossible for her.



Kim gives her homework—daughter Kira—first priority

Hollie Graham

Though Kim has found motherhood extremely rewarding, her pregnancy was unplanned—and if she had it to do over again, she would have waited until after college to start a family. Kim is pro-choice, much happier being a mother because she had the opportunity to make that decision for herself.

Joni is another young mom who's getting an education and planning for a career. "You need help," she says, "you can't do it by yourself." And yet, unlike Kim, she seems to be doing exactly that. Raised by a single mother, Joni learned to respect independence and self-sufficiency. At 17 she left home to begin community college, but after only one quarter, troubled finances necessitated a full-time paycheck—which didn't amount to much without a college diploma. Two years later she became engaged and pregnant and dissatisfied with her \$5-an-hour existence.

Bearing in mind her baby's future—as well as her own—Joni resumed her

academic pursuits, attending night school during her pregnancy and continuing even after her baby boy arrived and his father left. Her family, she is quick to point out, also refrained from offering any emotional support or financial assistance.

After meeting a Denison representative at a college fair where she was representing Columbus State, Joni applied to transfer, was admitted and received a financial aid package that covered virtually everything. She now carries honors, but her financial situation is stressful to say the least. In addition to collecting welfare, she puts in ten hours a week of work-study and essentially lives off that income. Since she commutes half an hour each way to school, transportation expenses add up quickly, and the largest portion of her

meager earnings goes to a babysitter. "I'd be a hypocrite if I told my son that he had to go to college and make it by himself and I was still on welfare," she says. "It wouldn't be right."

Joni remembers daydreaming about the joys of motherhood, but—while she loves her son dearly—the time-consuming tasks of changing diapers and picking up after a baby proved somewhat disillusioning. She spends six hours a day at school, but once she's home, can't study until her son goes to bed. "I drink a lot of coffee," she admits, because she usually gets less than five hours of sleep a night, often waking up at dawn to finish assignments. Despite once being told by an unsympathetic professor that her child's illness was not a valid excuse for missing class, she has sacrificed schoolwork on several occasions to care for him. Her professor didn't understand, she says, that she and Kim—unlike many of his students—have other priorities. X

# PILL OF POTENTIAL

By Vernell Bristow '94

All it takes are three small pills of RU-486 and a woman can terminate her pregnancy. This revolutionary drug was developed by Etienne-Emile Baulieu and manufactured by the France-based company Roussel-Uclaf to give women an alternative to the surgical procedure of a traditional abortion.

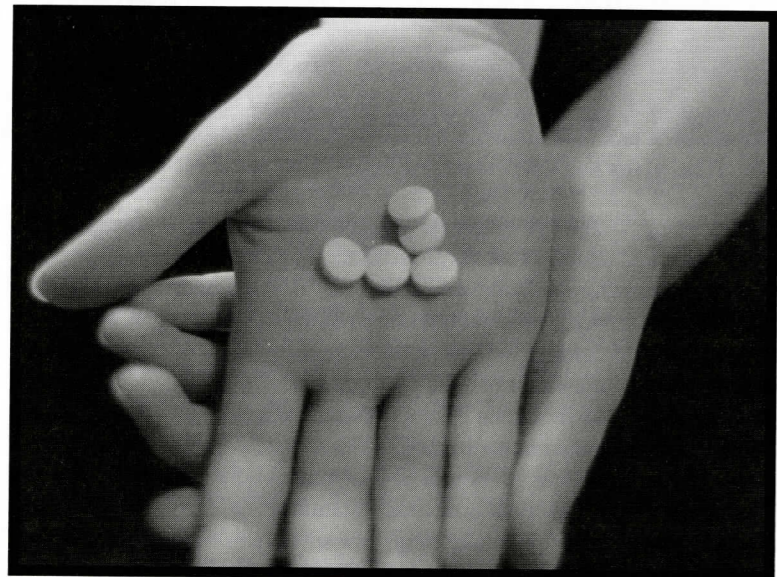
RU-486—better known as the “abortion pill”—can be taken only during the first five weeks of pregnancy. It induces an abortion by blocking progesterone, the hormone that stimulates the uterine lining to nurture a fertilized egg. RU-486 shuts off this stimulation, which will then cause the uterus to expel its lining and the embryo. The pain and bleeding that result have been described as being a little more severe than normal menstruation. Two days after taking the pills, the patient must be injected with prostaglandin, which causes uterine contractions and ensures that the abortion is complete. The drug is 95 percent safe and effective.

According to researchers who have been able to examine the use of RU-486, the drug proves safer than a surgical abortion because it avoids the hazards of anesthesia. When a surgical abortion is performed there also is a risk of perforating the uterus. Obviously that risk is eliminated with RU-486.

The Food and Drug Administration has not licensed the drug for abortion purposes, although it is available in France and Britain. A license will not be issued for the drug until Roussel-Uclaf seeks to market it in the United States. The manufacturer has made no plans to sell RU-486 here because of much-publicized hostile reaction from anti-abortionists. Organizations such as the National Right to Life

Committee repeatedly have expressed a desire to ban the drug from this country. They fear the drug might result in live babies being born with serious deformities—and they are sure it will lead to more abortions.

Supporters of RU-486 not only want the pill available for abortion purposes but also for research into treating brain tumors and endometriosis (a common cause of infertility), as well as prostate, breast and ovarian cancers. Meningioma, a form of brain cancer, and breast cancer cause tumors that are stimulated by progesterone. Treating those diseases with RU-486 could prove highly successful. Although researchers say it is too early to tell, the drug also could be used to treat Cushing's Syndrome, a disease caused by abnormal hormone levels and characterized by obesity,



The latest French import

Hollie Graham

depression, diabetes and hypertension. Well aware of anti-abortion sentiments in the U.S., Roussel-Uclaf has decreased the flow of RU-486 to researchers working on its effectiveness against these diseases. Only a limited supply is being made available in an attempt by the manufacturer to reverse the image of the drug from a life-terminating to a life-saving one. This suggests that Roussel-Uclaf

wants doctors and researchers to be responsible for pressuring the FDA to approve distribution in the United States, thus conveniently shifting negative publicity away from the company.

In this country, only patients suffering from terminal illnesses who have exhausted other methods of treatment have been allowed to receive the drug when there is a possibility that RU-486 might be beneficial. But there is still not a sufficient supply of the drug in the United States to conduct extensive research.

Abortion-rights groups have been investigating the possibility of developing a form of RU-486 in the United States. New York and California have passed laws that allow new drugs to be created without approval from the federal government—with the stipulation that all components of the drug are made, tested and used within the state. Abortion-rights groups realize the part this law could play in having a form of RU-486 made available to American women.

Though RU-486 is best known for its ability to end pregnancy, other possibilities of the drug need to be fully considered by anti-abortion groups. Many researchers would like to see RU-486 separated from the abortion issue entirely. While protesters adamantly oppose the drug, the availability of RU-486 will continue to be limited. Major companies are wary of marketing it for fear of potential boycotts by abortion opponents. Without complete access to the drug, American scientists cannot determine its full potential for treating diseases. Considering that 44,000 women die from breast cancer every year, even the slimmest possibility for saving so many lives warrants further exploration. ✕

# LETTER FROM LONDON

By John Boyden '94

For a long time I believed that my decision to study abroad was motivated by a desire to get away from Granville. But now I realize I've flown four thousand miles mostly to get away from *myself*—whoops, expensive mistake! Early on I noticed that nothing was different: I boarded the plane with my fears, inhibitions and flaws in my one-allotted carry-on, and the man behind the plexiglass at customs didn't stamp them void.

I chose England because I spoke the language good—well, practically fluently—and I chose London because I didn't take into account the biological importance of oxygen. I wanted to immerse myself in a new culture and all that jazz, but like many linguistically challenged students who study in an English-speaking country, I also sought an environment where I could experiment with different versions of myself, improvising and fine tuning, to see if *who I was* and *who I aspired to be* were compatible people. Admittedly, it sounds like a liberal arts version of *Sybil*.

But as some wise guy once said, you really do have to leave to find yourself.

If *you* ever find yourself in England, here's some advice. Be warned: The British believe that all Americans are either racists or farmers. A sweeping generalization? Possibly. When I arrived five months ago and announced to my new foreign friends that I hail from the Chicago area, I quickly added, “That's the Midwest, where corn comes from.” They looked relieved, but I'm still having Mom send a *Farmers' Almanac*, a Garth Brooks album and a Garden Weasel just in case someone gets suspicious.

## LANGUAGE BARRIERS

The English language and the American language use the same words, just in different ways. Here are a few translations to eliminate any confusion. For example, “trousers” in England are pants in the States, and “pants” here are underwear (hence, if after stepping in a puddle, you announce that your pants are wet, people will think that you have a bladder control

problem). Someone asking to borrow your “rubber” isn't being green-minded and recycling latex; in England a “rubber” is an eraser, a “johnny” is a rubber, and a “loo” is a john. To “snog” is to kiss, to “shag” is to copulate, “wellies” are boots, “willies” are penises, “kagoules” are raincoats and a “courgette” is a zucchini, but I don't think you'll need to know that one.

## ENTERTAINMENT

Despite what you've been told, you won't see royalty in London—except on every newspaper, magazine and television screen. You will, however, spot tacky American celebrities. At a performance of Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, my friends and I sat behind three members of Gloria Estefan's Miami Sound Machine. How strange, I thought, that I would have to travel overseas to have my view blocked by three men with Richard Marx hair wearing Donnie Osmond outfits. Conversation between acts was limited to “Do you know any good clubs?” and “So, how is Gloria's back feeling since that bus accident?”

## EXOTIC CUISINE

Less exciting than hobnobbing with U.S. rock stars (but infinitely more hygienic) is English food. Wherever you go in the world you will find French, Italian and Chinese restaurants—even American steak houses—but rarely will you find a restaurant outside the U.K. specializing in *English* food. Now I know why. The popular British treat, steak and kidney pie, does not contain steak and kidney *beans*. Inside the flaky pastry shell you'll uncover gristly chopped steak and nasty bits of the actual once-pulsing kidney organ through which pig urine filters. After gagging on a mouthful of steak and kidney pie, reacting as follows is *not* recommended: “Jesus Christ! You mean they actually put pieces of *kidney* in here? In the U.S.A. we put pig kidneys in *cat* food ... and anyway, we kicked Iraqi ass in the Gulf War!”

By the way, afternoon tea is a myth—they slurp it up nonstop. The fat-free craze of the States sees no future here because everyone's maximum-overdrive metabo-

lism burns off their fat like Roseanne at a rave. My first week in this country I rode the U.K. caffeine roller coaster and suffered from mood swings of the Jekyll-and-Hyde variety.

## GETTING AROUND

As for efficient public transportation, forget it. I prefer those charming red double-decker buses myself, but only because they're less likely to be blown to pieces by the IRA—unlike the subway cars. To the British, bomb scares on the Underground are a way of life (as common as a church bells on a Granville Sunday). Police are constantly stopping train service, X-raying candy bar wrappers and disarming crumpled newspapers. Often they'll end up detonating some poor barrister's forgotten briefcase. Thankfully, we don't need to worry about this in the States, since funding for many foreign terrorist groups is kindly provided by Americans. Isn't our country great?

## SIGHTSEEING

Don't have unrealistically high expectations for national monuments and tourist attractions. My first view of Buckingham Palace was disillusioning: Encased by scaffolding and wrapped in plastic for cleaning, the palace looked like it was sealed in a giant Ziploc.

Another touristy thing to see is Stonehenge. However celestially significant Stonehenge is, it's really just a bunch of rocks. I once believed those mysterious ancient stones would be the thrill of an otherwise suburban life—but after getting back two rolls of film, I'd have to be promised a bus load of Druids and a flying saucer before I'd go back. There's a man by the side of the road selling yummy ice cream, though.

I haven't met Her Royal Highness yet or managed to master a cockney accent, but at least I've finally got the language down. And though I've found every McDonald's in town, I'm still looking for me. I'm on a four-thousand-mile soul search that has unique photo opportunities and some awesome souvenirs. Want me to bring you back a Hard Rock Café, London T-shirt? ✕

# LIFE after Denison

## THE JOB HUNT '90s STYLE IS AN EXERCISE IN DEGRADATION RAISED TO ABSURD LEVELS

By Jil Derryberry '90

When I was first asked to write this piece, its tentative title was "There Is Life After Denison." I disliked it, having always questioned the existence (and negligible quality) of life *on* campus. However, after some thought I conceded that there is indeed life after Denison—nasty, brutish and of indefinite length. I would have liked to sum it up *in toto*: the whole of the twentysomething, post-graduate, overeducated, unemployed, celibate urban malaise. But that would have been presumptuous. While well-situated on the *Titanic* that is America, I can only begin to touch the iceberg. In case you're interested, the bar's still open, but competition for lifeboats is fierce.

During my final semester at Denison, I joked to a drone at the Career Development Center that the offices should be gutted, remodeled into a non-denominational chapel stocked with a selection of capitalist idols to which luckless seniors could make sacrifices, fonts of holy water to sprinkle over their resumes and voodoo dolls to model after hostile interviewers and rival interviewees. At the very least, a stack of welfare forms would be a nice touch. She was not amused.

The CDC eventually allowed me to reaccess their office, where I attended a meeting for soon-to-be graduates (soon-to-be unemployed). The speaker emphasized *networking*. The moral of his story was clear: We had been wasting our time reading overpriced textbooks. After all,

America is a democracy; we need not have spent our formative years preparing for exams which would determine and guarantee our futures as do our friends in far-away lands. No, in a democracy such as ours all we really need are *connections*, well-placed contacts who will grant us jobs simply because they trust in our backgrounds and play golf with Daddy. As a concept, networking is beautiful in its simplicity; in reality, my father never picked up a golf club in his life. Obviously I was fucked.

But don't think that networking doesn't benefit even those most ill-born Denison graduates. Big Red alumni may provide for you yet with wonderfully attentive service in restaurants and shopping malls throughout Central Ohio. And rest your

fears that most successful alums were initially well-connected (Michael Eisner); others were merely well-groomed (John Davidson) and some were actually talented (Ann Magnuson). Then there is the one true visionary: Bruce Weber, Calvin Klein's photographer of pretty boys, who for some inexplicable reason dropped out.

*I may live badly, but at least I don't have to work to do it.*

—Richard Linklater's *Slacker* (1991).

You don't need connections to go to grad school—the Peace Corps of the '90s, the intellectual's escape hatch, everyone's acceptable mode of avoidance! Sitting in smoke-filled cafés in big college towns strewn with ivy and bottles of Black Label, mainlining espresso and deconstructing the world with self-labeled Marxists who whine about unavailable BMW parts and the lateness of their support checks and somehow manage to be more annoying than J. Crew-clad suburban royalty who whine about unavailable BMW parts and the lateness of their support checks. Ah, grad school—in reality, a staggeringly pretentious exercise in ambitious, politically correct navel-gazing.

This is not to say I regret my year there; at the very least grad school gave me a clear vision of the future—if only for a moment, if only through the bottom of a bottle. I saw myself at 35, a cipher entering my seventh year of research on my disser-

tation, fluent in a variety of dead languages, phone service disconnected for nonpayment, fighting it out with my fellow scholars for that assistant professorship at West Texas Community College.

Admittedly, it was marginally better than my situation then at 22: Trapped in a windowless room painted institutional yellow, half-listening to The Marxist Moron expound on the infeasibility of human equality in light of Husserl's dictums, I was in prison. Like those legendary inmates who completed law degrees behind bars in order to better represent themselves in their death-row appeals, I spent my highly regulated time hunched over stolen library books. I was

pered. My interrogator seemed surprised. I wasn't. After all, everyone else we had studied was dead (and white and male and because this is America, French). Those facts were obvious, that I was learning nothing of any value was obvious and obviously there were already enough witless, sexless, pretentious persons who would sell their souls for a loaf of bread and tenure and obviously I wasn't one of them. (Besides, I was still awaiting that support check that never arrived.) The verdict: starve.

*Desperate, I went through the want ads and found a job at Haagen Däzs. When I got there, they asked me how many years*

*experience I had with an ice cream scoop. "How many do you need?" I asked.*

—Nick Zedd's autobiography, *Bleed Part One* (1992).

From gems like Zedd's to other true-life adventures of Ivy League grads fighting for internships and engineering majors making deliveries

for Pizza Hut, the job hunt '90s-style is an exercise in degradation raised to an absurd level. Not even your worst fears of unemployment—or employment—can prepare you for the initial shock. Four years of critical thinking and cultural ventures, of wasted evenings in the library and those goddamned GEs, only to hear: "How lovely, dear, now tell me—can you *type*?"

I learned fast that those young and capable and too proud to beg go from the head of the class to the back of the bread line. ✕



Phil Samuel

You won't be laughing for long

subject to weekly reviews with my wardens, to whom my hopes of parole—I mean graduation—were entirely subject. True, I had the advantage over real prisoners in being able to eat whenever I wanted; however, after paying for the privilege of being locked up in the ivory tower, this meant peanut butter. The Humorless Woman interrupts my repressed thoughts: "Would anyone like to comment on the nature of the panopticon in light of Lacan's theory of vision?"

"He's dead. They're all *dead*," I whis-

## DEVILS (from page 3)

atmosphere of fear and insecurity. After littering the campus with myriad misogynistic, anti-semitic and gay-bashing pamphlets, which often singled out and slandered individual faculty members and students, they even took their act on the road: Recently the gang trucked on down to Johnstown with an unknown photographer and coerced schoolchildren to pose in compromising positions—hardly child-porn, but shocking nonetheless to the local community.

Is there a light at the end of the tunnel? Well, let's hope so. The highlight of this year has been the satirical "Distinkly Denison" brochure, an astoundingly articulate send-up of Admissions Office whitewash. Chock full of witty missiles aimed at a variety of deserving but never-before touched targets—from "elitist Greek letter societies" to more generalized "white trash"—it was a welcome change from the hate propaganda of recent years. Perhaps this latest, seemingly literate generation of Wingless Angels will fly high—utilizing their anonymity to slap the many faces of campus hypocrisy—instead of sinking even lower than their pathetic predecessors, prolonging the reign of terror against faculty, freshmen and farm animals. ✕

## MASTEN (from page 13)

course, on other courses these students eventually participate in, on discussions and debates about sexuality at the college, on the whole idea of what constitutes legitimate subject matter for a course. Teaching this course is another way of opening up dialogue on this issue, and it demonstrates again that sexuality isn't only a personal thing but also a subject for intellectual work and serious public discussion.

*The debate about multiculturalism has been going on for awhile—how different points of view should be introduced into an academic environment and getting rid of core texts and so forth—but it's mainly dealt with issues of race and gender. How does sexuality fit in?*

When you start talking about literature in my specialty, the English Renaissance, it's not like we're implanting these issues

into the canon; they've always been there—in Shakespeare or in any other equally canonical place you'd want to look. We're not somehow attempting to tack these issues on, but we're asking people to think about them and to think about how they're related to other issues we see as important.

I don't think the solution is to say that sexuality is yet another thing that we have to talk about, but to point out how ideas of sexuality are related to a whole bunch of other things that we talk about all the time, like history and what it has meant historically to be an individual and notions of privacy and other large, broad themes. The challenge is to point out how gay and lesbian issues tie in to other issues in the curriculum. That's a strategy—it's not the way of making, perhaps, the most radical statement, which is to say that these things deserve consideration on their own terms. They deserve that, too.

*Some students might feel that the professor's sexuality is being shoved down their throats when the issue is brought up. How do you deal with your own sexuality in relation to your students?*

It's important not to give the impression that we're forcing our sexuality onto our students. On the other hand, we have to be honest about the way heterosexual faculty members have always been able to make it clear what their sexuality was without backlash of this kind. So what we're asking for is equal time, in a sense. I don't want my students to have to make any sort of a "thumbs up" or "thumbs down" evaluation of my gayness, but I want them to know that I'm gay and I'm out and it's something that is possible for them to do, too.

*What is your take on the recent anti-gay legislation?*

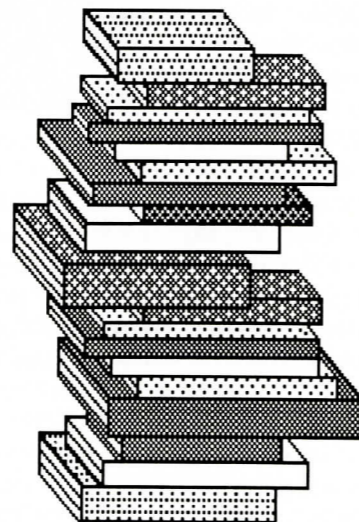
In Oregon it was a case where a few people thought the

state was being pegged as a place that was attracting too many gay people and that this would be a way to stop it. The frightening thing about this sort of initiative is that it curtails free speech for everyone, not just gay people—it tells teachers what they have to say in the classroom, from elementary schools through state employees who work at state universities. I find that very frightening and it's a development that seems to me to be related to the gag rule in abortion clinics and a whole bunch of other things.

In Colorado, the attempt has been to portray us as wanting "special rights"—the family values crowd seems to think that our wanting to be visible and relatively freely functioning in American culture is some sort of outrageous request. But of course the things we're asking for are pretty base-line rights: the right to have a job, the right to have an apartment that anyone else could rent, the right not to be beaten up on the street, the right not to have sexual activity in our homes be interrupted by the police. It's not like we're asking to pay 50 percent less taxes than everybody else or demanding our own car-pool lane on every expressway in America. ✕

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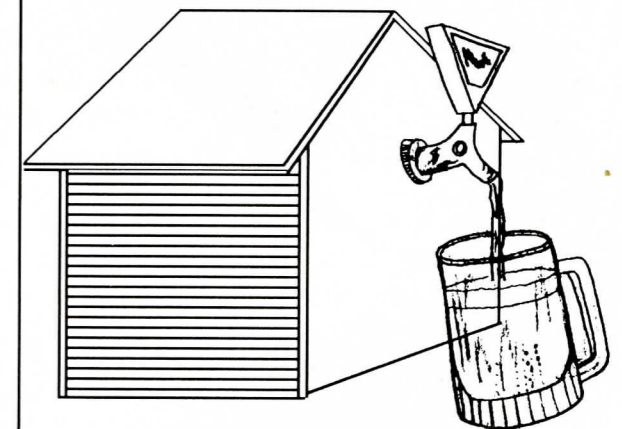
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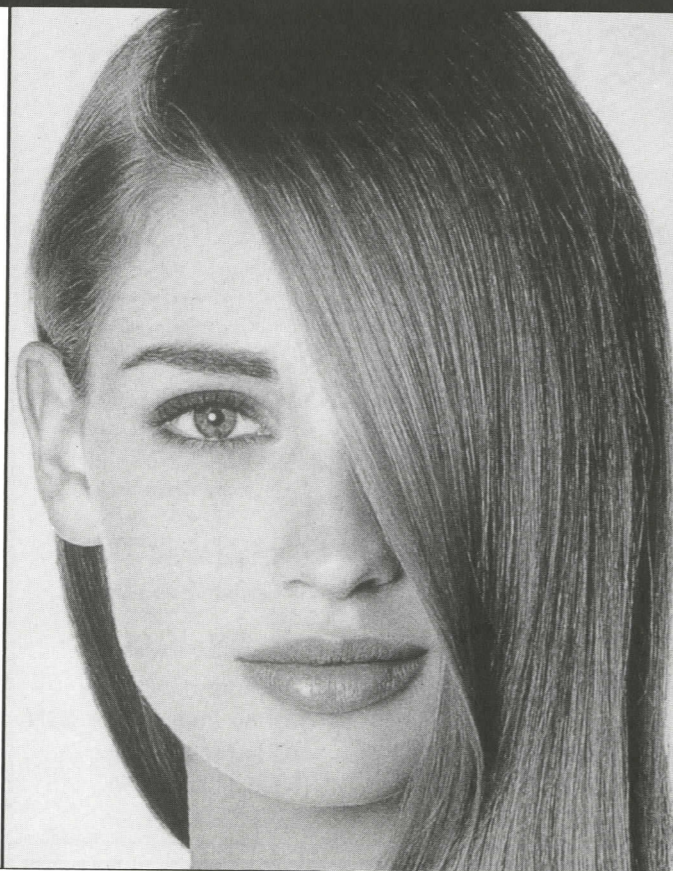
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THE WINGLESS ANGELS ATTACK THE HOMESTEAD



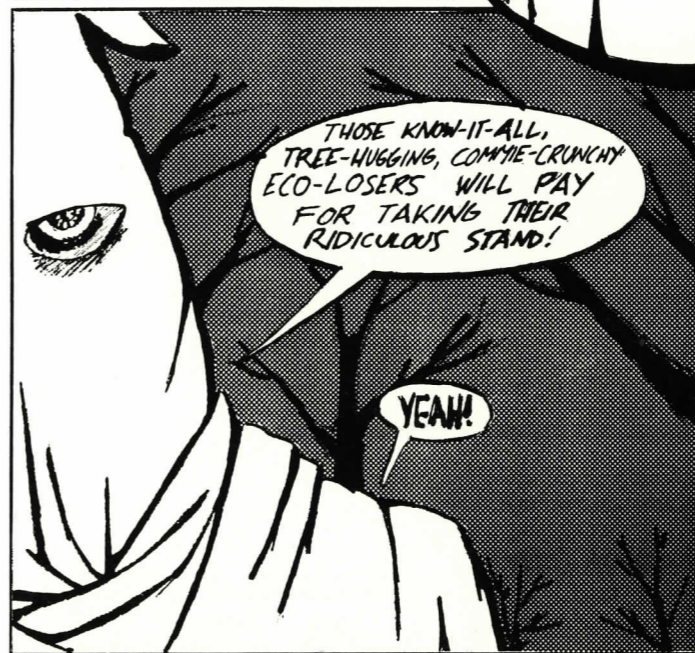
WE'LL SHOW THOSE GRANOLA FREAKS!



YEAH!

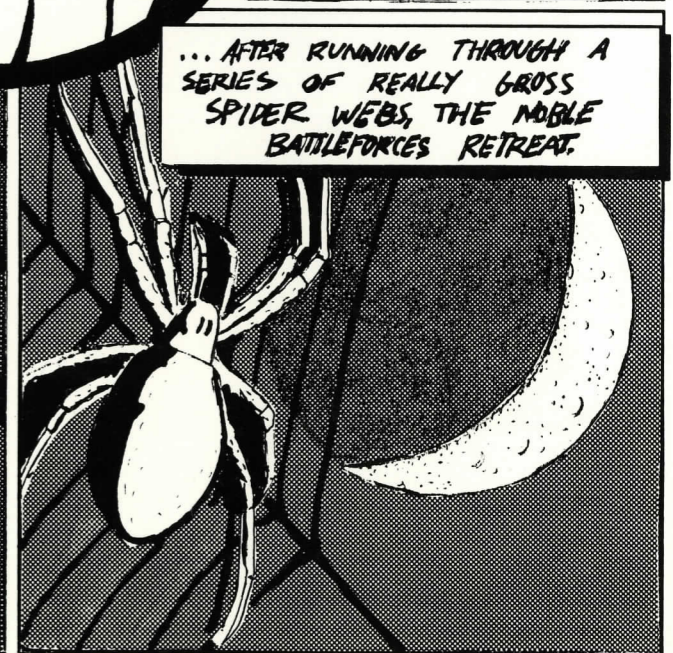
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C'MON MEN, LET'S GO BURN OUR INITIALS ON THE QUAD AGAIN!

Matt McJannet '93