

M O Y O

Volume Five • Issue One • 1995

Mind of Your Own

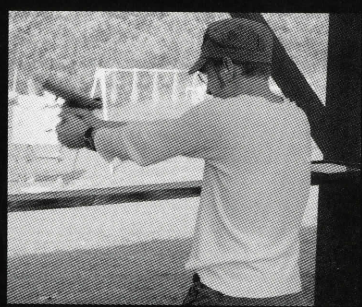
SEX



DRUGS



VIOLENCE



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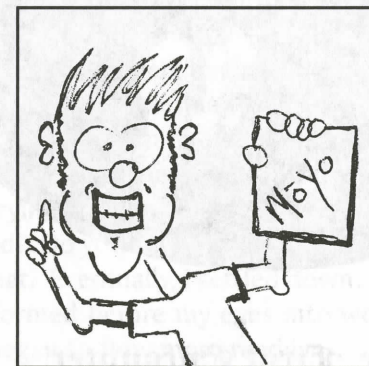
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Advice to a Young Country Leaving Home for the First Time

a convoluted editorial
by Dan Fiden



America is the land of my birth. This is very exciting, seeing as how America is the home of Pringles. America pops a Pringles. The sound of the vacuum-sealed tube is a lullaby to a hungry man's ears. Sure, you could buy Pringles in the Double Stack box — two foil bags, shrink-wrapped around a stack of chips. Maybe you'd even save some money. I mean, \$2.39 is a good price for America's Chip, as I like to call them. However, anyone worth their weight in fertilizer would buy the tube. Hell, it doubles for a tennis ball container. Plus, in the tube the broken chips are always at the bottom, while in the Double Stacks they're right there at the top, greeting you like a shattered dream. I buy the tube. Original recipe, although the Right Crisps are one of the only "lite" success stories in our nation's history. Pringles are something you can count on. Every chip the same shape and, like my mom says, you'll never see that weird green stuff found on some regular chips at the edge of a Pringle. Pop a Pringles and you're guaranteed the salty, bad-taste-in-your-mouth kind of love that means so much.

So America is the home of Pringles, and just a few hundred miles to our north another country is being born. Quebec, so long the redheaded stepchild of Canada, is finally coming into its own. Don't get me wrong. Canada is a great country, and I hate to see such a valuable part of it break away. But these things happen, in the world political scene and elsewhere. There's a time in everything's life when it has to break away, from its own government and invent its own Pringles.

Let's take the early days of the Mafia, for instance. The following "facts" are "facts" only in the most lazy, twenty-year-old-who-watches-too-many-movies sense of the word. They are fact according

to that great historical film starring Christian Slayter, Patrick Dempsey and Richard Greco (in the days before his career was on the back of a milk carton) *Mobsters* and another gangland film called *Bugsy* starring Warren Beatty and Annette Benning. Now, Bugsy Seagal (portrayed by Greco and Beatty, respectively) was part of that infamous Luciano gang of New York City. Bugsy, despite his unfortunate nickname, did quite well for himself — not only a successful bootlegger, but also quite a hit with the ladies. He could have stayed with Lucky Luciano indefinitely, but no. His dreams of Hollywood led him out west. Like so many pre-Pringles Americans, he journeyed westward to find fame and fortune without even the crunch of a crisp chip to keep him company. Unlike many Americans, however, he was a mobster. Therefore, he had a much less difficult time in Tinseltown than the average Judy Everyschmuck. That's beside the point. The point is, Bugsy had a dream. A dream about a desert oasis that offered blackjack and brothels without fear of government intervention. In a word, Los Vegas. I suppose that's two words, but they're in Spanish, so the American translation only equals one word. Los Vegas.

So, going against the advice of everyone, Bugsy built a hotel in Los Vegas. He wanted to make a haven for all that's American. Except Pringles (although by 1995, Pringle manifest destiny has spread their reign to even that mecca of neon and sequins.) I think, in the end, Bugsy died broke and a failure (I never could get all the way through that *Bugsy* movie,) but the point is he followed his dream. Actually, the point was supposed to be he broke away from Luciano to be a success, but that just didn't work out.

Regardless, I say this to Quebec: Break away. Go and follow your dreams away from Canada. Of course, this is all very metaphorical since you are merely a geographical area and can't "go" anywhere. Sure, Quebec, you may fail and never taste the Pringle of Los Vegas, but you will have tried. To have failed trying is better than to have failed not trying ... or something. Who am I to talk. I just sit here and give convoluted advice to wanna-be countries.

...God Save the DRAG QUEEN



The Writer Wrestles With Himself

I suppose I'm not alone. Jesus, they made a movie about Ed Wood. Still, I can't help but feel a bit odd remembering that night, not so many weeks ago, when I wore women's clothing.

Things started out innocently enough. I arranged an interview with the men who would perform at Outlook's annual Drag Show. For some reason, be it journalistic instinct or damn foolishness, I opened my mouth while setting up the interview and commented, "It would really be great if the Drag Queens dressed me all up. Kind of an inside look. Ha ha ha." My contact, James Smith, laughed right along with me. I hung up the phone thinking, I'll never hear about that again. Ironically enough, I did.

A Script

(the phone rings)

Our Hero: Hello?

Caller: Dan, this is James. They said it would be fine.

Our Hero: Oh, great. Yeah, I'm really looking forward to the interview.

James: Yeah, and they'll do your make-up and everything.

Our Hero: Ahh... Umm...

James: You should probably bring a dress or something. And shave.

Our Hero: Ahh... Umm...

James: So why don't you just show up at 6 or so.

Our Hero: Ahh... Umm...

(Click)

The First Encounter

I walked to the third floor of Slayter, a tape recorder in my hand and photographer by my side. I felt like a real, live journalist. Except for the fact that I was about to be dressed like a woman. Regardless, it was too late. I couldn't chicken-out. I'd suggested it, for chrissake, I'd have to go through with it. Four hours of in front of my peers while wearing stockings. Thigh-highs, nonetheless. Beggars can't be choosers and I borrowed the clothes, so it would be a night in a black Gap dress which came to about mid-thigh. I'd show a little shoulder, but I guess it'd be worse if I had back hair. With that thought, I entered the dressing room feeling a little bit better. No matter how glum you gets, kids, just remember: It would be worse if you had back hair.

Ashley and Rhoda

The dressing room was filled with costumes. From sequined gowns with giant headpieces to tight-fitting minidresses ala Tina Turner. In front of me were two men. One was about my height, 5'7" or so, and extremely friendly-looking. He wore some kind of fake silk robe and had a long, brown ponytail. Upon my entrance, he greeted me in a warm southern accent with genuine hospitality. The second man stood about 6'4", and was dressed like, at risk of sounding non-PC, a frat boy. He was wearing an Ohio State hat backward, athletic shorts and a tee-shirt. To be honest, he looked like the type of guy who, at bars, is always kicking my ass. I introduced myself and sat down.

At first I was silent. Although the shorter man, who had introduced himself as Ashley, made me feel very comfortable, I was still somewhat in shock. I kept asking myself, *This guy, this frat-guy, is a drag queen?* My question received an unqualified answer when he introduced himself as Rhoda ... Rhoda Horse.

While they were beginning to put on their make-up. I started the interview and, at first, it went slowly. I stuttered and stammered my way through the first few questions. They were nothing important, nothing prying, nothing interesting. How did you get started? Do you have another job? They were things like that. Eventually, I settled down. As the two men transformed before my eyes into women, conversation began to flow more readily.

The Interview Transcript

Dan: Drag is coming into the mainstream these days ...

Ashley: Being gay itself to becoming much more of an everyday lifestyle. You're not just queer or a fag, you're a regular person ... It's not just a couple people. They're doctors, lawyers, they're everywhere. People would just be amazed how many there are if they'd all just come out. We're everywhere. I mean a lot of people live double lives. They have families or heterosexual lives and live homosexual lives on the side, thank god.

Is drag an exclusively homosexual thing?

There are straight men out there who do it as a kind of a turn-on thing, but I can't see it. A couple of years ago I used to go and do a straight man up in drag and he'd just sit in the house and feel it. His wife didn't mind. Of course he didn't go anywhere in it either. There's a lot of different types of people in this world. People really have no inkling of how many types of people exist. I'm from a really small town in the south and when I moved up here, I had no idea.

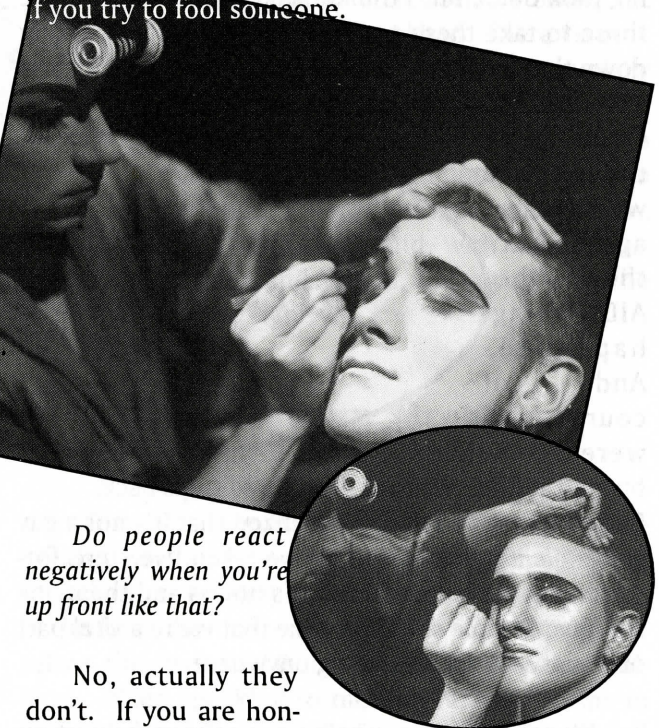
Is being in drag some kind of release because of that small-town upbringing?

For me, it's an art form. A lot of my friends are transsies, or transsexuals, and have breasts and have all this work done on their face. I have no desire to do that. I like being a boy. When it's over I let my

mustache grow. A lot of people say that when they're in costume, they feel like a woman. I have never felt like a woman. I just feel like I'm dressed up doing a performance.

So it's just something you do on stage ...

No, there are times I'll go out to straight bars in drag. I mean, I have a fabulous time. But I don't try to hide the fact that I'm a boy. Men'll come up to me and say, "You're a very pretty woman," and I'll go, "Thank you, but I'm a boy." I'm not ashamed of being a boy, and you have to be up front 'cause you can get yourself into really bad situations if you aren't up front; if you try to fool someone.



Do people react negatively when you're up front like that?

No, actually they don't. If you are honest with them and aren't trying to hit on them or push your opinion on them, I don't think they care. I don't think that the majority of people really care if you are straight or gay or drag queen or whatever. As long as you don't push your belief on them, they don't care. Now, you'll always have those that are like, "Goddamn fag!" But those people, if you met them one-on-one, they wouldn't care. I don't really think people are straight or gay, I just think that human nature takes over in the right place at the right time, it doesn't matter, man or woman.

Well, how do you feel about the characterization of drag queens in the movies that have been out lately like

Priscilla, Queen of the Desert or that Patrick Swayze movie?

I think it's very fun and it's fun to watch. But no three men (Patrick Swayze, Wesley Snipes and John Leguizamo) looking like that could go on a cross-country tour looking like women. And to even get out of the car in those towns? Please, you'd be in all kinds of shit before you even got there. Of course it's fun to watch; I mean I loved it. But I think Patrick Swayze is just ... ohhh. (groan of ecstasy)

Well, yeah, ahh...

When he had his face painted, I was just like, "Oh no, look out." But I think it says a lot for actors like those to take these parts. It says a lot for breaking down the barriers. We have broken down many barriers in the last several years, but then again I thought that we did years ago but then the AIDS thing happened. And, of course, gays were being blamed at first. We took, like, three steps back.

But now that people have realized that it's not a gay issue, it's a human issue, we've taken five steps forward. People have realized it's not us and them, it's all of us. People should realize that we're a vital part of society. We're not going anywhere.

It's not as if homosexuality is something that just appeared in the 1970s...

Exactly. Everyone has their theories as to how you become gay. I think you're born with it. I can never remember not being gay.

Do you think sexuality in all forms, including drag, is so public because it's acting as some kind of surrogate since people are more careful these days?

I don't think that people are... how can I say this and be diplomatic... I don't think people have really taken a long look at what's happening with AIDS. I think people are being much more careful, on the

whole, but they aren't having less sex. I don't think you have to quit being sexual, you just have to be careful and use common sense. You can still be human and fulfill desires, you just have to care enough about yourself and enough about the person you're with to be careful. People care more about the consequences of sex if they aren't safe, which is great.

I think that, before it's all over, it's going to be much sadder than it is. I think that there are a lot of stupid people out there, people who just don't care, people who don't have regard for themselves and so they don't have regard for anyone else. It's very sad. Personally, I wish everyone would be safe. I want to live until I'm 100. I want to be an old gray-haired drag queen.

Hopefully, people will realize that it's not something that'll just go away, we have to make it go away. I just wonder that, if everyone was cured today, would people forget everything they've learned? I really don't know....

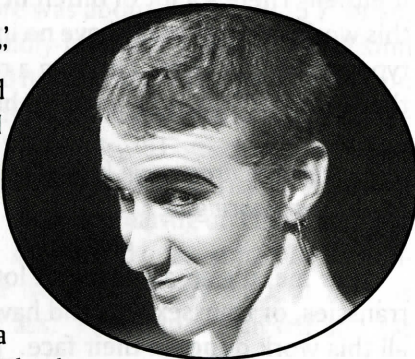
"I want to be an old, grey-haired drag queen."

The Transformation Begins

Feeling slightly sobered and immeasurably more comfortable after my conversation with Ashley, I sat back and observed the two men. Rhoda was still dressed in his frat-boy regalia, however, his face was in full make-up. It conjured strange visions of what goes on during pledging. Ashley was putting his hair in curlers, when I asked the two their full stage names.

"I'm Ashley West and she's Rhoda Horse. She figures she's ridden everything else, why not a horse." Laughter erupted in the room, and I politely reminded them that my tape recorder had captured that moment.

"Ashley's a bitch!" retorted Rhoda.



The mood had lightened, and I was about ready to begin. I couldn't help but thinking what exactly the process is called. Getting dragged didn't sound quite right. I decided not to ask, because I felt sure that such a stupid question they'd find neither sincere nor amusing.



I sat in the chair and Ashley set out to put on my make-up. I can't really tell quite what happened, partially because of ignorance and partially because I was dazed by the whole process. During the course of the 40 minutes that it took to apply my make-up, Ashley told me about his first drag experience.

"I was voted one of the finalists for my high school homecoming king, and one of the contests was a drag thing. I dressed up and went on stage in front of the whole school and town and everything and won. But I think that if I went back, my dad would have to move."

The story lessened my nerves a bit, but I was hardly cool and collected. After the fake eyelashes, I was pretty well finished. I stood and looked in the mirror. Ugly. I looked like Joan Cusak. Good actress; funny in *Toys* and *Sixteen Candles*; not who I want to look like. All I could think was, *Damn, that's an ugly woman.*

From his seat to my right, Rhoda yelled, "You go, bitch." I turned and looked confusedly. I dazed from the make-up and confused by the phrase. "When I call you 'bitch,' that's positive." Feeling completely moronic, I just smiled and said, "Thanks" meekly.

While, I was dressing, Ashley told me another story. "I was in a straight bar one night and a man came up to me and asked, 'Are you a boy? The barmaid said you are.' I said, 'Yes I am.' He said, 'You are just so pretty, I don't believe it.' I assured him I was and he sat down. A while later his wife came up to me and said, 'Do you like straight men?' I said, 'Why, yes I do.' She said, 'Well, would you like to come home with me and my husband tonight.' I was like, 'No, thank you.' I am just not into that." Not knowing exactly whether to take the story as advice or a playful anecdote, I just smiled and nodded.

Everything was, to be honest, a little bit hazy. I hadn't had a drink, but somehow I wished I had. There I stood, on the threshold of what was potentially the most embarrassing night of my life. I was preparing myself to walk into a crowded Slayter third floor and sit for a number of hours dressed as a woman.

The final photos were taken and, with the encouragement of Ashley and Rhoda, I stepped into the seemingly blinding light.

The Pronoun Problem

One of the most difficult things about the evening was the pronoun question. When speaking to each other, the drag queens referred to themselves in the feminine. When speaking to me about themselves, they switched from the masculine to the feminine. When speaking to me, the referred to me in both the masculine and the feminine and, let me tell you, it was pretty damn uncomfortable. I never got the guts to ask them which was the right pronoun. Such things as these, in life, remain mysteries.

On Display

I took my seat in the front row, after an amazingly long ten minute stroll greeting my friends. A few pictures were taken, and few questions were asked. I wondered whether to pretend that I was a girl (an ugly one) or that I was a boy, and just tell people to fuck off. It was a question I never really

resolved. Sometimes I walked around much more masculinely than I do normally, sometimes I sat, legs crossed, doing my best doe-eyed pout. It really didn't work either way. I was either a feminine guy in a dress and a wig or a masculine girl with sideburns. At absolute best, I was Joan Cusak.

In the beginning of the show, I was quite sure everyone was looking at me. It seems, looking back, kind of ridiculous considering there was, at any given time, at least one drag queen dancing around on stage. Regardless, I was uncomfortable. As the show went on, however, the crowd was more responsive to the performers and I felt less out of place. Everyone was in that wacky "drag queen" mood, and I was no exception. Eventually, I melted into the crowd and became another one of the guys, or girls. Whatever.

After about two hours, the show came to a close. Time for the panel discussion — one of those *ask the drag queen anything on your mind* deals. James, apparently not having reeked enough havoc in my life, demanded I come to the stage. Jesus, he'd pointed me out. The damage was done. I might as well go the full nine yards. I sat on the end of the row, not only the youngest drag queen, but least experienced, ugliest and least physically impressive. One usually doesn't think of drag queens as physically imposing, but let me tell you — these guys were big. I'm not a big guy and usually that doesn't bother me, but put a dress on me, I'm as competitive as anything. To top it all off, I wasn't wearing a bra so it looking less like I had breasts than like I'd just shoved two pencils in my dress. Great.

After it was all said and done, though, I felt much more comfortable on stage than I did in the audience. Maybe it was because in performance I felt like I had an excuse to be in drag. Sure, I seek the approval of others and, sure, I should be able to dress up however I want without caring. Well, it's easy to say that when you're wearing pants.

The Loss of Breasts

By the time the panel had ended, I was pretty comfortable. I didn't linger in the outfit, mind you. Actually, I made a dash for the dressing room. But while I was out there, I was pretty comfortable.

Back in pants, stockings only an uncomfortable memory, I reflected. Drag is an interesting thing. So much is attached to that change of attire. I can dress in a suit one day and in a football uniform the next, and no one will say a word. But the minute I put in fake breasts and wear heels, people talk. In the long run, I suppose it doesn't matter. In the long run, I'll be a better, more understanding person for it. Hey, it's fun. It doesn't hurt anyone, and it brings people smiles. So people talk. They'll talk anyway. Drag wasn't really my cup of tea, but I met some interesting people and had a little fun.

Back in the dressing room, one of the performers looked at me and asked, a little hesitantly, "What did you do this for anyway?"

I looked over and grinned. "It was for an article," I said. "I guess I'll do anything once."

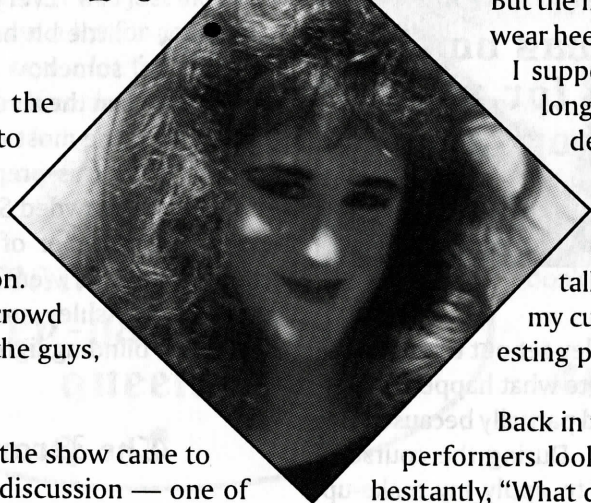
He smiled wide, while removing his size 10 men's heels. "An article this time. What'll be your excuse next time." I laughed a little and went home. That night I closed my mascara-caked eyes and slept.

Afterward

The next afternoon, I woke up late. Much as I always did on Sundays, I called my parents. In his normal masculine voice, my father answered. "Hello?"

I grinned, hearing him. My father knows that I do the journalism thing, and always speaks of it with fatherly pride. Somehow I knew that the golfing buddies wouldn't hear about this one. "Dad," I said mischievously, "You'll never guess what I did this weekend."

"... What an ugly woman."



DENISON UNIVERSITY'S PUBLIC RESTROOMS ... An Insider's Guide.

by MARK EVANS BRYAN Photos by Jill Jeffrey

Privacy. Defined by Webster's as "the quality or condition of being private; withdrawal from public view or company; seclusion," privacy and the American citizen's right thereof is a hot-but-ton issue these days. The right to privacy. A cornerstone of American freedoms. Our most private moments, thanks to our founding fathers, should be just that. Secluded. Out of public view. Private.

Hence the paradox: the *public* restroom. Public. Oh sure, one may argue that there is some modicum of privacy implicit in the contemporary conception of the public restroom: the facilities that may be tucked out of the way in a dark forgotten corner, the particularly insular stall, the locking mechanism that actually works. These are the exceptions. Time and time again, we, American citizens mind you, are forced to lay ourselves prostrate before the staring and oft-giggling masses. I ask you, is not excretion a private affair?

The college campus. A community of scholars, students, and public restrooms. We see them in our residence halls, our classroom buildings, our student unions. *Public* restrooms. Henry Rosovsky, former dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University, in his *The University: An Owner's Manual*, claims "I could, with little difficulty, write a chapter about toilets." (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1990; p. 41 n. 3) The college campus: a haven for awkward restroom facilities.

And so we present: *The Public Restrooms of Denison University, an Insider's Guide*. I begin with a few general guidelines. The ideal public restroom facility is 1) Relatively Private, 2) Aesthetically Pleasing, 3) Entirely Functional, 4) At Least Somewhat Convenient, and, last but not least, 5) Clean. Further, I will attempt to steer away from a discussion of the public restrooms in our residence halls, and focus on the facilities that serve our public lives. Finally, one must remember that MOYO could feed me all the brains in the world and I would still be but one simple man capable of only so much ... research. (And one last note: I speak here of *Men's Rooms*, specifically. Perhaps one day we will live in a world where a humble journalist may sample all manner of restrooms, unfortunately this is not that world.)

"I ASK YOU, IS NOT EXCRETION A PRIVATE AFFAIR?"

FOR THE TRUE CONNOISSEUR:

• BURKE HALL OF MUSIC AND ART, LOWER LEVEL

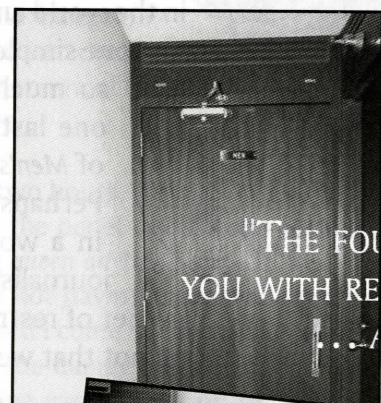
The public restrooms on the lower level of Burke Hall (serving the lobby of Burke Theatre and the Denison Art Gallery), score high marks across the boards, losing points only for their location as regards much of campus; they are, alas, downhill. A confluence of custodial skill, architectural genius, excellent climate control, plenty of toilet paper, and a relative lack of patronage, has created the pride of Denison's excretory facilities. Always immaculate (truly the custodial staff of Burke Hall receives our highest kudos), Burke's

facilities are spacious, dimly lit, cool in the warm months yet warm for our bitter Ohio winters, in a word, womb-like. They are woefully under-utilized and, consequently, one very rarely encounters another patron during one's visit. Ah, privacy. It should also be noted that when one must share one's space, Burke's clientele is, generally speaking, enormously polite and gracious. Finally, it is an odd day indeed when one enters the Burke Hall restrooms and encounters, dare I say it, any unflushed materials. On the whole, a fine excretory experience is had by all.

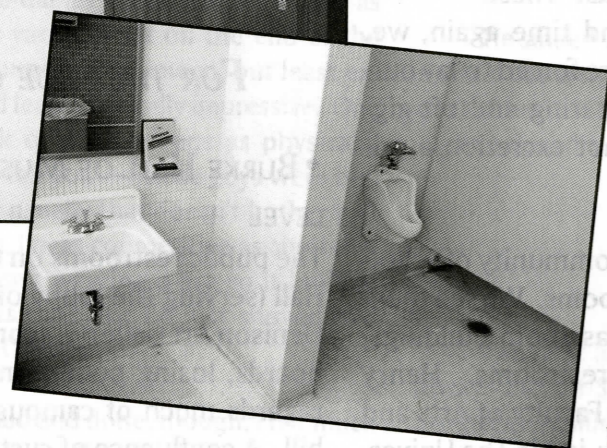
THE BEST OF THE REST:

• SLAYTER HALL, 4TH FLOOR

I hear the naysayers. "But the third floor's restrooms are more spacious and so new." True. However, try as they might, the third floor's restrooms do not boast the finest views on campus. The fourth floor greets us with relative cleanliness, convenience, well-functioning facilities, relative privacy, and a killer view. A real estate agent's dream.



"THE FOURTH FLOOR GREET'S YOU WITH RELATIVE CLEANLINESS ... AND A KILLER VIEW."



• THE LIBRARY, 4TH TIER

Plenty of privacy. Functional. Convenient. Here's the only problem: reeks of urine. It's a real trade-off. One can be assured that one's experience will be relatively private ... if one can stand the stench. Perhaps whoever cleans Burke Hall should go to town on our fair library.

• KNAPP HALL, THE BASEMENT

Long a secret of the WDUB disc jockey, a

little spelunking of Knapp's subterranean depths yields up a lovely, yet small, surprise. While one might call it dank, drab, dark, or any any number of other "d" adjectives it is, in fact, PRIVATE, including and especially the masterful architectural element of real walls surrounding the stall. Separating you, the excretor, from them, the unwashed masses, is a door (with workable locking mechanism) and three honest-to-God walls. Very nice.

• HUFFMAN HALL, THE BANDERSNATCH

Okay, here's the thing. For male patrons, the facilities of our student-run coffee house are certainly acceptable. Rarely crowded, entirely functional, not especially aesthetically pleasing (but not bad), located just off the Bandersnatch's neighbor to the west, a seldom used exercise room. But, for female patrons, whose facilities about the Bandersnatch itself, the clinking of mugs (well, paper cups), the chit-chat of the intelligencia, and the good-natured musings of an open-mic night, pale in comparison to the relative sonic solitude of the men's room across the way. In the end, not bad.

• FELLOWS HALL, ANY FLOOR

Clean, functional, convenient, relatively barren aesthetically (but at least there are no killer odors [see Library above]), Fellows' facilities have their pluses and minuses. The long hallways that separate the bowels of the facilities from the main corridors of this centrally-located classroom building, are a stroke of genius, seemingly carrying the excretor into a world of his or her own, free to pursue one's business in well-lit silence.

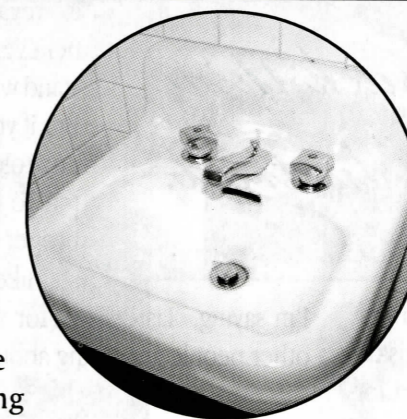
The problem: we are without that long-quested-for ideal, privacy. Alas, the rooms are entirely too small and have far too many patrons.

Try and hit these restrooms only during established class hours—avoid them at all costs dur-

ing the final ten minutes of any hour. Overall, not too bad.

• CURTIS DINING HALL, JUST OFF THE GROUND FLOOR COMPUTER LAB

These restrooms are especially convenient for the lunchtime excretory break, relatively clean, and very functional. Their difficulty lies in that same old question of privacy. While the flow of users actually inside the restroom is fairly sparse, the problem



arises due to the computer lab just beyond the door. While legions of Denisonians stop off here for a few moments every day to check e-mail, they aren't making the sort of noise that one expects from a large group of students. Except for the din of thousands of key-strokes, the room is silent. Any noise, therefore, from within, will surely echo throughout the computer lab, causing exceptional embarrassment to the excretor and forcing said excretor to escape through the tiny window above the sinks. A sad, sad tale.

Finally, and this is as true to the search for the perfect restroom experience as it is to an escape from Oz, there's no place like home. We, the staff of MOYO, wish you all the best in your never-ending quest for our elusive, yet Constitutionally guaranteed, right to privacy.

WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE EDITORS' ASSES...

• DAN'S PICK — THE CINEMA ANNEX

"The Cinema Annex bathroom offers a terrifically entertaining atmosphere. The walls are covered with posters, and the classrooms are within earshot. It's a creative place where one can do inspirational work."

• KENT'S PICK — DAN'S BATHROOM

"Clean and luxurious, Dan's bathroom offers everything from a well-stocked literature shelf to Lori Petty's leering lips next to the throne from an oversized Tank Girl poster. It's a high-class place for the high-class constipatriot."

• BEN'S PICK — THE PORT-A-JOHN BEHIND ASH HOUSE FOR CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

"It's very private and secluded since the construction guys use all the student johns in Ash. Of course, there is always the threat that it'll fall over and roll down the hill, leaving your bare ass exposed to the women's lacrosse team, but I think that adds to the adventure."

INDUSTRIAL NATION

BY KENT HUFFMAN

"Soon I discovered this rock thing was true..." — Ministry's Al Jourgensen

There's a curious irony in seeing a Nine Inch Nails sticker on a Saab. You see, I had always thought that industrial music was something the mainstream could never embrace. Its very nature is reactionary, a form of music that falls beyond just sub-culture into the territory of counter-culture. It deals with the darkest side of society, the things no one really wants to talk about: AIDS, S&M, fear of the government, man's dependence on machines, rage, frustration, depression, and death. Even the names of the bands make some people cringe: Skinny Puppy, Revolting Cocks, My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, and of course, KMFDM (which translates from German to 'no pity for the majority.')

Hell, it even applies to NIN—Trent picked that name because Christ was crucified on nails nine inches long. Tell that to Seventeen magazine.

It seems I was wrong about it. It's a really strange feeling for me to have a guy in dockers and a polo shirt coming up to me asking if I know when the new Ministry album is coming out. I'm not making judgements here, I just remember when guys like him were ripping me five years ago for listening to exactly the same thing. In that time, something has happened—much to my chagrin, industrial has started to go mainstream. I don't pretend to understand the reason behind it, but I suspect it has much to do with MTV's fascination with NIN (not that they'd take the risk of playing videos from any other acts in the scene—god forbid). The big problem with this movement is that there IS NO SUCH THING AS INDUSTRIAL. It's an accepted and understood title now, but it means nothing; it was made up by record producers and their ilk to describe music that was darker than techno but didn't really fit in anywhere else. There's no other reason that could explain how two bands as different as Coil and Ministry could be considered part of the same style.

That's why I'm writing this article. It makes me sick

to see someone in a NIN shirt who doesn't know what I'm talking about when I say what tragedies the deaths of Dwayne Goettel or Jim Nash in the last six months were. It is important, I think, to actually listen to the music you buy. I don't think many people are really listening to Nine Inch Nails. I somehow doubt that they would be as popular as they are if people were. I somehow doubt that 'industrial' would be the catchphrase it has become if people really were listening. Trent Reznor is not the electronic godchild MTV would have you believe and more importantly, he is not the only one out there (or the best one out there) doing this style of music. Most of the best ones you'll never hear about on MTV (even though I'm certain they'll try to suck up Ministry again like they did in 1992.)

I'm not really trying to be elitist about this, but it makes me angry to see people blindly sucking up anything MTV (or anyone else) tells them is cool. It started with Reznor, now it's spilling over. If you like the music for what it is—regardless of what you look like, believe, whatever—and you understand what they're saying, that's great. But if you're buying it because someone told you it's the cool thing to listen to or to promote yourself as a proper "Gen-X'er" or some brainless shit like that, give up now. That's all I'm saying. Listen to it for what it's saying and not what other people are saying about it.

NOTE:
for more information on "industrial music", write to me, Kent Huffman at:
Kent
501 County Road 89
Fremont, Ohio 43420

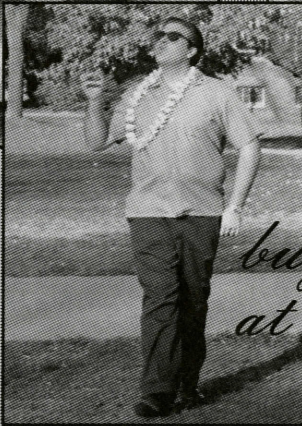
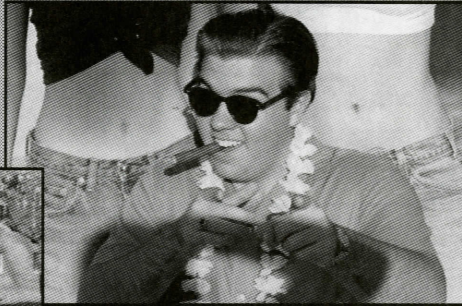
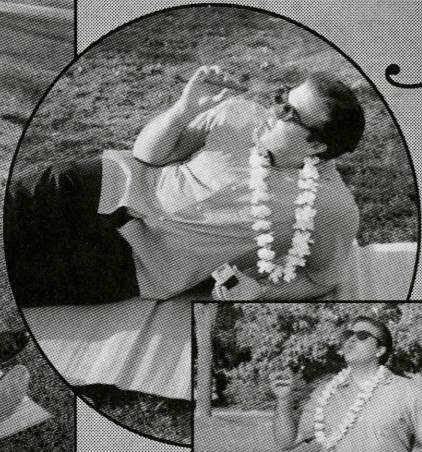
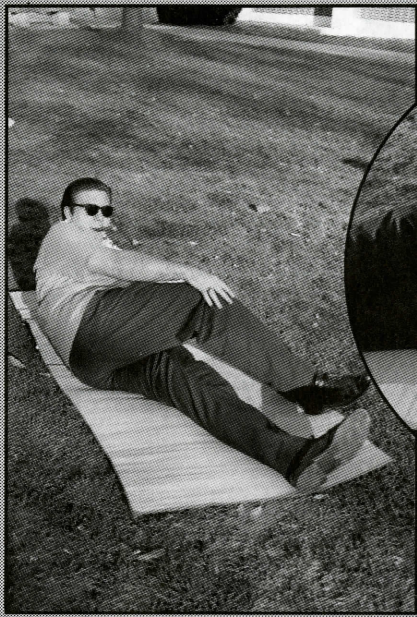
Or listen to my radio show on 91.1 fm Wednesday nights from 9:30-11:30pm

A Randy For All Seasons

This issue's fashion section features Freshman Randy Frey at his suavest.

"I call this the Weekender..."

...because I wear it on the weekends."



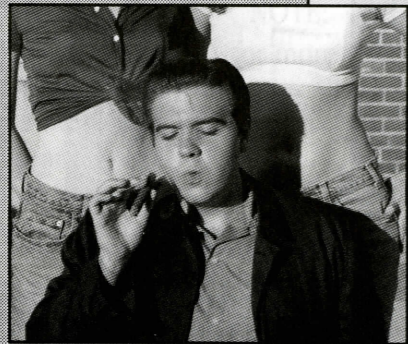
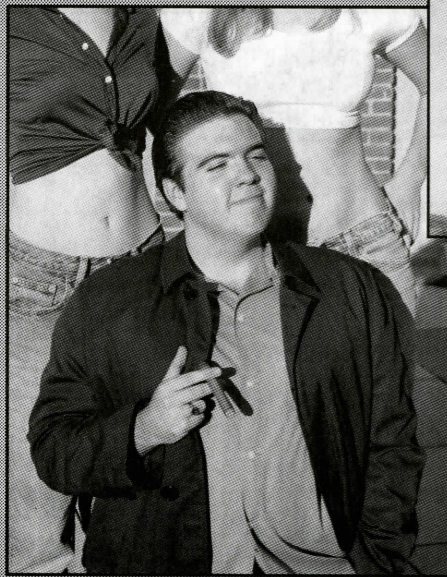
Summer.

"I'm hard to buy for. I mean, at Christmas and things."



In search for a lighter at the photo shoot, Randy ransacked some Denisonian's bag. We caught him on film.

Autumn.



Winter.



"Fashion is beyond trying to make a statement, it's an extension of who you are."





A GUN LESSON

WORDS BY DAN FIDEN
PHOTOS BY JILL JEFFREY



PART ONE: I AWAKE

I looked out the window after waking. Cloudy; foreboding. The kind of weather that drives Amos to shoot up the McDonald's. It was a perfect day to be an action hero, a survivalist, a revolutionary soldier or a Wild West outlaw. Writing for MoYO affords a person many unique opportunities. Shooting guns is just one of them, but it was the one I'd do today.

I chose what I thought was fitting attire for the afternoon's excitement - olive drab army pants and big, black boots. Wouldn't you know it, my "Kill 'em All and Let God Sort Them Out" shirt is in the laundry. Nonetheless, I left my room feeling prepared for anything. Who knows what could happen on a Sunday afternoon at the shooting range.

PART TWO: THE MEETING

After picking up action photog Jill Jeffrey, I drove to the designated meeting place. At exactly 14.30 hours (that's 2:30 p.m. to all you civilians,) I was to rendezvous with Denison's own adventure-seeker cum protector of the second amendment, Phil Dean. I'd heard the stories; hell, we'd all heard the stories. He was the man who lived by the words "Fully Justifiable Use of Force."

The nerves began to set in and I was shaking and drooling, but Jill slapped me hard across the face and I regained my senses. It was a daunting experience before me. Maybe I'd never have to defend my country from communism, but today I'd prove my salt. I was do or die. Me and Dan Quayle - Brothers in Service and Patriotism. God Save the Queen.

From across Broadway, I saw a figure in black approaching a governmental-looking white Ford Taurus - the kind of car that, if it pulled in your driveway, you'd hide the endangered animals, kiddie-porn and hash. The man was carrying a very conspicuous blue duffel bag. It could be no one else; it was our man. Jill and I started off across the street.

Phil greeted us with a wide smile and a firm handshake. He introduced us to his cohort-in-arms, Arik Watson, who'd be driving. "Well, you guys about ready to do this?" I answered Phil's question as I thought Rambo might, I slapped him on the back and jumped into the car.

PART THREE: THE LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

The car ride to the shooting range was long, but stories of Phil's internship with the Philadelphia D.A.

made it go quicker. He told me about a car chase and a skull in a dumpster. Needless to say, I was enthralled. Jill was fast asleep.

We arrived at the range and Arik popped the trunk. Inside was an arsenal. Phil loaded his arms with



couple of Big REaD Bookstore bags full of ammo. This is real Denison diversity, I thought to myself.

The man at the register was predictably rugged. A thick, brown flannel shirt - and I don't mean one of those people wear around their waists, I mean a real flannel. Like Davey Crocket or Daniel Boone wore. I bet he made it himself, I thought. We bought ear plugs and targets, not the large human shaped targets I'll admit I was hoping for, but little bull's eye target. Jill bought a Mountain Dew. How could she be drinking Mountain Dew! This was serious business. For the first time that afternoon, I was jealous because Jill seemed so cool while I was so jittery. It wouldn't be the last time, either.

PART FOUR: THE GUNMAN'S APPRENTICE

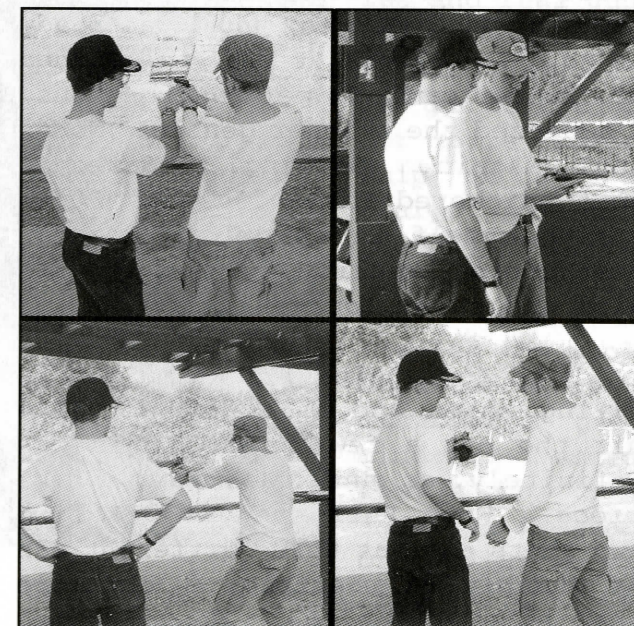
We went out to the pistol range. A man, about 6'7", with a Harley shirt and a shotgun with a pistol grip, was

unloading into something. I have no idea why, but the phrase, "Stay the hell away from my daughter," rang in my head every time he pulled the trigger. I made a mental note.

We reached a suitable shooting area, and Phil and Arik began to unpack the artillery. Phil told me it was time for my safety lesson, so I gathered close to him and listened intently. "Rule Number One: Never point a gun at something you don't want to destroy." Hmmm. Seemed simple enough. This might be easier than I thought.

We went through the rules and Phil seemed to cover every subject, even providing scary anecdotes much like a caring father. I knew a man that shot himself in the face by accident ... you get the idea.

He said we'd start with the little gun. The little gun was a Beretta 21A .22LR. It looked small, almost toy-like. After showing me the stance Phil told me to aim at some cans on the ground no more than eight feet away. No problem, I thought, I'll rip 'em apart. I cast aside my nerves



PHIL AND DAN SHARE GUNS AND LAUGHS.

and leveled the sights on the can - Dr. Pepper. I pulled the trigger.

PART FIVE: REALITY AND UNREALITY

The gun really didn't kick much, nevertheless, I missed. Badly. About two feet to high. No big deal, I'd change aim and try again. And again. And again. After six shots from little more than arms length, In hit it maybe once, and it was a nick at that. I felt like a failure. Despite my shortcomings in the aim department, the feeling of power wielding the gun was inarguable. Hey, I couldn't hit Roseanne's ass from inches away, but I felt tough.

After honing my skills on the .22, Phil thought I was ready to move up to his new gun. He opened the case, like the Arc of the Covenant, and there it sat. The Smith and Wesson 4506 .45 ACP. It was big. I mean, much bigger than in the movies. It hefted well in my hand. It looked cool. A brief illustration of its many safety features, and I was ready to go. I took aim at the same damned Dr. Pepper can. As per instructions, I squeezed the trigger gently. Nothing. Again. Nothing. "Safety's on," snickered Phil. Just as I was losing myself in a world of popcan destruction, reality shattered my vision and said, *You're an asshole.*

With some help, I got the gun in firing shape and shot. I actually hit the can a few times. This was definitely, as gun owners say, a *nice piece*. When Phil suggested I fire two shots each at three different can as quickly as possible, I was more than happy to oblige. He timed me. Six shots in six seconds, and I actu-

ally hit my mark twice. "Not bad," said Phil. At the time I was thrilled with his seemingly genuine seal of approval, however hindsight has shown me that he would have been closer to the truth by saying, "You're a moron."



PART SIX: A WOMAN'S TOUGH

"Jill, you wanna give it a try?" Phil was nonchalant in his invitation, and Jill was more nonchalant in her acceptance. *Hey*, I thought, this'll make me look good. OK, pretty chauvinistic. Sue me. I grabbed the camera hoping, on the inside, I'd be able to get some funny shots. Like a natural, she grabbed the gun and blew the hell out of each and every can. Damn. You ever hear of castration anxiety?

I was downtrodden when we switched to rifles.

PART SEVEN: A RETURN TO UNREALITY

The first rifle, an M-16 look-alike known as an Eagle Arms EA-15A2, was a genuine badass gun. It was covered in the Crime Bill and is illegal to sell, "But not to own,"

assured Phil. I took aim at some targets. Hell, I even hit a few. The real pleasure, however, was to fire it from the hip - just like it was done in *Red Dawn*. I held back the "Wolverines" scream, but I couldn't conceal the rush I felt firing eight shots as fast as I could pull the trigger. I also couldn't conceal the fact I couldn't hit a popcan from six feet this way. Oh well.

The next gun I fired was a Norinco MAK-90. It was another rifle that kind of looked like a Soviet or Chinese weapon. Ya know, the ones the bad guys use in the movies. I have to admit that it was my favorite. Why? Were my results better? Oh no, it just looked cooler.

PART EIGHT: A WOMAN'S TOUGH (REVISITED)

Finally, I fired a Mossburg 500A 12 gauge shotgun. An American tradition - the shotgun, like apple pie and embezzlement. I loaded it up with those big plastic shells. "Double Aught," I said to Phil. "Very good," he said, genuinely shocked at my knowledge of ammunition. Little did he know I read it off the side of the damn box.

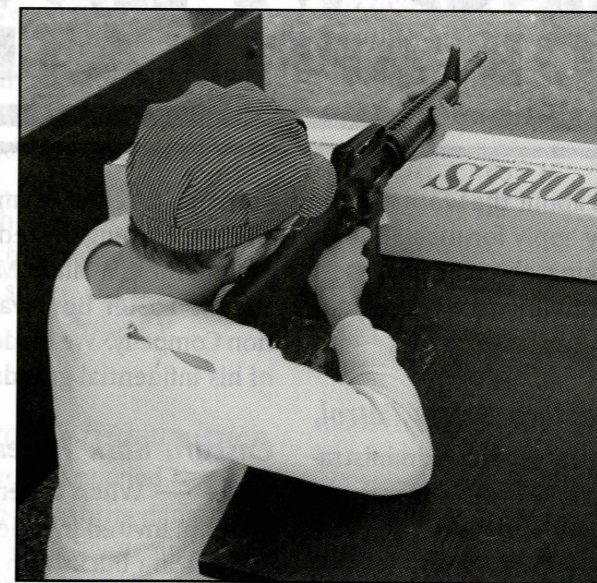
I had pretty good luck with this one, despite the fact I felt like it would dislocate my shoulder with every pull of the trigger. I hit my mark a number of times, but I guess

that's not too hard when the mark is about five feet away. Needless to say, though, Jill put me to shame. My only consolation was that she got a bruise on her shoulder from the shotgun and I didn't.

PART NINE: WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS

I spent most of the ride home thinking quietly. After we'd finished shooting Jill and I were both excited. Perhaps too excited. Talk of buying guns and scenes from movies flowed from our mouths as if we were two children on Christmas morning. The thrill was about power and destruction and sex and rock-n-roll. Maybe I'm a hopeless member of some soon-to-be-named gun generation, or maybe I just watch too much television. Either way, when I sat in the car and reflected on my behavior, I was uncomfortable.

Shooting at the range was good fun, and I can't deny it. But Jill and I mixed movies and *real* guns too easily. This is not to say, I'm for gun control or for movie censorship, on the contrary. Who am I to say. Phil was quite unlike Jill and I were. He treated the whole experience with a coroner's grim mindset. Perhaps that's how guns should be treated. One thing's for sure, I won't be buying any guns until I stop thinking I'm in *Red Dawn* or *Last of the Mohicans*.



A Note from the Editors...

The following articles are related. Sort of. The first is a legitimate literary work by Denison Professor of English Bill Nichols. The second was supposed to deal with post-graduation unemployment. It's, well, *visionary*. This is what author Joel Husenits had to say for himself:

October 8, 1995

Dear Dan and MoYO:

Here is my article in the form I wish it printed. I realize that it may be a bit too much for you to print, or that the slopiness may hinder your efforts, but I truly feel that the form which it has taken sums up my position and the way I feel about it better than any polished manuscript could. The chicken-scratch logic, frantic scribbles, endless questions, and absurd diagrams provide an exceedingly accurate depiction of what is happening in my head, the head of an unemployed recent graduate.

My suggestion to you would be to print an opening remark from the editors, something long the lines of: "The following page(s) consist of notes which were meant to become Joel Husenits' article on post-graduation unemployment. As of our printing deadline, this was all he could muster, and we, the editors of MoYO would like to disassociate ourselves from Mr. Husenits as far as possible." Something like that, you get the picture.

I hope you can use this in some way, shape or form. Feel free to cut out what you can't use. Of course you realize that if you do, you will have sullied our working relationship, and the good name of MoYO magazine.

All the best to ya!
Joel Husenits

Read on, people. Somewhere inside of Joel's article lies meaning. Try and make out his handwriting, try and understand his logic. This piece is the inner-workings of the mind of a Denison graduate. Fear the future.

THE THINGS WE LEAVE OUT OF JOB APPLICATIONS

BY
WILLIAM
NICHOLS

Lately, I've grown curious about the work experiences people omit when they apply for jobs. A look at my own vita got me thinking about it because I leave out some of my most triumphant working moments. For example:

Captain, Richmond Elementary Safety Patrol, 1951 - 52 — This was my first serious administrative responsibility. Michael Eisner worries about mergers and movies, but I was a *catcher in the rye*, to use a phrase J.D. Salinger coined in 1952 for my kind of heroism. I protected children. Not only that. One day in the spring of 1952 I led two hundred unruly kids across three very busy streets, marching from Richmond Elementary to Franklin High to hear the

Portland, Oregon, Symphony. As we crossed 50th Avenue, I swung my red flag out and stopped my own grandfather, William Martin Watson, who was driving the Foster Boulevard bus for the Portland Traction Company. We made him late, but he was so proud of his influential grandson that it hardly mattered.

Cascara Bark Peeler, Self-Employed, Summer, 1954 — When a generous farmer near Estacada, Oregon, invited my friend Ralph and me to cut down the cascara buckthorn trees on his farm and sell the bark, we jumped at the business opportunity. The tree toppling was, of course, pure delight. But peeling cascara bark demanded self-discipline. We used linoleum knives and began on the trunk, where the

bark came off in large, thick pieces. But the farther we moved up the tree, the more difficult it was to peel. The temptation to peel the trunk, grab our gunny sacks and move on to another tree was great. Still, we peeled all the way to the top, and we later spread the bark in an empty hay loft and waited three months for it to dry before we sold it to the local feed store. Ralph and I learned a lot about the free market, too, that fall of 1954. It was a surplus year for *cascara sagrada*, a common laxative. We barely paid for our linoleum knives and transportation.

Strawberry Slicer, Bredenkamp's Cannery, Summer, 1957 — They froze berries at Bredenkamp's Cannery, and among the several responsible positions I held there, Strawberry Slicer now seems to me the most important. The belt that brought the berries to the slicer was elevated, relentless, and noisy. My task was to fill big cans with sliced berries, mix in a giant scoop of sugar, and make sure each can weighed the same — let's say thirty pounds. If I stood on my toes, I could just see the berries approaching on the belt. And that glimpse of what was coming gave the job its edge. Most of the strawberries that moved like lemmings toward the slicer were tiny, pathetic rejects from the regular lines, but occasionally, and tragically, a berry the size of an apple would appear on the belt. Apparently the mechanical screening system was programmed with the assumption that consumers are as put off by huge berries as tiny ones. My guess is that marketing research in the Fifties was still an inexact science because I found those giant strawberries irresistible. My challenge was to check for the boss much as the pitcher checks the runner at first, then catch the berry as it fell toward the slicer, drop it quickly into my vat of sugar, and devour it surreptitiously.

Salmon Liver Plucker, Oregon Fish Commission, Summers 1959 - 60 — If you happened to watch salmon going over the fish ladders at the dams along the Columbia River in the late 1950's, you might have noticed that some of them were very pale. The pale ones may have been suffering from tuberculosis. Perhaps they caught it as fingerlings in fish hatcheries, where they were fed unpasteurized cattle viscera. But

"Whatever has destroyed
the rich salmon runs
of the Pacific Northwest...
it was not primarily
tuberculosis."

however they caught consumption, what modern science wanted to know was this: how many salmon had TB. That was my assignment with the Oregon Fish Commission, and for various reasons, chest x-rays were not an option. Instead, I visited salmon canneries in Astoria, Oregon, where I gazed apprehensively over the shoulders of the butchers. Gingerly, with great respect for their flashing knives, I plucked salmon liver from the carnage and took them back to a laboratory to check for tubercle bacilli. This work with a microscope was the most boring I've ever known. Days would sometimes go by without a sighting of the beautiful red rods that signal tuberculosis. Whatever has destroyed the rich salmon runs of the Pacific Northwest, I can tell you this with confidence: it was not primarily tuberculosis.

Those suppressed fragments from my vita are just a hint of the vocational virtues I've ignored. In addition to my formative years of bean and berry, newspaper delivery, and the setting of bowling pins, I once held a job in a quarry where men blasted sixteen-ton rocks for the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia River. This may have been an early version of a job that is crucial to our economy today: among other things, I fired people. A static-riddled call would come in over the two-way radio, telling me to pass the word to a grizzled chuck tender or a high-strung powder monkey that his days of work at the quarry were done.

"My confident guess is
that most of us
underestimate
the significance of our
experience."

The best I can say for my performance in this job is that no one ever punched me, but I quit before I got good enough at firing people to qualify for becoming a highly-paid CEO.

My confident guess is that most of us underestimate the significance of our experience. Maybe it's because we accept a much too narrow sense of what prepares us to work well in this world. In my case, I seem to have assumed that people who deal with the realities of food and laxative productive, traffic control, bowling pins, and sixteen-ton rocks are not really productive. With such a narrow view of the workaday world, it's a wonder I didn't become a corporate takeover specialist or a missile launch officer.

→ not an advice column!
DENISON POST-GRAD UNEMPLOYMENT REPORT

Sincerely, let's establish that I'm a little bit afraid to write this article. My fear stems from the fact that I haven't worked in ~~over four months~~ [almost five full months], and I'm not entirely certain that I'm still able to work (at least not in the "productive" sense of the term) writing this article = work(?) [think about this before continuing] - a desperate stab at doing something work-like/productive, in the hope that it will serve as the 1st rung on my personal "ladder to success" (or maybe a pothole or obstacle on my personal "road to nowhere")

nealy half a year [six months]

selfish reasons

is all "work" selfish?

what's wrong with being a little selfish?

- difficult to write - sensitive subject - right?
ME = unemployed, cynical? bitter? fair?
I don't want to sound C or B, but I feel like it would be unfair to try & sound witty or light about a subject that I feel pretty genuinely frustrated & bitter about → PATHETIC

THINK OF MORE EXCUSES

KINDA HIGH HORSE

one could offer these as a million & one excuses to explain ~~my~~ unemployment:
- not trying hard enough - NAFTA!
- bad economy
- object philosophically to the idea of "work"
- won't work in capitalist society → contributors
- things didn't "go your way"

~~This month's excuse: #4 - unwilling to contribute to an American society that's increasingly cold, corrupt & uncaring. tiny cog in giant capitalist machine, wielding unchecked economic power - turns 3rd world nations into dependant slave states~~

(better check on this)

can't prove it - inconclusive

probably shouldn't beg

if everybody did what they wanted for a living, would be a nation of hobnobbers

there are jobs here, I'm told...

what would Marx say? what would mom say?
- I can use these.
- maybe should've gone to a VO-tech school?
- even an art major?

You know, everybody loves a conspiracy theory & I think I'm on to one - can't get anywhere w/o a college degree, can't get anywhere with one either!!

Progression → after soph. year = optimism (possibility)
- wanted to make "a difference"
or regression? after senior year = idealism zero
- self-confident bye-bye moderate to liberal
what's a recent college graduate with moderate liberal political views to do? "we can heal the world" music ♪♪♪

THIS IS A CALLING - to anyone with "connections"
- I'm ready to work now
- I work hard
- I don't fool around

This may sound terrible but I feel like most of my peers only work because they have to, not because they want to.
- never stop to consider meaning of work
- only understand conditions
- no money = poor
- boredom & restlessness } social implications?
has vs. wants

Corporate America → not for the civic-minded (nobody goes here out of a sense of societal/comm. obligation)
- generally painted in a bad light - huge, cold, uncaring
- is there more to life than money, honey?
- be kind to your fellow man/woman people?
- you can't change the system?



"Time is the enemy"

OH, MY EMPTY BANK ACCOUNT

it sure feels like a lifetime!

one idle summer does or does not an idle lifetime make?

(I love my)

- parents - allowed me to mooch (i.e. "recuperate") - god bless em
- unbelievable sports - BUT big mistake (maybe)
- family = forgiveness? (I forgive them, I mean, heh!)
- blue-collar background - unemployment not treated lightly
- why me? - youngest family member - lendercy
- showed promise at one point when I was a younger man
- disastrous repercussions - allowed to wallow

for me, graduation came & went like..... (don't remember much)

- either really fast - really forgettable (boring) or
- ^{very} traumatic & I've blocked it out, like an accident(?)

glory days ← S.C. (before commencement) MAY 7TH, 1995 A.G. (after graduation) → dark period

Having already turned down 2 job offers w/ companies through the CDC, I glided confidently into my "summer vacation", a three-month (or so) period during which I'll be able to recuperate from a stressful final semester.

used the old "dammit, I've been going to school for 17 straight years" excuse - worked like a charm!

"worked" → therefore, I didn't have to....

My sleep schedule = 4-5 AM to 12:30-2:00 PM (when the sun reaches peak altitude)

- eat lots of junk food, mainly crackers....

HOME one warm, embracing - has turned into an abyss (of sorts)

- pit, hole, void, vacuum - mired in home
- parents operating under the delusion that I just received a master's or doctorate degree - encourage me to apply for jobs that require as much - confidence sinks further

if I move to the South Pacific, I'll be O.K.

not their fault, really

061 Help Wanted

Marketing & Advertising SLEEP LATE

Now hiring several men and women, 18 years or older, to staff a new branch office. The individuals we seek should feel comfortable in a rock 'n roll atmosphere, be business-minded and consider themselves worth.

\$\$\$\$\$

No experience required, we train. If you are free to start immediately & desire a challenging career opportunity, call to schedule an interview (if qualified), 10-7.

465-4602

MEDICAL Assistant - Part-time/temporary for phlebotomy spirometry drug testing. Must be flexible.

EXHIBIT A

Early one Sunday afternoon, having just rolled out of bed, I am accosted

by my mother on my way to the kitchen. In something of a ^{Sunday afternoon} weekly tradition, she begins reading me help wanted ads from the local classifieds. Today, one attracts my attention. Silly me. warning signals: sleep late, rock n roll atmosphere, - \$\$\$\$\$, no experience required - I schedule an interview immediately during the interview (with bermuda shorts / open shirt / I learn: Dairy chest man)

(as described to me) →

this job = doing in-home demonstrations of a machine which "buffs your floor, strips paint, shines your shoes, gives a great back massage and comes in two boxes"

we sold 19 prints, he made \$95 on the day

A week later I find myself in a northern Pittsburgh suburb, peddling framed Monet & Picasso prints to downtown offices as part of a "second-round interview" for a "management" position w/ an art distributor. I'm going around w/ a fella about my age & after 8 hours we head for the home office. There, I'm given a written exam on "the 5 steps to success". He gives me the answers & then I'm offered a beer. Ten minutes later, beer in hand, I'm offered a sales position & asked to start immediately. I turned this job down. Am I crazy? is this a recurring theme?

EVIDENCE

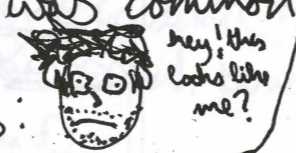
- I spend a week reorganizing everything I own. In the event that my papers are now in order
- some ambitious soul wants to write my biography,
- after 3 days spent outdoors, I add "naturalist - self employed" to my resume.
- my dad goes out of town for a week, leaving me in charge of the family's three dogs. I add "breed supervisor" to my resume.
- television becomes a factor at some point. "The Real World" is very real to me. A&E actually IS "time well spent"

it's 5AM & I'm half-reclined in the LAY-Z-BOY, yesterday's classified at my side, a box of cold, half-eaten Song John Silvers chicken planks on my lap, the remote dangling in my right hand & a flat, lukewarm root beer in my left

UNEMPLOYMENT → has many advantages. I've discovered a real affinity for cheaply-made factory & ~~some~~ labor-union films - ^{and gliders} ^{hammocks & porch swings}

- would be really cool if so many people weren't working
- would be cooler if I lived in the city
- unemployment (dis) allows you to feel → numbness prevalent
- made me get a haircut
- ~~is~~ is like a shiny suit of armor; must be worn with pride
- makes me say things like, "come on, the night is still young"

whatever happened to the days when unemployment was common & acceptable? Ah, the good old 1930s ...

big question → when happy & sad both looked like this:  hey! this looks like me!

- people used to answer phones before graduation. Nowadays, my calls → have ice water & an english muffin everytime I go out.
- or hot tea (only if bottomless) - conserve, conserve, conserve

INERTIA → a bad thing - my personal ~~pearl harbor~~ ~~waterloo~~ ^{cross to bear} obstacle ^{stumbling block}

- directly relates to the "quarter-life crisis" [examine if I'm there]
- couch becomes a gravity-experiment

what is work? what is success? what are unanswerable questions? blue-collar work ethic → unemployment = societal burden, ^{rather than} asset

You know it's funny - they say that the devil finds work for idle hands to do, but I don't know, I mean, here I am, it's summer, it's hot - what the hell's going on down there?

I mean, go BIG RED, right? → me = definitely qualified

W/NO RESTRICTIONS → WANT TO TRAVEL → A CATCH-22 FOR 22-YEAR OLDS → NO \$ → GET A JOB → RESTRICTIONS → LONGING FOR → QUIT JOB → ESCAPE

This is from a letter I wrote to another recently-graduated unemployed person over the summer, on coping strategies:

It's all really a matter of refocusing one's outlook; looking on the bright side, etc. Every time I attempt something, and achieve my goal (no matter how small) I chalk up another victory on my own behalf. For example, setting my alarm clock for noon, even if I don't have to get up by that time, and actually forcing myself to get out of bed rather than shutting it off, is something of a small victory - something to be proud of. Similarly if I haven't shaved or showered in nearly a week, I pick a day (any day will do) and I clean myself up a little bit, just for the hell of it. It's all a matter of adjusting your outlook to resemble that of an employed or almost-employed person.

nobody who's unemployed likes to hear it when their friends ^{finally} get a job. Recent graduates openly applaud when I say I've had no luck. What's more, I believe they'll sabotage my prospects if possible, as well! - maybe they already have....

[concluding remarks?]

WORK SHMERK

who wants to work? esp. when there are a million and one more important things to do:

- existential queries
- checkin' out the scene
- thinkin'
- other stuff
- like, you know ↗
- as well and that ...

[try & think of more]

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