

1442
Box 3



moyo
volume 8 issue 1

Divine Denison

religious life on campus
indian mysticism
thurston moore's soul
church swingers





We've got plenty to howl about

The latest in design graphics to give your printing project the biggest bite

Call us.

Printing Arts Press
CREATING GOOD IMPRESSIONS IN PRINTING

8028 NEWARK ROAD • P.O. BOX 431
MOUNT VERNON, OHIO 43050-0431
TELEPHONE (614) 397-6106
FAX (614) 397-6832

moyo

mind of your own

editor-in-chief Paul Durica

managing editor Will Leland

art director Sara Almirall

finance Philip Gennarelli

contributing editors

Robert Levine

Kirsten Werne

contributors

Karan Anshuman

Kara Burt

Nina Clements

Elizabeth Falconer

Michelle Grindstaff

Madeline Hart

Chris Million

Meredith Newman

Alex Thackeray

Luc Ward

photographers

Sara Almirall

Devlin Boyle

drawings

Eric Epstein

R.R. Almirall

design

Paul Durica

Will Leland

Amy L. Spears

editorial director

Fred Porcheddu

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

contents

Features

6 Church Crawling A face-first plunge into the hottest local dating scene *By Luc Ward*

8 India De-mystified A different kind of passage *By Karan Anshuman*

10 Faith Restored The thorny issue of religious diversity on campus *By Nina Clements and Elizabeth Falconer*

16 First Year Follies The difference between love and lust *By Chris Million*

Columns and Departments

4 Editor's Letter The Editor has a divine experience on the road less travelled (or call me Saul) *By Paul Durica*

5 Manifesto The real world of a straight-edger *By Alex Thackeray*

17 Parker Posey Can't Lose Wine, men, sex *By Michelle Grindstaff*

18 The Void Filled Campus opinions

21 On the Mind Smoking debate heats up *By Meredith Newman and Madeline Hart*

22 Light My Fire Twenty best spots to smoke *By Kirsten Werne and Sara Almirall*

23 Interview Painted Thin on eco-feminism and the music of Manilow *By Kirsten Werne*

25 DaVinci or DiCaprio Dorm room decor *By Kara Burt*

30 Moore is More Thurston's sound soothes soul *By Rob Levine*

Last summer I experienced a divine revelation and was enlightened to the state of religion in Southern Ohio. I was in the passenger seat of my girlfriend's Neon, on the way home from a film in Columbus. None of this is important in itself. Don't expect a road to Damascus conversion. We were riding along,

listening to the radio and discussing Vincent Gallo's hair to grease ratio, when all traffic slowed. This also is not very singular considering we were driving through a heavily commercialized area in the middle of rush hour. As we approached two lanes of stopped cars, I saw what I took to be construction workers walking down the white-dotted line. These individuals, three in all, wore bright orange vests with Xs stitched across the fronts but appeared a little too short for road workers. Unless we had stumbled upon a band of diminutive diamond-tip drill operators, I knew something must be awry. As we moved closer to the traffic light, I realized the trio were not dwarfs. They were children, children in orange vests, children holding plastic milk cartons stuffed with crumpled dollar bills and loose change, children walking right through the middle of moving—albeit slowed—traffic. The oldest looked to be a boy of twelve, the middle a girl of nine, and the youngest a sort of touched by the Spirit Jerry Mathers, replete with untied shoelaces and floppy ballcap. They were knocking on car windows and soliciting funds. They were not even washing the windows or selling stale turtle candies. They just requested cash in the most direct manner possible. The youngest tyke tripped on one of his loose laces and fell against the front bumper of the Neon; my girlfriend cringed. I glanced over at the curb. There stood the source of this mayhem: a middle-aged woman in an ankle-length denim skirt. She held a sign, "Donate Christ for Youth."

sara almirall



Now Christ may have walked on water, but I don't think He would send His flock, especially the youngest, into the middle of a moving stream

of Jeep Cherokees and Isuzus. One would hope He would have more sense than that. Among the million rules in Leviticus, there must be something about common sense. What was this woman's justification for sending children into the middle of moving traffic? The Almighty so needs the dollar that Little Jerry can risk tire tracks on his back. But wait, Little Jerry's wearing a bright orange vest, and a bright orange vest is the closest thing this world offers to a guardian angel. Never mind that the top of Jerry's ballcap is not visible over the hood of the average automobile. Never mind that Jerry's shoe laces are untied and, in characteristic fashion, he's falling all over the place. Confrontational evangelists like Charles Spingola—better known as the "You're going to hell if you're Non-Christian, ethnic, gay, or a woman" guy, recently arrested for assault at Kent State—are extreme, but the "Donate Christ for Youth" woman has them beat. Like a good Christian, she is willing to sacrifice safety, to sacrifice life for her Lord. But if Christ were for youth, he would not have them risking their flesh to fill a milk carton full of money. With religious extremism, the line between the divine and the dangerous does not exist. This line needs to be reestablished by the more temperate members of a faith lest a religion's credibility be lost. Being in the middle of the road is a good thing, at least in the metaphorical sense.

With that said, please read the rather evenhanded article on campus religious life by Besty Falconer and Nina Clements. Or if you prefer left of center, checkout Luc Ward's madcap analysis of the hottest new dating scene: church. Karan Anshuman debunks American stereotypes of his homeland India, and our travelling correspondent Robert Levine achieves spiritual transcendence through the music of Thurston Moore. It's all about soul, and this issue has plenty. So find that special step and let MoYO be your stairway to heaven.

Paul Durica
Editor-in-Chief

Postcard from the **sXe**

BY A. THACKERAY

I don't drink. I don't like the taste of alcohol and believe it is harmful to my health. To me, being drunk means losing control, and I am scared by what I might do to others or to myself in a drunken state. I believe I could become addicted to alcohol and do not want to live a life of dependency. On another level, I find the connection between the degradation of women in alcohol advertising and the rape and sexual harassment blamed on drunkenness obvious. It makes me sick.

I don't use drugs. I don't think I need them in my life. Too many of my friends have mentally and physically enslaved themselves to weed, acid, or heroin. They have changed for the worse and can never recover their personality. I am happy with myself and don't want to change myself with a narcotic. I also can't afford drugs. When I have five bucks to spare, I spend it on gas or a movie, not a joint.

I don't smoke. My friends who smoke encourage me not to start. They admit they are addicted and wish they had never started. In my family every single smoker on my father's side is dying or has died from cancer. The health risk is too great for me to smoke.

I eat meat. I like the taste of meat. I would like to eat healthier than I do now and have been eating more vegetarian cuisine in the past few months. I don't have an opinion on animal rights. That issue does not interest me.

I am environmentally aware. I recycle and encourage others to do so. The environmental rape committed by

multinational corporations sickens me, and I would like it to stop. I am not very active in environmental issues, instead I have chosen to be active in upholding human rights and ending racism.

I am politically active. I am president of the Denison chapter of Anti-Racist Action. I work with Habitat for Humanity. I support Amnesty International. Being straight edge allows me to focus my mind on combating racism, sexism, and homophobia.

I enjoy all types of music. My favorite bands include hardcore punk like Earth Crisis and Downset, alternative rock such as REM and Weezer, and classic rock like the Doors and the Rolling Stones. I also like hip-hop, jazz, blues, and classical music.

Most of my friends drink. Many of them smoke, and some of them use drugs. I believe they made their choice, just as I made my choice. I try to look beyond what people put into their bodies but, when they use drugs and alcohol as a crutch, lose respect for them.

I have fun. At Denison I study hard and stay involved on campus and that takes up most of my time. When I have spare time I like to talk with my friends at the Bandersnatch. I like to go dancing in the Roost when there is a DJ. Once in a while I go to a party for the conversation but seem to be the only one who remembers it the next day. At home I enjoy being with my friends. I go to punk shows and watch movies with them. Most of them are straight edge, and the few that drink abstain when we hang out.

I am proud to be straight edge. 



Gods & Monsters

Hook-up at Church

By Luc Ward

Where was the last place you picked up a girl?
 A.) Nite club
 B.) Party
 C.) Eighth grade mixer
 D.) Church

Answer D may strike people as a bit odd. Statistically speaking, church is becoming just as common as the rest. I too was quite surprised at this notion and with the idea of comparing the dating potential found in various Granville churches, but allow me to remind you that when the Editor of *MoYO* has an idea, he can be quite convincing.

Fade in INTERIOR. EDITOR'S OFFICE- MID AFTER-NOON

A large spacious office on a high level of urban sky scraper. The walls of the office are large square windows with venetian blinds to guard them from unnecessary light and the prying eyes of various writers and other magazine staff hustling and bustling around in work area outside the office. A large immaculate wooden desk fills the room. On top of the desk rests large box of cigars. In front of the desk is oversized stuffed chair. Sitting at the desk is a classic 1920s fast-talking business tycoon with his pocket watch chain dangling from an elegant three-piece pinstriped suit. He has his legs crossed with feet on the desk and is leaning back with his fingers interlocked behind his head. Uncomfortably sitting in a stuffed chair is timid, disheveled, overworked young reporter. He fidgets nervously awaiting his special assignment.

EDITOR: Ah, Mr. Bleshevsky, have a cigar.

LUC: Its Ward, sir. No thank you.

EDITOR: All right Bilansky, I've got a special assignment for you, see.

LUC: Ward, sir. What is it?



the author pursues his passions in the sight of the lord

photos by devlin boyle

EDITOR: Right, right. Now this may seem strange. (leans forward on desk)

but I'd like you to go to some churches in Granville and bring back some hoochey, see.

LUC: Uh, hoochey sir?

EDITOR: Yeah, ya know hoochey, booty, honeypies, women Balousky.

LUC: Women, sir?

EDITOR: Yeah, ya know, chicks, broads, dames, dishes. I'd like you to go to some churches, see and give me the low down on the situation, ya know the Sunday morning nite life.

LUC: I don't understand, sir.

EDITOR: Come on Borshonsky, dating potential, dating potential, see. Its all the rage picking up the girls at church. I want you to go to some churches and give me the skinny on em. Ya know some guy wants to meet a girl and wants to know which church to go to, see. Compare, contrast. I want an article on my desk on Wednesday morning. Now hop to it, Klopek.

Fade out.

Due to time constraints I did not get a chance to assess the Baptist or Catholic scenes. If you want the story on them, you'll have to do your own research; however, I have infiltrated the seamy underbelly of the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopalian situations. The results: stimulating.

Key

† = REPENT NOW!

†† = WELL, IT BEATS PURGATORY.

††† = HAIL MARY MOTHER OF GOD!

Centenary United Methodist Church

Sociability = †††
 Compatibility = †
 Atmosphere = ††
 Overall = 1st place

Highs: Talk about social, this place makes DU parties seem not so social.

Lows: The dating atmosphere is perfect. . . for Grandpa.

Recommended Pickup line: I like a woman with experience.

Non-Recommended Pickup Line: Anything that starts off with, So I was nailing dead babies to the wall when. . .

The Verdict: The program contains bios of all the new members. These bios include interests, marital status, address, and phone number. They even look like personal ads. The only problem is that not one female present the day I visited was within eight years, up or down, of my age. Unless you like your women the same way you like your raisins or wear a clown suit, the 8:30 am Methodist service may not be your first choice in pickup joints.

St. Luke's Episcopalian Church

Sociability = †
 Compatibility = †††
 Atmosphere = †
 Overall = 3rd place



Highs: Young and Attractive--"I'd like to see you in Bible Study."

Lows: Not so great on friendliness factor.

Recommended Pickup line: (After checking tag in back shirt collar) Were you made in Heaven?

Non-Recommended Pickup line: That altar-gown looks great, but it would look a lot better on my bedroom floor.

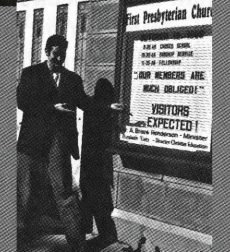
The Verdict: This church maintains a nice cozy personable atmosphere. But don't let it fool you, fellow church-hoppers. The pews have lockable doors on both ends. Not only does this provide an unnecessary fire hazard, it also makes mid-service potty breaks difficult.

As for the congregation, a Generation X theme dominates the service. So, coming from the loins of a college male, I figured I was in the right place. The estimated female to male ratio is 3/2 and the attractiveness of this congregation easily surpasses the other two churches. If you think girls in cheerleader skirts are cute, you should see them in alter-gowns.

Unfortunately the chief goal in this survey rests with the social atmosphere of the churches, and this one is poop. I will admit the deacons gave me a welcome handshake, and smiles and that nametags made general introductions easier. However, I can't report a welcome feeling on the whole. For example, I did receive eye contact from several females but no conversations followed. I got an overall sense of "What is this guy doing here?" They failed to understand I was assessing the potential of the church in order to fulfill my need for female companionship. All in all, I got the outsider-listening-to-the-inside-joke- feeling. Which is the main reason I'll stick to Mekka over St. Luke's, thanks.

The First Presbyterian Church

Sociability = ††
 Compatibility = ††
 Atmosphere = †††
 Overall = 2nd place



Highs: Best stained glass and everyone was so happy and peppy. First Pres. rocks!

Lows: More couples making availability an issue.

Recommended Pickup line: Was your daddy a thief? Because it looks like he stole the stars from the sky and put them in your eye.

Non-Recommended Pickup line: Do you like roadkill. Neither do I. Let's Fuck.

The Verdict: This church is definitely the largest of the three, both in size and number. I didn't have to worry about being an outsider in this church. I think it had something to do with the sign next to the front door reading VISITORS EXPECTED.

The chapel is quite ornate; the stained glass windows alone are enough to make even this infidel repent. The Presbyterian congregation definitely has the largest of the youthful crowd, for all you who are just realizing that girls ain't so ick anymore. The estimated female to male ratio in this church is 1/1. This church led me to buy into the Editor's theory. Couples are the dominant factor in the crowd. In fact I have not seen this many high school couples since senior prom. Actually, now that I think about it, I have not seen this many couples since that Neil Diamond concert. I mean uh. . . it was uh. . . for another *MoYO* article, that's right, another one of the Editor's sick and twisted ideas! Phew. Anyway, the in-service introductions are light but the church promotes a 'fellowship' afterwards for socializing. One weird aspect of the service I attended was, although they were packing them in pews like sardines, no one sat in my pew. Do I smell?

the India Nobody Knows

Mysticism and misconceptions revealed

By Karan Anshuman

"India", I said. He instantaneously took an involuntary step back. The expression on his face turned from banal curiosity to unadulterated awe. Being what I am, I could see the images being conjured up in his mind—the rope, the snake and the charmer, and the dot. I could see the hair on his neck slowly become erect as he visualized—his imagination getting fired up like never before—fakirs with meter long swords through their bodies—their hearts! their brains!—attaining nirvana and then going to bed—a bed of nails, of course. He considered me again as he searched the exposed parts of my body, looking for the telltale marks of some bizarre ritual of which I must have been part—perhaps a lucky escapee from human sacrifice. Not finding any, he finally reacted, "Really?" It was hard for me to believe that a fourteen-year-old American could put so much expression into a simple, everyday word like "really." And he was trying really hard to keep his composure.

"Sure," I said, "you *have* heard of the place?" "Uh huh... so... so... what's it like down there?" he asked, almost screaming the last sentence. So I told him. "What? You mean its pretty much like, here?" The archetypal American interrogative inflection was beginning to get on my nerves. But I persisted. About time to get a few things straightened here. "You mean, like, there aren't those, like, snakes and stuff? Like those crazy long-haired naked guys who, like, don't eat for like twenty-two years and then like attain nirvana and stuff." I thought this over for a moment and said, "Let's take a walk, my friend."

"India is pretty much normal. No, we *don't* ride on elephants to get to school or live in huts with thatched roofs made of coconut leaves, and, yes, we have heard of television and the telephone—hell! we even sent a man up in space! woohoo. Yes, there is poverty, there is a population explosion—900 million people, a sixth of the world—but with it comes incomparable cultural diversity, bleeding edge technology, and just about everything else you can put together in a country called a subcontinent. And you see, I'm from a city that could easily pass itself off as New York if you added fifty stories to each building and eliminated about ten million people. But its statistically natural that among so many million people there exist at least two hundred who are, well, different. Okay, unconventional. Okay, weird. Oh well—what the hell—they are just downright mystic—utterly *unearthly*!

"You want to hear all about this stuff don't you —

what these two hundred people are up to? The image of India of which only foreigners seem to be aware? Where should we start? The distant past seems the best place. India has always been way ahead of its time. Have you heard of the *Mahabharata*? No? It's an epic poem written sometime around 3000 BC. It is the history of a war between two factions of blood brothers and their armies. Descriptions of flying machines—airplanes!—sophisticated war equipment like heat-seeking guided missiles and time travel punctuate the tale. But here's the most interesting fact: the battlefield, where the cardinal war supposedly took place over five thousand years ago, shows abnormally high levels of radioactivity. Suggestions of a nuclear war, say some American scientists.

"Oh, yes! India is renowned for its black magic. But the Indian version is radically different from that of the West. The black magic of the West is opposed to white magic—magic which is religiously affiliated and "in agreement with God." Anything that has an element of evil in it is considered black. So here lies the fundamental difference: there is not one, but hundreds of Gods in the Hindu religion. There are "good Gods," and there are "evil Gods". The good Gods are the dolled up pretty ones, playing some divine instrument and seated on some means of transportation. The idols of the evil force are made to look ugly. They are modeled according to what people consider evil things look like. The Indians consider the Gods of fire and lightning evil because these elements of nature are considered destructive. Anyway, black magic in India is attributed to these evil gods.

"Black magic is prevalent only in the rural areas of very select parts of the country. By prevalent, I don't mean *rampant*—it's just a microscopic percentage. It's a sort of business. People who indulge in it don't do it just for kicks. Black magic is said to solve financial, health and other problems through the recitation of *mantras*, or hymns. Some of these mantras can be recited to do good for yourself and the family, but they can also be recited to harm your enemies. Everyone but the priestly class has the option to resort to this.

"Black magic is performed through high levels of concentration, where the magician is said to leave his body, do the needful, and get back (which makes you wonder, why do they need to leave their bodies to achieve something they could have done normally. Ah! But then there are the extraordinary powers and, of course, the law to which they are invisible.) There are two kinds of black magicians: *Mantricks* (priests) and *Tantricks* (exorcists).

"I have had three pretty crazy experiences with black magic I will now relate to you. Though remember this: 99% of India's population has absolutely no idea of all this. I've just been lucky.

"The first was when I was two years old. My family and I lived in what would be in your terms a classic "haunted house," right out of *Poltergeist*. Various incidents—like the sighting of apparitions and the sound of weeping in certain corners of the house—lead my parents to summon a tantrick. He was escorted two hundred miles from his village. The moment the tantrick entered, the expression on his face was transformed. He seemed strangely effected. Quickly setting up his apparatus—consisting of unknown herbs, leaves, clear liquids, burning embers and other such assorted, easily recyclable natural materials—he sat down cross-legged on the floor and started chanting the *mantra*. Soon he was in a trance. Probably self-hypnotized. My parents and I just stood around, bewildered—I personally

had no clue about what the hell was going on. Ten minutes later he suddenly popped back to life. He was trembling—of cold? of fear?—and it took him half-an-hour to get back to his senses. Languidly, he began telling us what he found. The spirit was of a woman, a construction worker who had been killed while the house was being constructed. He made contact—he strongly sensed her presence the moment he stepped in—and negotiated. Apparently, he had managed to free her from her Earthly confines in exchange for a vow. She was to never return. Now I don't remember seeing all this, I was only two years old, but it all seemed strangely familiar when I was told about it... Déjà vu?

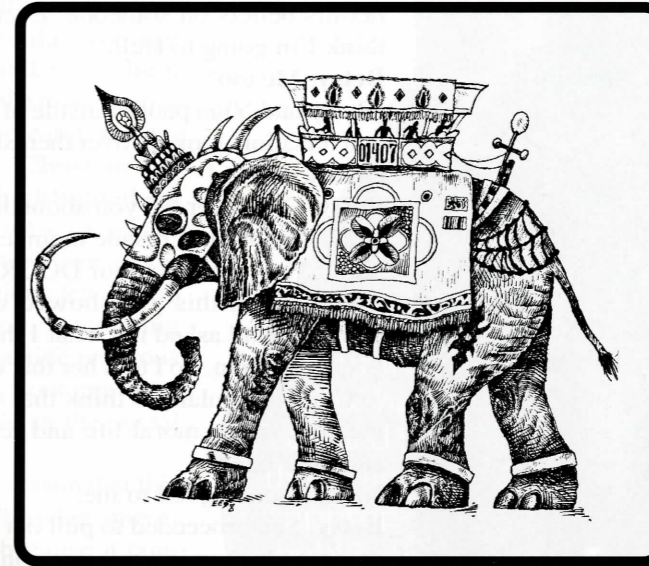
"My uncle had a notorious neighbor whose hobby

was amassing enemies. Unfortunately, one of his prize pieces turned out to be a *mantrick*. This guy warned the neighbor the sky would soon fall on his head. The threat was flouted. Sure enough the neighbor was dead the next day—crushed under his roof which had fallen as he slept. The interesting bit was that the house had been newly constructed, and it was just the ceiling on his room that had collapsed. Surely not coincidence.

"I finally saw some evidence of all this when my father's colleague decided to take up a project to film Indian black magic in action. He was in Kerala, a region in India ill-famed for its black magic. He tracked down some local magicians and, with his tripod, set off with them to see what he could get. The magicians' task for the night was to recall a few souls for some sort of a round-table meeting. They wanted to discuss the future of a man who had ticked off some of their clan. All right, they just wanted to plan the most effective method for his demise. Our observer described the scene wonderfully: the drums, the chanting, the faint sounds out of nowhere, the sounds getting louder, sounds of ghosts, the appearance of a ten foot tall translucent figure, then of another and another....

"I saw the film. The magicians, the drums, but the figures didn't show up. The noises were there but the director insisted that those were not the noises he originally heard. Ah well, I have to admit I believe him, and no reason for you not to..."

"Well I don't," spoke my fourteen-year-old companion. It was the first comment he had offered since I started. I suddenly looked around and realized we had indeed come very far. I suddenly visualized the beginnings of a career as a storyteller. Mind you, a true storyteller.



Helpful Hints

The "dot" — is called the "bindi" in Hindi. Women in India adorn it for no more a spectacular reason than Gwen Stefani of *No Doubt*. It's just makeup and always has been too.

The "fakir" — is the "fake" (the similarity in the Hindi and English terms is purely coincidental) Supposedly, a "Hindu miracle worker," he is nothing more than a showman. An Indian David Copperfield, fakirs can pretty much achieve the same thing—using the same techniques.

The "yogi" — the "real" fakir. He is proficient in the art of yoga and has, by way of constant disciplined meditation, achieved a high level of spiritual insight. His powers of concentration are much higher than the average human, and through this concentration, he performs feats such as fire-walking, levitation and week long fasts from food and water.

The "Vedas" — came around 3500 BC. They are religious texts. There are four of them:

The *Rig Veda* — the oldest. Contains hymns (called mantras in Hindi)

The *Sama Veda* — contains hymns to be sung only by a special class of priests

The *Yajur Veda* — contains hymns to be sung only at special rituals ("yagnas")

The *Atharva Veda* — the real reason why you have been reading the bit on Vedas so far. It has mantras on *Gnana* (knowledge), *Karma* (deeds), and *Upasana* (invocation). Some mantras are meant to ward off wicked spirits responsible for evil and suffering. Very few people can still read it. If the Atharva Veda is taught, the students have to make various pledges and solemnly swear that they will not reveal their knowledge to anyone.



photos by sara almirall

God as One of Us

Diverse faiths thrive at Denison

Nina: Why is that? Why don't we see anyone with "What Would Buddha Do?" bracelets? It seems like everywhere I turn there's some zealous Christian trying to impose her/his beliefs on someone. Even some of my friends think I'm going to Hell.

Betsy: Me too!

[Betsy and Nina pause outside of Olin to continue their conversation, looking over their shoulders for Evangelical Christians.]

Betsy: Did I ever tell you about the time, freshman year when one of the Crusade members came to my door?

Nina: They came to your DOOR?

Betsy: Yeah, this girl showed up at my door, unannounced, and asked me what I thought it meant to be a good Christian. So I told her that even though I don't go to Church regularly, I think that to be a good Christian means living a moral life and respecting other people and their beliefs.

Nina: Sounds good to me.

Betsy: She proceeded to pull out a chart and placed me on a graph showing my position between Heaven and Hell based on my ideology. Let's just say I wasn't too close to the Heaven part.

Nina: Are you kidding me? It sounds like a bad William Blake poem.

Betsy: I told her that I was more of a scientifically-minded person and besides I was taking Philosophy 101 at the time, so my mind was kind of screwed up anyway. She then gave me an article that she said, scientifically proved the existence of God (which I never read). I think I eventually asked her to leave my room. Politely.

Nina: That's terrible! Wait—

Nina is seized with inspiration and begins to wave her arms to and fro, Betsy stands there, alarmed and not yet charged with the spirit.]

Nina: [regains composure] Wouldn't this make a great *MoYO* article?

What Would Jesus Do?

Would Jesus buy his own bracelets? Would He endorse current religious marketing trends such as clothing, jewelry, music, specifically geared toward young people? Would He approve of the role Christianity is taking in today's pop culture? In the past few years, we have noticed a strong resurgence of the Evangelical Christian movement currently the most prevalent religious movement on our campus. The prominence of this movement made us wonder about the presence of other

religious faiths on campus and how they coexist with dominant, visible Christian organizations. Further, we wondered whether or not the issue of religious diversity on Denison's campus has ever been addressed or if students felt that religious diversity was important enough to deserve in-depth attention.

Secularization in Higher Education

Many of Denison's faculty and students have expressed the view that the campus is dominantly secular. Perhaps our own secular vantage points made current Evangelical Christian visibility all the more prominent, spurring on our research and exploration of this topic. Christian visibility is therefore highlighted by our own secularized view of higher education. Because we have never been exposed to religious leadership within our peer group, interacting with well-organized, active religious groups has challenged our previous ideas of religion's role in the social realm.

Perhaps another reason that this rising Evangelical Christian movement is so visible is because it contrasts previous decades of privatized religion. Dr. Dave Ball, Director of Religious Life, compared reactions to public displays of religion to public displays of affection: "It's similar to our attitudes toward public displays of affection. There's sort of a prevailing cultural view about how appropriate it is to be kissing in public, and going beyond holding hands. How appropriate is that?" He further explained, "The dominant cultural attitude we've had in the United States is that religion is not appropriate for public sharing...instead, religion is something that you do either in private as an individual or with your family, inside your church." The reasoning behind this approach is that it is much simpler to discuss social issues in secular terms rather than in highly divisive religious terminology.

Evangelical Christians on campus have chosen to express their views in the public arena. In response to this new trend in visibility, Ball commented, that "it's a good thing for people to be in public who they are in private so that people are the same wherever they go." He "believe[s] in integrity, if you have certain values you should live them throughout your life...I really believe in religion pervading...people's lives."

Not without his reservations, Ball is concerned with the possible cultural domination of any specific religious tradition, particularly the Christian tradition. He believes "some of the motivation of contemporary Christians may be to try to regain cultural dominance and that would really be, in my opinion, unfortunate."

"It's hard to be religious at Denison, no matter who you are."

Ball feels that "it's hard to be religious at Denison, no matter who you are," due to the secularization of Denison's campus. He believes that students' religious backgrounds are discounted by some of the faculty as well as by certain members of their peer group.

Despite their visibility on campus, Evangelical Christians oftentimes feel constrained. According to Dr. John Cort, Associate Professor of Religion, "the need to belong and find some little niche, whether it be Campus Crusade, or the Homestead, is a very real and important part of Denison. It is often times destructive for people, but I think when I say important, it's something we have to recognize." Specific to Campus Crusade for Christ, the only on campus Evangelical Christian organization, Cort continued, "some of the students I've talked with who are either members of Campus Crusade or are also coming out of a similar theological background feel very much outnumbered and besieged on this campus. They feel they are looked down upon, that they are not given much support from the institution."

Melanie Rickard, executive member of Campus Crusade, supported Cort's statement. She remarked "I've felt people being wary of me

because they're afraid I'm going to try and convert them and trample on their belief system and that's frustrating for me."

Is Religious Diversity A Non-Issue?

Of course, when discussing religion in a collegiate atmosphere, we must raise the question of whether or not the majority of students on campus are interested in seeing a diversification of religious organizations and groups.

Dr. Sita Ranchod-Nilsson, Director of International Studies and International Advising, is not sure that religious activity is necessarily essential to International

The dominant cultural attitude we've had in the United States is that religion is not appropriate for public sharing. . . instead, religion is something that you do either in private as an individual or with your family, inside your church
Dave Ball, Dean of Religious Life

By Nina Clements and Betsy Falconer

Following the first *MoYO* meeting way back in September, Betsy and Nina walk back to their hovels of despair (dorm rooms), discussing possible article topics. . .

[student walks by with head phones blaring bad Christian rock, prominently displaying WWJD merchandise]

Nina: That's the fourth person I've seen in two hours wearing a WWJD bracelet!

Betsy: Yeah, I know. What's with that?

Nina: You've got to wonder, if Jesus was alive, would He buy the bracelet? What color would He choose?

Betsy: I don't know, red for Passion, purple for Pentecost?

Nina: You know what's really funny? When I was working at Wal Mart this summer we sold WWJD merchandise, and people would actually steal the bracelets and leave the tags.

Betsy: Isn't that kind of hypocritical?

Nina: Doesn't it seem, not just on Denison's campus but in general, like there are more and more Christian zealots and fanatics?

Betsy: At least ones that are out of the closet.

students. She stated, "I do think, as a group, it's important to them; how important, there's a huge variation [between students]." She explains that religious celebrations were often complicated by lack of awareness by the university. Many holidays, such as Ramadan, the Muslim holiday during which students fast (between sunrise and sunset) for 30 days become impossible to

practice within the limits of daily college life: the university is not able to accommodate students who choose to celebrate these holidays and they become increasingly inaccessible. "In the past, it's been a hassle for them to negotiate with food services," Ranchod-Nilsson explained. She further explained that food services have now become more supportive of students who choose to celebrate these alternative holidays.

Kauser Kheyroola, President of DISA (Denison International Student Association) believes that "a lot of people on campus don't really care about [religion]." When asked about Denison's religious climate and how International students feel concerning it, Kheyroola responded that "obviously, the dominant religion is Christianity and probably Campus Crusade does have a strong presence," yet Kheyroola does not feel that he has been, as an International student, bombarded with Christianity.

"I don't think there's ever been any pressure on anyone [in DISA] to join with the Christian group." He conceded that "some people at times have felt a lack of support for their religion, [though] if they approached, say, the Director of Religious Life, Dave Ball, ...he's willing to help them out in any way he can." Kheyroola, and most members of DISA have felt that Ball and the Office of Religious Life have been instrumental in meeting any of their various religious needs, such as the promotion of different religious festivals. The only time Kheyroola felt a sense of religious aggression was the

Whenever anybody starts to advance an argument that claims to make sense of all forms of religious practice and belief and expression, whenever a person claims to have a single answer and tries to reduce everything to that answer... personally I think that this is often times an immature form of religious expression
 John Curt,
 Associate
 Professor
 of Religion

posting of the Jesus videos on everyone's doorknobs, which Kheyroola and many other students, not only International students (but the authors as well) found offensive.

Kheyroola also raised the issue that religious climate should not and, in many cases, does not influence a prospective International student's decision to come to Denison. He feels that it is a personal issue and that every student has the opportunity to practice her/his own religion freely.

How People Practice Religion at Denison Evangelical versus Ecumenical

For the purpose of this article, Evangelical Christianity signifies the importance of the Gospel, the authority of scripture, and may be characterized by zealous missionary enthusiasm. Ecumenical Christianity may be characterized by a nondenominational approach to Christian values.

Evangelical Christian Presence on Campus

The most prominent Evangelical Christian group on campus is Campus Crusade for Christ. They are the most active and well-organized religious organization on campus, according to Dave Ball. We spoke with several members of Crusade's executive board, the Shepherd Team, in order to gain a more comprehensive understanding of the group's purpose. Their mission statement reads: "As the body of Christ, we are committed to pursue intimate relationships with God, to proclaim the hope of eternal life in Jesus Christ to the entire Denison Community, and to build Christ-centered laborers who will make God known throughout the world."

According to Michele McClure, Team Leadership Staff Member for Campus Crusade, the organization has several purposes.

"It's an international Christian fellowship group focusing on...Christian Evangelism and bringing the message of Jesus Christ to people. Once the person has accepted Jesus Christ, we encourage them in their rela-

tionship with the faith, helping them to gain the knowledge of scripture and gain the knowledge of who God is, so that once they move on from Campus Crusade they can take the knowledge and go out and be God's servant to the rest of the world." This philosophy is known as the "win/build/send" mission.

In order to promote this evangelism, the group organizes bible studies, prayer sessions and fellowship activities.

When questioned about acceptance of other beliefs, Crusade Shepherd Team member Eric Nigh responded by further commenting on the win/build/send policy. He explained "if our mission here is to know God and make him known, then spreading the word and sharing the Gospel... why that is so important is because it's true. It's the absolute, full, blank, truth, period...when you're sharing the Word then, you're doing it because you know that it's true. You know that it's the truth and you know that God said it's the truth. So, it's almost like you have a burden on your heart."

Responses to Evangelical Approaches

Some members of the Denison community expressed dissenting reactions to this assertive approach to Christianity. Curt responded to the Evangelical approach, stating, "Whenever anybody starts to advance an argument that claims to make sense of all forms of religious practice, belief, and expression, whenever a person claims to have a single answer and tries to reduce everything to that answer... personally I think that this is oftentimes an immature form of religious expression." Expressing his views on the Evangelical approach to Christianity, Ball remarked, "What can happen is that people who found a religious approach that works for them can think that it's the only approach that can work for anybody. And I would say that this is not only Campus Crusade, but probably the majority of Christian churches in the area. Among many of those churches, the definition of how you become a Christian is very narrow and specific. And that narrow and specific defi-

nition is that you have to accept Jesus Christ as your personal lord and savior. Sort of an opening of your heart or an act of acceptance on your part. And it's almost a formula you have to follow in order to be a Christian

and I feel that it's unfortunate for people at Denison to get the impression that that's the only way to be a Christian. I disagree... Too much emphasis on narrow formula in terms of how one can be a good Christian can actually cause more harm than good because of psychological trauma on the part of students who feel like

that doesn't fit for them, doesn't work for them and also because it can drive people away from Christianity."

The origin of the Evangelical approach, as explained by Ball, originates from Matthew 28. In this passage, Jesus tells all Christians that they should go forward and make disciples of all the nations. This raises the question of discipleship: what is the correct way to be a disciple of Jesus? Campus Crusade interprets this Biblical passage to encourage assertive expression of the Gospel of Christ. However, Ball furthered his discussion with a description of Matthew 25, which offers a different concept of discipleship. In Matthew 25, discipleship is very social service oriented. Instead of focusing on acceptance of Christ as Lord and savior, it emphasizes the importance of daily life, or lifestyle. Ball explained "my understanding of discipleship places a higher emphasis on how you live your life and specifically how you treat the poorest, the most marginalized, the most oppressed people around you."

Pluralism

Pluralism is the idea of accepting many religious beliefs, promoting religious diversity and coexistence. Junior Melanie Rickard expressed, "I think the people who are most supported in the Religious Life Office are those who don't look to universal truth, people who think that what's true for you is true for you, what's true for me is true for me. Pluralism. I think pluralism goes in the 1990s; it's a post-modern society."



Cort commented on the friction created by pluralism: "There is a real clash and I think it is somewhat unsolvable when you get different religious world views that frankly don't mesh. One of them is kind of a totalizing 'I've got the answer, but this is also the answer for everybody,' and you get other religious world views that are a little more 'live and let live,' and they frequently don't get along very well, and run into these social friction points."

An example of friction as explained by Cort, would be the historical conflict between Muslims and Christians. Each group feels that they 'have the answer' and that they need to spread their 'truth' and that no other 'answer' is tolerable. Cort hypothesized that if there were Muslim students on campus who were actively propagating Islam, "there would be several different competing, very active Islamic missions on campus...but hey, this is Denison. I don't have to explain why they're not here."

Cort added, "Something I comment on periodically in my classes is that diversity and pluralism are part of the joy of life. The fact that there are people who see the world completely differently than I do...to me that makes life a whole lot more interesting. If they all saw it the same way I do, it'd be kind of a dreary place."

Non Evangelical Christians at Denison

The Canterbury Club

This little-known organization is a national fellowship for Episcopal Christians, a youth group for college-age Episcopalians.

"We're not very big right now," explained Anna Tuttle, President of the Denison branch of the organization. The group consists of between three and four members who go to St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Granville. Some of the members teach Sunday school and are involved with the congregation. Although the group is extremely small, Tuttle explained that they are very interested in keeping it alive at Denison in case more Episcopal students feel the need for fellowship.

Denison Christian Fellowship

"Denison Christian Fellowship is a brand new organization, recently recognized by DCGA," stated

Bekah Taylor, Co-President of the Fellowship. She explained that they "are still finding direction and figuring out the needs not being met by other Christian organizations, one of which we think is service, another is discussion-based format with scriptural study for men and women."

The group stems from the nondenominational First Year Group that Taylor began last year and then extended to the entire campus last semester. She further defined their purpose as to "provide fellowship for Christians on Denison's campus, or any seeking to learn about Christianity."

The group meets weekly and tries to provide its members with an open, spiritually inviting atmosphere with prayer and music. Meetings often consist of small discussion groups focusing on biblical texts or the relationship of the Bible to daily life. An average of 8 students attend meetings regularly.

Catholic students at Denison

Catholic and non-practicing Catholics comprise the largest religious group on campus, yet they might also be considered the least visible. On a very basic level, all Catholic students are members of the Newman Association. Catholic students have the opportunity to meet for mass every Sunday at 4:30 in Swasey Chapel with Fr. Mike Gribble, the priest at St. Edward's Catholic Church in Granville. In addition to mass, the Newman Association sponsors dinner discussions twice a semester that are open to both students and faculty members. The group recently

decided to have dinner discussions every other week after mass in order to facilitate more of an outlet for Catholic students' activity.

In addition to mass and dinner discussions, Fr. Gribble sponsors a day long retreat each semester where they "discuss issues relevant to the group, as well as get...to know each other better," said Senior Tom Sesterhenn, member of the Newman Association. Sesterhenn characterized the Newman Association as "a constantly evolving group. Each year we reevaluate what our members are looking for from Newman and try to meet those expectations."

The Newman Association is also a member of the multi-faith council. As a member of this new council, which is comprised of religious and multi-cultural or-

ganizations, the Newman Association had the chance to cosponsor Diwali on October 19, the major Hindu holiday.

Sesterhenn explained that "Newman is not an evangelical organization." Instead, he stated, "We're here to provide support to our members and others interested [in Catholicism] through our activities." Sesterhenn emphasized the Newman organization does not condemn Campus Crusade or other doctrinally opposed, evangelical groups. In fact, in the past, several members of the Newman Association have belonged to Campus Crusade. As Sesterhenn explained, "Campus Crusade is a nice organization I'm sure, but it's not what we're about."

Jewish students at Denison

The extremely low number of Jewish students on campus has caused a feeling of discomfort among many of the Jewish students who are here at Denison. Melissa Baum, President of the Jewish Fellowship, explained, "A lot of Jewish students here do not want to admit they're Jewish. They had this 'leave me alone, I don't want to identify with you' kind of thing, and that really bothers [fellowship members] because we're trying to heighten the awareness that we are here on campus." Cort explained that many Jewish students do not feel comfortable practicing their religion at Denison. "I was talking to some students who were active in the Jewish group on campus, and they said that the majority of students of Jewish background, when they come to Denison, basically put that in the closet."

One concern that Jewish students must deal with is Jewish dietary regimens. Baum explained, "Sometimes in the dining halls...during certain holidays we keep Kosher, and you can only eat certain kinds of food, and sometimes the dining hall won't even try to accommodate that at all. And for some people who are very religious, that is something they have to do. They can't just eat regular food." Because of this lack of dietary accommodation, among other issues, most truly observant and orthodox Jews are not likely to choose Denison. Cort commented on this issue, stating, "So there's a certain kind of Jewish student we don't get. But there are others who are maybe not overly observant, but still would identify themselves as being Jewish, but it's not a part of their identity they need to foreground, and here at Denison they choose not to, because it's part of the problem. In a campus where you still have Wingless Angels and people like that, why bother to advertise?"

Still Baum maintains this feeling of displacement is not common to all Jewish students on campus. She related, "I feel really comfortable here being Jewish. I've never felt threatened as far as who I am. So I'm almost totally fully able to be who I am here." She further explained that the Jewish Fellowship exists in part

to make Jewish students feel more comfortable on this campus, whether they experience feelings of religious isolation or not. "We want to make sure that students know...that whatever they want to do to identify with their Jewish faith, they can do with us."

Jewish Fellowship meets weekly on Friday nights for Chavez dinners in the dining hall, at which time the 25-30 members gather, light candles and say prayers.

Buddhist students at Denison

For students at Denison who are Buddhist, or interested in learning about Buddhism, the Granville community Buddhist Fellowship meets once a week. Currently there are no Denison students involved in the fellowship, although Fellowship member Tom Gaspar would like to see that change. The group was organized two years ago by Denison Assistant Professor Dr. Amy Green and Susan Green of Granville township, and has been meeting weekly throughout those past two years. For the first year and a half, the fellowship met at the residence of Professor Green, during which time many faculty and students attended the weekly meetings. Then, for three months last fall the fellowship met at Lamson Lodge, during which time many students continued to attend meetings. Since this time, the fellowship has moved their meeting place to the Mandorla Bookstore on Cherry Valley Road. Since this move, not many students have attended meetings, leading to the current lack of student involvement in the fellowship.

The fellowship meets Monday evenings at 7:30. Typical meetings consist of silent sitting meditation, and oftentimes talks given by local Buddhists from varying "schools" of Buddhism. These talks generally occur at meetings in the first and third week of each month. During the fourth week of the month, the fellowship reads chapters from *Entering the Stream*, a book published as a companion to the movie *little Buddha*. The book describes the three vehicles of Buddhism and contains texts from these three vehicles of Buddhism.

Muslim students at Denison

Muslim students, perhaps more so than other religious groups at Denison, are subject to presuppositions on the part of Denison students. Cort reflected on the experience of international students at Denison, specifically Muslim students: "And certainly the international students are reluctant as to what parts of their identity they foreground in public, the Muslim students in particular because of the American attitudes towards Islam. This is not something you're going to go around saying 'Hi, I'm a Muslim' with the average attitude being 'Oh my God, you're a bomb-throwing fanatic, wearing a towel over your head!' So I think there are a number of groups on this campus that feel uncomfortable about bringing those identities into public." Like the Jewish students at Denison, the population of Muslim

(Continued on page 26)

**We all have our connections,
whoever our God
or our supreme
being is [and] I
don't think you
should go around
telling other people
that they're wrong**
*Jigisha Chakor,
Student*

Splendor in the Fall

First year love bittersweet

By Chris Million

Arriving here at the end of August, I was completely unprepared for the college life awaiting me. There were a few people I knew on campus, but for the most part I was alone. It was terrifying to have left the security of my base of operations in Worthington, outside of Columbus. On top of all these other concerns, I was far away from the girl back home who had suggested we both be free to see other people. So I was scared and lonely.

This initial loneliness in a new environment led me into new situations. One night during August O, my roommate returned late, followed by a few girls. I was ready for sleep and was lying down in bed at that point. We all talked, and one girl sat close to me, resting on my outstretched legs. To make matters short, the other girls left. My roommate fell asleep, and this girl and I made out. It was brief—by my standards—and she started crying on the edge of my bed after I pulled away. She said she was confused and anxious, and I told her I felt the same way. We agreed we were together only because of our loneliness and desire for acceptance, and we ended things right there.

Now I'm not telling you this story to top the one you tell about the guy or girl you seduced on the elevator stuck between floors. I just want to state clearly what I did was a mistake but a common one for incoming students. People bereft of

their comfortable homes and circle of friends are often willing to try anything to cope with the situation. I've spoken with approximately a dozen freshmen, questioned Dave Coleman, the Dating Doctor, and interviewed Dr. Jeff Pollard, Director of Counseling and Health Services. The bad news: the scenario I described above is commonplace and can often end far worse. The good news: the strong loneliness and craving for someone to care for you are natural and can be controlled.

It is true there are lots of freshmen who might argue this is not something they would do, as well as there are upperclassmen who didn't have a similar experience. One girl, let's call her Christy, said the anxiety she experienced the first difficult weeks had nothing to do with relationships or sex. She remembers picking out her outfit for the first day here a week in advance. A friend of hers, Erin, said, "I've never really cared what everybody else was doing. I don't feel pressured to have a boyfriend, even if it seems like everyone else does."

Another young woman (does Susan sound OK?) had a boyfriend back home and would never have considered looking for acceptance in the arms of a Denison guy. Susan admitted a committed long-distance relationship is very trying, but she has remained satisfied with her situation. Still, the situation has its setbacks: "When you're talking to a guy who seems nice, and you mention the fact that you have a boyfriend, he will take off ASAP nine times out of ten." A nice young man I spoke

with said he felt lonely the first weeks on campus but knew it would just take time to meet people. He was patient and has appeared to have adjusted fairly well.

Despite these examples, I still found plenty of people whose experiences more closely mirrored my own. One girl, Rochelle, had a string of pseudo-relationships which only led to frustration and dismay. She claimed she had been a very needy person in high school but had come a long way this summer. Rochelle mistook physical affection for a healthy relationship more than once during the first few weeks of school. It hurt her to feel close to a guy and then to see him with somebody else. One gentleman, Jed for short, warned about the troubling effects of partying unwisely. He met a girl at a party his girlfriend couldn't attend, and after a few drinks, he and the girl enjoyed each other's company back in her room. Jed and his girlfriend are now just friends. There are countless stories like the above found circulating around campus, but I am not the man to count them; math is just not my thing. Seeking further expertise on the troubling subject of these relationships gone wrong, I turned to the Dating Doctor.

Dave Coleman, the Dating Doctor, came to speak at Slayter Hall on the evening on September 14, 1998. Mr. Coleman tours the nation from one college to the next, speaking about Creative Dating. At Slayter, he spoke before a crowd of close to 100 young women and a piddling six men—four left early.



freshman love:
from heaven...

The good doctor emphasized the importance of relying on oneself when looking for happiness in a relationship. He discussed dating safety, self-awareness, and gender differences briefly. His focus was on avoiding the fear of not having a relationship and staying with a jerk simply to have someone. I asked him what he thought about people forming what appear to be close relationships early in the first semester of their freshmen year. "A lot of these cute couples are going to be broken up by October or November," he said. "People who wait for a more healthy relationship are going to look mature and attractive at that point."

I continued my quest by speaking with Dr. Jeff Pollard, Director of

Counseling and Health Services. He has served at Denison for seventeen years and was quite familiar with the troubles of incoming freshmen. "When a person enters college, especially far from home, his or her support system is taken away. Even more difficult is that although everyone has lost support

from family and old friends, no one seems to want to talk about it." He went on to discuss the ways in which a person tries to replace the support group: partying, joining activities, looking for romantic relationships, etc. He said one of the most valuable resources overlooked by incoming students is friendship with the faculty. They are dedicated to the growth and development of students,

(Continued on page 26)

Beer by Night, Bed by Morning

Resisting a
Romantic drunk

By Michelle Grindstaff

When your shiny SUV and new Abercrombie sweater don't get you laid, what possibility for a productive Friday night remains? If you are like many first year students at Denison, the alternative to a night spent revising a paper for Words and Ideas or playing pool alone in your dorm's lounge is a case of Busch beer, approximately fifty acquaintances and strangers crammed into a dorm room or two, roaring music, and lots and lots of drunk chicks.

A first year student myself, I held out against the temptation to party until I puked longer than many of my peers dropped into the amber froth of Denison's tumultuous waters. The night my reserve broke, I dressed in a pair of tight black pants and the standard party tank top before trekking with several friends from my West Quad residency to party central on the

East Quad. I admit it took me only an hour to become thoroughly inebriated and suddenly closely acquainted with a guy who pounded nine beers in approximately half an hour. I must also confess, through my drunken haze, I believed my new suitor and his exaggerated promises. I giggled when his mass consumption of alcohol caused him to mumble he loved me and thought it would be a good idea if we drove to

Vegas and married. If his words were an attempt to lure me back to his place and into his bed, the alcohol he consumed was in opposition to the plan. This liquored-up lothario ended the evening passed out on the floor of his room after puking into a garbage can while his roommate held his head up. Drunk, but not drunk enough to vomit, I retired early with the help of concerned friends who walked me across campus to my room in the ghetto of Denison.

The quiet ending to my first party experience may not be the norm for many first year students who don their best apparel for a night of beer, flirting, and, for the lucky, sex. While getting drunk in and of itself is quite enjoyable, getting drunk and scoring is admittedly even better. Being female and halfheartedly believing this adage, I assumed the majority of males at parties were seeking to get laid. Surprisingly, many of the guys I casually interviewed for this exploration into freshmen parties and sex said scoring with a chick was not their main motive for a Friday spent drinking and fraternizing. According to one first year male student, "I go mostly to be with my friends. Yeah, I flirt and it would be nice to go home with a girl, but I guess I am not aggressive enough for that to happen."

Despite this attitude, the interviewee admitted knowing many males who went to parties with the hope of getting laid. The general attitude of males I talked to seemed to be in support of picking up a chick at a party and getting her to spend the night in their room. If that didn't happen, a party remained a cool place to hang with friends and get some free beer.

The fact is an attractive girl can get into almost any large party on campus, and guys often send girls up to the bar to get beer. At the first party I attended, the bartender requested I take my shirt off in order

(Continued on page 26)



...to
hell

**Multi-faith Center:
Campus Must or
Construction Fuss?**

Construction bust. Swasey is used for purposes other than Christian worship; it is all ready a multipurpose building. I would have no problem going to a Christian service in a Moslem mosque.
Matt Soards/1999

Construction fuss. How about a theater building?
Joe Miller/2001

Construction fuss. The world is my multi-faith center.
Brett Johnston/2000

Campus must.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

Campus must. There should be a place where all people can go to profess their faith and feel comfortable about it. It unites people as well.
Laura Barrett/2001

Construction fuss. God's overrated.
Timothy Allen/2001

Bad, bad idea.
Sarah Leyrer/2001

**What would Jesus
do, really? (WWJDR)**

I don't know. I bet he has trouble holding small objects. . . with those holes in his hands and all.
Joe Miller/2001

He would quote Hanson: "Where's the love/There's not enough/It makes the world go round and round."
Laura Barrett/2001

Jesus would listen to surf rock, learn to twist, and say, "Love thy neighbor. And their ass."
Matt Soards/1999

Heal through break dancing.
Brett Johnston/2000

Book a flight to Cancun and blow the thirteen pieces of silver that he got from pawning his crown to Isaac's House of Holy Lawn Ornaments.
Peter Rees/1999

Hmm... Live like a normal human being with everyone around him oblivious to the fact that he was Jesus, maybe?
Rachel Bell/ 2002

Throw parties where the wine would flow free.
Sarah Leyrer/2001

**I say: "India."
You say:**

I know a third grader who can draw an amazing map of India!
Rachel Bell/ 2002

Octopussy.
Brett Johnston/2000

Doctors. The parents of my Indian friends are mostly doctors.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

Schmindia. . .I don't really believe in it.
Timothy Allen/2001

No, I said, "I'm from Pennsylvania."
Joe Miller/2001

Peru.
Peter Rees/1999

Hi.
Sarah Leyrer/2001

Papaya
Matt Soards/1999

Beautiful people. Amazing interesting culture. Mother Theresa
Laura Barrett/2001

the
void

(FILLED.)

**Advice to a freshman
gon a'courtin'**

You're a freshman—so girls are pretty much out of question.
Matt Soards/1999

Leave the beanie babies at home next time.
Joe Miller/2001

Don't do anything I ever did. Believe me, it didn't work.
Timothy Allen/2001

Don't get so involved in our relationship that you have no time to get involved in anything else.
Rachel Bell/ 2002

**Explain the aesthetic
of smoking.**

Look cool, hip, and young while trying harder than most people to end your life.
Peter Rees/1999

Man's first great technological step was the discovery of fire; cigarettes let us carry a memory of this great moment with us.
Matt Soards/1999

I read once that watching a person smoke while deep in thought is beautiful because the cigarette is like harnessed fire, and it was almost like a physical representation of his creativity.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

**Explain the appeal
of smoking.**

It keeps your hands busy; it's a stress reliever and satisfies some people's oral fixations.
Rachel Bell/ 2002

I don't plant to live past twenty-seven.
Matt Soards/1999

I suck, I blow. Any questions?
Joe Miller/2001

You have something to do outside SAGA.
Brett Johnston/2000

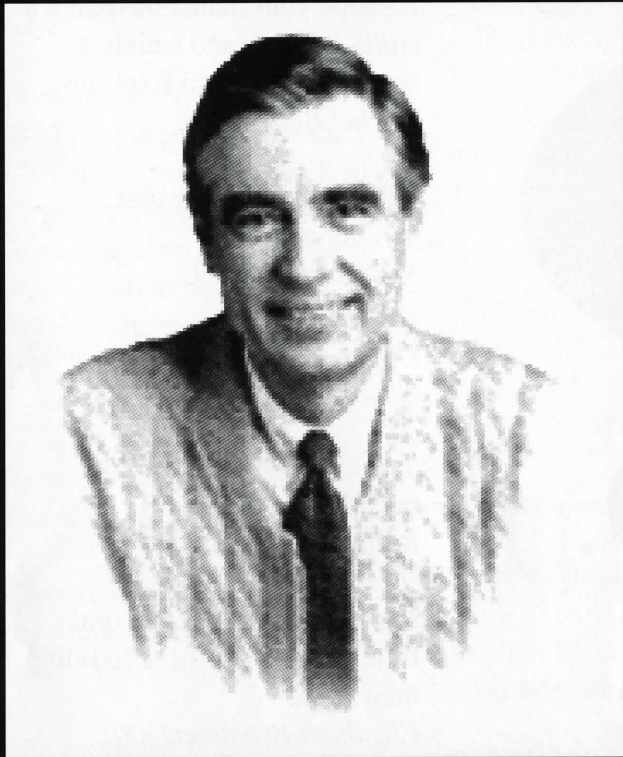
It gives people with an oral fixation an alternative to biting their nails.
Elizabeth Brammer/2002

The smoke encircling one's head makes her look celestial.
Laura Barrett/2001

It keeps me warm when I am cold. It gives me love when no one else will. It keeps me entertained when I am bored. But most importantly, the packs come with a shiny foil wrapper on the inside.
Timothy Allen/2001

Instant death.
Peter Rees/1999

moyo
propaganhalla



*Village
Flower Basket*
is open in it s
NEW LOCATION
1090 River Road
587-3439
(Gray house next to storage units)



RR Almirall

THE WARTHOG FEELS HE
HAS MUCH IN COMMON WITH
PAUL NEUMAN, OTHERS DON'T.

Because it's such a
great feeling to know
you're alive

SMOKE ALARM

reading this may cause lung cancer heart
disease, emphysema, and complicate pregnancy

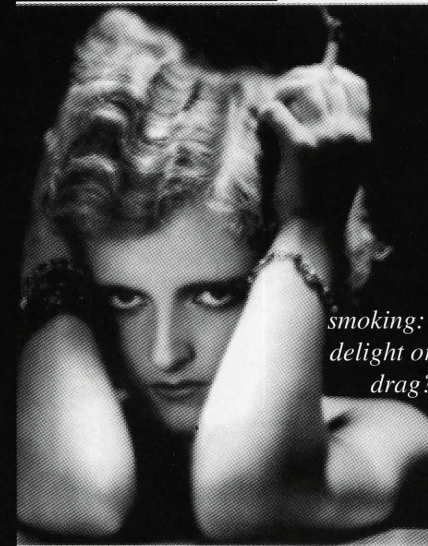
By Meredith Newman

Freshman year—all the parties are new and exciting and around each corner happy, smiling faces are just waiting to meet you and become your lifelong friend. Then orientation ends, classes start and the school is flooded with upperclassmen. They know the game, they have the dining hall down to a fine science and they know where all the good parties are. This first day of integration can be very intimidating for the freshmen. Old nervous habits from high school come back to haunt them: chewing nails, flipping hair, and of course, smoking. This last vice is a way to “calm down your nerves and keep you relaxed” according to one Denison freshman I encountered. At parties, somewhere between one half to two thirds of people on average smoke. But why at this fine, selective, institution of higher learning do we find so many intelligent people slowly committing suicide? We all know smoking kills, we know it turns our lungs into gross chunks of black goo, but this doesn't matter.

Smoking on campus is a social event. To all you smokers out there, think back to last weekend: you were partying, having a good time, and one of your fellow smokers came up to you and asked the age-old question: “Dude, can I bum one?” Now this is an unwritten rule in the highly understood book of smokers' etiquette: If a smoker is accosted by another smoker and a request for a cigarette is made, she must give at least one cigarette to her feigning nicotine brother or sister provided that she isn't down to her last cigarette. Honestly, how many people have you met while smoking? Picture this, you are at a party, you came with a group of friends, but in the surging tide that occurs every time the door is opened, you have become separated. Now you are alone and forced to claw your way through this social nightmare by yourself. Immediate reaction: light a cigarette. You look across the room, you see another person looking as nervous as you are doing the same thing, and, hey, she is smoking the same brand as you – immediate commonality. You now have an icebreaker and can strike up a conversation with a complete stranger. Smoking isn't the only commonality people run into at parties;

By Madeline Hart

Ah yes, freshman year: all the classes are exciting, and the buildings are intimidating and covered from floor to ceiling with informative posters. It's a warm autumn afternoon. You're finished with classes for the day and stroll up to Slayter to check your mail. Yes! You've received a package! As you wait in the tiresome line anxious to receive your goodies, your eyes are pulled in the direction of a wall covered with pamphlets. As you look closer, you see pamphlets on drug abuse, alcohol, pregnancy, safe sex. Name the abuse, it's on that wall. But wait: Where are the pamphlets on smoking? You are wondering this because you are one of the hundreds of smokers on Denison's campus and, at this very moment, are nic-fitting. You think to yourself, “Where is the information about the detriment of smoking, where on this wall does it tell me not to go smoke this cigarette after I pick up my package, because I am taking off another seven minutes of my life?” After you claim your package,



smoking:
delight or
drag?

you pass by that wall on your way outside to light up. Chances are if pegged to the wall was a health brochure advertising nonsmoking, you may be on your way to town to pick up some Nicoderm-CQ instead.

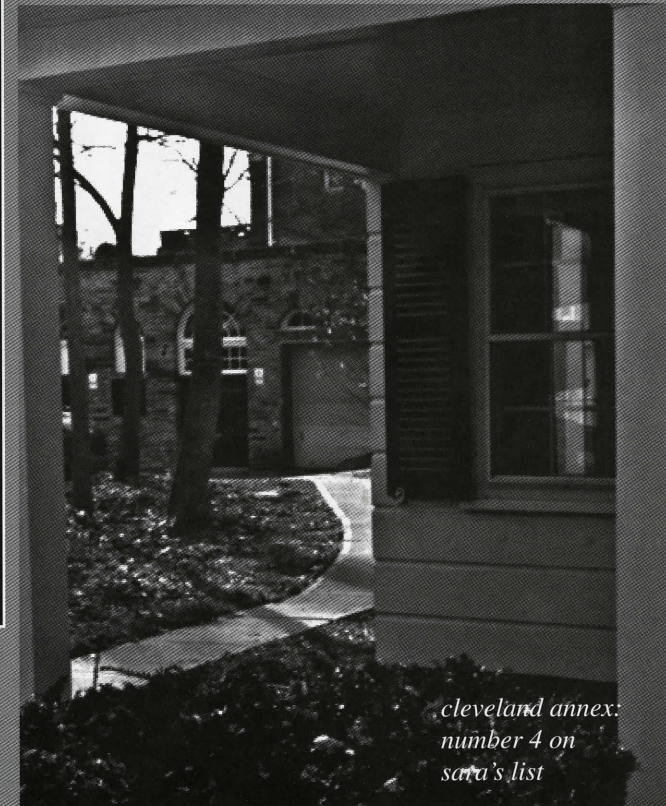
Fair reader, you may be thinking at this point: “Hey, I've stood in that line, I've read that wall. It's true, there aren't any brochures on smoking. I'm not a cocaine addicted; I haven't smoked weed since ninth grade; I drink, well, say moderately, like most Denisonians; and I'm not pregnant (I know how to use condoms); but I smoke a pack and a half of Marlboro Reds everyday.”

You are certainly not alone in your addiction: “27% of Americans smoke; 80% of those Americans start smoking before the age of 21.” As most high school graduates know, smoking can cause health problems such as: lung cancer, mouth cancer, Emphysema, high-blood pressure, etc. The list goes on and on. The bottom line: if you smoke, you're gonna die! So where on Denison campus are the “nonsmoking”, “smoking kills,” “This is what your lungs will look like if you keep smoking,” “Hi, I'm John, I breath, talk, sing and smoke through a hole in my neck because I have smoking related cancer” posters so frequently seen in high-school? Why is Denison blind to the fact it has a very prominent smoking problem? ☹

KNAPP

Kirsten's Picks

1. Under the hangover of the Curtis dining hall
2. The porch of Huffman Hall
3. The halfway balcony that separates the uphill stairs from the downhill stairs
4. The picnic table behind Stone Hall (this may take some searching on your part; I'm told the table has the tendency to roam)
5. Behind Knapp (preferably the door closest to the radio station—a good place for a pre-show smoke)
6. Behind Slayter
7. The bridge/overpass just beyond Knapp but before Beth Eden
8. Bancroft (the hill behind Crawford)
9. The Bio Reserve
10. Outside the Cinema Annex (on the swing or off, take your pick)



*Cleveland Annex:
number 4 on
sara's list*

sara almirall

Sara's Faves

1. The second floor balcony of Cleveland Hall
2. The first floor balcony of Cleveland Hall (cute, eh?)
3. The side entrance of the Theater Building (lovely for those play intermissions)
4. The porch of the Cleveland Annex
5. Before entering the Health Center
6. Outside the Bandersnatch (wonderful when taking those breaks when working)
7. Upon leaving Huffman from dinner (the entranceway)
8. The first level porch of the library
9. Outside the Cleveland Hall shop door
10. When exiting the Black Box of Burke



however, it is one of the most obvious. If someone is standing in the corner of the room lighting a cigarette, you can safely assume she is a smoker like yourself. Now this may seem silly to you nonsmokers out there, but from personal experience I can attest to the truth of this matter. Since my arrival at Denison, I have met nearly two dozen people because I was smoking. I have had countless conversations on this issue with my fellow students in between classes and on the front steps of my dorm. You can see us congregating there daily, smoking, bonding, laughing and sharing accounts of our day. It is a social trend that brings people together. It is ludicrous that friendships are beginning over a disgusting habit shared by a group of addicted college kids, but on this campus, our secluded home away from home on the hill, we need to form bonds with our fellow students. Smokers share a bond that isn't understood by nonsmokers. And after all, isn't a bond what we're all looking for in college? Haven't we all been told numerous times that the friends we make in college will be the people we are closest to for the rest of our lives? We are all looking for a "niche" in the Denison community. For those of us who don't play lacrosse, can't sing, and aren't comfortable throwing ourselves at the mercy of the cute stranger across the way, smoking is a means of digging that little niche for ourselves. So, love it or hate it, it's our defense mechanism. It is means way of keeping control and being a social creature. And hey, we LIKE it. So the next time you see a group of smokers conversing at a party, don't pity them for the years of chemotherapy they are going to go through. Realize they too are being social creatures only in a style differing from your own. @

20 Best Spots to Smoke on campus

By Kirsten Werne and Sara Almirall

Okay kids, we all know the usual spots for smokers: outside Fellows, Knapp, Slayter, and the library. Yes, these humdrum places fulfill our need for nicotine, but what about truly appreciating that hourly smoke. Not that we are condoning this addiction; we are merely suggesting that a small matter of relaxation be applied to the setting of the cigarette. Therefore, in order to enhance your pleasure while smoking, we have chosen an assorted amount of our favorite places to smoke. Kirsten and I would like nothing better than to know our beloved smoking habitats will continue to be used after we are gone (a fond moment to reflect upon, if you will). So, for this purpose, we present to you: The Twenty Best Places to Smoke on Campus. @

An interview with Painted Thin



It's 2:20 in the morning and I just got back from the Bandersnatch after hearing an awesome punk band Painted Thin. When they finished their set, I went up to see if I could get an interview with the three Canadians. Paul, the guitarist, said, "No problem," so I went to jot a few questions down. Within a matter of minutes I was on my way outside to have a pre-interview smoke with Doug, the bassist, and Ben, the drummer. As I was lighting my smoke, I caught the tail end of their conversation. "At least that's what he said at the concert," Doug was saying. Then he broke into a Barry Manilow song. We moved inside after finishing our smokes and sat down at one of the big round tables in the Bandersnatch where Paul joined us, and the interview began.

MOYO: How did Painted Thin get started?

DOUG & BEN: (looking at Paul): This one's yours, Paul.

PAUL: A friend of mine, Steve, and I started playing around in my mom's basement. Steve on guitar and me on bass. We looked for a drummer for five years without much luck. So Steve quit, I found Doug and Ben, and here we are.

MOYO: Where did you get your name?

DOUG: It was born long ago on the planet Krypton. . .

PAUL: Actually, Steve and I looked for a name and never came up with one. So friends just started giving us names like Poop Deck. . .

BEN: Or Jimmy Carlisle and the Fabulous Five. . .

PAUL: I dunno. I just made it up. Is that too boring?

MOYO: No, not at all.

BEN: Well, ya'see, we were painting this fence, and we were giving it a thin coat. . .

MOYO: I see. Well. Do you have any albums out?

BEN: We started with a demo, but that doesn't really count, does it? I guess our first album was called "Small Acts of Love and Rebellion" which was a split between us and John Samson.

MOYO: Who's John Samson?

PAUL: The guy from Propagandi.

DOUG: We put out an LP version of the split with three extra songs on it.

PAUL: Then we put out a 7" we did in Germany with four extra songs on it.

BEN: So we took the three songs from the LP and the four from the 7" and put out "Still They Die of Heartbreak."

MOYO: So are you on a label?

PAUL: We were on Propagandi's label for awhile, but not anymore.

BEN: And we've had lots of offers.

MOYO: So you're between labels?

PAUL: Exactly.

MOYO: Are you on tour right now or did you come specifically to play at Denison?

DOUG: We went on tour a week ago, our second tour.

BEN: We started September 15. . .

PAUL: And go until October 14, I think.

MOYO: Really? Where else are you playing?

DOUG & BEN: Paul, this one's yours.

PAUL: Minneapolis, Green Bay, Grand Rapids, Ann Arbor, Pittsburgh, here, Lexington, Atlanta, Athens, Greensboro, Chapel Hill, Bell Air which is near Baltimore, Philly, and then we end up with dates in Eastern

Canada.

MOYO: With all those shows, there must have been some craziness.

PAUL: Yeah—we're supposed to open for REM in Atlanta for some Tibetan Freedom thing. . .

DOUG: We're all still good friends, that's pretty crazy.

BEN: We opened for a puppet show once.

MOYO: A puppet show?

BEN: Yeah, but it wasn't just any puppet show, this was heavy, intense conversation. We're opening for them again soon.

PAUL: We opened for Rancid once.

MOYO: Are you serious?

PAUL: Yeah, but they hated us.

MOYO: Why?

PAUL: Because I like to talk between songs and they didn't like that. Oh, and because we were donating the money we got to a women's shelter.

MOYO: Why would Rancid hate you because of that?

PAUL: I dunno. They thought it was a pussy thing to do.

MOYO: That's dumb.

PAUL: Oh yeah, and we also did a huge tour in Germany because this person came to one of our shows and liked us a lot. That one person set up the entire tour.

MOYO: That's pretty crazy. Anything embarrassing happen?

PAUL: I wore a really dirty t-shirt and didn't realize it until after the show. And one time I had this huge line of toothpaste going down the front of my sweater and didn't realize it until I saw a videotape of the show.

BEN: We ran over all of our tapes with the van not too long ago.

MOYO: How did you do that?

BEN: Paul was driving and we were at a red light and I had to open the door for some reason. When I did, all of Paul's tapes fell out. Before I could say something, the light turned green, and Paul ran right over them. As well as all the cars behind us. You could see the cars raise as they rolled over them.

PAUL: Yeah, but they're still salvageable. If people can just send us blank tapes we can take the broken tapes and. . .

MOYO: OK. So anyway. If you could play anywhere, where would it be?

DOUG: Stonehenge. At sunset.

BEN: The Chunnel. Wouldn't that be cool?

PAUL: I would play anywhere with Ani DiFranco. Even in a pit of acid.

BEN: Quick sand?

PAUL: Quick sand, slow sand, it doesn't matter.

MOYO: OK, so who are your influences? I'm guessing Ani DiFranco, Paul.

PAUL: Of course, along with Tragically Hip, Radiohead, That Dog, early U2, The Smiths and Morrissey.

MOYO: Morrissey? Ew.

BEN: Ew? That's it. I gotta go.

MOYO: C'mon, I used to listen to him a lot, but he reminds me of bad times.

BEN: That's understandable. I'd say Morrissey, Depeche Mode and Joe Jackson.

DOUG: Helen Keller.

MOYO: Is that a new band or the person?

DOUG: The person. And Sylvia Plath, Juliana Hatfield is an awesome guitarist, and a bunch of bands from Winnipeg that no one has probably heard of.

MOYO: So what's your favorite band? Is it Ani, Paul?

PAUL: Yeah. Within her songs there's honest dialogue about how people interact. She's a good writer, she's brave, and an inspiration.

MOYO: Ben, would it be Morrissey for you?

BEN: Yeah. . .he has such vague lyrics in his songs.

MOYO: Do they make you depressed?

BEN: No.

PAUL: Morrissey sings about himself being down, not people in general. That's what makes him awesome.

DOUG: Joni Mitchell.

MOYO: Not Barry Manilow?

DOUG: No, although I like Barry a lot.

And so the interview ended with Doug telling me to purchase a tape recorder as he pulled one out of his bag. He said it would make my interviews go smoother as he watched me frantically writing my notes on a piece of lined paper stolen from someone earlier. Our conversation moved outside for yet another smoke—since I was tired of jotting down notes—while Doug told me he once recorded himself dropping five coins into a pay phone slot just for the hell of it.

If you read this and saw Painted Thin at the

Bandersnatch Tuesday, September 22 and want to know more, don't hesitate to check them out.

Here's how:

PAINTED THIN

P.O. BOX 14 RPO CORYDON

WINNIPEG, MB

R3M 3S3

CANADA

www.escape.ca/~ben.

Interview by Kirsten Werne

All in All, We're Just Paper on the Wall

Dorm art clue to
Denison identity

By Kara Burt

A wide range of posters, message board quotes, and what can only be categorized as random stuff decorates the walls of Denison's dorms. Some of the more common items include neon beer signs, stuffed animals, nude pictures of Cindy Crawford, posters of Albert Einstein—fully clothed—and glow-in-the-dark stars. Although patterns and common themes exist, no two people have used the space in their little home the same way.

Every room I surveyed had at least one poster, but that was where the similarities ended. Musicians are probably the most common subject of posters, followed by art, movies, inspirational messages, pinups, humor, and pictures of animals in about that order. Although music posters are the most popular, they naturally reflect a range of musical tastes. The single most popular band among Denison students is apparently the Beatles.

Titanic has the most displayed movie posters but only in women's rooms. Other gender differences exist in room decoration. Posters with inspirational messages, babies, and animals are predominantly in women's rooms, while beer signs and drinking posters tend to be more common in men's rooms. Although men had more posters of nude women than women had of nude men, women had more pictures of the opposite sex overall. Most females seem to have more decorations—not including dirty laundry—than the average male.

Although these are only general trends, they indicate women put more effort into their surroundings. Although this seems to go along with conventional expectations that women are homemakers, it counters the old tendency for men to be recognized as better artists than their female counterparts.

First-year students have fewer and less creative decorations compared to older students, which is probably related to general frosh cluelessness. I can admit this, hopefully without being beaten by the rest of my class. I hope we find ways to add life to our rooms,

especially as the weather becomes more dismal. My little opinions aside, the upper-class suites have the most residential atmosphere. The apartments in Taylor House are more similar to "real world" living quarters than regular dorms in decoration as well as in layout. The common living areas provide room for the couches, tables, and chairs most of us only dream about from the confines of our little cells.

In spite of our limited space, students find room for creative decorating. For instance, one sophomore made her own bedside cup holder from duct tape and hung material around her bed to block light. Elsewhere on campus, a student has labeled a closet an opium den, saying he chose opium over crack because, "The ventilation kind of limits our drug choices." In the same room, I saw a door from a bathroom stall and a stolen sign reading "CAUTION: Body Harness Required in This Area." I suppose the note on the door proclaiming the room home of the human fly should have prepared me for what I found inside.

Many other rooms clearly reflect the interests and obsessions of their occupants. I had never seen a camouflaged cargo net until I toured one room seemingly modeled after Marines barracks. Other rooms feature diverse themes: the 1970s, art, alcohol, inspirational themes, cute animals, the opposite sex, the native cultures of some students, and a variety of advise and quotes. These include, "Before you criticize a man, walk a mile in his moccasins Then when you criticize him you'll be a mile away and you'll have his shoes," "Sometimes when I'm angry, I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel," and "I don't mind broken promises. I just think, why did they believe me?"

Some students post a variety of similar wisdom on their doors. Message boards and other decorations can provide windows to the minds of the inhabitants without actually having to venture inside the room. Beaded curtains, duct tape, and quotes add individuality to the otherwise plain exteriors, but most doors are fairly bland. A few students remove even the signs with their names from their doors. Even doors and rooms without any attempts at decoration show something about the inhabitants—probably that they just don't care.

Overall, dorm decor reflects that Denison students are at once practical, lighthearted, intellectual, and entertaining. Not surprisingly, I learned a few things from visiting different rooms, including memorable advice including "Don't sweat the petty things, and don't pet the sweaty things" in addition to proverbs such as "God gives every bird his worm, but he does not throw it in the nest." For more dorm room wisdom, turn to the nearby quiz or to fellow students since they're the ones who put up this stuff in the first place.

Booze

(Continued from page 17)

to get a beer for a male acquaintance. Of course, I refused and was given the beer anyway. With this story in mind, the notion of men attempting to get girls drunk enough to lose all reasoning and better judgement by pushing alcohol on them persists for a good reason.

Like many of the guys I talked to at parties, I like to have a good time getting drunk and flirting. Unlike some guys, knowing the motive of the person I am talking to is to get me into bed is a turnoff. After witnessing the lure of a sweet talking drunk, I am weary of consuming enough alcohol to lead me to do something I regret the next morning.

As a female, I find the exploitation of a girl's desire to have a fun time to be very frightening. If my sudden beau at the first party had a few less beers and I had a few more, I may have allowed myself to fall victim to his sweet talk and physical attempts to get to know me better. On second thought, a Friday night spent alone in my room is not my idea of fun. After all, it's college. You've got to take some chances. ☺

Frosh

(Continued from page 17)

and they come into a relationship without a hidden agenda, as many guys or girls do. They can become great friends or just people who listen.

In addition to their seemingly inherent emotional vulnerability, many students find themselves in unhealthy relationships in college. This can result when the people involved disagree on what the relationship is about and can very often turn dangerous. One obvious threat is acquaintance rape, but Dr. Pollard wanted to make it known that unprotected sex can be equally dangerous. He is no prude; unprotected sex

is just stupid. He also wanted to remind students that one of the riskiest places to look for guys or girls is at a party with alcohol present. People make decisions when inebriated that they wouldn't ordinarily make, and predators are always on the prowl. Dr. Pollard prescribed a simple rule for having a good time at parties, especially if scoping for anyone: "More preparation, less intoxication."

In an attempt to cut off circulation to my rambling mind, I have held my breath for the last paragraph. Now I must close my tale of woe and regret with a pearly pebble of wisdom. It's a mistake, what I did and what others have done, but those crazy feelings you have, those needs for somebody, are perfectly natural. Like anything, they suck if you abuse them. So be careful, and don't let guilt keep you up at night. ☺

Faith

(Continued from page 15)

students on campus is rather small. Osama Farooqi, a sophomore Muslim student from Saudi Arabia, explained that the Muslim students on campus are not particularly well organized. I think there's a Muslim student association...I think it's been founded and all, I just don't think there's anyone to run it. I don't think there's that many people interested in running it as well."

Also like the Jewish students on campus, Muslim students have specific dietary regimens. Farooqi explained, "Kind of like how Jews have Kosher food, we have Halaal. It's just the way that it's butchered, it's supposed to be blessed and bled. So you don't get Halaal food here. Obviously it's expensive to get, and you just don't get it here. So if you're going to be a practicing Muslim, you have to be a vegetarian at Denison, which is difficult for a lot of people, which is why a lot of people just end up eating the meat."

Denison's lack of accommodation for these dietary needs, both of Muslims and of Jewish students, creates a problem in terms of increasing religious diversity on campus. In all likelihood, Denison will not take steps toward accommodating these religious traditions until the student population demands that these steps be taken. Therefore, an increase in practicing Jews and Muslims must occur before Denison would be likely to change any current situations. Without any increase in religious accommodation, these practicing religious students will not be likely to choose Denison when selecting a college. A catch-22 arises out of this situation, which seems to prevent any possible increase in religious diversity within Denison's student body.

Hindu Students at Denison

Hindu students on Denison's campus are another group that is not particularly well organized. While many Hindu students on campus do not experience any kind of religious exclusion, others have expressed incidents of religious discrimination. Jigisha Thakor, a senior Hindu student recalled feeling uncomfortable when she attended a Campus Crusade for Christ meeting for a religion class. During one of the ice breakers, one of the members asked her if she was Christian. When she responded that she was a Hindu, the student stopped speaking to her. She also felt very uncomfortable with the other members, who looked over her and her classmates' shoulders as they took notes about the proceedings of the meeting.

Thakor promotes awareness and support for all different types of religions and festivals, including the celebration of Diwali the major Hindu festival, which she organized this year.

This year Thakor has worked more closely with Dave Ball in an attempt to organize the Hindu stu-

dents. Right now they are planning to visit a Hindu temple in Pittsburgh, one of the largest in the country.

The Office of Religious Life

"I have the same responsibility to students of other traditions as I do to students of my own [Protestant] tradition," said Ball of his role as Director of Religious Life.

Ball, working with the Office of International Studies, has strived to offer programs for as many of the different religious groups on campus as possible. "We began to try to see where there was the possibility to have programs outside the [Christian] mainstream."

When Ball entered the office, he co-organized, along with Ranchod-Nilsson, the first on-campus observance of Id, the Muslim holiday which marks the end of Ramadan. The festival includes authentic food from a restaurant in Columbus in order to make the celebration comparable to the students' experiences at home.

Gathering at the Bandersnatch, the students discuss the significance of the Id festival and share with others traditions from their various backgrounds. The festival is open to all students and faculty who wish to attend, which gives the homogeneous population of Denison the opportunity to learn about a different religious culture.

The office is attempting to add one major festival per year to the Religious Life calendar. Last year they began celebrating Diwali and this year they plan to focus on the Chinese New Year.

Diwali, the major festival of the year for Hindu students "is a time when families gather together just like Id, just like Christmas," explained Ball.

This year's Diwali celebration, which took place in Mulberry house, was well-attended by faculty and students, even non-International students. Hindu students went around the room and shared experiences of past Diwali festivals with their families and how important spending that time with their families was to each of them.

Ranchod-Nilsson commented, "It was very interesting to see students of Indian backgrounds, who knew a little bit about Diwali, but like me, didn't know much about what it was. A number of them... seemed to appreciate learning something about their own culture."

In order to give students of all faiths a place to worship, aside from Swasey, Ball suggests building a multi-faith center. "It could be much, much smaller than Swasey, but designed in a way that would be inspiring to people from a lot of different backgrounds, with a multipurpose floor plan and equipment so that it could be set up in different ways for very different religious groups," Ball explained.

We were intrigued by the idea of a multi-faith center that would provide students of different faiths a place for ritual and convention and

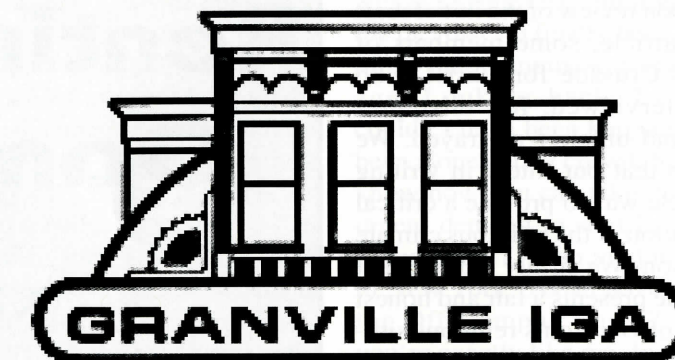
that would also give students interested in exposing themselves to other faiths and cultures a opportunity to observe and participate.

In response to Ball's suggestion of a multi-faith center for all students, Ranchod-Nilsson stated that "I think that's a good idea. I don't know how important it is to students, [though] if students feel they need that kind of a space, then...that would be great."

Dr. Betty Lovelace, Director of Multi-Cultural Affairs, reacted, "I firmly believe that you can create your own facility, or church, as it were, regardless of where you are. You don't have to have a facility built." Lovelace believes that in order to determine a true need for a multi-faith center, students would have to mobilize themselves and engage in an all-campus dialogue with the faculty expressing their desire to see this facility realized.

De-Secularizing the Classroom

One way to utilize the religious diversity on campus would be to include religious discussion in the classroom, in much the same way that racial, social and gender diversity is included. This idea counters the practice of challenging and en-



484 South Main Street • Granville, Ohio 43023

PHONE 587-0031 • FAX 587-1027

couraging students to dismantle and disregard religion as a viable part of their daily lives. Ball feels that it's important to "think about everything in terms of the social location, in terms of the students and the professors so that we would explore the social ramifications of their religious identity just as we do all these other very complicated, potentially divisive factors."

Conclusion

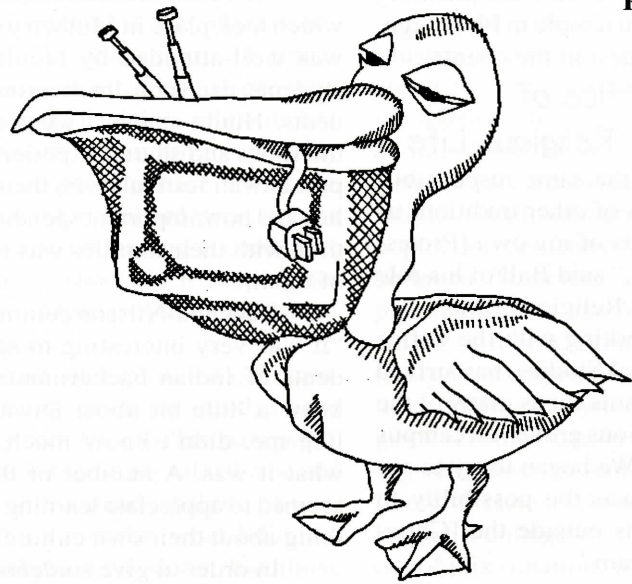
Writing this article enabled us to get a better understanding of exactly what religious groups are on campus and what they signify. However, if we had not questioned Christian visibility, we would never have had the opportunity to look deeper into Denison's religious microcosm. The process of writing this article clarified some of our own misconceptions about Christian visibility and specifically Christian organizations on campus.

We feel religious/cultural divisions need to be addressed more by the general campus population. Our own campus diversity provides an opportunity to learn more about the world and cultures to which we were previously unexposed. Students need to make an effort to exercise their options and expose themselves to differing points of view and perspectives.

Upon review of the initial draft of this article, some members of Campus Crusade for Christ, who were interviewed, felt misrepresented and unfairly portrayed. We maintain that our intent in writing this article was to provide a critical examination of the religious climate at Denison. We firmly believe that our article presents a fair and honest account of Denison's religious situation.

We'd like to thank those who cooperated with the writing of this article, and to encourage further dialogue on these issues. ☺

RR Almirall



STORE OWNERS SHOULD
BE ON THE LOOK OUT FOR
SUSPICIOUS ACTING PELICANS.

Granville Video

next to IGA

Renting Videos, Games, DVD

M-Th 10-9:30
Fri-Sat 10-10
Sun 11-9

Moore

(Continued from page 30)

room. Truth be told, I have a little crush on Thurston Moore. I've listened to Sonic Youth's music faithfully for the last five years, and I find Thurston to be the most appealingly iconic figure among the group, regardless that idol worship is not encouraged (an early SY release is titled "Kill Yr' Idols"). I hang on his every creative move. The first time I saw Sonic Youth live, I happened to come face-to-face with Thurston; I played the groupie role quite well. I yelled his name out loud and frantically shook his hand, being sure to let him know my name: "Robert," I said. "Robert Levine." Then came this long malignant pause. He looked at me, waiting, like I had something important to tell him. After all, I had indicated as much. But I had nothing to say. This remains one of the most notable, yet equally embarrassing moments of my younger days. Now here I was clinging to his presence like some kind of support net, and running a steady beeline from my chair to the bar and back, just trying to look functional in some way. I couldn't wait for him to get the show on the road.

When Thurston finally did take the stage, the room jumped alive. Everyone closed in. I got up to dispose of some trash and immediately lost my seat. The set would be acoustic and instrumental, so I was curious to see how he would go about his usual convention-confounding mischief. There wasn't a monolithic wall of speakers for him to thrust his guitar assaults against, and I didn't see any precision power tools in sight. So get this—he plays the entire first piece by flicking at the tautly wrapped strings at the top of the guitars head where you tune the instrument. He never even touched the bridge (this would be his agenda throughout; employing areas of the guitar not normally designated to produce sound). The notes flew off

sharp and quick, like they got away too fast for your ear to catch up with. But if you listened closely, you could hear sounds behind the sounds, tonal vibrations that Thurston didn't even seem to be producing directly, and yet they weren't static (he'd set a microphone against the surface of his amplifier speaker, and I imagine this had something to do with it). The effect was enlarging; it drew my attention away from what he was doing directly, more towards the boundless offspring of his tangible method. It gave the room an aural spaciousness, open and infinite, yet filled with a fuzzy sonic texture.

If you've familiar with Thurston's solo music, then you know it can have a rhythmic, lulling quality that contrasts Sonic Youth's feedback fever pitch. And it's seductive as well—you get lost in it. By his third piece, as Thurston passed a pleasing melody scale up and down the strings and I swayed subtly along in a warm, alcohol-tendered trance, I was hit with something, a distinct feeling, and it overtook me as suddenly as I'm introducing it here. I remember reaching the clearest understanding of the metaphysical; a presence that is not expressly tangible, yet moves. That is, without touching me, Thurston had eliminated the twelve feet of distance between us and was striking shockingly direct chords with me. I refuse to let hindsight belittle this feeling because at that moment I felt totally overjoyed, consumed and naked. Every time one of his notes struck purposely off-key, my thoughts approached a boil.

Before long I was unequivocally possessed of the most resounding and truthful feelings of my life—the paradigm feelings I always come back to, the most distinct being the comfortable languor and lingering mediocrity of my teenage years. These are feelings I have to struggle to pinpoint myself, in thought, in speech or on paper, and yet Thurston

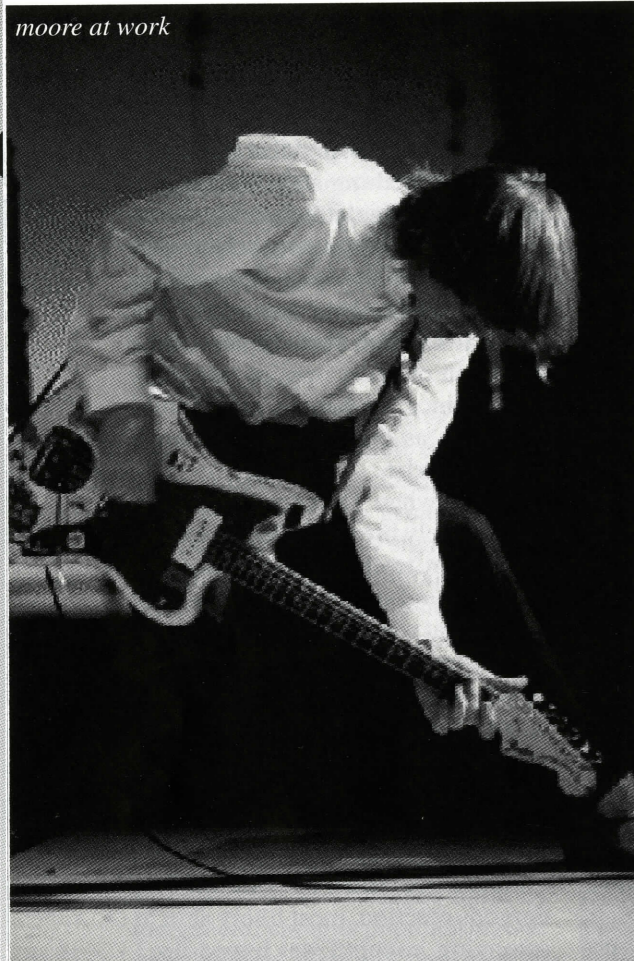
could trigger them at will. And with that I felt the most immense flattery because an accomplished musician and artist, albeit a popular artist, had created something so preferred and so specific to me. It was overwhelming; I had tears in my eyes. Idol worship seemed the least appropriate way to describe this dynamic. After all, that kind of outlook towards a musician or artist implies an inherent distance, and in an ideal situation such as this one, that distance does not exist.

So, when Thurston finished, I immediately breached that no longer significant twelve feet between us, put my hand on his upper arm, and said, "That was beautiful, Thurston." "Aw, thanks," he replied, like I'd just commented him on his haircut. But it was such a gloriously forthright exchange. Let me let you know. I'd never felt more justified.

Immediately following, I went outside to get some fresh air and was immediately struck by some kind of nervous reaction, most likely akin to swooning, except I was hyped-up. I felt light and bubbly. So I started gabbing with people, talking music or whatever, bla bla bla, having fun. It was pillow talk. I was eager for any kind of social interaction because I discovered I was just as attuned to the proceedings in that theater as anyone else and was high on the fact that I'd finally been relieved of all that heinous aesthetic blockage. Looking back, I realize I couldn't have been happier to have been alone in that crowd. So, I don't know how you can take this. As an urgent demand to start listening to Sonic Youth? As an invitation to go to New York? As an advertisement for Off-Campus Study? Sure, if you're exactly like me. In that case, don't even think twice. Aside from this, the only other conclusive statement I can make is that it will be at least another ten years before I write something this wistful and idealistic again. Golly-gee. ☺

Less Talk, Moore Rock

Thurston' sound uplifts soul



moore at work

direct, transcendental musical experience thus far in my life: no small feat, considering my particularly dire want to touch upon moments in life that defy the usual depreciating influences of time, subjectivity, memory, etc. Every concert I attend I hope for no less. Needless to say, it hasn't happened very often.

But it did happen that night, and it sent me reeling. I was hit hard and spun around. And afterwards, I felt anew, like someone reset my empirical odometer to "0." It left me giddy; stupid giddy, like a child. It was the kind of spectator experience that made me think, "God, I love music," or at least, "God, I love this music," then "I could love anything as long as it made me feel this good," and I ruminated over these thoughts like they were the most profound thing that had ever

By Robert Levine

I expected New York to be a cauterizing experience. Not to a physical extreme, a la Freddy Krueger, but I did hope to return a little hard-boiled. Still brimming with that golly-gee, Midwestern wonderment-with-the-world, but with more edge, possessed of a brazen self-satisfaction that lets me use words like "capice" and still be taken seriously. Less Gump, more Popeye Doyle. Throw in a little Lenny Bruce, as well. Yeah baby, now we're cooking with heat. But now, two months in, I feel headed a different way. I'm being pulled in the opposite direction. I'm likely to return more susceptible than savvy, more school girl than street hood, and I believe I can trace this redirection back to one evening in particular.

That evening, I had the most

crossed my mind. The whole thing made me gaga. And it couldn't have been more unexpected. Because up until Thurston Moore picked up his acoustic guitar and started playing, I was feeling pretty down about my encounters thus far with the New York artistic array. I felt this nagging need to feel welcome wherever I went, as if there is some pervasive attitude in New York akin to the generous protocol of Southern hospitality (here's an insider tip; there isn't). My going to SoHo [South of Houston Street] that night was just knee-jerk activity. There was some conglomerate art/music/poetry program being presented as part of the Downtown Arts Festival, which I suppose is an annual thing—I didn't know anything about it. I saw Thurston Moore's name on the bill and felt justified in my attendance.

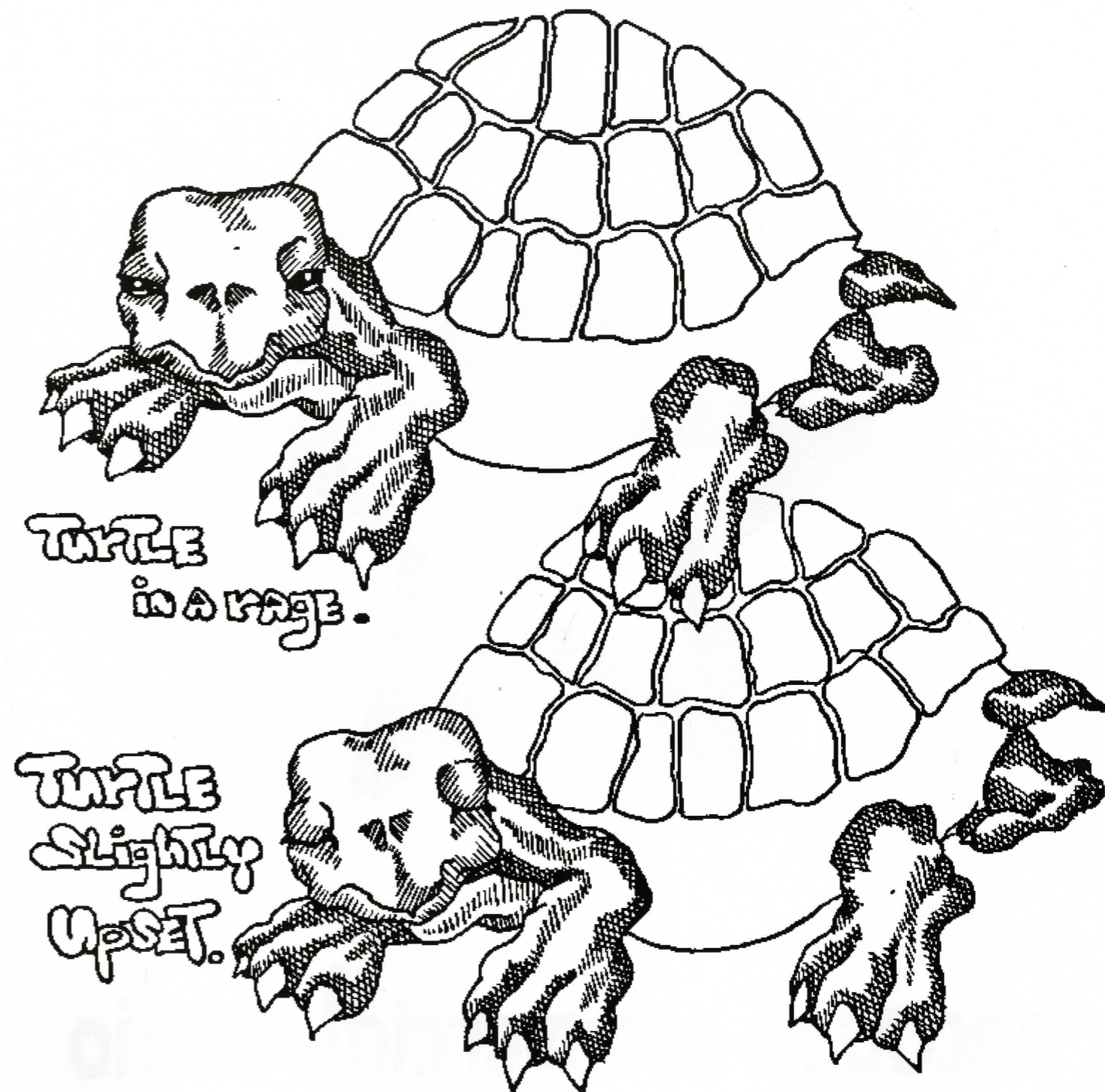
And since no one halted the

proceedings, upon my arrival at the theater, to raise a glass and shout "Let's here it for the new guy!" I immediately felt the pariah. Being alone amid a heavy atmosphere of aesthetic intimidation does weird things to a person. You begin to feel like everyone in the place has a more express understanding, even before the fact, of what you're about to see. It's all so ridiculous. Pretty soon I was questioning my hair (why haven't I tried dreadlocks?), my clothes (too straight-arrow), my formal education (everyone here is probably a dropout—and better off for it), and my upbringing (they all must think I'm a corn husker. Fuck it, I am a corn husker). I was all alone, so my imagination ran wild, and I sat on the outskirts of that inner performance space, harboring reactionary, self-reinforcing resentment against every vintage wardrobe-wearing, cowrie-shell adorned, chain-smoking attendee in the room—which was basically everyone.

By the time Thurston came on, I had already seen two spoken word artists—the first really lousy (even through the haze of my assumed artistic naiveté, I knew that. One of the program organizers stormed out in the middle of the guy's set, screaming that it was, "an affront to art."). The latter was much better; he had a semi-literate, raging drunk schtick. As his publisher told me outside the restroom, "Yeah, in person he's pretty normal. But the minute you put him in front of a mic, he thinks he's W.C. Fields."

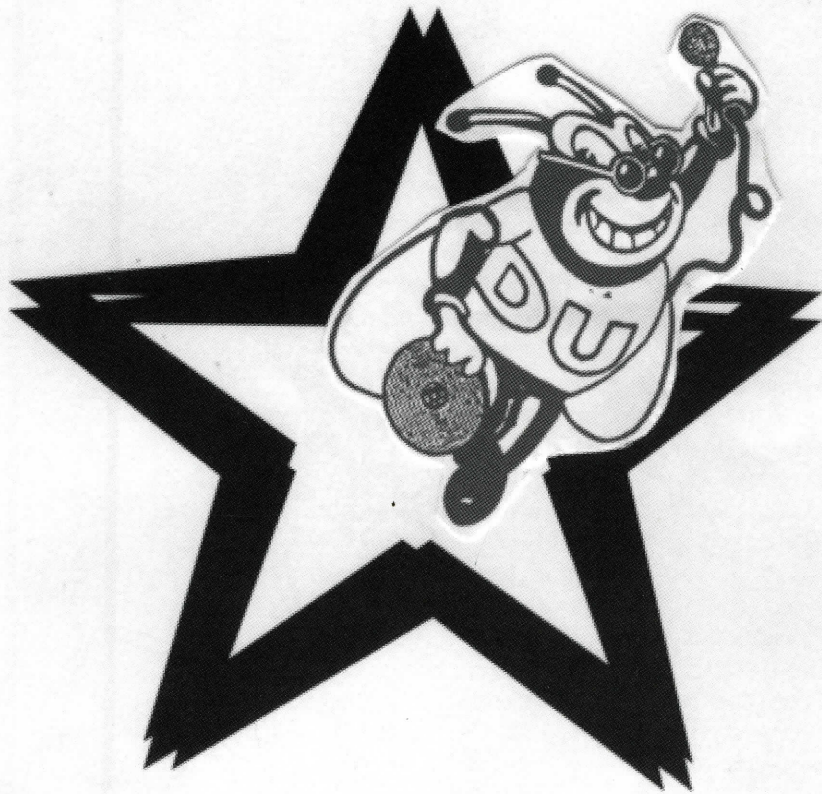
I had seen Thurston in the room plenty of times by then. The performance space was open. There were bleachers for the audience, but everyone chose to sit around the central area of the theater, forming a circular arrangement, and Thurston mingled among the crowd like an average joe, sipping Pabst Blue Ribbon, and looking foppish.

I watched him navigate the
(Continued on page 29)



RR Almirall

**wdub 91.1fm
denison university
granville, oh**



**because commercial radio
still sucks.**