



bullsheet@denison.edu | denisonbullsheet.com | @DUBullsheet

The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before 6:30pm for next day submission via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by: Jax Preyer, Dictator  
Delivered this morning by: Jack May, Jester  
vol. LXIV/ no. 7 / January 29, 2020

## I WENT THROUGH PANHELLENIC RECRUITMENT AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS EXISTENTIAL CRISIS

Hi everyone, my name is Jax and I am a member of a sorority (Congregation: Hi Jax). I have been since spring of my freshman year. I want to make clear before I dive into this that joining my sorority was genuinely one of the best choices I have made at Denison, and possibly ever. I am actively disquieted by the thought that the friends I have made there may not have existed in my life in the same way had I not gone through recruitment, I've had the chance to step up and into leadership roles I would not have otherwise, and I've been given by my \*~\*sisters\*~\* the opportunities and confidence to grow in a way I don't know if I could have without them.

That said, the process of recruitment is fundamentally insane. It, at times, felt like it was possibly a social experiment designed to push you to the brink of insanity and I'd like some time to discuss that. For those of you who have never been through it, allow me to set the scene.

You enter a classic American colonial home at the bottom of the hill that looks not at all dissimilar to any other in Granville, but if someone told you that upstairs was a sickly-looking porcelain doll propped up in a wooden cradle and that the cradle oftentimes would inexplicably begin to rock itself back and forth as a child's voice softly humming played from seemingly nowhere and yet everywhere at once, you'd be like "yeah, that sounds right."

Women surround you donning matching T-shirts or some otherwise carefully coordinated ensemble. They are clapping. They are sing-chanting. What are they saying? When did they find the time to learn this? Why are they all so bad at singing? The clapping intensifies. There is no turning back.

A woman approaches you. She has stopped singing, but her comrades carry on. She takes your coat. "Will I get it back?" you ask. She does not answer. The coat vanishes. She motions for you to link her arms with her and walk alongside her like we're in a goddamn Grimms brothers story that does *not* end well and you act like that's a normal way to walk with someone you quite literally just met.

You are starving. Your responsibilities began directly before even an elderly person's dinner time.

"Can I offer you any refreshments?" asks another woman. You do not know how, when, or why she appeared, but she is there, offering sustenance. You tell her yes.

She nods and returns with a single, edible flower and a crystal flute filled with a non-alcoholic mocktail, the non-alcoholic aspect of which you are carefully reminded. To consume a single drop of anything else would have dire consequences, this much you know to be true. You press the edible flower carefully to your tongue. It is scrumptious indeed, but you are not satiated. It will be many days before you know what it feels like to eat dinner at a normal time. Your feet hurt.

This process repeats itself for two more days and nights. The conversations you have with the strange women get longer, and more meaningful. This pleases you. Still, the process is disorienting. You can't remember what is and is not normal to talk about with strangers. Protein bars and breath mints course through your veins. Your loved ones call you to ask how you are doing and you stumble to answer them.

"I don't...I don't know. I genuinely don't know," you say. They are concerned. You're not really sure when exactly you're supposed to be getting your homework done. At some point, you look around the room and think,

"What am I doing here? What are any of us doing here?"

*Continued on back...*

## PANHELLENIC CRISIS, CONTINUED

But then, that fateful Sunday comes. You, when permitted, open up a sealed envelope with your name on it. You have been invited to join the haunted colonial mansion you most deeply desired as a permanent member! You are, most shockingly to yourself, utterly thrilled. You forget about how socially bizarre the past few days have been, how strange it was to tout having a room of women shout-sing at you as normal, you are elated.

The experience will prove to be fruitful. You will meet amazing women you would not have otherwise. You will feel yourself changing and growing with the challenges that arrive in your time at Denison, backed by the support of the same strange women you recall chanting at you. And the next year, you will chant with them, and you will be slightly less confused as to why they were chanting in the first place.

*-Jax Preyer, Managing Editor and very tired sorority girl*

## MISSION34 IS HOLDING A COOL EVENT AND I THINK YOU SHOULD GO TO IT



Mission 34 and Active Minds Present

# LET'S BUST THE STIGMA

*Understand Mental Health Conditions and  
How You Can Help Save a Life*



February 1, 2020

1 - 3 pm

Herrick Auditorium

A DISCUSSION WITH PENNY SITLER

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF MENTAL HEALTH AMERICA, LICKING COUNTY

### Staff "Activities on campus" Box

Jax "Greek life" Preyer, Former Managing Editor  
Isabella "Foraging for mushrooms" Puccini, Senior Editor  
Sophia "The Theatre, dahling" Menconi, Senior Editor  
James "Rizzo" Whitney, Sophomore Editor  
Zach "Registering people to vote" Correia, Head Writer  
Jay "Speaking with condescension" Huff, Senior Writer  
Charlie "Orange Theory" Schweiger, Junior Write  
Elizabeth "Speaking French" Arterberry, Junior Writer  
Katie "Globetrotting" Kerrigan, Foreign Correspondent  
Jack "Ignoring Jax" May, Sophomore Writer

