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Edited last night by: Jax Preyer
Delivered this morning by: Emma Rutherford
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A LOVE LETTER TO DENISON AND THE DENISON BULLSHEET

This, like any other preemptive anxiety about all of the “lasts” I would experience as a Denison student (the last time I would go to sleep and wake up in the same dorm room as my best friends, the last chicken avocado I’d ever order at Slayter, the last piece of sage advice I’d ever get from a professor, the last time I’d enter the combination to my mailbox) is one I have thought about for a while. This, very possibly, is the last time I will turn the key in the door, walk into the Bullsheet office, flick on the string lights Charlie so elegantly strung around the ceiling and do what I have been the most privileged to have had to do for the past three years: edit the Bullsheet.

Leaving this publication and knowing I will never get to experience anything so uniquely wonderful and weird is something I have dreaded since the beginning of the semester. I don’t know how to thoughtfully put into words how much this dumb idiot publication that really now exists to collect atop trashcans and gather sriracha stains more than actually be read means to me and has meant to me over the years, but I’m going to try.

When I applied to the Bullsheet my freshman year, I had never wanted to be a part of something more. I didn’t know entirely what I was stepping into, but I knew it was something of tremendous character and something that existed-good or bad-as entirely one of a kind on campus. On the first (and subsequently, very seldom) occasions I got to actually get together and hang out with the rest of the staff, I remembered the feeling of how fucking fun it is to sit in a room of incredibly bright, funny people who were basically competing to see who could get the biggest laugh. That feeling has never gone away- I don’t laugh harder than when I get to hang out with this staff.

The irony of getting so emotional about a publication where the regular content put forth consists of personality quizzes not at all grounded in reality, cryptic Buzzfeed-esque lists on extremely arbitrary matters, and just a lot of shitposting and then Zach being really smart, but being on the Bullsheet has defined my Denison experience and my ability to come into myself more than almost any other aspect of my time spent here.

Writing for and editing on the Bullsheet alongside some of the most interesting, intelligent, mind-blowingly people on this campus, and having that space to be a part of something that unique has allowed me to defy the expectations or assumptions that might be placed upon someone like me. Whether those assumptions and expectations are real or imagined and inflated in terms of my own anxieties, I don’t know, but they’re real to me. I joke a lot here and elsewhere about being the resident sorority bimbo on staff, and that’s because I can absolutely imagine that being the way someone who does not know me well might sum me up. I drink a lot of hard seltzers and one time in a Psych-100 class I started crying when we learned about babies’ brains, so it wouldn’t be INSANE to assume I don’t have a ton going on up in the ol’ noodle.

Having this literal soapbox provides me a public forum to argue, write about what I care about, or just write with the aim of making somebody laugh. I’m able to assert myself as someone thoughtful, and funny, and really fucking weird. Whether or not my staff agrees with my being given that freedom in the first place is dubious, but I have survived every pathetic, sordid attempt they have made at impeaching me SO WRITE ON I WILL. My own vision of myself in my own mind and hopefully, the minds of the community that reads the ‘Sheet has become sharper and more precise. That is invaluable, and I owe that to everyone on staff, everyone who contributes their writing to us, and everyone who reads and writes back to tell me what they thought. It means the world to me.

And for Denison...

Continued on back...

JAX IS EMO CONTINUED

C'MERE AND GIMME A HUG, YOU RAT BASTARD! Denison, if this is the end for us, which I am still holding out hope it is not and we will have more time together, you are more dear to me than anything. I in the past have not been shy in my critiques of this institution in the past when I've felt it was necessary and fair, but I have to say, this absolutely horrible, devastating crisis has only made my feelings for Denison that much more precious.

This situation has been horrible and scary, and the possibility of my last semester with the most incredible friends, professors, and community as a whole being cut short feels like a kick in my chest. But Denison has far from mishandled this, and I cannot stress that enough.

Schools similar to us in size, learning style, infrastructure, and local prevalence of COVID-19 cases have made the decision to cancel already. If this is what Denison ultimately has to do as well, which we very well might, I will understand. This is basically an unprecedented event, and changes will have to be drastic. That said, I cannot stress how much I respect Denison's decision to make the hopeful date of return as April 3rd and continuing to follow the spread and nature of the virus to impact their eventual decision, rather than ending school for the rest of the semester as an act of haste.

They, just as much as we are, are holding out hope that things will improve. Not every college in America made that choice, and I adamantly believe Denison's choice to handle this in a measured, logical way with the utmost respect for our feelings and personal circumstances was one made by an institution with people who genuinely have love and care for us. Perhaps it's just the sentimentality of this possibly coming to a close so suddenly, but I find that pretty fucking remarkable. I find this school and the people who run it to be pretty fucking remarkable.

Like I said, I am praying with everything that I have in me that this is not actually my last 'Sheet. But in case it is, I needed to have the chance to express the love I have for this absolutely ridiculous, long piece of paper and the people who work to crank it out every day of class. I have to thank the administrators, the faculty, EVERYONE who works here and reads what we write. Thank you so, so, much.

Signing off for now,

Jax Preyer, Managing Editor of the kickass, motherfucking Bullsheet.



JAMES WHITNEY'S LAST WORDS

Fuck.



Staff "Current Mood" Box

Jax "Pain" Preyer, "Managing Editor"
Isabella "Sorrow" Puccini, Senior Editor
Sophia "Dread" Menconi, Senior Editor
Charlie "Loss" Schweiger, Junior Editor
Zach "Denial" Correia, Head Writer
Jay "Rage" Huff, Senior Writer
Elizabeth "Confusion" Arterberry, Junior Writer
Jack "Thank God Jax is gone" May, Sophomore Writer
James "fear" Whitney, Delivery Sheriff
Katie "Concern" Kerrigan, Foreign Correspondent

