



The Bullsheet, a forum for news, humor, and community dialogue, is funded by DCGA, lowkey stopped being funny in 2019, and is printed each day that classes are in session. Submissions must be sent before our editors shamble into the office for next day publication via e-mail to: bullsheet@denison.edu. Submissions herein solely reflect the opinions of the authors.

Edited last night by: William
Delivered this morning by: Mick
vol. LXVIII / no. 43 / November 1st, 2021

AN APOLOGY

On Wednesday, October 13th, the Bullsheet ran an article called “Which Beloved Character Are You?” that was extremely inappropriate, disrespectful, and wrong. The article should have had no place in our publication and should not have been run, as I believe it does not reflect the values of this publication. However, I must accept that the blame for this mistake falls on the editor of that sheet that night prior, the managing editor, as well as the writer of the article, and we both apologize greatly for the harm we have caused to the Denison community. The decision to run the article came from a place of both ignorance and privilege. It is the duty of both a Bullsheet editor and writer to take their roles and responsibilities seriously. Our constitution states that the role of an editor includes filtering through writer submissions and determining what is appropriate to present to the Denison student body, and what isn’t. Likewise, the job of a Bullsheet writer is to create content that can be enjoyed by all, and is not harmful, hateful, and hurtful to any person. We have failed this duty. This moment of ignorance represents a greater issue, one that Farah Farah punctates excellently in their recent article from the Denisonian, “Denison’s Chronic Issue in Cannibalizing Black Culture.” You can read this piece on The Denisonian website today. The greater issue is that students must unlearn their implicit, racist beliefs; for example, making light of and poking fun at one of the most influential, moving, and heavy pieces of American Black literature. This was heavily disrespectful to both the great Toni Morrison and the Black community. Black pain and suffering should never be used as a joke. We cannot apologize enough for this attack on Black culture. The original article is still available to read on the Bullsheet website, for reference. If this makes you or anyone else feel uncomfortable, please let us know, and the article will be removed from our site immediately. For the time being, we felt that removing the article would be a failure of listening to Farah’s message. If you have any questions or concerns, feel free to reach out to us via email.

-Jack May & Lily Anderson

FROM THE DIARY OF A. E. RASMUNDSSSEN

I stated when I first arrived that no place is better protected from the forces of evil than this college on a hill, that it is a bastion against the darkness. Now I know that it is a prison too. The storm that started when I first arrived has become increasingly worse, by now I can see nothing beyond the steeples of the town save for a vortex a roiling cloud. The lightning that illuminated my resurrecting of the dead now illuminates the impossibility of escape. The rain that softened the ground for the digging of his grave now turns all to mud so that not even the lowest creature can move.

Far above, a leopard with wings glides in the eye of the hurricane. It is my way out... It shall guide me to my destiny. I embark tomorrow on my final journey, into a cleft at the base of the hill, marked by three pines and the symbol of the winged cat. Perhaps there I might find escape from this accursed place, from this prison of my own creation. A prison that I am becoming increasingly convinced exists within the very crevices of my mind.

It is here that the diary of A. E. Rasmundssen ends. There is no record of any Dr. Mundus ever teaching at Denison University, much less being buried in the university cemetery. There are several misremembrances and historical flaws found throughout these entries, Rasmundssen's diary is extremely unprofessional and quite frankly flawed, especially for an academic of his quality. These letters and diary entries are to be seen as nothing but speculation and paranoid delusions of a fading star.

A.E.Rasmundssen disappeared on the night of October 31st after a short tenure as a visiting professor at his old alma mater Denison University, following his loss of tenure at Oxford university due to allegations of conspiracy. His acquaintances during this time referred to him as a small, quiet man with an almost bird-like constitution--prone to fits of fancy and melancholia.

Transcribed by William

2034 BULLSHEET: A TIME ODYSSEY

The year is 2034, the Bullsheet is now old enough to vote, rent a car, and qualify for the AARP. James Whitney has returned for his 23rd year as head writer. Over time campus has changed, but has also remained the same. Many days it is rainy, but some days it is sunny. The Hoaglin Wellness center is still under construction.

DCGA has been replaced by the Gaming Guild. All purchases are made with Monopoly money, GIFS of Butter Dog, and signed floppy disks containing music by world famous musician Blythe Dahlem (ft. Lorde). One person remains free--that being Adam Weinberg II. As an autonomous thinker, discerning moral agent, and active member in a democratic community he knows that the utopin fantasies of the Gaming Guild are just that--fantasies. It's impossible for there to be fair wages on a college campus, it is impossible for college to be free for all people, it is imposible for transfer credit to be accepted without a hassle. Armed with nothing but a sense of New England superiority and backed by the ravenous hordes of suburban socialites Adam Weinberg II must fight to end the brutal tyranny of Gaming Guild, which seeks to undo all that his predecessors did before him.

After a brutal putsch that demolished the editorial offices of the Bullsheet and the Denisonian, leaving Whitney bleeding out in a puddle of beer and half finished articles Adam Weinberg II advances on the galactic senate, where Gaming Guild reigns supreme. A chant begins from somewhere: "Long live Galusha Anderson! Hallowed be his name!"

-William

Staff "Red bull" Box

Jack "Bullsheet" May, Managing Editor

Betsy "Blueberry" Wagner, Junior Editor

William "Evil Bessie" Kelsey, Junior Editor

Ellie "Peach" Schrader, Junior Editor

James "Dragon fruit" Whitney, Head Writer

Maggie "Sugar-free" Bell, Senior Writer

Blythe "x-tra sugar" Dahlem, Junior Writer

Emma "A normal bull painted red" Rutherford, Junior Writer

Lena "an abnormal bull painted red" Hanrahan, Junior Writer

Evie "a red bull painted orange" Waters, Junior Water

Claire "Benny" Anderson, Sophomore Writer

Lily "Communist bull" Anderson, Sophomore Writer

Mick "Laughing cow" Smith, Sophomore Writer

