



THE BULLSHEET

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Delivered this morning by: Christine

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“GRANVILLE'S ONE AND ONLY DAILY PUBLICATION”

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POLITICAL DESPERATION IN TIMES OF GENOCIDE

Ali Imran '24,
Student Submission

Yesterday, a protester set himself on fire outside the Israeli Embassy in D.C. Since December, Victor I. Cazares have gone on a strike from their HIV medication until their artistic home, the New York Theatre Workshop, calls for a ceasefire in Gaza. They are no longer testing undetectable for HIV. A group of Palestinian and Jewish students at Brown University went on a hunger strike to protest their university's investments into arms manufacturers. In December, a protester set themselves on fire outside the Israeli consulate in Atlanta.

There is something very striking here: more and more people are willing to put their bodies in danger to protest the U.S. and Israeli war-machines. It is also not the first time that the U.S. empire has forced people to political extremes of protest (a function of the war-machine is to produce mass death and debilitation and the symbolic power of these acts of protest cannot be discounted). The memories of self-immolating monks, protesting college students shot dead by Ohio National Guard, and dying queer people with pink triangles screaming and staging die-ins are still with us today.

The truth is that so many are wrestling between the inability (impossibility?) to mourn and the ability to resort to our bodies, as a last resort, while we witness massacres after massacres and the complete failure of whatever rights, international law, justice mean. We have stood outside Slayter with banners for weeks. We have walked out of our classrooms. We have blocked streets. We have staged die-ins. A few days ago, more than a dozen Denison students joined hundreds of others in the chilling cold in Columbus to protest the U.S. and Israeli genocide.

Yet, we are increasingly politically desperate and isolated in places like Denison. The pain we are willing to inflict on our bodies makes sense because genocide, by definition, defies comprehensibility and rationalizing. The pain of shuttling between the knowledge of violence that the U.S. sponsored Israeli assault has unleashed on Palestinians (not for the first time) and the demand to go about life as usual is outrageous and much greater.

I cannot recount the violence yet again. I do not want to reproduce racialized violence in these pages yet again for eyes to gloss over with a sigh and a “it's all so sad”. From just what we know, and there is much we do not know, Israel has assassinated 30,000 Palestinians, displaced and injured millions, tens of thousands are buried under the rubble, children are separated from their parents, hundreds of professors and students are dead in Gaza and if I write anything more I feel my heart will burst. Yet, I still hope this knowledge would be sufficient to propel most people at this university to demand that the U.S. at the very least stop vetoing UN resolutions and sending incredible amounts of weapons to annihilate Palestinians. Alas, these cries for help go unanswered with a sprinkle of professionalism.

I am increasingly ashamed, outraged, and confused by the moral cowardice of most professors and academic departments at Denison. I have known these people for four years now and hold much regard for them; I can barely look them in the eye anymore.

(continued on the back)

Political Desperation in times of Genocide (cont.)

I understand we all live complicated lives, have our reasons, and hold complex political viewpoints. However, I must reject the premise of these excuses because they are justifying the tacit consent embedded in the sheer silence of a supposedly humanitarian profession and community. It is a moral obligation to refuse complicity in genocide, to publicly call for a ceasefire and end to the occupation, and reject systems that led us here in the first place. The political desperation that so many are feeling, leaving people to protest by refusing nutrition and life-saving medication, is a result of isolation that these liberal excuses have forced on us.

It is a symptom of campus securitization, depoliticizing frameworks, and administrative logics that so many have resorted to fear, silence, and complicity over truth, reckoning, and organizing. The fact still remains that one professor can be fired and denied tenure, but not twenty. One academic department can be censured and reprimanded, not ten. A few students can be suspended, a few hundred cannot. Some of us really cannot bear to see one more Palestinian child breakdown from hunger and trauma. If you can, I mourn for your conscience too.

IT'S OUR ONE HUNDREDTH (100th) SHEET OF THIS SCHOOL YEAR

BYOP,
BYOIC

Yep. You read that title correctly. Today, February 26th, marks the 100th Bullsheet of the year, meaning it is the 100th day of classes. To celebrate the 100th day the way we used to in elementary school, The Bullsheet is having an ice cream social and pizza party, and **YOU'RE INVITED!**

All you have to do is fill out the slip below and slide it under the Bullsheet Office door to RSVP. We hope to see you there!

BULLSHEET ICE CREAM SOCIAL AND PIZZA PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

WHO: You! Silly

WHEN: Today, February 26th, at 6:30 pm

WHERE: Bullsheet Office

WHY: No further questions, thank you.

To RSVP we just need:

Name of First Pet: _____
Street You Grew Up On: _____
Mother's Maiden Name: _____
D.O.B: __/__/____
SSN: _____
Insurance Provider: _____
Bank: _____
Account Number: _____
Routing Number: _____



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