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A RAINBOW OF SOUND

HAYLEY AND EMMY

Hey, it's us. The noise gals. Ya know, THOSE gals. For the past eleven months, we've been researching noise. That's what makes us the noise gals, see? We know that you have been DYING to hear (ha) our findings. Don't even worry about it, here are our final rankings for the best noise out there. Listen up!

- 1) **Brown Noise** Like being wrapped in a warm blanket on a long car ride through the woods. Like grand-mother's soup from a mug. Like an HVAC as the sun sets on a hot summer's day. Almost like someone put a microphone in an underwater cave. But oh so delicatly as if laying a flower on a newborn's chest. Cures writers block, and boils. We <3 brown noise.
- 2) **Purple Noise -** Like you're in a horror movie but you're not that worried about it. Like, there's something over that hill but you're kinda good just chillin'. Ya feel me? Like an open-concept air canister. Like an astronaut breathing out but not in. He's been stressed. Cures the mumps and poor sportsmanship. #purplehaze
- 3) Green Noise Remember purple noise? Us neither. Green noise sounds sooooo different. It's like a poor quality microphone flying through the wind at a rapid pace. Whoops! It's like you're in house, torrential downpour outside, pine needles on the ground, the fire blazing in the hearth in front of you. Cures cholerea and ants.
- **4) Black Noise** I'll write this one alone because this sound made Hayley slip into a trance-like state. It's aight. There's something sinister lurking below the surface. It infects computers and gives the listener athele's foot.
- **5) Red Noise -** You're in a submarine. You haven't seen your family in months. There's something outside fast approaching. Inside of you, your organs are sliming about like a bunch of eels and slugs. Cures worms and a bad case of the Mondays. #gooeylyfe
- 6) Yellow Noise If pink noise was better (stayed tuned for pink noise). For sure did something to the technological vibe in the room. Just as conniving but low-effort. Feels like a building in a strip mall that was repurposed to be a church. It's very distracting. Cures imposer syndrome and spiritual ambivalence
- 7) **Grey Noise** Less abrasive than the ones that follow it on this list. Unassuming. Like a Powerpoint presentation. If the Microsoft Office Suite was a noise. It fills the room more than you realize. We felt it's absence. Cures lonliness and weight-loss (we got an Ozempic ad)
- **8) Orange Noise** Not impressive. The sound equivalent of crossing your arms. ick. Just melancholy. So-so. The inventors shouldn't be ashamed, but they shouldn't have celebrated too hard. Makes you feel like you have gunk in your noise. Cures nothing probably. Not enough star power.
- 9) Blue Noise We'll just come right out and say it. It makes you think violent thoughts about those close to you. And it's not the last one on the list. So buckle up. This humbles you to a wilddddd degree. It makes you forget how to ride a bike.
- **10) Pink Noise** So deceitful. So rude. So afronting. Who in their gd right mind would willing listen to this. There's so many better options! This YouTube video has 8.3 MILLION freaks that viewed it. And it helps them SLEEP at night??? Yeah right. Unbelievable. This sure don't cure stupid.
- 11) White Noise Come on.

PRAISE FOR TARTUFFE

When I was first invited by one of my friends to see the Denison Department of Theatre's production of Tartuffe this past Saturday night, I must admit that I had some trepidation. This feeling did not result from any shortcoming of the department. In fact, every performance that I have been fortunate enough to see since first setting foot on campus two years ago has continually surpassed the previous one as the most hilarious, moving, and artfully constructed dramatic production that I have ever seen. However, having suffered several terribly traumatic encounters with abysmal in-class Shakespeare reenactments in high school, I had developed a deep-seated uneasiness around the topic of theater that, in spite of my many wonderful experiences here, I feared I would never shake.

On this occasion, I am happy to say that I was proven wrong. Everything about Tartuffe was masterfully done, and I believe that I have finally been cured of my anti-thespian affliction. From the moment I entered Sharon Martin Hall, I was struck by how very lifelike the set was. It felt for all the world like I had walked straight into the home of an amiable, if concerningly enthusiastic, religious aunt. As we walked to our seats, I had to be physically restrained by my companions to stop me from sitting down on the comfy-looking sofa for a cup of tea. Throughout the show, I was amazed by the brilliance of the lighting. As someone whose "comedy" tends to be extraordinarily wordy and largely unfunny, I was shocked to find that something so silent could provoke such laughter from an audience. And, of course, the performers were all incredible. From the delivery of the lines to the movements to the facial expressions, they always made it seem as though the audience was right there in the room with them, despite the evident invisible wall that separated us.

What, were you expecting me to say something mean? Nah dude, Tartuffe was just straight up good. Only two events served to dampen my enjoyment of the evening, and neither was a direct fault of the show itself. The first was that I was briefly detained by Animal Control during the intermission. Apparently, my laugh had begun to sound suspiciously like the frightened brays of an escaped miniature donkey and, despite my protestations, I was forced to wear a muzzle for the remainder of the performance (just to be safe, they said). The second was a realization that dawned on me as I stepped back into the gleaming fluorescence of the Eisner first floor lobby. No matter how much of a comedic genius my egomaniacal brain allows me to believe that I am, it seems that I will still never hold a candle to the Denison Theatre Department.



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