SCHOLASTIC IS LISTENING
Redefining the gay lifestyle
Perspectives from Abroad
Fallout after the Chilean earthquake
The Art of Healing
Art as expression and therapy
Learning to Lead
Danye Crist prepares to take the reins
My Dad: On childhood naivety and manipulation
Dining Hall Ethics: Proper behavior in our most beloved eating establishment

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Thursday, March 26th @ 10pm Legends

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It's Complicated: April 8-10
Invictus: April 15-17
Sherlock Holmes: April 22-24

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$3 Admission
101 DeBartolo
features

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Notre Dame students tend to be fairly serious: serious about our schoolwork, our athletics, our Viewpoint articles, our interhall racquetball matches. In honor of April Fools', the day of pagan debauchery preceding the most somber and holy days of the Catholic calendar, Scholastic takes the opportunity to highlight the ridiculousness of college and to laugh about our school, our classmates and, most importantly, ourselves.

I, myself, am not a particularly funny person. My most humorous moments of the recent past include trying to walk through what turned out to be a glass door, leaving me bruised and confused as to why I was not outside (I see this as more of a compliment to the homeowners' housekeeping skills rather than an embarrassing incident) — I was not so much laughed with as at. Thankfully, our brilliant and hilarious seniors have put together this year's installment of Sarcastic, Scholastic's annual dose of self-mockery.

It is also with those eight pages that our seniors bid us farewell. We cannot thank them enough for all the hard work and late nights they have put into this and every other issue. They are leaving incredibly large shoes to fill and you know what they say about big shoes ... it's a lot for the new staff to live up to. We wish them the best of luck as they begin to navigate the world and avoid the cult of personality. You will be sorely missed.

Erica Pepitone
Editor-in-Chief
I will give you shepherds after my own heart.

JER. 3:15

YEAR for PRIESTS SERIES

BLESSED ANDRÉ BESSETTE, C.S.C. DINNERS

The Br. Andre Dinners begin with 5:15 p.m. mass at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart followed by dinner and presentation in the Oak Room of the South Dining Hall. The evening will conclude by 7:15 p.m.

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Come explore the gift of the Priesthood and the life of zeal of the Congregation of Holy Cross with this series of talks and dinners. Bishop D'ArCY and Bishop RhoaDES will be speaking directly to the gift of the priesthood to the Church while the Br. Andre Dinner series will allow for an informal conversation about how this gift is realized in the Congregation of Holy Cross. Join us.

holycrossvocations.org

Contact: 574.631.6385 or email vocation.1@nd.edu
"Mom, Dad ... I'm gay." You can imagine how many parents dream of the day they will hear those words uttered from the mouths of their sons or daughters. I'll give you a hint: It's very few. Yet for many parents, it is a reality that they must face. The difficulty in dealing with these revelations, however, often lies in issues that extend far beyond one's choice of a partner.

For some parents, it is the crushing realization that they may never be grandparents. For others, it is a conflict with faith. Frequently, it is simply the shock that maybe their child won't turn out to be exactly the person they had dreamed of. The coming out process that parents of gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgender children go through is riddled with challenges, but none is greater than dealing with the "gay lifestyle."

Anyone who has ever heard of a Viewpoint war has seen the term thrown around recklessly in the annual debate surrounding Notre Dame's non-discrimination clause. But what exactly is this lifestyle so many administrators and alumni refuse to promote?

If you asked some members of the Notre Dame community, it would include vast amounts of anonymous sex, regular visits to bathhouses and a moral decline likely resulting in eternal damnation (don't worry, I've already picked out my handbasket, and it's fabulous). How, then, did this stereotype of the gay lifestyle come to be?

Allow me to take you on a brief trip through time.

Following the Stonewall riots in 1969, the gay rights movement exploded across the country, ushering in the era of free love into the '70s. No one, certainly no gays or lesbians, wanted to get married. After all, marriage was a made-up institution created by the conservative right to discriminate against anyone who was different. Who needed marriage when you could have gratuitous sex with total strangers?

Needless to say, the conservative crazies led by American sweetheart-turned-activist Anita Bryant caught on quickly and used their fear of all-things-unChristian to create a public outcry against the gay movement, expelling gay and lesbian teachers from schools for fear of "homosexual recruitment" (how else would we get new members?) and laying a foundation for much of the homophobia that exists today.

The gay lifestyle was brought under siege for its debasing morals and corruptive acts. These sexual deviants needed to be stopped, and what better way to do so than to create irrational nationwide panic? After all, it's about the kids.

When the AIDS epidemic broke out in the '80s, the conservative activists used it as fuel for the fire, claiming the disease was God's punishment to gay men for their "unnatural" acts, further alienating members of the GLBTQ community and stigmatizing their very existence.

Flash forward to 2010 and many members of my parents' generation still think of the gay lifestyle the way they did 30 years ago: as a hypersexual playground for lascivious drag queens. So, are they living in the past or has there really been no progress?

During my Introduction to Theology seminar freshman year, my class was charged with writing an argumentative essay, making a case for or against the use of Rom 1:24-32 (the only place in the New Testament where homosexuality is explicitly mentioned) as the sole basis for the Catholic Church's teaching on homosexuality. While the class was split roughly 50/50 as to the importance of the passage in Church teaching, our professor pointed out an interesting occurrence: Every student mentioned same-sex marriage in his or her essay, despite its absence from the prompt. While I was in no way shocked (Iowa had just legalized same-sex marriage and a media frenzy inevitably followed), our professor seemed rather surprised. As a self-described witness to the gay rights movement of the '70s, she found a stark contrast with our generation's perception of homosexuality and that of decades past.

As she explained, our generation has come to define issues surrounding homosexuality as those of marriage and legality, emphasizing equality and civil rights, vastly different from the "free love" of the '60s and '70s that rejected the social bondage of marriage.

Our generation does not associate the "gay lifestyle" with promiscuity and hookups. Rather, we have come to associate those very characteristics with simply being a young person. Binge drinking and the hookup culture promote one-night stands and casual intercourse, while music videos show more skin than pictures in your dad's old Playboys. It would seem as if the college lifestyle has taken on the very characteristics that defined the gay lifestyle years ago.

So where does that leave the gays? Married with children. In a role reversal no one saw coming, the mainstream gay lifestyle has becoming frighteningly similar to the institutionalized right so loathed for decades.

Increasing emphasis has been placed on the role of gays and lesbians as husbands, wives, mothers and fathers. No longer the sexual perverts of the past, GLBTQ persons are now embraced by many communities as equals: fully human for the first time.

While the gay rights movement began with a simple desire for acceptance, equality in all respects has become the final frontier. Yet documents like Notre Dame's nondiscrimination clause refuse to grant protections to members of the GLBTQ community.

Arguments against the inclusion of sexual orientation in the non-discrimination clause abound, ranging from legal complications to bold accusations and hate mail. Out of this so-called "dialogue," I have found that, overwhelmingly, arguments against gay rights find deep-seated roots not in morality, but in fear.

I ask, then, what are we afraid of?

Are we afraid of promoting healthy, monogamous relationships that emphasize mutual love and respect? Are we afraid of promoting positive parenthood? Are we afraid of encouraging couples to partake in relationships that could (gasp!) lead them closer to God? Or are we simply afraid of promoting that terrifying monster in the closet that is the unfamiliar?

As future leaders of the world, we are called to redefine what it means to be members of an increasingly global society. As future mothers, fathers, husbands, wives and partners, we are compelled to redefine a lifestyle by refusing to submit to fear and proudly embracing change.

The views of this author are not necessarily the views of Scholastic Magazine.
SOAPBOX

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JUDGMENT CALLS

1. Mendoza ranked #1
   ND finally wins BCS Championship
   - Business College Superior.

2. NDH April Fools’ Prank
   As if your spoon placement wasn’t
   annoying enough already.

3. Ricky Martin coming out
   He seems to be the last to know.

   Gives new meaning to “The Blind
   Side.”

5. Sbarro contract expiring
   If it is replaced, will the 2 a.m.
   crowd even notice?

HOW TO
Pull an all-nighter

Alyssa Morones

There comes a time in every college student’s life when the homework
has piled up so high that the only thing left to do is work through
the night. (Engineers, you know what I’m talking about.) While
the journey may be rough and the rewards dubious, it is a road that must
be travelled. Below, I have provided a few pointers to help you complete
your nighttime quest.

1. Discover the glories of late-night television: One of the many
   benefits of staying up late into the night, long after Letterman
   and Leno have completed their nightly spels, is the opportunity
to witness the profound television programs that haunt cable channels.
   You’ll find that MTV really does still play music ... at 3:30 a.m. and ABC
   Family, during the witching hour, airs fair and balanced fundamentalist
   Christian programming.

2. Devour any and all forms of caffeine: There may come a time,
   perhaps around 2:00 a.m., when you get your second burst of energy.
   Be prepared, however, for the horror that is energy crash. While
   coffee is always good, additional caffeine reinforcements may be necessary.
   These may include tea, chocolate or, oddly enough, 53-proof alcohol.

3. Invent random, periodic distractions: A kind of hypnotic stupor
   may befall you while attempting to avoid sleep. At this point, any
   and all household objects become fair game for distractions. How
   many shapes can you make out of a paper clip? Just how tightly can you
   twist that string around your finger before it turns blue? Is it possible to
   actually hypnotize yourself by swinging a necklace in front of your face?
   There’s never been a better time to find out.

4. Avoid the 15 minute power nap: Don’t fall into the trap that is
   the power nap. When deprived of sleep, judgment is questionable.
   Fifteen minutes easily becomes four hours. The time for napping
   has come and gone, my friend. You are now in the endurance stage of
   your study schedule.

5. Keep tissues near you: There may come a time in your night where
   the only reasonable thing left to do is cry. Go for it. Let out those
   tears. Just remember that you have limited time. Allot five minutes
   for some intense sobbing, then it’s back to work.
Generosity Grants
Money Awarded for the Study of Giving It

Clara Ritger

While the recent film Extraordinary Measures made Hollywood millions, headlines are publishing the story of a new kind of research that has Notre Dame written all over it. Since 2008, sociology professor Christian Smith has been looking into the mystery surrounding the question of generosity: Why are some people more generous than others?

Though there are many existing fields that examine altruism and volunteerism, Smith hopes to create an umbrella category with his research. In conjunction with his own research, Smith created the Science of Generosity Initiative to foster additional ideas that could lead to an answer. Through a competitive judging process advertised worldwide, the University of Notre Dame awarded a total of $1.4 million to four projects that, according to Smith, “will study the origins, manifestations and consequences of generosity.”

One such project focuses on the effects of Catholicism on generosity, but what interests Smith most is religious financial giving in general. “There are many social psychological factors that contribute to generosity,” he says, “and aside from studying [local] congregations and field studies focused on religion, we want to look at the context of the situations surrounding major donors.” Smith says that sometimes the neighborhood in which an individual grew up and who one does and does not know can affect whether he or she is generous.

“By May or June, we plan on sending out a national survey, and from there conducting an in-depth study of households,” Smith says. He hopes to solidify his findings a year from now, but plans to keep the grant active for at least another three years. Although there hasn’t been any concrete evidence yet, Smith has a piece of advice for living a better lifestyle. “If you volunteer more you will realize that it is a win-win situation,” Smith says. “It is a world of abundance, not scarcity. Everything [students] have is a gift, and they ought to be sharing it.”

TOP FIVE reasons we’re sorry Lent is over

1. No more four-cheese pasta in the dining hall on Fridays.
2. The priests look pretty snazzy in those purple robes.
3. Getting fat after giving up our Lenten promises.
4. We were telling our parents that ResLife service hours were mandatory almsgiving.
5. Long lines return to the FroYo machine.
Chinese Earthquake Doesn’t Stop Study Abroad

Laura Kraege

On February 25, 19 Notre Dame students left Linares, Chile and arrived in Santiago. A day later, an earthquake devastated the city of Concepción, only 200 miles from Linares. Despite the distance, the 8.8 magnitude shock traveled up and down the coast and inland, damaging homes and injuring people as far as 300 miles away in Santiago.

“I was at home with my wife and our four children, sleeping because it happened at 3:45 in the morning,” on-site director of the Chile program Juan Esteban Montes says. “I have lived through a couple earthquakes and this one was scarier,” he says. “My house shook amazingly strong, bookshelves collapsed ... It was almost impossible to walk during the three minutes of the earthquake.”

And while the Chilean quake ranks as the fifth strongest ever recorded by the United States Geological Survey, it was not nearly as damaging or deadly as Haiti’s January earthquake.

“None of the students, their Chilean host families or friends were injured. None of their houses were destroyed or suffered severe structural damage either,” Montes says. “For the magnitude of the event, damage was limited due to the high quality of construction standards, strict enforcement of the building laws and low corruption of the pertinent Chilean authorities for the past several decades.”

Still, the country was not unharmed. “Most everyone I know in Santiago Centro had at least something happen to their house,” Notre Dame alumnus Christine Clark (’09) says. Clark is volunteering with the Congregation of Holy Cross in Santiago.

“Most buildings were built with construction codes and every modern building is OK,” she says. “But some older buildings and churches suffered damage and there are several buildings ... that have to be torn down because they are dangerous. You see caution tape pretty often while walking around my area.”

After the three-minute disaster ended, tsunami warnings were issued. At least 200,000 homes were left damaged and 500 people were killed. “From watching the news, it seems like the area of Concepción is just a disaster,” Clark says. “If it wasn’t destroyed in the earthquake, it was destroyed by the tsunami that hit right after.”

In spite of the region’s devastation, Santiago and the ND study abroad program rebounded relatively quickly. “After three or four days from the earthquake, the city was working almost completely normal,” Montes says. “Classes at the university were about to start before the earthquake and were delayed for three days. After that, life has been pretty much as usual.”

In addition to the delay of classes, the Office of International Studies (OIS) considered several factors before offering students the chance to return home.

“There was uncertainty as to how we would respond, how the semester would play out for [the students],” assistant director at OIS Lesley Sullivan says. “No decision was made for several days after the earthquake.”

But after OIS consulted with on-site staff, reviewed information on the United States Department of State Web site and received structural engineering reports that deemed all host houses safe, they left the choice up to students.

“All students decided to stay in Chile and continue with their program,” Montes says. “ND offered them the possibility to return to the US, but none did.”

While the earthquake hasn’t critically affected this year’s program, Sullivan suspects it may prompt changes in the future.

“I took over [my position] in August of last year, so if concerns [about safety] were brought up previously, I’m not aware,” she says. “I think it will be a concern going forward ... It will affect the way we prepare our students, probably the frequency and intensity of communication with on-site staff, and monitoring the appropriate Web sites more.”

Although Clark called the response to Chile’s crisis “tremendous,” she believes more aid will be needed and encourages ND students to be proactive in their efforts to help.

“Stay abreast of the situation,” she says. “It’s hard to when it’s not directly affecting you, but the worst thing that can happen is that Chile would ask for help and its situation is already forgotten by the U.S.”

Laura Kraege
Former Fort Wayne-South Bend Bishop John D'Arcy suggested new chapels on campus be formally dedicated, and on Sunday, March 21, Ryan Hall became the first known dorm to have such a ceremony performed.

During the dedication, Bishop Kevin Rhoades, the new bishop of Fort Wayne-South Bend, used holy water, incense and holy chrism over the course of the Mass to anoint the altar and bless the St. Anne Chapel in Ryan Hall.

Although a chapel is a place of prayer and worship, it does not have to be dedicated. Dedication is meant to serve as a sign of holiness and the presence of Christ for those who worship there. Chapel dedication is reserved for priests who have achieved the rank of bishop.

"Can you walk in [to the chapel] and tell there's a difference? No. But to be there and to be present in that Mass was a beautiful way to be present in our faith," Ryan Hall rector Breyan Tornifolio says. Many Ryan Hall residents as well as other members of the Notre Dame community were present for what was Rhoades's first dedication on campus.

While the informality of most dorm Masses provides a sense of comfort and familiarity to those who worship, the service served as a reminder to those present that the chapel is a house of God.

"I came away from the Mass with an increased sense of reverence for the chapel and the altar in particular," junior Ryan Hall campus ministry commissioner Jessica Hedrich says. "It enhances the spiritual life in the dorm by reminding us that the chapel is a holy place. It was a nice change to have a more formal Mass in the dorm. When we're down in the chapel in our pajamas and sweatpants, it's easier to lose some of that sense of reverence."

The observance and rituals that took place during the Mass seemed to impact many of the congregants.

"[The ceremony is] solemn. It's traditional. It does have an impact," Ryan Hall's resident priest Father Joseph Carey, C.S.C. says. "We've had Mass here before, but it is letting people know it is a holy place. There are a lot of holy places all over campus, but seeing it done makes you realize it."

With D'Arcy's recommendation, Ryan Hall's St. Anne Chapel is likely to be among many chapel dedications that will occur over the next few years.

"The dorm Masses are an essential part of our residency," Tornifolio says. "To have a dedication highlights the importance the university places on liturgy within dorm life."

According to Hedrich, campus chapels are not merely a part of the architecture of new buildings. "The chapel is not just another room in a building," she says. "It's a place where Mass is performed and the Body of Christ is reserved in the tabernacle, and it's a place where people can go at any time of day or night to spend some quiet time with God. I think dedicating the chapel acknowledges this unique and holy purpose."

This unique purpose is, for many, an integral part of campus life and development throughout college.

"[Notre Dame] is a place to live, study, make friends and worship," Tornifolio says. "Spirituality is part of the education of mind and heart. To worship within a community is part of spiritual growth and development of the whole person." Dedicating chapels, she says, draws attention to spiritual life and its importance within the hectic lives of college students.

"People 25 years from now might not know [this chapel was dedicated]," Carey says, "but if people witness, tell about what they saw, they will know of [the] consecration, [the] dedication, [that] this is a special place where God is present."
University Resources for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Questioning Students

The Core Council for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Questioning Students

Provides information, education, and resources

Contact: Sr. Sue Dunn, OP. dunn.54@nd.edu, 1-5550

or Eddie Velazquez at evelazqu@nd.edu

Visit our web site at corecouncil.nd.edu

SCHOLASTIC

ND's Student Magazine

Keep on reading Scholastic, bringing you campus news, culture, humor, and sports since 1867.
The Core Council for... -~ the things we do 
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the things we do
“It's Complicated”
Where: DeBartolo 101
When: Thurs. 04/08, 10 p.m., Fri. 04/09, 8 p.m., and Sat. 04/10, 8:00 and 10:30 p.m.
What: SUB Movies presents It's Complicated starring Meryl Streep. $3 for students.

Public Debate: "Is Religion the Problem?"
Where: DPAC
When: Wed. 04/07, 7:30 p.m.
What: Famed atheist Christopher Hitchens and esteemed Catholic apologetic Dinesh D'Souza debate religion.

Treasure of the Week

“108 Thoughts on Spirituality”
Where: Snite Museum of Art
When: Tues. 04/13 to Fri. 04/16, 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.
What: Meditate and reflect upon spirituality with artist Caroline Chiu’s images of flames, music from sacred traditions and sacred smells.
Cloud Cult

Where: Legends Nightclub
When: Sat, 04/17, 10 p.m.

What: Check out this Minnesota rock band whose lead singer holds a degree in Environmental Science, resulting in the environmental, political and social awareness themes in their music.

Men's Baseball vs. Chicago State

Where: Frank Eck Baseball Stadium
When: Wed, 05/03, 7 p.m.

Women's Lacrosse vs. Cincinnati

Where: Arlotta Family Lacrosse Stadium (east of the Joyce Center)
When: Sat, 04/17, 3 p.m.

Relay for Life

Where: Notre Dame Stadium
When: Fri, 04/16, 6:00 p.m., to Sat, 04/17, 9:00 a.m.

What: Join in on this all-night event raising money for the fight against cancer.
The Art of Healing

Campus Groups Counter Violence Through Art

Claire Reising

As stories of violence and discrimination dominate headlines and conversations, the Gender Relations Center (GRC) and Core Council are turning to writing and art to reflect on these problems.

"You can get almost overwhelmed with the amount of violence. Even when it's not local, it becomes close to you," MFA candidate and leader of A Time to Write Tasha Matsumoto says.

A Time to Write, a creative writing workshop sponsored by the GRC last Saturday, provided a forum for people to address sexual assault and other forms of violence. Stand Against Hate Week, taking place April 12-16, focuses on hate crimes against the gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender and questioning (GLBTQ) community and will feature a coffeehouse where students can have open discussion and share art and creative writing.

A Therapeutic Process

At A Time to Write, participants discussed writing's role in healing and responding to violence. MFA candidates were present to facilitate small group writing sessions.

"It's basically a chance to express their emotions in a way that they usually don't have time for," GRC student assistant Laura Lauck says.

At the end of the workshop, writers could read their work out loud, and participants gave each other positive feedback.

"It's really nice to hear someone else reading words that you've written, knowing someone else internalized it ... [and] it meant something to them," MFA candidate and leader of A Time to Write Tasha Matsumoto says.

A Time to Write is part of Notre Dame's Violence Prevention Initiative (VPI), which was created to raise awareness about local and global violence, support survivors, raise money for nonprofit organizations and become a flagship for other Catholic universities. VPI is also accepting original writing for its literary journal until April 9.

While not all those who participated in A Time to Write have personally experienced sexual assault, those who have survived it have the opportunity to heal through writing.

"It also is important to people who have directly experienced violence as a way for catharsis. It can be a pathway to healing, to reclaim the voice that was taken from them," GRC Assistant Director Elizabeth Moriarty says.

GRC student assistant Patrick Tighe says writing allows people to play an active role in their own healing.

"When we discuss being healed, we think of it in passive terms," he says. "When you write, you're actually doing something. You're taking the active step towards healing and doing the healing yourself."

The workshop also examined how art can counter the desensitization that results from constant exposure to statistics and news stories about violence.

"It's sad that [rape statistics] are this high, and it's sad that it's that well known that it's being assimilated," MFA candidate in creative writing Levi Sanchez says.

Stand Against Hate

Core Council co-chair Eddie Velazquez says that Stand Against Hate Week, like A Time to Write, provides an occasion for students to reflect on violence and provide hope for a solution. In addition to the coffeehouse, Stand Against Hate Week will include a guest professor who will address the history of discrimination based on sexual orientation, a GRC panel on sexuality and a screening of "The Laramie Project," a film about the true story of a young gay man who was murdered because of his sexuality. Students can also sign an ally pledge banner, and the week will end with a prayer service and the National Day of Silence.

The coffeehouse, a new event this year, will provide an atmosphere open for discussion, and students can display artwork or present creative writing. Maureen Lafferty, a staff psychologist at the university Counseling Center and a member of Core Council, says that students can submit any artwork related to social justice concerns, in addition to issues that the GLBTQ community faces.
Velazquez says that after the Mobile Party comic joked about violence against gay students, the Core Council wanted to use art in a constructive way and provide an open environment for discussion.

"Because some people saw this comic strip as a form of art, of course, because it is a cartoon, we decided it would be a good idea to counteract that with original artwork [also] made by Notre Dame students," he says.

"There was a strong stigma associated with the student body that there were perhaps not enough welcoming environments or welcoming people on campus, so by implementing the coffeehouse we decided to go a little bit broader with Core Council events to make sure people know it is safe to be a gay, lesbian or bisexual student on campus and that there are resources available."

After the campus reacted to The Mobile Party's cartoon, Velazquez says Core Council received support for Stand Against Hate Week from several student groups and the Office of the President.

"After [The Mobile Party's cartoon], I think the student groups who were always willing to help us were a little more vocal, and they realized there really are issues facing GLBTQ students on campus, and that has made them a little more active with the Core Council," he says.

**Healing and Communicating**

The organizers of both Stand Against Hate Week and A Time to Write emphasize the role that art can have in helping people communicate their thoughts and emotions after a traumatic experience. Matsumoto says art can help someone say what he or she could not otherwise express.

"I think one of the great things about writing is [that] it gives form to something," she says. "It's a way of approaching something that's overwhelming or unapproachable ... I think that when you give a shape to a story you are able to have more control over it in a way."

Matsumoto and other MFA students at Notre Dame hold writing workshops throughout the South Bend community at St. Margaret's House, the Center for the Homeless and a juvenile correction facility.

Moriarty, whose parents are artists, says she appreciates how art and creative writing can help people persevere through a difficult situation. While art conveys someone's pain, it also celebrates the artist's humanity.

"Not that God would ever will these things to happen, but good things can come from bad situations and I think that art is one of those things. It's a way to bring goodness into the world in what have been hard times for people," Moriarty says. "I think the way that people will survive these problems is finding hope and ... we're all called to be hopeful to other people. I think the writing workshop is a way for hopefulness."

Telling a personal story is one of the most effective ways to reach out to people, Lafferty says. During educational talks or RA training sessions, for example, personal stories from GLBTQ students often have a strong impact on participants.

"We get the most consistently positive feedback about that because once people can relate to someone's story, it opens up their hearts, it opens up their minds. They stretch themselves, even if it's something that makes them uncomfortable," Lafferty says.

**Making Progress?**

Although Lauck sees A Time to Write as a positive step, she says that more students must recognize that sexual assault remains a threat on campus in order for lasting change to be made.

"I think the biggest thing, at least at Notre Dame right now, is [that] many people say that they don't think [sexual assault] happens here because it's a Catholic university," Lauck says. "I think understanding and getting people to know that it's simply not the case — that's the first hurdle. If people aren't willing to believe that and listen to that, then your voice isn't being heard at all on these issues."

Moriarty also says that students can affect attitudes towards issues like sexual assault and disrespect for GLBTQ students by avoiding offensive language, such as inappropriate use of the words "rape" or "gay."

"I think simple steps can be done through the grassroots and that's where true change can come," she says.

Despite instances of disrespect, such as The Mobile Party's cartoon, Velazquez sees an overall increased respect for GLBTQ students on campus, and he says more people are willing to sign the ally pledge banner.

"I'm glad to say that the avoiding looks and quick sprints past our [pledge] table have diminished greatly over the past few years. More often than not we get students who come up and say with open arms, 'Yes, I will be part of this.'"
One weekend, I witnessed something magical, a truly moving phenomenon that often goes unnoticed and unappreciated in our daily lives. I’m talking, of course, about that moment when the stars align, the universe smiles and all of mankind is brought together in brotherhood under the unifying power of a truly great Hit Single. (OK, maybe not ALL of mankind, but it sounds a lot better than “anyone who is within earshot of the song at the time.”)

Every time one of these truly transcendent popular hits begins to play, everyone in the room suddenly finds common ground in the appreciation of and, more often than not, the participation in the musical genius of the Hit Single. I witnessed one such event at the Sister Hazel Concert on Saturday, March 20 at Legends.

I am not a Sister Hazel fan, but a slightly more enthusiastic friend goaded me into seeing their concert. I was reluctant to go, on the basis that I only knew one of the band’s songs: that catchy, popular tune from the late ‘90s, “All For You.” Everyone remembers that song; it was huge back in ’97, hitting No. 11 on the Billboard Hot 100.

It’s 10:45 on Saturday night at Legends, and Sister Hazel is just taking the stage. The place is packed with students, which I was not expecting. The band plays through their repertoire for about an hour, with each member of the crowd swaying along, maybe singing a little bit here and there to a song they know, but without connecting to any of their fellow spectators. And then, with three songs left before the end of the show, the opening chords to that unmistakable Sister Hazel Hit Single, “All For You,” play through the speakers, and the crowd goes wild. People begin to dance like maniacs, arms smack nearby neighbors, air guitars are broken out. I even hear one girl in front of me singing along at the top of her lungs in opera. Weird? Yes. But it was the perfect demonstration of the incomparable power of the truly great Hit Single.

What “All For You” did to the crowd on that Saturday in March is what all great Hit Singles are capable of doing: turning a crowd of strangers, who on most occasions operate within their own worlds – taking neither time nor effort to connect with any other wayfarer on this little journey we call life – into a family, a network of comrades, united in solidarity under the knowledge and love of this one song, if only for that three and a half minutes that the music endures.

The moral of my tale is this: Be not afraid, my friends, to embrace the almighty power of the Hit Single, no matter how outdated or seemingly corny the song may be. Walk proudly through the dining hall singing the Backstreet Boys’ “I Want It That Way.”布莱尔 “Breakfast at Tiffany’s” from your open dorm window. Break it down to Soft Cell’s “Tainted Love” at the next dorm party. You never know with whom you will connect under that blessed banner of the truly great Hit Single. 

- Katie Corr

The views of this author are not necessarily the views of Scholastic Magazine.
Greenberg

Greenberg, the latest creation from Noah Baumbach (The Squid and the Whale) features Ben Stiller in what is possibly his first new role since Happy Feet. Shifting from his iconic funny-man persona, Stiller breaks new ground as Roger Greenberg, a lost soul who moves from Brooklyn to Los Angeles to figure out his life while house sitting for his successful brother. While Greenberg undoubtedly embodies Baumbach’s style of wistful, depression and morbidity, its appeal comes from Stiller’s ability to infuse strangely comedic elements into one of the saddest movies you’ve ever seen. Greta Gerwig makes her mainstream debut as Florence Mar, Greenberg’s love interest and the only person who can pull him out of the funk he doesn’t know he is in.

Sure, Greenberg features the jaded, witty bantering of every wannabe indie film since Juno, but it manages to set itself apart with its no-depressing-rocks-left-unturned approach to life. Greenberg unabashedly states that he is “really trying to do nothing for a while,” only to be received with looks of confusion and contempt. Perhaps Greenberg seems so timely because it’s a reminder that we don’t always need to have everything figured out. Revolutionary? Not entirely, but refreshing nonetheless.

An Education

Academy Award-nominated Carey Mulligan makes her silver-screen debut in An Education, a not-so-classic coming-of-age story set in 1960s London. Mulligan plays Jenny Miller, an intelligent, cultured schoolgirl who resents her parents’ overbearing concern with her admission to Oxford. After meeting David Goldman, a charming older man played by Peter Sarsgaard, Jenny falls in love with his lavish lifestyle and well-cultured friends. When the friendship becomes more intimate, Jenny’s wide-eyed innocence is replaced with the experience of someone well beyond her years.

Mulligan and Sarsgaard shine with standout performances that quickly draw the viewer in, while a well-adapted screenplay (also nominated) provides food for thought for young and old alike. What An Education teaches is something that can’t be learned in the classroom; it shows the raw passion of youth while giving way to the wisdom of old age. Although the ending may not appeal to everyone, An Education is worthwhile for anyone looking to learn beyond his or her courses.

My World 2.0 by Justin Bieber

As a reviewer at a Catholic institution, I feel I must extend Justin Bieber some kindness. He is very successful. Success, however, is a tenuous thing, and his new album will not do much to increase it. My World 2.0, his creatively titled follow-up to his first album, My World, is a whole lot of bubblegum pop. Just when the pre-teen music market looked like it could not take another song about the one who got away, Bieber tugs on the heartstrings of tween girls everywhere in a voice that is more appropriate for the Alvin and the Chipmunks soundtrack.

Bieber covers themes tried and tired – wanting a girl (“Somebody to Love”), having a girl (“Runaway Love”) and losing a girl (“That Should Be Me”). All of the songs seem beyond his age and outside his vocal ability. Bieber struggles to reach notes at several points, and the overall tone of the album could best be described as whining. Although declared by some as the future Justin Timberlake, the young singer has done little to raise himself to that sort of stardom in this mediocre album.

Habits by Neon Trees

The lyrics could be Rob Thomas, and the vocals and music could be the Killers. In combination, however, Neon Trees creates a musical experience it can call its own in its debut album Habits. Although the album will not propel the band onto the national stage, it forms a solid foundation to build its catalogue and fanbase. Habits is a rousing experience; the songs meld together well and compel the listener to hear the album from start to finish. What the band lacks in lyrical subtlety, it compensates for with enthusiasm and strong performances. Songs like “1983” and “Girls and Boys In School” showcase the band’s talent for creating enticing hooks that will certainly translate well on a live stage. If Habits is any indication, Neon Trees is well on its way to great things.
Scholastic is Listening

Dear Student,

If you've been to a computer cluster this year, you know that Fr. John has been listening. Well guess what, so has Scholastic. As a matter of fact, we've been doing more than just listening; we've been watching, and our intentions are far more malignant than what Jenkins had planned. We've been following your every move and we know everything about you, John Doemer...

It starts with your computer; from observing your activity on Texts From Last Night, Twitter, and the rest of your Internet indulgences we've learned what you're really doing when you say you're going to the library to write a paper. You should be ashamed of yourself for requesting an extension on that essay due last week. But who are we kidding? Pretty much everything people do on the Computer Cluster is a clueless pawn, say goodbye to your precious Vagina Monologues, bwhahahahahahahaha...

And don't think for a second that we stopped at watching what you do on the computer either. This last semester we followed you around campus and have strung together a little photo narrative of your most dramatic experiences. We never knew "internship" could be interpreted in so many ways. We even stumbled upon an article you wrote for The Grover that never went to print. The Grover might bark, but Sarcastic bites.

So now it's your turn to listen, Doemer. Can you look back on your last semester in college and be happy with what you accomplished? Well we hope so, because now Sarcastic airing out the truth, and letting the rest of the student body pass judgment on your life. Granted, in the time that it has taken us to put your web activity into magazine form, we could have actually made a website for our magazine. Your pleas will fall on deaf ears though, Doemer— the truth is out!

Sincerely,

Scholastic Magazine Seniors
SCHOOL: 145 Zahm HOUSE, South Bend, In 46637
HOME: Chicago. Well, a suburb outside of Chicago. Like twenty minutes away from Medieval Times
PHONE (574) 631-0000 • E-MAIL IBLEEDGOLDNANDBLUE@ND.EDU

JOHN DOEMER

EDUCATION
8/06-Present: University of Notre Dame, Senior in Mendoza College of Business – Accounting; College of Engineering – Chemical Engineering; College of Arts and Letters – Arabic; Minor – Catholic Social Teaching
- Study abroad in London, Spring 2009
- Conspicuous alcohol consumption with other Americans
- Became friends with the kid who has lived in my section for two years
- Kicked out of a pub for belligerently speaking in a British accent

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE
Irish Grover: It behooves a Muppet to fabricate irrelevant and offensive tirades with a clear conservative agenda. Good, Grover. Editor in chief (2010)
- Dig through archives of unflattering pictures of President Barack Obama. Front page, baby!
- Publish truth the Observer can't handle
- Serve God, Country and Rush Limbaugh

Appalachia Supervisor: Because I was too smart to work with the normal people
Mentor (2009)
- Saved the Appalachia region by sacrificing an entire week out of my school year
- Learned that, even though they don’t have a 3.5 GPA while pulling a superhuman workload at a private university that’s just barely short of an Ivy League institution, the poor have something to teach us too
- Saw the face of Jesus in a sick child. And then told him to find his own damn health insurance.

Deloitte: This firm selects only the toughest, smartest, most driven interns in the field. And those with something least resembling a soul.
Intern (2008)
- Waited in line for 3 hours at the annual career fair.
- Made enough copies to kill all the trees on South Quad
- Manager McJerk’s favorite coffee-runner (super-skinny skim soy latte, half shot of vanilla)
- Gained knowledge, strength, wisdom, efficiency and fortitude

Interhall Broomball Champion: If hockey is for girls, then broomball is for gods.
- Finally demonstrated that I can actually walk on water (albeit frozen)
- Highest scorer in broomball history (probably because I was the only sober one)

WORK & COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES
- Fastest cross-planter to date in the annual abortion protest (over 1,0000 crosses in 2 minutes)
- Irish Guard – wouldn’t you like to know what we keep under those kilts?
- Volunteer at South Bend Center for the Homeless – I only went once, but it was a really powerful experience
- College Republicans – President, four years running. Sarah Palin calls me for fashion advice. I call her SayPay.
- Zahm House treasurer – Whistle blower in the House pizza embezzlement of ‘07
- Latin Expressions – Though I’m 100% white upper middle class, I figured a little diversity never hurt the ole’ resume

AWARDS
- Student Body Leadership
- Student Government Leadership
- Volunteer Leadership
- Class Leadership
- Leadership of the current Notre Dame administration (Jenkins is a clueless pawn, say goodbye to your precious Vagina Monologues, bwhahahahahahah)
(812):
what r u doing 2nite?
(1-812):
drinking. watch sportscenter. yell at farley girls from the window. prolly pass out by 2.
Replies (0) Good night (73) Bad night (13) Order T-Shirt

(574):
Hey! We met at 23 last night! Want to go to my senior prom? My mom said we can rent a limo and I won't even have a curfew!
Replies (11) Good night (346) Bad night (53) Order T-Shirt

(847):
Dude, i threw up at finny's last night
(231): had too much to drink?
(847):
nah, touched the floor on accident
Replies (3) Good night (63) Bad night (464) Order T-Shirt

(216):
he seemed pretty cool, until i found out he lives across the lake
(1-216):
yeah, the walk to carroll usually isn't worth it.
(216):
that's true. but the walk to the seminary is NEVER worth it
Replies (30) Good night (150) Bad night (29) Order T-Shirt

(773):
is the big couch in the 24 hour lounge open?
(908):
well, there's a couple kids sitting here. i'm sure they won't mind if we make out.
Replies (11) Good night (346) Bad night (53) Order T-Shirt

(614):
I ended up in the gipper...again. Who the hell is this person?
(727):
her name is Allison Thomas. she's a senior english and latin american studies major. BOOM!
Replies (2) Good night (83) Bad night (7) Order T-Shirt

(716):
hey so we hooked up last night. my name's matt...your turn.
Replies (3) Good night (63) Bad night (464) Order T-Shirt
What r u doing 2nite?

drinking. watch sportscenter. yell at farley girls from the window. prolly pass out by 2.

~

Replies (O)

Good night (73)

Bad night (13)

Order T-Shirt

Heyl We met at 23 last night! Want to go to my senior prom? My mom said we can rent a limo and I won't even have a curfew!

~

Replies (11)

Good night (346)

Dude, i threw up at finny's last night had too much to drink?

nah, touched the floor on accident

~

Bad night (53)

~

Replies (3)

.. Good night (63)

~

Bad night (464)

he seemed pretty cool, until i found out he lives across the lake yeah, the walk to carroll usually isn't worth it.

~

Good night (150)

'Bad night (29)

is the big couch in the 24 hour lounge open?

well, there's a couple kids sitting here. i'm sure they won't mind if we make out.

~

Replies (11)

Good night (346)

Bad night (53)

I ended up in the gipper ... again. Who the hell is this person?

her name is Allison Thomas. she's a senior english and latin american studies major. BOOM!

~

Replies (2)

Good night (83)

Bad night (7)

hey so we hooked up last night. my name's matt...your turn.
During his nightly stalking of various Notre Dame women's Facebook profiles, John Doerner finds something that catches his eye. Similar interests, similar political views, and they both have Springsteen as their favorite music. It all check out. Jane could be the one.

Things got hot and heavy quickly. First they made it Facebook official. Then they stopped hanging out with their friends. But then they really took things to the next level — same-siding it at SDH.

The new couple celebrated their love in the only way Domers know how — making their fellow students feel incredibly awkward with their constant displays of public affection. At one point, they were logging 3 hours a day on their special bench.
In this poignant moment, John and Jane can hardly bear to see each other as the clock strikes 2:00 a.m. Sure, they’ll meet up at 7 to train for the Holy Half. And they’ll get married. And then watch the Bachelor all day because Jane loves “The Bachelor” and John loves Jane.

But wait! Why is Jane looking at him like that? Hadn’t they been the perfect Notre Dame couple? John never missed one birthday or anniversary and never questioned her wardrobe of Uggs and sweatpants. This is not how the story was supposed to end! What could have gone wrong?

After a very long bender, drowning his sorrows in Natural Light and singing Journey with his bros, John still didn’t understand. But he forgot the one thing that can ruin any Notre Dame relationship: a tout-balaver. Jane never dressed that way for John.

As senior year rolls around, John and Jane find themselves strolling by the lakes. John had lined up his job at Deloitte. His boys from Zeta bought a sweet place on the North side of Chicago. But his Notre Dame dream was still missing one thing...

John woke up at the crack of dawn on March 1 to secure a date at the Ritz for a beautiful Doemer wedding. Later that day, John and Jane walked all the way around the lake for the final time, and John got to one knee at the Grotto, certain of his success.

Should he confront her? Should he recognize that they are both adults and they can have a mature discussion about the way their relationship ended? Of course, not. This is Notre Dame. John decided to throw Jane’s bike into a tree and then throw her on Facebook. That will teach her a lesson.
What has gone wrong with Our Lady’s fine institution, my friends? This place used to be the most Catholic place on Earth. Chapels in every dorm. Theology classes teaching the good word to every student. Enormous pictures of Jesus adorning our largest buildings. Priests everywhere you look. Those were the days, my fellow Domers. But today’s Notre Dame? Well, I guess we still have all of those things. But once in a while they have a play on campus with the word “vagina” in the title. Did you know that not Jesus, nor any of his apostles, nor any Pope had a vagina? Why would we use that word as the name of a play? It’s like I can hardly recognize this place anymore.

But let me tell you why I am really worried. Just south of campus, the liberals got together and built some sort of secular fortress. They call it “Eddy Street Commons.” That’s right, Commons. Like Communism. I thought Alan Keyes sufficiently cured our campus of the plague that Obama wrought last spring, but I was wrong. B. Hussein left his cronies from ACORN behind to start a colony. A commons, with rock music playing and restaurants that serve burritos. But the constitution says absolutely nothing about eating burritos. In fact, I know that when the Holy Spirit was writing the constitution, he never once ate Mexican food.

So who are we to blame for this quagmire? I blame John Jenkins. Shame on you, Jenkins! I see what you are doing as President. It’s like you are trying to make alumni, faculty, donors, and students all satisfied. A leader trying to respond to many interest groups of his organization? Blasphemy! The Observer refused to run this column!

I was watching the Pope’s weekly address last week. It was in Latin, so I didn’t understand any of it. But I’m pretty sure I know what he said. He said, “I want you to write many Viewpoint letters to save Notre Dame from turning into the University of California—Santa Barbara.”

Heed these words, oh children of Christ! I see you all eating your meat from Burger King at LaFortune on Fridays. You might not think God can see you, but He can, and He’s super pissed.

In times like this, we must turn towards the wisdom of the papal encyclicals. My favorite, the one written by Glenn Beck, is entitled Vetus for Sarah Palinns. In it, Beck denounces the evils of the secular world like affirmative action, lies about global warming, and Will Smith’s 1997 album Big Willie Style. We are called, as brothers in Christ, to drink lots of cheap beer and yell at our dormmates about these issues. Ladies, you must steer clear of the male dorms while we save this fine institution. You might as well just steer clear of the university altogether. I remember this place being a lot more Catholic and manly before you all showed up.

In conclusion, friends, we are the Fighting Irish and now is the time to fight. We shall fight in the dining halls, we shall fight on the quads, we shall fight in the football stadium and in the JACC, we shall fight in the Main Building; and we shall never surrender. Live every week like it’s Right to Life week.

The Grover’s Inaugural Clergy Crush: Meet the Blessed Fr. Will Haley, C.S.C.

While another unnamed campus publication of ill repute encourages you to befriend random students, who, we would like to warn you, could be binge-drinking, hook-up obsessed, anti-God-country-Notre Dame fanatics, we at The Grover would like to point you in a holier direction. Introducing our first Clergy Crush, (future) Fr. Willie Haley. He was so excited to be blessed with this honor that the C.S.C. of his future priestly order should stand for Can’t Stop Calling (and badgering and nagging and begging to be crushed on). He claims his favorite activities include long walks around the lakes contemplating Truth and Goodness, but we recently spotted Fr. Will trying to pick up girls at the Grotto and drinking something stronger than the Sacred Blood at Corby’s. Fr. Will seems to have conspicuously led a march on campus supporting inclusion of all students and anarchy, so he gave up 97 things for lent, including a Fro-Yo addiction. Who needs friends when you could have spiritual guidance? “Friend” Fr. Will the next time you go to confession. Which should be now. - Statler Waldorf
Jen Wulf, editor in chief, will leave Notre Dame with a PLS degree, which will guarantee her a prominent role in any pretentious cocktail party conversation as the girl who thinks your interpretations on Plato couldn't even pass in her first-year seminar class. She will embark on her journalism career with an internship at the Philadelphia Inquirer. She hopes to return as a member Notre Dame’s Gallivan Journalism panel, whereupon she will rant to young, bright-eyed journalism students that newspapers are dead and reporters like her have been rendered obsolete.

Marques “Sparkling Prose” Camp, managing editor, has forged perhaps one of the most eminent careers in Scholastic history—based almost entirely on weighty pronouncements on the fate of man that he somehow manages to weave into stories on hockey tournaments. Besides managing editor, you may know him as the author of “A Dream Deferred.” No? Try “A Dream Deferred Part Deux.” Despite his heart-rendingly inspired verse, however, Marques decided to sell out to The Man and is heading for the west coast next year to work for Intel. So it is here the dream dies.

Courtney Ball, associate editor, is second in command — seriously. A philosophy/psychology double major, Ball’s loves include Nietzsche, Freud and dressing small dogs in clothes. Besides her more practical skill set of philosophizing and psychological analysis, Ball is a veritable storehouse of obnoxious South Park quotes. Whatever whatever, she does what she wants. Which, next year is grad school at Rochester — where she plans to start a Confederate uprising. The world is a more beautiful place with proper etiquette.

Malisha Samarasekera, associate editor, has a last name that nobody can either say or spell. It's okay, though, because Malisha loves abbrev so we can just call her Malish. In addition to shortened words, Malisha loves attempting to fit a reference to the Browns or THE Ohio State into the sports section because she's never been anywhere more exciting than Ohio. Next year, Malisha will finally hang out with people who are her same height when she moves to Mississippi to be an elementary school teacher for Teach for America.

Molly Kring, executive editor, is a woman of many hats. Molly enjoys kittens, crinkling her nose and day camps. She also owns a pair of oversize boxing gloves with which to dispense of anyone who calls her cute and is prone to insensitive generalizations. Molly can't reveal where she will be employed next year, but swears that it is really cool and will be way better than anything we're doing.

Mike Tresnowski, executive editor, has made a career on Scholastic out of exclaiming “oh man” and “the worst” at nearly everything he encounters. Affectionately known as Tres, he has had the most failed Top 5 and Judgement Call ideas in Scholastic history, but has refused to let these setbacks stop him from moving forward from his first journalistic endeavor, “Shalom at the Dome.” His genius culminated with the Pulitzer Prize winning column, “COLLEGE!” Tres will use the math skills he forgot during his four years of college to teach algebra in Washington D.C next year with Teach For America.

Meagan Drapalik, lead news editor, is the most nurturing, caring person on staff. Her fellow editors take advantage of her disposition by taking her creative story ideas and using them in their own section. Meagan responds to this abuse by apologizing to us and writing us a thank you note. She will take the lessons she has learned about sharing and use them to teach elementary school in Houston next year for Teach for America.

Lauren Cook, photo editor, came far too late to the Scholastic party, joining the staff the spring semester of her junior year, not giving the magazine enough time to appreciate her razor-sharp snark and her photographic artistry. She probably regrets joining late too, not knowing that taking photos for Scholastic gives her the opportunity to feast her eyes upon the best man-candy Notre Dame has to offer.
Lisa Bucior, news assistant, a true journalist, sticks her neck on the line to get the story. Sometimes this means stalking cab-driving townies through the slums of South Bend to get the truth about that guy who posed as a law student for a semester. Sometimes it's being offered 300 camels in exchange for your body from a middle-eastern tradesman. (Author's note: a camel is worth roughly $4,000) Also in true journalist fashion, she has no job for next year and is instead focused on buying droves of cigarettes, scotch and being bitterly inspired.

Kathleen Dilenschneider, assistant design editor, will be an unemployed business major following graduation (Surprise!) Her real dream however, is to eventually embark on a career in the realm of television. Her claim to fame, which she tries to use to impress her interviewers, is that she interned for the "Late Show with David Letterman" last summer and did not sleep with him. That has to count for something, right?

Jenna Newcomb, the manager of business and distribution, may perhaps be the woman behind the curtain for Scholastic. Though any Scholastic staffer would be hard-pressed to say that they have ever seen Jenna, her name has appeared in the magazine for 29 consecutive issues, which has to be a record of some sort. Her relationships with our advertisers ensure that Scholastic has enough money to rain "free" food on staffers week after week. Next year Jenna will be putting her skills to work at law school.

Meghan Bliss is our star designer/copy editor/writer/whatever-else-we-can-bully-her-into-doing. Meghan's favorite part of being Catholic is guilt. When she's not Scholasticizing, she enjoys actualizing dreams, walking on broken glass and demonstrating the usefulness of a pocketknife. Meghan will be putting her outdoorsy sensibilities to good use and maintaining her awesome bike shorts tan line with an internship at a youth leadership camp in Michigan next year.

Krishna Surasi, humor columnist extraordinaire, came out of nowhere this past year to revolutionize the Scholastic humor section. Using wit and observation, Krishna has pointed out the nuances of everyday Notre Dame life and also explored his dynamic relationship with his father. Krishna also plays a lot of Frisbee. If things go according to plan, next year he will be going home to New York to attend medical school. If not, he will just be going home. Either way, he will demand to be called Dr. Surasi.

Juliana Hoffelder is one part photographer, one part artist, one part superhero. Juliana's stunning work graced the cover of this administration's pilot issue and is also framed on this writer's wall. Juliana's next stop is Washington, D.C. (or perhaps Chicago?) where she will be doing educational policy research.

Claire Kenney, staff writer, has had a wild ride with Scholastic magazine. Her inaugural story was an expose on the game day drunk-tank and most recently she found herself stalking janitors in CoMo at 1 a.m. Claire's adventures will continue post-graduation as moves to LA to do public relations work for campaigns.

Conor Binder, staff photographer, has a personal relationship with Scholastic that goes beyond his camera prowess. An RA in Sorin, he belongs to the dorm that a Scholastic survey revealed as one of the best party dorms, one of the easiest dorms to break paretials in, and hosted the best themed party, "Heaven and Hell." After graduation he plans to be gainfully employed in our nation's capital.

Andy Gray, scribe. Sportswriter. Samurai with a pen. He would always stand in the corner, watching, waiting. Scholastic editors would rave about the poetic profile in the works for the sports section. "Who is this kid, Andy Gray? This kid has a future in the business! Why does he never come to meetings?" Unbeknownst to them, he was quietly listening, perhaps laughing. Week after week. He would softly raise his hand. "Hi, I'm Andy." So goes the eternal introduction of Andrew Gray.

Erica Pepitone is your new editor in chief. After three years of crack copy editing, Erica will be taking the reins. Goals for next year include finally creating an official Scholastic Web site five years in the making (attention: OIT, help please) and taking the magazine all the way at next year's Indiana Collegiate Press Awards. Godspeed Erica.
Sometimes it's being offered camels in exchange for your body from a middle-eastern tradesman. (Author's note: a camel is worth roughly $4,000) Sometimes you've got to use what you've got to impress your interviewers, is that she interned for the "Late Show with David Letterman" last summer and occasionally had a place in Andy Gray's heart. "This kid has a future in the business! Why does he never come to meetings?" Unbeknownst to them, he was quietly listening, perhaps laughing. Week after week. He would softly raise his hand. "Hi, Andy. I'm going to Homecoming. Do you want to introduce me?" "I'm not, Andy. I'm just going home. Either way, he will demand to be friends with me forever." Andy Gray, our most popular writer, was once told to fill the pages of the newspaper with stories that would make the front page. But sometimes, even the best writers can't help but write about the games we play. And sometimes, those games are just as exciting as the ones we play on the field. 

Meghan Bliss is our star designer/copy editor/writer/whatever-else-we-can-bully-her-into-doing. Meghan's favorite part about her job is that she gets to work at law school. Her skill is valued by the entire staff, who would rave about the poetic profile in the works for the sports section. "Who is this kid, Andy Gray? This kid has a future in the business! Why does he never come to meetings?" Unbeknownst to them, he was quietly listening, perhaps laughing. Week after week. He would softly raise his hand. "Hi, Andy. I'm going to Homecoming. Do you want to introduce me?" "I'm not, Andy. I'm just going home. Either way, he will demand to be friends with me forever." 

Jenna Newcomb, the manager of business and distribution, may perhaps be the woman behind the curtain for the magazine. Using wit and observation, Krishna has pointed out the nuances of everyday Notre Dame life and also explored her skills to work at law school. Though any staffer would be hard-pressed to say that they have ever seen Jenna, her name has appeared in print with alarming frequency. 

Meghan will be putting her outdoorsy sensibilities to good use and demonstrating the usefulness of a pocketknife. Sometimes I wish I had one, but there's always a pen nearby to fill the blank pages. 

The games we play are as varied as the people who play them. Sometimes they're on the field, and sometimes they're in the classroom. But no matter where they are, they're always fun to watch. 

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IRISH EYES ON: CARLETON SCOTT

Matt Formica

When former Big East Player of the Year Luke Harangody injured his knee in Notre Dame's loss to Seton Hall on Feb. 11, many Irish fans abandoned all hope of watching their team play in the NCAA Tournament. ND appeared to be headed for its second consecutive NIT appearance and a disappointing end to the season. Then, the Irish suddenly caught fire and reeled off six consecutive wins to earn a Tournament berth. Junior forward Carleton Scott played a pivotal role in this improbable late season run, receiving increased playing time and contributing on both ends of the court. Scott, a San Antonio native, wowed Irish fans with his rim-rattling put-back slams and emphatic blocked shots in 2009-10 and promises to play a key role next season.

What are your thoughts on ND's opening round loss to Old Dominion?
Now looking back on it, I'm trying to learn from it. I'm trying to take whatever I can out of it, and move on to the future.

What were you thinking as you released a potential game-tying, three-point attempt? What was going through your head as the ball rattled in and out?
I thought it was a good look. It felt great coming off my fingertips. It felt like everything was in slow motion, and it just rattled out. It was really tough to watch.

Describe ND's head coach, Mike Brey, in a few sentences.
He's a good coach. He's intense. He's a player's coach. He understands his players and he'll get on you when you need him to, but he'll also help you out when you need him to.

When Luke Harangody went down with a serious knee injury, did you expect to play such a key role in the team's run to the NCAA Tournament?
When he went down, I knew I was going to be the next guy in line to step up for him. I just tried to concentrate on defense and rebounding and not worry about the scoring too much. I focused on helping my team out with that, and I let the offensive end just come to me.

What was your favorite moment of the 2009-10 season?
Probably the game-tying shot against Marquette. It was really intense, really fun. It made it a lot better that we won.

Looking forward, how do you think the team will fare next season without Harangody and Tory Jackson?
Those are big losses for us, but we have guys that can step it up. I have complete faith in the freshman class. I think everybody is going to be more focused and hungrier than we were this year.

What is the most important lesson you will take away from this past season?
Perseverance. Through the lows you just need to remain confident, calm and poised, and keep working hard every day. You need to be ready for the hurdles.

Do you have any personal goals for next season?
Just to get better in all aspects of the game.

Who is your most entertaining teammate? Why?
Probably Tory [Jackson]. Some of the comments he makes are just ridiculous. He is the most vocal guy on the team. When you need it, he'll be there to pick you up. He's a crazy character.

A lot of Big East teams underperformed in the NCAA Tournament. Do you think playing in such a grueling conference wears you down?
It is definitely one of the toughest conferences. We do beat up on each other a lot, and I think that can play a role in postseason play. I think it does matter, but not too much. It wears on you after a while, with every game being so competitive, but there are still some great Big East teams in the tournament.
Time Travel

April 1, 2001

Nine years ago, the Notre Dame women’s basketball team took on in-state rival Purdue in search of its first national championship. The Irish, who began the tournament as the No. 1 seed in the Midwest Region, dominated Alcorn State and Michigan to earn a trip to the Sweet 16 in Denver. With victories over Utah and third-seeded Vanderbilt, Coach Muffet McGraw’s team moved on to the Final Four in St. Louis. In the national semifinal, the Irish overcame a 16-point first half deficit to stun Connecticut, the No. 1 seed in the East Region and the top-ranked team overall. The 90-75 victory propelled Notre Dame into the national final against the Boilermakers, who had knocked off Missouri State to reach the championship game.

Like the victory over the Huskies, the final against Purdue required another furious Irish comeback. This time, the Irish rallied from 12 points down to secure ND’s first national championship in basketball. Then, in the all-Indiana final, the Irish were led by senior center Ruth Riley, a Macy, IN native. Riley finished with 28 points, 13 rebounds and seven blocked shots, and it was her two free throws with 5.8 seconds remaining that sealed the 68-66 victory. Riley, a unanimous All-American and the first Notre Dame player to be named Naismith Women’s College Player of the Year, summed up the victory as the perfect culmination of her ND career. “I can’t even describe it,” she said. “This is the only thing I wanted. To be able to share this with my teammates is unbelievable. We worked so hard that it was fitting to end the season this way.”
LEARNING TO LEAD
CRIST POISED TO START AS QUARTERBACK

What many suspected on November 28, when Notre Dame’s 2009 football season came to a close, became official 10 days later: Jimmy Clausen was gone and the Dayne Crist era officially began at Notre Dame.

Coming out of Notre Dame High School in Sherman Oaks, CA, Crist was one of the most highly-touted quarterbacks in the 2008 recruiting class. Still, his future is largely uncertain. After a freshman season spent entirely on the sidelines learning the ropes from Clausen, he received little chance to showcase his skills during his sophomore campaign. He did, however, make the most of his few chances.

With Clausen on the bench with an injured foot, Crist sparked a comeback victory for the Irish against Purdue. Yet, Irish fans remember the Kyle Rudolph touchdown reception from Clausen in the final minute of the game.

On Halloween against Washington State, Crist showed great promise in a rare Irish blowout. He rifled a 64-yard touchdown strike to receiver John Goodman and displayed tremendous arm strength, perhaps stronger than predecessors, Clausen and Brady Quinn — standout Irish quarterbacks to whom he will be incessantly compared. But, the biggest headline Crist made that night was the knee injury he suffered late in the second half, revealed a few days later to be every football player’s worst nightmare: a torn ACL.

The fate of the 2010 Fighting Irish rests
largely on the shoulders of this young player. Irish fans have high expectations for new coach Brian Kelly, but players need to make the plays to win games, and, in recent years, Irish players have earned a reputation for not making those crucial plays. Being in the spotlight on what is likely to be one of the most scrutinized programs in college football next season, the onus is on Crist to be a playmaker and an example for his team.

There is no debate about Crist's physical tools: He possesses prototypical size for a quarterback, standing 6'5" and weighing over 230 pounds. He has the aforementioned cannon for an arm and was rated a 5-star player out of high school. The question will be whether or not he can prove to be a winner on the field, which too often did not occur for the Irish over the past three seasons.

Additionally, Crist is well-liked by his peers and respected as a leader by his teammates. He has the "it" factor, the trait which allows a quarterback to not only carry a team on his back but also inspire his teammates to perform at their highest levels. It is this ability to lead that convinced Crist that quarterback was the position for him. "I've always loved playing quarterback and competing, having the ball in my hands," he says. "Leading the team down the field has always been appealing."

His ability and willingness to learn from others also suggests future success on the field. Despite a lack of playing time in his first two seasons, Crist feels he has improved immensely by watching and listening to others.

"There's so much to learn and you can never stop picking things up from other guys," he says. "The minute you stop trying to learn is the minute you stop getting better." Of course, having Clausen to learn from doesn't hurt, and Crist made the most of his opportunity to learn from the future NFL player.

"He was a great teacher and mentor to me. Anything I could gain from him was valuable." Crist's humility and acceptance of the role of understudy in his first two years has already paid dividends, which Irish fans are hoping will manifest themselves in the fall.

"I've matured a lot as a quarterback going through the system and multiple staffs, and I've definitely adjusted to the speed of the game. I'm a lot more comfortable with what's going on."

Crist will be tested in the fall. He says his new role as the presumed starter will be a "trial by fire." But Crist's confidence is comforting to Irish fans. While spring practice will likely be spent away from team drills as he continues rehabilitating his knee and working on re-establishing timing with his receivers, come fall he will be the center of attention, not only among his team but also in the media.

"If it comes with the territory, it comes with the territory," he says. "I'm just going to work as hard as I can to get wins and national championships for Notre Dame." After more than two decades without a national championship, many Irish fans feel lost. But if anyone can lead them back to the promised land, it is Dayne Crist.
Listening In...

Horrified Girl: There was a stark-naked man standing in the bushes!
Horrified Girl’s Friend: It was like Chatroulette in real life!

Departing Friend #1: And on that positive note...
Departing Friend #2: Don’t get stolen by ninjas.

Altruistic Girl: I’m giving birth tomorrow at 1:15.
Shocked and Uninformed Friend: What?!
Altruistic Girl: Blood! Blood! Oh my God! I’m giving blood tomorrow!

Back In the Day...

Years ago when tweeting still meant the sound birds made and cell phones were decades away from being invented, the gentlemen of Notre Dame used a form of communication so antiquated by today’s standards that some of you may have to search Wikipedia to know what I’m talking about. That’s right: To communicate with the St. Mary’s ladies, Notre Dame guys had to rely on none other than snail mail. In a November 1, 1935 issue of Scholastic, Andrew D. Hufnagel, upon discovering that St. Mary’s was getting its own post office, wrote:

“Don’t let that news phase you; habitual frequenters of the college across the lake. You’ll still be able to write the girls, only now it will cost you three cents instead of the customary one cent. The cost of living is going up!”

Next time you’re tempted to complain about how complicated it is to flirt via texting and Facebook, remember that you at least don’t have to worry about what the stamp you put on your envelope reveals about you to your potential soul-mate. And you can save yourselves a whole three cents and spend it on... well... maybe a toothpick at the Huddle, at least if you find another 97 cents lying around somewhere.

-Kathleen Tohill

The poof cloud is lifting, the squirrels are becoming particularly aggressive and even if you haven’t nabbed something by spring, at least Veloxloxx can provide you with a nice BFF.

This month’s friend: classy junior, Kate Rysenga. A fort-five of you who want all of the perks of spending time with a cool grandmother without actually having to know, spend time with your families.

1. Being excellent chocolate chip cookies, but 2-D rectangular objects (tacky scarves, blankets) make excellent small talk and can provide hilarious entertainment with very little of which I often find myself a part.

Aside from keeping you warm on bitterly cold and extra insulator around your middle, Kate possesses many highly coveted friend qualities. “I think that every friend group should have the token outcast name person, and I feel I fit the description.”

If you’re looking to fill that particular role in your friend group, the prefect role to keep a simple, cute, and name appropriate for testing the waters with a potential friend. I would probably stand out with the classics during fall days. If we both enjoy eating, conversing, and conversing while eating, I may well be on our way to becoming BFFs.

Be aware, however, that pursuing your friend crush on Kate is a task not for the faint of heart. “I like to think of my friends as a superhero (with petals).” Hence, everyone should have a different specialty. I believe I’m currently in need of a token librarian and infallible destroyers (specifically, someone able to kill spiders, etc), a moment’s notice. To make things worse, however, that pursuing your friend crush on Kate is a task not for the faint of heart. “I like to think of my friends as a superhero (with petals).” Hence, everyone should have a different specialty. I believe I’m currently in need of a token librarian and infallible destroyers (specifically, someone able to kill spiders, etc), a moment’s notice. To make things worse, however, that pursuing your friend crush on Kate is a task not for the faint of heart. “I like to think of my friends as a superhero (with petals).” Hence, everyone should have a different specialty. I believe I’m currently in need of a token librarian and infallible destroyers (specifically, someone able to kill spiders, etc), a moment’s notice. To make things worse, however, that pursuing your friend crush on Kate is a task not for the faint of heart. “I like to think of my friends as a superhero (with petals).” Hence, everyone should have a different specialty. I believe I’m currently in need of a token librarian and infallible destroyers (specifically, someone able to kill spiders, etc), a moment’s notice. To make things worse, however, that pursuing your friend crush on Kate is a task not for the faint of heart. “I like to think of my friends as a superhero (with petals).” Hence, everyone should have a different specialty. I believe I’m currently in need of a token librarian and infallible destroyers (specifically, someone able to kill spiders, etc), a moment’s notice. To make things worse, however, that pursuing your friend crush on Kate is a task not for the faint of heart. “I like to think of my friends as a superhero (with petals).” Hence, everyone should have a different specialty. I believe I’m currently in need of a token librarian and infallible destroyers (specifically, someone able to kill spiders, etc), a moment’s notice.

If you’re lucky enough to snag Kate as your new BFF, know that you will be one half of a loyal dyad due for the ages. “You could say that I’m Muxy, looking for my Butch Cassidy.”

-Katie Putnam
Springtime salutations, my darling little Domers! It's that time of year again, and ol' Gipp sees all the classic signs of the season springing up around him!

St. Liam's is switching off its complimentary happy lamps as throngs of sun-hungry PLS students storm the grounds of South Quad to lounge in the grass, soaking up the vitamin D and a few nuggets of Plato's precious knowledge (so college). Up north, the strapping young chaps of Zahm and Keenan are blasting Bon Jovi from windows and stripping off their shirts for whatever mannish reasons they can find — frisbee, acoustic guitar sessions, etc. — in the eternal quest to prove their masculinity and carefree attitudes to their more womanizing adversaries. Eager little Domer squirrels are swiftly scrunching up their buried winter donuts. And in an annual tradition of efficiency and sustainability, the administration is far too busy planting ten thousand brand new tulips to bother turning off the heat in LaFun. That's right, my little gipplings — spring has sprung! And ol' Gipp here could not be more tickled by your tantalizing tales of seasonal celebration.

Nothing gets an overworked, underboozed Domer more animated than the anticipation of some much-needed relaxation. In the eternal tradition of students throwing caution, character and dignity to the wind, many of you embarked on that most cherished and timeless excursion — Spring Break. While the most sensible headed home for Mommy's home-cookin', some of my raucous little rebels opted for more exotic destinations. This first tale comes from European shores, where a troubled member of our duLac flock found himself rather inebriated on his final night — and morning — of travel. Following an evening of, shall we say, crawling through the city center, our slightly soused comrade found himself most rudely ejected from a local McDonald's after unloading the contents of his stomach onto the floor. Indeed, our friend, who henceforth shall be known as Trip, spent much of his early morning transit to the international airport imbibing with a lovely lass who was so kind as to offer up her two-liter full of local libations. While Gipp loves to see his little gipplings engaging in that age-old art of sharing, perhaps the two would have been wiser to stick to plain ol' OJ. For as the voyagers began their fateful journey up the airport escalators, Trip lost all sense of gravity and consciousness and found himself face-to-metal with those magical moving stairs! For several scary seconds our traveler, unnoticed by his sleepy sidekicks, drifted up the stairs in a horizontal manner. Of course, the stalwart stewards of security personnel did not take kindly to the situation at hand, and Trip was required to pound back several cups of joe before being accepted, bloodied and bruised, onto the flight.

Our next narrative is one of travel as well, although much more local and involving far fewer articles of clothing. It was a dark and chilly pre-spring evening on South Quad. After engaging in an evening of very shrewd consumption, our newest friend set down his empty bottle of Colt 45 with a mission in mind. As it was far past four at this point, he headed to duLac's most esteemed eatery to consume a quarter dog or two in the company of equally levelheaded companions. With a belly full of nutrition and a brain swimming in college juice, our prudent pal boldly embarked on a journey to the highest floors of Hesburgh to engage in the noble quest of knowledge. The next thing our boozing buddy recalls, however, is a rather rude ejection from the building by those lovelies we like to call NDSP. When the wicked South Bend wind hit him at the doors, he felt an unusual chill in his nether regions, and looked down to find his own boxer shorts not on his hips, but almost unbelievably in his hands. Gipp can't say for sure, but he bets the bookworms of the 13th floor were unable to focus for the remainder of that night.

What can I say, little ones? You seem to find yourselves in a sticky state of affairs no matter how far you roam! For the love of golden Mary atop the dome, it's time to keep your faces off the pavement and your delicates where they belong! Although on second thought ... what would I be without you, my lovelies? Keep sendin' in those tasty tips and don't do anything I wouldn't want to write about!

XOXO,
The Gipper

Tip The Gipper

at gipper@nd.edu
I love my dad to death. He is the best father ever and I don't know what kind of dirtbag I ... gotten in my path. And don't even get me started on those damn spoons at North...

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Krishna Surasi

The Point System

When I was younger, my dad would always come up with new and creative ways to avoid having to do anything with me/make me shut up. One of his most effective techniques was the point system. Every time I did something sweet, which could be anything from getting an A on my report card to doing a cartwheel, he would award me an arbitrary number of points. I don't know when he started this, but I do know that it was never clearly established what it actually meant for me when I won points.

All I know is that when I earned points I got really excited and dreamed about all the points I could have someday if I kept doing sweet things. It was in this way that he made me do the things that he wanted me to do. I will give you a typical example to demonstrate how the point system worked:

Krishna: Daddy, come outside and throw a ball with me!
Dad: Not now. Daddy is tired and he wants to play Tetris.

Krishna: But, Daddy, you said yesterday that today you would play with me if I didn't say anything for two whole hours, and I didn't!
Dad: Uhh ... Hey Krishna, you wanna earn some points?

Krishna: Yeah!

Dad: I'll give points if you ... run 15 laps around the park.

Krishna: OK!

(2.5 hours later)

Dad: Krishna, do you still want to throw a ball or do you just want to take a nap.

Krishna: I'm really tired from running, Daddy. I want to take a nap.

Dad: Good job! You earned 200 points today, Krishna. Now pay attention. For tomorrow, every hour after you wake up that you don't ask me to do something, I'll give you another 10 points.

I remember the day I realized that I had been collecting points my entire life and had not redeemed them for anything, nor really ever understood what their value was. When I presented my father with this problem, the conversation went something like this:

Krishna: Hey, Dad, you know those points you are always giving me, what are they for?
Dad: What do you mean? You earn them for doing things I think are sweet.

Krishna: Yeah, Dad, I know that. My question is, what are they for, and is there any sense in the way you distribute them?

Dad: (Pauses Tetris and looks at me) They are for whatever you want, Krishna.

Krishna: So they are like money?
Dad: Yeah, sure.

Krishna: So is every point a dollar or something?
Dad: (long pause) What are you thinking about?

Krishna: I want an N64.
Dad: No, you can't use them for that.

Krishna: Why not? I think I have earned enough points to buy an N64 by now. I have like 100,000!

Dad: Why do you want more video games? We already have Tetris, Tetris 2 and I just got you Spell Checker for your Gameboy. You don't need more video games. They are not good for your brain. (Unpauses Tetris and continues playing)

Krishna: So the points are useless, and you have just been using them to make me do your bidding this whole time? All those times I played the quiet game, all those times I ordered Rooty Tooty Fresh and Fruity Jr. at IHOP because it was on the Kids Menu and they wouldn't serve it to you and all those cartwheels I did were for nothing?!

Dad: (pauses Tetris and another long pause) Wanna go to Applebee's?

Krishna: Yeah!
Dad: OK then, we'll leave in 10 minutes. Daddy has to finish his game.

And it was in this way that my father controlled me for the majority of my life up until young adulthood, although he still gets away with a lot of stuff by taking me to Applebee's.
The Dining Hall Ethics

Justin John Cullen

It's a mechanical visit for most of us by now, but if done incorrectly, it can be one of the most irritating experiences on campus.

I don't like to think of myself as a complainer, but there are just some things that rub me the wrong way during my dining hall visits.

My main gripe is the general lack of dining hall ethics. Back in my day, kids respected the dining hall and those around them in the cafeteria. But just as family values are declining around the country, dining hall principles are quickly becoming things of the past.

The first, and, in my mind, most obvious, breach of the Dining Hall Code of Conduct (DHCC) occurs when my friends eat at the wrong time. To beat the rush hour traffic at the dining hall, most of the people that I know seem to like to eat dinner at 5:30 p.m., and since I'm a very popular and likable person, they ask me to accompany them on their journeys. I would be fine with that ... if I were 50 years older and I were going to Denny's instead of the dining hall. Bros, I'm not a member of the AARP, and I wasn't alive during the Truman administration. How about we eat at, say, 7:00?

But it gets worse! Other people have realized that going at 5:30 beats the 6:00 rush, so now my friends go at 5:15 to beat the 5:30 rush. As this vicious cycle continues, my friends are soon going to be eating dinner before lunch, wearing shoes on their hands and letting the American flag touch the ground. I pray I will have graduated by then.

The next ethical question in the dining hall comes when receiving stir-fry. Since we go to a Catholic school, the students here are all pretty nice. As nice people, we like to say "please" and "thanks." However, is it really necessary to say this every time we ask for and receive more vegetables in our stir-fry? The DHCC says that, to show our appreciation for the dining hall workers, we actually should follow this practice...unless you're that perky girl behind me, and I'm having a bad day. Then you can check your tone and keep to yourself. The workers will thank you.

Another question arises when the napkin basket is not placed on the table as strategically as it should be, leading the person next to you to ask for a napkin. You're faced with a decision, and what you do says quite a bit about your personality: Do you make the sanitary move and pass the whole tub of napkins? Or do you grab a couple with your grimy hands and pass them down?

I live in Zahm, so we all know what my answer would be if I needed to pass a napkin to another male. But what if I'm passing said napkin to a female? She would probably be grossed out by my touching of the napkin, so I would pass her the basket. But since I always assume the opposite of what girls are actually thinking, she would probably think that I am saying she is going to eat quite a bit, and by the transitive property of napkin-passing, I'm calling her fat.

The final question of dining hall ethics comes in the pasta line. Here's the scenario: I'm standing behind a person (we'll call him Kyle) filling his plate with spaghetti and covering every square inch of it with a cornucopia of red and white sauces. Meanwhile, I want one stupid piece of garlic bread. The same thing happens in the vegetable line when I only want a tablespoon of corn. Am I allowed to cut Kyle to quickly gather my treasure and move along on my merry way? I say yes. I'm an important person, and I have people to see and places to go. If you don't like it, you probably shouldn't have gotten in my path.

And don't even get me started on those damn spoons at North...
Writer Lolita Hernandez has published several short stories and poems, but her world extends far beyond coffeehouses and classrooms. She worked in auto plants for over 30 years, and her collection of short stories, Autopsy of an Engine, narrates the closing of a Detroit auto plant from multiple perspectives. Her family’s St. Vincent and Trinidad origins also influence her writing. Hernandez recently visited Notre Dame for the third annual Women Writers Festival.

How did you know you wanted to be a writer?
I'm not sure I ever knew. I just am, in spite of myself.

What is your favorite subject to write about?
Detroit and Caribbean people.

What attribute do you most admire in another person?
Warmth, sincerity and humor.

If you could live in someone else's shoes for a day, who would you pick?
My mother’s.

What is the best piece of advice you have received?
When I was divorcing my husband, a very wise friend said to include my children in my decisions. She was right.

What do you think is the most pressing issue of our generation?
Maintaining our humanity, our caring for each other. I think we’ve lost that, at least in this country. We’re so individualistic, so materialistic.

What is your idea of a perfect day?
Good writing, sun, yoga and a good walk with my dog.

If you could invite three people, living or dead, to a dinner party, who would you pick?
My mother, my father and my grandfather, Pafin, all of whom are dead.

What is your biggest worry?
War.

If you could have one superpower, what would it be?
I don't have even a foggy notion about superpower. I muddle along in life hoping to make it from one day to the next with knowledge gained from the day before.

What is your favorite quotation?
The one I share the most is from Jorge Luis Borges’ lecture on blindness:

"I, too, if I may mention myself, have always known that my destiny was, above all, a literary destiny — that bad things and some good things would happen to me, but that, in the long run, all of it would be converted into words. Particularly the bad things, since happiness does not need to be transformed: Happiness is its own end.

A writer, or any man, must believe that whatever happens to him is an instrument; everything has been given for an end. This is even stronger in the case of the artist. Everything that happens, including humiliations, embarrassments, misfortunes, all has been given like clay, like material for one’s art. One must accept it. For this reason I speak in a poem of the ancient food of heroes: humiliations, unhappiness, discord. Those things are given to us to transform, so that we may make from the miserable circumstances of our lives things that are eternal, or aspire to be so."
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What is your favorite quotation?

The one I share the most is from Jorge Luis Borges' lecture on blindness:

I, too, if I may mention myself, have always known that my destiny was, above all, a literary destiny - that bad things and some good things would happen to me, but that, in the long run, all of it would be converted into words. Particularly the bad things, since happiness does not need to be transformed: happiness is its own end. A writer, or any man, must believe that whatever happens to him is an instrument; everything has been given for an end. This is even stronger in the case of the artist. Everything that happens, including humiliations, unhappiness, discord. Those things are given to us to transform, so that we may make from the miserable circumstances of our lives things that are eternal, or aspire to be so.
SPRING HAS SPRUNG.
NOW LET'S RAWK.