

# Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

by Luke Cranach

Accurate and precise information is as necessary to a reporter as it is to an administrator. When taking measures against a student whose remarks have been labeled as "inoffensive," should an administration not first be aware of what the remarks were? Should the student not have a chance to defend himself? Logic dictates that absolutely he should, or else risk the fate of a mute in front of a military tribunal. Every oppressed man deserves a voice. Thus is justice. But when ideals of justice are not upheld, a sort of quasi-tyranny bleeds from the pore of every wretched creature called "intolerance."

Misinformed, the administration acted without considering the intentions of the student involved. This situation is merely a microcosm of all intelligence failures and exercises of power. How does this happen? Who acted upon this biased information the slant of which had been decided based on the response rather than context?

I am, of course, referring to the case of Brian Gallagher of the class of 2008. For those unaware of the circumstances regarding the extreme injustice, Brian was

in the running for Freshman Class President of Student Senate. During his speech to the freshman class, Brian declared that: "freshman need more mixers...because the only people in my life right now are my mom and Mr. Fujimoto's intern." The administration interpreted Brian's comment, which invoked Mr. Fujimoto's intern to be a demeaning assault on women. Brian was swiftly disqualified from the race and banished from Student Senate, despite winning the clear majority of the votes; threatened with indefinite jug; and forced to write a letter of apology.

This action of "punishment" by the administration must not stand. Rather, it must be quickly undone for the sake of the credibility of the school.

Perhaps I am simply naïve in my fourth year as a student at St. Ignatius, or perhaps I assume too much, but I am absolutely incredulous that a student would speak about his mother and on the same breath utter a remark debauching women. No, such a belief is the interpretation of those unwilling to accept the fact that although Brian's comment may or may not have been out of line or unnecessary, it was not

demeaning towards women, in any way. Brian's comment, in context, invoked the name of a female faculty member as an all-encompassing manifestation of all of the women faculty members at St. Ignatius High School. He used her image to state that due to the all-male foundation of the institution, the only females he sees on a regular basis are those of his family (such as his mother) and those who he has for class (such as women faculty). I remember how it was freshman year, and this is absolutely an accurate portrayal for someone torn from his familiar bearings—a co-educational grade school. He was thrust into the throes of unfamiliarity—thrown into an all male institution. The single sex nature of our school was for many of us, the premise upon which many of our grade school peers based their humor. Brian simply appealed to these memories in his speech—the crowd understood that and responded.

Had said faculty member called for action against Brian upon taking offense at his quip, a letter of apology would have been in order. However, she made no such request, nor was she even offended at the comment, which was meant to portray his genu-

inely jocular personality. Sophomoric at best, but a joke nonetheless.

This is a case of the administration acting single-handedly, at the extreme expense of one of its students. Already his reputation tarnished, Brian cannot fulfill the office he was justly elected to, due to the chagrin of the faculty after their brains registered a perversely intentioned, pejorative version of Brian's speech within their minds. No student, no human being, deserves to be judged without an opportunity for representation. Where does the administration's pseudo-Enlightened and misguided defense for such a blatantly erroneous castigation lie?

I will not stand for such foolishness. I will not allow a fellow student of mine, one who will, years after my departing, represent the reputation of this school, to be exploited. Through theology class every student has or will learn of our obligation to defend the weak and oppressed.

At some point, man's ideology drives him to break free from the umbilical cord tethering him to the remnants of his infantile nature, of his need to lean upon the hand feeding him. We use the knowledge we have acquired through

the course of our lives and apply it to the exterior world. At St. Ignatius, we learned of conscience, and we learned of justice. Conscience is the greatest judge of right and wrong, and my "conscience," if I am willing to concede that such an essence exists, tells me that Brian has committed no evil.

The letter of apology should not occur from the bottom, from the one in servitude, from the one who has been mistreated: from Brian. It should flow, altruistically, from the heart and hands of the oppressor, granting its victim restored honour and dignity. Any formal apology in this situation need come from the administration. Brian won the election. He committed no ill. He should be granted the right to serve his school in the manner he was elected to serve, that he was selected to serve, Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

To the administration, I beg of thee: accept your blame, Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam. Accept your blame or choose to exercise what Ambrose Bierce defined as "prejudice with a halo": hypocrisy.

## Altruistic Applications

by Mike Gallagher

I write this article not in an effort to belittle the faculty, staff or students at Ignatius, but in an effort to recognize the mass hysteria of the college admissions process—early signs of which are recognizable from the first days of freshman year.

The "Grad at Grad": Open to growth, intellectually competent, loving, and religious. These are our mottoes. These are the adjectives which the school hopes



Conor O'Malley shows the fury that many seniors experience during the college process

will someday be applicable to every student who walks away with a diploma. They represent the purpose of the school itself. Why then does the school, despite its good intentions, seem to focus on these goals simply as a means to an end? Why from freshman year are we given conflicting instructions—sometimes being told to get involved for the sake of getting involved, and others to get involved because colleges will want to see a student who has a consistent resume. Students can eventually be con-

vinced that without bolstering their resume they will never stand a chance in the college admissions race. So to save ourselves from the horrors of unemployment, we go to meeting

in the area. It does countless great things for the community, so why can't people get involved simply to help, not because you might have a chance for that service scholarship? If the service hours were eliminated, the service programs might lose hope of garnering the new recruits they need. Who denies though, that the majority of the people who have experienced the programs would stay involved because they love what they do for the people they help? If the focus were modified, if we were told to get involved in things we could love, and only those organizations, the club meetings, the service opportunities would seem far less like work. You'd love to spend the time. If the resume ceased to be a consideration, we could sign up for those four AP classes simply to learn the material, we wouldn't stress out over the big test—we'd just do all we could to learn. We could join C.A.T. just because we felt called to do it. We wouldn't have to even consider how it would make you look to a college admissions officer sitting at a desk, and examining your life on paper.

You might ask me, "How have been affected by the whole process?" I'd tell you that I really don't know. I do know one thing for sure though. Now I'll be able to write "Eye Writer" down on my college application. after meeting hoping to someday acquire those coveted leadership positions. Students far too often try new things, are open to growth, because they feel obligated. Everyone has felt it and everyone has heard it. We are intellectually competent because the grade forces us to be. Only the precious few learn for the sake of learning, and yes—it's like that everywhere, but we claim to hold ourselves to a higher standard. We certainly are loving. The service program at Ignatius is incredible, and second to none

in the area. It does countless great things for the community, so why can't people get involved simply to help, not because you might have a chance for that service scholarship? If the service hours were eliminated, the service programs might lose hope of garnering the new recruits they need. Who denies though, that the majority of the people who have experienced the programs would stay involved because they love what they do for the people they help? If the focus were modified, if we were told to get involved in things we could love, and only those organizations, the club meetings, the service opportunities would seem far less like work. You'd love to spend the time. If the resume ceased to be a consideration, we could sign up for those four AP classes simply to learn the material, we wouldn't stress out over the big test—we'd just do all we could to learn. We could join C.A.T. just because we felt called to do it. We wouldn't have to even consider how it would make you look to a college admissions officer sitting at a desk, and examining your life on paper. You might ask me, "How have been affected by the whole process?" I'd tell you that I really don't know. I do know one thing for sure though. Now I'll be able to write "Eye Writer" down on my college application.

## Getch' Ya U.M.O.J.A. On

by Krishna Swamy

Faggot. Gay. Thug. Nigger. Chink. Spick. You seem to hear these words everywhere nowadays. As reported in a student survey last year, they are even casually used on our very own campus of Saint Ignatius High School. You've heard them before. Did you laugh? Did you watch in uncomfortable silence? Or did you interject and do something?

Well, honestly, I can say I have done all three. As an underclassman, I often used to laugh when some of these words were used in a large group of people. Why? Insecurity, perhaps. Or maybe I just didn't see the problem with them. Even today, I usually do not intervene when someone uses such words (perhaps a cowardly act itself.) I mean, what's wrong with calling something "gay" if you don't like it? Or what's wrong with calling a white kid a "wigger" if he likes rap music?

By junior year, I found out what was wrong. The students at Ignatius are not all the same. Students come from different cities, cultures, socioeconomic backgrounds, and even religions and sexual identities. I realized that conformity can be a very dangerous thing (just ask Derek Meitzer.)

Fortunately, I was not alone. Several faculty members, namely Mr. Gonzalez, Mr. Fujimoto, Ms. Zabransky, and Ms. Budzick, founded U.M.O.J.A., United Men of Just Actions. The Swahili term, selected by the students, is the Kwanzaa principle that stresses unity and the importance of to-

getherness for the family and community. The name is appropriate for the group's promotion of acceptance and tolerance of others on campus. The group is divided into subcommittees to address the issues of racism, homophobia, elitism/religious differences, and victimization of "weak"/treatment of women. U.M.O.J.A. members decided upon these issues because of comments they heard around school. As I attended the meetings with students varying from left to right I learned about some ostensibly "non-existent" problems among students, largely covered up by the school's image. However, I also learned about how great our student body really is, and that the good at our institution easily outweighs our problems.

Listen up for various activities of U.M.O.J.A. around campus. In being open to growth, I suggest at least learning a little more. If you have any ideas or would like to participate please feel free to see any of the moderators. However, if this article is your first and last exposure to U.M.O.J.A., then at least take away one word: respect. You may disagree with someone, but there is no need to disrespect him. As Jackie Robinson said it, "I'm not concerned with your liking or disliking me... All I ask is that you respect me as a human being."

The diversity of the student body, however limited, is an asset to the entire Ignatius community. In order to be "men for others," we must first be "men for each other."