An uneasy, quiet stillness pervades the entire college once I leave my room. Circumstances remain distinctly uncomfortable, yet似乎, the entire student body greets them with apathy and ambivalence. No one believes they possess the ability to change or affect the hidden, yet prevalent, unsettling atmosphere. Of course, I am referring to the surrounding silence concerned with race—a controversial subject that is not unfamiliar to us if you consider the fact that Mount St. James. Separation and discrimination by race have sadly become routine sights on campus: supérieur,就不会有不平等。I am here to tell the story of what we as human beings know what we know. The meaning is also riddled with aspects of faith and God, damnation and redemption, fear and longing.

First, the snow can be seen as a symbol. Maybe everyone that got snowed in on spring break was being given a message by some sort of higher power than themselves. Snow is white and pure, much like those of us that did not fly to an exotic location. That higher power was saying that we were the lucky ones. We were the ones that were able to start anew, baptized in the constant cold fall of pure white snow, not baking in the hot red sun. Not to say that those who were lucky enough to go away are not pure or less pure, yet one cannot ignore the powerful message being broadcasted loud and clear. It could have been overexaggeration from shoveling for 19 straight hours, but in the predawn glow of the city of Malden, I saw angels in the snow, they showed me this meaning, then I shoved them off of my driveway.

Snow can also be seen as an intellectual symbol. Again, for those that do not know, snow is white, representing the clean slate that is our mind when we first enter this world. Like snow as we stay on this earth our mind absorbs more information so by the time we get to College our mind look like the snow that has sat by the side of the road for three weeks, blackened with dirt and car byproducts. The falling of three feet of new white snow over Spring Break was a sign that even though our minds may be blackened with dirt, we still have much more to learn. Our educational process is far from complete, and much like the snow over “Spring” break our educational process will never stop.

Depression is the final meaning of the snow. Depression is usually associated in a negative light, however in this case, I am talking about the good kind of depression, the temporary kind. The snow caused those of us who stayed around here to come a little depression in account of “cabin fever” and constant uninterrupted contact with parents and people over the age of 30. However that depression was lifting as it finally stopped snowing. It was as if that higher power I spoke of earlier was saying, “Hi Bob, the bad times come sometimes but got damn it, hang in there ’cause eventually the snow will stop.” A message of hope for all of us stuck at home shoveling from the Big Guy, thank you God and thank you snow.

Hopefully this has given all of those people mentioned earlier a little more positive spin on their “Spring Break” experience. Personally it did nothing for me but maybe my shoveling-induced delusions could help others. The snow has truly haunted their lives and affect their behavior.

CONTRIBUTING WRITER
KEVIN BODAURS

Fear and Bathing Malden: A Quest to find meaning in three feet of snow

ROBERT J. DITRAPANO
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Spring Break is supposed to be like Christmas, Hanukkah, and Kwanza all rolled into one big ball of fun and for the College student, but not this year. The common perception that students are required to stay on campus, at least in a written form, is no longer a routine occurrence. I went to an exotic location and forgot all of the pressures of school for one week during the “Spring Semester”, not this year. Even in Massachusetts, the weather is supposed to be warming up to highs of 50 during the day with a slightly november-like chill in the air most of the time. This year “Spring Break”, and I use that term with the utmost sarcasm, was more like a winter surgery mixed with multi-colored paper cutouts of snowmen, for people at least.

The people that I speak of are those unfortunate souls who decided, or had the decision made for them, that it would be a good idea to stay in the great state of Massachu-}

sets (est. 1789), or the Northeastern part of the country in general, for “Spring Break.” They are the people that were sleeping in Logan or T.F. Green on Monday or Tuesday dreaming about Cancun or the Bahamas while they waited in the miles long line to see “John” the useless, brainless, uncreative, repetitive music. Those of us that went home only to discover their house blanketed in fresh snow found themselves вариантах из красок. It does not foster minority, but within minorities. In addition, Paul Pierre ‘03 believes, “it alienates the minorities that do not participate in the program.” Once white students arrive on campus, entire relationships and friendships have been formed already. Moreover, most minority students are not accustomed to the established college drinking culture. Dancing and music were usually the focus of social atmospheres throughout high school. Thus, the typical Holy Cross party is bizarre and uncomfortable for a minority student, which does not cultivate social ties. More than any other inhabited con- ducted by whites to the minority is not taken seriously. Sometimes, a friendly, outgoing gesture by a student, towards a student of a different race is seen as a token ac-

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