Thursday, April 5 through Saturday April 7

- “Chicagof” Fenwick Theatre, 8 p.m. Admission is $10 for the general public; $7 for the Holy Cross community. Call the box office at (508) 793-2496 for advance tickets.
- Dance: Hanselman / Leby Semi-Formal. Hogan Ballroom, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.
- Special Event: Annual President’s review of NROTC unit. Hogan Recreation Center, 4 p.m. This annual event is a formal recognition of the presidents of the College of Holy Cross, Worcester Polytechnic Institute and Worcester State College for their support of the NROTC unit.
- Symposium: “Post-Soul Satire: A Symposium on the Fiction of Paul Beatty, Trey Ellis and Darius James.” Presentations by the cultural critics 10 a.m. to noon and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in the Dinand Library Browsing Room. Literary reading by Darius James at 7:30 p.m. in Hogan Campus Center, room 519.

The author of the essay, “The New Black Aesthetic,” Ellis’ works have helped establish the “post-Soul” era in literature. Beatty, the author of “The White Boy Shuffle,” and James, author of “Neorgophobia,” join Ellis as authors who use satire to explore the post-Soul moment in which we live. Each author makes explicit references to Civil Rights-era black politics and cultural assumptions. In the process, each recalls the “Soul” era in their works. Sponsored by the African-American Studies concentration, the event is free and open to the public.

Saturday, April 7

- Symposium: “Post-Soul Satire: A Symposium on the Fiction of Paul Beatty, Trey Ellis and Darius James.” Presentations by the cultural critics 10 a.m. to noon and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. in the Dinand Library Browsing Room. Literary readings by Trey Ellis and Dannya Senna, Holy Cross’ Jenks Chair, at 7:30 p.m. in the Hogan Campus Center, room 519.
- Special Event: Annual President’s review of NROTC unit. Hogan Recreation Center, 4 p.m. This annual event is a formal recognition of the presidents of the College of Holy Cross, Worcester Polytechnic Institute and Worcester State College for their support of the NROTC unit.

A strange bug was running around campus a few days ago, and my friend Joey Brocklesby ‘93 had it. At first I couldn’t understand what was wrong with the junior-to-be. All too late, I diagnosed the problem: he was running for Class President.

“I have to keep up with my competition,” he told me last week, just before his photo-op with Mr. T — a lengthy session of substituting his face for George Peppard’s in downloaded pictures of the A-Team. “The market for celebrity and near-celebrity endorsements is definitely a bull right now; I hear that one of the guys running for Sophomore Secretary has all five Jacksons on his posters — all five! Even Jermaine! And I had to blow half of my budget just to get Wayne-O to appear on my poster.”

In a final, ultimately futile, advertising blitz last week, Citizen Brocklesby boldly touted his connection with Jar-Jar Binks, a move which many experts viewed as the death knell of his candidacy. “Perhaps if this Brocklesby guy actually gave us a platform on which to judge him, instead of simply listing a bunch of people who have never met him, he would get a better turnout,” said one expert at a recent conference that I attended.

“And gimme my Coors from over there... hey, are we dealing you in for the next game or not?”

“I tried to give them my opinions, my controversial plans, and my positions on the tough issues,” Joey protested when I repeated the scholarly opinion. “But nobody wants to listen! I say I’m in favor of more student involvement, and that’s the answer to all the problems we have here on campus. It’s not like national politics where you can just throw a dart and be sure to hit controversy.”

Refusing to acknowledge that he had a point, I quickly threw a tennis ball around the room (Public Safety had taken away my darts). As luck would have it, it hit the wall, the other wall, Joey, the trash can, and the door to the downstairs office. “I’ll say,” he said. “Do you always throw tennis balls at people? That really hurts.”

You’re not looking at the big picture, I replied. Doors, that’s the answer. One of the great issues that faces the Holy Cross campus these days — the basement doors on the Hill Dorms. Someone, or some ones, keeps on propping open these doors with chairs from the Social Rooms. These Door-Propping Bandits are an acknowledged menace to students’ safety and well-being; everyone knows that doors invite axe murderers and rapists who are too stupid to just wait until five minutes before every hour, when students return, to shut classes will gladly hold the doors open for them. The Door-Propping Bandits must be stopped, lest students cease being inconvenienced! Or perhaps they should be encouraged, to improve the quality of life on the Hill and furthermore to give the students something more to gripe about! Your decision?

Joey applauded. “That’s great,” he said, “I never knew doors were such a big deal. I mean, if I was a Door-Propping Controversy, I told him.

Of course they are, I said. We use them every day. Surely you have some opinion on doors, something that you can use to rally the students against the Administration.

“Well... I really don’t like those little latches that they have on the end of the doors heading into the dormitories. Why does the Administration run muscle-pulls by forcing Hill-dwelling students to use those crooked little one-inch-by-a-half-inch slivers of metal instead of installing some real handles, capable of distributing the weight around an entire hand? Do they think we’re only transient second-class citizens, somehow deserving of these shabby handles? Do real handholds or doorknobs really cost that much more? Let’s get some answers, Administration, before somebody breaks a hand!”

That’s it, I said. Really sock it to those faceless Administration types. That’s the key to winning a Holy Cross election.