PERSISTENCE: Spring quarter is rough on everyone. Students watch their friends from home graduate and go on break while DePaul sits down for midterms; but you are so close. In these last weeks, take time for yourself and take time to think about your year here. It will motivate you to do your best work and push you through these last moments of the school year.
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## DEPAUL UNIVERSITY HONORS PROGRAM
[https://academics.depaul.edu/honors](https://academics.depaul.edu/honors)

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THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO CONTRIBUTED!

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Cover photo provided by EMILY MELBY
Wow. Just like that, it is spring in Chicago and the end of another fantastic school year. As one of many seniors graduating this quarter, this end is quite bittersweet! Many of us have plans or jobs lined up after graduation, while some of us have left our graduation fates open to any opportunities that come our way. No two seniors have the same plan for after graduation, but all of us share the same bittersweet feelings that accompany the completion of years of university education. Spring quarter, the Honors Program boasts two traditions that especially resonate with almost-graduates. This year, these events were celebrated in the same weekend...it was a wake-up call that graduation is fast approaching!

On May 13th, we had the annual Honors Student Conference. Every year I am always blown away by the level of academic excellence displayed by our Honors peers, and this year was no exception. As a first time presenter, presenting my senior thesis, I was even more amazed, finally knowing firsthand how much effort goes into producing such a work. At the conference, the three other presenters during my thesis session showcased passion for vastly differing topics; from the economic impact of the Olympics to the effects of anti-trust laws on hospitals. Katherine Boukidis, Lexi Hofert, and Brenna Nolan articulately and enthusiastically shared their research with the Honors Program community and some proud parents. It was an honor to be a part of such an esteemed group. Also, Honors Program #GirlPower is always exciting!!

The next afternoon, the Honors Program celebrated the Class of 2016 at the Honors Senior Gala. I am not a particularly emotional person, but when Nancy Grossman shared her remarks, about how, four years earlier, she had told us to save the date for this Gala, and how it was finally here...I couldn't help but cry! It was so sad and joyful! These feelings were only strengthened by the presentation of Honors cords to my fellow classmates. One by one, I saw friends and peers walk across the stage. I saw friends from my first year on the Seton Honors floor, classmates from honors Philosophy and other classes, and I saw people I didn't even know were in Honors.

Wandering around the reception afterwards, I made sure to grab my fellow Honors Student Government members for a quick picture. While the Honors Program has been one of my groups at DePaul, Honors Student Government was where I invested a great deal of my time and energy. I'm going to miss it immensely. Next year it's going to be hard spending every other Friday at work instead of the SAC. It's going to be weird not seeing Jennifer Kosco and Nancy Grossman, emailing board members, or setting up outings for incoming Honors students. However, I'm trying to look at the positive side of things: there may be a freshman starting next fall who will love those things as much as I did. Treasure your time at DePaul, future HSG presidents. It goes much too fast.
I feel like academic conferences are a part of academia that no one thinks about as a senior in high school. However, as Honors students progress through their four years at DePaul, they often find various research opportunities, and with that research often comes presenting at a conference. Sometimes the conferences are local (the Honors Program conference held every spring, for instance), but often Honors students are traveling all over the country.

I know when I applied to DePaul I certainly wasn’t expecting to go to Texas! In early April, I attended the 2016 Conference on College Composition and Communication (CCCC) in Houston. I presented research with Dr. Sarah Read, a professor in DePaul’s Writing, Rhetoric, and Discourse department, and Dr. Michael Michaud, a professor from Rhode Island. I spent last summer working as Dr. Read’s research assistant, and I continued my research with her as an independent study project in the Winter. My class culminated with the conference, where the three of us were presented our research on Multi-Major Professional Writing courses across the country.

I think the most terrifying part of my conference experience was the fear of screwing up. I didn’t want to say something that would reflect badly on the two professors I worked with. However, they were both incredibly helpful with preparation: we spent almost three hours in a hotel room going over slides and having interesting discussions on academics and how to best organize information. On the opposite side of the spectrum, attending this conference was one of the most enjoyable academic experiences I have ever had. Everyone who was there was enthusiastic about learning, eager to share what they had discovered, and incredibly kind and welcoming. After the first thirty seconds of presenting that kindness eased my fears, and I found myself excitedly discussing all of the insights I had over the course of my research.

Going to Texas helped me meet people in my field, and acquire knowledge that I can use while working at the Writing Center. So, to anyone thinking about submitting a conference proposal or asking a professor to assist them with an independent research project- DO IT! It’s worth it for the experiences, the friendships, and all of the learning. Especially the learning.
From day one to now, the Honors Program has been part of my experience at DePaul. Even though I have a year left, Spring Quarter always encourages me to spend time reflecting on the past and thinking about the future. Next year I’ll be a senior, and after that comes graduation. Writing this article has only reminded me that my time here is limited. I will be in Los Angeles next quarter, and I will not be able to serve on the e-board or as an honors mentor. While I’m sorry to go, I know that the new officers and mentors will be great, because all those before my time were too.

One of my first memories at the university was the Honors welcome reception. In fact, this event occurred before I even began classes. I have positive regards for the Honors Program, from the beginning of my first year to the present.

I remember living on the honors floor of Seton Hall when I first came to the city. I was one of six people in the residence hall that moved in early, so we all felt like veterans by the time everyone else came. Regardless, a great community quickly developed. By the time the first quarter ended, most of the residents knew each other. Once summer arrived and the year ended, those bonds had grown stronger. Because Seton is a Freshman-only residence hall, everyone needed to find new accommodations. However, almost everyone on the Honors floor retained their roommates when moving to apartments, or they moved in with other people they knew down the hall. I too did this, and I’m still good friends with my former roommates.

You could say we embodied the classic Honors students well, spending our time visiting museums, studying at coffee shops, and talking about which new superhero movie was better than the others. However, I can say that were also active in other ways: many of my friends became interns within the first two years, were elected to lead service or social organizations, joined fraternities and sororities, and began their professional careers, from business to liberal arts to cinema.

I am one of those students. Studying digital cinema is a collaborative effort, because it requires a team of people to make movies. I have brought multiple Honors students onto our productions recently, and I’m still amazed at the hard work and dedication they bring. It’s important to be a good listener and make creative decisions in the entertainment industry, and I can confidently say that Honors students succeed in all of the above. Of course, there are plenty of other fields that require similar skills sets, and I am friends with plenty of people that are successful in those areas.

The Honors Program has provided me with great friends who work incredibly hard. I know that even when I’m miles away in LA, everything I’ve learned from the Honors Program about hard work and dedication will still play an important part in what I accomplish.

Have you Visited the Honors Program Web Page Lately?

If not, please do. Not only can you find out Honors course specifics and the latest issues of Honorable Mentions online, but you also might see yourself in a photo gallery! Go to: http://academics.depaul.edu/honors/about/events/galleries/Pages/default.aspx to see photos from this year’s Honors events. Also, you can see photos of the recent Honors Conference here: http://academics.depaul.edu/honors/current-students/Pages/research-conference.aspx. Check back often for updates!
LOOKING FORWARD
MADDY CROZIER  FRESHMAN, JOURNALISM

Looking forward.

I use this phrase often, maybe every day. I repeat it like a mantra and embody it like a state of mind. Day after day, I look forward to something new, whatever something I’ve categorized as my next temporal milestone: next date, next weekend, next exam, the end of the quarter, the end of my first year at DePaul.

I move through life faithful in the future, treating tomorrows like stepping stones to help me navigate this life.

But...navigate to what, exactly?

The problem here is that as I look forward to what’s next, I risk missing out on what’s happening now. It’s important to balance that forward thinking with reflection and enjoyment.

I moved out of Clifton-Fullerton Hall and into an apartment in Boystown (off the Red Line Belmont stop) over Spring Break. An opportunity arose and, like a brand new, taut, red-ribbon finish line stretched out across my path, I had to seize it. I couldn’t even wait until the end of the school year. Within weeks, my roommates-to-be and I had broken our housing contracts, cleaned out our rooms, and left the city for break knowing we’d be returning to a new way of life.

I don’t think other students looking to move off-campus need to be as eager. I missed out on fully appreciating residence hall life while I lived it because all I wanted to do was grow up, again.

On-campus living really does have its advantages, especially for first-year students, and especially for students like me who came from out of state. As a freshman, it gives you a better opportunity to immediately find a sense of community and inclusion. It makes it easier to get involved because activities and events happen right at your doorstep. These students generally move more through the campus walking to class, the student center, or the Ray, and spend more time on campus than those who don’t sleep there.

However, at times, on-campus living seemed to restrict the experience I expected to have living in Chicago. It really did make me feel like a first-year student.

So for me, living off campus is all positives. Not only do I have a bigger space than my dorm room and my own room, I feel like I have a space that I chose. Feeling control over this environment offers stability in my life, especially in this absolutely beautiful condo. Even with a short commute, I feel like I have more control of my time.

My favorite things about living in the apartment are the kitchen appliances. I used to daydream about cooking my own food and buying groceries. I haven’t completely said goodbye to Chartwell’s because there’s money left on my meal plan, but for the most part I eat my own groceries and get to try out recipes I’d been saving all winter.

I passed the moving-off-campus milestone a little quickly, and definitely quicker than most students who come to live on campus. My advice would be that you don’t have to. Enjoy the now. Enjoy moments before they become memories. Know that the milestones will come as they may, and you’ll still have the experiences, but enjoy yourself more fully in the process.

So seize that two-bedroom apartment if the perfect one comes around. But more importantly, seize the day.

FINDING THE OPPOSITE OF LONELINESS
ALEXA SMITH  FRESHMAN, ENGLISH

When I arrived at 9 a.m. on move-in day last August, I had no idea what to expect out of the next nine months of my life. I had hopes and expectations about what would happen during my freshman year of college but no way to tell if these hopes and expectations would come to fruition by June. Ultimately, though, all I really wanted was to find my place here and to discover what the opposite of loneliness was.

A couple weeks ago I reread Marina Keegan’s essay that she wrote back in 2012 for the Yale Daily News called “The Opposite of Loneliness” for the fourth time. In it Keegan writes, “We don’t have a word for the opposite of loneliness, but if we did, I could say that’s what I want in life. What I’m grateful and thankful to have found at Yale, and what I’m scared of losing when we wake up tomorrow and leave this place. It’s not quite love and it’s not quite community; it’s just this feeling that there are people, an abundance of people, who are in this together. Who are on your team. When the check is paid and you stay at the table. When it’s four a.m. and no one goes to bed. That night with the guitar. That night we can’t remember. That time we did, we went, we saw, we laughed, we felt. The hats.”

Last Friday night, my friend and I decided to stay in and go on a walk to a park down Sheffield. When we got to the park we climbed onto the top of the monkey bars and sat talking until 1:30 in the morning without realizing how late it was. When we got back to our dorms, my friend texted me and said, “I’m sitting in my bed and after tonight I think this is the least alone I have felt in so long.”
MENTION’S REFLECTIONS

When I got that text I just sat in bed and thought about the concept of loneliness for awhile. I reread Marina Keegan’s essay and started to cry. Just like my friend said, it was the first time I didn’t feel alone in a long time because of a simple night with a friend talking in a park. It was a night where we both felt like we were on each other’s team. We slowed down enough to take a breath.

Looking back on my freshman year of college, I realize how lucky I am to have found a new home so far away from the place I called home for eighteen years of my life. There have been so many nights where I’ve felt so incredibly far from alone, and it was all in the jokes and the laughs and the music playing in the background. That night we danced to “Don’t You Forget About Me” at midnight. That night we met Penn Badgley. That night we ended up in a penthouse. That night we sat on the closet floor crying. That night you showed me your dances from summer camp.

When I came to college back in August, all I really wanted was to find the opposite of loneliness that Marina Keegan wrote about. Though it’s only nearing the end of my freshman year, I know I found the opposite of loneliness in that one night seeing Whitney with my best friends at the Virgin Hotel, and that other night at The Empty Bottle, and in the nights spent at Cozy Noodle laughing and crying and feeling everything there is to feel when you’re surrounded by people you love. I found a home in friends and places and memories.

Even when I felt the most isolated and alone, there was always a person there to remind me that we’re in this together. We’re all here experiencing the seasonal depression in January. We’re all experiencing the anxiety over job prospects when we graduate. We’re all worried that everyone else is way ahead of us in the race to the finish line. We’re all trying to make sense of the world we’ve been thrown into. We’re all trying to figure it out. Together. And that is as close to the opposite of loneliness as it gets.

DC IMMERSION TRIP

TOM RIETZ, SOPHOMORE, POLITICAL SCIENCE

My time in the University Ministry 2016 Spring Service Immersion trip to Washington D.C. was one of the most prolific and enlightening experiences I have had at DePaul. I spent time doing service for the Father McKenna Center near Gonzaga high school, where we helped prepare and serve meals to people experiencing homelessness.

Being in the Honors Program means realizing your true self, which is very much like being a part of these trips. In many ways this trip was not only about giving to others, but also self-development. I spent the vast majority of my free time with our fellow students reflecting and discussing on some of the issues the people we served faced. We learned each other’s love languages, laughed, ate PB&J’s, and, most importantly, we questioned each other and ourselves. We dove into hard, critical questions about why we were there, what good we were or were not doing, and what the Father McKenna Center truly meant to the people it served.

I explored these topics in relation to the Vincentian mission and as a representative of the Honors program. I attempted to utilize what I had learned about poverty in my introductory classes and found that much of the Vincentian education I had received, though accurate, was incomparable to the lived experience. Classed did not compare to meeting the residents of the hypothermia program, which is dedicated solely to people surviving the winter during the summer.

I miss my group members very much, and have found a rekindled passion to live in D.C. and to work as an agent of political change for those who need it most. Luckily, the bonds I built will continue to travel with me no matter how far apart from each other we travel.
DemonTHON was always a concept that swirled around my entire life at DePaul. I had friends, coworkers, acquaintances, enemies that were all a part of this thing, and it felt like the one thing on campus that I wasn’t a part of. As a senior, it felt too late to join, and the challenge of standing for 24 hours seemed way too daunting in my last quarter while I was searching for jobs and trying to not fail out of my last four classes. However, after some encouragement from some friends and because of my inability to say no to any sort of on campus leadership position, I applied to be a Morale Captain.

I repeatedly told myself that this was probably the least fitting position that I have ever applied for and then received. When I told my close group of friends that I was going to be a Morale Captain and what the job entailed (standing for 24 hours, staying happy for 24 hours, doing anything for 24 hours without sleeping, etc.), 90% of them laughed in my face. Of course, this just motivated me even more to stick with it and prove every one of them wrong. Thing number one that I learned from DemonTHON: the competitive and stubborn side of me is much stronger than the side of me that loves napping.

Morale meetings consisted of lots of talking and chatter, event planning, a lot of chatter, and some of the best, most inspiring, passionate people that you will ever meet. DePaul is often criticized when it comes to building community and making students feel as if they are all connected. If there is one thing that DemonTHON was able to do, it’s this. Students of all ages, personalities, backgrounds, all work together toward one huge goal. It is one of the most
MENTION’S REFLECTIONS

encouraging things that I have had the pleasure of being a part of. It is insane to see the amount of work and time spent working toward a single goal when a group of fifty twenty-year-old, supposedly-selfish, millennials are handed the opportunity to do so much good for so many people. The amount of effort that is put in from every single individual creates an environment like no other one that I have been a part of. Imagine the opposite of every group project that you have been a part of since the beginning of your schooling career in the late 90’s. Thing number two that I learned from DemonTHON: not every group effort has to be a pain.

While the weeks and months leading up to April 29th were inspiring and stressful and exciting and exhilarating, nothing can compare to the Big Event itself. From set-up to tear-down, you can feel the will exuding from every pore of every body in McGrath Arena to reach that million dollar goal. We watched the way-too-big disco ball get raised to the ceiling and stood in the foyer while they tested the way-too-loud bass, all anticipating the next 36 hours with a good amount of stress but also an equally ridiculous amount of passion.

Then five o’clock hit on Friday. My heart jumped and my stomach dropped while Earth, Wind, and Fire’s “September” played and the first of twenty-four morale dances began. The feeling of dancing alongside the people who I had been working with endlessly for the last six months at the event that we had been anticipating for even longer is one that cannot be compared. It was then that the reason that it’s dancing and not running or jumping or walking or flying came to me: nothing matters when you’re dancing. You are overcome by the music. You are with the people that you love, and you can forget about the troubles that you have outside of looking like a fool while trying to whip and nae nae for the eighteenth time that night. You are there in McGrath for the families at Robert and Ann Lurie Children’s Hospital. Thing number three that I learned at DemonTHON: you have nothing else to think about because, right now, they are the most important people in the room and they deserve it.

Every hour, a new family would come on stage and tell us their story and how Lurie’s helped them through the hardest time of their lives. Each story was just as inspiring as the last and every story made me sob harder and harder. This might have been because the exhaustion was beginning to hit home, but it was also the reality of the situations and stories that we had been hearing throughout the night (and day) truly sinking in. The appreciation that these families have for DemonTHON and all those involved and the fact that they are willing to take time out of their crazy busy schedules to come and talk to us shows the impact that DePaul’s students have on their lives.

After twenty four families spoke, hundreds of songs played, and a good amount of tears, we lined up to do the 24th and last morale dance of the event. During this dance, the total was added up and we waited for the Big Reveal of whether or not we had made it to the million dollar goal. Everything had been leading up to this moment. But we knew that while we danced, after everything that we went through together, that despite whether or not the goal appeared on that screen, the impact that we had made on the Chicagoland community and on these families especially was evident. So in the end we did turn around to see that we had hit our goal. The tears flowed and all of our ugly crying faces were captured for many to view for years to come. We turned around and suddenly our feet stopped hurting and everything that had stressed us out for the last 24 hours and the number of times that we told ourselves that we couldn’t do it anymore went away like magic. We could have stood for another 24 hours if we needed to. This is the magic of DemonTHON. This is the magic that comes from hard work and determination. The magic surrounding DemonTHON is insurmountable and is something that you can only experience in few places at few times in your lifetime. Thing number one thousand that I learned from DemonTHON: you can do so much more than you think you can.
They are in gray shirts, almost matching in tone, on a white porch that sits slightly above sidewalk level. The street is busy, but not busy enough to block the view of the pair in sunglasses. The man is staring at the woman, the woman at her phone.

Next door, a restaurant patio creates a washed out murmur as patrons speak to one another over white plates of bread and creamy saffron-colored cheese. They are hurried in speech but not angry. Their faces are a mixture of the cheese and the blackness of a throat’s interior from a distance. The couple opens their mouths like beached sunfish – gaping only enough to let the air in and out. All of the surrounding shops have their doors open.

When there are not cars, there are birds. And when there are not restaurant patios, there are backyards. In this season, everything is open. Especially our mouths. The cheese at the restaurant is more than a snack. It’s says, “What I have to tell you is a quick bite, not a full meal’s worth. You see, Linda slept with Harry yesterday. Can you believe it?” Can you believe that people make human mistakes? In the spring, it seems impossible, as the weather is its own impossibility. Everything is gossip, incredulity. Just like this seventy-degree day.

We gossip because it is better than the debate about whether Hilary could win and the sadness that comes with talking about all of those students in Kenya. We gossip because it takes the focus off our sad selves that have not done anything exciting recently other than wait for others to make errors. And more so, we gossip because it is mindless and these days it seems that one would rather be mindless than to be mindful, aware of ourselves in this space in this spring in this city in this restaurant surrounded by people with things to say that won’t matter in weeks let alone days.

The woman looks at the man now. Each looks down the street and then in opposite directions. The man turns back to the woman. They smile and sip their tinkly green glass beers in their brown wooden chairs. When looking at them, I notice a silence. There are birds and not cars and bikes; laughter and not argument and gossip. Is this what it means to find a moment of peace with someone in the city? Within them? Yes, that’s it. Within them.
TIMING’S OFF

Give me your heart as if it’s not broken.
I’ll make you a thick soup,
Stir it with a wooden spoon
Over the hot stove,
Before you even get sick.
Take my umbrella
3 days before the weatherman
Predicts rain.
Let’s pour champagne at 2pm
On December 31st,
Throw our heads back;
Let’s pretend like we haven’t
Lost each other yet.
I keep my head down while I walk,
In case we end up in the same place,
But baby, what if we did?
Can I board the ship again,
Even though the iceberg
Hasn’t melted?
Will you still let me in
Without a key?
Let’s wrap ourselves in Sunday blankets,
Throw on cereal cartoons.
Here’s a red cup full of jungle juice -
Chug it till we end up smoking
On a stranger’s roof.
We’ll watch the smoke drift to the stars,
Then we’ll head there ourselves.
I know your scars haven’t healed yet,
I’m giving you the stitches too late;
But baby, give me your heart
As if I didn’t break it.

NIGHT BREEZE

It is late and I am alone in a cab. I ask, “May I roll the window down?” The driver says, “Of course.” The air is light and clean and it is dark enough that the sky is a deep navy. I ask, “How has your day been?”

“Great. Actually, wonderful. I love my kids. I spent the whole day with them. Just outside. We’re going to take them to the beach soon. That’s their favorite summertime thing. Just sand and a million of those plastic toys. They just get so happy about nothing. Like tonight, for example. My wife and I found those glow in the dark stars at the store and we put them up in their room. Cheap plastic things that I made better with a blacklight I bought special for them. My wife thought that was overboard, but they loved it. It’s so crazy how something that small changes everything for them.”

KATE HARRINGTON

SOPHOMORE, ENGLISH & CREATIVE WRITING

MEGAN PIETZ

JUNIOR, SECONDARY EDUCATION

CREATIVE CONNECTIONS
“SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE LIZA MINELLI, BUT SHE GOT KIND OF MALFORMED.”: JOHN CURRIN ON BEAUTY AND THE GROTESQUE

ERIN ROUX FRESHMAN, ENGLISH

Sexuality, body image, the male gaze, and classical European painting: a compelling juxtaposition allowing for compelling conversation. On April 28th, The DePaul Humanities Center hosted artist John Currin as part of a lecture series “In Conversation with Great Minds” to initiate dialogue about the controversial nature of Currin’s canonical paintings. Carnegie Mellon undergraduate student, Yale graduate student, former abstract artist, father, husband, unintentional satirist, and classical painter, Currin himself is just as much of an interesting, unsettling juxtaposition as his humorous, articulate paintings.

Currin’s most discussed and well known work consists of figurative oil paintings, mostly of women, that are very masterfully completed and humorously received. They are often images of women in different situations: laying in bed with the covers up to her chin, standing with a friend with an unsightly pregnant belly, enacting in a vivid pornographic scene, or portraying some sort of twist on a classic reclining nude.

Currin’s use of classic oil painting and technique creates for an interesting beautiful and bourgeois feeling, which is then contrasted by the larger-than-life and not-necessarily-beautiful women in his images. He stirs up tension between the medium and the subject. What if Botticelli’s Venus was crippled, elderly, or had an exceptionally long neck?

After a lengthy lecture regarding his work by the head of DePaul Humanities, John Currin humbly took the stage to discuss his paintings. Tongue firmly in cheek, he said, “my mind is totally blank”, and goes on to flip through a multitude of brilliant paintings that were obviously not painted with a blank mind. As a young art student and creator of oil painting smears and “Kooning rip offs”, John Currin’s adolescent misery wasn’t an adequate motivator for pieces worth a conversation: “I wanted to be a tortured, New York school painter”, he joked dryly.

One day, Currin had the idea to “just paint a girl…Solid, repressed, in the center” of his pieces, and began painting portraits of women from his old yearbooks. His fascination began to grow and shift to middle aged women, androgynous women, men and women interacting with each other in tradition with typical gender roles (suited man, half naked woman), particularly big-breasted women, and his even more controversial images pulled from old pornography magazines. After his honeymoon to Florence, he became exceptionally fascinated with Renaissance painting, art, and flesh, and began to implement this into his paintings (as shown in “Honeymoon Nude” from 1998).

Currin flips classical ideas of beauty onto its symmetrical, blonde head, whether or not this is intentional. Regarding his 1997 piece “The Cripple”, he says, “it was supposed to be like Liza Minelli, but as I was painting it, she got kind of malformed. I don’t know.” This image of a broadly smiling woman in a yellow dress leaning on a cane stirs up questions in the viewer. Why have we never seen women like this in art before? He contrasts classical beauty with the grotesque, creating new beauty and conversation.

We explore the idea of beauty, rethought. We see hypocr-
risies of the standard of beauty. We wonder why we see cer-
tain people or things as innately “beautiful” as well as why
we believe that art, because it is “art”, has to be beautiful. We
see a humorous juxtaposition between the classical medi-
um of oil painting and the grotesque nature of his work. We
even see a humorous juxtaposition between the artist and
his intent for a piece and what the audience takes from it.

On this topic, he said, “I can talk about the meanings of
things, but without even trying, you make complex meta-
phors and ideas; the main ideas are the colors, the shapes,
and what you do with recognizable forms”. While Currin
might be painting a beautiful woman, the audience will pull
from it what they will: “I wanted to invoke love rather than
lust, which is bullshit because [the paintings] invoke what-
ever they invoke”. Along with this, oftentimes, he said he is
unaware of his own intent for his pieces. At the end of his
presentation, he softly said, “I’m fond of these [pieces], but
they’re too new for me to know what they’re really about.”

His paintings reveal an interesting relationship between
the painter and the women in the painting. Who is in con-
trol of the reactions of the viewer? How does the male gaze
change – or not change – the women in the image? Does
the male gaze exist? Along with this, the definition of sex
becomes blurred; what makes a piece sexual? What differ-
entiates a painting from pornography? Does it matter? Is
Currin using the image of women just as Renaissance paint-
ers did to make a different statement? Is this feminist? Does
it matter?

Currin and his unsettling, satirical pieces teach us to think
in dialogue from viewer to painting, painting to painting,
viewer to viewer, viewer to painter, painter to painting and
so on; it reminds us not to think too much about a piece
of work. As he said, “looking at a painting intensely like
that ruins it.” This kind of purity and honesty in an artist is
fresh and often unseen. Though kind of shocking, it unde-
niably offers a new way to view classical painting, art, and
the female body. John Currin is a Renaissance painter with
a modern, grotesque eye, and his pieces will indefinitely in-
voke something curious, whether or not we know why.

‘GIRL IN BED’ BY JOHN CURRIN
The United States began its war on terror on September 11th, 2001 after the Al Qaeda attacks in New York and Washington D.C. This incubated an environment of fear over the next decade and a half. Fear rekindled in June 2014, when the Salafi jihadi group known as ISIS proclaimed a worldwide caliphate, or Islamic state. In an environment of fear, the news emphasized terrorist scares, diminished the truth about how strong we are, and failed to report on the threats we actually face. In this environment of fear, the disseminated information can be an overwhelming flow of unfiltered useful and useless information. Fortunately, there is a professor willing to provide a sieve to separate the fear from the truth.

DePaul Professor Tom Mockaitis recently gave an honors lecture on “National Security Issues and Their Impact on the Fall Elections”. After working with the military for upwards of fifteen years, he gave his expert thoughts on the strength of the United States military and national security, and he explained how the country reacts to terrorist attacks. Following an act of terror, like the suicide bombing in Paris or Brussels, politicians demand increased security to appease a fearful public. This results in highly visible and highly ineffective security measures designed to dissipate the environment of fear and increase political approval ratings without much, if any, effect on the root problems of global terrorism and national security.

While the military dominates the national security conversation, the arguably more impactful factors of national security – migration and global climate change – remain rarely discussed. Professor Mockaitis strived to give us to put the issues of national security into perspective by sharing some interesting statistics. For example, in a poll from several African countries, climate change was rank number one or very highly in each country as a concerning factor of national security. As temperatures rise, food and water become more scarce leading to instability and violent outbreaks.

As he continued to share this global perspective, Mockaitis also brought up the issue of migration as a factor in national security. The United States has a rigorous series of immigration steps, with politicians striving to place ever more strict boundaries in place. However, the statistical trend shows that it is the children of immigrants and fully nationalized citizens who are more likely to be targeted by extremists and therefore pose national security risks. Mockaitis reiterated that less than 200 Americans have joined ISIS. He also clarified that the reports that government agencies believe there to be a terrorist cell in every state in the U.S. are misleading; in the modern era, an extremist cell could be one individual with a laptop and internet access. Still, while the internet contributes to the scale of terrorism, most terrorism is localized to a specific country or region. While the environment of fear in the United States paints us to be on high alert, it is far more statistically probable to be killed by another American with no terrorist affiliation than it is to be killed in a terrorist attack.

As Professor Mockaitis brought his lecture to a close, he opened the floor to questions. He answered a question on the issue of refugees from terror-torn nations in other European countries. Referring to the once warm and now tempestuous acceptance of refugees in European nations like Germany, Mockaitis delved into the psychology of post-WWII Germany and the nationalistic tendencies of European countries- ex-
plaining the social obstacles in adopting a nationality in Europe.

Professor Mockaitis strives with each lecture to cut through the environment of fear and provide perspective to the issues of national security, expanding the definition and explaining what we as voters must demand from our respective politicians. Mockaitis began and ended his lecture with the hope that he had imparted some knowledge, provided some perspective, and made smaller the holes in our sieves.

**DYNAMITE DINING**

MICHAELA JACOB FRESHMAN, BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

Many doors are opened to the lucky members of the DePaul University Honors Program. One particularly important door seems to be overlooked by many. Free food. Every quarter, the honors students are invited to join other staff and students in a free dinner. I am proud to say that I have personally attended all of the quarterly dinners this year, and I plan on continuing to do so with my years to come as an honors student. Not only is the food free of charge and delicious, but these dinners really offer an opportunity to get to connect with some of the Honors Staff as well as fellow members.

At these dinners, the staff and students engross themselves in conversations that range from current world issues to activities that they enjoy taking part in over a delightful meal. Getting to know some of the other students is easy because they are able to relate to the hardships of being a college student with the additional challenge of taking courses at the honors level. The staff are also a delight to get to know. With these past three dinners, I have gotten to know several staff members that I wouldn't have been able to otherwise. As a Biological Sciences major with a minor in Spanish, I don't have any wiggle room to allow for classes outside of my major; however, these dinners have allowed me to meet a variety of teachers from different departments. The staff are more than willing to give students advice on their future endeavors, and their advice is always insightful and thoughtful. These professors went to college themselves and know what is necessary in order to succeed, so it can be incredibly beneficial to ask for their insight.

For some reason, the Honors quarterly dinners are extremely underappreciated. Upon talking to several friends in the Honors Program, it came to my attention that most have never attended a single one, nor do they have any interest in doing so. Students should take advantage of such opportunities as these. These dinners could be the event that leads to a new friendship or a great relationship with a professor on campus. It is important to take a break from studying once and while and enjoy the extra perks that DePaul has to offer. What better way than over a free meal?
HONORS EVENTS

HONORS SENIOR GALA

DePaul Honors seniors cross the stage to receive their stoles and certificates and enjoy the reception, honoring their hard work in the Honors program over the last four years.
HONORS EVENTS

HONORS BALL 2016

DEPAUL STUDENTS DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY AND RAISE MONEY FOR THE HONORS STUDENT GOVERNMENT DEMONTHON TEAM AT THE BEGINNING OF APRIL. ALL PROCEEDS WENT TO ROBERT AND ANN LURIE CHILDREN’S HOSPITAL. WE RAISED OVER $600!
PRESENTATIONS AND AWARDS AT ACADEMIC CONFERENCES

The following students have recently received awards and/or presented at academic conferences, including the Honors Student Conference. Congratulations to all!

NOAH BARTH, JUNIOR, AMERICAN STUDIES
Selected as a Point Foundation Finalist. The Point Foundation is The National LGBTQ Scholars fund and they selected 35 finalists out of approximately 2,200 applicants throughout the country.

DYLAN FAHOOME, FOURTH YEAR, BFA PLAYWRITING

MATT GARVIN, SENIOR, MATHEMATICS
Selected as the “Outstanding Mathematics Student” award for the 2015-2016 academic year. The Outstanding Mathematics Student Award is awarded annually to an outstanding graduating senior, based on her/his GPA in all mathematics courses taken at DePaul University, as well as other factors.

JUSTIN GLENN, JUNIOR, ENGLISH/HISTORY
Presented “The Silent Audience: Audience Reactions to Blackface Performance in the Jazz Singer” at the DePaul Student History Conference.

PAOLA GUERRERO-TOLEDO, JUNIOR, INTEGRATED HONORS MARKETING

ELIZABETH HAMPSON, SOPHOMORE, THEATRE ARTS (DIRECTING) AND INTERNATIONAL STUDIES
Conferences: (6th Annual International Studies Student conference) Paths to the Future: Reflecting on Agency in an Age of Uncertainty
Title: The Art of Displacement: Exploring Refugee Identities through the Works They Create
Award: (Visual Art Competition): Upstream People Gallery: 18th Annual Judeo-Christian Juried Online International Art Exhibition Work: “Step Into The Light” (Scratchboard)

ZOE KREY, THIRD YEAR, POLITICAL SCIENCE AND PUBLIC RELATIONS/ADVERTISING
Awarded the Richard deCordova Scholarship awarded by the American Studies department at DePaul for her essay, “Cokeys, Gongs, and the Reefer Man: Cab Calloway’s Use of Subversive Expressionism in the Harlem Renaissance.” Essay will be published in this year’s issue of the DePaul LAS journal, Creating Knowledge.

IZABELA KANTOR, FRESHMAN, INTERNATIONAL STUDIES
Received an award through the Department of Residential Education and that was called the Academic Acknowledgement Award. Also made Dean’s List for the fall and winter quarters.

SOFEA LEE, FRESHMAN, ACCOUNTANCY HONORS
Received the Dean’s Award for Scholastic Excellence award by the Driehaus College of Business.

YASMIN MITCHEL, SECOND YEAR, DRAMATURGY/CRITICISM
Awarded a Summer Fellowship with the Chicago History Museum.

DOUG ROACH, SENIOR, MATHEMATICS
Receive Exceptional Service Award for his work as a Crew Lead in DePaul’s Housing Services.

NATALIE SAGER, SENIOR, PSYCHOLOGY
Presenting: “A Case Study of Mexican American Identity and Contextual Factors” at the Undergraduate Sociology Research Conference

TYLER STONE, SENIOR, HISTORY
At the 12th Annual Student History Conference on April 29th, he presented his history thesis of “Men of Color, To Arms: African American Recruitment and the Black Male Image in the Civil War.” Also at this conference, he won the Albert Erlebacher-Cornelius Sippel Award for Outstanding Achievement in History.
DEPAUL HONORS CONFERENCE

DEPAUL HONORS STUDENTS PRESENT THEIR RESEARCH AT THE HONORS CONFERENCE ON MAY 13TH.
“ALL MUST BE DONE WITH GENTLENESS OF HEART AND HUMILITY, AS WE CONSIDER THE INTERESTS OF THOSE WITH WHOM WE ARE WORKING RATHER THAN OUR OWN.”

-ST. LOUISE DE MARILLAC