

Billy: Harmless icon or spawn of Satan?

Something's been bothering me ever since I started at DePaul three years ago. Okay, a lot of things have been bothering me, but this one actually has nothing to do with being rejected by women.

I'm referring to the eternal paradox that is our beloved school mascot, the Blue Demon. What's the problem, you ask? After all, the mascot is slick, fierce, multi-colored and

most important, not specifically offensive to any group in particular. Oh sure, one old logo, featuring Billy the Blue Demon perched on a basketball net, might have looked like Billy was taking a nice blue

dump through the hoop (I had that pennant on my wall for years as a little kid, and that never sat quite right with me). But in general, the Blue Demon has served DePaul well over the years.

However, in three years of attending (read: blowing off classes here, it has not escaped my attention that DePaul is a Catholic university. Really. It's in the literature. Check it out for yourself.

And as a religiously-affiliated school, doesn't it seem ironic that our mascot should be a minion of the Morning Star? Demons, as you'll recall from Bio 101, are typically classified by their ardent service of/engagement in evil. While not on the level of Lucifer, the full embodiment of all suffering and sin in the universe, demons are nevertheless agents of Hell. Does that seem like an appropriate emblem for a Catholic school? Do demons of any size, shape or shade—even blue ones—represent Vincentian values?

My guess would be no (though in the interest of full disclosure, I am in no way an accredited demonologist). I propose to you that the Blue Demon needs to go, in favor of a

nickname that better reflects the qualities and values prized by a decent, God-fearing Catholic school. I offer these as but a few suggestions, to get the ball rolling.



the Utah Jazz in the NBA, or our own Chicago Rush in Arena Football. In that vein, nothing would sum up Catholic values better than the DePaul Guilt. We may not strike fear into the other team's hearts, but we'll sure strike shame.

The Inquisitors. Religion isn't all sweetness and holy wafers, after all. History has shown that, given the right circumstances, Mother Church can go quite medieval on one's ass—see the Spanish Inquisition. Carries the added bonus of being able to incorporate the musical number from "Mel Brooks' History of the World Part I" into the fight song: "We've flattened their fingers! / We've branded their buns! / Nothing is working! / Send in the nuns!" At which point, the cheerleading squad comes out in full habit-and-wimple garb. Now that's a halftime show.

The Conquistadors. Nothing scares a road team more than the prospect of visitors showing up in their homeland, slaughtering their masses, enslaving the survivors and spreading plagues of small pox and malaria across the land. Metaphorically speaking, of course.

The Runnin' Rectories. I just like the sound of it. Say it—it's fun. Possible alternative: The Runnin' Rosaries.

The Seraphim. Why not go to the other end of the spectrum. Instead of demons, use angels. This is the highest choir of angels, so naturally it'd be the best choice. Although, Archangels may be more terrifying—big swords, brimstone and what-not. Sort of a judgement call here.

Of course, these are but a few options. Suggestions are welcome. E-mail them to the DePaulia, post them on your Web site, or just scrawl them on the sidewalks in the quad in giant colored chalk letters. Let's start a discourse about this, people. The soul you save may be your mascot's...or something like that.

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