The Stentor

VOL 126, № 18

Publishing since 1887

April 15, 2010
A win-win situation on South

As the spring drizzle serenades the night, I approached South Campus. A huge building stood before me. It drew me close, like a mosquito’s hypnotic mistake before the zap from the electric light sends it to meet it’s maker. This building, which has been the excitement and relief to many, is Lake Forest College’s near-finished sports center addition. Recently opened to the campus, it has been steadily busy throughout the day ever since. Such popularity has lead to the adjustment of hours and many students and staff have come to investigate the big unveiling.

There has been much anticipation for what lies inside this beast’s belly and Athletic Director Jackie Slaats provided a delightful account of both faculty and student reactions. When a student who was running around the center’s upper level track last Saturday was asked why she was running inside on such a beautiful day, responded “because I can.” This exclamation underlies the excitement that many have felt about this wonderful, new addition. Most people who have seen the sports center addition have been genuinely “thrilled” at both the new features and the efficient layout. While the old sport’s area is still intact and connected, they are anything but similar. Huge, spacious, and open are the first words that come to mind when seeing the new building. It’s 63,000 square foot area and three levels are nothing to gawk at. On the right side upon entering, an illuminated Forester paw proudly greets each visitor. There are no more dividing or obtrusive walls, as one can see directly up at the track above or down into the fitness area below, giving the building an open and connected feel. The center seems to remain close to the efficient and space effective theme, as the front area is versatile in it’s transformation from cafe during the day, to concessions at night. There are three multipurpose courts: one wood intended for basketball and soccer; one tartan used for tennis, basketball, and volleyball; and one turf used for soccer, football, and lacrosse. Some nice features are the court dividers and hoops, which retract back up to the ceiling to expand the space. A three lane track runs above the perimeter of the courts. Also upstairs, you will find the improved cardiovascular workout area with much more breathing space and advanced equipment. The building knows how to utilize every available space as well as recycle materials. Out of 13 White Oak trees that were cut down to make room for the addition, 9 were salvaged and recycled to create the seating areas outside the weight room.

Norine Duchane
Staff Writer
duchans@lakeforest.edu

Students utilize the new weight room.
The weight room, located downstairs, is enormous and well-equipped. It will honor West Dixon, whose generous offer to match a million dollars if one million more was raised,
Student Symposium is hard work all around

MARGARET COHN
NEWS EDITOR
news@lakeforest.edu

For the past thirteen years at Lake Forest College, there has been a day where classes are cancelled so that the campus can take time to celebrate scholarship. The Steven Galovich Memorial Student Symposium, held Tuesday, April 5th was, like years past, a day to honor students and work that they have been doing at LFC. With far over one hundred presenters and presentations, this year’s Symposium was one of the grandest.

The committee this year was co-chaired by Associate Professor of English Ben Goluboff and Associate Professor of Chemistry Jason Cody. The committee, which is composed of eight individuals, began meeting at the beginning of fall semester to plan this year’s symposium. Despite the fact that it is an annual event, the Symposium is no easy event to plan and prepare for. A great help to Goluboff that may have went unnoticed was Harriet Doud, History Department Supervisor.

“Harriet did a lot of the heavy lifting. She is utterly punctual, smart, and reliable among other things. I was just the face,” Goluboff explained.

The hardest part, Goluboff said was learning from the past errors in order to not duplicate efforts that have already been done and exhausted. “For this year we learned to keep the opening and closing events simple and discreet,” he said. “In the past there has been a lot more going on, but this year was easier, like having the jazz ensemble play.”

The annual naming of the Symposium’s Best went to junior Elliot Luke, senior Gabriella Panayotova, senior Devin McIntyre, junior Ornis Mala and sophomore Maria Zawadowsicz. Their projects, entitled “Television Comedy, Post-Sitcom”, “An Empirical Study of Security-related Transparency in International Relations”, “Lake Forest College Voting Web Application”, and “Extending, Kitcher’s Account of Reduction to Other Special Sciences. A Consideration of Organic Chemistry and Quantum Mechanics”, respectively, were given the award based on a system that Goluboff says is “all too subjective.”

As the committee is only eight people, they cannot go to each presentation to choose the best from them. Instead, they rely on teacher nominations and separate presentations done by those nominees. There is a subcommittee that the nominees present to that reflects all disciplines.

“We look for expertise in within discipline as well as the ability to display expertise to people outside that discipline.”

For some, like McIntyre and Mala who presented the project on the LFC Voting system, the project began as a class assignment to build a voting program for school. Panayotova’s began last summer when she began working on the topic as her senior thesis.

“All of the stress and anxiety that the students felt prior to their presentations melted as soon as they finished, realizing that they were able to present their original research to faculty, staff, students and community members.”

McIntyre believed that this year’s Symposium “was an outstanding experience for everyone involved. While obviously those students who presented their information were able to walk away knowing they were able to share and display their hard work, the students who attended were equally as lucky as they were on the receiving end of all the information.”

Sports Center

helped the school reach it’s financial goal in order to complete the center. The weight room highlights the pitiful size of the weight room (which used to be a storage room) and cardio room (which used to be a squash court) that existed in the old sports center. These “retrofitted” rooms were one of the reasons for the push to create the new center. The school’s last renovation of the sports center was back in mid 1960’s and much of the attitude toward cardiovascular workouts and other recreational activities have increased since then, but without much space available for such interest. Also, since varsity and club sports athletic programs dominated most the old center’s space for practices and contests, there wasn’t really much time or space for other students or faculty. Now with room enough for anyone, some members of staff are even bringing their children around to explore and partake in its accommodations. There has been much “mixing” of student populations at the excitement of all the new equipment and what seems like endless possibilities. Several girls smiled as they walked past Coach Slaats and I during my interview expressing that they come all that they come all the way from North campus to work out. They were seniors and said they were going to use the space as much as possible before graduation. The plan was to open the sports center even earlier, but with the economy hitting a hard bottom, development was postponed until last fall of 2009. There was also the issue of financing the center, which after 11 million generously donated by Lake Forest College trustees, alumni, and parents of students and 6 million loaned from the school, was still short. Though some work still needs to be done, Coach Slatts expressed the importance of opening the center up early so seniors would at least have the opportunity to use the facilities before their time at LFC came to an end. Next fall, October 2010, will be the official grand opening of the center at Homecoming. The possibility of the center being built so efficiently and quickly was due to such a “great team,” says Slatts. Special thanks goes to the architects at Solomon Cordwell Buenz, the construction folks at Pepper Construction, Facilities Management staff led by Dave Siebert, with assistance from Adam Cortright and Tommy Zorc, and Athletics led by Jackie Slaats, with assistance from Chris Conger and Brian Bruha. Jacque Vinje also deserves tremendous praise for her facility programming efforts.

Sports Center Hours:

Open at 6 a.m. Monday through Friday and 8 a.m. Saturday and Sunday. Closesat 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday and 11 p.m. Sunday through Thursday.
8th annual Drag Show comes to campus, kicks off PRIDE Week

While Lady Gaga concerts may sell out almost instantly across the country, Lake Forest students were able to get a small taste of what she’s like live during the eighth annual Drag Show, held last Friday as a kick-off event for PRIDE’s annual Pride Week Celebration.

Foresters packed into the Student Center early, some arriving as much as forty-five minutes before the scheduled show time of 9 PM. Multiple rows of seats were saved and quickly filled, and with Boomer’s recently renewed liquor license, there was almost immediately an excited buzz generated about the crowd (in some cases, quite literally). A delay in the show’s start seemed to raise expectation levels even higher, and after a few sound difficulties were thwarted, the show began.

The Drag Show consisted of a mix of performances from both students and hired performers alike. There were three student performances total, each completely different from the others. The first student group to perform won the crowd over with their Jabbawockeez-esque masks and dance styles. The second student group put together a thorough Michael Jackson compilation that spanned his entire career, and included some iconic dance moves as well. But, it was the third, solo student performance by senior Sun Lee that really won over the judges, who awarded him first place in the overall student competition.

With a mix of power ballads, beloved oldies, and of course, lots of Lady Gaga covers, the Drag Show offered a little something for everyone. Dancing and clapping along was frequently encouraged, and it was a strange sight when there wasn’t a student approaching the stage with various cash money stashed in often quite precarious places, even after being warned not to do so. Drag Show attendee Tracy Schwartz ’10 said that she thought the show was “a lot of fun,” and that “the crowd had a really great energy.”

Opinions Editor Andrew Van Herik says “The drag show was one of the few times I’ve seen a raspy well endowed drag queen accosting a drunk Forester. It was disturbing, yet highly enjoyable.”

Judging by the sheer number of attendees who stayed until the very end, and the number of people who stayed even longer to grab pictures with the performers or just chat, the eighth annual Drag Show seemed to be a great success.
Even in the basketball court, Zakea Boeger is a dance superstar waiting to be discovered.

Photo courtesy of Anne Cooper.

The dance studio from an artistic perspective...

Photo courtesy of Anne Cooper.

---

**Features**

---

**FREE** small McCafé Frappé with a purchase

Expires 05/31/2010. Valid only at participating U.S. McDonald’s with a purchase. Purchase requirement excludes Dollar Menu Items. Price of required purchase posted on menu board. Not valid with any other offer, discount, coupon or combo meal. Cash value 1/20 of 1 cent. Limit one coupon per person per visit. Coupon may not be transferred, auctioned, sold, copied or duplicated in any way or transmitted via electronic media. Valid when product served. May not be valid for custom orders. © 2010 McDonald’s.
What’s your tribe? How we define ourselves and others through our interests

ANDREW VAN IERIK
CO-OPINIONS EDITOR
vanheah@lakeforest.edu

We all have our tribe. Actually, we all have many tribes. From something as trivial as your favorite American Idol contestant or sports team, to something as divisive as your political or religious affiliation, every person is devoted to one group or the other.

Even those that eschew dogma and authority have such sympathies. Environmentalists, pacifists, pluralists, indie-rock fans—the very existence of these categories places every anarchist, individualist, and anti-establishmentarian into a tradition. We that attempt to be free of all classification simply become non-conformists, another classification.

This is not to say that our affiliations define us. One person who considers himself a part of the Democratic Party may shoot skeet; the other may run a greenhouse. One pacifist may be a champion poker player, while another makes a great soufflé. What defines us is us: our choices, our actions, our thoughts. But, there is this constant battle of identity as an individual and the nigh insurmountable joining of different factions. Each feeds off of the other, while at the same time endangering the solidarity of that other.

For instance, I enjoy playing videogames. I would probably be a “gamer” by any conventional definition of that somewhat pejorative term. I play games that interest me at a thoughtful, artful, escapist, or visceral level. I read blogs and websites about the industry that include insightful commentary on the medium, as well as humorous pieces accentuating the ridiculousness of bad games, or just the personalities of the site writers themselves.

This part of my experience can be wholly absent, obvious, or appear deviously in my day-to-day existence. If I’m answering a question in class about symbolism in Moby-Dick, that action and the material to which it tends is disconnected from games. To respond to and wonder at this work, I pull from present knowledge of the music, or film. I’ve garnered knowledge of geek culture from before I was born, giving myself a working understanding of defining events and references to which I would otherwise have no connection.

This one small affiliation demonstrates how our every interest both reflects and forms our individual selves. Be it a pursuit of entertainment or artistry, gaming connects interests in some capacity. Sure, we may have some differences. But, this tribal conception also contains the danger of the outsider and the relation thereto.

We assume that those outside the tribe are not just different, but wrong and dangerous. We find ourselves descending slippery slopes with the alacrity of Olympic champions.

I am liberal. She told me that she believes in the right to bear arms. She must be wholly conservative then. That means she is evangelical, is against abortion rights, believes in the free market, will support any war, is against gay rights, has at least racist undertones, supports pure capitalism, is nationalistic, and more. Ah, and just listening to her reasoning on the gun thing, I can’t help but assume she’s one of the even more dangerous fringe. She’s therefore militant, racist, homophobic, hates the Muslims, and would cheer the killing of an abortion doctor without blinking an eye.

In the above extreme scenario, stereotypes, fears, and hyperbole mix into an explosive concoction. So easily can we turn a reasonable human being that holds a different opinion from us into a raving soulless lunatic. It is a wonder that there is any peace at all.

Even in the less bombastic case of videogames there is this reduction of character. On the one side, there remains a stigma of childishness and immaturity (or, worse, violence and danger) toward adults (or, worse, those innocent little foals we call “children”) that play games, especially those shooter or Grand Theft Auto kind. That stigma certainly makes me far less likely to use games as examples in class or even mention them in casual conversation, no matter the relevance they hold to the subject. It’s taboo. At the best, I’ll have to defend my Allusion like I would never have to if I compared your idea to “some book I read.”

In players themselves, liking games can, like any hobby, breed a distrust of those that do not share that interest. More precisely, it can create the assumption that all those that do not play must hold to the above stigma. People with different tastes thus become the opposition, the enemy.

And the final complication in tribalism is our fierce loyalty to the cause, which leads us to rationalize poor, contradictory decisions. We all do this. If you absolutely adore an actor for not just his thespianism but also his humanitarian efforts, but you find out that he just shopped from Walmart, your self-constructed loyalty to him will make you more likely to mitigate and dispute the crime.

Or, if a certain black president decides to amp up a certain deadly and endless war effort, while making the motions to start another war in a bordering country, I am, and have been, far more...

"Having interests and affiliations, passions and beliefs, is not inherently harmful. The danger lies in our irrational ties to these categories, in our inability to step back and think before marching ever forward.

There will always be some level of rationalization in joining a group, for each member holds some varied combination of beliefs. We strive to find a balance between the essential qualities of that group and the differences among its individual members. In the best of cases, we recognize these truths about tribes, and look to connect and understand the other, instead of battling it.

Differences, even fundamental ones, do not make other people less human than us; they are just different. To know why I like games or why he finds salvation in Jesus Christ or why she follows the pillars of Islam or why some group still wants an Aryan world (regardless if we find these people good, benign, or harmful) is to see other people as complex human beings, not as problems to solve."
The Trololo Guy: A charasmatic devil spawn

KATIE McLAIN
COLUMNIST
mclainke@lakeforest.edu

It is one o’clock on a Thursday afternoon and I should be finishing my homework for my afternoon class or catching up on some reading or doing something that can be considered semi-productive, but I’m not. Instead, I’m watching the YouTube video entitled “I am very glad because I’m finally returning back home,” better known to some of you as the “Trololo Guy.”

My sister first showed me this video in March, telling me that it was one of the funniest things she had ever seen. Since I was very much aware of her eccentric sense of humor, I proceeded with caution. As it turned out, I had every reason to be cautious because my sister had just watched an alarming video on YouTube.

For those of you who have not experienced the Trololo Guy, I will make a valiant effort to describe him, although I expect to fail miserably at this; the power of his description can only stretch so far. The Trololo Guy is a “Russian crooner” from the 1970’s named Eduard Gil/Hil/Khil (his name depending on which Internet search you trust), and the song title is, as I mentioned, something along the lines of “I am very glad because I’m finally returning back home.” However, this is a bit misleading considering there are no discernable words to begin with.

The video opens with a strange blabbering noise. It sounds like someone singing, but the last time I checked, singing usually involves real words and “yaaah, yah ya yah, yah ya yah ya yah” just doesn’t cut it. In the background, a man struts across what appears to be a set decoration from a 1960’s game show; by my estimation, he is part ventriloquist dummy, part mannequin, part chimpanzee, and part psychotcker. In fact, I am so disturbed by this that I almost don’t notice his nearly invisible eyebrows...Almost.

And even though there are no words to follow, the Trololo Guy still manages to turn lip-synching into an epic fail. I’m not sure how he does this; maybe the Martians didn’t program him correctly or maybe his face muscles went on strike that day. But in essence, the lip-synching doesn’t really matter because the incessantly cheerful melody and repetitive “Oh ho ho ho ho” have begun to burrow their way into my brain like a flesh eating worm, chewing away at any remnants of sanity.

But nothing (I repeat: nothing) can top the moment when the Trololo Guy suddenly spins in a circle and yells “AEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” like a bat shit insane bandshee. Even now, that God-awful shriek is enough to make me cower underneath my bed. But that’s not the end of the horror because thirty seconds later he points in random directions and starts laughing like a demonic Santa Claus. Why, Mr. Trololo Guy? Why must you traumatize me so badly? What did I ever do to you?

And the most horrendous part about this video is that I can’t stop watching. The song is simply too catchy to forget, kind of like H1N1 or a bad foot fungus. And there is something inexplicably hysterical about watching a Russian man with greased hair try to lip-synch to something that has no words. I am fated to watch the Trololo Guy point and cackle and screech until Judgment Day, and all I can do is hope that I don’t wake up to find him standing over my bed. So thank you for bringing such terror to the Internet community, Mr. Trololo. You have done your job well.

Words from abroad: The horrors of bull fighting

MARIO BALDASSARI
COLUMNIST
baldamj@lakeforest.edu

I went to the bullfights today. First, to abate all the bleeding hearts out there that say bullfighting is torture and I shouldn’t have dared to be a patron of such evil, let me say, “I agree with you.” I’d be fine with it if the bull actually had a legitimate chance to win or even if it was a quick, purposeful death. For those of you who don’t know, I’ll explain what one fight usually contains.

If you don’t want to read this, skip to the next couple paragraphs. I promise you won’t miss anything but the description.

(Start Description)

I’ll go through it as if it were a bullfight that ran without complications. So, the bull comes out and is run around the ring by a team of guys with colored blankets. Bulls are colorblind, so it doesn’t matter what color the blankets are.

Actually, let me back up. Until the fight, the bull leads an ideal bull life, all the while being trained to charge at jiggling blankets and guys yelling at him.

Okay, so the fight begins with that tour around the ring. Then, two guys come in on horses (blindfolded and heavily padded horses) with long sticks. One of them stabs the bull several times in the back to begin the weakening process. They leave and three guys come out holding two sticks apiece. These sticks are decorated with colors and are fashioned so that when the guys reach over the bull’s head (as it runs at them) to put them in his back, the sticks stay there.

So he’s now been stabbed and has six things sticking out of his back, and the matador comes out. He spends a while getting the bull to run around him, while trying to move as little as possible himself. If he does a good job, the crowd yells olé and cheers for him. He’s actually not that bad because it was a switch/sword type of thing through this process.

Then, he switches the sword he had out for a real one that’s sharp all around and prepares to finish the bull off. In one swift movement, he drives the entire sword through the bull’s shoulders and down into his organs, usually piercing a lung. As the bull begins to cough up blood (usually), the guys from before come out with their blankets and move the bull around so he’ll move the sword around inside him and quicken the kill. Once the bull lays down, they pull the sword out and put him out of his misery by cutting the spinal cord up by the head with one quick stab (End Description).

Rereading this description, I see how completely horrifying it must sound. The really horrifying part is that after the first one or two, you get accustomed to it.

Suffice it to say that it’s a terribly Callous practice for the poor bull. It is, however, a cultural activity that is deeply steeped in religion. The matador (literally translated: killer) spends the day of the bullfight with a priest, and he kills two bulls apiece in a given show. Originally, the bull was said to be a representation of the devil. They kill six per show because they are trying to rid the devil from all the days of the week that aren’t Sunday. Afterwards, they use every part of the bull for meat and supplies and whatever else you can use bull parts for.

I’ve thought a lot about the similarities between Chicagno and Seville, as regular readers of my articles have noticed. I know not feeling another similarity as I walked through the spring sun and warmth to a sporting event around 6:30 on a Friday evening.

I imagined walking down Addison Street toward Wrigley Field to watch a baseball game, and I remembered the similarity of the crowds. It was a fantastic atmosphere with drinks and cigars all around. People were selling all kinds of nuts, water, and little pads for the uncomfortable seats inside. It was filled with all kinds of people, from old men discussing strategy and ability of the different toreros to tourists like my friends and me who were witnessing their first espectaculo ever. This discrepancy reminded me a lot of Wrigley field and even more of Arlington Park, where people sit constantly and try to act like they know what’s going on when they actually have no idea.

My favorite person to hear is the one who thinks he knows exactly what he’s talking about and says something that shows an incredible lack of knowledge about what’s really happening. Hypocrisy is funny as long as it’s harmless and as long as I’m not doing it myself. I found myself doing the exact same thing at the bullfight: trying to analyze the different matadors and their skills. What a sweet hypocrite I became. It’s a good thing I was speaking English, or the old Spanish men around my friends and me would have been as I am at Arlington, listening to newbies and shaking their heads.

The bullfight began at 6:30 and ended around 8:30, and I had dinner about two hours later. In Chicago, we’d have eaten quickly beforehand and maybe had a small snack during or afterward. Nothing dies in Chicago, though. Bullfighting is very controversial among Spaniards, too. One slogan I saw said “La tortura no es cultura.” I feel another similarity as I walked through the spring sun and warmth to a sporting event around 6:30 on a Friday evening.

A major argument in England is whether the monarchy should be completely ignored. Wondering why? Taxes still go to the royalty, even though they don’t rule politically, but they’re such a deep part of English culture that most people can’t imagine the country without them. Similarly, bullfighting is an ancient part of Spanish culture that most people can’t imagine living without, but at the same time many Spaniards are no longer practicing Catholics, and many are no longer immune to the horror of torturing animals. I feel like a symbolic version of the bullfight could be developed that would maintain the cultural and religious meanings without slowly murdering six animals a day in cities across the country every April.

Interesting side note: bullfighters are gigantic celebrities over here, on par with movie stars and soccer stars. They marry the most beautiful actresses, models, or rich countesses. They also have this goofy little hairstyle that many of them adopt (and so do plenty of wannabees) that is a short buzz-cut with a little braided strand left in the back about 4 or 5 inches long.

I’ll also take this opportunity to remind all of you who are still reading that I did actually get approval to start that comedy project I mentioned a couple of months ago. There’s a Facebook group called The Lake Forest Lampoon, and The Splinter will be the official name of the part of the paper that will start out as a subsection of Opinions. Please join the group and start some dialogue if you’re even vaguely interested in comedic writing, and send anything you’ve written to the Opinions editors or to me and we can start helping some laughs fly around the Lake Forest College campus.
As the finishing touches are being put into place at the Sports Center, a new era of Lake Forest athletics has begun. Thursday, April 8th, marked the unofficial beginning of a revived sports environment on South Campus. The days of walking past the seemingly neverending construction are over, as the lavish sports facility is now open to the entire student body. What the new facility will mean in terms of the success of the varsity teams on campus remains to be seen, but one thing is for certain: the excitement level is high.

While the three distinct indoor courts and the elevated track are visually appealing, the expansive weight room located on the lower level is what players on the football and hockey teams are most enthusiastic about. “The new sports center is going to be very beneficial for our women’s hockey team since it will save a lot of time throughout the year regarding lifting and warming up before a game,” Lynn Switaj (‘11) commented. “It will be nice to not have to wait for machines, especially when there used to be conflicts between different sports with the weight room.”

The football team, who will also benefit from a new viewing room where they will be able to watch tape in preparation for each game, is also enthusiastic about the opportunities they will have. “With the new facility, the football team will be able to improve in all assets of the game without having to worry about availability,” current sophomore Casey Flynn said.

Although the varsity athletes will most likely be the ones using the Sports Center on a regular basis, there are other students on campus who are just as excited about the opportunities to use it. “I definitely think I will use [the new sports center] on a regular basis,” Mia Sargis (‘12) said. “The old one often had broken machines which made it difficult to rely on. It’ll be nice to use a new facility on a regular basis with modern equipment.”

In an era when collegiate sports, even those at the Division III level have become as competitive as they are, certain adaptations are required in order for teams to keep up with one another. It is not clear whether or not the lack of a modern workout facility was the reason certain teams on campus have struggled in the past. Having a greater range of workout equipment does not mean Lake Forest will all of a sudden be on top of the sports world. It simply means that they are now at a level where they can compete with just about anybody. Teams will now have full access to a wide range of workout equipment, which will hopefully transfer to success during their seasons. In the end, it is what is done on the field, the court, and the rink that matters the most, not the treadmill or the weight room. If nothing else, the luxurious new sports complex has created a certain level of excitement that the Lake Forest athletic program has been in dire need of.

NICK CANTOR
SPORTS EDITOR
cantons@lakeforest.edu

above: The new weight room boasts all kinds of equipment available to students.
left: The cardio machines on the second floor are also available to all students.

Photos courtesy of Annie Cooper