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International conference attracts big names

The Islamic World Studies program at Lake Forest College hosted a conference at Lake Forest College the weekend of March 27-28. The conference, “The Future of Secularism and its Iranian Permutations,” featured Dr. Abdolkarim Soroush, one of the most recognized leaders in the reformation of Iran. One idea he stressed was that for secularization to be complete, religious individuals must understand the differentiation between religion and policy when defending a policy rooted in religion. Another speaker on the same panel, Arash Naraghi, acknowledged that it is difficult for Muslims to give up their deeply rooted religious beliefs that Islam is the highest power, but if they want tolerance to be a worldview, they too need to become more tolerant of other religions.

Sophomore Fio Lopez is very interested in studying and learning about Islam and knew of many of the people speaking, such as Dr. Soroush. She heard about the conference and the speakers it was bringing and knew it was an event she wanted to attend.

“From the names of people who were attending the conference and the themes that were going to be explored, I was super excited and sure that the whole weekend was just going to be an incredible exchange of interesting, radical and controversial ideas and propositions, and I just didn’t want to miss it,” Lopez said.

One of the most shocking parts of the panel, in Lopez’s eyes, was the fact that the panelists were probably all pious Muslims, yet their larger commitment was to the recovery of Iran as a state.

The topics discussed were very complex and dealt with the current secularization in Iran. A lot of the topics were difficult to pick up on and understand if one was not very familiar with the issues at hand and the history behind them. Some of the people both in attendance and speaking were some of the top scholars and professors in the field of Islamic Studies, and if you are interested and knowledgeable in the field, then this may have been the right event for you.

Upcoming Events

- 4/1-Yoga from 6-7:15 pm in Buchanan Hall
- 4/1-“Transforming the Views of Yourself and Others” from 7-9 pm in Johnson 100
- 4/1-Mr. CASAnova from 9-11 pm in the Dining Hall
- 4/2-Softball against Robert Morris College at 3 pm on the Softball Field
- 4/2-Save Your Skin Blacklight ACP from 10 pm-2 am in the MSC
- 4/3-Men’s Tennis vs. Grinnell College at 9 am on the tennis courts
- 4/3-Men’s Tennis vs. Illinois College at 3 pm on the tennis courts
- 4/5-Student Symposium
- 4/5-NCAA Championship Game screening from 5 pm-12 am in the MSC
- 4/6-Student Symposium
- 4/6-Lambda Chi Alpha Quiz Bowl from 4:15-6 pm in the MSC
- 4/6-Alpha Phi Blood Drive from 2:30-7:30 pm in the Pierson Rooms
- 4/8-ResLife Room Reservation from 4-8:30 pm in the MSC
- 4/8-Ravinia Festival 2010 Season Preview at 7:30 pm in the Lily Reid Holt Chapel
- 4/9-Zumba from 4:30-5:30 pm in the Buchanan Hall
- 4/9-Drag Show from 9 pm-1 am in the MSC

Front Cover Photo:
Danny Postel, Moderator and Contributing Editor of Logos: A Journal of Modern Society and Culture, and Religious Scholar, Abdolkarim Soroush, discuss secularization of Iran.

Photo taken by Margaret Cohn

Farzin Vahdat, Vassar College Professor, and Arash Naraghi, Professor at Moravian College, discuss secularization and religious tolerance.
Thank you to all of the students who are participating in the Student Symposium.
Iron Chef Ruben continues to dominate

ZAKEA BOEGER
CO-FEATURES EDITOR
boegeza@lakeforest.edu

He's wrapped your wraps in the afternoons and fried your eggs to perfection in the early hours of the morning—he's Aramark Chef Ruben Jimenez, who now reigns as Lake Forest College's Iron Chef 2010.

Last Thursday in the caf, competition was stiff. In a recent e-mail sent to the campus, Pat Doggett, Program Director for the Mohr Student Center, said that in the end "only 14 points separated first place from last place." But in the end, it was Chef Ruben who took home the title. It was no easy battle, however. Chefs Jimenez, Kate Applehans, Michaelangelo “Monte” Monterroso, and Coach Jim Catanzaro were busily preparing dishes even as the student body first entered the caf for lunch. Each chef was allowed one sous chef: Jonas Mikolich, Kedryn Samson, Joseph Bozarth and Casey Flynn, respectively. As students gathered around the chefs' makeshift kitchens, there grew a noticeable circle of people around a more mysterious table, one covered in sheets and hiding what everybody was dying to know: the secret ingredient. Students speculated as to what could be hidden under the bulky sheets, and eventually it was revealed that coffee would be the ingredient of the day. The chefs were creative with the coffee given to them; some used it to make various sauces, and some incorporated it into a type of breaded crust for various dishes.

Alumni staff member Tim State was the official commentator for the Iron Chef event, for which he dubbed the café an “area for competitors from across campus.” State was sure to talk to the competitors as well as the panel of judges, which included a variety of local food experts, President Steve Schutt, and Student Government President Chase Cook. When State asked if he had learned anything from the competition, Cook said that he was a “devoted carry-out man [who] learned a lot today.” Chef Ruben kept State assured that all was well for him during the competition, inciting State to announce to the audience that Ruben “seemed incredibly relaxed” throughout the competition.

As students eagerly waited to get a peek at the dishes, they were occupied by a variety of contests offered by Aramark. The most popular by far seemed to be an MnM's challenge where participants had to suck up an MnM through a straw and attempt to balance as many as possible on other straws in a very short amount of time. The other contest offered was an apple stacking challenge in which students attempted to stack as many apples on top of one another as possible.

After all the dishes were served and sampled, the verdict came in: Chef Ruben was once again the Iron Chef, and for another year, he will reign supreme.

Iron Chef Ruben's winning appetizer, entre and dessert dishes.

DG’s “Anchorsplash” kicks off the weekend

ZAKEA BOEGER
CO-FEATURES EDITOR
boegeza@lakeforest.edu

Greek Week is well known for ending in quite possibly one of the most talked about events of the year: Toga. But before Toga comes Anchorsplash, the annual philanthropy event hosted by campus sorority Delta Gamma.

Anchorsplash was held Friday night, and with brand new events, garnered a large audience that packed the stands surrounding the pool. Overall, ten teams competed for first place, competing in various races and the annual favorite, synchronized swimming. The event kicked off with a wet t-shirt competition in which the members of teams had to swim the entire length of the pool and then transfer a soaked shirt to another player. Next, participants picked a team member to sit in an inner tube and then proceeded to propel them across the pool as quickly as possible. The third event consisted of contestants struggling to keep a greased watermelon under water. Finally, the relays concluded with a race in which team members had to propel themselves across the pool while in an inner tube.

Synchronized swimming followed the relays and served to show off the creativity and daring of each of the teams. Bootys were shaken and the performances seemed to grow more scandalous as the night went on. The competition was a big hit, however, and the crowd enthusiastically cheered on all of the performers during their routines. DG President Becca Torres says that she felt this year’s Anchorsplash was “really organized and very well-timed,” and was “a big improvement from last year.” Overall, she said that DG was able to “raise between $2,000 and $3,000” and that “money is still coming in,” for DG’s philanthropy, Service for Sight. Service for Sight is a program which provides aid to those who are visually impaired. Torres was also pleased that attendance had gone up since the previous year. "The stands were packed as well as the raffles," Torres said. Over the course of the night, a number of enticing prizes were raffled off between events, including gift certificates for manicures, various local restaurants, and a pair of Ray Bans.

In the end, it was the Men’s Swimming team that took first place overall, winning the grand prize of a pizza party at Ferentino’s. Men’s Hockey and Women’s Swimming were close behind, in second and third place, respectively. Anchorsplsh proved to be a great way to begin the concluding weekend of Greek Week.
There’s a whole in our boat!: How religion relates to the environment

IRENE RUIZ DACAL
FEATURES CO-EDITOR
ruizdc@lakeforest.edu

As college students, we often find ourselves amidst discussions about the environment. Sometimes we even venture into the topic of religion. The occasion is rare, however, when we discuss the role of religion in determining the ways in which we relate to our environment. Last Thursday, in an event sponsored by the Interfaith Center, LEAP, the Muslim Student Association, Hillel and Baha’i, LFC students and faculty gathered to hear Rabbi H. Bronstein’s opinion on “The Environment: A Challenge to Our Religious Institutions.”

Rabbi Bronstein, Senior Lecturer in Religion and Rabbi Emeritus North Shore Congregation Israel, began his speech by discussing the infamous ‘tipping point’ in studies of the environment; the ‘tipping point’ is the point of no return, when any damage done to the environment will be irreversible. Rabbi Bronstein quoted studies from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) that indicate we have already crossed the ‘tipping point’ and that give the polar bear population only thirty to fifty years before extinction.

In contrast to beliefs that the Bible gives humans authority over the planet, Rabbi Bronstein discussed the matter of ‘stewardship,’ in which God gives tenancy rights to humans. Our job, Rabbi Bronstein purported, is to safeguard what is essentially not our own.

Rabbi Bronstein used particular passages from the Bible and personal recollections to address some of the common misconceptions about religion and the environment. One of the passages, from Ecclesiastics, dealt in ‘the crooked’: how can we fix something that is crooked or that has been made crooked? To illustrate this passage and expand on our shared concern for the environment, Rabbi Bronstein told a story about two men in a boat. One of the men started drilling a hole into the boat and, when the other asked what he was doing, the man responded that it was his side of the boat. The notion of ownership is irrelevant when talking about the environment because, no matter what we do, it will affect anyone else living on the planet.

Contrasting these biblical examples, Rabbi Bronstein also provided very worldly examples of how we could apply religious perspectives to policy. For example, if we were to cut our energy expenditure by 20% through the use of alternative fuels, our commitment to the Kyoto Treaty would be satisfied. Also, in all cases of cancer, some rate of air, water, or soil pollution has been detected; by effecting changes in our environment, we would be contributing to the fight against diseases as well.

Rabbi Bronstein concluded his speech by saying that the ominous ‘tipping point’ could work both ways. Increasing environmental consciousness can significantly tilt the scale to make a positive change. With Chicago competing to be one of the greenest cities in America, we must ask ourselves: do we continue drilling a hole into our boat, or do we learn how to patch it?

Foley, Alabama...Here we come!

PROFESSOR RAND SMITH
CONTRIBUTER
rsmith@lakeforest.edu

As I look back on my long career at LFC, I can honestly say that the two Habitat service trips that I have gone on have been among the most meaningful, as well as pleasurable, experiences I have had at the College. In the end, it’s the students and the act of volunteering that make it meaningful. I now have 17 new friends as well as a sense that maybe I’ve helped some people, with no thought of any personal reward. What’s the term -- priceless? That about sums it up.

I am mainly writing to give a big shout out to the excellent group of students who went on the trip. Everyone worked hard and helped each other, and there was a friendly spirit within the group all week. In addition to T.J. Sargent, the students were the following: Kayla Ahlstrand, Kate Appelhans, Daniella Bratman, Tara Busse, Matt Greenwood, Katie Howson, Lulu Ke, Jee Kim, Allie Longenecker, Danny Sanchez, Pratibha Shrestha, Sarah Spoto, Caroline Stearns, Justin Stenger, and Mikayla Warner. I am also happy to salute the other adviser on the trip, Joanne Yorro, a coordinator with CROYA, a youth services agency of the City of Lake Forest.

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PLATO SEeks IDEAL TOGA, FINDS INSULTING SOPHIST INSTEAD

Plato, Classical philosopher and founder of the Athenian Academy, was spotted last Saturday at LFC’s Toga festivities. Chugging wine “like he just returned from holidays at the Sahara desert,” Plato shocked students by his sudden and most unexpected appearance. In a toast just before the festivities commenced, Plato asked the audience: What day is it today? If today is the last day of the festival, then can we logically assume that today is a ‘party’ day?

Later in the evening, Plato was quoted as saying, “I’ve been to many Toga celebrations, but this one comes closest to its ideal Form. And that’s the absolute truth, man.”
Health care reform brings debt, dangerous governmental control

BENJAMIN WHEELER
CONTRIBUTOR
wheelb@lakeforest.edu

As most of us are aware, major healthcare reform was passed Tuesday, March 23 by our current administration. While most of us agree that something needed to be done, government takeover of our private industry is unconstitutional. We have the number one health care system in the world as far as cutting edge procedures and the most qualified medical physicians and hospitals, so why is it that we need such drastic change?

President Obama doesn’t have the right to interfere with private insurance firms’ business. Government is supposed to be separate from our economy—not one and the same. I have spoken with many healthcare professionals on the matter and they disagree with his views on a fundamental level. Why would a pharmaceutical drug company spend hundreds of millions of dollars and years researching a life-saving drug when the government will tell them how much they shall sell it for?

Think about it this way: The government doesn’t tell Apple how much they can sell an iPod for. We live in a capitalist society, and without the incentive for profit, we will lose or fail to discover many beneficial drugs; many people who so desperately need answers to their terminal illnesses will perish. We speak of equality and fairness, but is it fair that the top one percent of wage earners in this country pay fifty percent of the national income tax? Contrary to popular belief, it is illegal for emergency rooms to turn away deathly ill people; if they do, they’re liable to face many lawsuits and the loss of millions of dollars.

While my opposition says this Healthcare Bill is affordable, it clearly is not. Anyone with a basic understanding of economics will see this. The country cannot afford this bill. Simple arithmetic shows that one cannot spend more than one acquires, and with our growing national deficit, rushing a vote was not the most sensible solution. Haste makes waste. See: Stimulus Bill.

We voted to spend another trillion dollars—wait, think about that number for a second: a one followed by nine zeroes. We will not be able to repay this loan. In the month of December alone, the interest on our debts was over $200 billion. As if you need more incentive to protest this bill, think of its repercussions on future generations: it wouldn’t be fair, caring, or just to pass this cost on to our children or their children.

At the end of the day, healthcare is business through which people are paid for their service and expertise. These skill sets, like any other, are earned through many years of education and practice. Personally, I’m willing to pay a higher price to ensure that I receive the best available quality of care.

I believe in the availability of healthcare, but I also believe in the freedom to choose. Through this bill, the government will see to it that private insurers are driven out of business, leaving us with only one choice—the government. We’ve seen how well that worked in the past. Why make the same mistake?

Possibly interesting musing of the week: my iPod

ANDREW VAN HERIK
OPINIONS EDITOR
vanheah@lakeforest.edu

There is a world inside my headphones. Whether I am walking from class to class, settling into sleep, or simply in need of some sonic isolation, their sounds course through my mind like an ambrosial draft—calming, fulfilling, bliss.

In this time of personalized media consumption, our iPods (or other mp3 players that you bought because you’re anti-establishment or mistaken) are little boxes of self-definition. Sometimes we allow others to enter into these little worlds, be it the sharing of the headphones, or the sheer exhibitionism of a blaring speaker system. But, most of all, the iPod is an egalitarian, microcosmic device, holding within it that which we want others to know, that which is embarrassing, and that which simply is.

My iPod holds my history and my philosophy. Though I have deleted some past mistakes (all that Kid Rock never existed, honest!), still among my albums reside my first CD of adolescent rebellion (Blink 182’s Enema of the State). That CD, burned by a skater friend of mine from whom I learned the depths of “parental advisory,” still somehow resonates. It’s silly and a little childish, though at times moving in stories of suicide. It’s 90’s profound.

At the time, I mostly listened to that CD to get the buzz from hearing poorly justified f-words and petty humor. Now, I can appreciate it for something more... maybe.

Mostly, this little metallic me demonstrates my approach to art. You will find 8,000 some songs, with a relatively even split between hip hop and all else. What, you say, the suburban white boy has a majority of that urban music? Is it white guilt? Pretense? Fake gangsta?

On the contrary, I only have ever written maybe two attempts at rap songs, only one of which mostly stole from Eminem and had a chorus with more profanity than an Ozzy Osbourne rant. Once.

No, now hip hop exemplifies my interests in music. I enjoy melody and rhythm as much as the next guy (hence the serene crooning of Bob Dylan), but I want substance to the song. I like words. I like them a lot. Hundreds of them appear right here on this page. And, without much effort, one can find the hip hop that exumes a lot of words, most of them not bitch, hoe, or scilla. Indeed, artists like Mos Def, Nas, Talib Kweli, The Streets, The Roots, De La Soul, Mr. Lif, and more are poets without qualification. With the added breathlessness of delivery and astute social commentary, all my bases are covered.

You see, in these rappers, in Dylan, in The Decemberists, in Coldplay, in Johnny Cash, there’s always something more. I do not pretend that art must have social or philosophical meaning—a little style and catchiness from a marketing driven creation never hurt anybody... much—but I like when it does. Even as I retreat into my headphones, I want to keep thinking, just not about the present situation. I relax, ironically, in acquiring knowledge.

This interest appears more heavily in my ever growing collection of podcasts, perhaps one of my favorite inventions of the 21st century. From these tomes, these hours of news, opinion, humor, and commentary, my world engulfs the world itself. Be it the soul of our country exposed so beautifully in “This American Life,” the informative and hilarious “Wait Wait... Don’t Tell Me,” or the pure brilliance of The New Yorker weekly comment, I get most of my information from the same medium as those families huddling around the radio in the 30s. I hold my own fireside chats everyday.

It’s enlivening and frustrating at the same time. I like learning. I know. I’m that guy. And not having to put in the effort of reading, nor the wholly worse effort of working past bombastic ads and graphics on television, is the best of both worlds. It’s intimate and engaging. People are neither shouting at me, nor burying the real information among inflammatory quotations. Still, though, I cannot participate. Being so wistfully connected to the debate, it becomes even more difficult to be idle, not able to dispute or agree, just nod as I navigate the highway.

None of this information, none of these revelations about my life, appear when one looks at the iPod. Even if I allow you to scroll through the menagerie, a vague idea of the reality is all you can glean. Or a fear that I secretly wear wife-beaters and make tough expressions in my mirror as my hands attempt to follow the rhythm of a booming beat.

The headphones tell you only that I’m listening to something. The iPod tells you only the artists I added to my library at some point. Truth requires investigation, or, in this case, the lucky break of my mind jumping to this subject as an opinions piece.

It’s funny how much we don’t know. Appearance deceives, titles give impressions and create assumptions. I love that the modern age has allowed me to so easily engulf myself in what I wish.

Such freedom does not come without its complexities though. The iPod itself is a consumerist, capitalist scheme. It appears to promote democracy. I can choose my songs, define myself in my choices, and no judgment is levied upon me. Yet, if I want to live in the relative ease of the iTunes marketplace, I can buy only what Apple thinks worthy, and, once those songs are downloaded, they are not mine. They are a loan of five potential opportunities to share with your friends. And if some inane issue arises on the cloud, or Apple decides to control the world, replacing every song with a loyalty pledge, it is all for naught.

The iPod makes me a hypocrite, and for once I’ve decided not to care. Apple has sewn up their own fate in promoting a reality which is too easy, but less valuable. It’s a reality. The system for me to ditch. I wish I could, but I don’t. I cannot. I have harnessed my interests in art, music, and my philosophy to the technology of the iPod. It’s enlivening and frustrating at the same time.
Toga! The biggest party of the year from the eyes of a freshman

SHAWNA HITE
OPINIONS EDITOR
hitesd@lakeforest.edu

All last week, everyone was planning for the weekend. That might seem the same as every other week at a college, but this time it was for what the upperclassmen said was the craziest event of the year: Toga.

As the weekdays passed, a different person asked me every day if I would be attending the ACP. “Of course” I repeatedly replied and I would ask others what to expect. Somewhere between the descriptions of a packed Mohr Student Center, a coat check-in, and the number of parties before the actual Toga, I began to become genuinely curious.

Thursday came, and when a girl announced to me that she and her friends had bought material for their togas a couple weeks ago, I suddenly realized how over-dramatic this entire weekend would be and perhaps took a couple minutes to contemplate the mixed-up priorities of college kids in general… then at my dorm I looked up how to make togas on the internet.

On Saturday, the hype culminated as I walked to Walgreens with a couple friends just to get ribbon for the bed sheets we would be transforming into togas in a couple hours. After being sure to eat a substantial sandwich from Ferentino’s and sitting through an hour of t-v, the toga dressing began.

Sheets were removed from beds and folded in different directions. We safety-pinned ourselves into the sheets till they were almost too tight to walk in, let alone dance. More from a lack of any planning or clear picture then any purposeful effort, every one of our togas turned out differently. The hard-earned ribbon was tied around waists, chests, and shoulders, and gone before the last person had even had a chance to use any.

But regardless of how ridiculous anyone of us looked, the end result was three bare dorm room beds and multiple young adults walking around campus in the sheets that sagged, fell apart, and were repaired throughout the night. I believe I ended the night with twice as many pins in my toga as when it was first made.

But the night went, pictures were taken, dancing was done, and none of us had our togas in perfect shape as we walk toward the Student Center. I had been excited that there would be a coat check-in at the ACP this time, but didn’t even get my coat before we walked to the Toga party. Our group passed the sky box filled with hundreds of coat racks and jackets that I am convinced many people still have probably not tried to get back. Then we overlooked the student center below and I saw the largest mass of people on this campus that I had ever seen.

Stepping down the stairs was like heading into a swirl of motion. We never got beyond the last quarter of the people dancing, and that was fine because people were moving everywhere and I was at moments slipping and at others sticking to the floor beneath my flip-flops. My toes were repeatedly stepped on and that my flip-flops didn’t break is almost beyond belief.

Just to reach the bathroom was an adventure in and of itself as my friend and I held each other’s arms, reaching through the bodies around us.

We didn’t stay for the whole ACP and the number of people I said hi to wasn’t as large as the number of people I didn’t have a chance to greet. Many times Sunday I was asked by others if I made it Toga the night before. “Of course” I still replied. But we couldn’t have seen each other, because ironically there were just too many people there for that.

Going to Toga for the first time now seems to signify the closing of my freshman year of college. I have decided that perhaps that is what makes Toga so great: the fact that it annually signals the coming of warm weather, an empty Student Center where before it had been packed full, a break from the classes we come to college to take, and a beginning of an end of a first, second, third, or last year at college.

Therefore, somewhere between the crowd full of strangers and friends, the sweat and dirt pasted to my hair, and the twelve in the afternoon Sunday morning, I decided that Toga was fun as it was, just as much because of the hype leading up to it, as because of the event itself.

It’s not that it’s new or that it’s unusually unique, but that it’s one of the final breaks. And it seems the culmination of all the school year’s ACPs and the all the year’s events right before they end… and perhaps the culmination of the entire student body’s frustrations, hard work, and foolhardiness all spent in one night.

Hundreds of toga-clad students dance in communal revelry.

Photos by Zakea Boeger
## Sports

### GREG MCADAMS
SPORTS EDITOR
mcadgr@lakeforest.edu

After traveling to Panama City for their spring softball games, the Lake Forest College softball team is back at home ready to begin their regular season games. The snow has melted and the weather is starting to warm so the Foresters are ready to go out and defeat their non-conference and conference opponents.

So far the Forester have had two non-conference games. Their game against Wheaton College has been postponed to April 14. The Foresters took on Carthage University and lost both games in the double header 1-6, 7-8.

In the second game against Carthage College the Foresters had a late game 7 run rally but the rally was not enough to defeat the Lady Reds of Carthage. Senior Jeanette Andersen hit a two-run homer in the fifth inning to bring the game closer for the Foresters. In the sixth inning senior Mallory Norton made the game even more intense by beginning the inning with a one single. That then allowed freshman Aubrey Pendegraft, sophomore Danielle Gore, and senior Shelby Neil to bring runs that brought the game to a dead even tie at the top of the 6th inning. However, Carthage College scored an unearned run at the bottom of the 6th inning which eventually resulted in the game winning score.

Lake Forest played a double header on Tuesday against the University of Chicago but that score was unable to make it in this week’s paper. It can be seen on the Lake Forest College’s athletics page under softball and schedule/results. The Foresters begin conference play next week at the Midwest Conference Classic in Janesville, Wisconsin. They will open up Midwest Conference play against Carroll University at 11:00 am. The Foresters will have games on both Saturday and Sunday for the tournament.

### SOFTBALL
THERE IS NOTHING SOFT ABOUT IT

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### SCOREBOARD

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<th>Opponent/Location</th>
<th>Result</th>
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<td>Moravian College at Emerson College</td>
<td>4-5</td>
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<td>Moravian College at Transylvania University</td>
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<td>Muskingum College</td>
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<td>#2 University of Texas-Tyler</td>
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<tr>
<td>#9 Gustavus Adolphus College</td>
<td>0-7</td>
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