The Stentor reviews the Colour of the Year
2010 Lake Forest College Majors Minors Fair a success

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This past Tuesday afternoon, the Student Center found itself bustling with more than just the typical lunch crowd mobbing Boomer’s for a quick bite to eat. Advertised heavily for the last few weeks, the Majors and Minors Fair took over the Center’s lower level.

The fair itself seemed to have stepped-up quite a bit since the previous year. Those attending the fair were greeted with maps that depicted the lay-out of each major and minor presented at the fair, as well as with a list of important questions that one should ask when talking to a professor or other major representative. Free notepads and pens were also available for students to keep track of any information obtained. Always a favorite, a variety of snacks were also on hand. This year, outside incentives were even offered: those who registered online before the fair were eligible to win a $50.00 gift certificate for The Lantern.

With a variety of ages attending the event, it proved to be fairly resourceful for all of them. Sophomore Lauren Bailey, who has for some time been searching for a Biology advisor, received some advice from other, older Biology students. “I was really hoping to talk to a professor or get an advisor today,” Bailey said, “but I did learn about available advisors and how to go about getting one.”

For two hours, discussion ensued. Each major was certainly represented – professors could be seen relieving or joining other professors of their department, and even upper-level students sat down to chat with those who were curious. Advice was available outside of the offered majors and minors as well; representatives from the Career Advancement Center, as well as representatives for the “Pre-Health” and “Pre-Law” sectors were present. With the outside weather at times being a drag, there was potential for the fair to turn into a mundane throwing of facts and requirements, but the atmosphere remained upbeat and cheerful. Sunlight streamed through the Student Center’s large windows, and the sound of cheerful banter and informed discussion could be heard echoing for the duration of the fair.

Above: LFC Faculty and students discuss academic options at the fair.
Below: Students assess their options at the 2010 Major/Minor fair

Photos Courtesy of Zakea Boeger
Campus Watch

Case Number: 1000067
Date & Time Reported: 2/15/2010 9:10:29 AM
Location: YOUNG HALL
Offense: DISORDERLY CONDUCT
Incident: CONCERNING BEHAVIOR REPORTED
Disposition: CLEARED W/NOTIFICATION

Case Number: 1000044
Date & Time Reported: 2/2/2010 11:25:14 PM
Location: DEERPATH HALL
Offense: DRUG LAW VIOLATION - REFERRAL
Incident: MARIJUANA POSSESSION AND SUSPECTED USE
Disposition: CLEARED W/NO FURTHER ACTION

Case Number: 1000048
Date & Time Reported: 2/6/2010 1:12:51 AM
Location: MCCLURE HALL
Offense: BATTERY - SIMPLE
Incident: ALTERCATION BETWEEN STUDENTS
Disposition: CLEARED W/NOTIFICATION

Case Number: 1000050
Date & Time Reported: 2/6/2010 1:55:53 AM
Location: MCCLURE HALL
Offense: DAMAGE TO PROPERTY - CRIMINAL/VANDALISM
Incident: BROKEN SAFETY GLASS WINDOW
Disposition: CLEARED W/SVC RENDERED

Case Number: 1000056
Date & Time Reported: 2/9/2010 6:29:10 PM
Location: SOUTH CAMPUS
Offense: VEHICLE ASSISTANCE
Incident: ASSIST STUDENT W/ BROKEN WINDOW
Disposition: CLEARED W/SVC RENDERED

Case Number: 1000062
Date & Time Reported: 2/14/2010 2:14:10 AM
Location: STUDENT CNTR/COMMONS
Offense: DAMAGE TO PROPERTY - CRIMINAL/VANDALISM
Incident: DAMAGE TO CEILING TILE DISCOVERED

News

“Hillel for Haiti” a success

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Last Thursday, February 11, 2010, the Mohr Student Center was host to “Hillel for Haiti,” a ping-pong competition with the aim of raising money for relief efforts currently in place in Haiti. Over the course of four hours, nearly three hundred dollars was raised for the charitable cause, with donations coming from nearly two hundred students, many of whom did not actually come to play ping-pong, but simply to socialize and contribute to the fund. Originally, the proposed plan was to have students come and challenge members of Hillel to a round of table tennis; however, many participants came to play amongst themselves, and many more came as spectators. Student donations ranged in value from less than a dollar upwards to twenty dollars, allowing Hillel to achieve its impressive total. The money raised was in turn given to the Jewish United Fund, who is working for the ongoing relief efforts.

The success of this event was due in large part to some local businesses who gave generously to aid the event. Max’s Dawg House of Libertyville donated food, in addition to Once Upon a Bagel, who gave the group over four hundred bagels. (There was such a surplus of bagels afterwards as to necessitate their subsequent donation to PAWS homeless shelter of North Chicago.) The Lake Forest SubWay donated over five feet of sandwiches as well.

Overall, the event is regarded as a success by the members of Lake Forest College Hillel, and they believe it is a sign of future successes to come. The next event to be sponsored by Hillel is the ACP on Saturday, February 27, 2010, in celebration of Purim. Students are encouraged to attend, dressed in their best and most creative disguises.

Hillel has just been named an official chapter of Hillel International, and currently has twenty active members. Hillel meets in the SkyBox Mondays at Noon.

Above: Students play ping pong during “Hillel for Haiti”

Photo Courtesy of Ezra Goldberg
**Tartuffe: A theater snob’s review**

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DISCLAIMER: Working for over 4 years with the internationally renowned Tricklock Theater Company has left me quite the Theater Snob. This review will be critical and should be taken with a grain of salt because nothing stands up to my Theater standards. While the rest of Lake Forest slept their hangover away this Saturday, I took the time to go and see Moliere’s Tartuffe as adapted and directed by Timothy Mooney and performed by Lake Forest College students. This performance might honestly be one of the classiest performances ever put on in Hixon Hall (this becoming apparent as soon as one is handed the program which pictures a hand firmly af-fixed against a woman’s breast). For those of you not aware of the content of Moliere’s Tartuffe, imagine some 350-year-old X-Rated comedy (yes, people did laugh at sexual innuendo 350 years ago). Not only did the Lake Forest students and Tim Mooney capture and recreate some of the best of this play’s sexual innuendo, but it was genuinely funny even without paying attention to the subject matter of the show. First of all the costuming was excellent, and whoever decided to make Valere (Performed by Kaneja Muganda, ’12) look like the 1664 version of Little Richard deserves the Emmy equivalent for College Theater. The random Mardi Gras beads that popped up during the opening sequence were also quite interesting, although I was not sure of their relevance. The one thing about great theater is that you can get lost in it and forget that you are watching a live performance, but that is only great theater. One thing I would say most got to me while watching Tartuffe was that when characters were moving across the stage, there was very little fluidity in movement, and I felt as if I could see each individual character’s blocking taking place right before my eyes. Another thing that had me confused was the breaking of the fourth wall which was not necessary and was actually quite distracting. The thick contrast in stage presence between characters didn’t help either. Some actors had booming voices and others made sharp and distinct movements that I felt truly developed their characters. This is all while other characters felt sloppy and underdeveloped. Overall this performance had an excellent vision as quoted from the director’s note in the program guide, “One word, passionately delivered, can change the way we look at the world. One play, organized around a theme that resonates, startles, and shocks us can stir the spirit of revolution.” One must also remember that while theater is an equal opportunity art form, when one word is delivered without meaning, standing both empty and cold, it runs the risk of leaving an audience yawning and bored. If you go to see Tartuffe with my snobbish opinion in mind you will probably be disappointed, but if you go and see Tartuffe I guarantee you will chuckle at least once and at most eleven times. But also you will genuinely enjoy yourself and if anything, support your peers in their conquest to become better actors… so what are you still doing reading this article. No seriously, stop reading.

Tim Mooney returns to Lake Forest College for “Tartuffe.”

**UBA poetry slam a success**

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On Friday, February 5th, a small group of students gathered in the lower level of the Student Center to watch a UBA-sponsored poetry slam. Scheduled to begin at 7:00 PM, a group of approximately ten or so students surrounded the small stage at start time. However, within the next few minutes, a swarm of people gathered around, creating a large, unexpected crowd. Host Amber Green said that she “thought [the slam] was great.” UBA’s previous, recent events had attracted “mostly members,” and the poetry slam found itself with a good 40 or so people in attendance, many non-affiliated with UBA.

Green said that were originally “six people on the sign up list” and that she was “very happy to see more people get up there” as well as “repeat performances.” The slam was filled with a variety of performances – some read their poetry, some shared their thoughts and some even made a song-like performance out of their work. Green stated that it was “great to see so many different forms of the spoken word.”

Green said that “because of the great turnout” future poetry slams will definitely be considered. She also said, however, that there is a chance that the slam had such a great turnout because it was a “one time a year thing,” which made it perhaps more alluring to those interested.

With a brand new executive board, Green said that “We went into this not knowing…and fingers crossed.” But when asked if any unexpected problems arose, Green happily replied “not at all,” and once again expressed her delighted surprise at the turnout.

Keeping this turnout in mind, Green seemed optimistic for UBA’s upcoming talent show. “The slam was so much fun,” she said, and expressed hope that the talent show would result in a similar experience.
Gentleperson’s
Gourmand

4/5 stars when eggs are “made correctly.”

1/5 stars when “made wrong.”

Eggs: a contentious matter.

*Disclaimer: I like the Egg Man. I don’t mind his jokes and as long as I get to eat I am a pretty happy For-ester. This is merely an ob- servation, and in no way in tended to rekindle the flame that existed around Aramark “firings” last semester.

Sunday brunch is arguably the most important meal of the week. Food and water, lots of water, makes a weekend worth of home-work that sat untouched while you were at an ACP, Gregory, an apartment, or all three, doable. However, in recent weeks Sunday brunch has provided For-esters with more than much needed nutrients and hydration. There has been a little frustration and stress added to our plates. It comes from the egg line; the Egg Man’s side of the egg line.

My grandma had Al-zheimer’s. I understand memory loss. But on Sunday, when I am not in the proper state of mind, I should not be expected to remember the order of the person in front me. For starters, I am usually not listening. I am so focused on hiding from people that I had awkward encounters with the night before and trying to figure what I want in my eggs, that worrying about the order of the guy that sat behind me in that one class is nowhere near the top of my priori- ties list. So when the Egg Man asks me “Did he want cheese? Scrambled or Om- elet?” I have no answer. But then I get scared. What if he messes up my eggs? Is the person behind me listening to my order? Do I need to stand there waiting to make sure that he uses egg whites like I asked for? This sends me into a panic.

Accidents happen. I know that. But this is con- sistent. On Valentine’s Day, I saw one girl have to get her eggs remade, which pushed me further down the line. I also saw every person in front of me get asked the “What did he/she want?” question. In fact, the person standing behind me repeated her order four times before walking away. While I could go on and on about the Egg Man’s infamous puns and jokes. I am really OK with them as long as I get what I want. I know that eggs are hard to make. I break the yolk all the time, but remembering a couple of ingredients seems like the easiest part of the job. Clearly I have never worked the egg line, and maybe it is super duper hard, but as a senior I never remember this being a problem in the past.

Sunday brunch is too im- portant for my GPA to have to worry about my eggs being messed up. I wish that I could I walk away from the egg line feeling comfortable that my ham and cheese om- elet with egg whites, will be a ham and cheese om- elet with egg whites when I return. But until that day I will walk away from the egg line hoping that the person behind me has been eaves-dropping.

4/5 stars when eggs are “made correctly.”

1/5 stars when “made wrong.”

This article has been submit- ted anonymously by “The Ghost of Good Taste,” who wishes to remain as such “only to ensure that [his] eggs are not tampered with in the future.”

Lightening looking for thunder: Is it you?

Lonely Stentor seeks partners of all kinds. OK with friends joining in for group fun. Current-ly going through dry spell.

Seeking literate, able-minded person who isn’t afraid to take charge. Likes to keep it classy and professional.

Just because I put out every Thursday, doesn’t mean I’m easy.
Words from abroad: Finding bits of Chicago as far away as Sevilla

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I’ve been here in Sevilla for about a month and a week now, which translates to about thirty-seven blog posts, somewhere around 650 photos, and about ten new literary ideas. Last night marked a new realization, though, as I watched a local protest of the public transportation system. As the people gathered in front of City Hall, which is conveniently located near one end of the only tram in town, I thought, “This place is really a lot like Chicago.”

There are, of course, the more than obvious differences of location, worldview, and language, but I’m going to leave those all behind for now. The similarity that was most obvious last night was that of the general disdain for local public transportation. This issue is especially prominent in both cities right now as Chicagoans bemoan the recent CTA service cuts and the curious fact that the company is planning to buy new (and way overdue) trains for the Loop as soon as 2011 for installation within a few years.

While these trains are much needed, I think many Chicagoans are wondering why the process has taken so long and why it’s finally being done in a time of economic hardship, such that the CTA can’t reach an agreement with its operators’ union to the point where they’ve had to make drastic service cuts in the last week. In Sevilla, there is one train line that runs from near the heart of downtown area where they live. As Jim Gaffigan jokes, “Yeah I live in Chicago. Where in Chicago? Outside Chicago. Where outside Chicago? Milwaukee.” This local pride is separated, however, by the distinct south-side/north-side divide, which is emphasized by the Cubs/Sox debate. In Sevilla, people are always proud to say that they are locals, and you can always tell by their accents. (This similarity is one that I won’t get into: the fact that both cities have such distinct accents that are regional yet a little different.)

They both have some predictable things like homeless people, a sprawling map, and street markets that any larger city has, but they also each have a distinctive chip on their shoulder... local pride.

“...They both have some predictable things like homeless people, a sprawling map, and street markets that any larger city has, but they also each have a distinctive chip on their shoulder... local pride.”

Thoughts on Turquoise

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TCX 15-5519. (Or, more colloquially, “Turquoise.”) This is the official color of the year for 2010, as determined by the Pantone Colour Institute.

For those of you who do not know, Pantone is a designer and manufacturer of color swatches for various industries spanning several sectors. Like it or not, the executives at Pantone determine the colors that will be in every aspect of our lives. The swatches they develop are used in the graphic design, publishing, fashion, interior design, and cosmetics industries. When they declare that Turquoise is the color of the year, the effects are far-reaching, and likely to linger on our walls and in our wardrobes for years to come.

According to Pantone executives and their website, so-called color experts travel the world over, examining and noting growing trends in color. Furthermore, they claim, years of “color word-association studies” have enabled them to determine the emotions and feelings that any given color can evoke in people. Turquoise is believed to be a color of happiness, truth, compassion, healing, and faith. Overall, these “Color Gods” have deemed Turquoise to be a color of “Luscious Escape.” With all of these positive associations, especially in a time of global economic recovery, Turquoise would appear to be the ideal choice in many elements of everyday life.

Furthermore, this unique blend of blue and green is said to have both “warm and cool undertones,” as well as “universal appeal,” as stated on the Pantone website.

How do I, personally, feel about this color? I don’t hate it. But I am not in love with it either. It’s not a necessarily ugly or unattractive color, but it is a bit overwhelming to me. This year’s color choice is believed to be inspired, in part, by Caribbean waters, and many people associate relaxing vacations with the Caribbean, adding to TCX 15-5519’s positive appeal. This is all well and nice, but I would like to point out that every day, the world over, people die in water. And when I look at a solid swatch of Turquoise, I feel overwhelmed and overtaken by a drowning sensation. It is, to be frank, too deep a color to be seen everywhere, every day, in every aspect of my life.

Also, if this supposedly happy color is to be described as a mix of blue and green, I am quite confused. Is not blue said to be a depressing color? Therefore, how is Turquoise to be uplifting? And why has it been chosen in the aftermath of a global financial crisis? It seems counterintuitive... no?

Such decisions are entirely arbitrary, and I have to ask myself, Who do these people think they are? Who put them in charge? And why have we not deposed these tyrants? Such far-reaching decisions ought to be more democratic in nature. (And in 2007, when the decided color was “Chili Pepper,” wasn’t this reminiscent of Lenin’s Soviet Union? All for Red, and one Red for all!)

So, in conclusion, I would like to say that while I am not opposed to a Color of the Year (heck, it’s kind of a fun idea, after all), I am opposed to how it is decided. If this Turquoise is supposed to be so popular, why is it that I have seen very few examples of it... yet? (For surely, now that the ‘Color Gods’ have decided it to be so, it will start appearing everywhere...) I propose that the Color of the Year be more like the VMA’s, where the people get to vote on what is most visually appealing—true democracy, not authoritarian rule.
Oscar reviews part II: Black people, white people, and British people, the many traumas of growing up

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The Blind Side surprised me. First off, this is a film I never had any intention of seeing. The trailer bled white guilt. Here’s Sandra Bullock taking in this poor, larger, quiet black kid, introducing him to football, a sport where he can use all that stupid mass for the good of the team, and look how happy he is! See how much better off black people would be if we rich white folks just took ‘em into our homes and showed them the meaning of family?

Sufficed to say, I had low expectations. But, a part of this silly crusade of reviewing I’ve put myself on is to take in all the picks for Best Picture regardless how cynical their advertisements may make me. And while The Blind Side still sometimes holds too tight to stereotype and formula, it was a pretty good film.

The film tells the story of Michael Oher (Quinton Aaron), the current offensive tackle for the Baltimore Ravens. His mother was addicted to crack and he was born out of wedlock. At sixteen he was enrolled in a Christian high school, was eventually found, taken in, and adopted by Leigh Ann and Sean Tuohy, did well enough in school to go on to college at the University of Mississippi, and then on to the NFL. That all of this actually happened gives the film a little leeway, especially since it all happened from 2002 through 2009. That the characters follow some tropes may simply be because reality follows tropes, sequences between S.J., the little freckle-faced Tuohy boy, and Oher are kind of grating. Playing Leigh Ann, Bullock’s take-no-flack attitude on and off the football field is consistent, but the tough chick one-liners just play false.

Worse still, when faced with the big issues here—Oher’s agency, the race divide, selfish vs. selfless intent, college recruiting—the film either glosses over the issue, or falters.

Of the two hour run time, perhaps twenty minutes are given to the big stuff. And though the film can be self-aware, can question itself, it doesn’t do a great job answering those questions. This is not a stereotypical south. People are intelligent and tolerant. But the opposition team is allowed to match the redneck stereotype. The projects include a thug who threatens to “bust a cap in yo ass,” and is embodied in what amounts to a group of ten black people. And we are left no more sure of who Oher actually is by the end than we were at the beginning. We know only what others have made him to be.

It’s a flawed film, but its message of caring and land and hoping to head off to Oxford, not for the education, but for the freedom. She meets David Goldman (Peter Sarsgaard) who charmingly drives her home from cello practice, although he at first insists to simply drive along side while keeping the instrument safe from the pouring rain. Their interaction here, and throughout, appears elegant and refined, a bohemian affair, but dark.

The pacing is a bit staggered, some characters a bit stock (dumb blonde, a hoy!), and montages for the sake of progression and resolution could have been rethought, but, overall, the film is unfailing in just the right way without being crass, smart without being pretentious, and left me feeling that I had seen something new, and, more importantly, good.

Precious is a hard film. It depicts acts of abuse, negligence, and pain without compromise. Yet, it also depicts the fulfillment of education, hope, love, friendship, and strength. The film juxtaposes these elements gracefully, sometimes interspersing the horrors of reality with Precious’ fantasies of glamour and fame, sometimes with historical films or photographs.

All inspiration is uplifting without being gratuitous. All inspiration is uplifting without being hokey. Unlike in The Blind Side, we know Precious by the end, and we never feel that the hard things in life have been glossed over for some cheap comic relief.

The hope is that people from all stripes of life will see the film and experience a situation either wildly alien or far too comparable to their lives. Perhaps it has been and will be mostly the latter: those who have seen this hardship before. I’m glad I watched it, for I am one of the former, and I have not found the strength to face this world in real life. The film gave me another way, and I’m thankful for that.

OPINIONS
The 2010 Men’s Tennis season, bound to be a promising one, began in exciting fashion last Saturday in Appleton, Wisconsin. Led by Head Coach Chris Kane, in his eighth year at the helm, and co-captains Joe Campagna and Chris Paterakos, the Foresters started their season off with a double-header against Lakeland College and Lawrence University, prevailing in both matches.

Lake Forest posted a decisive 6-1 victory over Lakeland College in the first match, with dominant play by freshmen John Adams and Kevin Lasky, enjoying their first victory as members of the team at Third Doubles. Adams was also victorious in his match at third singles. Junior Elliott Muth staged a comeback from behind victory at number two singles, with a 1-6, 6-2, 1-0 (10-8) win.

With the first victory of the season under their belts, and confidence riding high, the Foresters then shifted their focus to Lawrence University, a team they have been known to have close matches with in the past. After falling behind in the team match 4-1, desperation mode kicked in and the Foresters posted undoubtedly one of their most exciting wins of the season.

John Adams, Elliott Muth, and Nick Cantor prevailed in their matches, setting the stage for Chris Paterakos with the final match of the day, and the score tied at 4. Fueled by the immense support he received from all of his team mates and coaches watching from the side, Paterakos won the deciding match 7-5, 6-2, improving the team’s overall record to 2-0 on the year.

The win marked the third year in a row in which the Lake Forest prevailed over Lawrence by a 5-4 score.

Coach Kane was especially pleased with the way the team rallied after falling behind. “This team showed a ton of heart out there,” he said. “We knew that we needed to step up our performance if we were going to win, and we did. It’s a very encouraging thing to see this early in the year.”

The 2010 season looks to be a promising one for the Men’s Tennis team, disappointed by their fifth place finish in the conference last season.

Freshmen John Adams and Kevin Lasky bring an upbeat, competitive spirit to the team, along with returning players John Flaksman, Elliott Muth, Joe Campagna, Chris Paterakos, and Motavalli season, the promises, but like our chances in all of them.”

The For esters have the upcom ing weekend off before aveling Rockford another header against American University and Rockford College. From there they will travel down to Orlando, Florida over spring break, where they will take on a number of different Division III schools. In addition, Lake Forest was able to schedule a match against Division I school University of Connecticut, an opportunity for the Foresters to gauge their strength against a well-respected athletic program. From April 3 forward the team will have all of their matches here at the college and welcomes everyone to stop by and lend their support throughout the spring.

March 7, 2010: The date of the next Men’s Tennis home game

photos courtesy of Karen Hermann
Junior Jon Flaksman goes for a hit.