THE LAWRENTIAN

March 11, 1983

Special year-end issue!

Love Letters
Our loyal readers take their turn

The Vanity of ‘Vanity Fair’
Something new for the beautiful people
By W. M. Thackeray

Now Let Us Praise Famous Men
Three cheers and a toast for our
Man-of-the-Year
By J. J. Scriblerus

1982: The Year in Review
Bad-tripping down Memory Lane
By John Portridge

Who Put the Bomp?
A With-it look at the year in music
By Tom Skinner

Memento Mori
The paths of glory lead but to the grave
**Amy's turn**

To the Editor:

I am tired—not of classes, Downer, the slash, or the cold, but The Lawrentian. My irritation is not due to eighth week winter term blues, it has been building since September. I have not verbalized my feelings, however, for a number of reasons. First, as head of the film committee I understand the amount of time involved in "extracurricular activities." Second, I know from my experience with the film committee how frustrating it is to get criticism without an accompanying offer of help. Consequently, for the past two terms I have been stifling my yawnings feeling that I had no right to criticize something which I was not personally willing to help improve. But last night I realized how very tired I am and that I do have a right to say so.

When I became head of the film committee, I accepted a great deal of responsibility: responsibility for making decisions which would affect the entire campus. I had to choose films not only for my personal enjoyment, but also for the enjoyment of the University, which, I am afraid, is a hard job, but I think the committee handled it well. Yes, there are a lot of Herraing and Fellini in this term’s personal favorites. But there are also a lot of other films which I am not overly fond of, but which appeal to other members of the University.

The Lawrentian has the same responsibility: to produce a paper which will not only personally benefit the staff, but also the University. Unfortunately, that responsibility is not being met.

I am tired of parody, after parody. I am tired of all the articles filled with illusive, footnoted language which only the author understands or appreciates. I am tired of deadlines which belittle their articles and articles which belittle their subject. In short, I am a tired staff which is doing their intellectual masturbation on public display, not the rest of the University.

A case could be made that Herraing and Fellini are my form of such masturbatory—and indeed they are—but people other than myself attend these films and enjoy them. Parody-filled articles were once enjoyable—a year or two ago, I read them and smiled; the articles once astounded their readers but no longer. Now such articles are only fulfilling the personal favorites. But there are also a lot of other films which I am not overly fond of, but which appeal to other members of the University.

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MORE LETTERS

Andy's turn cont.

But perhaps in a larger sense, it is not proper, is it not necessary, even to
tarnish our curiosity? Is it not essentially
humane to form beliefs, beliefs which,
shaped by all we see and do, become the
basis of all inquiry. My question, of course,
is the obvious one: what became of The
Lawrentian's former grandeur? O tell me if
you have not faded into the indeterminate past,
lost among the flippant headlines of
yesteryear. This dry, passive publication
which I hold in my knowing hands has lost
all vigor, all verve, all questions of the
human heart, and affirms no universal truths.
In short, you're all becoming too serious.

Some day perhaps future editors will
forge through archival remnants of paper
past and happen upon your naïve, ideologically
discursive on the second and fourth
floors of the library. They will ponder
these long tradition of hard and well
conceived reporting which I began in the late
70s. You say: "It is ludicrous that one has to
tread great vertical distances to obtain
the meaning of a word." In my day of
editing the Lawrentian this fact was
unconscionable. A dictionary on a
particular level was required of any
jounalistic task. True, the Lawrentian
was and is chili.

To the editor:

Your View from the Desk on the
Point No. 1 is a caustic criticism of the
University for not providing a
dictionary located on each
floor of the library. Apparently not,
there is more to the meaning of a
word. In my day as editor of the
Lawrentian, I

For reasons stated by Mr. Editor, but I can only
say, as Mayakovsky so appropriately did:
"Leave me alone with your cheap
propaganda ditties." There was a time when
the Lawrentian dealt with real
issues. Maybe that is why they called
me Jeff, "I did it better" Weiner. The only
real thing you backs deal with today is
chill.

Jeff Winner
Editor, Fall & Winter, 1979-80
Evanston, Illinois

Corney's turn

To the editor.

Hay-Low Lawrentians, Greetings from
the "Big Apple" where all is solid and
metal.

Having been witness to the evolution
of the Lawrentian since my
departure in 1975, I have been
able to observe the change that
occurred in the meaning of your
dictionary in a method of
proving thought on the subject of words
and language.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, perhaps
the greatest philosopher of the 20th
century, strongly influenced by Ramasay,
Buster Keaton and D.W. Griffith,
ponders this fact in his book,
"The Meaning of a Word" at the beginning of his
"Blue Book" in which the
Librarians at Mudd understand that
there is more to the meaning of a
word than simply what corresponds to it in
the dictionary.

Wittgenstein eventually said "let us
not forget that a word hasn't got a meaning
directly to it, but it has, by a power
independent of us, i.e., a dictionary so
that there could be a kind of scientific
investigation into what the word really
means.

In my day as an editor of the Lawrentian
all reports, even carbon copies were
oblivious to requiring such things. For an
"Editor in Chief" to be oblivious is inexcusable.

On points 2 and 5 of that same
discussion, I have been known to over
environmental temperatures at LU, I'm
sure.

Ask Kirovans, Folsis or the blind poet

Photois who said "you must suffer to be
true." Pain, a catalyst for creativity and
creativity is how we stuff the
word liberal.

How 'bout point 4. I'm a big, tough,
cigar chewing editor having trouble
getting around campus when there's
snow on the ground? Is the gym too far
for this tender feet to carry him? I hate
to tell you that life isn't no crystal stier.
how do you expect Lawrence to prepare
for you what you like to call the
"real world" if you have a taste of it
there. I suppose you'll have a modern
athletic facility in your backyard after
graduation.

My heart bleeds for you and your
typewriter. When I was in charge of
the Lawrentian we used the same IBM
selectric with the same maladies, but my
staff would never groze about any in
conveniences it caused us. Last week I
strudel through the City Room of the
"Chicago Sun Times." Their typewriter
are of the arche, manual ilk which have
served the cause for so long that in
most cases, it is translucent. Stick
that in your "View From the Desk" pipe
and smoke it.

Corny. Mr. Editor. But I can only
say, as Mayakovsky so appropriately did:
"Leave me alone with your cheap
propaganda ditties." There was a time when
the Lawrentian dealt with real
issues. Maybe that is why they called
me Jeff, "I did it better" Weiner. The only
real thing you backs deal with today is
chill.

Corny's turn cont.

I must embrace the sine curve theory
only because I am an optimist, the quali
of my old paper can only improve
from where it stands now.

Sincerely, Corny
Editor, Winter, 1979
New York, N.Y.

Marcy's turn

To the editor:

I am sick, sick, sick of reading self
serving propaganda by editors with over
inflated egos and an exaggerated
sense of their own importance. The
Lawrentian, the Brokaw Bugle, it
doesn't matter, you're both playing
the same game. Exposing a philosophy
of journalistic determination, you attempt
to convince us that we need the
news papers to give us value, as we can't
not do that for ourselves. In fact, you
desire to exercise a form of mind control
over us, your unsuspecting reading publi.
Well, I have some news for you reality
exists, independently of anything news papers print! If all the
newspapers disappeared off the face of
the earth, life would go on it would even thrive. Your so called
"editorial" nonsense is nothing but pseudo
metaphysical posturing. I don't need a
newspaper to tell ME what is real. You
can cancel my subscription today.

Yours autonomously.
— JAIME RAIT}

Errata

Subject: The Lawrentian,
18 February, 1982

The front page was intended to bear
the title of the feature article, "Variation
on a Theme: The Conservatory.

That article was not written by "Mark
Herzing, et al." and by Mark Herzing,
Derek Drouhard, College of Visual
Arts, University of Illinois

The Garret Morris interview was
conducted by Wilmer Larson, not by
"Andy and Larson and

Paul Jenkins is not pathological.

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD ABOUT THE MANY CHANGES IN BOSTON.

THE RITZ CARLTON BOSTON

March 11, 1982 -- The Lawrentian -- 3
The old handful of bright, literate people." is a magazine that "captures the sparkle publications, is indeed auspicious—even elegant of the thoughtful fashion tattler resemblance is only a matter of appearance. When he opens his mouth, this isn't daddy's boy.

In its original incarnation, Vanity Fair was the newsletter of the chic/mod set. It's a different story altogether.

If it wasn't in V.P., it just wasn't in. But if it was in, it was there for a reason. Content was strong, editorial objectives were clear. In the words of Alden Hatch, "It was interested in everything that was interesting; politics, business, all the arts, sports, and people—especially people." This describes, to a tee, the essence, it's a different story altogether.

In Sampson House, news of the sale was met with toothless primogenitors. In deed, there are many question marks, and the answers to these question marks will be many. "For my part," he added, "I shall not. Such a cowardly response to negligence of administrations past, but I

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But if you're not one of these, it's alright perhaps too busy. But these aren't the perspectives are eye-grabbing portraits and Oscar-worthy notifications of some of the day's most controversial figures, recreating the celebrity consciousness which made the original not only bright, but popular. On what basis these obvious little tidbits were tossed in is another question. John Huston! V.S. Pritchett? Why now? Dora Winger, Streep and DeNiro? Why? These are talented people, sure. But that is hardly grounds for the almost gratuitous dedication to which they are treated.

So, it seems, much of what the magazine says is somehow lacking. And, you know, it's rather poorly laid out—perhaps too busy. But these aren't the only criteria for judging a magazine. Magazines should have defined objectives; what are the editors after? Does Vanity Fair have a voice? It may be the same thrumming voice as Darcy Buchanan, jingling with rare and delicate, well-tasteful voices on other interests.

The world created by the advertisements is that realm of splendor and fashion living somewhere between F. Scott Fitzgerald and Cole Porter. The reader, Vanity Fair, one of that fabled handful of brillantes, either is—or função himself to be—a jet-setter, a fast-tracker; he moves among custom Bill Blass creations with a scent of Grey Flannel, and drinks only Grand Marnier. He reads the best books, Women's in the best magazines, it's a fresh with fresh Georgette Klinger and when he isn't staying at places with names like "The Holmesley Palace," he's palm—dancing a Paris-down with Ralph Lauren whose 2-page ad section is by far the magazine's most engaging feature, while aboard a Holland-American cruise. Most of all, it reads Vanity Fair. It's a pretty life, and it's certain that a pretty magazine. You needn't even begin reading articles until the third day through, So, for lovers of the smart set, of the clever, of the sharp, of the stylish, we present Vanity Fair, lovers of taste and well-balanced magazines will simply have to look elsewhere.

Campus sold for real estate development

Wilbur Daffodil-11 Swain

Today, in a surprise move, the Lawrence Board of Trustees announced the sale of the Lawrence Appleton campus to Wrolstad Inc. Wrolstad, a Bay View real estate developer, purchased $10 million into this project, and its acquisition.

"It was interested in everything that was interesting; politics, business, all the arts, sports, and people—especially people." This describes, to a tee, the essence, it's a different story altogether.

"Sure I'm glad. Mar asked me to be the day's most controversial figures, recreating the celebrity consciousness which made the original not only bright, but popular. On what basis these obvious little tidbits were tossed in is another question. John Huston! V. S. Pritchett? Why now? Dora Winger, Streep and DeNiro? Why? These are talented people, sure. But that is hardly grounds for the almost gratuitous dedication to which they are treated.

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"Sure I'm glad. Mar asked me to be
The area of science and technology has witnessed many amazing accomplishments over the past year. Some of these advancements in the fundamentals of human knowledge are so profound and of such immense and comprehensive importance to modern life that all of society should be made aware of them. Furthermore, some of the recent successes can be attributed to the efforts of several of the scientists teaching and working at Lawrence University.

For these reasons, the Lawrenceian has assigned its top experts in the various fields of science and technology to analyze and evaluate the most important of these most important discoveries and inventions, and to review the important role that L.U.'s own Sci-Hall has played in these intellectual explorations.

One of the most controversial topics in science in the past decade has centered around the subject of recombinant DNA. Many critics fear the possibility that the manipulation of this new weapon of science may create a life-threatening strain of bacteria that is resistant to antibiotics, just as are depicted on late night horror movies. As a result, the word genetics has acquired a negative connotation. At Lawrence University, however, research in the methods of recombinant DNA is receiving wholehearted support and encouragement.

The river flies that infest the lovely banks of the Fox River drain the life out of everything around the subject of recombinant DNA. Many critics fear the possibility that the manipulation of this new weapon of science may create a life-threatening strain of bacteria that is resistant to antibiotics, just as are depicted on late night horror movies. As a result, the word genetics has acquired a negative connotation. At Lawrence University, however, research in the methods of recombinant DNA is receiving wholehearted support and encouragement.

The key to this extensive defense system is not in the technology of the laser bases themselves; rather it lies in the ability of the computer to analyze data and to determine whether or not a particular target is a threat. The computer system processes the data, calculates the location of any threats facing the system, and relays this information to the appropriate telecommunications centers. The computer must be able to make decisions and take action before the human operator can even begin to act.

The work of rethinking a new theory of quantum mechanics continues to elude the scientists of L.U. and of many other world centers. The particle and its qualities. A "quark-eating" particle was introduced to the scientific world in the summer of 1982, and the work continues to this day.

Unfortunately, this problem should soon disappear due to a mass training program that has been underway now for over two years without the public's knowledge. Actual prototypes of the laser base operating systems have been secretly deployed into video arcades and bowling alleys across the nation. Thus, unsung heroes of their mission, millions of people are currently being trained to take an active and important role in the nation's defense. And you thought video games were simply corrupting our youth.

Quantum Revolution

In the area of high energy nuclear physics, the past twelve months have brought about a discovery that necessitate a complete rewriting of fundamental quantum mechanics. Two physicists, Jerald T. Pac of YRU and Timothy Mac of UPS, have independently identified a new subatomic particle. The particle possesses a positively attractive force equal to that of neutrons, that displays the qualities of charm and extreme strangeness, and is of the distant color yellow. The particle appeared quite surprisingly in Dr. Pac's bubble chamber as it was observed racing across the computer screen appearing to consume other subatomic particles (quarks) in its path. Two days after Pac's sighting, Dr. Man stumbled across the same type of activity in his linear accelerator, however, this time the particle suddenly disappeared after colliding with a much more massive and unidentified particle. "The new particle, we call it the 'Man particle,' was flying along quite nicely eating up quarks," said Dr. Man. "When all of a sudden, a brand new species of some sort came into our sight from behind and it simply vanished."

Other labs across the nation, including the synchrotron lab of L.U., are now frantically rushing to confirm the particle's existence and to determine its higher qualities. A "quark-eating" particle does not fit into the theories of wave mechanics of the past fifty years. As Dr. Pac put it, "It's very confusing that the Pac-particle has very confusing that the Pac-particle has, it's conceivable that we might have overlooked something."

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Now let us praise famous men

by L.J. Serfforus

We are cast back upon the stream of events which comprise a year, we look not so much at their context or result, but at those men who made them happen. History is the mirror of greatness, and among the untold millions struggling to impress it with their images, only a blessed few will succeed. If the collected deeds which we call "the past" have shaped our world, then it is the heroes who have taught us how to live within it, they shine above the mass, and by their stars we chart our individual courses. The great man both reflects and is reflected by his culture—it pursuing the standards which he establishes, be embodying its ethos—and is, as such, its fulfilled purpose. He commands events, chooses their form, and constructs, from them, new wholes. The run of the year, then, is that individual unique who, by force of will, has exerted the greatest influence upon that time. Like the Napoleon of 1905, like the Lenin of 1917, he is the titan with whom the year will forever be associated. 1982-83 is the year of Paul Shrode.

Yet, how shall we best evaluate such an overwhelming personality? It seems most appropriate to bring to task to his historical followers:

Tacitus:
The spirit of the age is the very thing that a great man changes.

And it is to this most important objective that Shrode has dedicated himself. Paul Shrode arrives at Lawrence, like St. Joan at the French court, unknown and untested, and, without hesitation, simply takes the wheel and rights our previously aimless course. He arrives at Lawrence in 1982, and finds it decadent by day we may observe our community in process of becoming a cleaner, happier place to live. Accompanied by his enthusiastic cadre. Not only for things other than parties. He realizes that no one reads Newsmagazine. He demands "more training for the students." He recognizes the pathetic and unwanted head-resident position in "provide future work skills" indicating the drafting of "budgets for things other than parties."

2. He takes the lax and shoddy system of Residence Hall governance and whips it into a sound corps of counselling professionals. He demands "more training for the students." He recognizes the pathetic and unwanted head-resident position in "provide future work skills" indicating the drafting of "budgets for things other than parties."

3. He realizes that no one reads Newsmagazine. He demands "more training for the students." He recognizes the pathetic and unwanted head-resident position in "provide future work skills" indicating the drafting of "budgets for things other than parties."

Paul Shrode: a man unlike other men. He is a romantic, a dreamer—and this is good. His is a future here at Lawrence, and, it is certain, Lawrence is fortunate to have him in its future. On a more sobering note, however, Lawrence is somewhat resentful of his treatment by the press, (see, also, "Amy's Turn", p. vii), feeling that he has been "quoted out of context," in The Lawrentian, that those who interviewed him "lack previous ideas and were there only to get those answers" whatever they were his exact words! This brings to mind yet another famous saying: "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

Henry Taylor

The world knows nothing of its great men.

This is certainly true, but the reasons are clear: the great man, in his passionate commitment and incentive to act, tends to highlight up his personal predilections in favor of his greater pursuits. Yet this only serves to deprive us of our man, rendering him vaguer in human. Here, the personal Shrode:

Paul received his B.A. in Biology from Albion College (Mich.), where he later served as a head resident in charge of student activities. After earning his Masters in College Student Personnel at Bowling Green, he held administrative positions at Hope College and DePaul.

Although he consciously forged this career in university administration, Shrode reserves for himself dreams of other, future vocations: he would like, for instance, to be a hardware store owner; or, perhaps, a Foundation Executive for a non-profit organization, where he could "just assist people in fulfilling their dreams." Most of all, he would like to build his own house, where he could listen to the classical music which he loves ("not country western"!), or perhaps, enjoy the musical of "West Side Story," his favorite musical. In addition to enjoying "a good lecture," Shrode, the builder and shaper, likes, appropriately enough, "to watch construction work."

* * *

Shrode's actions. He is forever thinking. Planning. Determined to remake Lawrence in his own image, Shrode has made his presence felt in all aspects of University life, particularly in the field of entertainment. Reflecting on the November appearance of the Chicago-based band "The Kind," Shrode concedes that they did not fail "because the people who heard them enjoyed them. Furthermore, the cost was "made up, partially, like most other performances"; the University's loss was only minimal. As for the February performance of comedian Garrett Morris, the Dean allows himself to boast that it was "not a failure." On the subject of Steven Spielberg's film "Poltergeist," he remains silent. Perhaps in this regard it is best to consult the 7th century Niti Sataka of Bharitrihari, where we learn that the noblest hero is "the man who conquers his senses."
1982: The Year in Review

by John Partridge

Tearing, as we do, so rapidly through the course of a year, the events and personalities which characterized it often become blended into an indistinct, quasible blur of activity. So, before they are forever committed to recollective generality, here, once again, are the highlights of the academic year 1982-83, as faithfully reported by your Lawrencian.

October 1, 1982: Betas placed in suspended activation

Somehow deemed unacceptable in the brave new world of Greek life, the members of Beta Theta Pi were given eviction notices after a prolonged battle with the Office of Campus Life. Charged with shoddy management, violation of health codes and amassing even more damages than the Phi Del house, the Betas were scattered across campus as the black doors closed. Good news are cooking in the year to come, and the roasting of the Betas is only the first course.

October 13, 1982: The Intra-Mural revolution begins

Having juked and jived their way to the tournament top, the championship Delt flag football team met a large and revolting squad for the Midwest in the big-time to stay. Now if only Mike Mol's legitimacy. The later addition of attractive Williams players finally put an end to the specter of national big-wigs in convention, and severely chastised. The offending pretenses were finally ejected from the group, being asked to return not only their certificates of membership, but the special yellow towel with the black bow on it, too.

October 15, 1982: Murphy's law takes its toll.

The roasting blaze that engulfed the Phi Gamma Delta house on October 13 kept things warm for weeks to come. Perceived indiscretions in headlining and captioning (see "Amy's Town", page 2) led to a heated exchange in the press, while smoked-out Fijis were forced to bidexit the vacant (what are they going to do with it, anyway?) Beta House. Fortunately enough, Physical Plant had completed the two week project of replacing 24 broken windows facing the fraternity quadrangle before their arrival. Unfortunately, it took that long again to restore the Fiji House to habitability. The newspaper controversy, on the other hand, was settled in only one week.

October 15, 1982: Kuhn doomed to paralysis shift

The mysterious disappearance of Thomas Kuhn from the Freshman-Studies curriculum is finally noted by a concerned philosophy major—as if anyone else would care. Just where he's gone remains open to debate, although a popular rumor has it that he's enrolled in an "English as second language" course. This is, of course, secondary. The essence of the matter is that he was definitely shifted out, to the great joy of instructors and resentment of upperclassmen who were forced to wade through his two hundred tortuous pages of platitude.

October 31, 1982: High priced scare

It's Halloween, and for a special holiday treat the prodigal Dean Shrode (see "Man of the Year", page 2) jumps at the opportunity for a special showing of Steven Spielberg's hit movie "Poltergeist." When he decided to treat Lawrencians to this feature, however, he hadn't intended for it to be financial. Rented at a one day price of $1000, Poltergeist drew nearly 500 at the gate. Such a deal.

November 5, 1982: V.P. selection

Married Michael Stewart is chosen as successor to Mar "The Czar" Wrolstad as Vice President of Business Affairs. Having ruled the books for 24 years, Wrolstad retires a legend, inspiring this ditty, especially popular on toilet seats of the period:

There once was a man named Mar Wrolstad
Who, despite what they say, wasn't so bad.
The small house deal Was the act of no hell.
Just a few extra shots of Old Grand Dad

December 4, 1982: Premier performance of The Daves

Led by matinee idol Paul Velen, the greatest Lawrence group since Jeff Wisser and the College Avenue Band, debuted at the Coffee House to rave reviews. Heralded by With-it editor Tom Skinner as "the greatest gimmick since the singing shipmunks," Veleno and his boys came to play. What did they do there is still a matter of debate. Rumor has it that these are actually the guys who put the hump.

November 19, 1982: Poltergeist

In a fit of paranoia (tempered by the lack of a legitimate cover story), Lawrence editors prophesied journalistic apocalypse for the unpaved future. Fears proved unfounded, however, since the same suckers agreed to take the job again for the following term. Nonetheless, the cover became a major classic of misprintmaking.

March 11, 1983 — The Lawrenceian — 7
The Rockpile

by Tom Skinner

At long last, you've all been waiting for—The Rockpile's choices of 'Best of...' in the music industry for 1982. Not to be outdone by Rolling Stone, The Rockpile has come up with a comprehensive list of the unsigned greats, best and most successful musical acts of the year. Without further ado, here is the list:

1. Levon Helm
   "Double Doors" — Hot Observation
   "Hot Observation" is evidence that all things are possible.

2. David Byrne
   "Dance" — My Life in the Bush of Ghosts
   "Dance" is a masterpiece of electronic music.

3. Bob Dylan
   "Blowing in the Wind" — Nashville Skyline
   "Blowing in the Wind" is a timeless classic.

4. The Who
   "Won't Get Fooled Again" — Who's Next
   "Won't Get Fooled Again" is a modern rock classic.

5. Bruce Springsteen
   "Born to Run" — Born to Run
   "Born to Run" is a classic rock album.

6. Emmylou Harris
   "Blue Bayou" — Heartbreaker
   "Blue Bayou" is a beautiful ballad.

7. Patti Smith
   "Because the Night" —because the Night
   "Because the Night" is a punk rock classic.

8. The Ramones
   "I Wanna Be Sedated" — Leave Home
   "I Wanna Be Sedated" is a classic punk rock song.

9. Gary Numan
   "Cars" — Cars
   "Cars" is a classic synth-pop song.

10. Talking Heads
    "Once in a lifetime" — More Songs About Buildings and Food
    "Once in a lifetime" is a classic album.

The Rockpile's choices have taken into account the popularity, artistic merit, and influence of the albums listed. These albums have shaped the music industry and have influenced countless artists and musicians.
1982: Mediocrity at the movies

by Jeff Wisser

It wasn't the best of times, it wasn't the worst of times either. If anything, 1982 was about as mediocre as times get at the movies.

In what other year would political heresy and hearsey like Richard Attenborough's Gandhi be hailed as a grand mating of history and art? At what other time would a hokum be this study of five young men confronting the end of adolescence in 1969 Baltimore.

1) Quest for Fire: Director Jean-Jacques Annaud mounted this fascinating and funny story of the Ulan tribe, cites 80,000 B.C. Scripted by Gerald Brach with a little help from Anthony Burgess and Desmond Morris, Queen's depiction of the discovery of the missionary position alone was worth the price of admission.

2) The Road Warrior: George Miller's lyric, post-nuclear action flick was an exciting panas to classics like The Searchers and Yakuza. Cast as the sociopathic hero Max, Mel Gibson gave one of the year's most riveting performances.

3) Personal Best: Robert Towne, gifted screenwriter of gems like Chinatown and Shampoo, is no slouch as a director either. His story of two track runners was a beautiful, breathtaking delight. Fine performances by Mariel Hemingway, Patrice Donnelly, and Scott Glenn helped.

4) Das Boot: The year's finest German import, greatly outdistancing anything Herzog of Fahrenheit have come up with in years. A melodrama, set aboard a beleaguered U-boat, Das Boot was the most precisely made movie of the year.

5) The Verdict: Scripted by David Mamet and directed by Sidney Lumet, this was a fine showcase of Paul Newman's nearly limitless talents. The Verdict was also notable for exposing a great deal of gruff area in American judicial system, without falling back on the standard post-Watergate practice of routinely trashing the entire system.

6) Shoot the Moon: Featuring virtually unknown cast, and a thoughtful intelligent screenplay by Robert Levinson, this summer dumper displayed much compassion, humor, and insight than the rest of the year's domestic efforts combined. In his directional debut, showed a great talent for handling actors, pacing, and shot selection as well.

7) Still of the Night: Meryl Streep finally found a role for which her never-ending twitching was appropriate in this homage to Hitchcock. Roy Scheider was superb as a shrink getting in over his head. Not all Hitchcock tributes need to be as smug and smutty as Brian DePalma's Dressed to Kill.

8) Victor/Victoria: Alex Karras and Robert Preston as raving poofiers and Julie Andrews as a virtually useless being is at least that one makes sense, on a type-casting level anyway) in this mindless, senseless pile of would-be fare. Monty Python would not be amused by Blake Edwards annual output of sleepy, made-for-TV yucks.

9) Frances: The question: can an alcoholic, bitter, atheist, leftist seer expound to Washington find happiness and fulfillment through gang rape and lobotomy? The answer: probably not. Everything about Graham Clifford's alleged statement was heavy-handed, particularly the lead performance of Jessica Lange, who seemed unable to stop reeling her eyes, tilting her head, and screaming every time the script called for high drama. Lange, in thin film as well as Tootsie, comes across as a lesser version of Diane Keaton's eternal Medusenah, only without the hundred dollar hairball analyzer.

10) Blade Runner: Ridley Scott's first film since Alien must have nearly an hour trimmed for reasons of commerce. This film makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. Lots of neat special effects and no brains.

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John Lawrence

FILM

THE LAWRENCE

March 11, 1983 — The Lawrentian — 9

John Lawrence

Shields, would have been a smash during the silent era. Unfortunately, this is a talkie. Even the year's best theme song (by David Rousin couldn't pull this one out of the hat.

7) Tempest: Who told Paul Massarski (Harry and Tootie Bob and Carol, Too and Alien) to update Shakespeare? And if such a thing really needed to be done, couldn't it be done by someone who wasn't the creator of the Monkey's TV show?

10) Blade Runner: Ridley Scott's first movie since Alien must have nearly an hour trimmed for reasons of commerce. This film makes absolutely no sense whatsoever. Lots of neat special effects and no brains.
No Questions

By Paul Velcro

Sometimes when I walk across the bridge, all alone, and the wind is strong and whips through my hair and whips across the water far, far below, I want to grab the railing and push off it, swinging my body over the side. Like right now.

It's not that I want to die. The cars and trucks and vans speed past me perhaps eight feet to the right. It would be far easier to simply step in front of one. But I feel no desire to do that. Or to hang myself, or slash my wrists, or overdose, or anything like that. The bridge alone seems tempting—very tempting.

I look down again as I walk, down at the river to my left. There's some turbulence today; the water smashes into rocks I can't see and spills its white guts off to the sides, where they are drawn down, down under other jets. Fresh jets, but also or anything like that. The bridge alone seems yellow but dull under the ashen sky. The forms of water smashes into rocks I can't see and spills its away from me, even as I walk toward it. I must turn my head; a rock rolls and bounces forward, seen again. 

I look down again as I walk, down at the river to my left. There's some turbulence today; the water smashes into rocks I can't see and spills its away from me, even as I walk toward it. I must turn my head; a rock rolls and bounces forward, seen again.

I grasp the rock tightly; my hand feels good for sometimes I got damned close. And I wonder what stops me from jumping over this banister right now. I wonder if it's the same thing stopping me in both cases. And I wonder if it's good for me, or not; whether it saves me or enslaves me.

I have stood in my room at times, frozen in front of the mirror, staring into my own dark eyes and trying to see inside them, through them, past the black-in-brown-in-white-to...? I have stood for so many hours looking at my own face, to the right of my eyes, or the left, or neither...? I have stood for so many hours looking at my own face, to the right of my eyes, or the left, or neither...

I look at my hand. Ten seconds ago, the rock hit it, although I didn't feel it through my boot. It slows and then freezes on one of its edges, and I bend to pick it up. I'll throw it into the river. So I won't. I would never see it hit the water in all that turbulence. I'll wait until I've reached the other side of the bridge, where it's a little more peaceful.

I grasp the rock tightly; my hand feels good.

A school bus is approaching on the right, yellow but dull under the ash sky. The forms of children appear as dark silhouettes, then fill out into momentary splashes of face as the bus passes. And I can remember when, too, used to ride the school bus, and look out the window at the people on the sidewalk. I wondered who they were and thought it strange that they would appear in my sight and my world for just a moment and probably never be seen again. And now I wonder if anyone in the bus that just passed me had the same thought about me. Perhaps.

One or two, seeing me, even realized that I had probably had the same thought once myself, when I rode a bus, and that I would be reminded of it now...and we would share a thought. But I doubt it. I never thought that far myself. And still the waters to the left and far, far below rage and swell and split against the rocks and against one another, and make a sound which is a kind of loud humming. No, it's more like a single, titanic breath that never stops. If I were to jump over this banister—the very banister now sliding under my left hand as I walk—the breathing would become louder with each instant, and so would the wind in my ears as I sped downward, faster, faster every instant. The combined effect would be awfully loud by the time I hit. But just how loud? I'd like to find out.

Why do I want to know? I don't know. Why do I want to do most of the things I want to do? Sometimes I sit in a theater or a chapel or a class, watching and listening to the actors or minister or instructor: I sit still and polite and nice like my ambassador? Because that person—the one who knows my friends—he doesn't stare into mirrors. He doesn't long to shrink at people who are giving speeches. He doesn't slide his hand along a bridge banister and then stop, grasping it, and turn, and stand on his toes to look as far down into the water as he can.

I do. But I see that the current runs more smoothly here, for it lies deeper. I wind up and throw my rock far ahead; it sails away from me, then arches downward and falls far, far below, and disappears. There is a sudden, small rip in the river, and white foam with some loose rings spreading outward, but the steady current sweeps it all away and only the river remains.

I look at my hand. Ten seconds ago, the rock was inside it, rough and dry. I look down again. Now the rock is way down there, sinking through the water. So fast, so easy—and now it's all done. So I stand here, leaning over the banister, looking at the river, feeling...what...jealous of a rock?

Yeah, I suppose I am. My friends would think I was joking again. They don't suspect my true nature. They think they know me pretty well, but they've never even met me. So they can't help me a bit.

And the questions remain. My father would always say, "There are no easy answers, Jack." And I would answer, "You're wrong; there must be..." But now I know how right he was—no right even than even he knew. There are no easy answers. Because there are no answers.

Questions, questions... I hit the banister with my fist, I shake my head, but it does no good. I wish I had the rock. Why? Because it was something to hold onto, real and tangible. I suppose. But it's gone; the river took it away forever. So I start walking again, glaring at the river.

God, how I hate that river, so vast and eternal. I step and turn. Again, I long to jump far down and plunge into the water, attacking it. I want to rip the water open—to tear it apart, once and for all. It deserves to be torn...I want to mutilate and kill it.

No. That's all wrong. You can't kill a river. A dramatic splash and a momentary red tint, soon to be washed away—that's all I could hope for. I know it, and I've always known it, yet when I'm up here on the bridge, caught in the wind, I sometimes forget.

Still standing in place, I turn to look ahead: I've almost reached the other side. Another fifty or sixty feet.

So I begin walking again, hands in my pockets. It's time to go now. Isn't it?
The Larsen Line

by A.L. and C.J.

for years, sports columnists have made a living predicting, as well as analyzing, trends in athletics. Such names as Jimmy the Greek, Peter Arbin, and Sports Illustrated's infamous "Dr. Z." Paul Zimmerman, have gazed into their crystal balls with enough accuracy, snar and humor to develop devoted followings among bettors, bookmakers and assorted other laymen whose balls are their crystal. Their predictions are notoriously fallible, however, as many a poor soul who has gambled away his life savings on the strength of some columnist's erroneous whines has found out.

Dwelling among the ranks of these prophets of prophecy is Lawrence's ownawn of Coasset, yours truly. Fortunately, the predictions of this columnist (as those of you who habitually read all the way back to page seventeen of The Lawrenceian have already noticed) do not have a very good track record, so to say. In fact, the author has yet to find the track. Cases in point.

In a January article entitled, "Confessions of an Unhatched Packer-b Becker," I predicted that the Packers, who had won impressively in the first round of the NFL playoffs, would be forced to forfeit the final game of the NBA, thus denying the Delts and Sig Eps for the all-around Supremacy Cup title, thus denying Steinbrenner's ABC sports division the chance to edge out the Delts and Sig Eps for the all-around Supremacy Cup title, thus denying Steinbrenner's ABC sports division the chance to dominate every spring IM league. The Conmen, as they will call themselves, will

The Philadelphia 76ers will be forced to forfeit the final game of the NBA playoffs when the two of the eleven players on their active roster (as well as the head coach, the assistant coach, the trainer and the ballboy) are indicated on charges of cocaine possession and peddling. When asked to comment on the situation, Moses Malone will confide, "You all would get a lot of rebounds, too, if you had the incentive clauses that I did."

On the college scene, allegations of recruiting violations will virtually cease to exist after the NCAA rules that schools may now put their athletes on salary, in an attempt to lure them from being drafted into the lesser leagues before their college eligibility is used up. Lawrence Athletic Director Ron Roberts will, of course, refuse to divulge the names of the selected individuals here, but parked Mercedes will become permanent fixtures in front of the Phi Delta House. Roberts and his football coaching staff, incidentally, will be touring the nation giving clinics this spring.

In intramural sports, an all-conservatory team will shock the campus by

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No Questions
By Paul Velcro

Sometimes when I walk across the bridge, all alone, and the wind is strong and whips through my hair and whips across the water far below, I want to grab the railing and push off it, swinging my body over the side. Like right now.

It’s not that I want to die. The cars and trucks and vans speed past me perhaps eight feet to the right. It would be far easier to simply step in front of one. But I feel no desire to do that. Or to hang myself, or slash my wrists, or overdose, anything like that. The bridge alone seems tempting—very tempting.

I look down again as I walk, down to the river to my left. There’s some turbulence today; the water smashes into rocks I can’t see and spills its white guts off to the sides, where they are drawn down, down under other jets. Fresh jets, but also doomed to crash and die and sink, never to be seen again.

Something scrape across the sidewalk. I turn my head; a rock rolls and bounces forward, away from me, even as I walk toward it. I must have kicked it, although I didn’t feel it through my boot. It slows and then freezes on one of its edges, and I bend to pick it up. I’ll throw it into the river. I won’t. I would never see it hit the water in all that turbulence. I’ll wait until I’ve reached the other side of the bridge, where it’s more peaceful.

I grasp the rock tightly; my hand feels good around it.

A school bus is approaching on the right, yellow but dull under the ashen sky. The forms of children appear as dark silhouettes, then fill out into momentary splashes of face as the bus passes. And I can remember when I, too, used to ride a school bus, and look out the window at the people on the sidewalk. I wondered who they were, and often thought it strange that they would appear in my sight and my world for just a moment and probably never be seen again. And now I wonder if anyone in the bus that just passed me had the same thought about me. Perhaps. Maybe one of them, seeing me, even realized that I had probably had the same thought once myself, when I was their age, and that I would be reminded of it now...and we would share a thought. But I doubt it. I never thought that far myself.

At the still the waters to the left and far, far below rage and swell and split against the rocks and against one another, and make a sound which is a kind of loud humming. No, it’s more like breathing. A single, titanic breath that never stops. If I were to jump over this banister—the very banister now sliding under my left hand as I walk—the breathing would become louder with each instant, and so would the wind in my ears as I sped downward, faster, faster every instant. The combined effect would be awfully loud by the time I hit. But how loud? I’d like to find out.

Why do I want to know? I don’t know. Why do I want to do most of the things I want to do? Sometimes I sit in a theater or a chapel or a class, watching and listening to the actors or minister or instructor; I sit still and polite and nice like everyone else, and the man or woman in front of me and above me talks on and on, on any subject; it doesn’t matter. And sometimes I agree with what’s being said, and sometimes I don’t; and that doesn’t really matter either. Because sometimes I just start to grit my teeth and rub the soles of my shoes against the floor, and I want to jump up and shout at whoever’s talking, “You’re wrong, all wrong, you bastard!”—whether the person’s wrong or right.

And I wonder what stops me from doing it, for sometimes I get damned close. And I wonder what stops me from jumping over this banister right now. I wonder if it’s the same thing stopping me in both cases. And I wonder if it’s good for me, or not; whether it saves me or enslaves me.

I have stood in my room at times, frozen in front of the mirror, staring into my own dark eyes and trying to see inside them, through them, past the black-in-brown-in-white to...? I have stood for what seemed an hour at a time, hands clenched stop the dock, looking into that mirror at the eyes and nose and lips and hair that I call “me” and others call “Jack” until my face has vanished and been replaced by a stranger’s. And I can never remember when this substitute first materialized, or what happened to the first face; and although I see similarities, as if the two are brothers, they clearly aren’t the same person. I wonder now, as I do then, which one is really me. If either.

When I joke around with my friends, is that me talking or just some guy that I’ve given them the name? Because that person—the one who knows my friends—he doesn’t stare into mirrors. He doesn’t long to shriek at people who are giving speeches. He doesn’t slide his hand along a bridge banister and then stop, grasping it, and turn, and stand on his toes to look as far down into the water as he can.

But I do. And I see that the current runs more smoothly here, for it lies deeper. I wind up and throw my rock far ahead; it sails away from me, then arches downward and falls far, far below, and disappears. There is a sudden, small rip in the river, and white foam with some loose rings spreading outward, but the steady current sweeps it all away and only the river remains.

I look at my hand. Ten seconds ago, the rock was inside it, rough and dry. I look down again. Now the rock is way down there, sinking through the water. So fast, so easy—and now it’s all done.

So I stand here, leaning over the banister, looking at the river, feeling...what...jealous of a rock?

Yeah, I suppose I am. My friends would think I was joking again. They don’t suspect my true nature. They think they know me pretty well, but they’ve never even met me. So they can’t help me a bit.

And the questions remain. My father would always say, “There are no easy answers, Jack.” And I would answer, “You’re wrong; there must be.” But now I know how right he was—more right than even he know. There are no easy answers. Because there are no answers.

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So I start walking again, glaring at the river. God, how I hate that river, so vast and eternal. I stop and turn. Again, I long to jump far down and plunge into the water, attacking it. I want to rip the water open—to tear it apart, once and for all. It deserves to be torn...I want to mutilate and kill it.

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Still standing in place, I turn to look ahead. I’ve almost reached the other side. Another fifty or sixty feet.

So I begin walking again, hands in my pockets. It’s time to go now.

Isn’t it?
The Larsen Line
by A.L. and C.J.

For years, sports columnists have made a living predicting, as well as analyzing, trends in athletics. Such names as Jimmy the Greek, Pete Axthelm and Sports Illustrated’s infamous “Dr. Z,” Paul Zimmerman, have gazed into their crystal balls with enough accuracy, alas and humor to develop devoted followings among bettors, bookmakers and assorted other laymen whose balls are not crystal. Their predictions are notoriously fallible, however, as many a poor soul who has gambled away his life savings on the strength of some columnist’s erroneous visions has found out.

Dwelling among the ranks of these prophets of prophecy is Lawrence’s own sworn enemy, yours truly. Unfortunately, the predictions of this columnist (as those of you who habitually read all the way back to page 16 of The Lawrencean have already noticed) do not have a very good track record, to say the least. In fact, the author has yet to find the track. Cases in point:

On a January article, “Confessions of an Unabashed Packer-basher,” I predicted that the Packers, who had won impressively in the first round of the NFL playoffs, would fail to win even once in the Super Bowl. Two days later they lost.

In a January piece entitled, “Should Hockey Be a Varsity Sport?” I suggested that Lawrence hockey was legitimate enough to be given varsity status, and concluded that although it probably would remain as a club sport (for primarily monetary reasons) it was indeed legitimate. That very night the Yikes were forced to play most of the game against UW-LaCrosse with the Indian’s second string goalies, since Lawrence goalie Joe Motto had gotten injured early on and the Yikes had no substitute for him.

Finally, in March, the column was entitled “Herschel Walker changes his tune,” I applauded the Heisman trophy-winning tailback for his decision to stay in school to finish his career at the University of Georgia. Two weeks later Walker turned pro.

In an effort to correct this unfortunate misstep, I enlisted the services of another guru of grunt, known only as “the Salamander.” Through our combined wisdom, foresight and overall sports savvy, we have come up with these predictions for the coming spring:

The Philadelphia 76ers will be forced to forfeit the final game of the NBA playoffs when ten out of the eleven players on their active roster (as well as the head coach, the assistant coach, the trainer and the ballboy) are indicted on charges of co-

A colleague, an avowed radical, will virtually guarantee that the university will go on strike at the end of this academic year. The strike will last for two weeks, the length of the Olympic Games.

A special guest columnist, a former student, will write an article which is guaranteed to bring in a large readership. However, he will be unable to write the article because he is currently working on a book of his own which will be published by Knopf.

In intramural sports, an all-conservatory team will shock the campus by winning the intramural hockey championship.

In conclusion, third term will be an exciting and unpredictable one in the sports world, regardless of whether or not Steinbrenner’s ABC sports division can come to the Banta Bowl.

Goat, but not Forotten

Art Institute and inquiring if the man had ever been there. The assistant, after taking another hefty swig from his brown paper bag, reportedly answered that he had never been to the Art Institute, but that he would, after drinking another half of his ballboy’s 20-ounce bellbottoms, edge out the Delta and Sig Ep for the all-around Supremacy Cup title, but deny the feat the right to add to their resumes.

The tennis team will be decimated by the defection of its top six players, including captain Cam Jackson, shortly before the conference meet. Jackson, the spokesman for the group, will explain that they wanted to concentrate their energies on the upcoming campus-wide Ultimate Frisbee Tournament, which Jackson, the consensus pick as the best pilot in the Banta Bowl.

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Huber

John Huber is dead today at the age of twenty-one.

On-scene evidence plus the corroborating testimony of friends indicate that the controversial junior took his own life after a prolonged fit of melanoma. A suicide note, submitted to the Teaser's Place, on route 41, stated, "Weeds." The cause of death was ruled out. The coroner expects the autopsy to show the cause to be suicide.

Huber, as he was known to his intimates, was a stand-out third baseman scheduled to join the Kyoto Braves after graduation. Huber's entire estate, valued at $117,500, will be divided among his parents and his recently acquired cat, Stella.

Funeral arrangements were not completed by press time.

Skinner

Tom Skinner, Lawrenceian Wit-it editor and ever-greenin' master of our student life, was found alone in a corner booth of the Viking Room this morning. Prostrate and incontinent, the deranged former hipster could offer no explanation, but mechanically repeated the phrase, "excellent man." His body has been transferred to a Lake Forest hospital.

Skinner, though not dead, is no longer with it—he was found in a catastonic state, asymptotically aligned from the linear realities of wow. The local authorities remain befuddled by the case, but a brain scan in Lake Forest revealed what Skins' closest friends feared the most—he has mellowed out. He shall reside in Lake Forest, a vegetable for the remainder of his jovials days.

Those who were with Skins on his last night expressed only mild surprise when informed that the Skindaddy had zoned. They point to the extremely uncharacteristic behavior on his part that final evening: he did not imbibe a single Marlboros, and three broken No. 2 pencils. Clenched in his right fist was a torn paper. The paper had been due Tuesday morning in a second-floor room of the Viking Room this morning. Prostrate and incontinent, the deranged former hipster could offer no explanation, but mechanically repeated the phrase, "excellent man." His body has been transferred to a Lake Forest hospital.

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