Judicial reform queried

ACJP, LUCC hit it out

Some key recommendations of the Advisory Committee on Judicial Practices, a committee formed to propose reform for the student judicial system, came under fire at an LUCC meeting on Tuesday.

After reviewing the proposals that generated the most controversy were suggestions that the judicial system ease its confidentiality policy and that the meeting was for the purpose of community feedback.

However, LUCC faculty member Cliffie Joel claimed during the Honor Council that revealing too much about disciplinary cases could deter Clifie Joel claimed during the Honor Council.

ACJP, LUCC hash it out

New Dean reflects on diversity, teaching

By Gordon A. Martinez

"To provide diverse educational opportunities to students through teaching, curricula, programs, development, and program administration, " said Perkins.

This is the first statement on Herbert Perkins' job description. Perkins has just been hired as the new Dean of Multicultural Affairs, is currently on leave from DeAnza College in Cupertino, California.

Perkins' main duties will be to work under Dean of Students Charles Lauter to identify the needs of students, policy and programs development, multicultural affairs.

"After completing the study, it will work with all governmental bodies to implement policy," said Perkins.

When asked about his definition of diversity, Perkins said, "Ideally, diversity at Lawrence should reflect the diversity in the nation as a whole.

What kind of diversity in the curriculum, which should represent the world we are a part of," said Perkins.

More and more in the U.S., students are being trained and are being prepared for global and international prospective.

Perkins sees the curriculum reflecting other new realities.

"We need curriculum preparation for a particular type of world in relation to domestic plurality," said Perkins. "The curriculum needs to reflect issues, understanding to deal with today's world.

In terms of gender and curriculum, Perkins said, "Diversity also has to be in terms of gender, understanding how men and women appreciate each other.

"Curriculum in most universities is male-centric and biased in terms of the experiences of European people.

Diversity, to Perkins, also needs to be reflected in membership of the faculty.

"We need faculty, professors that come from different cultural back-grounds so students, both of European background and student of color, can see them as role models.

Students need to appreciate people of color in professional positions to learn from their life experiences, said Perkins added. "Students of color need to be in the Anthropology/Sociology Department.

"It is not likely that I would have considered the position without a teaching element. Its in my bones.

Officially hired March 20, Perkins first day on the job will be August 1.

Fourteen groups compete for five theme houses

By Gordon A. Martinez

In response, legislation passed in early March would require groups selected to have to assign according to lowest average lottery numbers of all residents, in-cluding alternates.

"After a few years of practice to find the best form, I think we've developed the most useful, most beneficial and least arbi-trary system," said Paul Shrode, former chair of the Housing Committee.

Current Co-Chair of the Housing Committee Meghan Walsh said, "We've tied up a lot of loose ends, I like that more upper-classmen will be eligible for the houses.

"With the number of singles decreasing, every-one has a chance to earn the privilege of living in a house they progress," said Walsh.

Paul Shrode, Assistant Dean of Students, said, "One of the drawbacks of the system is that its tough for Sophomores.

"It discourages groups with Sophomores and puts younger students at a dis-advantage," added Shrode.

\"ACJP, LUCC hash it out\"
Plan B should be chosen

To the editor:

Upon the decision of the Office of Civil Rights this last November, the Administration assigned LLUC's Housing Committee with a momentous task: re-assign LIU's housing so that equity is met not only between women and men, but also between Greeks and independent men.

When The Lawrencean reported that, on the recommendation of Inter Fraternity Council, three singles in each fraternity house were knocked down, much of the community was upset as it would mean 30 less single rooms for the campus. I believed, as I think many do still, that the reduction in fraternity singles was a necessary measure to equalize opportunities for women and men, something that had long been neglected and which was now mandated by the Federal Government.

My naive presumption couldn't have been further from the truth. Housing Committee's initial recommendation (Plan C) the 3-wall plan was passed so that Greek men could have a "greater option" in room selection. Instead of having their fair share of singles in their own houses, 18 Greek men would select singles outside the quad. If the Housing Committee had chosen plan B (destroy only 1 wall/frat), only three Greek men would have singles outside of their own houses; there would only be 10 fewer singles on campus, and $10,000 would be saved. So, the Housing Committee reconsidered and came up with Plan D, which would destroy 2 walls/ frat house, cost $20,000 and take away 20 singles from the campus as a whole. This they called a compromise. It amounts to spending $10,000 extra so that 10 instead of 3 Greek men can have their singles outside the quad instead of in their own houses, houses which are privileged that only fraternities maintain. $10,000 extra so that 7 more Greeks can live in residence halls and unnecessarily deprive the campus of 10 singles.

When I and others discovered the real motivations behind the Housing Committee's decision, we scheduled meeting with Dean Lauter, we went to Housing Committee asking them to re-think their decision which, at present, benefits 7 Greek men and we went to President Watch, President Watch is reconsidering the Committee's proposal, which he had initially accepted. It's unfortunate that I and others didn't discover all of the above in January. No group besides the IFC and others didn't discover all of the above in January. No group besides the IFC and I would like to send a huge congratulations and thank you to ORC and all others who assisted in bringing about environmental awareness during Earth Week '90. There are numerous steps we can all take to help protect planet earth. "This we know. The earth does not belong to us, we belong to the earth..." Chief Seattle. Let us keep this in mind as we are faced with daily decisions that could either help to protect or could cause harm to our environment. Thanks again to ORC and all others involved in putting together Earth Week activities here at Lawrence that helped to remind us of the need for environmental concern.

Jennifer Jost '92
The Lawrence Latitude

Volume one, number one  A monthly journal

The Fox River:
Ecology vs. economy

Inside this issue--
South African musician Johnny Clegg
The Return of the Grammar Hound
Fence of Dreams
Corporate Reports: yeah, but is it art?
The Garbage Page
There are three things written on the cover that I should probably explain. "Volume one, number one," is really a misnomer. Eight years ago, the staff of The Lawrentian decided to scrap the idea of a campus newspaper and ran a bimonthly magazine in its stead. The campus, they felt, was just not interested in reading news any more—what they wanted was in-depth analysis, entertaining features, and a good, healthy dose of being sarcastic. It worked...for a while. It was dropped somewhere along the way; no one is sure when. But now, we’re kinda bringing it back.

Does this mean we feel the campus has no use for The Lawrentian anymore? Emotionally not. The paper has had its valleys (some pretty deep canyons within recent memory, in fact), but I’d like to think that times are pretty good on The Lawrentian these days. We’re here doing our best to keep the campus informed, entertained, and occasionally outraged. Our prime goal has been, is now, and always will be to report the news as clearly and as truthfully as possible.

I guess we feel that its time to branch out a little now. There’s a need out there for more introspective newswriting, I think, a need to draw the lens of the camera back and look at the long view. And, darn it, despite all of our careful planned rationalizations for this publication, what we’ve got is basically a clean slate.

The second thing that needs a little explanation is “a monthly journal.” Journal written by whom? Well, the three core staff members all contributed their share, but for the most part, the content was left open to the entire college. Submission deadlines were advertised widely, and the response was gratifying. It’s hard to say exactly how much we had to cut, but suffice it to say that we would have gone 16 pages easily if we had the money. This magazine is part of The Lawrentian, but it also belongs to you, our readers. If something’s on your mind, if you’ve seen a movie you want to review, or even if you have a poem or two, consider yourself urged to submit it immediately.

The third thing on the cover is the title, “The Lawrence Latitude.” Behind this was the biggest headache to all of us during the planning stages. What do we call the darn thing? “The LU Review”? “Fox River Quarterly”? “Light”? The present title was finally chosen because its implicit meaning. Latitude is a locational term, but it can also signify freedom of movement and of intellect. Paradoxically, it can also mean a drawing together of diverse elements—unification. And, damn it, despite all of our art student

Page 5 - Cartoon by Sean Scanlon
Page 6 - photo courtesy of Capitol Records
Page 7 - Bill Trotter ’92
Page 8 - Photo by McKell Moorehead
Page 9 - Photo by McKell Moorehead
Page 10 - Andrew Robbins ’93
Page 11 - Andrew Robbins ’93
Page 12 - Andrew Robbins ’93

The opinions expressed in the articles do not necessarily express the views of the university or of the Lawrence Latitude staff.

Looking for a fraternity, sorority, or student organization that would like to earn $500-1000 for one week on campus marketing project. Must be organized and hard-working. Call Beverly or Jeanine at 1-800-592-2121. 
**The Lawrence Latitude**

**At what price a clean river?**

By Tom Zoeller

"It's like playing Russian Roulette"—Tom Erdman, environmental policy analyst at University of Wisconsin, Green Bay, about eating PCB-contaminated fish from the Fox River.

Some Background

The lower Fox is a river that stretches forty miles from sturgeon-rich Lake Winnebago to green Bay. During its meandering course, it wanders through a conglomeration of five wastewater treatment plants, fifteen pulp and paper mills (the largest concentration in the world), and twelve cities populated with a total of over 400,000 people. These waters have long been recognized as some of the most polluted and unstable in North America.

Just as unstable as the water quality, however, is the way that people have reacted to the river as an environmental entity. The river gave birth to the economic prosperity of the region, yet its children are now only slowly beginning to see the consequences of their actions. Today, long after the days of lumbering, the river serves as a source of profit and pleasure for Northeastern Wisconsin. Since faced an environmental crisis in the last two decades. Through this, one thing has been made clear: that the Fox River is not only a component of the ecosystem but also a component in the economic-well being of the area. Economics and ecology are at constant odds with one another in the Fox crisis and it seems that, precious little has been done to view the two as mutually compatible.

We are now, as the expert cited above has noted, in the uncomfortable position of having to treat the river as carefully as we would a loaded gun. This new concept of ourselves as a protector rather than an explorer is an entirely new one. For 355 years, we weren’t playing Russian Roulette with the Fox and no one had to worry about getting shot.

Over 100 Varieties!

In the mythology of the Winnebago Indians, the Fox River was the trail rich “Lake Wannibago” to-day gray inland sitting still and began to slither his way from Central Wisconsin to Lake Michigan, leaving a wide emerald channel behind him. The serpent’s evil mouth was the mouth of the Fox at Green Bay, which is where Jean Nicolet first made contact with the Winnebago in 1634. Nicolet was commissioned to find a trade route to China, but what he did discover was a forest full of fur-bearing animals—a profitable new resource for the French. More importantly, he found the Fox itself. As free-lance writer Jeff Rennick has noted, “While he did not find the long-sought inland route to the Orient, he did find a large river flowing clear and clean; and one of the rare north-flowing rivers in America, making the river a vital route for explorers, trappers, traders, and settlers.”

Environmentally, however, the development of the fur industry along the Fox left no significant impact on the area’s ecology—or on the mindsets of the trappers. These significant changes were rooted in economics, but also had an effect on the environment. The forests of Northern Wisconsin were cut to feed the growing need for wood in Southern Wisconsin and Illinois markets, and a tributary of the Fox, called (aptly enough) the Wolf, was an ideal medium to transport the raw materials to be delivered to the growing industrial enterprise of a major Fox Valley employer, Fort Howard Inc.

What happened then was a concentrated effort on the part of federal lawmakers to institute a nationwide campaign to clean up America’s waterways. In 1972, strong amendments to the Federal Water Pollution Control Act (a.k.a. “The Clean Water Act”) was pushed through Congress by Sen. Edward Muskie (D-ME). The new law called for treatment of effluents, effective wastewater treatment, a charge to industry to use the “best available technology” to limit unnecessary pollution, and a deadline of 1985 to achieve a state of “zero discharge” of toxic wastes.

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Green Bay ecologist Peyton Smith, writing in Oceanus magazine, elaborates on the expected continuing presence of PCBs in the Fox. “While most Fox River water and associated dissolved chemicals can be expected to eventually flow back into the bay, PCBs remain in the bay for much longer periods of time. A PCB-associated particle may be resuspended hundreds of times before it settles out...So sediments continually recycle PCBs back into the water column and food chain.”

Seen in this light, the 1972 reforms may have been somewhat cosmetic, as the DNR tells us: “The target for past clean-up was the more visible conventional pollution that gave the water an un­sightly appearance and foul odor. But past efforts were not designed to fight an invisible enemy.”

Most of the current discharge of PCBs is done through the recycling of carbonless copying paper, an activity that produces an average of 10-14 pounds of PCBs per year. The irony here is staggering: by attempting to benefit the environment through the recycling of paper, Fort Howard actually pollutes the Fox River in the process.

Although Vicki Harris of the Green Bay DNR has said that “sources from the river sediment are probably more significant” than any dumping of PCBs today, steps are being taken to reduce current discharge. In September of 1989, the Green Bay Press-Gazette reported that, in order to get their wastewater permit renewed, Fort Howard had to agree to reduce PCB discharge by 65 percent over a five year period. A Fort Howard spokesman commented: “According to the permit, that level [of PCB discharge] drops to what is essentially a ‘O’ discharge level in three to four years. That is technically unattainable today, but we are committed to working toward that objective.”

Yet, the answer may not be as easy as that. According to a recent report released by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, a level of PCBs reaching 30 parts per million was found near several of the ancient locks used to facilitate travel up the river during the boom days of the paper industry. The level near the Little Chute lock approached a level of what the Toxic Substance Control Act classifies as “toxic.” Lead mercury and other heavy metals were also found. Just how much waste the sediments release into the flow of the river is a matter of debate, but one estimate tagged it at 700 pounds of PCB a year. “It’s just a reflection of all the things that have been discharged into the Fox River for over 100 years,” said Bill Davis, an environmental scientist in Madison.

But what makes the sediments such a solemn threat is their unique ability to put themselves back into the ecosystem, should the sludge be stirred up—a threat that, for obvious reasons, poses questions about the feasibility of navigation on the Fox. Commercial navigation stopped in 1959, but renewed interest in pleasure boating on the river has environmental groups facing some “tough decisions,” according to Davis. The solution could lie in dredging the river to remove the waste, but that has its drawbacks, too, as another Post-Crescent story reported: “The sediments and their associated toxins are highly controversial because any action to dredge the river or the bay to keep shipping channels open poses a problem of disturbing the sediment and releasing the chemicals.”

“Once you dig them up,” said Davis, “you’re going to re­suspend a lot of them [the PCBs] back into the water column and ultimately back into the environment. Then, you figure in what you’re going to do with those sediments and unfortunately, very little work has been done on how to treat sediments to neutralize or fix them.” On top of all that, the cost of a complete cleanup of the river has been estimated at $400 million.

In the face of all these roadblocks, it seems as if the Fox River might never be restored to its former glory when Nicolet first looked upon it in 1634. But it should not be forgotten that while Nicolet’s river was untainted, he looked upon it with greed, and it has taken the descendants of his legacy the trauma of pollution to finally begin to change their views of the Fox River.

This change in attitude can best be illustrated in the amount of government work done on the Fox, both at the federal and local levels. In 1988, The Wisconsin DNR first unveiled its massive “Remedial Action Plan” (RAP), a study launched in 1986 which identifies toxics problems, establishes goals and objectives to address those problems and proposes clean-up action to restore the beneficial uses of the river and the bay by the year 2000.

What makes the RAP significant is that it is the first study to meet the problem of hidden pollution head on. As previously mentioned, clean-up efforts in the 1970s stemmed from a desire to improve the “foul odor” and “unsightly” quality of the river. But while the river may look and smell nicer today, the RAP reminds the community that the toxins are still under the surface and that our care for the Fox is not yet done.

More importantly, the RAP demonstrates an attitude towards the Fox that is not rooted in PCB counts or fishing revenues but in a framework that transcends statistics. The vision of the RAP— the “desired future state” — is one where public uses and the environmental quality of the river are intertwined. As the DNR points out, “the key action items build on each other, but are also interdependent.” In his Environmental Studies article, University of Wisconsin at Green Bay professor Hallett Harris noted that the RAP was working to “rehabilitate the Fox River-Green Bay system through an ecosystem approach.”

What then can be said about the previously noted inability of the factions to meet halfway between economic and ecology? Perhaps the best foundation to build upon is one of the two policies that the East Central Wisconsin Planning Agency says should underlie all action taken toward the Fox: “Economic development and environmental protection should be viewed interdependently.”

Just as Harris called for an integrated holistic approach of viewing the Fox River as a part of the larger ecosystem, so we must also view the Fox as an integral part of the economic welfare of the Valley. There is a middle ground between use and abuse, between economics and ecology. The Fox River flows between these two. As the example of the toxics have shown us, we must begin to see the river as a meeting place for the two, rather than as a dividing line.
Subjunctive case: are you in the mood?

By Christopher Hundhausen

Fellow Grammarians, in the now prolonged absence of any grammar-related questions or comments, it is my pleasure this week to discuss one of my grammatical pet peeves: the subjunctive case.

Referred to by some grammarians as the "subjunctive mood" because of its hypothetical nature, it is one subject that few people are in the mood to learn. Indeed, many grammarians argue that the subjunctive no longer exists in modern English; that it is, in fact, a dead case. To the contrary, I would argue that the subjunctive is alive and well, and that with minimal effort any reasonably educated person can learn how to use it effectively.

Those of you who have studied a foreign language are probably well acquainted with the subjunctive, but I should probably define the term anyway. The subjunctive case is used to express hypothetical conditions: conditions that did not exist in the past, do not currently exist, and probably will not exist in the future. With contrary-to-fact conditionals we are able to engage in conversations in which we speculate, hypothesize, and discuss possibilities. And people in all fields are interested in having these kinds of discussions. For example, I have heard Professor Parks say "Suppose the group G were abelian..." or Professor Cook say "if there were no gravity..." and I can imagine a history professor probing the supposition: "Had the American Revolution not taken place...". The point is, our need to express hypothetical conditions runs rampant, which indicates that we should perhaps at least be aware of the subjunctive.

Unfortunately, although we use the subjunctive quite frequently every day, the vast majority of us do not even realize when we are using it. We can get away with such ignorance most of the time because, for the most part, there no longer exists a distinction between the subjunctive case and the past tense (This is what grammarians mean when they say the subjunctive is "dead"); nearly every subjunctive verb tense parallels the past tense. The only two (simple) exceptions with which the aware communicator needs to be concerned are the first and third person singular tenses of the verb to be (corresponding to the pronouns I, she, he, and it). In these cases, what would normally be the conjugated past tense, was, changes to the subjunctive tense were. It may not seem like this case arises very often, but believe me, it does, and when people miss it, it sounds dreadful to the ears of the "subjunctively aware".

Fortunately, there are some indicators that will help you end your "botched subjunctives", and gain more respect from peers and professors alike. If, unless, suppose, and assuming are examples of what I call "subjunctive tip-offs": words that usually precede a subjunctive verb tense. The subjunctive needn't always follow these words, but it often does, so they serve to give you a tip on a possible subjunctive verb tense switch. It is also important to note that the helping verbs would, had, and would have (which form the past subjunctive), could, and might (Did I forget any?) can be invaluable in correctly identifying subjunctive situations. For instance, the clause "I would consider attending Lawrence unless..." should clearly indicate to you that a subjunctive verb tense must follow: "...my family were rich."

I wish you luck on your quest to become one of the "subjunctively aware". If you have any questions or comments on the subjunctive case or any other topic I have covered, I would love to hear from you. Until next time, communicate effectively.

Hey Kids! It's the LU "Seek n' Find"!!

This Week's Puzzle: Locate the Chapel (or any other structure relating remotely to Lawrence) in this construction sign posted near the Conservatory construction.

Good Luck!

Next week's puzzle: find the organization in Susan Sontag’s convocation lecture.

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CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

OSCAR J. BOLDT

ENGBERG ANDERSON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC REHEARSAL ADDITION

LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY

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CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC REHEARSAL ADDITION
South African Johnny Clegg and the band Savuka's music is reverberating beyond the borders of South Africa and into the rest of the world, bringing with it a message about humanity and universal peace.

Clegg, the leader and songwriter of the band was formerly a university sociology lecturer and is currently a member of three Zulu tribes and Vice President of the South African Musician's Alliance. Clegg has met with anti-apartheid movements around the world to help implement the resolutions adopted by the United Nations and the African National Congress. In July of '89, he was the keynote speaker at the annual New Music Seminar and delivered a speech about the history of music censorship in South Africa and how South African musicians have been able to make some progress in the desegregation of the musical community in the 80s through cultural boycotts. Savuka's song, "Scatterlings of Africa," from Shadow Man was featured in last year's academy award winning Rain Man.

In the summer of '89 when Michael Jackson and Johnny Clegg were scheduled to perform at different locations in Lyons, France, Jackson had to cancel his show due to the 30,000 tickets that were sold to Clegg and Savuka's concert. Also, among other major concert appearances they performed the opening set for David Bowie in front of 80,000 people at the Montreaux Jazz Festival in France.

The Zulu culture has always been important to Clegg, both as a musical inspiration as well as a cultural mainstream. His musical career began at twelve when he met a Zulu man named Charlie Mzila on a Johannesburg city street. Mzila was playing a Zulu song on his guitar which sparked Clegg's musical interest. He asked the man to teach him the music and the Zulu language, and so began his musical career.

Throughout his teens and adolescence Clegg struggled vehemently under apartheid laws to learn the traditions and lifestyle of the Zulu culture. He spent as much time as possible in an urban migrant workers hostel with his Zulu friends, picking up the fundamentals of Zulu music and dance which would eventually be the main ingredient to his own music. Under apartheid laws, his involvement with the Zulu migrant workers was illegal which caused Clegg numerous arrests. Nevertheless, strong interest and involvement with his Zulu friends and their culture kept him from surrendering to South African law. He continued his lessons with Mzila and he continued to visit the hostel to dance and sing with his friends.

Initially, Clegg's intentions were purely to learn about Zulu music and culture, but he found himself becoming politically involved as well. Clegg had a traumatic experience when his teacher, Charlie Mzila, was arrested and exiled for the sole reason of teaching a young fatherless white boy how to play a Zulu tune. The fact that Charlie violently stood up for their relationship and attacked the authority had a profound impact on young Clegg. This disheartening event marked Clegg's realization of the painfully unfair system under which he and his friends lived and it marked the beginning of his intentional political struggle against South African Law.

Numerous events following that of the arrest of Mzila heightened Clegg's anger and frustration with the apartheid system. Thousands of people had been murdered under South African law including many of Clegg's friends and former fans. The Boerhaave regime caused tremendous intra racial slaughter, in particular among the Zulu. A final blow for Clegg was the assassination of sociology professor and anti-apartheid activist, Dr. David Webster, a long time friend and colleague of Clegg. Clegg's world was being brutally murdered each day that the apartheid continued. It denied him his Zulu identity, brutally took away his friends, stood in the way of his music, and it continues to deny black Africans their humanity and country.

Through his music, Clegg was able to speak out politically. In the mid 60s, Clegg became friends with migrant worker, Sipho Mchunu, who was only twelve at the time. Clegg became a teacher and close friend to Mchunu and together they formed the group Juluka which means "sweat" in Zulu. Their music combined Western-Celtic music, a result of Clegg's paternal English heritage, and traditional Zulu rhythm and lyrics. Despite the
A pocketful of prose

Poetry doesn't get as electrifying as this

A Short Criticism

Charlie Henry's poems are "pearls of wisdom, aphorisms of life, euphemisms for our existence, homilies to live by. You take the costs of our universe, like the soul bearing gardener you are; I can't wait for the movie."

Jason Barton - social critic, advocate of the peoples revolution & short order cook

The Fear of Identity

The fear of identity threatens To give me another rough shove I could perhaps threaten back Or pretend I am above This solid cold reality which - God help me I deny. I could laugh hoping people to see My fear as our joke, but the blind Are too many. "Twould be a waste of time My laugh could oppose this ugliness And I would pretend I know no hate Would be great to publicly outwit him And elevate my levelled fate This fear from its domain. But to prove That this fear exists solely inside Is idiot rejection and unjustified pride

--WHT

The Real Cosmos, Or Maybe Not

There is no absolute truth There is no absolute lie good & evil relatively reflective fused together their are truths in lies their are lies in truth absolutely they are fused to lie is to truth & to truth is to lie, absolutely therefore the use of words is not worthwhile, they can never be considered absolute, only relative.

--Charlie Henry

Things made simple

Anything is something, but something is not anything past something can be anything and anything is sometimes something. If it is not than it is nothing if something is made up of anything, than what is nothing, since it is not something. Nothing is anything past something.

--Charles Henry

A wish for a deaf father

I hear your silence I have always understood you More than anyone I wish I could give you something But you've already given everything To me I can't thank you Though I have tried I wouldn't know where to begin Or end You give and then Stand back in awe and sadness To watch alone I wish I could say something To you To break your silence (I think I hear you singing) I love you

Ode to an Ashtray

By Jennifer L. Ridley

I hate smoke. I hate waking up in the morning under a thick, hazy, writhing cloud of grey and looking down from my bunkbed to see my little roommate lighting a cigarette off the stubby end of the previous. I can't even fall back asleep when the air is brown and I shove my face into my pillow that is so saturated with the old, brown odor it makes me queasy. I hate the smell of smoke in the morning when I eat breakfast--Then it's a sweet, choking smell that fills the porous holes of my toast and clings to the insides of my glass of milk, turning it a light-creamy-coffee-color. I hate a smoke-filled hot room in the winter when it's too cold outside to open the windows even a crack and we sweat under the 100 degree heat pouring out of the vents and swirling the smoke around, making paisley-designs in the air. I hate a smoke-filled hot room in the summer when the 100 degree heat fills the room and just suspends paisley-designs in the air.

I smoke, too. I know it's the "out" thing to do, "women of the 90's don't smoke cigarettes!" It's a "dirty, filthy habit" but, you see, I started smoking when it was "cool", back in eighth grade. Sometimes my smoke smells as good as it did then--A crisp, cold air smell with a tinge of recklessness.

My roommate and I talk a lot about quitting. "Tomorrow" I tell her as I poke the little red end into the side of the charred ashtray. Like an insect that just won't die, the short, burning filter rises up again, screaming thin white clouds, breathing life into its neighboring butts.

Sometimes when I lay down to sleep and my little roommate sits up, determined to finish her pack, I put my hand to my chest, slide it under my ribs, and touch my lungs. "They aren't that corroded." "Yet." I feel them crying hot, pink tears and I cry my own to myself for what I have done. And yet when the morning comes, all fresh and green and shining with life, I get down from my bunk and light a cigarette. "There's always tomorrow." "Not always."
The level of original work contracted by corporations today has commissioned to capture breathtaking landscapes, scenes of Americana, fine art still-lifes and everything in between. The visual impact of annual reports ranges from elegantly dignified to avant-garde to homespun. Unlike advertising, annual report themes are not necessarily commercial. One year a company may seek to emphasize its social responsiveness. The next year it may seek to co-opt its image. This variety provides artistic stimulation.

A Historical Review of Annual Report Design

Art is a prisoner of its phantasms and its function as magic; it takes on the airs of the bourgeoisie as a sign of power, it flickers along the peripheries of our history like a shadow-play, but is it artistic?

- Marcel Broodthaers

Without consideration of the political character of the institutional framework within which a work of art is presented, the work is in danger of being neutralized, absorbed and turned into an insignia of power.

- Stefan Germer

The exhibit of corporate annual reports currently on display at the Mossa Gallery in St. Louis is profoundly disturbing in that it raises questions about the symbiotic relationship between artist and patron which defines the current state of artistic expression. This relationship has resulted in a blurring of lines between the intention of the artist and the desires of the consumer. Artists have always, although not exclusively, created on commission. This relationship has resulted in a blurring of lines between the intention of the artist and the desires of the consumer. Artists have always, although not exclusively, created on commission. Yet, the forces of commodification to be kept locked away at all costs. Greater prison population means greater profits. This notion flies in the face of the hyper-rich. At some point art ceases to become art for its own sake and instead enters into the realm of commodification. Yet it is one thing for AT&T to place a Robert Rauschenberg canvas in the lobby of its corporate headquarters and quite another for AT&T to commission Rauschenberg to illustrate their annual report. In the latter, none at all. All of which is why the annual report retrospective at the Mossa is so insidious. By placing the reports in an exhibition, thereby signifying them as art, the transcendence is made complete. The act of creation shifts from the individual artist to the monolithic entity of the corporation. The aesthetic vision of the artist is co-opted by the interests of the profit making institution, eager to mask its consumptive behavior behind the pristine facade of static visuals and sterile story lines.

The aesthetic vision of the artist is co-opted by the interests of the profit making institution, eager to mask its consumptive behavior behind the pristine facade of static visuals and sterile story lines.

One seemingly innocuous image is that of the 1986 report of the Recruit Corp. In a brilliant display of intuitive ability, the cover suggests a conscious self-parody of the economic aggression which led to the government's disgrace. Yet the inclusion of this portfolio in the retrospective is intentional and meant to be taken seriously. This problem illustrates the difficulty of divorcing the aesthetic qualities of the report from the political nature of the contents within. The curator of this exhibition would have the viewer remove the one from the other. Yet this is not an ideal world and so the political consequences must be considered. No amount of art can redeem the thrust toward absolute profit contained within the report.

The 1968 report for Olin Corp. depicts seven men clad in militaristic garb, seated around a table, a mercator map of the world projected onto the wall behind them. The implicit meaning of this tableau is two-fold: it represents the aggressive stance that Olin embodies as it confronts its corporate competitors, but also military domination. Specifically, the United States aggression against the peoples of Southeast Asia of which Olin was a major financial contributor. Implicit in the message is that Olin's domination in the boardroom is synonymous with U.S. domination of Communists in Vietnam (as well as high returns for shareholders.) In either case, the military-industrial complex triumphs.

The most egregious example of corporate unaccountability is the 1971 portfolio for Dow Chemical. The cover of the Dow portfolio depicts a bar graph in art gloss demonstrating Dow profits from the period 1965-1970. There is a steady ascendency of profits from year to year. Each year's bar is cast in a different color of the spectrum. The year 1970 is the year of highest profits is cast in vibrant orange. At this juncture in the war, the defoliant Agent Orange, manufactured by Dow was sprayed over the jungles of Vietnam. Over 16,000 veterans of the Vietnam War settled out of court in 1984 with Dow and other manufacturers of chemical defoliants for $180 million. Thus, the destruction of human and plant life is equated with high profitability. One would be hard pressed to find a more blatant example of corporate denial and unaccountability.

Another portfolio, this one for Corrections Corporation of America (1986) again relegates human suffering to increased profitability. The cover of this report utilizes a bar graph titled "Number of Sentenced State and Federal Prisoners." Each vertical bar is composed of inch tall stick figures. The meaning underlying the image is that a large prison population means large profits. Prisoners are transformed from places of rehabilitation to compounds of commodification. The inside of the front cover is a newspaper clipping: "Prison population growth put at record." Prisoners, then, are not merely dysfunctional awaiting reincorporation into the framework of society, they are commodities to be kept locked away at all costs. Greater prison population means greater profits. This notion flies in the face of the contemporary understanding of prison as a place for social rehabilitation.

If the intention of this exhibit is to focus on the aesthetic qualities of annual reports, those responsible have done irreparable damage to the sanctity of art.
What happens to an artist under pressure

By Maria L. Schwefel

It was a Friday night. I was seated in the balcony of the chapel looking down at twenty-two year old violinist Joshua Bell, and his accompanist, Jean-Yves Thibaudet. It was a full-house and all eyes were transfixed on Joshua’s small figure bouncing up and down on the stage. He was passionately playing Prokofiev. I believe it was Sonata no. 2 in D Major, the third movement.

I squinted my eyes and leaned forward in hopes of catching something in his face, something that revealed the origin of the passion flowing from his fingers, something that communicated a deeper message about what he was feeling, something that would bring us closer together in sharing the universal language of music, something that...that... Wait! What was that? I blinked my eyes and sat up straight. I forgot about the pre-pubescent Pagani’s of the 50’s that was on the stage and instead looked up to see the people in the balcony doing the wave. What was happening?

A low rumble moved through the crowd as I scanned the area slowly looking for clues. Then it caught my eye. Just above Joshua’s head, or maybe it was more to the left of Jean-Yves-- actually I’d say it made a perfect circle just over the both of them. It was a bat.

Now how should one react in the situation? My first impulse was to laugh. Then slowly I began to feel pity. Then I wanted to laugh again. Luckily, intermission was just a few minutes away, so we could all talk about it and not know what to do about it.

For several minutes I lost sight of the bat and, looking at Josh, I wondered if and how the clamor of the audience was affecting his concentration. He seemed completely oblivious to the dilemma that we were experiencing. It dawned on me that perhaps a bat flying around at a concert is not as damaging as it first seems. The audience becomes curious and excited, while the performer is slowly looking for clues. Then it caught my eye. Just above Joshua’s head, or maybe it was more to the left of Jean-Yves-- actually I’d say it made a perfect circle just over the both of them. It was a bat.

What happens to an artist under pressure? What happens to an artist under pressure? No mosquitos.

New organ to be installed in Chapel

By Heidi Espenscheid

In keeping with the spirit of renewal and renovation going on around the conservatory these days, a new organ is to be installed in the Lawrence Memorial Chapel. The instrument is expected to be completed by the end of the 1993 school year.

The Eugene tracker organ will be constructed by engineer John Brombaugh. Brombaugh is widely recognized as the premiere organ builder in the United States today. The organ will be constructed in the ancient tradition of organ building; every piece, including the pipes will be handcrafted. Brombaugh will be on campus for several months overseeing the final steps of the installation.

Although the new instrument will be smaller than the present organ, employing 40 stops instead of nearly 60, its quality will greatly surpass it.

‘I’m delighted,’ said George Damp, Associate Professor of Music and the conservatory organ instructor. According to Damp, the new instrument promises to be one of great “beauty, versatility, and subtlety.”

The Chapel Stage will be remodeled to accommodate the case which will enclose the new organ pipes. The organ case will be modeled on the 1685 organ case in Christ Church at Oxford. Its classical design will visually integrate the chapel stage with the auditorium. The organ’s presence will enhance the acoustics of the chapel by the double glazing of the stained glass windows, a requirement of the organ builder. The double glaze will protect the pipes from drastic changes in temperature as well as enhance the bass tones of the organ which tend to escape quickly through glass.
Clegg... (continued from page six)

Incessant harassment by the government and continuous bans on their appearance in concert due to the racial mixture of their group, between 1970 and 1985 Juluka produced 7 albums, five of which went gold in South Africa and 2 of which went platinum. In 1985, the band broke up because Mchunu wanted to return to work on his father's farm. In 1986, soon after the break up of Juluka, a new band, Savuka formed. The band, whose name means "we have arisen" in Zulu consisted of Clegg as lead vocalist and two former members of Juluka, Dudu Zulu as percussionist and Derek De Beer on drums. Three additional members also joined: Steve Mavuso on keyboards, Solly Letwaba on bass and Keith Hutchinson on keyboards, saxophone and flute.

Clegg and Savuka fight against apartheid through their music, a combination of Zulu rhythm and mainstream contemporary music. Clegg's lyrics communicate political statements which are inspired by his personal experiences and those of his fellow South Africans. The song, "One (Hu)'man One Vote," was inspired by the death of Dr. David Webster and it vocalizes the urgent need to allow every adult his or her right regardless of origin. In the song, "One (Hu)'man One Vote," he uses imagery of a South African youth rebellion. The Zulu lyrics translate as, "the young boys are coming. They carry homemade weapons and a bazooka. They say 'We have agreed to enter a place that has never been entered before by our parents or our ancestors and they cry for us/ for we do not have the right to vote." In the title song, the lyrics call out to the younger generation, "It's your world, so live in it."

Other songs express Clegg's deep rooted tie to South Africa, its people and his home. "Woman be my Country" reveals his identity as a South African, "Here we stand on the edge of the day/ Faces Melting in the African rain." "Rolling Ocean" is written in dedication to the people of South Africa because of their spirit, humor and energy that propels them even in the gloomiest and most brutal moments in life. Clegg says, "the long term hope for South Africa is not in its politics, but in its people." The most powerful message from Cruel Crazy Beautiful World is that we are all humans and live in the same world.
By Mark Niquette and Tom Zoellner

"Lawrence," some wise sage should have said, "is a state of mind." More than just a collection of grey buildings next to a river that smells of rotting fish, Lawrence exists in the hearts and minds of its children. Truly, we all have grown attached to those little idiosyncrasies that are tres Lawrence in our four years here. The things that have made your college years truly unique don't have to be left behind after graduation, however. As a public service to the future homesick alumni of Lawrence, we present to you some helpful hints to make you feel at home in the real world. It'll be like you never left.

- Plow your lawn with a tractor
- Lock your front doors at midnight; encourage your neighbors to pound on them
- Boil all the taste out of your vegetables
- Categorize your neighbors in terms of what fraternity they would have been in
-开车
- Drive a Geo
- Give the Matri D' your ValiDine before entering a restaurant
- Refuse to shovel your sidewalks; scatter salt pellets instead
- Rent from a landlord who does no maintenance
- Hang out in bars where older men smoke smelly tobacco, wear 20 year old suits, and insult you
- Pay for quality musical entertainers to visit. Watch TV instead
- TeePee your backyard every October
- Root for cellar quality hockey teams
- Ask your landlord to raise your rent $1000 every year; be surprised and complain each time
- Find token causes to support periodically. Lose interest and quit
- Begin all your correspondence with "I write here to..."
- Hire local teenagers to skateboard on your patio furniture
- Stagger your naps at 70 minute intervals
- Throw a party for ten people, but have 400 people show up; pour sticky beer on your floors
- Pay lots of money for tedious, long-winded speakers to visit your home. Leave in the middle
- Fix your shower so it'll scald you without warning
- Throw frisbees at various targets around your place of employment
- Punch holes in your large Manila envelopes
- Boycott a random product
- Make an arrangement to have powerful business leaders make decisions about your life that you will probably disapprove of. Instruct them not to consult you about anything. Invite them to your house every ten weeks, but never see them. Spend thousands of dollars to make your house look really nice before they arrive
- Refer to missing books in your den as "on reserve"

A little bit o' Lawrence in your own front yard: a public service column

Sunday--Sunday--Sunday!
At the Brown County Arena!
It's The Sampson House Five in Concert--LIVE!!
Rik Warch on Vocals! Chuck Lauter on Drums!
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Featuring their greatest hits:
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Coward of Outgamie County
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Workin' at the Burger King Blues
Money for Nothing
You're so Greek, (you probably think this song's about you)
Sontag in the Park with Smalley
Like a Virgin
That's a Mighty Keen
Proud Margo
We All Live in a Bogus Theme House
Union Hill High
Bridge Over Polluted Water
I Wish They All Could Be Menasha Girls
Goldgarfinger

unnnREAL!!
Lessons in pain, lessons in frustration

By Andrew Jenrich

Linfield Elementary School lies within walking distance of my house -- four quick blocks away. It was boarded up and abandoned just two years after I finished school there. The decision by the school board to close was not surprising. Everyone knows our neighborhood had grown too old to provide a primary school with enough children.

While the classrooms and offices within Linfield have long since been gutted out, the playground and mammoth sized playing fields at the west end of the school still serve some purpose, even though they are shoddy and overgrown. More than once, on weekends I've seen instructional soccer leagues practicing on the field or neighborhood families picnicking and playing softball on the largest of the three baseball diamonds. It is comforting to know my alma mater is not entirely neglected.

On weekdays in the summer, though the playing fields stand barren, especially on those days when the smartest thing to do is stay inside, the air conditioning on high, flop down on the couch with a Pepsi, and watch a few Brady Bunch reruns. It is either that or do what I do: sit out on the porch and listen to the Brewers lose. What could be more dissatisfying?

During the past summer, I remember we had a good share of those days. I had a night job cleaning offices and my days were free, but life around the house was, as usual, routine and tiresome. Finally, frustrated with myself, the humid weather, and the mediocrity of my favorite team, I decided to do, as any parent would say, "something constructive." I cast aside the radio and wandered out to our garage where I found after sifting through a mountain of old games, roller skates, and tennis rackets, a heavy-weight Louisville Slugger and three severely scuffed baseballs which I stuffed into my pockets as best I could. I was on a mission to Linfield, on a mission to conquer "The Fence."

"The Fence," as I referred to it, was part of some unfinished business of mine, a dream yet unfulfilled. It was a simple chain link fence which rose to a little over six feet high and surrounded the playing fields and baseball diamonds. I remember when I was in sixth grade playing intramural softball one of my greatest wishes was to crank one of the pitched balls over "The Fence." I had seen my classmate Danny Pipp do it and I had played in the Teachers/All-Stars game in which my fifth grade teacher Mr. Adams had socked two 'dingers' so I thought it was, at least, possible. But little did I know at the time that the fence lay over 150 feet from home plate and probably over 200 feet in a straight shot to center. Aside from that, Dan Pipp weighed over a hundred pounds more than me and Mr. Adams possibly two hundred. What could I have expected? Perhaps I was aiming too high. But, then again, doesn't every kid?

As I climbed the few blocks to Linfield, I was sure it would be different this time. I had two simple steps to send the ball sailing over the fence and erase all those childhood softball frustrations, erase those feeling of frailty and inadequacy. I would simply throw the ball up and, with all my arm's strength plant the bat firmly on the ball. The rest would be one for the record books.

I crossed the playground, skirted around the monkey bars and the jungle gym tires, and began my trek to the far baseball diamond. As I plodded through the long grave, I glanced over at the six foot chain link and whispered menacingly, "You're mine." I gripped the bat tighter now and jogged the last few yards to the diamond.

The weather was ideal for the task at hand. Clear skies and a fresh warm breeze that blew out from homeplate to "The Fence" in Linfield convinced me I would not fail. I plunged my hands into my pockets for the baseballs, tossed them into the dirt by the backstop behind me, and choked up on the bat. The wood felt good in my hands, it felt natural. I took a few aggressive swings into the air, picturing imaginary baseballs over The Fence with each stroke; a 3-2 fastball, a breaking ball, a wicked curveball, none of these pitchers could elude the terrible, devastating power of my Louisville Slugger. I was a tyrant at homeplate, I obliterated the opposition.

But my reign did not last long. It ended about as soon as I tossed the first real baseball in the air. The ball itself, clunked awkwardly off the top of my bat and fell lamely to the ground about fifteen feet away. The next few tries were better, but nowhere near 'the Fence.' I was clumsy and unimpressive. Any child riding by would have snickered. A few minutes more effort and I was finished for the day.

That summer, I attempted The Fence a few times more but never quite cleared it. I could say I got it there on a bounce but that certainly is not much consolation. Mentally, and physically, I am not ashamed to say, I was beaten by 'The Fence.' I was beaten by an inanimate object, a childhood nemesis.

I could try again and maybe sometime I will, but I cannot guarantee I'll ever accomplish it. Baseball is not all Cinderella stories and heart stopping upsets, it is not the Bad News Bears or The Natural. In the cold, hard world, amazing comebacks and the rise of the underdog happen only seldom, but sometimes they do happen and maybe that is something we should cling to. Whether all of us there will always have that inert desire to triumph over adversity, to test ourselves, to wish for the unthinkable or the miraculous, to never give up hope. It is why we cheer on our losing baseball team, why we play hard all nine innings in a losing cause, why we aim for those elusive fences. For many of us it is also a simple love for the game. It's the reassuring feel of the bat in our hand, the smell of the cowhide glove, the triumph of controlling the direction and movement of a pitched ball. Maybe it's being a fan; sitting in the bleachers with the 'rowdees' singing "Roll out the Barrels," or cheering a towering home run to deep center, or listening to the commentator over a crackling radio as he announces the starting line-up before the game. We enjoy baseball because it involves the range of emotions, it appeals to our senses, it is raw energy. For some it is the lifeblood of summer, for others it is a chance to get together. For many, it is the chance to hope and dream.

--By the way, the next time I go up to Linfield with ball and bat in hand, The Fence is mine...
The News in the Raw

By Jim Holthaus

Sources: Newsweek, The Milwaukee Journal

SYRIA — Robert Polhill was freed by pro-Iranian kidnappers after nearly 39 months in captivity. Polhill was released near a hotel in downtown Beirut and then taken to Syria by Syrian personnel, where he was turned over to the US Ambassador. Polhill announced his pleasure at freedom, but expressed concern for others still held in captivity.

LITHUANIA — The Soviet Union sharply restricted shipments of natural gas just hours after terminating all shipments of oil to Lithuania. The actions came in response to Lithuanian demands for independence and a refusal of Soviet demands that Lithuania scrap laws proclaiming independence from the Soviet Union. Previous to present tensions Lithuania received all of its oil and natural gas from the Soviet Union at prices far below world market price.

MADISON, WISCONSIN — A report by two law professors at University of Wisconsin-Madison criticized Governor Tommy Thompson for his handling of the Chippewa spearfishing controversy. The report found Thompson at fault for not directly and forcefully denouncing racism connected with protests of Chippewa spearfishing.

The news in the Raw

Percussion Ensemble to debut works

The Lawrence University Percussion Ensemble, directed by Dane Richeson, will be present a concert at 8:30 p.m. Monday, April 30 in Harper Hall.

Works on the program include three Wisconsin premieres: Concerto for Marimba and Percussion Ensemble by David Levi; Hillbrick on the marimba; Marimba Quartet by Levi and Grandeur Facade for Marimba Quartet by junior David May.

Banding, brass groups perform Sun.

The Lawrence Symphonic Band and several smaller brass ensembles will be performing at 3 p.m. Sunday, April 29.

Robert Levy, associate professor of music, will conduct the Symphonic Band, Trumpet Ensemble and Horn Choir.

Nick Keelan, assistant professor of music, will conduct the Trombone Choir and Tuba-Euphonium Ensemble.

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The program will also include a rare performance of John Cage's Third Construction.

Housing concerns to be addressed

A meeting concerning housing procedures will be held at 7 p.m. Tuesday, May 2 at the Gromsbay lounge.

Topics will include information on lottery draw, suite and quad sign up, single selection, theme smalll house sign up and other housing topics.

Students applying for a theme house who missed the meeting held April 24 must have a representative at this meeting.

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Northwestern University Summer Session '90
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"You again!"

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Schacht: cool intensity

By Mark Smith

Eric Schacht, the number one men's tennis player at Lawrence, is a rare competitor; one who always plays to win. This attitude has played a large role in a remarkable season so far—one in which he has become the 11th ranked player in the Midwest and the number one player in Wisconsin. The senior's season will also likely end in a bid to the national Division 3 tournament.

So far this season, Schacht has knocked off 2 Midwest Conference champions and other highly ranked Division 3 players. In achieving his 10-3 record this season and 30-14 career mark at Lawrence (including a 17-3 record on the Lawrence courts), he has beaten many superior opponents.

The key to Schacht's success has not only been his intensity and winning attitude, but also his outstanding court savvy. Coach Paulson states, "Eric plays a very intelligent game." While his opponents come in with a definite game plan, Schacht relies on a spontaneous approach. He states, "My strategy is to make my opponent lose the match. He sizes up the opponent's strategy and then tries to exploit his weakness. Paulson continues, 'He's not predictable because he uses a variety of shots to keep his opponent off-guard. Eric plays by feel rather than intent.'

As evidenced by his many upsets, Schacht thrives on being the underdog. He says, "You have nothing to gain by being the favorite." He feels he can beat anyone, because he requires he can outsmart or simply outplay a better opponent.

It is important, however, that Schacht maintain his mental edge, that he keeps his cool on the court. A key to his success this season has been his control on the court, while his opponents have faltered. If that continues, he could go a long way this year.

Schacht has quickly moved up in the rankings this season, and is losing that underdog status. In the Lawrence Invitational he knocked off one of the state's top players before losing to a nationally ranked player. Schacht's winning attitude and mentality on the court have resulted in a highly successful senior season. His complete dedication and intense competitiveness have enabled him to get the most out of his ability, which makes him a truly exceptional athlete.

LU takes fourth at tourney

By Mark Smith

Lawrence's Varsity tennis squad showed signs of improvement last week, finishing fourth in the Lawrence Invitational, while the second team also fared well, finishing eighth. Eric Schacht led the way, placing second in number one singles, but the team also showed its overall strength; all LU players won at least one match.

Schacht defeated his No. Noberts opponent 6-3,6-2 and then beat #4 ranked Bobby Klotz of Ripon 1-6,6-2,6-2 before losing to top ranked Sujay Lama of Luther, 6-2,6-2.

Sophomore Jason Spara managed a first round win at #2 singles as did freshman Mark Barbat, playing on the Lawrence second team.

At #3 Eric Peterson continued his strong play, defeating his St. Norberts counterpart in all sets. Fellow senior Jeff Keil at #4 and Steve Shiel at #5 both won fairly easy first round matches. Shiel then lost a tough second round match in three sets, while Keil was whipped by a tough Ripon player.

In doubles, the Vikes had their strongest showing in a long time. The Schacht-Spara team at #1 and the Peterson-McDonald pair at #2 both won their first round matches. At #3 the Reil-Shiel team won its first match and the consolation match for third place. Also garnering doubles wins were second team players Rich Tadych-Barbaro at #1 doubles and the Mark Lodes-Brian Gray at #2.

Dan's Details

Compiled by Dan Brant