Armcanqui-Tipacti appeals tenure recommendation
President to return final decision within the next several weeks

by LANCE BUNZEL

The university's expectations for community service, as outlined in III.13 of the faculty handbook, call for candidates to make contributions "to the life of the University beyond their individual academic or professional areas of expertise.

Armcanqui-Tipacti said that the Lawrentian that she is "unanimously given high marks on teaching and scholarship" but was judged insufficient in the area of community service, a judgment she called surprising because she considers it to be her "strongest area" among the three categories.

Armcanqui-Tipacti ardently defends her record of community service. In her interview, she called attention to her involvement with intellectual life at Lawrence, saying that among other accomplishments she was instrumental in bringing Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, and Latin American novelist, to speak at Lawrence's Kiln problem-solving night in May of 2000. She also pointed to her contributions to the larger Fox Cities region, noting that she has organized a number of activities and events to help bridge the gap between the Hispanic community of Appleton and Lawrence University.

Armcanqui-Tipacti said that given her history of service to the community as a whole and off-campus—the criticism seems an invalid basis for denying her a tenured position in the department. Moreover, she noted that "there is no reason that the candidates for tenure was denied..."
What's On? at Lawrence
FRIDAY, MAY 18

Last day to withdraw from Term III courses.

3:15 p.m. "Building the Cognitive Regions of the Rat Brain," a talk in the Cognitive Science Colloquium, by Mary H. Bannerman, professor of psychology, University of Illinois, Briggs Hall.

4:15 p.m. Room Selection: Single, River View East.

4:15 p.m. Classics Week Event: Dramatic readings in Latin of Deux Sceurs; Catus Petasatus (The Cat in the Hat) by Dr. Seuss, '01, and Aesop's Fables (Latin by Kelly Jons, '04, and Julie Been, '04; Main Hall atrium.

5:00 p.m. Macchina by Sophie Treedwell. $10, Beniock citizens and students $8, LU students $7 and $6.


7:00 p.m. SATURDAY, MAY 19

1:00 p.m.-10:30 p.m. Orchestra Hall Too Day; Main Hall Green.

1:00 p.m. "Student recital: Kerry Hart, voice; Harper Hall.

2:00 p.m. "Student recital: Stephen Shih, compositions; Shawuck Hall.

3:00 p.m. "Student recital: Nicole Messier, voice, and the Bata, contrabass; Harper Hall.

4:00 p.m. "Student recital: Erin Wernicke, voice and the Bata, contrabass; Harper Hall.

7:00 p.m. All Hall Talent Show, Shawuck Hall.

8:00 p.m. "Underground Coffeehouse.

7:00 p.m. "Bunny gets buried: A Nate Simon's "Big Bunny" humor contest.

7:30 p.m. Binklylunet 2001 Music Series: A Concert of Women Composers, with commentary by Susu Cook, associate professor of music and director of graduate study, University of Wisconsin-Madison; Bjorklund Hall, Baileys Harbor.

8:00 p.m. "Wind Ensemble: Memorial Chapel.

8:00 p.m. "Term III Play: Machinal by Sophias Treedwell. See May 18.

8:00 p.m. SATURDAY, MAY 20

3:00 p.m. "Term III Play: Machinal by Sophias Treedwell. See May 18.

7:00 p.m. "Women's Music Festival Event: "What Do Women Want to Know About Women in Music?" pre-concert talk by Susu Cook, composer of music for Brazil, immediately following discussion and reception.

Dartmouth College shuts down fraternity for "sex papers"

by ALICE GOMSTIN
Tom Dennis (Dartmouth College (U-WIRE) HANOVER, N.H.—Last Friday afternoon, the campus announced the official derecognition of Zeta Psi fraternity effective immediate-

ly As of today, Zeta Psi fraternity at Dartmouth no longer exists. A statement from the College said that James Laramore told The Dartmouth.

The decision to shut down Zeta Psi follows the exposing of sexual exploitation of female house members. The letters, detailing the sexual exploits of the brothers, came to light last month.

The ultimate responsibility to determine the fate of the fraternity rested with Dean of Residential Life Martin Redman. Redman's decision to
derecognize Zeta Psi came after a five-and-a-half hour hearing on last Sunday—intended to determine whether or not the fraternity had, through its newsletters, violated codes of conduct.

Redman's decision primarily had to do with issues surrounding the harassment of individual students and suspicions of the violation of several of the College's rules, fraternity and sorority minimum standards," Redman said.

During the hearings, evidence was presented that indicated the existence of at least one more newsletter, in addition to the two originally exposed to the community, Redman said.

Days following the conclu-

continued on page 13

"Big Bunny" removed from library in breach of library security

by ALLISON AUGUSTYN

"Big Bunny" had been taken down, but too surprised.

"Up until now I got a great response. Even if people didn't like the piece, they were good about their response to [Big Bunny]. I guess I didn't expect that people would do something to it, but in a way it was a humorous piece and I didn't expect anyone to just move it, so I wasn't really as angry as people are about it," said Lee.

Lee had been surprised to hear from her roommate that the rabbit was removed from her room by house members. Lee was surprised to hear from her roommate that the rabbit was removed from her room by house members. "I had a hard time getting it, and I'm amazed that they even got it," said Lee.

Lee was surprised to hear from her roommate that the rabbit had been taken down, but too surprised.

"Up until now I got a great response. Even if people didn't like the piece, they were good about their response to [Big Bunny]. I guess I didn't expect that people would do something to it, but in a way it was a humorous piece and I didn't expect anyone to just move it, so I wasn't really as angry as people are about it," said Lee.

Lee had been surprised to hear from her roommate that the rabbit was removed from her room by house members. Lee was surprised to hear from her roommate that the rabbit was removed from her room by house members. "I had a hard time getting it, and I'm amazed that they even got it," said Lee.

Lee was surprised to hear from her roommate that the rabbit had been taken down, but too surprised.
Finance committee faces perilous budget shortfall  
by JEFF PETTON  
continued from page 2  
Harper Hall  
9:00 p.m. The Sirens, student performance group, The Underground Coffeehouse  
MONDAY, MAY 21  
4:15 p.m. W o m e n ’ s Music Festival Hall Forum and Fine Arts Colloquium: Where is Your Daughter, This American Culture? Susan Cook 202.  
4:30 p.m. Confidential support group for students struggling with sexual identity, Diversity Center.  
7:00 p.m. W o m e n ’ s Music Festival Event: Concert of music by Joan Tower, Asher Friedman.  
7:30 p.m. Anchor Lounge.  
Tuesday, May 22  
11:15 a.m. Honors Day  
convention: William Julius Wilson, sociologist; Memorial Church.  
11:30 a.m. O r m b y  
Lunch Table with Professor Friedlander; Colman Small Dining Room.  
12:00 p.m. Question-and-answer session with William Julius Wilson, Riverview Lounge.  
7:00 p.m. Meet Your Future Roommate party, Riverview Lounge.  
7:00 p.m. "Guerillas of Peace: A Response to U.S. Foreign Policy in the Americas," Blaine Benaske, director of the Office of the Americas, sponsored by the Multicultural Affairs Committee, Wriston auditorium.  
WEDNESDAY, MAY 23  
4:15 p.m. W o m e n ’ s Music Festival Event: East of Eden, A Renato Lamont, The Village.  
6:00 p.m. "Tradition and Creation," Chen Yi, Craven/Milhas/Missouri Distinguished Professor at the University of Missouri-Kansas City Conservatory, Main Hall 202.  
7:30 p.m. A n c h o r  
by Splatter Games; Rec center pool.  
7:00 p.m. W o m e n ’ s Music Festival Event: Concert of music by Chen Yi with comments by John Chen, City Hall.  
THURSDAY, MAY 24  
11:00 a.m. Science Hall Colloquium: "Investigations of Microstructure in Electronic Materials," John White, University of Wisconsin-Madison; Susan Babcock, associate professor of materials science and engineering, University of Wisconsin-Madison; Science Hall 120.  
6:30 p.m. Intermediate Spanish Table with Ignacio Alegre and Spanish House  
8:00 p.m. Opera Scenes, continued on page 5

Celebrate! 2001 another success, says Shrode  
by ANDY DOLAN  
Last weekend, many people noted that what appeared to be reduced attendance at this year’s Celebrate! activities. Paul Shrode, Academic Dean of Students for Activities, noted that this was not the case.  

The Lawrencean 3  
THE LAWRENTIAN
Women composers to visit Lawrence

By NATE SMITH

Beginning Sunday, May 20th, Lawrence will be delayed by an entire week of concerts, lecture-recitals, and other activities as part of the Festival of the Arts. This brain-child of Piano professor Catherine Kauisky and jazz director Ken Schoepflin, the festival will feature four prominent female composers-classical composer Chen Yi, jazz composer/arranger Maria Schneider, and the un-classifiable Kitty Brazelton—as well as several presentations by Susan Cook, a musicologist at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

The first concert of the festival will be a talk by Cook, entitled What Does it Mean to Be Thinking About Women in Music? Next, chamber groups consisting of conservatory students and faculty will perform five works by Kitty Brazelton. Brazelton, who teaches composition at the University and holds a D.M.A. from the same school, is a master of popular music. Equally at home writing a full-length opera for American Opera Projects, as she is creating her way through a love song, Brazelton talks of dispelling with age-old divisions between musical genres.

"We are ... creating ... music that defies genre and format."

The first concert of the Festival of the Arts will be held on May 20th, featuring a talk by Susan Cook, an emeritus faculty member at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. The talk is titled "What Does It Mean to Be Thinking About Women in Music?"

**Correction:**

In "Celebrate!" promises musical performances, "Blessed Union of Souls," we misstated staff writer Janie Ondracke's name. We regret this error.

**FEATURES**

Ormsby continues Zoo Day tradition

By LINDSAY MOORE

While many Americans see the 19th of May as Armed Forces Day, Lawrenceians will be taking the time out to celebrate the Ormsby Hall sponsored "Zoo Day" on May 21.

An annual tradition, "Zoo Day" began approximately two decades ago and flourished until the early 90s when, for unknown reasons, official fans put an end to the celebration. It lay dormant until last year, when Ormsby RA's and the student body decided to resurrect the old custom with a campus-wide picnic and a couple of sporting events.

This year, however, both Ormsby staff and residents are going all out to produce the most festive "Zoo Day" in the history of Lawrence. Numerous planned "recreation activities"—pastimes that strong memories of childhood—include everything from washing pools and sidewalk chalk to pie throwing and a big "jumping castle."

But "Zoo Day" is not just about freeing one's inner child; this year, it is also a service event. Certain activities will be ticketed (ticket prices being a mere 25 cents), and all proceeds given to Harper House, a home for victims of domestic violence.

In addition to numerous activities, a campus-wide picnic will be held from 4:30-6:30, with food by Downer and "mocktails" by BACCHUS. The menu includes grilled chicken breast, veggie burgers, baked beans, chips, watermelon, and lemonade (traditional picnic fare). Because Downer will be closed for the evening, it is important that attendees bring their own drinks so that the meal can be included in their account (this applies to fraternity members, as well).

Music will be provided throughout the day from 2:30-6:00 by the Ormsby's second-floor floor will be disagyed, and the Sambistas will be making an appearance at an unspecified time. At 7:00, Lawrence's very own Bad News Jones plays followed by The Committee from 8:30-10:30.

Lawrence barber shop quartet returns to international competition

By DEVIN BURKE

Most Lawrenceans are probably unaware that Lawrence University was a barber shop quartet stronghold. Consider yourself informed. During the past five years, Lawrence has sent five collegiate barber shop quartets to compete at the international level, one of those a first-place winner. This year's quartet continues the tradition.

The barber shop quartet known as "Reflection" will compete during the first weekend in July at the international level for collegiate barber shop quartets. They won this honor at the district competition last weekend by receiving the highest score in their division and $1,000. The quartet members—Dane Tice on tenor, Nathan Heffel on baritone, James Estes on lead, and Jonathan Silvia on bass—will travel to Nashville, Tenn. to compete as a quartet and as members of a barber shop cho-

"Reflection" hopes to continue in the steps of their predecessors. "Freefall," the quartet that won it all five years ago. Following their win, they became the featured act at virtually every alumni dinner, special event, and choir concert.

The competition is sponsored by SPEBSQSA, otherwise known as the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. Quartets are ranked on a point scale and graded in the three categories of singing, music (repertoire choice), and presentation. The competitors group into collegiate and amateur divisions, and competition is stiff in both cases. Winners of the amateur competition are "professional and then some," says Silvia.

"Reflection" hopes to continue in the steps of their predecessors. "Freefall," the quartet that won it all five years ago. Following their win, they became the featured act at virtually every alumni dinner, special event, and choir concert.
The Peeps
by Jaques Bluett

I was my last night home before returning to college for another year, and I wanted to get drunk. I wasn’t supposed to see friends that night as a courtesy to my parents, since they bought the plane ticket, but the house was silent by ten and I had reached the end of my leash—I needed some air.

I tossed a neatly folded shirt toward my bed, which deployed in midair like a parachute and fell to the floor. Unzipping the inner bag on my suitcase, I fished for a pack of cigarettes that was purchased for the trip back. As I turned the light off I looked at the pile of clothes on the floor. Where you goin’? called the sleepless bourbon voice.

As I approached Carlo’s property, I gathered that he had installed several large fluorescent lights around his driveway to turn night into day. I crossed the bridge spanning the ditch, taking care not to fall through the hole where one of Carlo’s misfired bottle rockets had landed and caught fire several Independence Days ago, burning a potential pitfall in the path of unfamiliar strangers. At sunrise, I made my way to the outlying section of farmland, I could see our other neighbor’s house.

The work of Bluett and O’Brien, along with the work of other student writers, poets, and artists will be featured in the forthcoming annual. The annual is distributed free of charge and can be ordered using the order forms that will be distributed to all students in the next few weeks. Until then, enjoy a sneak peak at Tropos 2001.

Jaques Bluett

Michael O’Brien

Remembering walleye

At sunup I clamber after my father into the rusting corral, we cast a line each and the usual yellow linity of perch slowly emerges. These are easy, I name them and he nods. The water seethes, time stops: a walleye, zombi-blind and gaping, has taken my hook and soon suks in the picket bucket. The hook pocket I forget, hanging back while father heads to town to ask about walleye restrictions at the filling station, stand in line for more nightcrawler and the red ones (whose name I forget). Waiting, I cast into the shallows, perch alone at pier’s edge, pull up one perch long as my palm, discover the hook lodged deep in its gut. My name, called from the cabin, stops the fruitless tearing – father has returned, cuts my line and tosses him back. Good news, bud, the walleye is legal to keep, he says, we’ll clean him with the rest. Walleye are new to me. I’ve learned morning, perch, can tell pike from muskellunge (lines, not spots) – this from pictures, no hook of ours can touch one. Father insists that I learn the name of anything we keep. The name of each picture-fish on the wall I know by heart. A beam from my father lands me on the countertop, my perch always a talker.

The hook I soon misplaced; we ate the walleye in greasy mouthfuls. Yet the line cannot but carry on, 1 name perch, death, or your memory with ink-stained hands, father.

Michael O’Brien

list. I’m sure you’ve come across it before, in a short story about coyotes that can talk, written by a woman who adopted a word like Ruiz as her first or last name, and as the result of some personal trauma, ascribed to the tenants of Magic Realism.)

Looking due south, past a twenty-acre stretch of farmland, I could see our other neighbor’s house. The place was lit so bright that it looked like a minor league baseball game was being played in his front yard. Something told me that there would be beer awaiting me if I walked over there and caught the seventh-inning stretch.

This was more than a hunch because this neighbor, Carlo, lived alone (aside from the occasional live-in girlfriend) and was an amazing alcoholic. I say he was amazing because he was very devout to a few things: Schlitz beer, Kool cigarettes, and golf. The latter was more of a medium for the former; granted, he was a sub-par golfer while drunk, he was just sub-par while sober. Moreover, a coyote told me he’d seen Carlo at the liquor store earlier that day, already in his truck, leaning over the counter as he ordered in his thick accent.

Standing outside the gate, the smell of meat cooking gave hope for the beer. Upon touching the latch, the two mutt German Shepherds growled viciously at the stranger behind the gate, to which I tossed the roses through the tall weeds and chain link. Carlo’s voice grew louder as he approached the fence. He reprimanded the dogs with unbroken commands, “Gauchito, Gauchito! Beetle!”

One dog let out a yelp after he landed a kick in the dog’s midsection. A red-faced Carlo peered out from behind the fence, his dark complexion transformed, realizing that the stranger in front of him was his father.

"The Peeps and Michael O’Brien for his poem The Peeps."

"The LAWRENTIAN."

This year, Tropos awarded its Annual Eames Prizes for excellence in fiction and poetry to Jaques Bluett for his short story "The Peeps" and Michael O’Brien for his poem "Remembering Walleye." The prizes are named in honor of Melbourne Cox Eames, the first editor of StudentMiscellany, an early literary annual published at Lawrence at the turn of the 19th century. The work of Bluett and O’Brien, along with the work of other student writers, poets, and artists will be featured in the forthcoming Tropos Annual. The annual is distributed free of charge and can be ordered using the order forms that will be distributed to all students in the next few weeks. Until then, enjoy a sneak peak at Tropos 2001.

Jaques Bluett

Michael O’Brien
SPECIAL TROPOS SECTION

continued from page 5

giving it too much throttle. He couldn't have been that old, maybe two years younger than I when I learned to drive an old half-ton similar to this guy's pickup. I wondered where this tree stump was, and how far this kid would drive. Maybe he would just take us down the dirt road in second gear, then let Carlo take off. Then again, I didn't feel so good with Carlo driving either.

Carlo and I exited stage left, toward the passenger door. I grabbed the driver's side of my Miller and followed jaunty Carlo into the truck. He handed me one of three bottles resting on the bench seat. The truck lurched forward as I took my beer, and I sucked the rising foam from the top.

Rick stalled while searching for second.

"Hey, Carlo."

"Hi, haagh! Grind it till you find it!" Carlo was amused with himself. A dad would've yelled at a kid for the stalling and the throttle.

"Why don't you get the clutch fixed on this..."

"Why don't you learn how to drive! Heh!"

"I'm trying," Rick mumbled.

"Just put it in neutral and give it another shot."

"I know," Rick said, although, in his flustered state, he had motioned toward the ignition with the truck still in gear. Carlo and I were thoroughly enjoying this mishap. Moments later, a firing of pistons preceded a spinning of tires, and the truck roared out of the driveway, asserting the teen's driving prowess. Carlo and I bounced around on the bench seat, holding our beers steady, making sure our passengers were secure. I checked for a seatbelt, but I could only find beer cans behind the seat cushions.

"No seatbelts, Jack. Sorry. Besides, seatbelts won't do a bit of good in a rollover. In fact, I had an uncle that survived a crash because he wasn't wearing a seatbelt." Hadn't I heard about this guy in Driver's Ed? Looking in the side mirror, I could see a rolling cloud of dirt behind us.

The truck's front tires crept onto the two-lane highway where it intersected the rural road. Rick leaned on the break and stood in his seat, peering over the dash, checking for us. By the time he later, we were on the road, gaining momentum. A small hitchback with a bumper sticker that read "SUBVERT THE DOMINANT HIERARCHY" passed us on the right, spraying rocks from the shoulder. Here we were, approaching sixty on a state highway with open beers, no seatbelts, with someone who couldn't see over the steering wheel driving. We sat in silence drinking our beers. Rick tried to turn on the radio and Carlo told him to pay attention to the road. A state cop might have received a medal for stopping a trouve like ours.

"Right up here, turn left," Carlo gestured toward a dirt road to our left. Rick turned the wheel sharply, which sent some tools rattling across the truck bed. We continued down the straight and narrow road in silence until Carlo pointed down through the window on my side, "They're back there.

Carlo and I jumped out of the truck and surveyed the stomp situation. I couldn't see what he was talking about.

"I think you're seeing things, Carlo."

"No, it's here, I know it.

"Oh..."

"Down there." He pointed down a twenty-foot slope, into the darkness beyond the reach of the headlights.

"That's it as I stared into the space that the beams of crooked headlights pointed.

My speculation was jarr ed when Carlo slammed on the brakes and yelled, "FUCK!"

"Skunk!" Rick observed. Sure enough, in the cones of dust-diffused high beams, there was a skunk at an angle, unhurried by the speeding vehicle that nearly turned him into a foul smelling span of a mile radius. Grace under fire and while.

"Goddamn skunks," Carlo's mumbling rant came to a crescendo on skunks.

"I've always been scared as shit over those little fuckers," I added.

"Ever been sprayed?"

"No, but I came damn close one time when I was digging a ditch with my dad. I was cleaning out culverts and one popped out on the other side of the ditch. I tried to scare it away, but it challenged me, puffing up and raising its tail. My dad went home for the shotgun and I watched it hide in one of the culverts.

Rick asked, "Did he shoot it?"

"Well," pausing for effect now that the kid's familiar enough to speak, he told me to take my shovel and slide it in one to scare it out at his end, then run the other.

Carlo chuckled, "Sounds like something Elmer Fudd would do."

"But I knocked it up on the side, tossed the shovel in, and took off. As soon as I turned to run, bam! I looked over my shoulder, and there were little tufts of black hair shooting out!"

Carlo was laug hered, "It was totally foolish, actually, so I kept it rolling. "My dad said when the skunk popped out at his end, he blew it right back into the hole. When I pulled the shovel out of the other end, the skunk was plastered up against it. Smelled so bad I got the dry heaves."

We pulled into the driveway and spilled out of the truck with the laughter.

Carlo composed himself, "Alright, Rick, get home. This time I mean it. I don't want to see you getting in trouble with your dad."

"Okay," he conceded, "can I drive your truck again tomorrow?"

"Well see." I added, "I'd better be getting home too."

"I told my dad I was going for a walk two hours ago."

"Why don't you stick around for a while?"

"I've got to get up at five, man.

"Sleep on the plan, maybe."

"Don't let you a beer."

He was already walking away. It seemed useless to protest. Rick had been waiting for a good time to leave.

"So what did we do with it?"

"With what?"

"The skunk.

I'd forgotten about that. "Just throw it in the ditch."

"Did it float?"

"Yeah, but it got stuck on a tree branch in the water, and I couldn't reach it with my shovel to push it downstream."

"Okay," he said, satisfied with the epilogue, "I guess I'll see you later."

He turned to leave, stopped, turned back, and asked, "Did you used to live here?"

"I used to live right over there. I pointed in the direction of my house."

"Okay..." he said, turning to leave. He didn't have a valediction that would span a lifetime. I felt like I'd only lived there viscerally through him as I watched him dissolve into the darkness off of the stage of bright lights that Carlo had provided for us.

I looked at the backdrop of stars, lighting a ciga rette.

"Hey, you ready for another?"

I hadn't noticed Carlo approach ing. He held an open bottle in my direction.

"Always."

"Hey, I'm going to turn these lights off for the night if you don't mind."
The Lawrentian

neighbor's boy in college, a year or so older than the last time I had seen him.

"Hey, Jack! What are you doing here, buddy?"

Back from college to visit the folks, he wrote you been here?

"You know, same old."

"Everything alright here?"

"Good, good.

Well come on in- Gauche, get down!" The dog was trying to make amends by bumping my leg. "Look, Jack, I'm sorry... he still thinks he's a puppy. Just kick the shit out of him if he bothers you.

I nonchalantly nudged the yawning canine off my calf. "Don't worry about it."

He got up on the leg and started sniffing at my ass, reminding me of the greeting my dog received earlier. I gave him a few pats on the head and declared him a good boy.

The barbecue suspicion was confirmed. Carlo had erected an adobe stove in the middle of his driveway since my last visit. Smoke was billowing out of the side, and there appeared to be a large metal compartment in the center that contained something edible. This didn't surprise me- Carlo loved to build shit like that. What complicated my recollection of Carlo's yard was the kid squatting beside the fire, poking at the embers with a short stick. Had Carlo gone up on fatanchs and moved on to little boys?

"Jack, you remember Ric?"

"Sure do."

"You remember your major again?"

Quizzically, Carlo raised the pitch of his voice a bit.

"English."

"That's good! He nodded approvingly, "You finishing up soon?"

"Two more years."

"Any luck finding a job?"

"Not really. I haven't been searching actively, but I don't think that will be much of a problem."

"Yeah, don't worry about it yet. I'm sure you'll find something. I liked the way he phrased this. I had already mastered the latter, the front half of the hattie, so I thought. However, at the same time, I wasn't ready to settle for just someone. Carlo sat there skipping his beer, wearing the torn blue nursing scrubs from his job at the hospital. He claimed that he was a male nurse in some capacity, and he would allude to the hospital at large, but never at length. I always figured him for a janitor. He said the orders were going to throw out the scrubs, but he rescued them from the dumpster for work clothes and he always wore them around the house.

In mind and spirits, he would tell vague stories that seemed to be pieced together from television hospital dramas. The guy was dressed like an R.N. during most of his waking hours, nursing either beers or patients. He exhibited a great deal of fire while attending to flat-line patients or flat cans of Schiltz. I began to loathe him, especially since he hadn't offered me a beer. The boy, Ric, looked at me as I pulled out a cigarette. "Hey," Carlo said with an empathetic grin, "I didn't know you smoked?"

He automatically reached for the pack, alerting me to the 100s on the picnic table behind him. Well, shit, then I should've offered you a beer! Ric, go get Jack a beer." The boy ran to the garage. Carlo stared into the fire before him, and something out of the darkness stared him in the face, something less substantial than the beer in his hand or the smudges of soot where he had invariably run his fingers across his forehead. "You know where I was for a year at a time, yet, when I was home for a week, I couldn't leave the house for an hour without worrying that someone had already plastered a milk carton on my mother's side door, pulled it open with all of his weight, and fired up the old Ford.

Continued on page 8

SPECIAL TROPOS SECTION

This kind of talk made me feel like I was in a pretty small pond, but I could indulge the nostalgia with a beer in hand. The boy returned, opening the bottle in front of me. It wasn't the least bit shaken.

Was I in a much better mood.

"Carlo, you're moving up in the world! MGD in bottles felt comfortable with my——"

"Yeah, well I had to get bottles because cans won't go fit in my new toy. Remember that feed store down the road that went out of business?"

"Yeah, it's out of business!"

"Yeah, well, one day I saw this old Pepsi machine outside by the dumpster, you know, the old kind with the glass door that took a quarter for a twenty ounce glass bottle?

"Yeah, my dad used to buy me pop out of that machine."

"Well, it just so happened that I was in my truck, so I stopped in and asked what they were gonna do with it. They said they were just gonna haul it to the dump, so I offered them ten bucks to take it."

You had to wonder where this was going.

"So what did you do with it?"

"I drilled out the lock and now I have a beer cooler in my garage!"

"Wow," I laughed, "that's impressive."

"That's not all I have in my garage."

I didn't really want to see what else was in his garage, but I took comfort in the cold bottle in my hand. I was sure glad that it wasn't Schiltz- shit that shit's poison.

But I was also pleased that I could retain my romantic notion of Carlo smoking Kools. "How about you, how've you been?" I asked again, poking my stick at the embers.

"Oh, not much is new. Still at the hospital."

"And that girl you were with?"

"Laura?"

"The blonde? The fat one?"

"Yeah, she left me a couple of months ago," Carlo paused for effect. "She was a city girl, Jack. We were so good together, but she just couldn't get used to living out here. Said it was too quiet. She was visiting her mother every day, crying all the time, then one day she just packed up and left."

"Well, you know my mom's the same way," I offered. "She threatened to leave my dad since I can remember. Never could get used to the way things work out here. Always wanted to go home to her parents, but you know that can never happen."

"Hey, I'm just saying."

"I'm sure you've got something cooking at school."

The boy slipped into the garage with the empties and returned with four more bottles under.

"No, I'm laying low right now, I mean, I screwed around with a few girls since I've been back, but nothing serious."

"When do you go back?"

"Tomorrow morning, early." I remembered that I still had to pack.

"That's too bad, I mean, we should've hit the little white ball around."

"Yeah, but I don't even have my clubs with me."

"I could have found a set for you." I never wanted to play golf when I didn't have my clubs with me. I only played comfortably with my clubs.

"Remember that time you hit that hole in one?"

I did. That was a great day. I had just finished a round with my dad, Carlo, and my best friend. We all were pretty tired, but Carlo kept pushing us to play another couple holes so he could finish the six-pack he smuggled into his bag for the back nine. We settled on a few holes on the short nine-hole course. I hit the first shot and it dropped softly on the green. I could see that the trajectory was perfect. I even got that perfect feel, but I figured that I had hit it too far and that it must have gone over. The other three shots were either close to the green or on, which made us look like a respectable foursome. We couldn't find my ball anywhere, but I left was determined to cut swathes in the rough with my wedge until I found my original ball Why don't you look in the hole, someone said.

"Yeah, I remember how you said that I should look in the hole. I still can't believe that I nailed that shot."

I remembered handshakes and laughter all around a while later coming home, walking into the house, and seeing my dad emphatically telling my mom his mom what his boy had done. All made possible by Carlo's six-pack.

Ric listened to this story with great interest, but he took his stick and tended to the fire once I noticed he was listening. The embers were dying down, so Carlo asked me to go with him. "Let's go, Ric. I won't have to have to go to get a piece of wood that will last all night. There's this stump I've been meaning to pick up, but I can't get it myself because of my knee. Maybe you wouldn't mind helping me with it."

The problem with Carlo's knee stemmed from a golfing accident. It happened as the sun rose on the downward slope of a hill that was still damp with dew. He rolled a golf cart going over the hill too fast, and he tore up some ligaments in his knee. This nagging injury was aggravated by double bongys and manual labor. He was a goddamn maniac with those carts- you'd think that you couldn't roll something propelled by a sewing machine motor. But I felt like a good sport with a few beers in me. "Sure, I'd be glad to help you," I obliged. "Well we might as well go before it gets too late. Ric, you should get home before your dad yells at me again."

That brought back memories. I wondered if my dad would yell at me for being out so long. I thought it was funny that my parents didn't know where I was for a year at a time, yet, when I was home for a week, I couldn't leave the house for an hour without worrying that someone had already plastered a milk carton on my mother's side door. I asked, "Carlo, you promised that I could drive your truck today. There's no way this kid was going home without protest."

"Well, you can drive my truck tomorrow. It's past ten and you have school tomorrow." Carlo was emulating a dad, but the kid could see right through it. "I don't even have any homework. School is so easy."

"C'mon, let me drive the truck."

A moment of deliberation. "Alright, let's go," Carlo continued. "Ric, drive Carlo's boy. Did you bring that beer with Mark's beer? I had to ask you remember you since you were this big?"

He held up his arms to indicate the length of a large fish.
The yogurt was finished. I remembered that I had eaten too much. I tried to eat some orange juice, but my mouth felt dry and my stomach was still full. I got up and poured myself a glass of milk, but I didn't drink it. I just sat there, staring at the ceiling, thinking about what had happened.

I decided to call my parents and tell them everything. I dialed their numbers and they answered.

"Hi, Mom and Dad. It's me, Mark. I need to talk to you about something important.

They listened intently as I explained what had happened. My parents were shocked and concerned, but they assured me that everything would be okay. They would do whatever it took to make sure I was safe and happy.

I hung up the phone and felt a sense of relief wash over me. I knew that my parents would take care of me, no matter what happened.

I felt a sense of hope as I looked out the window. The sun was beginning to rise, and the world was waking up. I knew that I could face whatever came my way, as long as I had my parents by my side.
Forget economic gimmicks; real change is necessary

The other week I received a mass-forwarded e-mail concerning high gasoline prices. I feel obligated to call the campus's attention to the contents of the e-mail, in hopes of dampening some of its misleading rhetoric.

The e-mail offered a ridiculous solution: we all need to be in a "Carless Alternative" culture. The e-mail claimed we are facing an oil crisis, provided evidence that gasoline prices are going up, and then proposed the solution of eliminating cars.

This seems like it could work. But the e-mail makes a fatal error. I thus sent a mass-reply to the e-mail, hoping to squash its message at least among those on the Lawrence campus.

As Americans, we have the power to make a difference. We have the knowledge to conscientiously evaluate the arguments that are made. We have the ability to think critically.

Celebrating new issues and ideas is especially crucial at Lawrence because maintaining the tradition of intellectual diversity is one of the university's core values.

Students at Lawrence are encouraged to be critical thinkers and to challenge the status quo. Lawrence students are expected to engage in productive discourse and to actively participate in the campus community.

Lawrence is a place where students have the opportunity to explore different perspectives and to develop their own ideas. The university promotes a culture of free speech, intellectual freedom, and open-mindedness.

Lawrence Today is a student-run newspaper that covers campus news and events. It is published weekly by the Lawrence University Campus Center. The newspaper is distributed to students, faculty, and staff on the Lawrence University campus.

Lawrence Today is a democratic forum where students can express their opinions and ideas. The newspaper provides a platform for students to engage in public discourse and to contribute to the campus community.

Lawrence Today does not endorse or support any political, religious, or social causes. Instead, it aims to present a balanced and diverse range of perspectives on campus issues.

Lawrence Today is committed to maintaining a high standard of editorial independence and to upholding the principles of journalistic integrity and fairness. The newspaper strives to provide accurate and relevant information to its readers.
Despite fewer vendors, festival remains worthwhile
Work by English Brangwyn artist discovered in boiler room

By Rachel Hoerman

Art is discovered in boiler room

To curator of the Weston Art Gallery Frank Lewis and his assistant Ester Fajzi-Degrot, art in the ongoing inventory of Lawrence's Private collection.

Earlier last week, while searching a boiler room beneath one of the on-campus houses, Fajzi-Degrot came across a rather interesting find. Propped up against an old furnace, and framed under glass, was what appeared to be a very large poster. Upon further investigation, however, the piece turned out to be a large, and very detailed, etching.

Comments Lewis. "The piece turned up unexpectedly in our inventory. We had no record of it, and it was completely unexpected."

With little to go on but a nearly illegible signature scrawled in the lower right corner of the piece, Lewis and Fajzi-Degrot began their research to match the artist as well as to date and title the piece. And what they found was one of Great Britain's best. Expects Lewis. "Ester, the student intern, and I decided the signature was Frank Brangwyn, so we proceeded to go through the list of known artists and came across one or two possibilities."

We then looked at the style of the print, the size, dated it to the 19th or 20th century, most likely 1916-1924, and realized the artist was Frank Brangwyn. Interestingly, in delving into the archives of the private collection, Lewis realized that Lawrence was already in possession of one of Brangwyn's smaller prints, as well as a book in the Mudd library on the artist.

Brangwyn was a much-celebrated English artist who worked independently of the movements of the time—Impressionism and Art Nouveau—in favor of pioneering his own style. Born in 1867 in Bruges, Belgium, and raised in London, Brangwyn had only five years of schooling before he dropped out to work in his father's art studio. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the established artist William Morris, and at the age of seventeen was accepted into the Royal Academy of Art.

While simultaneously enjoying the fame his talents earned him, Brangwyn spent much of his early career in utter poverty, and painted traditional seascapes using only shades of grey, the limits of his palette reflecting the limits of his funds. His Funeral at Sea (1890), however, won him a gold medal at the Paris Salon of 1891, and some international acclaim. In 1898, Brangwyn indentured himself on a freighter in exchange for passage to the Near East to explore the fascination with Orientalism that was a driving force in European art at the time. Brangwyn returned home with a new perspective, and began turning out the bright hues and fantastic scenes he became famous for.

A self-taught painter, Brangwyn explored a variety of different mediums as well. He became well known in the United States for his books illustrating which were featured in magazines like McClure's and The Century, and greatly influenced American Art Nouveau. He painted murals in public areas for cities from San Francisco to London, and experimented with watercolor. Brangwyn also sought to revive etching as a medium and art form, which had fallen out of vogue by the early 20th century. Etching is a medium which involves coating a metal sheet with acid-resistant varnish, then carving a design through the varnish with a needle that exposes the metal. The sheet is then coated with acid, thus imprinting it with the design. After the etching is covered with ink, excess ink is wiped away, and a piece of paper is pressed over the design, a process which allows for numerous reproductions.

Inspired by early pioneering artists like Goya and Rembrandt, Brangwyn employed a variety of their techniques in his etchings, while developing some of his own. In the as-yet untitled piece just discovered, which depicts a bridge amid a series of buildings, many of Brangwyn's "experimental" techniques are present. As Lewis explains: "The piece is a classical model of a landscape and a wonderful art historical piece. Brangwyn combined the selective removal of ink to create a background that glows with tone, and used resin, which adheres to the plate without melting, as well."

Brangwyn also alternated his use of deep cuts and light scratches in his plates to create contrast in his piece, and was constantly altering and revising his work. Brangwyn had a romantic view of Europe and was really interested in an expressive manner and meaning," adds Lewis, further stating, "He revived the view pictures that were popularly collected as souvenirs during the grand tours the wealthy took of Southern Europe, and was interested in commercial marketing, in the public, and his own success."

"Suzia Maria from The Street" from 1907 is an example of an etching by Brangwyn similar to the example discovered in the Lawrence collection.
Armacanqui-Tipacti still awaits final decision because of community service," a not think of such a case in his appeal, he said. "Armacanqui-Tipacti's appeal, which was originally submitted to the president, is currently under consideration by a special

Fraternity controversy widespread at Dartmouth Mainly created appeals committee, under consideration by a special committee. The committee will be responsible for investigating Armacanqui-Tipacti's claims in full. This involves a review of her written appeal along with the president's written decision and may also include meetings with the president, the Committee on Tenure, Promotion, Reappraisal, and Equal Opportunity, and Armacanqui-Tipacti.

Dr. Fred Redman would not comment on the likelihood of Zeta Psi retaining a successful appeal of the sanctions imposed upon the fraternity to reverse its derecognition through an appeal, the College will allow members of Zeta Psi currently living in the house to continue to reside there until June 10.

There are and always will be a continuum of matters, he added. Armacanqui-Tipacti's appeal, which was originally submitted to the president, is currently under consideration by a special

The USA Today Newspaper Readerhip Program is now being tested at Lawrence University. The program has passed a pilot phase and will provide free copies of The New York Times, The Chicago Tribune, The Milwaukee Journal Sentinel, and The Appleton Post-Crescent, The Des Moines Register, The Milwaukee Journal, and The Appleton Post-Crescent. Among other things, Zeta Psi scandal incited "speculation by the original SLI announcement and recent disciplinary actions taken by the administration against other Greek sources. Redman denied that Zeta's derecognition was part of any broader, covert scheme by the administration to eventually disband the entire Greek system.

"There is no plan by myself or anyone else here to eliminate Greek organizations on this campus either wholesale or one by one as far as I'm aware of," he said. In fact, recent media attention has focused on the administration's apparent failure to institute meaningful reforms within the Greek system. An article in The Boston Globe—which flushed the headline "Dartmouth president under fire"—criticized College President James Wright, for allegedly bowing to pressures of Dartmouth's apparent failure to institute meaningful reforms within the Greek system. An article in The Boston Globe—which flushed the headline "Dartmouth president under fire"—criticized College President James Wright, for allegedly bowing to pressures of Dartmouth's apparent failure to institute meaningful reforms within the Greek system. An article in The Boston Globe—which flushed the headline "Dartmouth president under fire"—criticized College President James Wright, for allegedly bowing to pressures.