Southwestern at Memphis 1977

The Editor of the Yearbook posed to me the following question: What direction should Southwestern's educational program take during the next ten years? My response follows.

In the society of American colleges, Southwestern belongs to the upper middle class. As an institution we are financially comfortable, but not affluent; we subscribe to the work-ethic; we are value-oriented; in the balance, our views tend to be abstracted and idealized rather than practical and down-to-earth; we believe in the future and in the worth of delaying gratification to attain the larger goal. Southwestern has had substantial success in this niche, providing a solid liberal education to students who are of better than average academic potential, who share our general philosophy, and who seek such an education for the main purposes of gaining entry to the professions and making more nearly possible the "good life".

Three factors suggest that the next ten years should not result in major changes in our directions: the momentum of the present program, incorporated in current faculty and staff competencies, on-going programs, physical facilities, library resources, etc.; the success of the present program as attested by a relatively satisfied and well established clientele; and the continuing validity of the notion that a liberal education is a useful and appropriate goal for that clientele.

A failure to call for major change is not, however, an invitation to complacency. Here are some difficult things we should try to do that could improve the educational program of Southwestern:

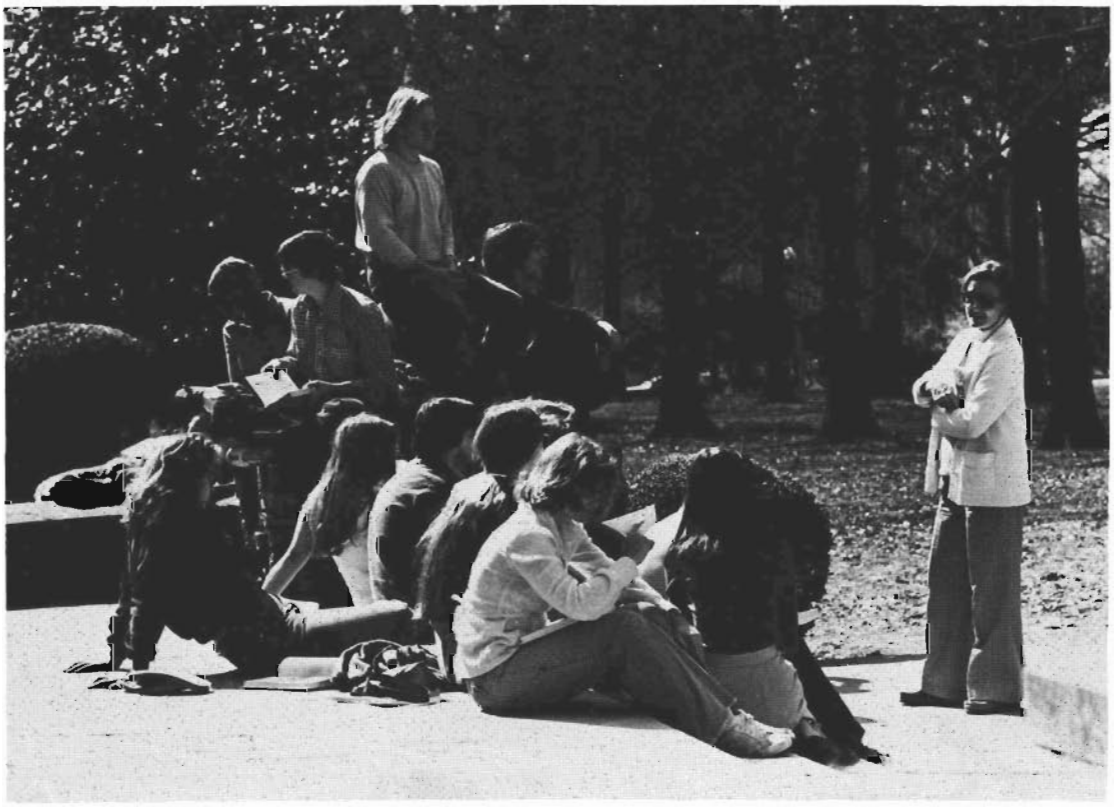
We should intensify the intellectual climate. The purpose of liberal education sisto enhence perception by intellectualizing experience. To intellectualize experience is hard work. It requires historical perspectives, skill in analysis and synthesis of problems, wide use of state-of-the-art methodologies, familiarity with a variety of "world views", an understanding of the powers, and the limitations, of both rational and non-rational processes for knowing the world. A more disciplined approach to the acquisition of these various capabilities than is now present in the system seems to be called for. Too many of our students approach sophisticated problems without necessary or adequate tools, insights, skills, perspectives; too many want to solve the problems of the world without "paying their dues", i.e., without learning what the problems really are or what kinds of tool and procedures available to use on the problems.

We should provide a greater scope of experiences worth intellectualizing. Field trips, visiting lecturers, films, internships, seminars, and the like which provide the raw material for the intellectualizing process should be more readily available - but there are dangers. Such experiences provided by the college should not duplicate what is readily available to the average citizen (at no cost!), should not be provided until the student has the background to make the best use of it, and should always be followed by an exhaustive exercise in intellectualization.

We should maintain a body of students who are capable and interested in intellecual matters, and who are demonstrated hard workers. This means, in matter of admissions, that we should at least maintain our SAT level and continue the individualized admissions process that seeks out the intellectually motivated and persevering student. It means that we should firm up our academic standards, rid ourselves of the goof-offs, the lazies, the indifferents. An intellectual climate cannot be maintained at Southwestern if a substantial portion of our student body (or faculty!) uses the institution to provide themselves with a cover of legitimacy as they pursue ends inconsistent with the purpose of liberal education.

We should provide a constantly improving environment that nourishes body as well as mind, never losing sight of the fact that man's nature is many-sided, and that intellectual matters proceed best when there is a harmony of the whole.

Prof. Jack U. Russell



Membership in an esteemed group, a gourmet dessert, the touch of a living hand, admission into medical school . . . an almost infinite number of gratifications can be imagined for the variety of our appetites. Perhaps the list is so large because our lives consist in great part of striving for the objects of our desires. We expend our resources obtaining the entertainments, diversions, and general pleasureable sensations we desire. "The good life" is more commonly associated with fun than with virtuous conduct.

Whether or not our appetites do occupy a dominant role in our lives, it seems unlikely that they are really basic to our personalities. At least some of our multitudinous appetities spring from a smaller number of more basic needs. Most of us assume there is some relationship between the fact that people starve without food and the fact that most Americans enjoy eating; similar assumptions can be made about our appetites for drink, sleep, sex, or exercise. But, though any of these needs can be filled in several ways, we do have preferences about what we eat and drink, how and with whom we sleep, and so on: we go to J-Wag's with friends rather than drink alone in our rooms. Generally, the ways in which our appetites are gratified are fairly complex; sometimes a single event serves several desires. A track star, by winning a race, may gain simultaneously the respect of spectators, the affection of a bedazzled girlfriend, and a sense of personal achievement. The scientist, explaining to his colleagues his new theory, enjoys both the reliving of his own quest for understanding and the admiration of his fellows. So it seems that we prefer to do what gives us the most pleasure for our effort, especially if we can satisfy more than one desire in a single act. It would seem that those who are best able to devise such efficient multi-gratifying modes of behavior have an advantage over less clever people. If life depends upon filling one's individual needs, then perhaps the key to living is to be as efficient as possible in satisfying one's appetites.

Surely, though, such assumptions overlook reality, for it is not uncommon for the means by which one gratifies an appetite to become necessary to further life. We transform a particular way of filling a need into a basic need itself. The obvious example is drug addiction: the user's desire for the effects of a drug become an inescapable craving for the drug. A less extreme and more common example is the propensity of Americans toward consuming table salt: though nutritionally we require only half a gram per day of salt the average American consumes twenty times that amount in his food, which we refuse to eat unless cooked with salt. Some things we need now were not necessary until we allowed ourselves to become addicted to them; although some appetities are true manifestations of basic needs, others are distortions of these same needs. To be able to live, we must learn not only to be efficient in supplying our needs, but also to discern what we need.

Now we come to a more basic question: What is the source of our needs: Could it be that our basic needs are instilled in us by God?

If the answer is negative, what then is the situation? It appears that people have a variety of needs, not the least of them being a sense of being loved, a sense of security, and a sense of purpose. A certain young man may discern that he is friendless, that he has nothing stronger than himself, and that he does not know why he is living. Three options are open to such a person: he can remove the needs, by killing himself; he can suffer from unfilled needs; or he can find a way of filling those needs. The second option comes in two forms: he can suffer, fully realizing why; or, under the delusion that he has love, security, and purpose, he may suffer because actually these things are missing. It is doubtful that, in a world without God, the young man will be able to have his need for security filled, if he is aware of his own condition. Most people do have friends and many people have definite purposes to their lives. But who will dispute that men's lives are like morning flowers which wither before the sunset, or that men are mere specks on a particle of the universe, or that men's futures are as unpredictable as the wind? Our young man will know in his heart that he is buffetted by time, space, and fate, his vision and strength and even his imagination inadequate to life's challenges. So, since he cannot rely on God, he must try to invent security by putting his faith in something, be it democratic government, his intellect, earthly power, . . . the list is very long. In any case, the three options open to our young man are to end his needs by suicide; to realize that he cannot satisfy his needs; or to attempt vainly to satisfy them. The young man must suffer or die, either way unfulfilled.

If our needs are God-created, and if the promises of the Bible are true, the young man has a further option:

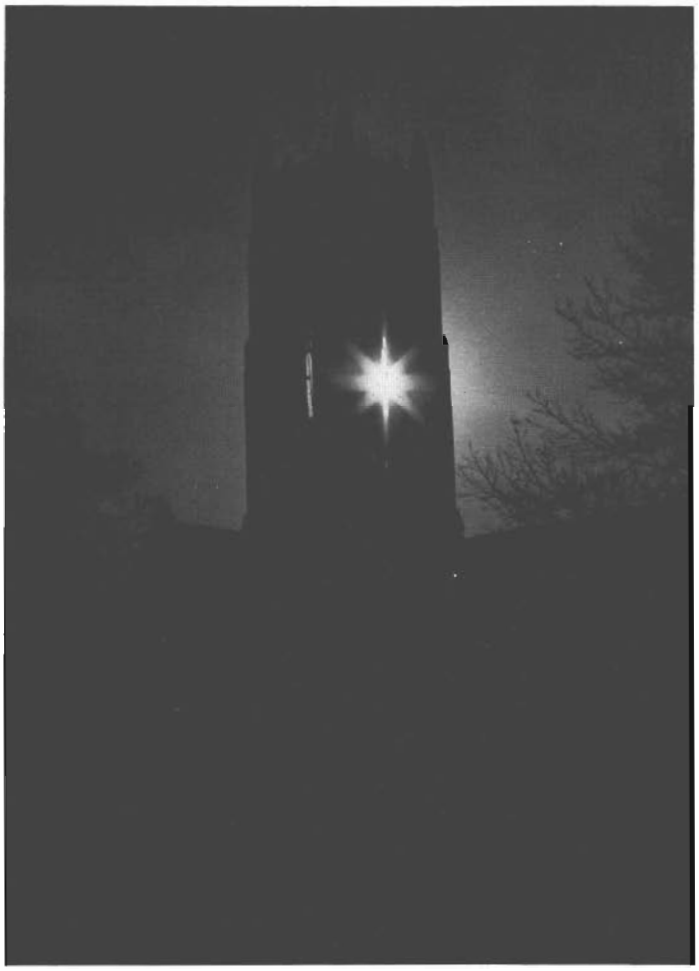
> Come, all you who are thirsty,
> come to the waters;
> And you who have no money,
> come buy and eat!
> Come, buy wine and milk
> without money and without cost.
> Why spend money on what is not bread,
> and your labor on what does not satisfy?
> Listen to me, and eat what is good,
> and your soul will delight in the richest of fare. (Isaiah 55:1-2, NIV)

The same Author speaks more specifically concerning the essential needs of men:

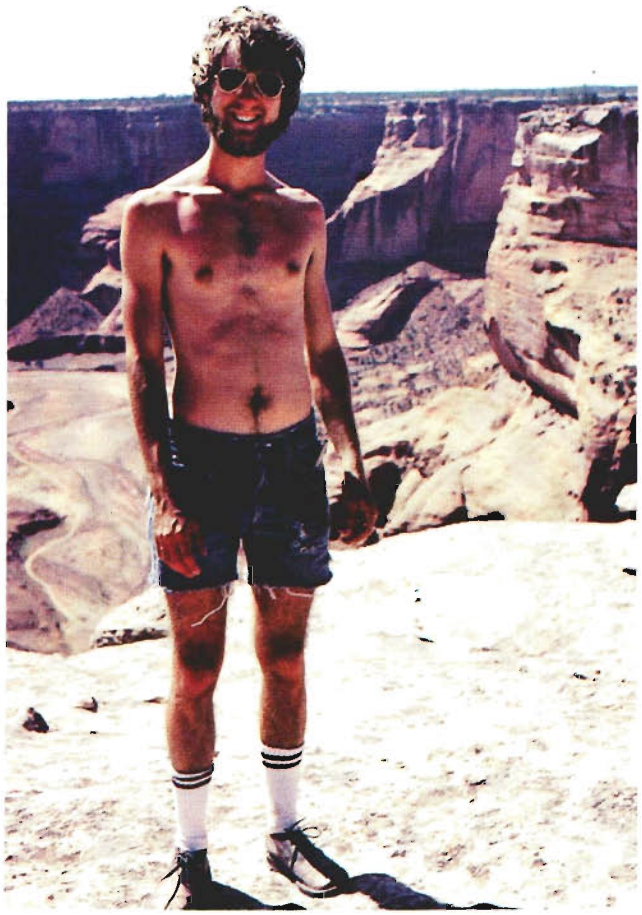
> Jesus declared, "I am the bread of life. He who comes to me will never go hungry, and he who believes in me will never be thirsty." (John 6:35) "Therefore take no thought, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'Wherewithal shall we be clothed?' . . . For our heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

The fourth option is to rely on God for the essential needs, including love, security, and purpose. To be able to live, we must learn to be efficient in supplying our needs and in discerning what we need; to learn these things, we must turn to God.

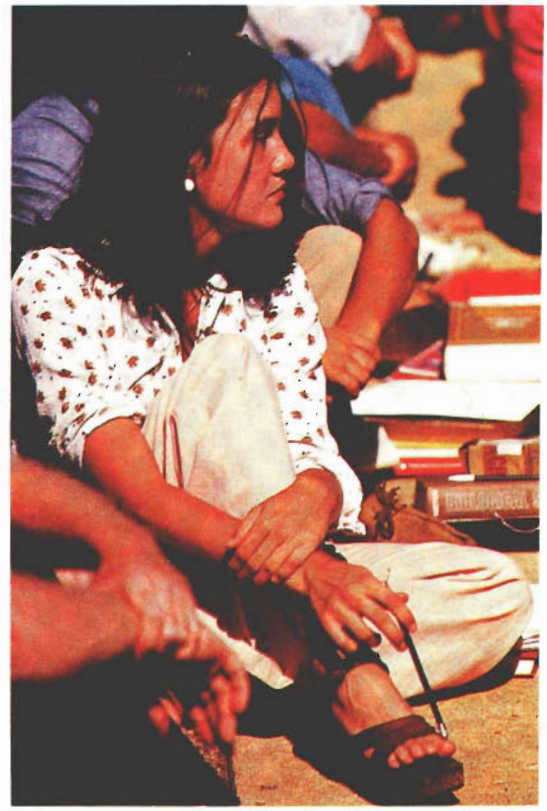
Ron Sims

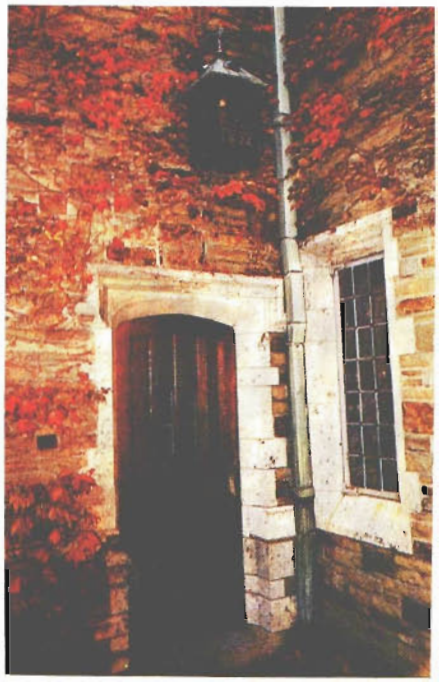


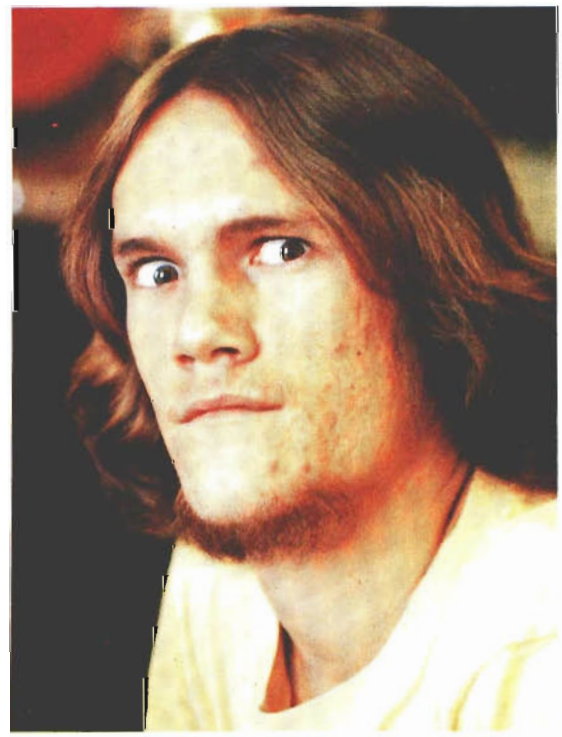
Reynolds Wrap
Reynolds Wrap

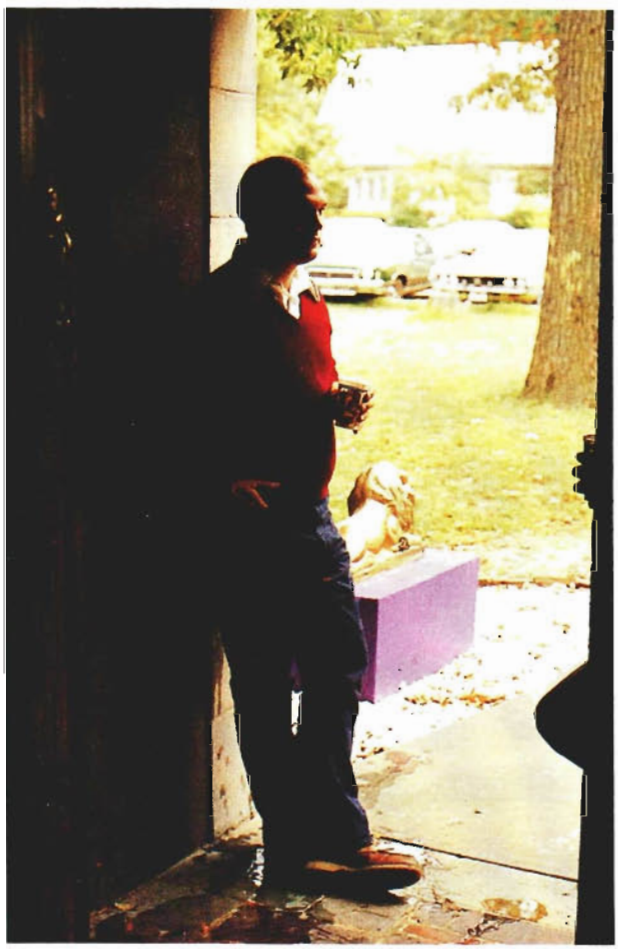


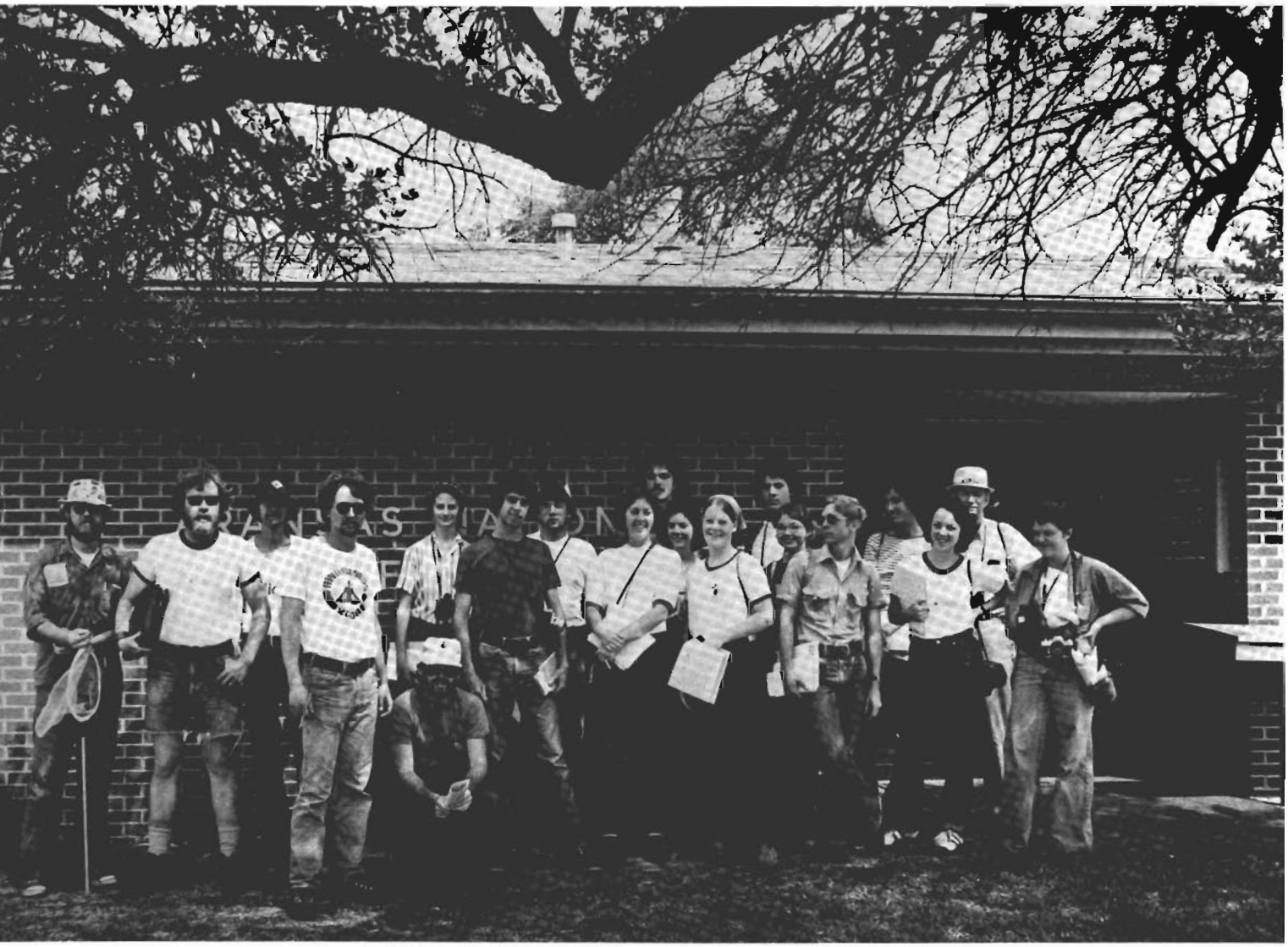
ΣΔΕ







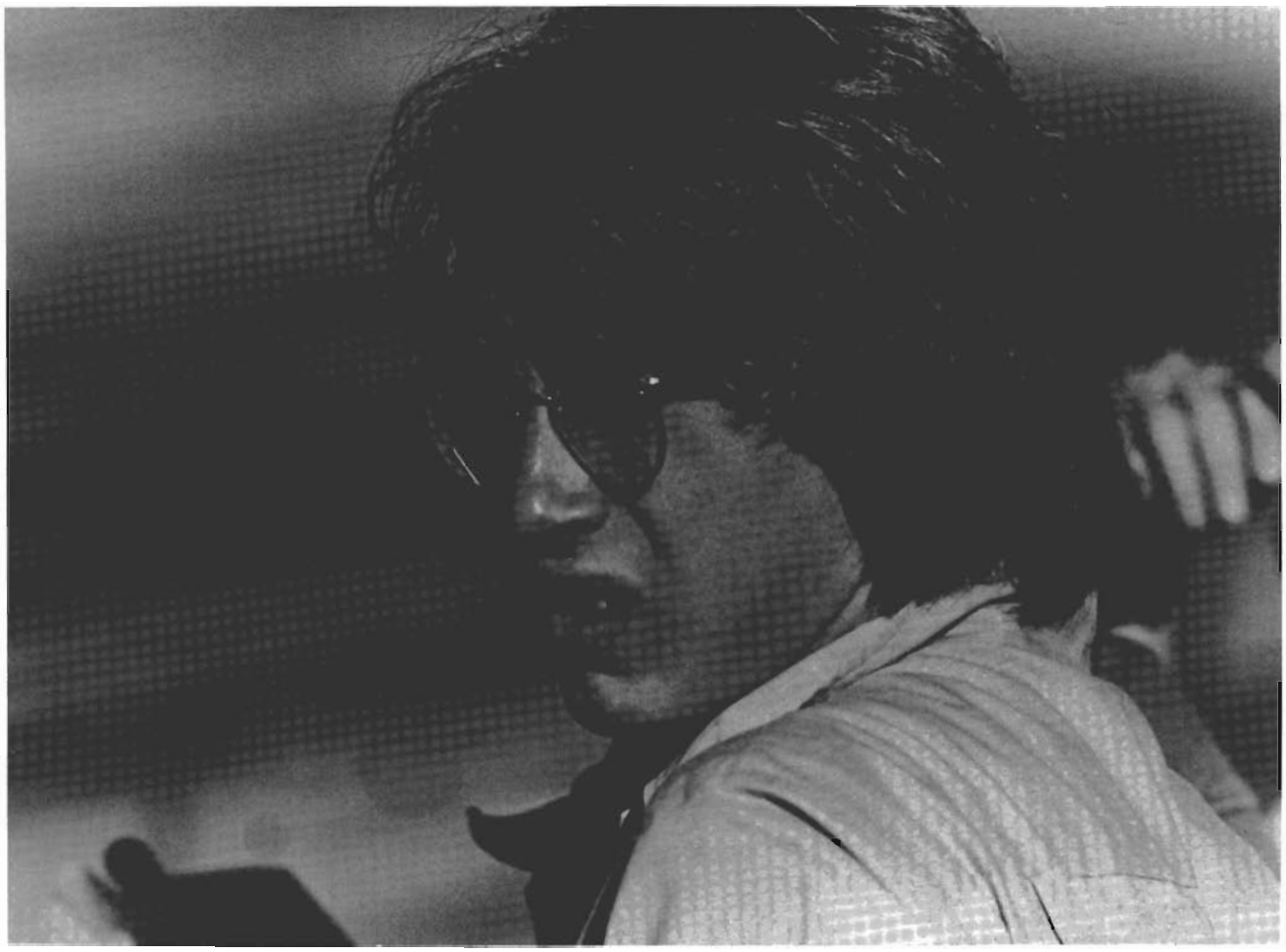




The Field Trip
Or a partially factual narrative on
the exploits, escapades, and narrow
escapes of nineteen students and
two professors

The field trip stands as a glaring contradiction of the old idea that you cannot get a practical education from a liberal arts college. Where else could you get the chance to change seven flats, and replace an entire wheel in a little less than five weeks?

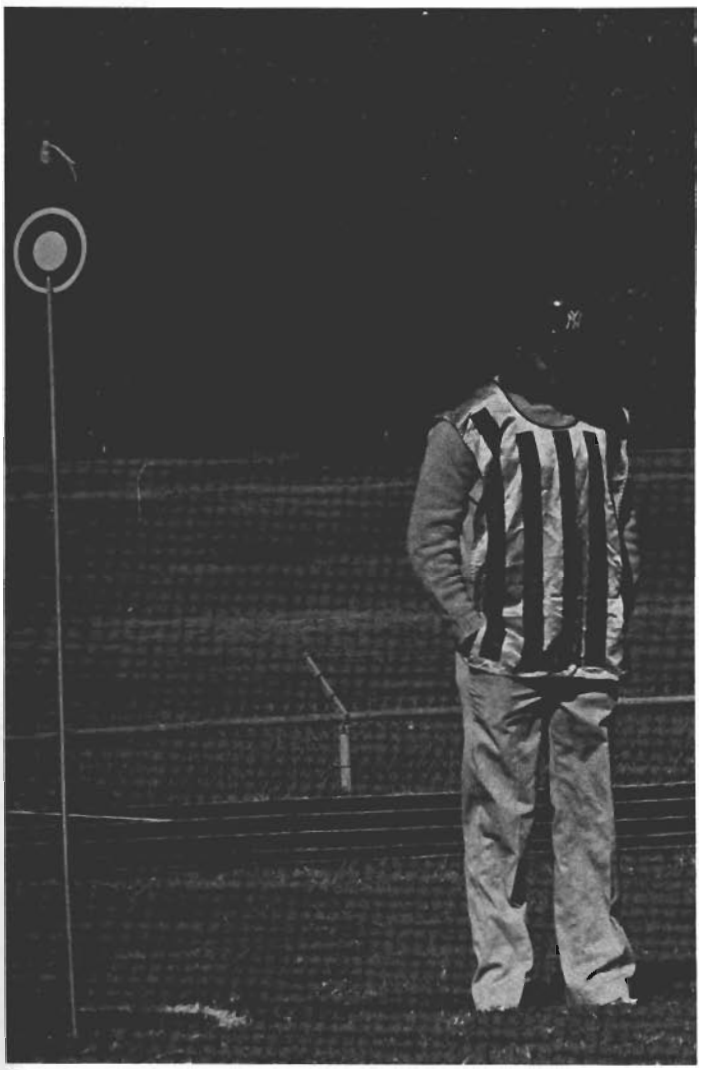
It's amazing how well you can get to know someone when you spend eight hours a day in a car with them and depend on them for your meals for five weeks. One big happy family working together to trap planerians, pluck edible plants, identify wildflowers, and continually search for a good radio station in central Texas. The latter proved the most elusive. We studied and worked and played together. We fought the elements and the dreaded Tourista (A particularly insidious malady that kept several of our fearless group on the run). THE field trip is one of my best Southwestern memories, and one of the best learning experiences too. It went beyond the biology, to a whole attitude change toward education. Good people, good opportunities to learn a hell of a lot, and good times. Alpine, Texas, and the Crystal Bar, ham salad, Canyon de Chelly, John O'Hoob, Rusty, and E. coli. Would I do it again? Give me thirty minutes to slip my jumpsuit on, hock my winter coat for Coors money, grab a notebook, and I'm gone.

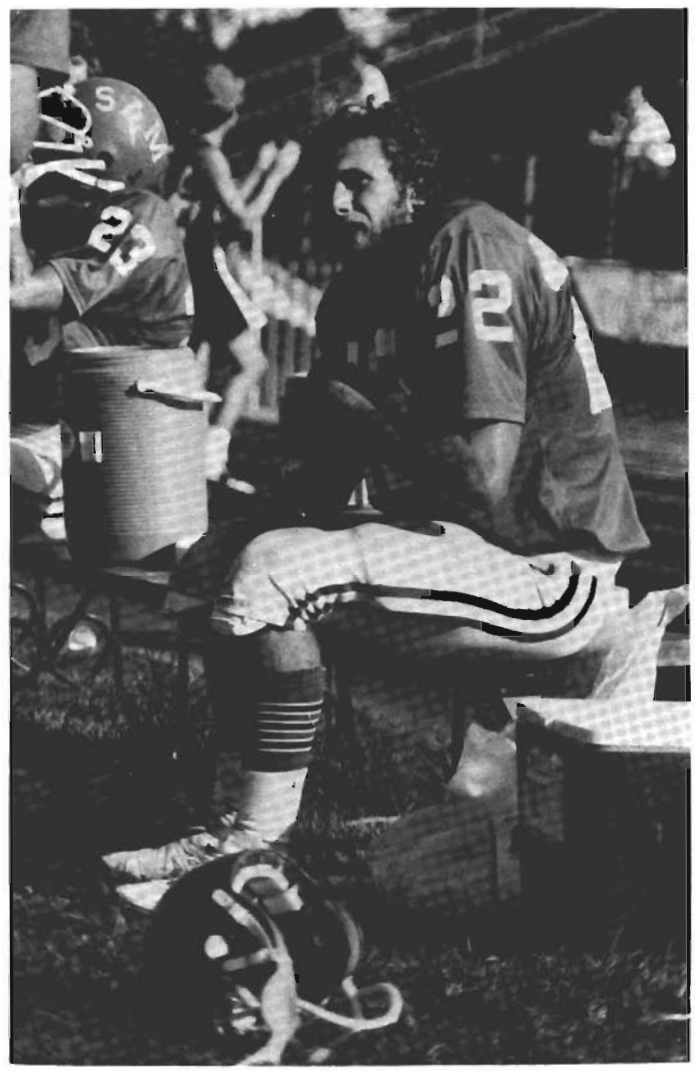


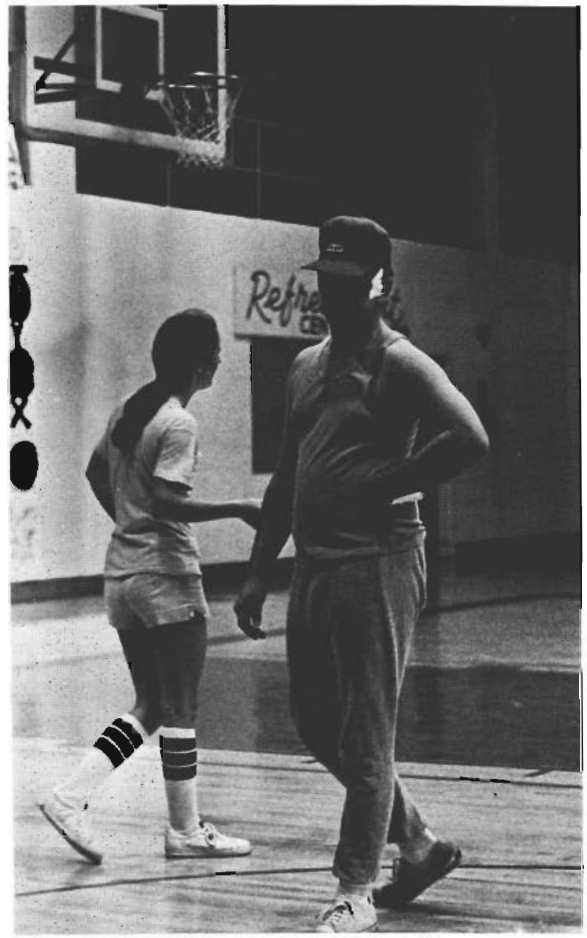
POST
720

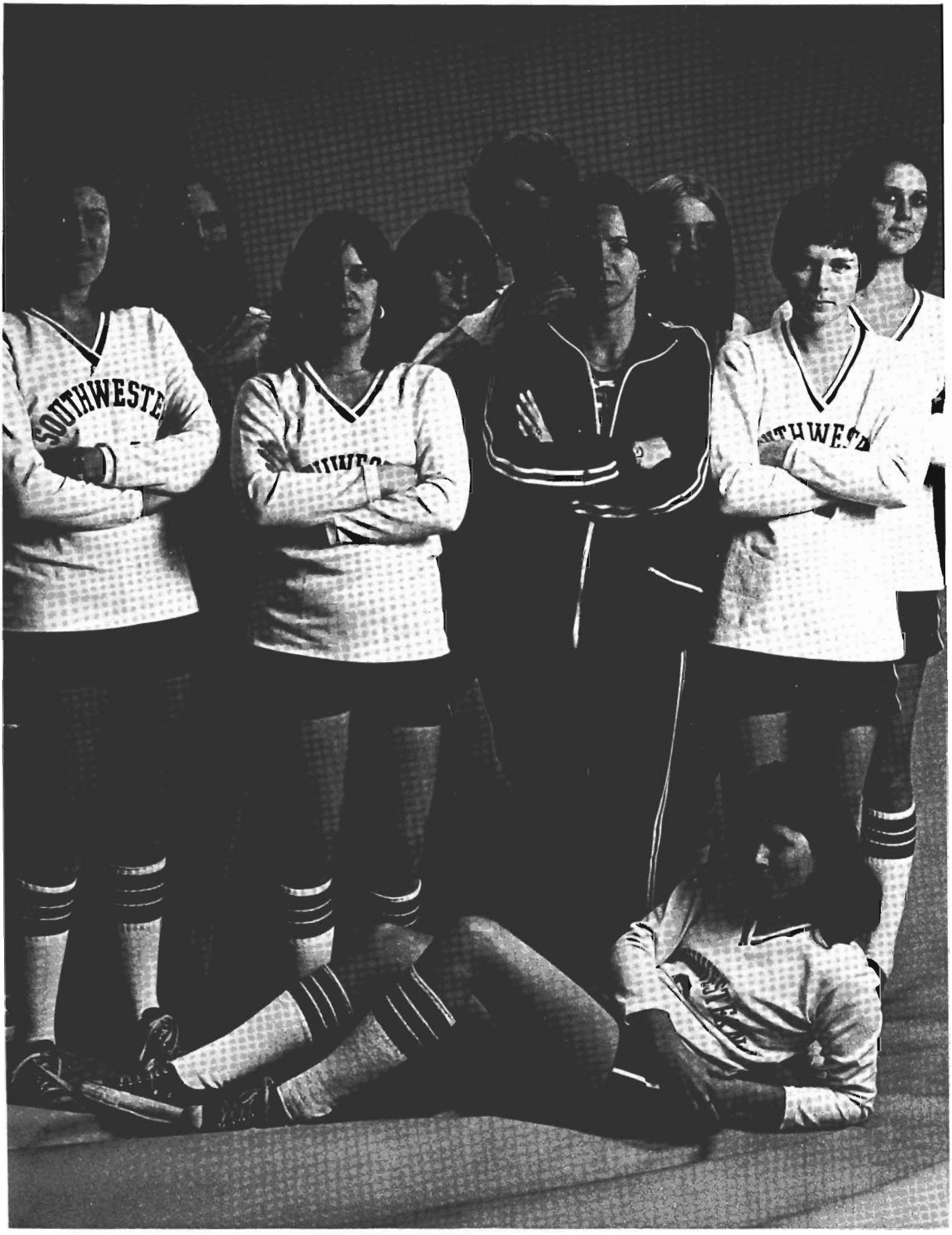
SOUTHWESTERN

COKE




SFM
23
2




SOUTHWESTE

Dear Bill,

Someone asked me to write an informal essay for the annual this year. They told me it was to be a personal essay on some unique aspect of my experience during four years at Southwestern. Therefore, I decided there was no other choice than for me to write on my life as a "female jock". That is to say, of my membership in that unknown uncelebrated minority: varsity women athletes.

As a freshman, I somehow found myself deposited on this campus with a couple of hundred other freshmen who were likewise bewildered by the business of becoming a college student. The priorities I had in selecting my school were somewhat disordered: 1) I wanted a small institution (more personal), 2) one that was close enough to home that I could easily return on holidays, yet far enough that I could impress upon friends the fact that I was not staying in Mississippi, 3) I had a vague notion that I was looking for a good science department (and subsequently became an English major), and women's athletics had to be available.

So, as fate would have it, I became one of the select few who played volleyball for a team which four years ago went by the name Southwestern Superstars, and today is S.A.M. Superstar I was not. I think the most outstanding thing I did as a freshman volleyballer was display my great ability and grace by falling down approximately thirty steps in the Memphis State field house, and lived to tell the tale. Nothing was hurt but my pride, (and I still won't retrieve a ball which lands in the stands.)

After that first year, despite my lack of success as an impressive athlete, I was hooked. Volleyball became a standard part of my undergraduate career. It was during my sophomore year that I began to notice how little attention anyone at the school paid to our season. In fact, I gave up on trying to explain to professors that I really did play varsity volleyball for Southwestern and therefore, had as legitimate an excuse for missing class as any of the football players. Blank expressions, laughter, and disbelief became accepted reactions to the subject; so, I dropped it. Our team became almost a closed society and I found myself resenting the half-hearted inquiries I occasionally got about what we were doing. It was a decisive year so I concluded it was nevertheless worthwhile for me to continue as a "jock".

By that time my reputation was established with friends, and the wearing of certain attire was no longer permissible without the greatest repercussions. For instance, if I dared to wear a dress to class one day, just by sheer whim, without warning, I was likely to be confronted with gaping mouths, wide-eyed stares, and the exclamation: "Look, she really does have legs!". At times I felt as though I had all of the grace of a hippopotamus tiptoeing across a floor covered with marbles.

Last year I was the 'odd man out' on the team. The only Junior, I realized all of my friends would be leaving and I would inherit the responsibility of continuing certain traditions. For example, there were particular expressions which had acquired their own connotations with us ("Thank you Jesus". "Use your fangers", and "Po - iiint!"). Then there were the card games we'd play on road trips because we had an 8:00 a.m. game the next morning, (which we never could win because we didn't really wake up until 10:30). And, more importantly, there was the common identity we shared whether our season was a winning one or a losing one.

Well, I am a senior now. As can be expected, many things have changed since I first became a member of the volleyball team four years ago. I am the only one left who remembers a very satisfying victory over the men's faculty team. Austin Peay State University still does their cheer; "Let's go Peay!", and I still don't believe it. I am still uncoordinated. But, there are new traditions being started, and new people making up a different team. The school buys shoes for us now, and we are even allowed to travel in the school athletic van. We also have the privilege of attending those lengthy, boring sports banquets. Occasionally more people show up to watch our games than those unlucky few who've been threatened and coerced by various team members (roommates and boyfriends).

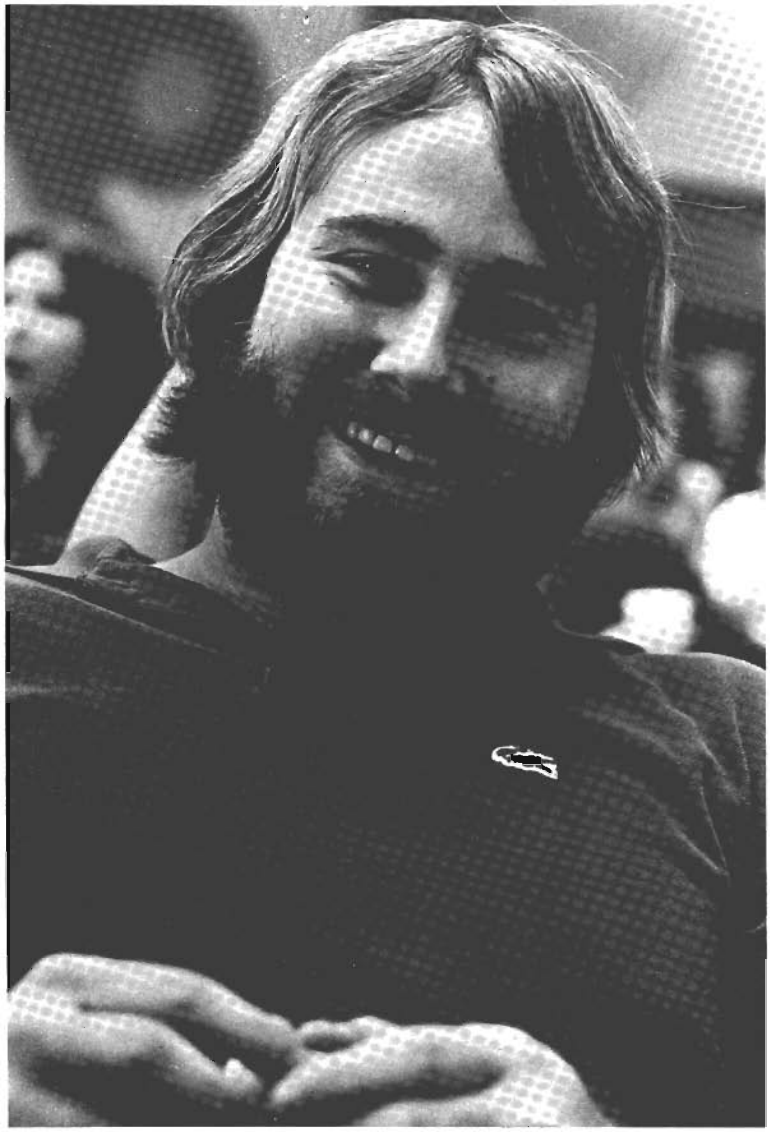
In spite of the frustrations, and the bruises and the changes, I must say I'm glad I've stuck it out. I am quite certain there is no other school at which I could have been involved with a group of athletes who spent their spare time between matches doing physics problems instead of stretching exercises. And where else could one find an Honors English major so elated over the prospect of winning a match that she exclaimed : "Come on ya'll, we want to win this one really much!"?

Yes, I would have to say I am satisfied with my experience here. In fact, it doesn't even bother me now when someone says: "What is it you play, water polo?". I just grin and know I will spike the ball just a little harder at practice that afternoon.

With fond memories,
Nancy Crowell

P.S. You know what they say about old volleyballers.....they never die, their kneepads just wear out.

Coca-Cola



May 18, 1976; p.m.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Tomorrow I reach the magical age of 21. My plans of celebration differ from those of most people I know, but then many things that I do differ from the habits of most people. After a good nights sleep and a morning meditation, I will run 21 miles--one for each year. Accompanying me on this birthday venture will be my friend and running-mate, Mark Edwards. Mark will push me when I want to quit, as he has done many times before. Mark is a better runner than I am; there are few college track men who are not.

My rather humble comparison with other college athletes is a prime source of motivation for this undertaking. This "almost-Marathon" is about all that I can do to salvage some respectability out of a dismal track season that has just ended. I trained very hard, as I always do, but my limited capabilities prevent me from excelling in competition. So out of my own self-respect, I must attempt something that few other people would even think of doing, least of all on a day of self-celebration.

More important though, I will be proving to myself that I can endure a sustained existence on the threshold of such pain. My body has been introduced to this threshold many times before, but never before have I challenged myself to endure this experience for so long a time.

But this pain is different from most other physical discomforts. For one thing, it is self-inflicted. Also it carries with it a sense of bitter sweetness. It is an experience that few people other than runners could appreciate. It is the ecstatic experience of knowing that the body is pushing itself to its absolute potential. It is also an intense awareness of a divine presence within the body. This awareness is magnified by a tranquil serenity that one feels after making such a run.

The body is pushing itself to its own limits of mortal pain. A conflict develops between the mind and body, which intensifies as the pain gets worse. As this intensity grows, it becomes so important for the mind to lead and take control of the body. The conflict becomes almost unbearable. The body feels that it may burst.

Suddenly the physical action ceases, and the body rapidly struggles to recover control over its machinery. As the recovery becomes complete, the mind and body regain their peace with one another. This pleasant harmony is just as great as the excruciating pain which preceded it. The person is then able to recognize a profound clarity of reality, through his serene harmony with himself and all of creation. He is calm, comfortable, and at total peace with himself.

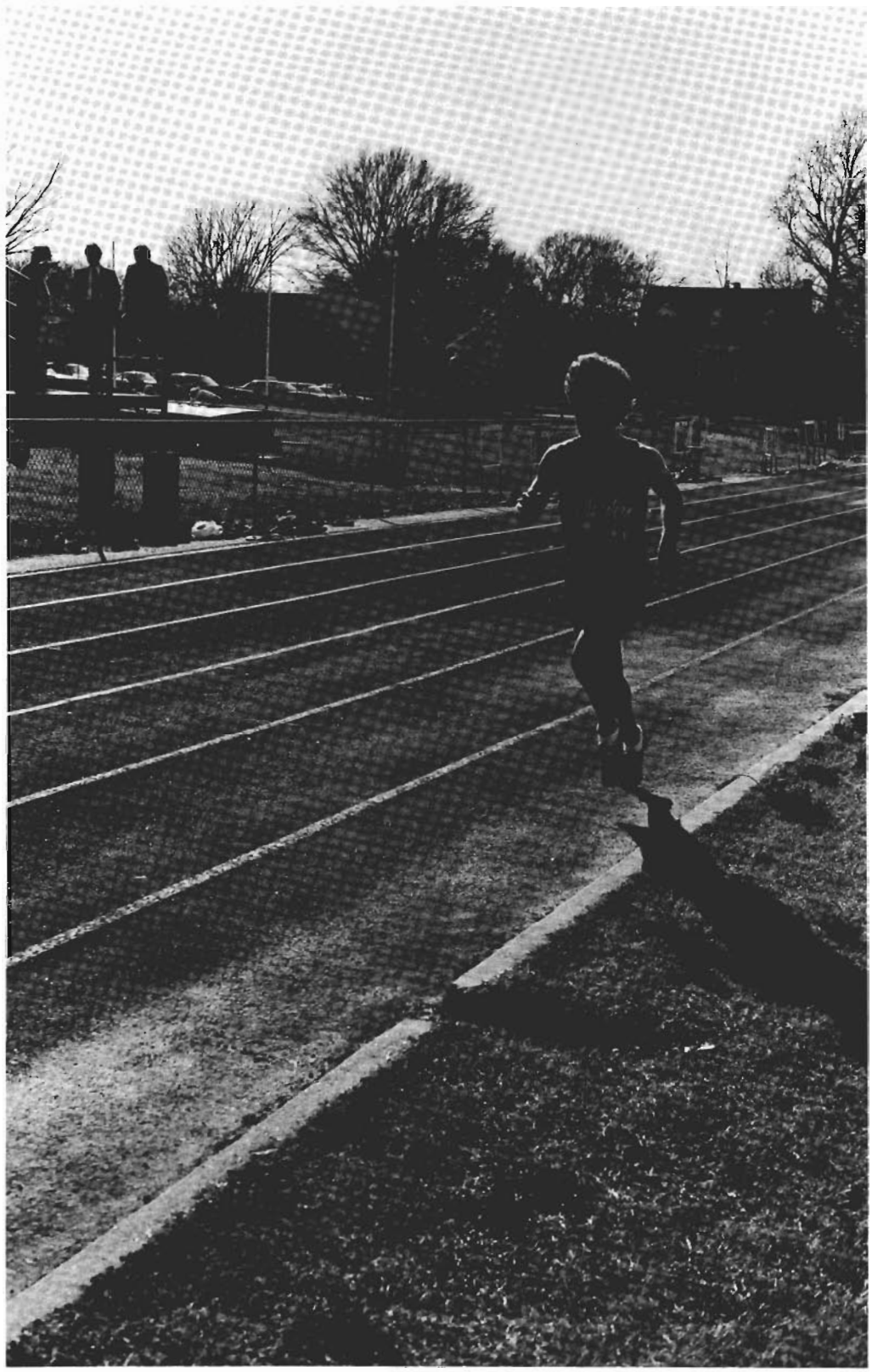
Whenever I take on any major task, in scholarship or athletics, I always go through a phase of frightening doubting of my capabilities. It seems that in everything that I write, I always have at least a few moments of being afraid of not knowing where I am going. I almost panic, but just before I do, things seem to fall together. The remainder of the work is then completed with a greater respect for the challenge of the undertaking. The writer is aware that his work can get the better of him, if he is not careful with his choice of words.

I have had a similar attitude about my run. Earlier today, I experienced this fear. Now I am not afraid, but I have awesome respect for the task ahead of me.

I have been mentally preparing myself for tomorrow for more than a month. Although I have never run this distance before, I know that I can do it. Too much overdistance work in track has prepared me for it. I am ready.

Since junior high school, I have always been known as the one who worked harder than anyone on the team, even though I was not the best. I have always competed well against myself, though. That is who the contest is with tomorrow; I'm not running *against* anyone. Tomorrow is the culmination of all my years of outdoing my abilities as an athlete. Many people have bested me in competition, but most of them would not dare touch what I will tomorrow. It is a real shame that although they are better athletes than I am, they will never achieve the self-satisfaction that I will tomorrow. I thank God for allowing me to appreciate this experience.

H. Scott Prosterman



JIMMY
CARTER
FOR PRESIDENT

The Beer Bust

Wednesday night, the Delta Delta Delta Sorority sponsored a beer bust in the Student Center at Southwestern. The following piece is an impression of the event.

"Hello."

She punches him on the sleeve of his off-white peasant shirt. He turns, his eyes distant, indifferent.

"Don't you remember me? Last night, remember, at Procape."

"No."

She laughs an embarrassed, shrill laugh.

"I guess you were pretty drunk. I talked to you some. You must have been really drunk."

"Oh, were you the waitress?" He feigns recognition.

"No. Never mind."

"Yea, you sat next to me. Yea, I remember."

He walks away, his arm around a buxom, frizzy-haired blonde, a left-over hippie dressed in thread-bare jeans and a second (maybe third)-hand shirt. She fits, melting with the crowd, inconspicuous.

The line at the beer table grows longer and slower. These people want light beer, but the light beer has too much foam in it, so they serve only dark to the few who like it, waiting for the light to settle.

Two large kegs lay nestled in tubs full of ice behind the table, tilted on their sides, about three-quarters full. Pretty girls and handsome boys draw the golden light and amber dark liquid into plastic cups, thiry-five cents a cup. Sometimes they smile and joke, responses to familiar faces, friends, lovers perhaps.

Those in line shift about impatiently or push to get closer to the table, to the magic drink that can make one forget for a few hours about the test in Abnormal Psychology, the Irish Drama paper, the speech for International Politics, all those pages and pages of Biology homework, the potion that can make one comfortable and free, if for only a moment.

A girl mingles and roams through the crowd, uneasy, her movements jerky. She doesn't drink, but a cigarette dangles loosely between her fingers. From the dimly lighted room she moves to the sudden blaring brightness of the lounge. Here people sit or stand mostly and talk and raise their eyes whenever someone passes through, careful to notice everything, to miss no one, to say hello, to observe attire, to study the flow.

On her back she carries a hiking pack, which annoys her and others as well because it bumps and interferes with people's stability. It interrupts conversations, causes eyes to avert their attention to her. She returns to the darker room where she sits down among a group of friends; the bulk of her pack forces her body forward on the chair. Awkward.

"I'm having a party Saturday night. We're gonna have a keg, so tell everybody, okay?"

"Oh, yeah? Great!"

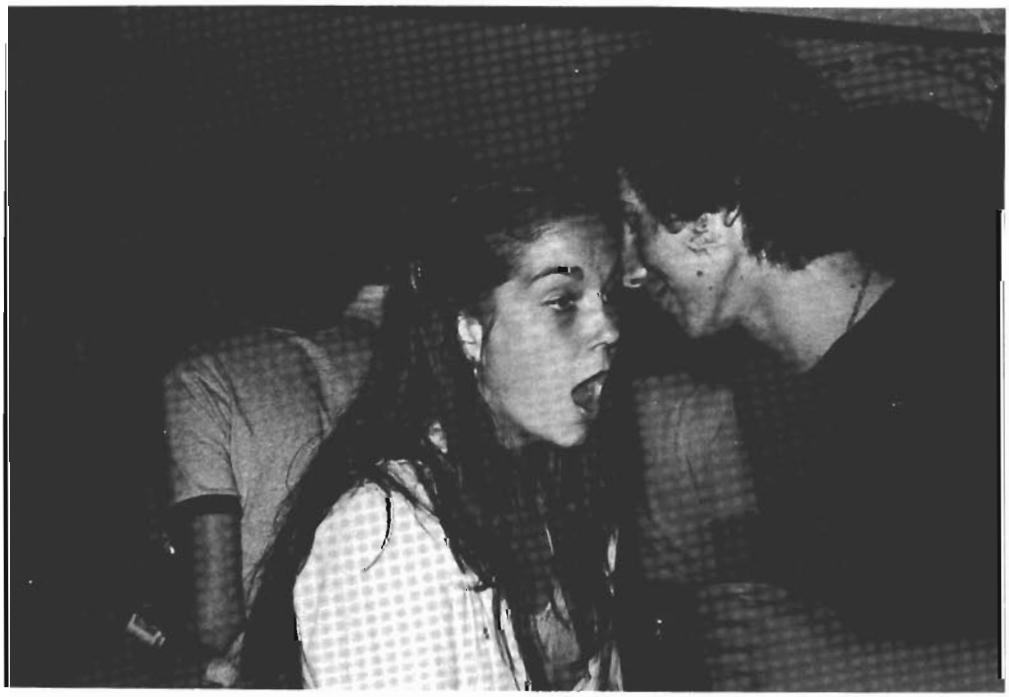
The cute girls and attractive guys have cleared a floor area in the middle of the room, the dark one; they've pushed all the chairs and tables against the walls and made a space for dancing. But no one dances. The music sounds too softly, the hour is early, not yet ten-thirty, the people are not ready to discard their protective shells and wiggle and squirm their way to center stage where indeed they will become spectacles for staring, absorbing eyes.

But two decide to try anyway, and someone turns up the volume on the sound system, very loud, rhythmic, conversation-drowning music. The two dance, feet arms, legs, body, a synchronization of movements graceful in their unnatural way. People watch.

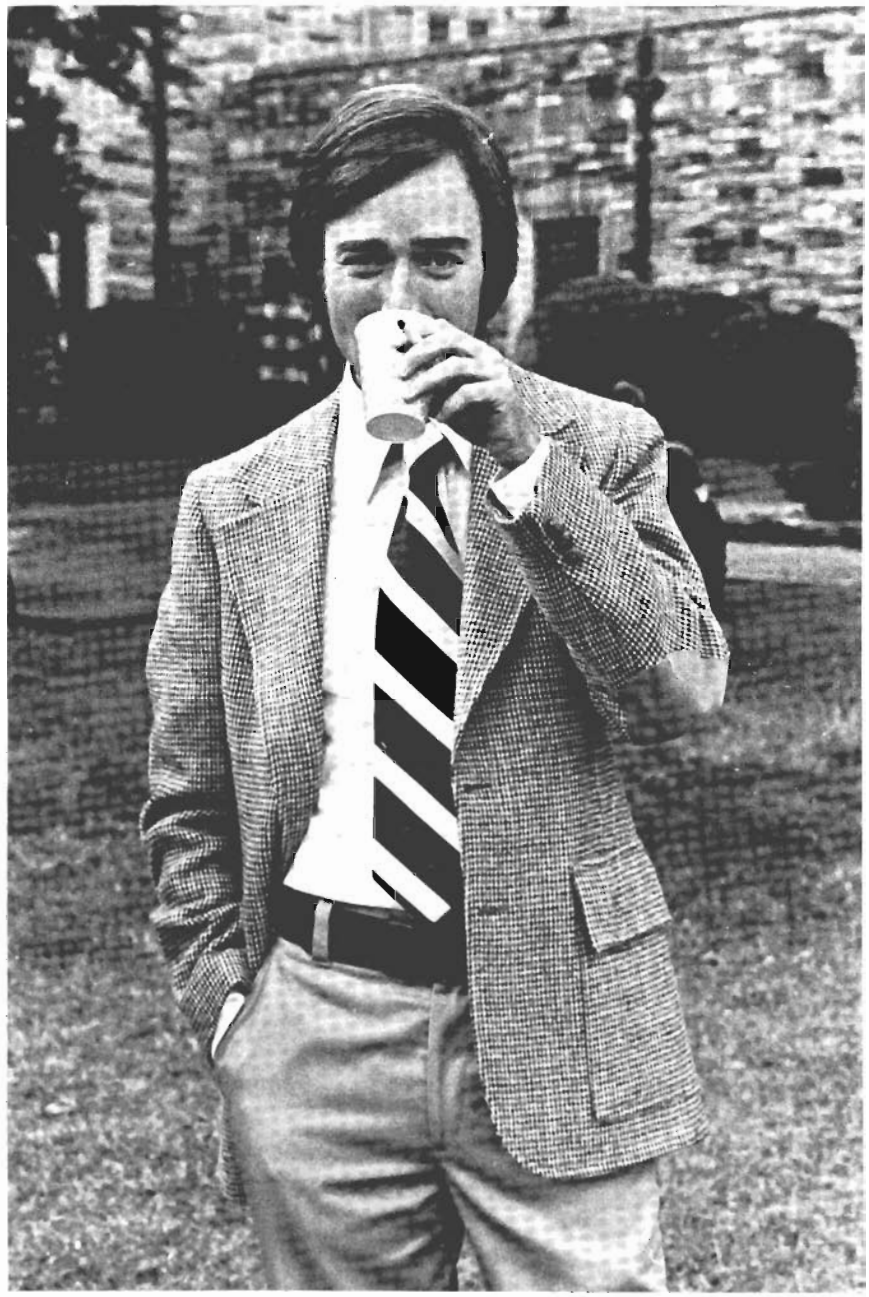
The girl with the pack stands to leave. She gropes her way through the labyrinth of social groups, some sorority girls gossiping, a few pot-smoking types hanging around, a fellow with his arm wrapped securely around his girlfriend's waist, some athletes talking sports and women, one or two as lost as she, searching the crowd for a nook to sink into and hide.

Once outside, she breathes deeply and lights a cigarette.

Patricia LaRue



Fyrd



I don't particularly feel like a senior, and God knows I don't look like one, but for some reason there is a special attitude surrounding my actions at school this year. I have an urge to pack as much learning into these last two terms as I can. I suppose I am feeling a bit guilty about those nights when I blew off studying for drinking a beer or two. I feel like grabbing freshmen and telling them, "Take Southwestern for as much as you can. Have a good time, but don't waste the time you spend studying cramming for the exams. Take the courses to learn and the grades will come naturally." But they wouldn't believe me. I know I would not have four years ago. I have a hard enough time trying to follow that pattern now. Southwestern is a great place to learn, and I'm sorry I never really learned that until I got about halfway through.

ALPHA: "That does it! I've had it with that fraternity. I mean, how ignorant can any one group of people be?"

BETA: "Aw hell, you know that's not true."

ALPHA: "No, I'm serious. I'm getting out before I get as stupid as they are."

BETA: "So you're going to quit, huh? What about the formal last week?"

ALPHA: "What about it?"

BETA: "Seems to me I remember a gatoring pile with you on the bottom, dancing with all those stupid guys like they were your best friends. Then there is always the story about after that last beer bust."

ALPHA: "How the hell did you find out about that? Oh God, I'm through. Anyway, that was a long time ago. "

BETA: "Long time ago my rear. It was just a couple of weeks ago. You're just ticked off because the chapter didn't vote your way tonight."

ALPHA: "It was so obvious that I was right. Next week I'm going....."

BETA: "Next week? I thought you were going to get....."

ALPHA: "That's what you get for thinking. Let's go get a beer or twelve so we can figure out how I'm going to make those guys have some intelligence."

BETA: "It's good to know that some things remain constant in the world."

If you understand this dialogue it obviously doesn't need an explanation. If you need that explanation, I'm not sure you could ever really understand it.

Brian Sudderth

ΣAE
JIM BEAM
JIM BEAM
RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
Crawford's
SCOTCH WHISKY
GORDON'S
VODKA
GIN
ΣAE

When I came back to Southwestern at the beginning of second term, a few people seemed to vaguely remember that they had not seen me for a while and a few more could even ask, "Hey, weren't you going to study abroad this year?" My answer was, more likely than not, "Yes, that's where I've been." If this acquaintance chose to continue the conversation, chances are the next question was, "Boy, I bet it was great!" However, as you can tell from my punctuation and I could tell from their intonation and head shaking "some people sure have it made" expression, it was an assertion, not a question. So, not wanting to disillusion some poor soul, my tactfully tacit reply would be, "It was *quite* an experience."

Of course, the above dialogue presumes the questioner to be a passing acquaintance and conversationalist who is probably not interested in much more than a catalogue of countries visited. Now, if some other sort appears and if after the list of countries, and "some talk of you and me," I should feel quite daring and ready to tackle the puzzled looks that will ensue, I have been known to "confess" that my program was still traipsing about India. The response to this was, of course, "Then, did you leave it? But, why?"

So, I run through the facts that the academics were not the greatest on top of not being suited to my interests and that the India I found was not the India I had sought. These sorts of reasons can rather drag out, by which time my friend finally manages a bemused and tentative, "Well . . . then you're sorry you went?" to which I answer an adamant "Definitely not." Yet, I hardly know how to explain that yes, I am glad I went and yes, I learned a great deal (about myself more than anything else), but that the right thing to do at that time was to leave.

I suppose a few basics are in order here. I was on the International Honors Program headed by Huston Smith; we were studying religion, anthropology, and philosophy. While I was still on the program (September 15 - December 23, 1976) we lived, traveled, and studied in Morocco, Israel, Iran, and India. The last four months will take IHP to Sri Lanka, Hong Kong, and Japan. Although I left half way through, I still managed to make it around the world; of course, I saw mostly airports from Calcutta on. Here I can almost hear an awestruck person or two saying, "She left THAT to come back HERE."

IHP was probably much more intense than most travel-study programs. It always seemed that just as I was getting used to my family, the food, the water, and the local illness (Dehli Belly in India, Shah's Revenge in Iran), it was time to move on. In some sort of way, I was ready to go too. It is impossible to explain what it was like, except to say that when I came back to the US everything seemed so incredibly easy. Here I stand a better chance of being understood through bare innuendoes than I did there through broad, generalized sign language, despite the proficiency I developed at it. If you live in only one culture, you come to take for granted a number of basics, such as communicating and not misinterpreting cultural clues; living in another culture, especially a non-European culture, will give you many extra things to consider before acting or speaking.

With such a world around us, it would seem easy to get caught up in the day to day problems and events, but we tended not to. I think one of the major reasons for this is that such a trip shakes a person down to his essentials and it suddenly seems awfully superfluous to worry about much else. If I were going to make a big pitch for the value of foreign study and travel, this is what it would be. You can see different ways of life, which is quite valid in itself, but hopefully, you will return to the old world and self with a new vantage point.

We IPHers were often reminded that when we returned, there would be no way to relate even the bulk of what we did and saw to our best friends, let alone what we felt to anyone else. This meager attempt is evidence of the truth of that country hopper's aphorism. Other warnings were sent out about culture shock and reverse culture shock, which attacks the returning voyager. Once again, they were right, but it did not prepare me a bit. As far as the culture shock goes, one of the best examples of its many manifestations was voiced by one of my fellow students, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, when he said in that marvelous brogue, "I never thought I'd see the day when I'd rank toilet paper alongside Beethoven and sunsets."

Well, I got back to the good ole US of A and actually the only thing that truly appalled me at home were those tremendous shopping malls with so many stores all overflowing with half a dozen varieties of the same items. Then I returned here to our beautiful campus of Southwestern At Memphis (newly christened SAM for reasons still unknown to me). It was hard for me to believe that this place was basically the same and, actually, only I had changed. I did not know what to make of practically anything.

I had made the proverbial "journey to the east" only to discover that I did not have to go (of course, I had to go to find out that I did not have to go) and so I returned. I now knew that I carried around with me all the truly important things and a new world or philosophy might show me a bit of them but they certainly could not give them to me. It had become obvious that people mattered much more than places, which is not to say that people are not friendly everywhere because they are. I will not go into the fact that 33 of the most interesting, concerned, and likeable people I have ever met are wandering about Sri Lanka as I sit here.

I came back here thinking to pursue the things that I had found mattered to me beyond anything else. What I found was a world, a community of people who did not, as a whole, seem to care about finding anything that might carry them beyond a day to day existence. Many seemed not to have even thought about anything outside of tests, grades, beer busts, and prospective job opportunities for an exceedingly long time, if they ever had. It depressed me and disillusioned me, and, ultimately, it scared the hell out of me.

Suddenly, it was as if a whole world of people in worse shape than my favorite friend, J. Alfred Prufrock, had sprung up overnight, over 21 or 22 years, people who did not even realize their plight. I was struck by the inane desire to plaster the walls with signs bearing J. Alfred's infamous analysis of himself, "I have measured out my life in coffee spoons." I wondered if anyone would notice, understand, or care; it seemed dubious that much of anyone would take it for more than another notice of the rising price of coffee.

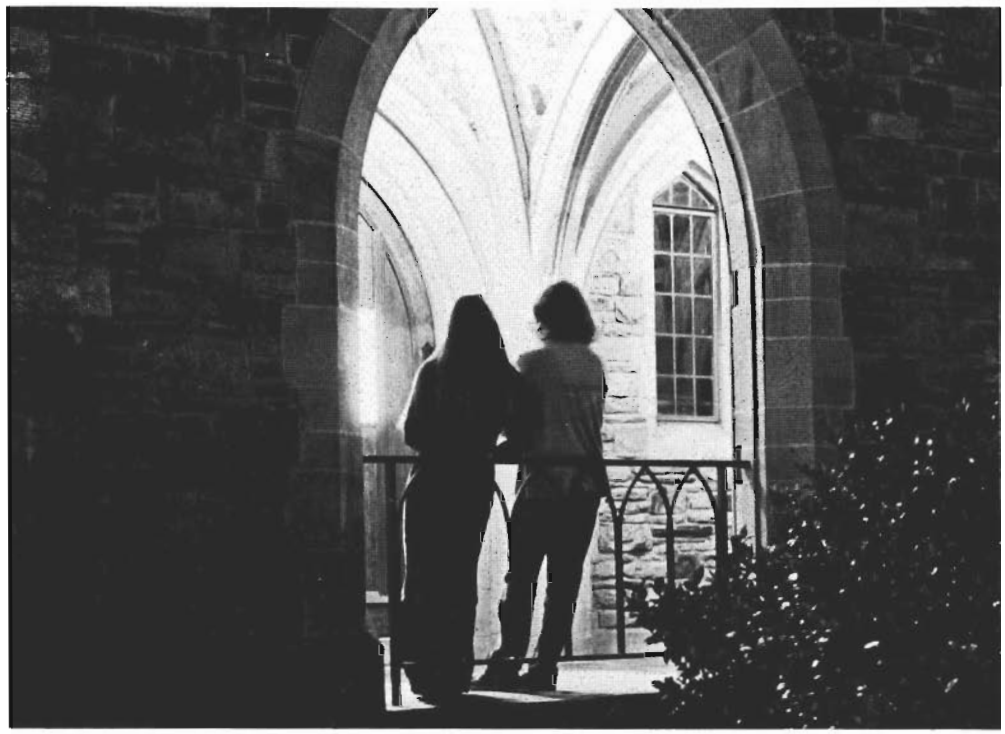
At that infamous beer bust for prospective students, a friend of mine summed up perfectly what I saw around me. As I stood in the midst of that hoard of staggering students, my feet stuck to the floor, my hand occupied with gorging my mouth and stomach with those free hot dogs, he blurted out in a slightly drunken tone: "You know, there used to be things on the bathroom walls like Nietzsche was right - God is dead.' Now, all you can find are things like 'Joe blows.' It's a real indication of the times." He is right. Does anybody care about God or Nietzsche or anything beyond a day to day existence? I do know a number of self-proclaimed Christians who are honestly concerned with God; hopefully, the existentialism class has at least an intellectual interest in Nietzsche. As to the last, I have another friend who can speculate about rotting in the grave (especially about having a reason for not being ready to give up the ghost) over pizza laden with olives and peppers. Obviously, since he can consider something other than tonight's heartburn and tomorrow's classes, there must be hope yet for some of us. But, what is there for me, "the world traveller?"

These days the postcards arrive occasionally from Sri Lanka, resplendant with the typical island paradise scenes. I feel growing inside me the disdain for the conerns that tend to obsess me here at times. I do not scorn the impending papers, exams, or the 35 hours of a squelching Security radio I have yet to hear this month; rather, I hate the fact that I allow them to monopolize my conversation and enter my thoughts at more than a peripheral level.

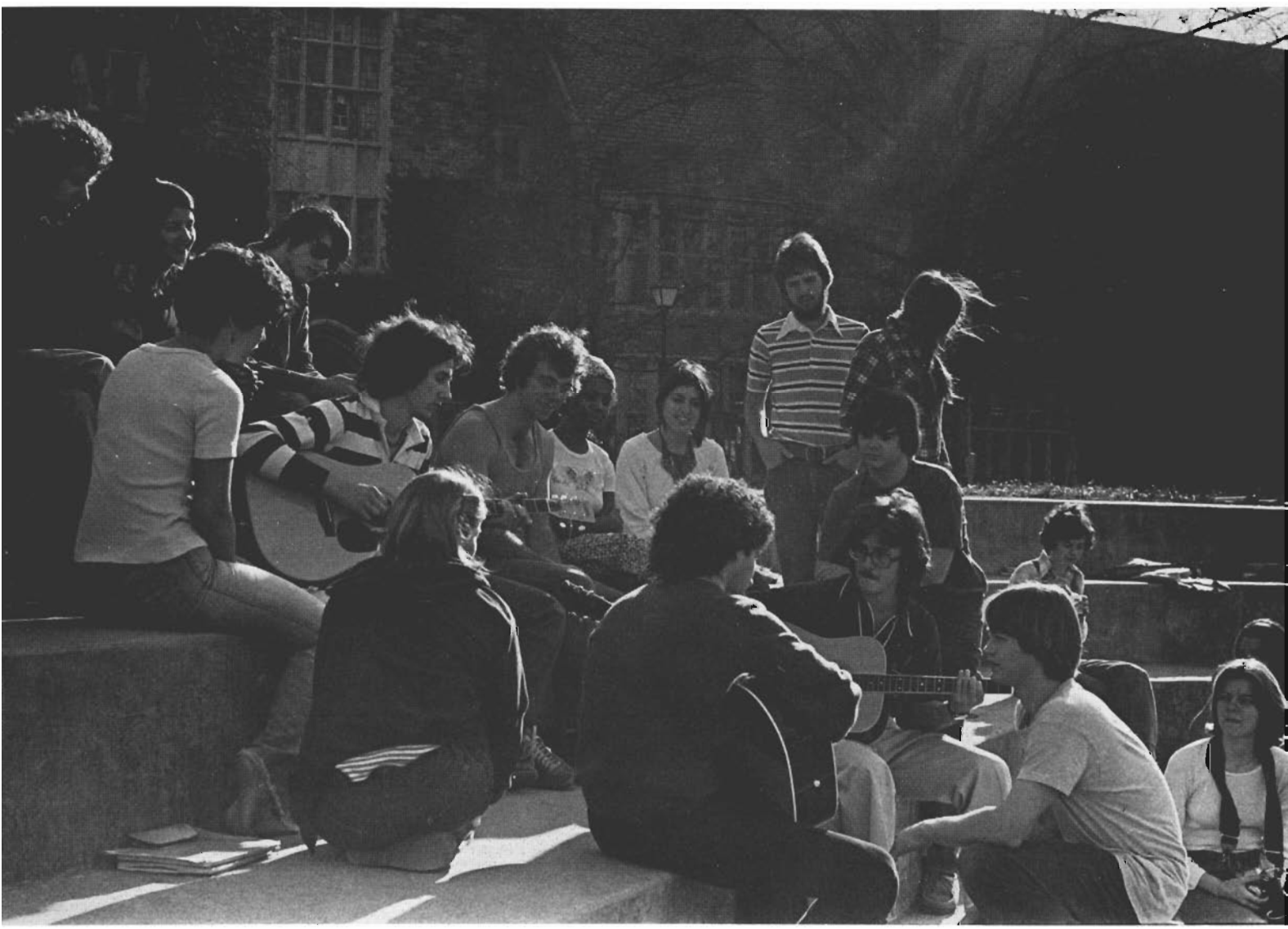
Then, I remember Iran, and how we battled in the classroom and out about different views of reality, and whether or not God existed, and if he does not, then where do we go from there. Then, at times, we would scorn all this "intellectualizing." Yet, when we would finally arrive someplace after hours in a bus, Elsa would pounce out the door like a cheetah and set out running. Though the tomb of Cyrus, the Great loomed squat and fixed against those eerie Persian mountains, she would inevitably run for the hills or the open plains. As for the rest of us who instincts did not hold us in such good stead, we would make our Zorbian stabs with Persian wine; then, we would dance in foreign hotels to our measly supply of cassettes of danceable music, much to the amusement of the natives. Eventually, we would come around to slightly drunken debates about reality.

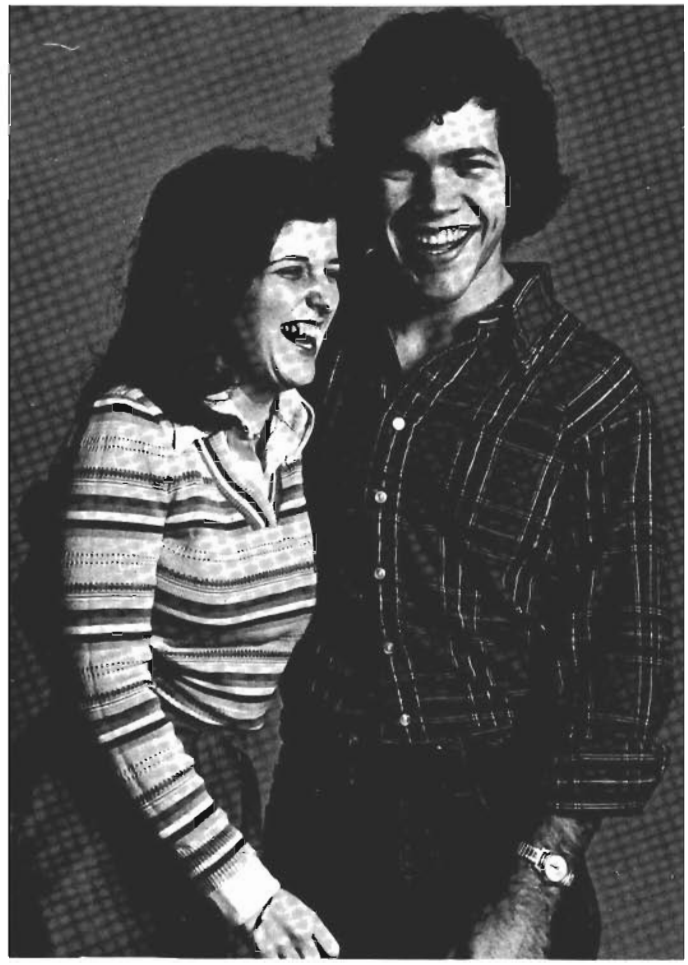
Of course, I am not in Iran; I am here although many of you probably still do not understand why I am here. Let me merely say that it was the ultimate challenge to return to a relatively mundane existence and attempt to preserve the inner questioning and concern that is much more natural to a traveling band of religion-philosphy majors. Once again, I prod myself for not having written any poetry for a month and I speculate about whether it is this place that does it or whether I am the culprit. It seems the most I can do is to go sit on the back forty and herald the rising moon with German wine and read Yeats and Eliot by the Failing light. Oh, "I have heard the mermaids singing each to each./ I do not think that they will sing to me."

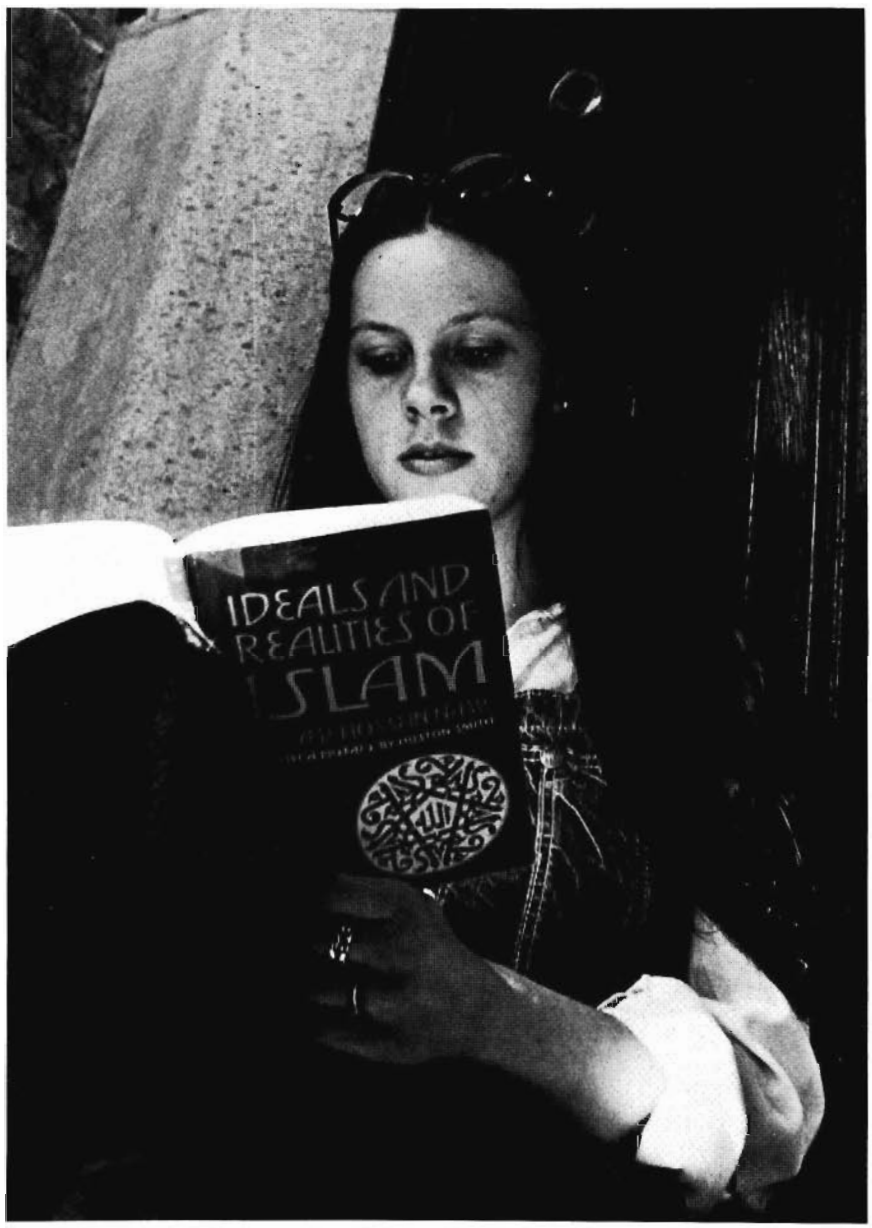
Pamela Portwood



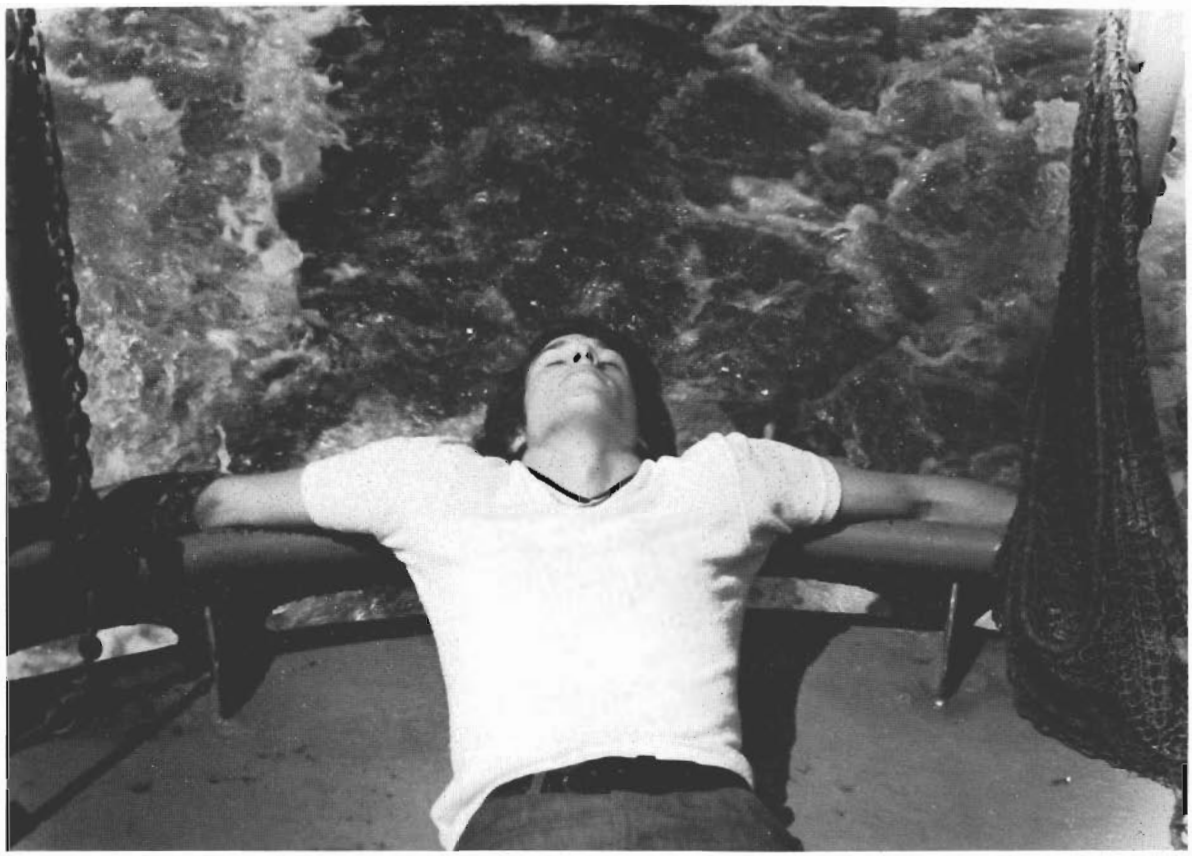
Coca






IDEALS AND
REALITIES OF
ISLAM

SOUTHWESTERN



THE MYTH DISPELLED

When I was in high school, I had a marvelous vision of what college would be like. I knew that it would be a place of intellectual sparking, and that overnight truth and right and sweetness and light would suddenly become my concerns. Needless to say, I was in for a terrific disappointment. Dreams are dauntless, however, and mine were no exception. I turned my aspirations toward becoming a senior -- senior status implying all sorts of grandeur to me.

As a freshman, just being a senior seemed like quite an accomplishment. Seniors were adults, they were intellectuals and creative minds, and they took comps. They were all the things which we poor underclassmen could only aspire to be. These were local heroes, seniors of great magnitude who were also paragons of literary accomplishment, instigators of Southwestern culture, and exalted symbols of everlasting virility.

But as the dread status of seniority drew ever-nearer, senior status diminished a bit every year. Last year's seniors would fall into the silent void of the real world, but their influences still remained. The antihero's legends still screamed from various bathroom walls, and the white collar heroes of Southwestern fame still smiled from behind the glass in Palmer, but their oracular power was waning. Of course, the day inevitably arrived when seniority was upon us. It had crept stealthily among us and rooted there like a persistant fungus, and Turpin was there to verify the case: we were seniors.

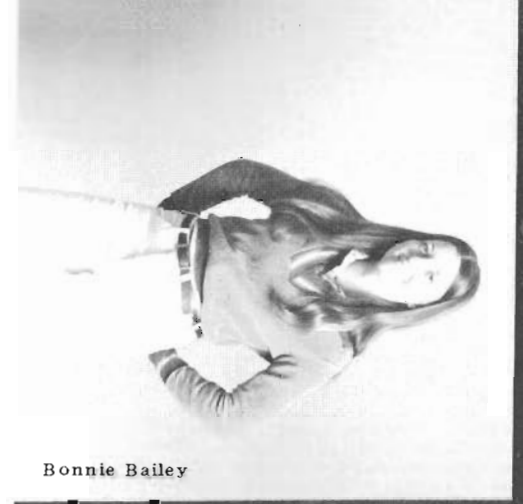
So here we are, ourselves on the precipice of real life, faced with deciding our fates and fortunes. But somehow, seniority has not enlarged our statures, and few of us quite measure up to the legendary heroes of Southwestern's past. There are no loud-voiced, disheveled prophets among us, no great reformers -- just us, the guys who used to be freshmen. Our geniuses aimed toward higher things, like graduate school and big bucks, we, as a group, have little visionary fervor and a minimum of valedictory wisdom.

Somehow it seems like all the great upperclassmen of the world have graduated, leaving behind as their loveless legacy only empty chairs in the Hall of Fame. Their phantom spectors glide about to remind us of our loss, to remind us of some vital spark now extinguished.

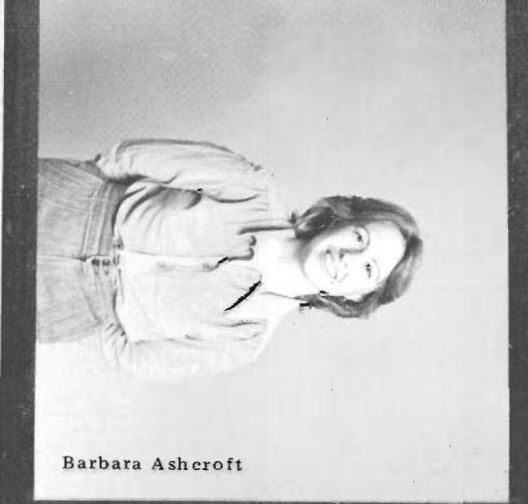
We are the lull after the storm, a sigh of relief and remorse in one. Riding the last ripple of student activism, we have come to shore with a whimper. We are respectable, a new complacent generation set back neatly on the paths of our fathers. We have no beer drinking prophets among us, only drunks.

Seniors now, we move on, leaving no landmarks. The myth of seniority has been disproved, and we go to encounter the future as freshmen once again -- in search of new heroes.

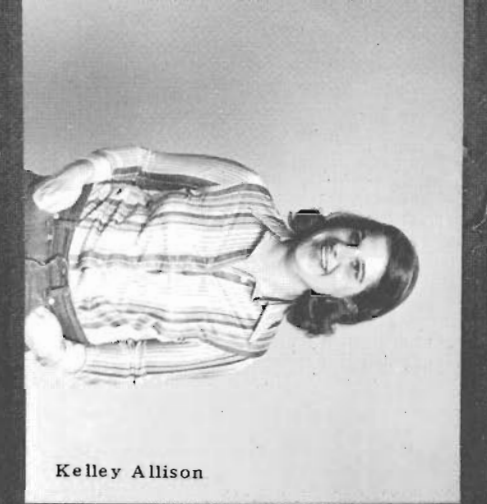
Annette T. Wilkerson



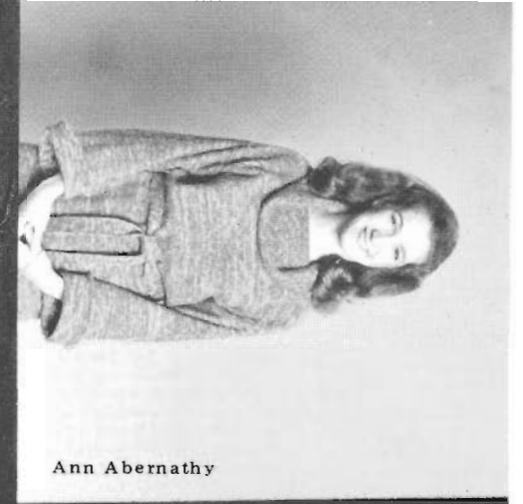
Bonnie Bailey



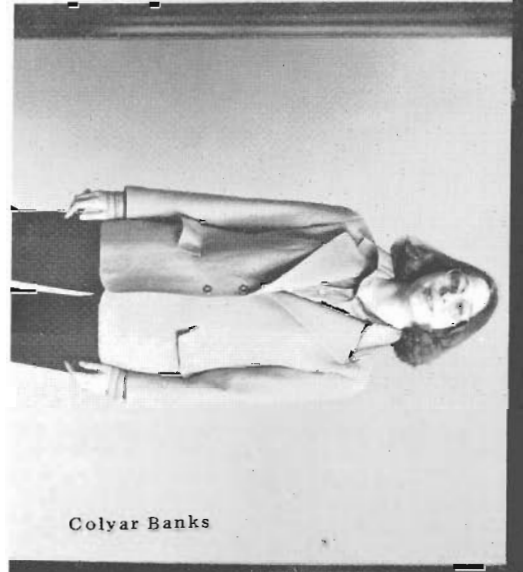
Barbara Ashcroft



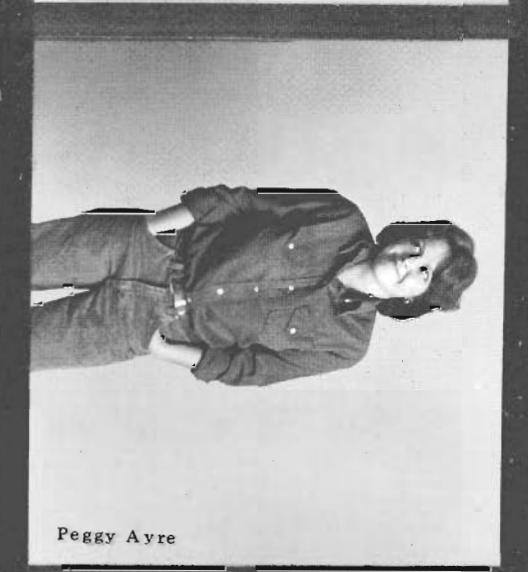
Kelley Allison



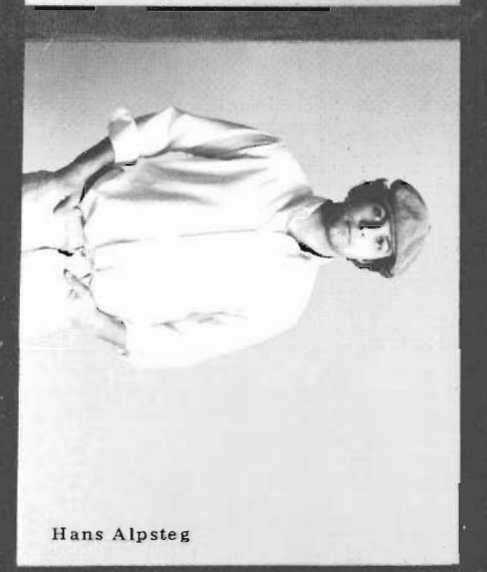
Ann Abernathy



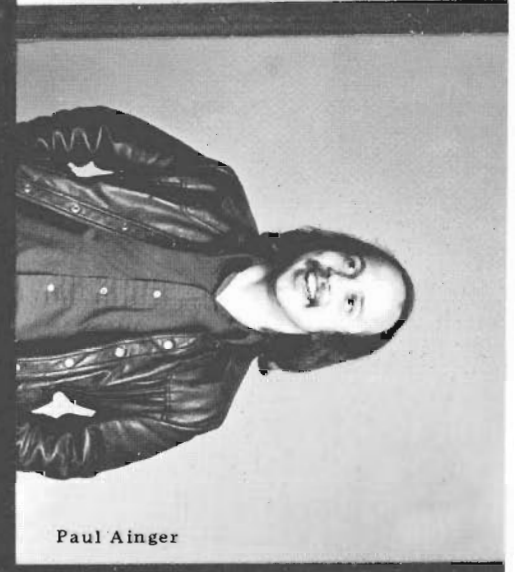
Colyar Banks



Peggy Ayre



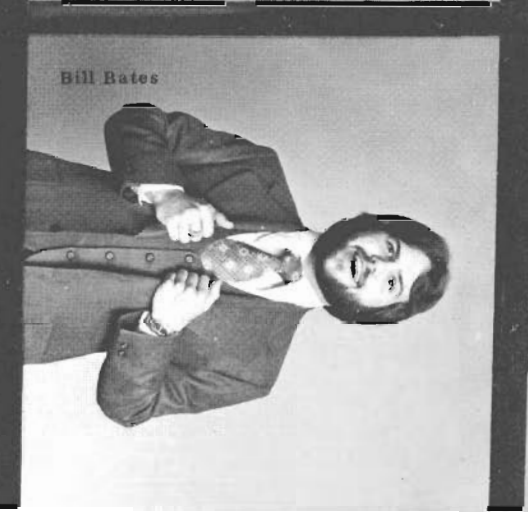
Hans Alpsteg



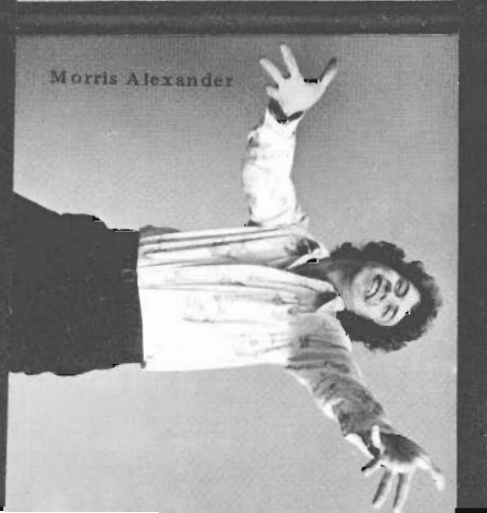
Paul Ainger

Page Birmingham

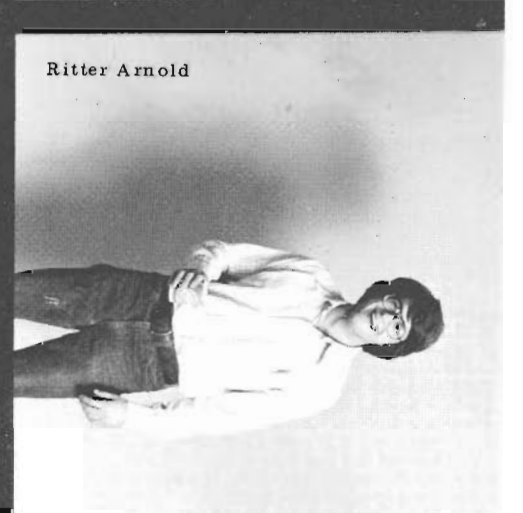
Bill Bates

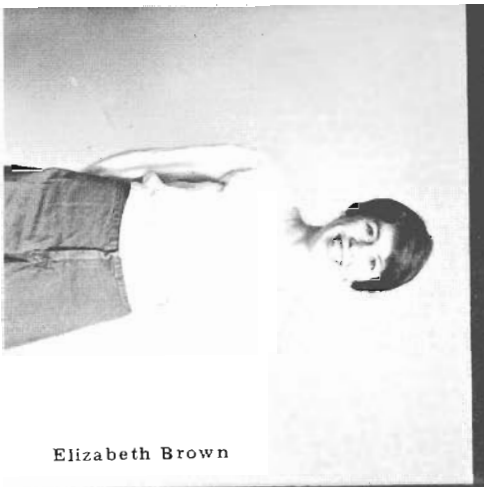


Morris Alexander

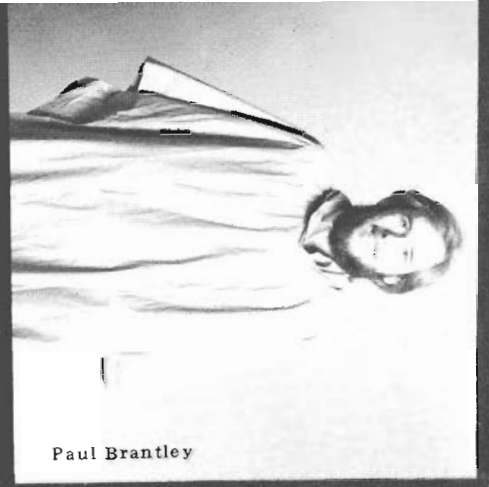


Ritter Arnold

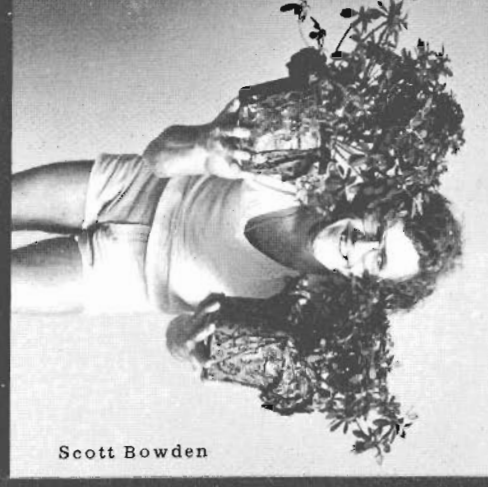




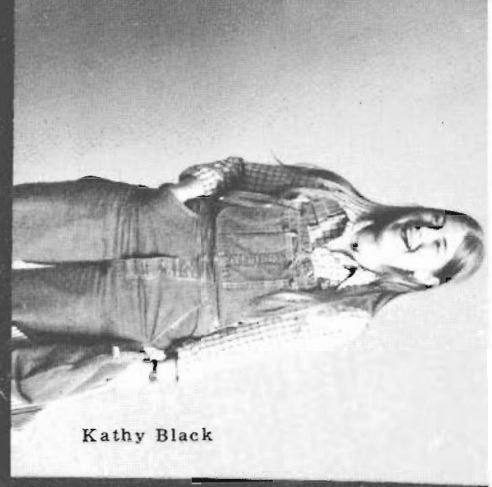
Elizabeth Brown



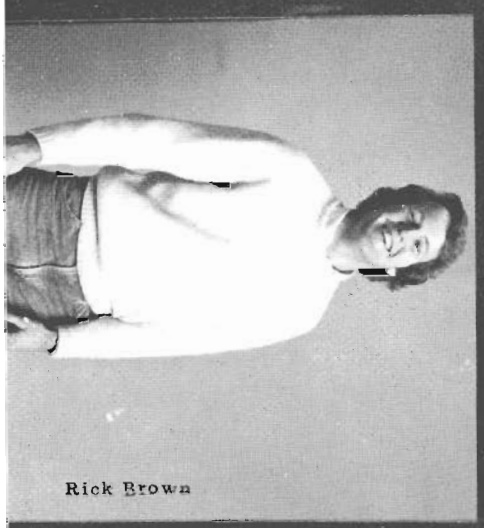
Paul Brantley



Scott Bowden

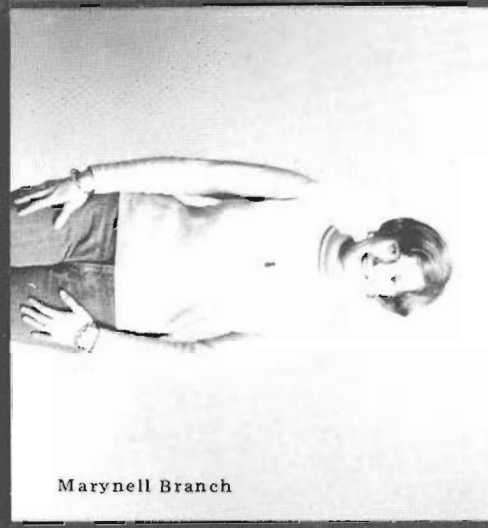


Kathy Black

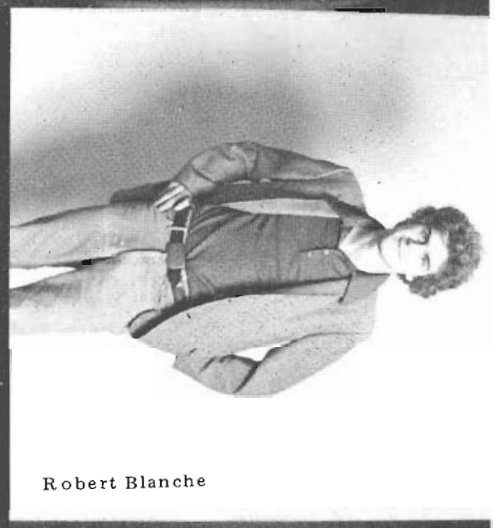


Rick Brown

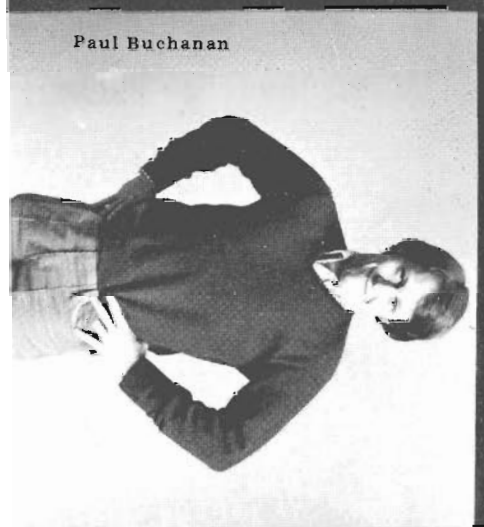
Joyce Broffitt



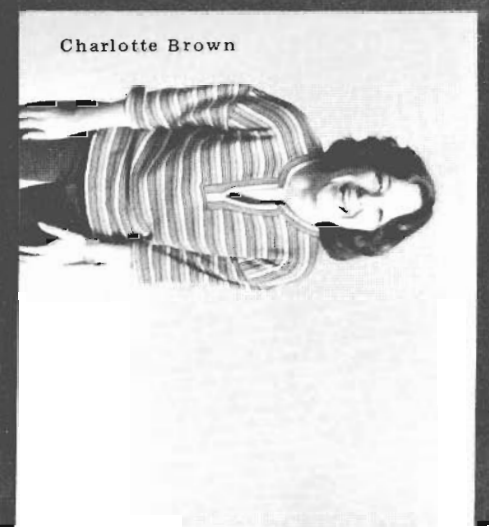
Marynell Branch



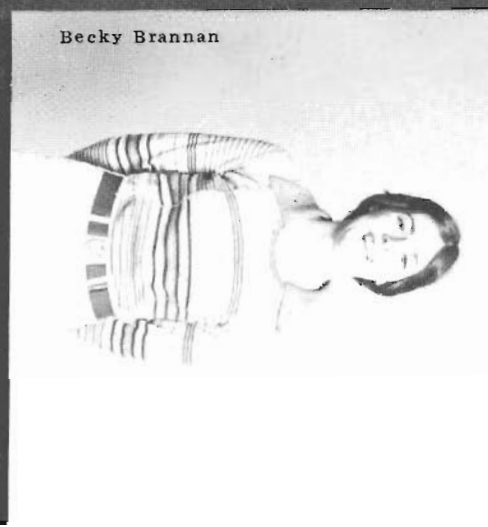
Robert Blanche



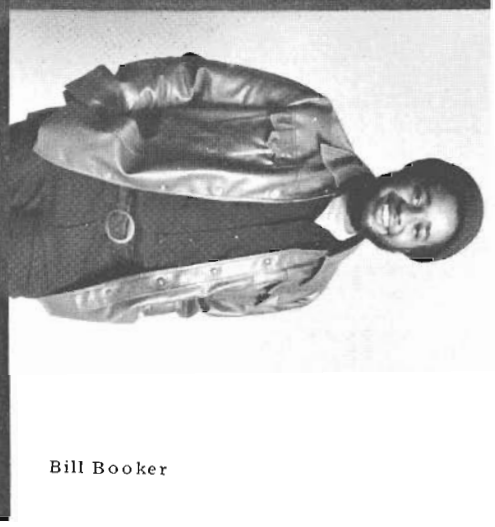
Paul Buchanan



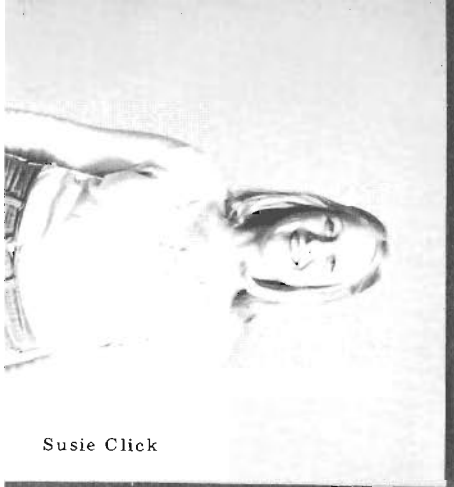
Charlotte Brown



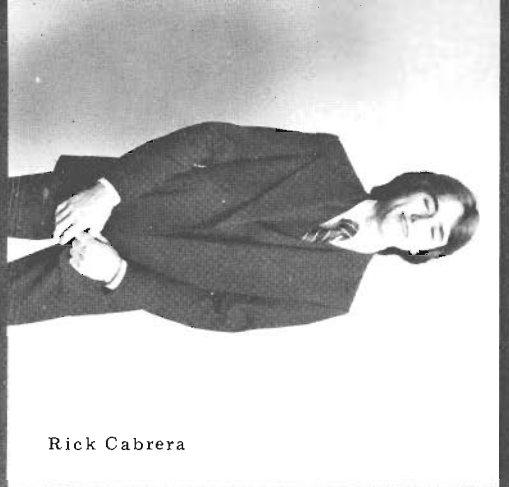
Becky Brannan



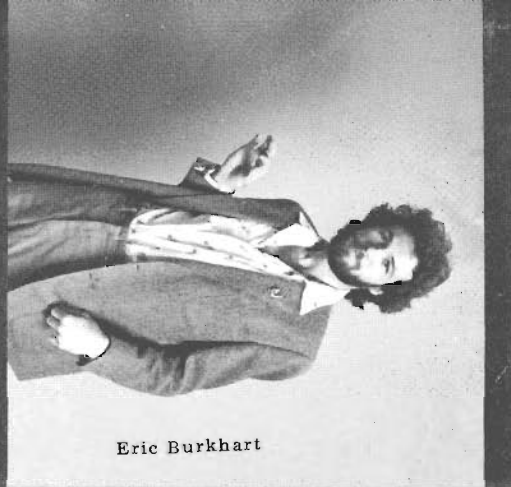
Bill Booker



Susie Click



Rick Cabrera



Eric Burkhart

Susan Bryant

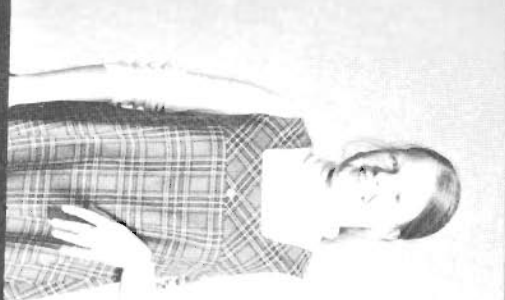
Steve Collins

Sallie Chidsey

Sheila Bush

Katherine Bullard

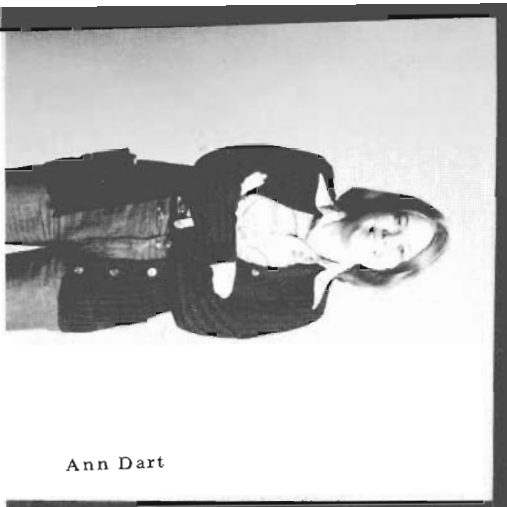
Steve Congleton



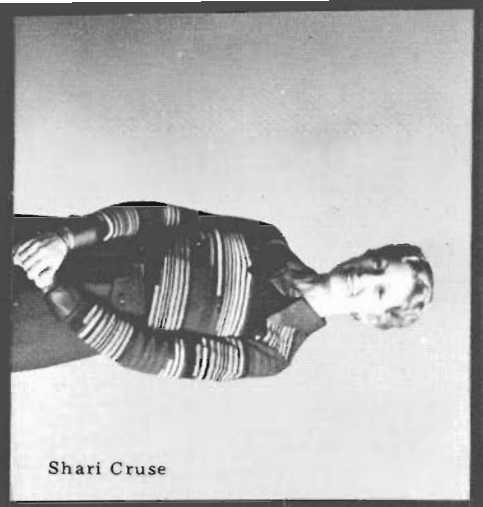
Amelie Christian

Randy Byerley

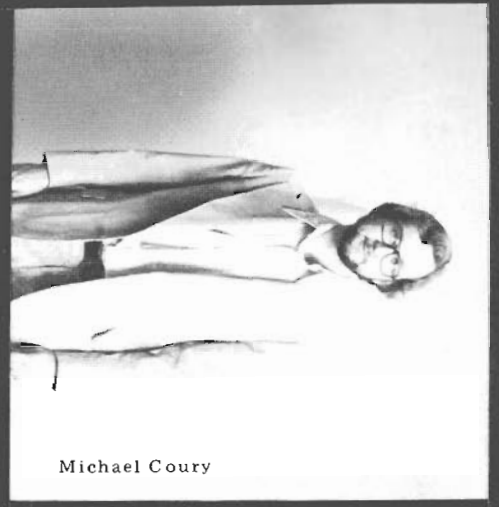
Lyn Burdette



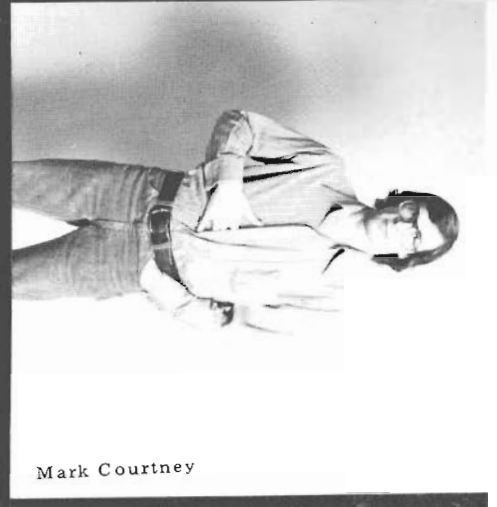
Ann Dart



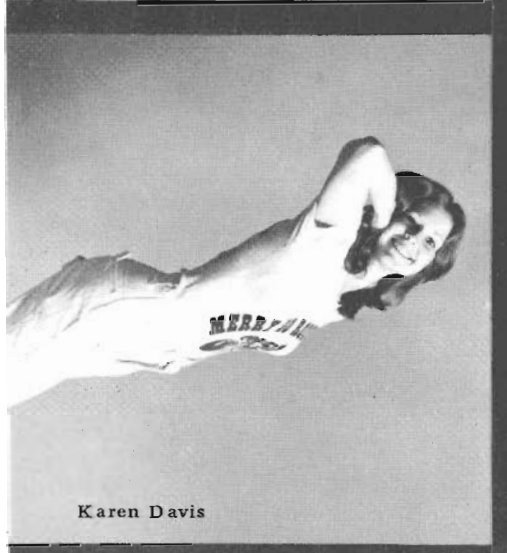
Shari Cruse



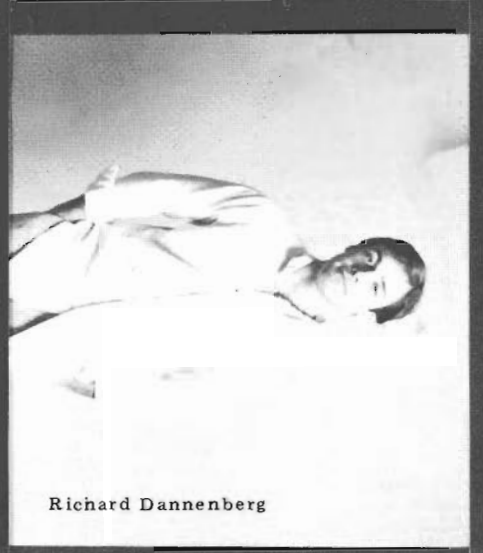
Michael Coury



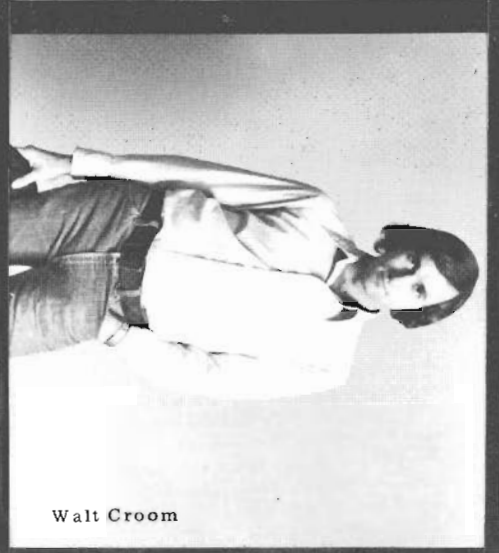
Mark Courtney



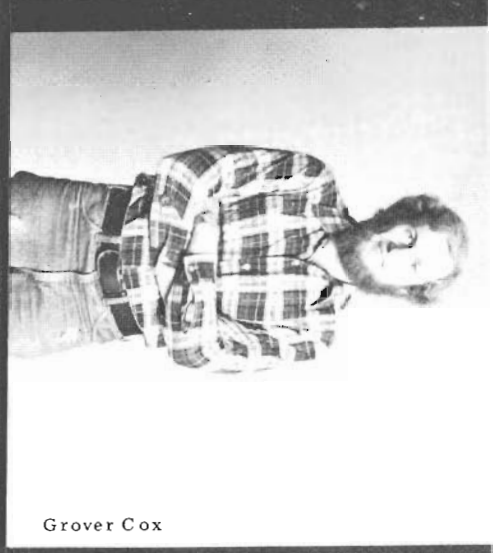
Karen Davis



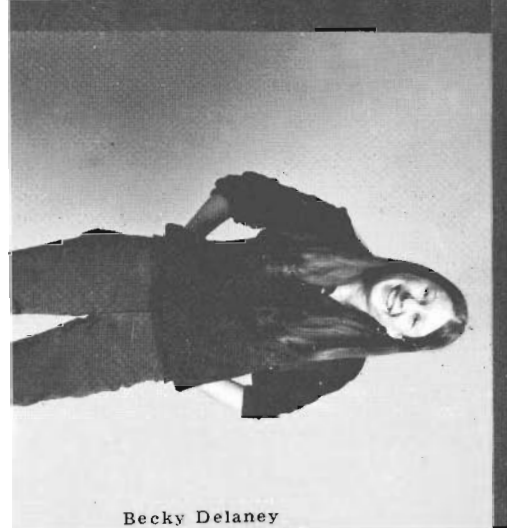
Richard Dannenberg



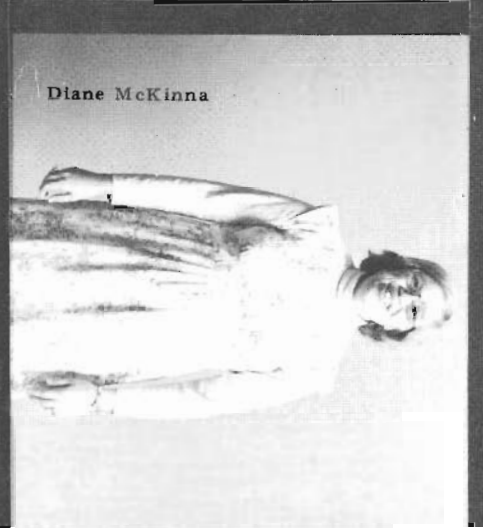
Walt Croom



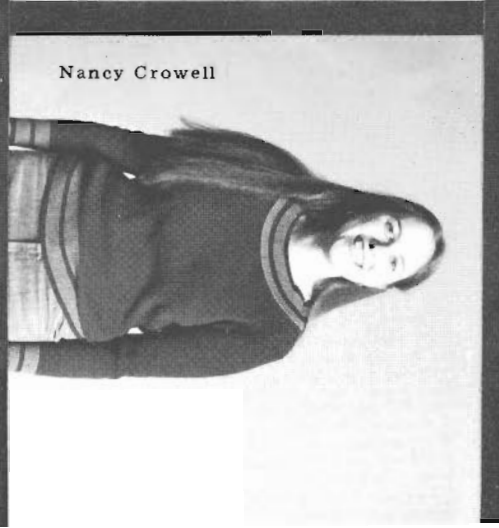
Grover Cox



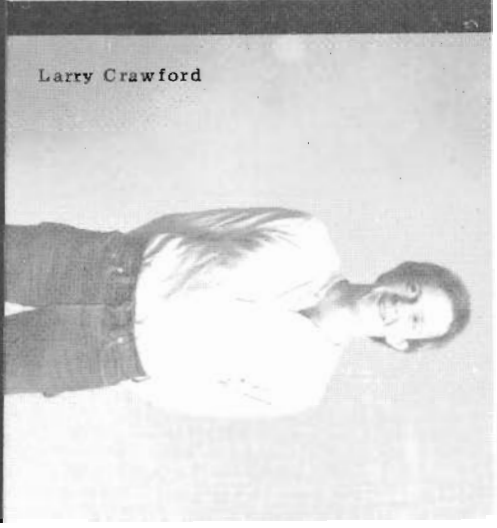
Becky Delaney



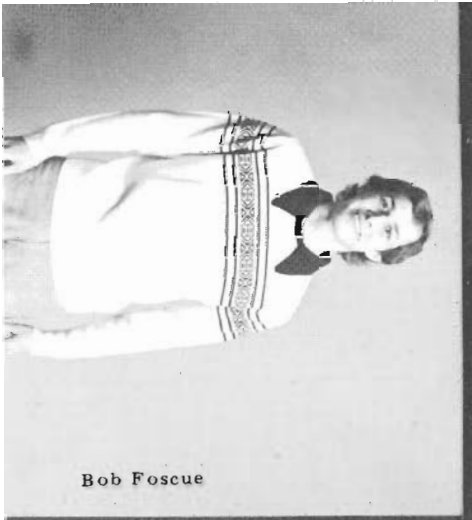
Diane McKinna



Nancy Crowell

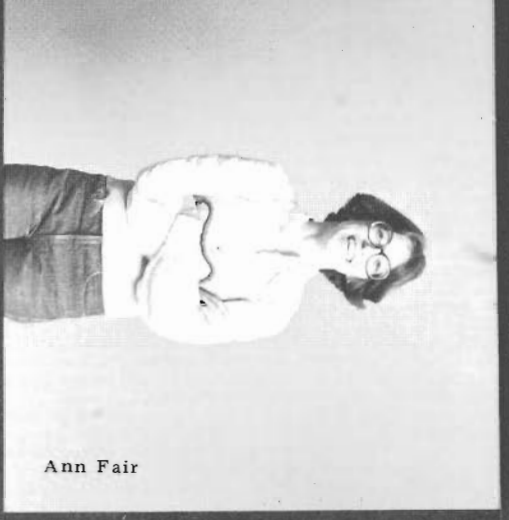


Larry Crawford

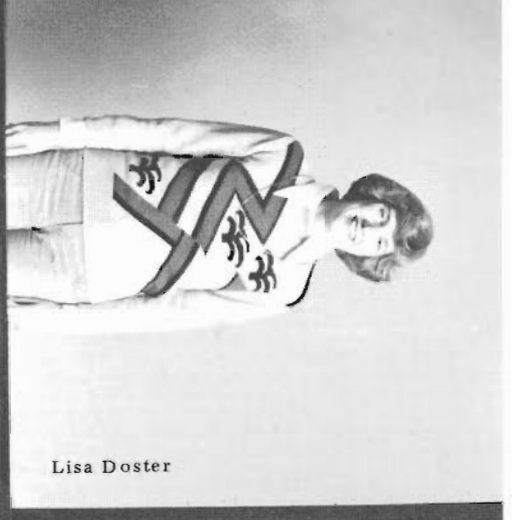


Bob Foscue

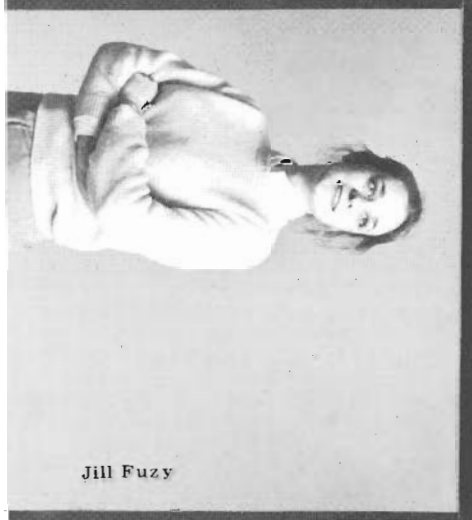
Susan Fleming



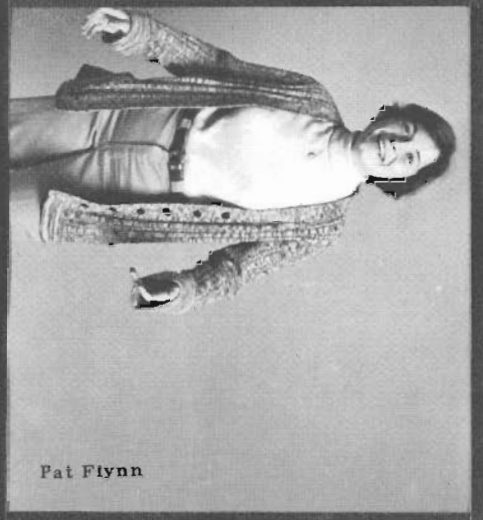
Ann Fair



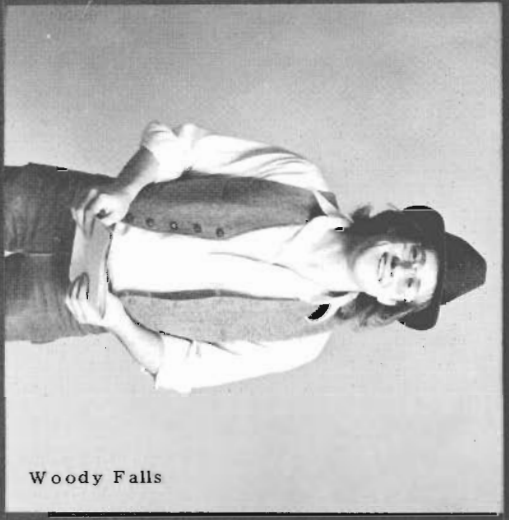
Lisa Doster



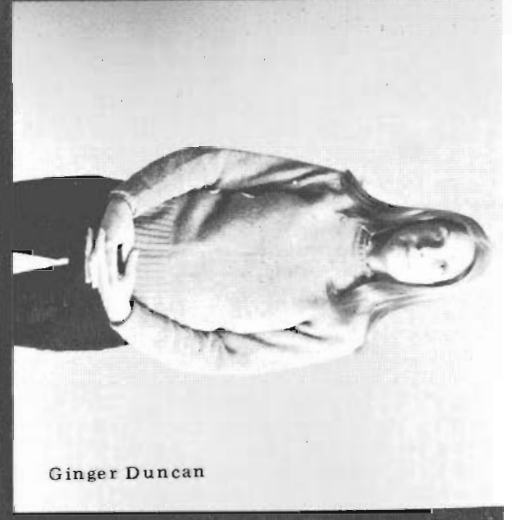
Jill Fuzy



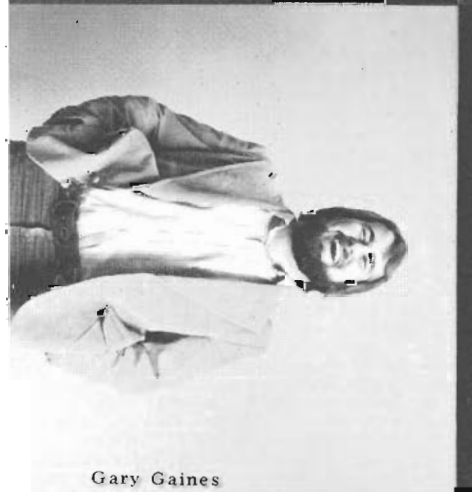
Pat Flynn



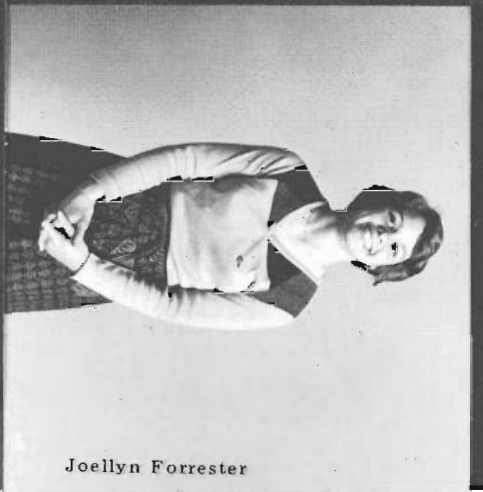
Woody Falls



Ginger Duncan

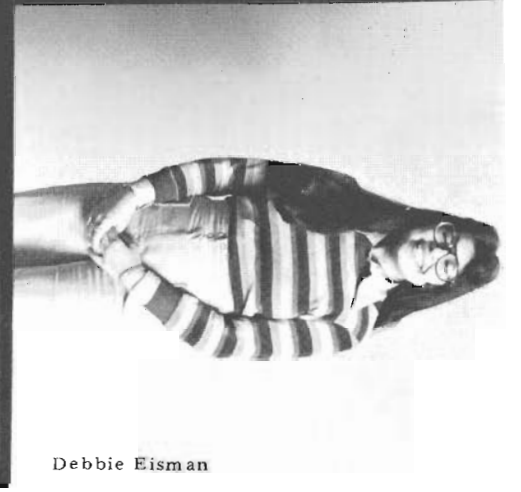


Gary Gaines

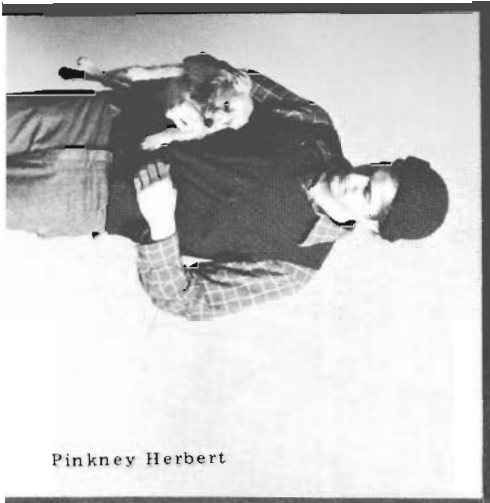


Joellyn Forrester

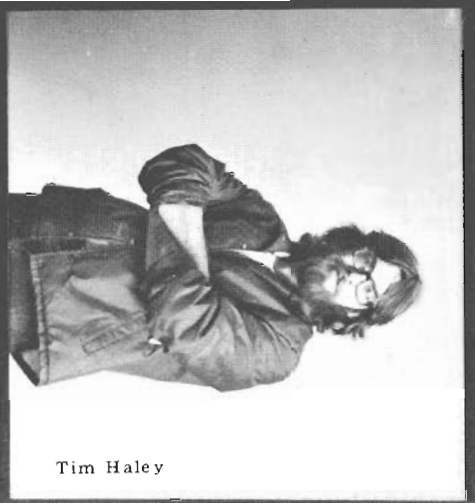
Greg Fields



Debbie Eisman

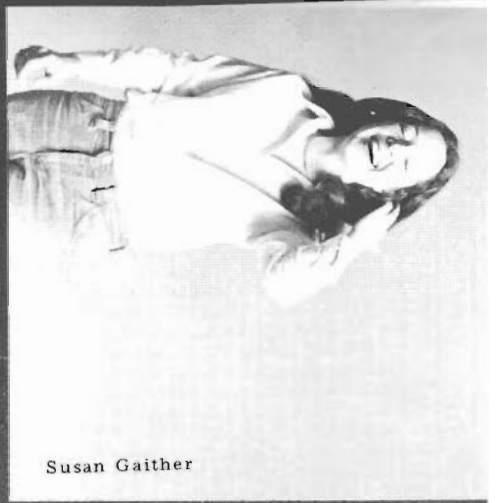


Pinkney Herbert

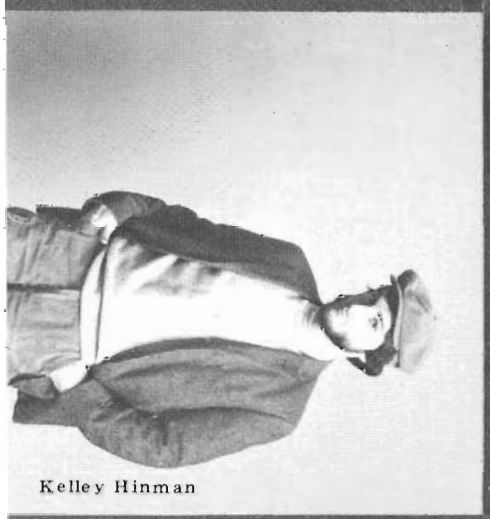


Tim Haley

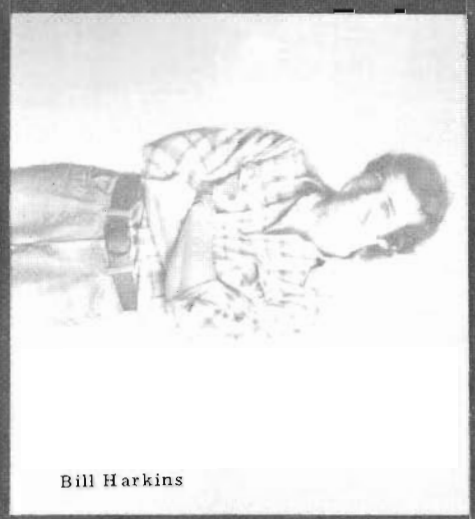
Jennifer Gilstrap



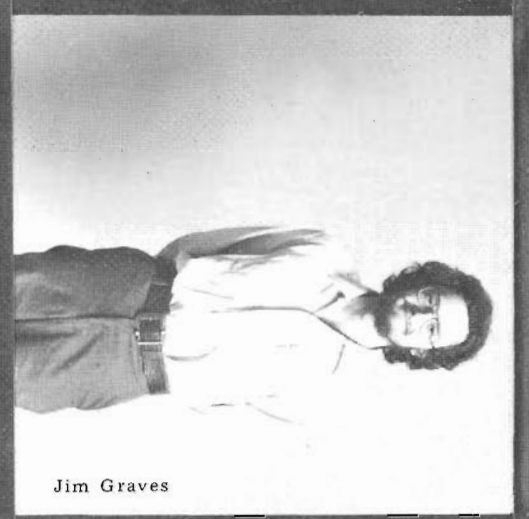
Susan Gaither



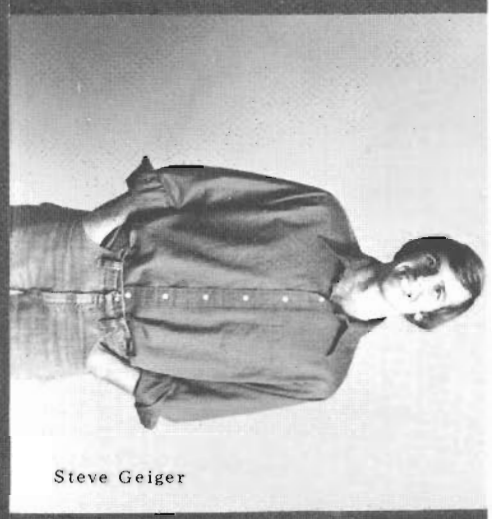
Kelley Hinman



Bill Harkins

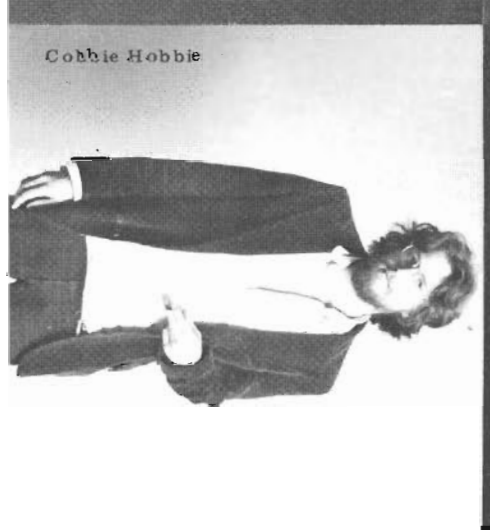


Jim Graves



Steve Geiger

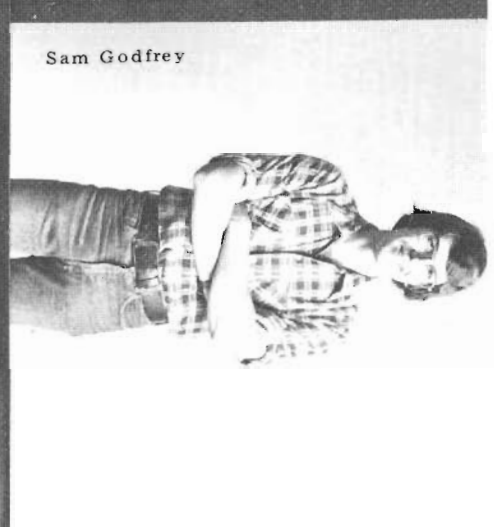
Cobbie Hobbie

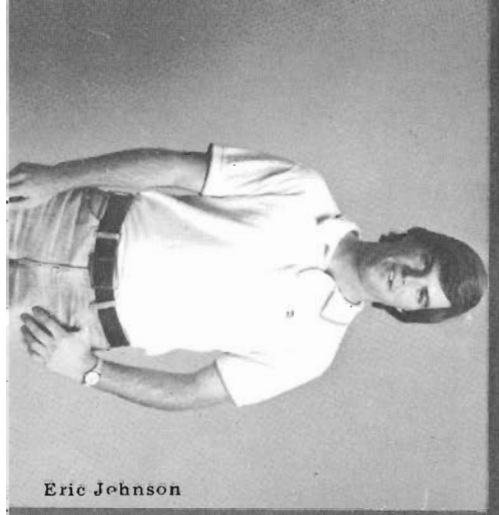


Melanie Hart

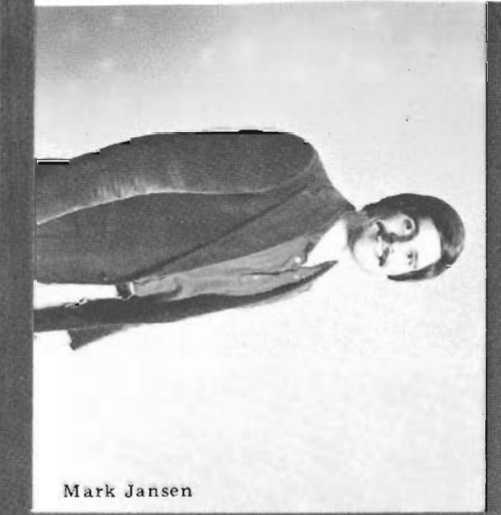
Mark Griffee

Sam Godfrey



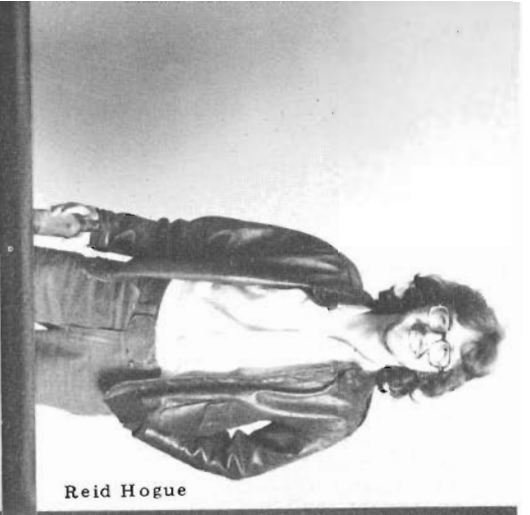


Eric Johnson

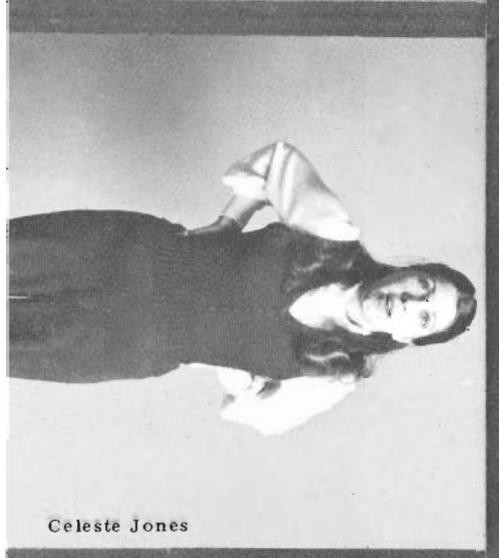


Mark Jansen

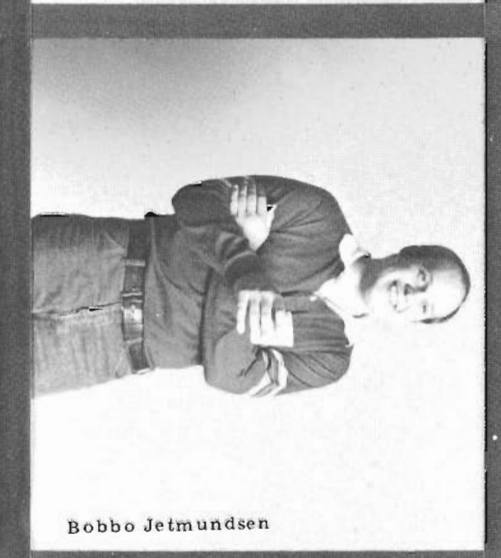
John Hugon



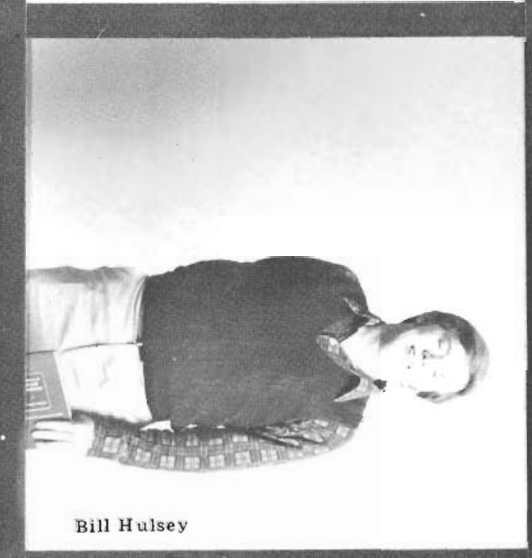
Reid Hogue



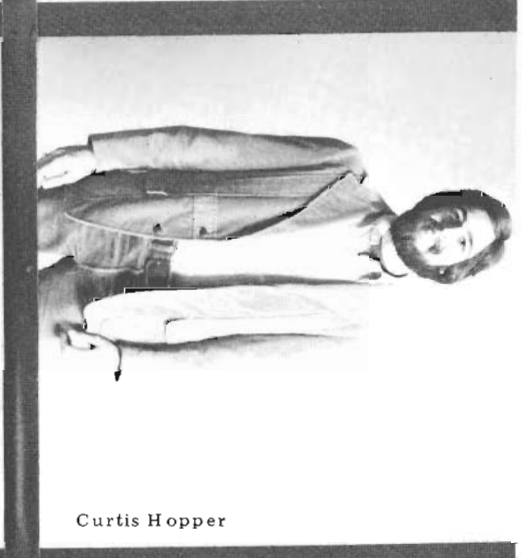
Celeste Jones



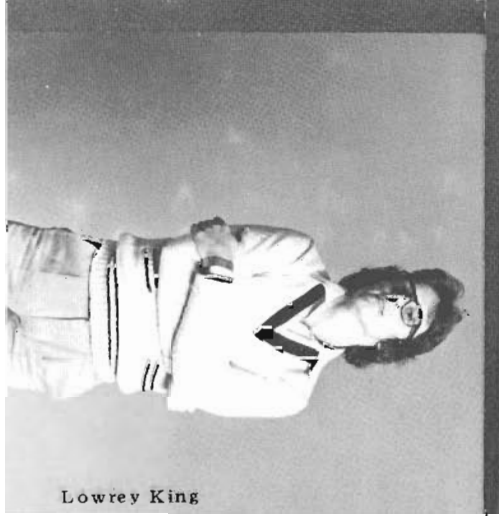
Bobbo Jetmundsen



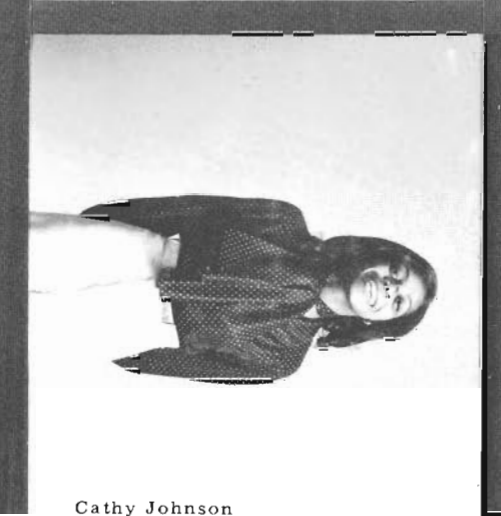
Bill Hulsey



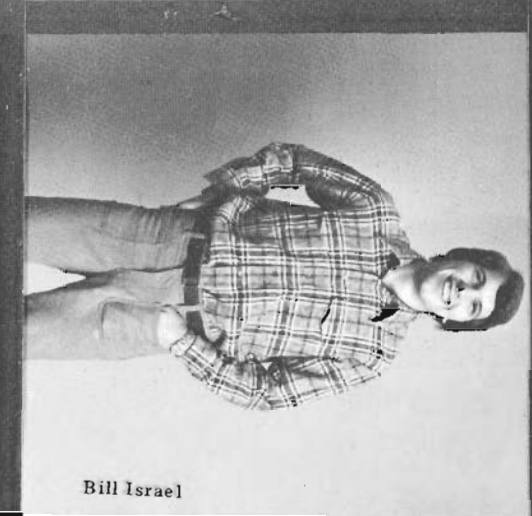
Curtis Hopper



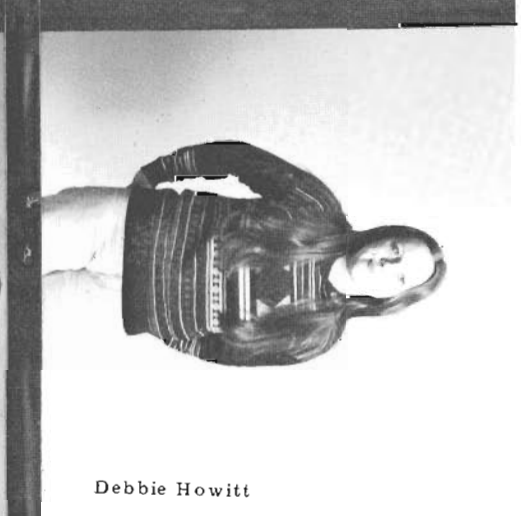
Lowrey King



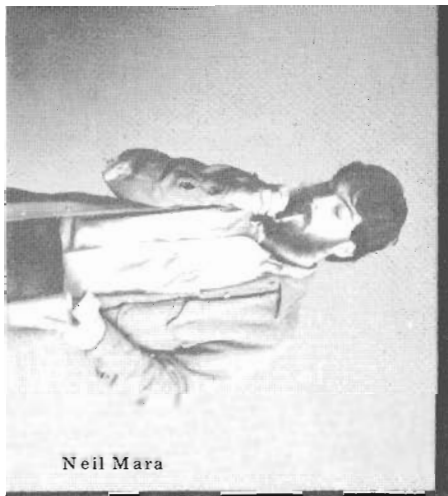
Cathy Johnson



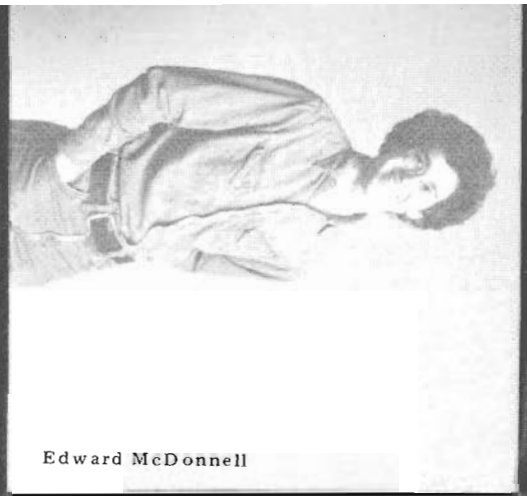
Bill Israel



Debbie Howitt



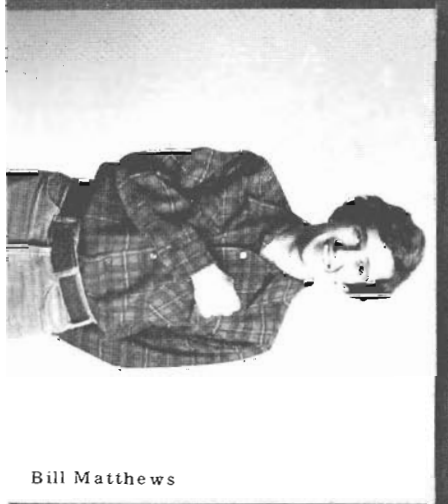
Neil Mara



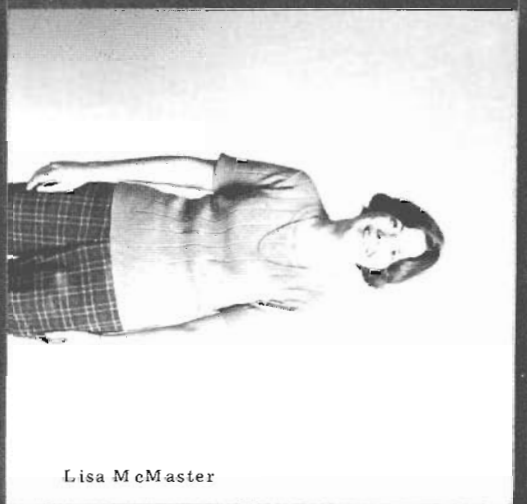
Edward McDonnell

Katherine Maddox

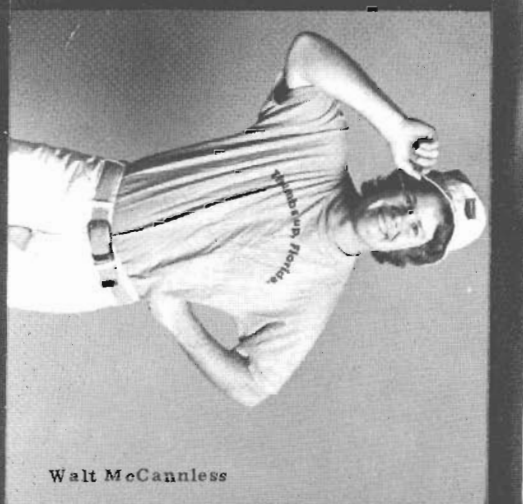
Patricia LaRue



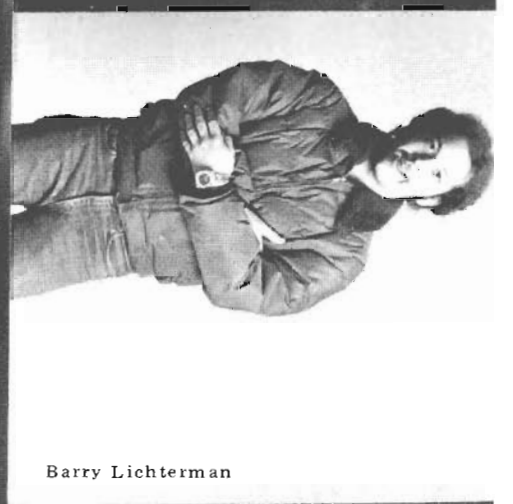
Bill Matthews



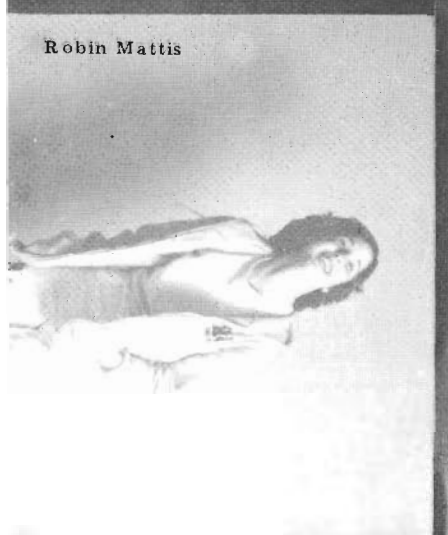
Lisa McMaster



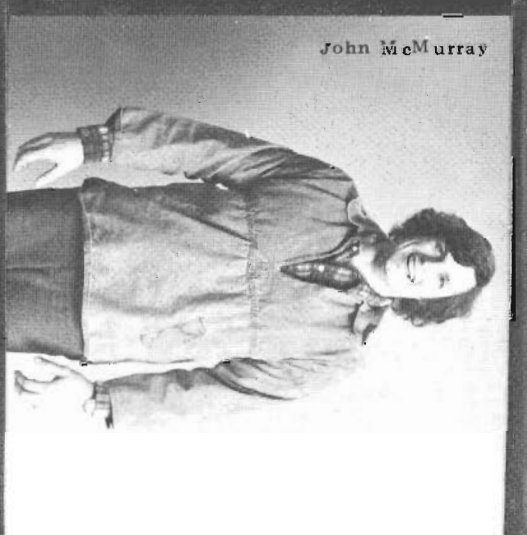
Walt McCanniess



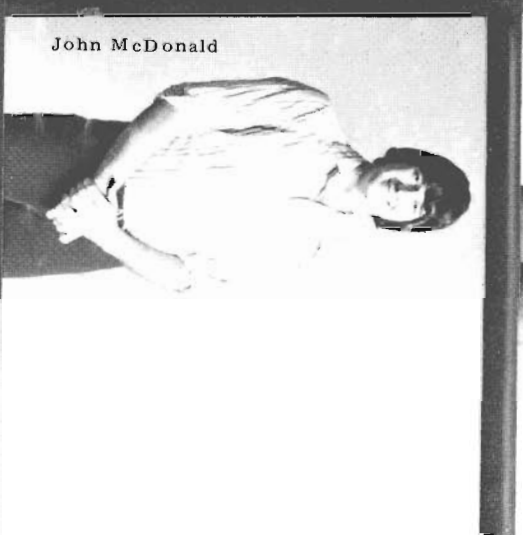
Barry Lichterman



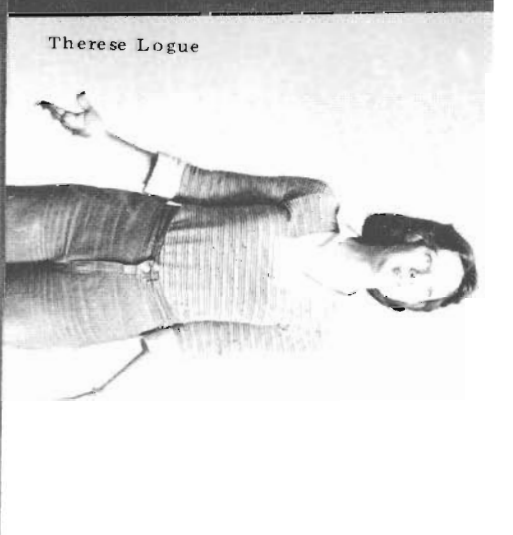
Robin Mattis



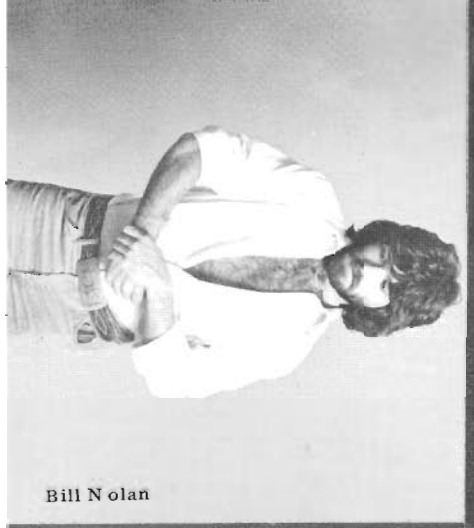
John McMurray



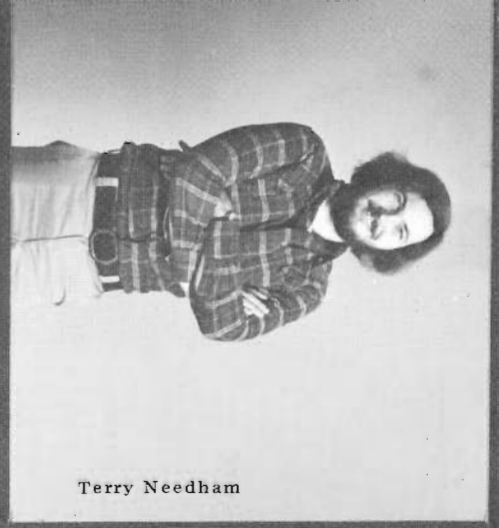
John McDonald



Therese Logue

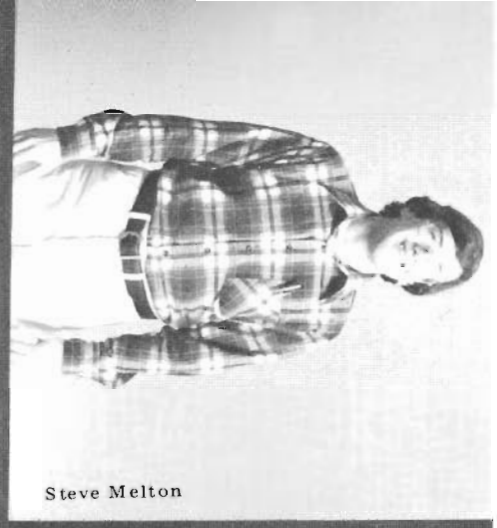


Bill Nolan



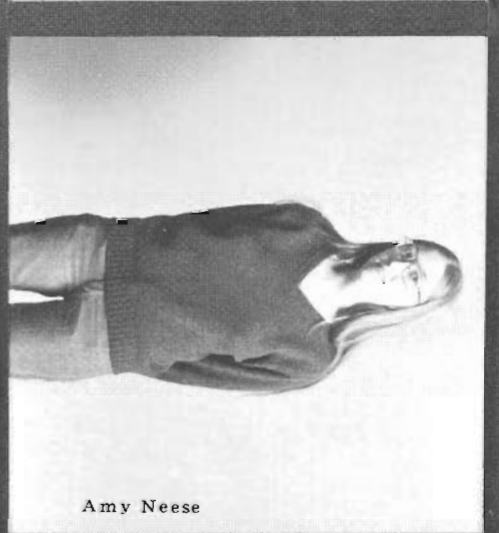
Terry Needham

Bonnie Moore

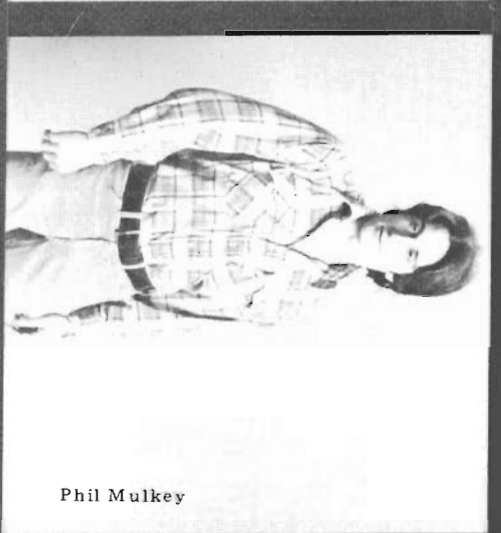


Steve Melton

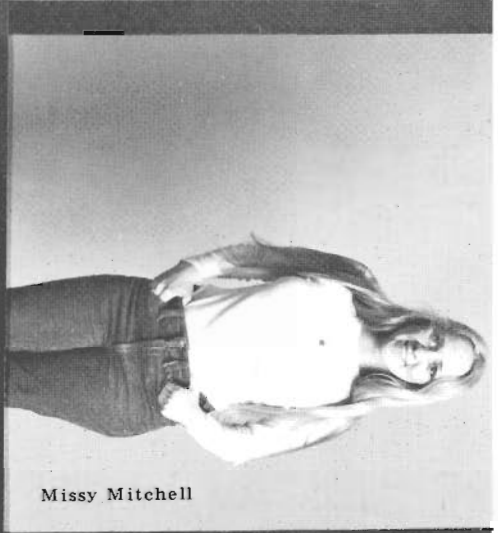
Susan ODonoghue



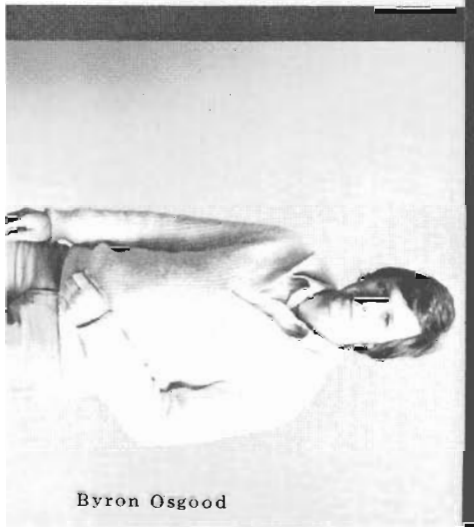
Amy Neese



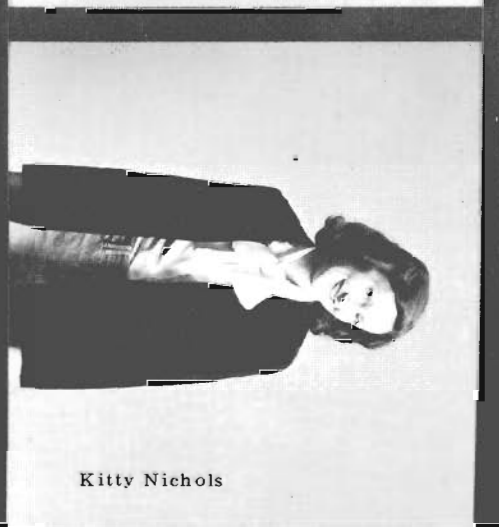
Phil Mulkey



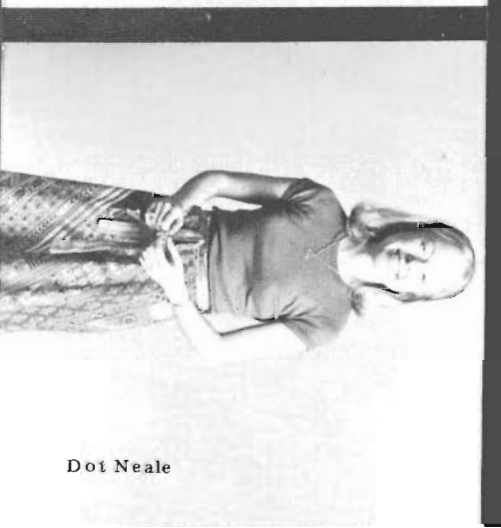
Missy Mitchell



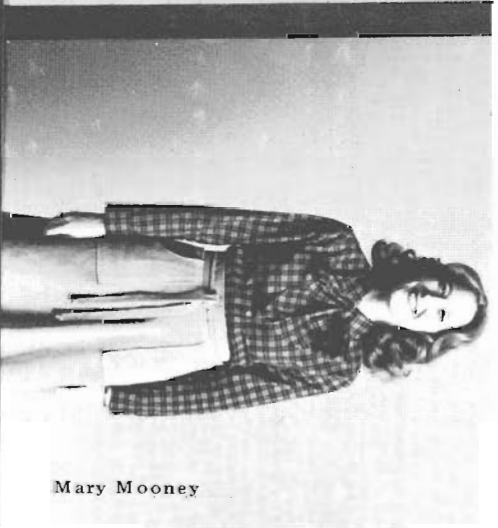
Byron Osgood



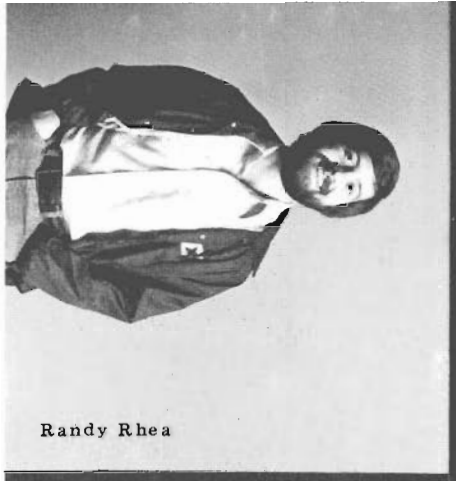
Kitty Nichols



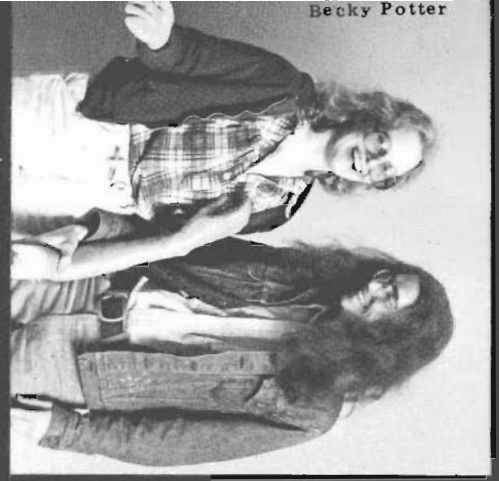
Dot Neale



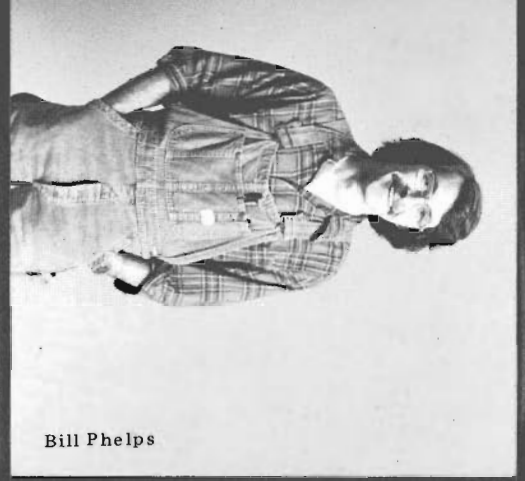
Mary Mooney



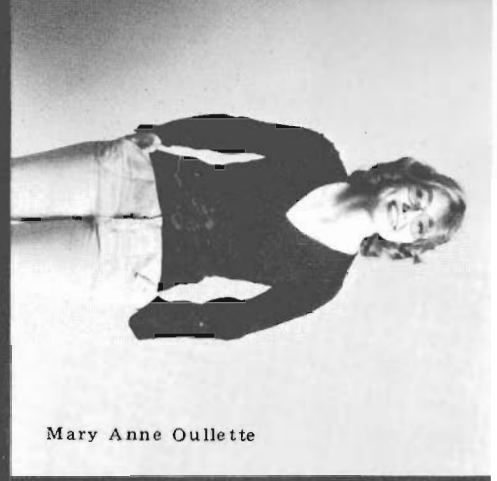
Randy Rhea



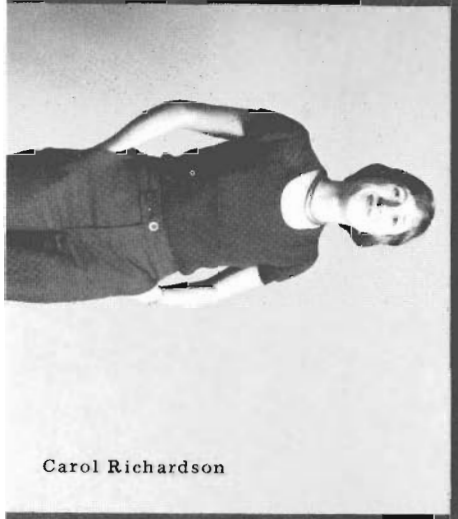
Becky Potter



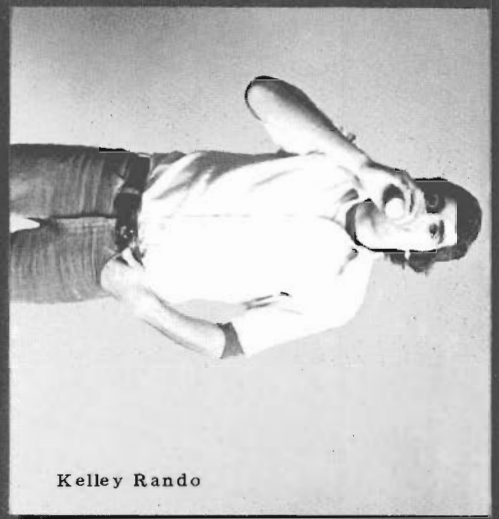
Bill Phelps



Mary Anne Oullette

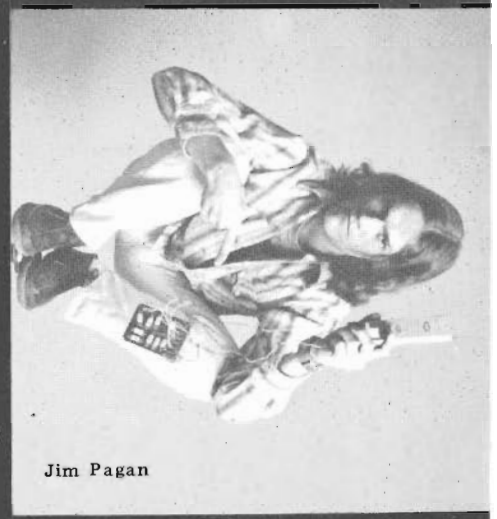


Carol Richardson



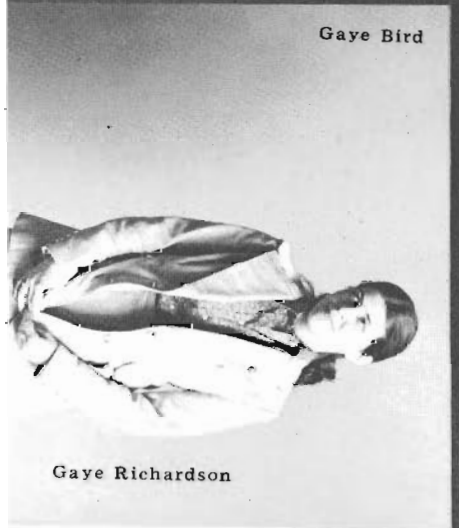
Kelley Rando

Bernadette Pian

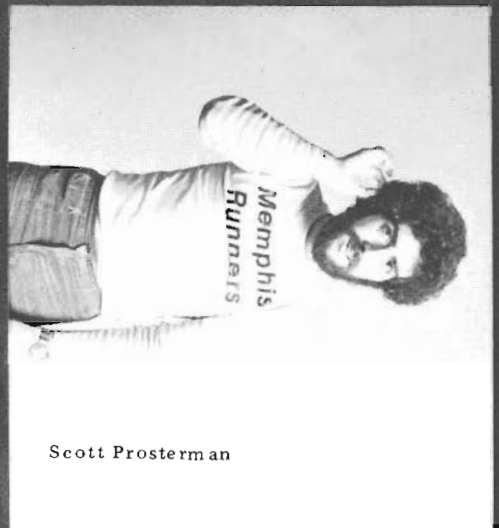


Jim Pagan

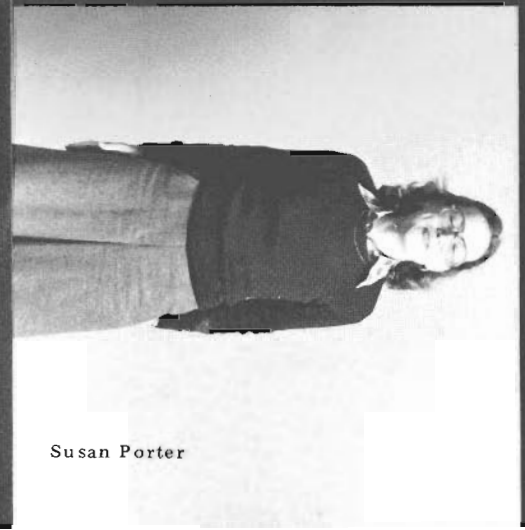
Gaye Bird



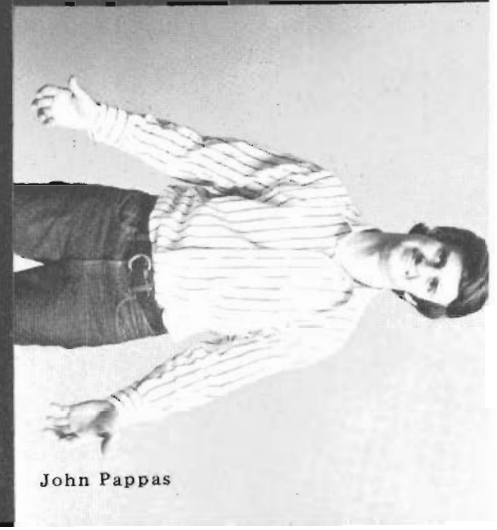
Gaye Richardson



Scott Prosterman



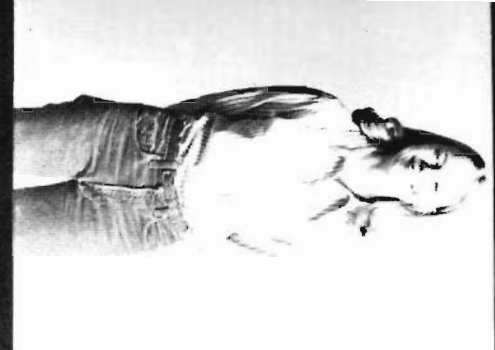
Susan Porter



John Pappas

Annie Stein

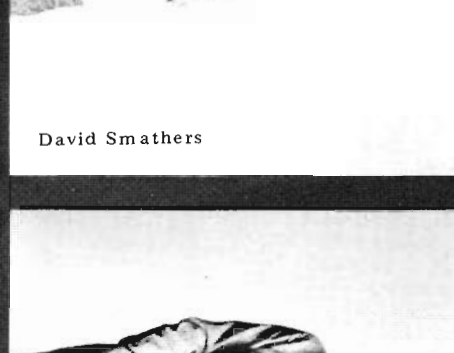
David Smathers



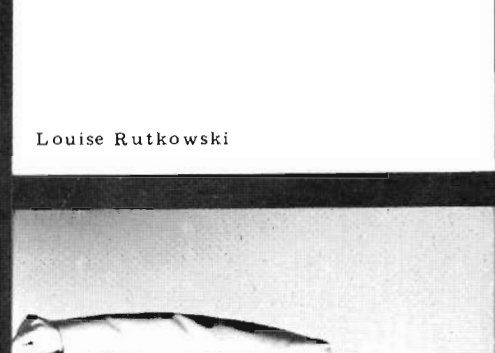
Louise Rutkowski

Carter Rogers

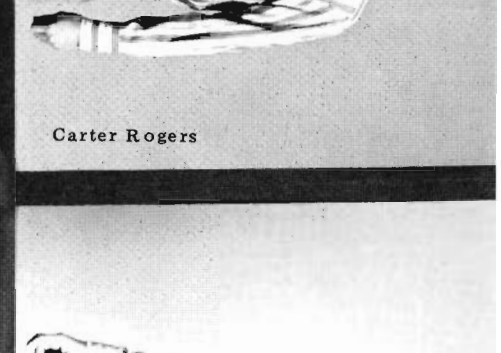
Phil Starling



Alice Smith

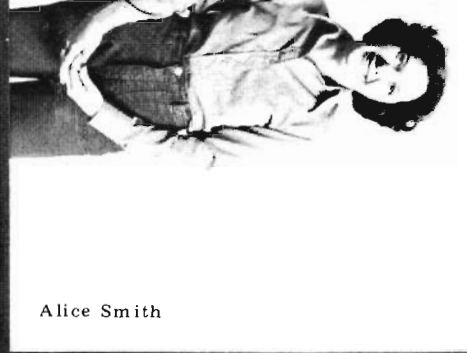


Barry Shnapper

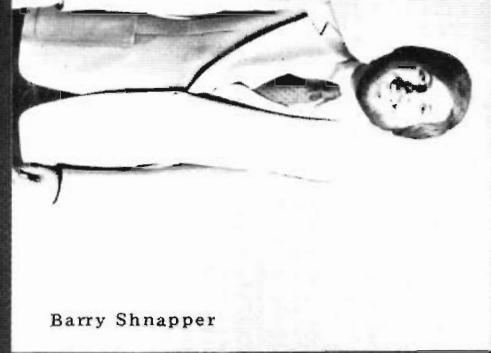


Michael Rolloson

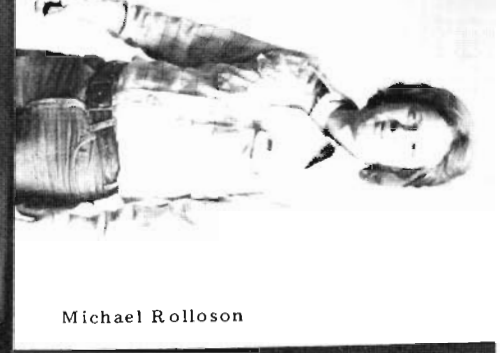
Alice Stevens



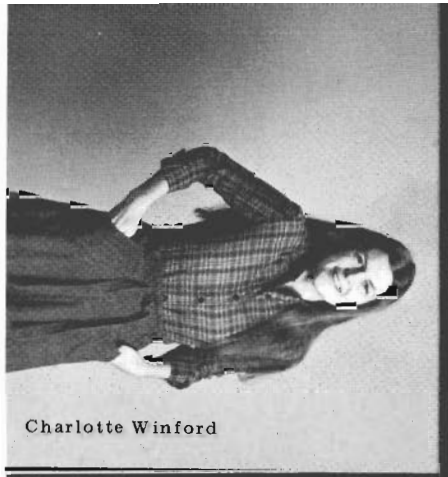
Sally Stamps



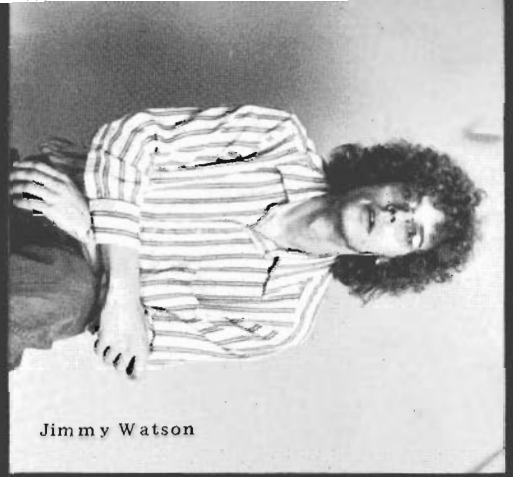
Nell Sistrunk



Noel Russell



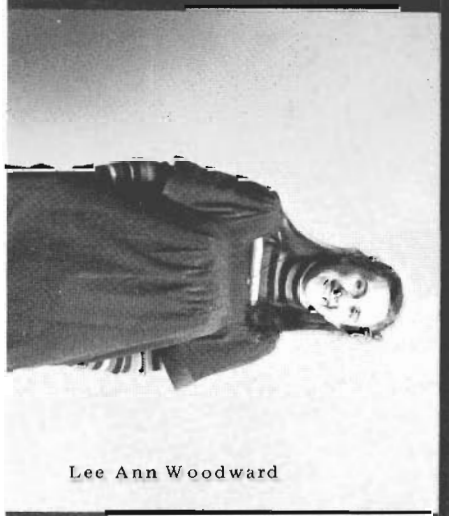
Charlotte Winford



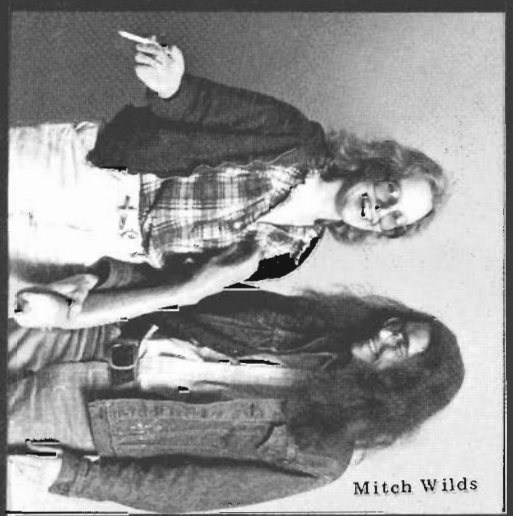
Jimmy Watson

Annette Troxell

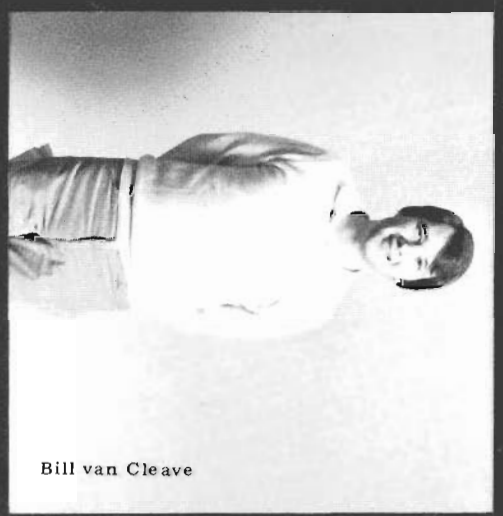
Brian Sudderth



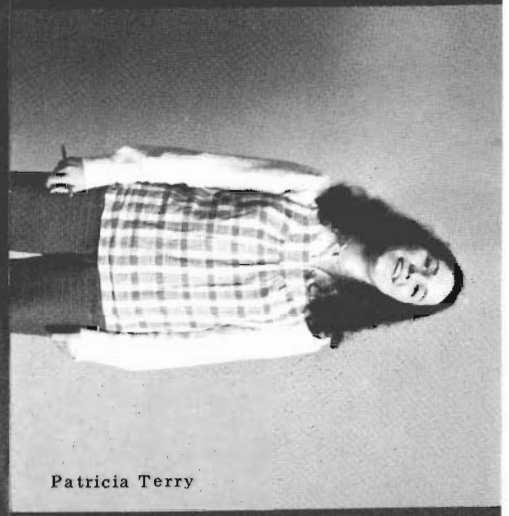
Lee Ann Woodward



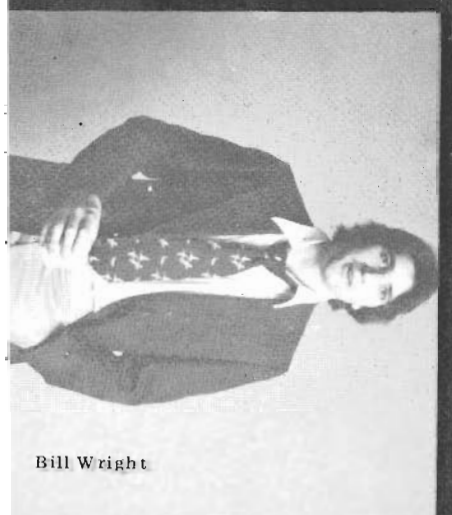
Mitch Wilds



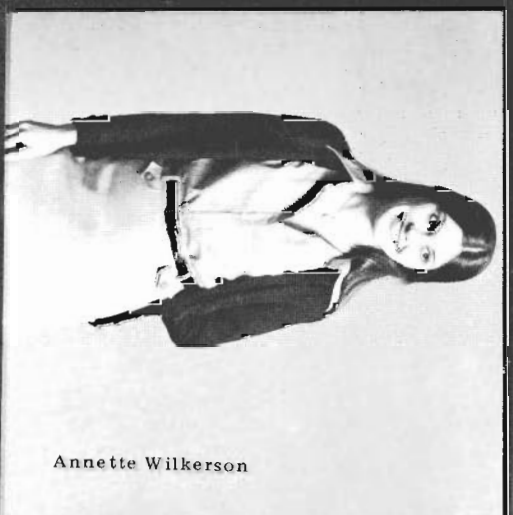
Bill van Cleave



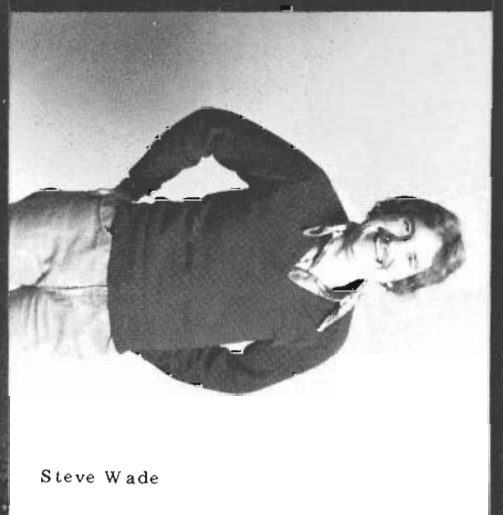
Patricia Terry



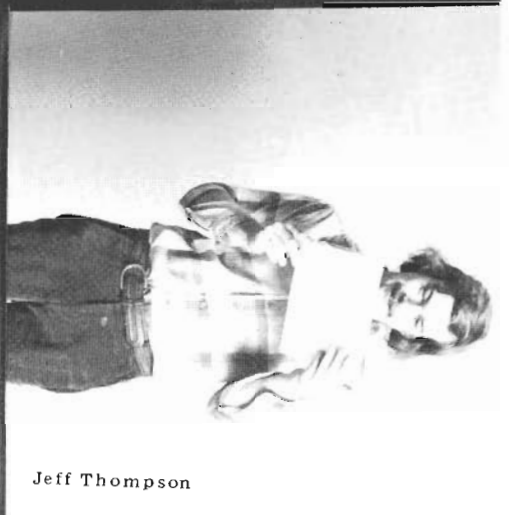
Bill Wright



Annette Wilkerson



Steve Wade



Jeff Thompson

Peggy Zitek

Melanie Darnell

This essay is about sex -- sort of. Actually it's about guys staying in girls' dorms overnight and what can happen to them.

Four years ago I was a freshman. I was dating a freshwoman who lived in Bellingrath. The young lady and I went to Big Daddy's one night. (Remember Big Daddy's?) When we left one thing led to another and I ended up in her room for the remainder of the evening.

About 3 or 4 o'clock I climbed out of bed and, without warning, and without my clothes, I walked out of the room. The young lady thought I was going to the bathroom, so she went back to sleep. Well, I walked past the bathroom, past the water fountain and straight to Rm. 214. I opened the door and walked into the room.

The two women in 214 were older than myself. I knew one very well, but I didn't know the other at all. As luck would have it I chose the stranger's bed to sit at the foot of.

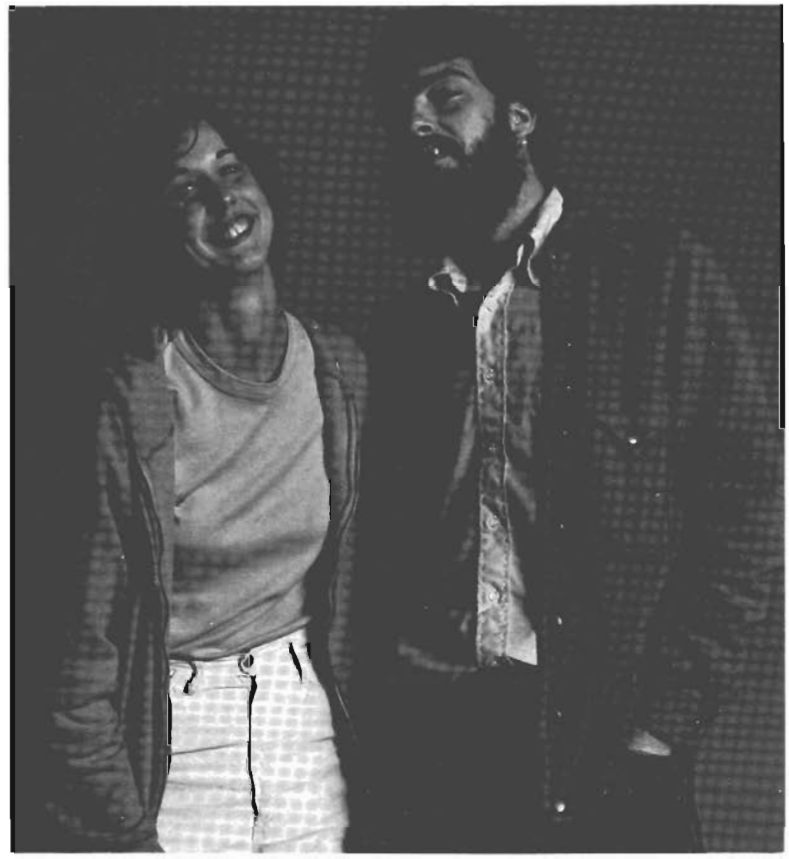
I was sleepwalking. I know that's hard to believe but I was. I didn't believe in it but there I was doing it. My memory is still blank concerning most of the night. The above portion of the essay was reconstructed to me by others, as was the rest of this.

So there I was at the foot of Ms. D's bed, the stranger. She was at the head of the bed huddled behind every inch of cover and two pillows. She stifled a scream, then said Who are you? Get out, get out! I was catatonic at the foot of the bed, insensible. The woman I knew, Ms. P., woke up and quickly surveyed the situation. She saw Ms. D. huddled in the corner and me staring off into space and concluded that I was asleep. Being a budding psychologist, she knew how to handle things. She said,"Rusty, stand up!" I stood up. "Rusty, follow me outside." I followed listlessly. "Rusty, stand here and don't move while I go get Ms. A." She knew where I came from. Smart girl.

I stood there in Bellingrath Hall at 4 in the morning in my underwear, asleep, while she went for my friend. The first thing I remember was the sound of a door slamming. It took me a second to realize my situation. You can't imagine how traumatic it is to awaken in a vertical position in Bellingrath instead of Townsend (not that I slept standing up in Townsend.) In any case, Ms. A. grabbed my hand and dragged me back to her room. The door was locked. The door had locked when it slammed. So there we were.

The two women hid me in the bathroom while they woke the R.A. They dragged what was left of me back to her room, and I went straight to the bed. The last thing I heard before falling asleep was Ms. A. saying to Ms. P.,"I don't know how he made it all the way from Townsend looking like that, but I guess he can stay here for the rest of the night."

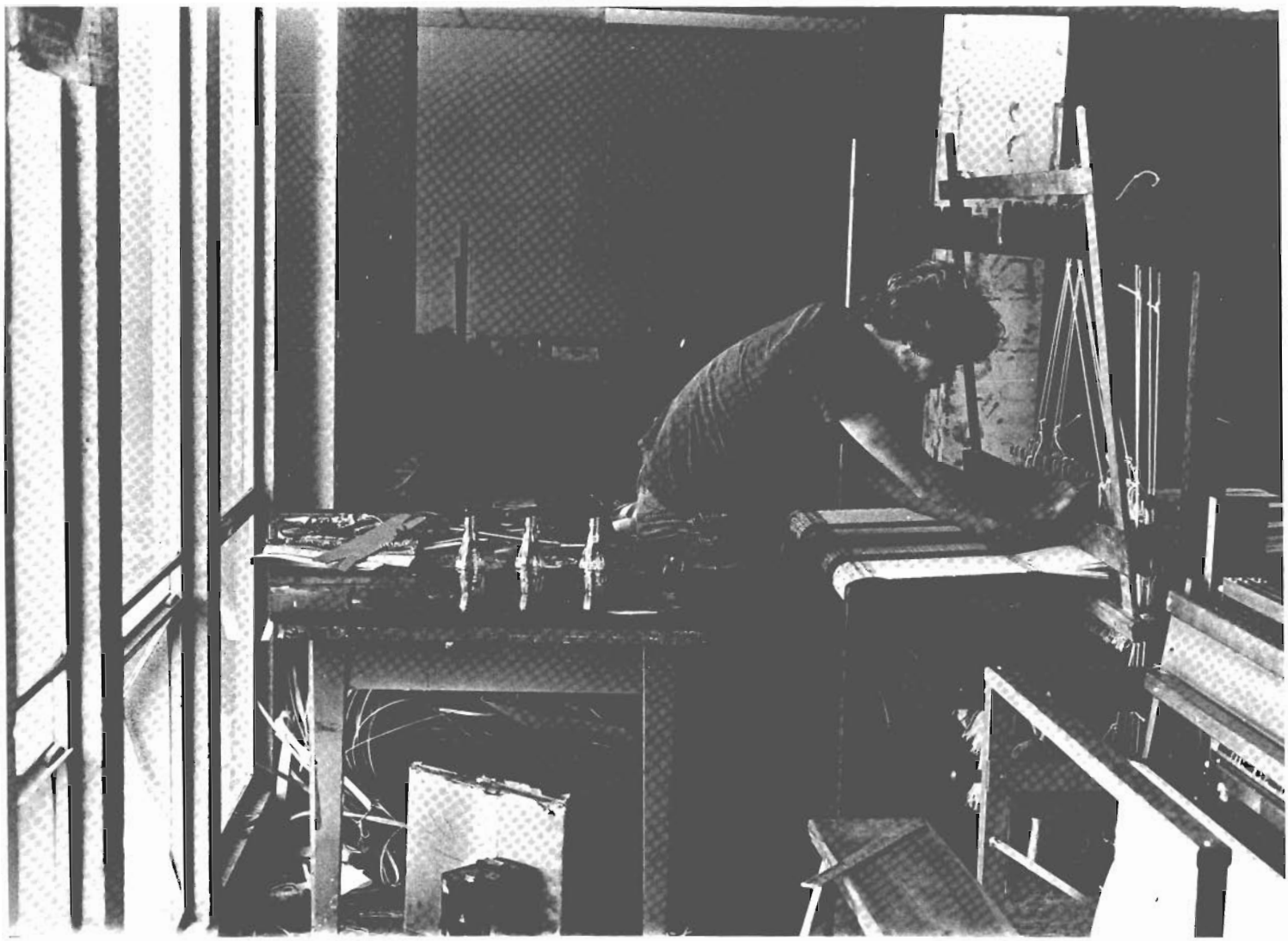
anonymous

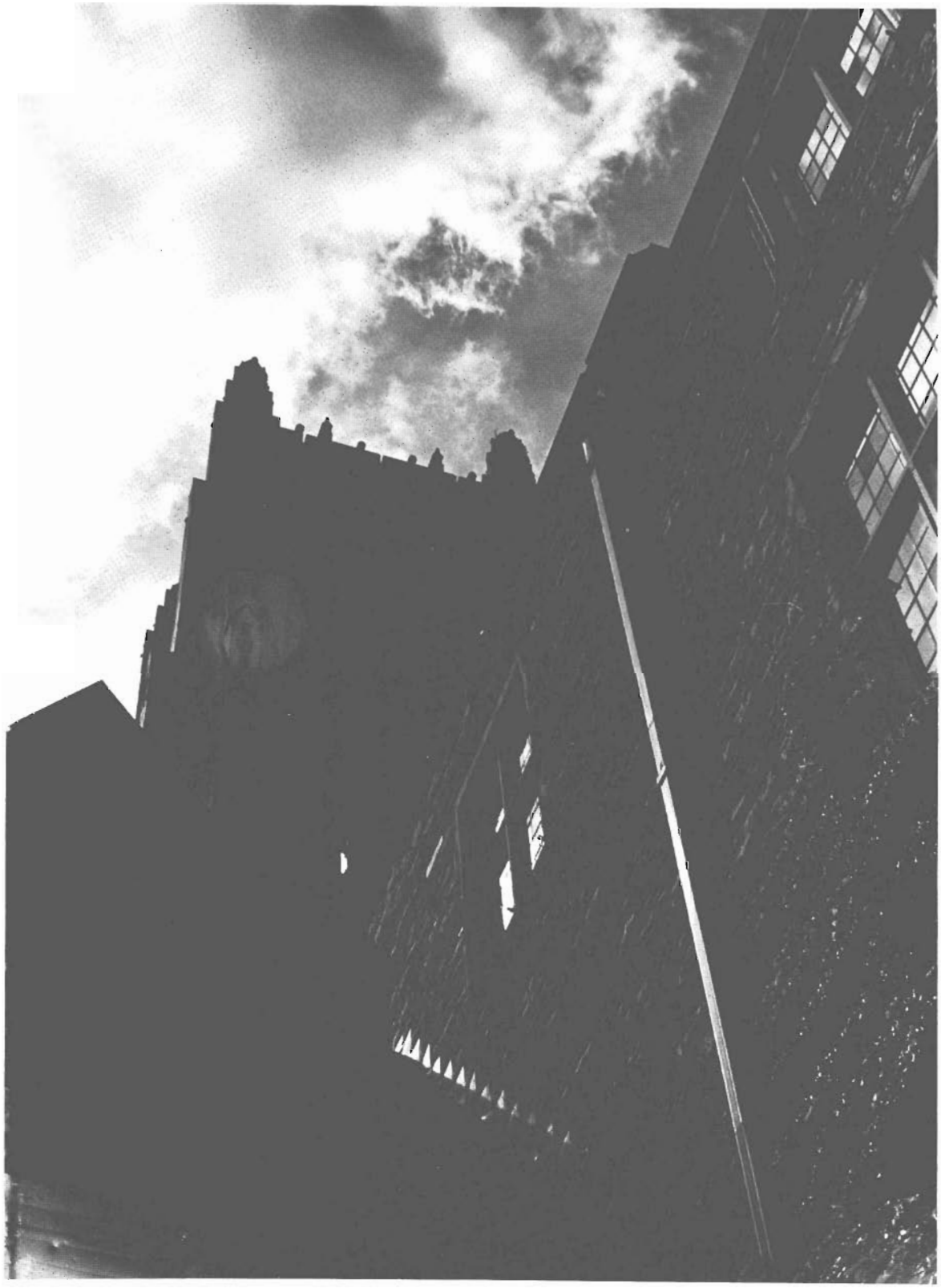


As surely as the campuses of the 60's erupted with activism and protest, the colleges of this decade appear to have lapsed into moods of quiet and cynicism. The tumult and shouting have ceased. Many observers of the Southwestern student life have interpreted this recent decline in campus radicalism as suggestive of rising apathy or perhaps pointed self-interest. It might seem that signs indicating such mood swings are indeed prevalent. Sports and Greek activities rather than politics dominate conversations, student elections are poorly focused and generally regarded as farcical, and, more subtlely, the radical lifestyles that accompanied the activist years appear to be vanishing. Although student revolution is undeniably dead, such observations of the student mind might not be right on target. Rather than easily agreeing that the obvious lull in mass dissent indicates basic resignation to the conventional political morality, we should consider other possible explanations also. The Peace Corps and the sleepless nights of President Nixon notwithstanding, college students do appear to believe that the mass social movements were failures. Failures not only in the sense of frustrating political ambitions, but also in that the movements themselves seem to have become corrupted. Many see the activism as having produced little more than a larger variety of drugs, a divided campus and a handful of dead students. With such a cooling of revolutionary ardor the results appear to have been a turn to self directed efforts and a deepening sense of pessimism. Yet alongside those gloomy feelings exists the potential for revolutionary action of a much different nature than that of the past decade.

While not abandoning the notion to improve the society, perhaps students have taken a different approach. Instead of setting off bombs or dropping out, they are concentrating on obtaining the skills that are necessary to revitalize the country. Recognition that change is hard and slow has forced a re-evaluation of the student's roles and methods. If this reordering of priorities can be set in motion with the enthusiasm of the past, then the goals might yet be reached. Still, the fallout of the movement is unclear. There is a failure to perceive, to analyse, to understand what has happened and exactly why. Not even our brief hindsight has produced explanations that satisfactorily explain it. One hopes that this unexpected silence is not the "calm before the storm" and that this generation of students will help turn the ideals of the 60's into political realities.

Gary Gaines





HOME
VISITOR
44

THE ANGRY MAN

I have two friends, both somewhat older than i by a couple of years. They are both students of the international scene and of the political anthill, of history, and of the infrastructure of what might be thought of as moral relationships. My two friends each have a message for me, gleaned from their learning.

My friend in Washington tells me that the world is full of bad men, and that it is useless to attempt to interpret history - local or international-in a moral fashion. Worse, if you go into politics or life brandishing principles and concerns instead of weapons and precautions, you will inevitably get screwed. Be moral, he says in effect, think kindly -- but do practical. Logical, said I, and he is young and so am I, and he is brilliant at that.

My other friend, soon to be at Oxford, tells me that there really is no objective morality. It All - the law, litigations, cooperative agreement, handshakes instead of kisses - is a milieu of compromise where each individual or group is a center of desire, and they must, because that is the way it is, compromise. Though admittedly it appears to be organized, highly systematized, growing ever more so, and even in some places shaped by "moral" directives, these are in fact compromises of themselves - with anarchy, with inefficiency, with protectiveness.

Logical, said I, and practical, and reasonable, almost certainly inevitable. And he too is young, and so am I, and he is brilliant at that.

Now I have two parents (the maximum allowed, I'm told), a mother and father. Both are wonderful, brilliant, and older. They also each have a message for me, among the many that they offer. My mother tells me to cut my hair because I look awful with that uncombed mess. Other people must look at you, and you do have such an attractive head if you'd comb your hair and shave those silly side burns. My father often looks askance at my clothing - you're going to the store like That? It isn't that I give a damn what you look like - I honestly don't, you're my son - but there will come a time when you must realize that if you want to try to be effective in this world, you're going to have to deal with other people, people who simply turn off at blue jeans and unkempt hair, who grow uncomfortable. If you want to talk to them, you must learn to compromise somewhat.

Gross, said I, compromise? I am young, and free of these bars that people put on their minds, the bars that however well meant, must lead to bigotry, racial or otherwise.

The measure of this is the extent to which the created idea is given voice and acted upon here and within what limits the idea is required to fall. Here today limits are those of decorum and the increasingly finance-oriented efficiency of Palmer Hall. From the issue of drinking a beer on the campus lawn (a no no because someone else's busybody opinion might cost us the few bucks of some throwback to Carrie Nation) to the issue of teacher evaluation, the criteria do not seem to be primarily ones of academic or intellectual quality, but efficiency.

Anger encounters here, as it does elsewhere, a pitiable withering synthesis of the personal and the impersonal: the Deans of this and that are personable and show personal interest in the individual student's problems, especially if the problem may attract attention. They are also content with a system of student participation of faceless, voiceless representatives. The official student government has come to resemble a beer dispensing kewpie doll with a spring for a neck, nodding its head up and down at every administrative need.

For the intellectual act, the limits are the "reasonable": the other guy's feelings, the "realistic." These are the channels for comfort, for *status quo* as many deep-seated presumptions concerning the way It is arise from the way it is - but for you. There is little or nothing in being "reasonable" that shakes the awareness to reason, or to brave an upset feeling to see something broader. Adademics itself is biased toward the reasonable. Here we find the stimulation of the Dilemma weekend comforting in its stinging of our intellect - that is as far as it goes. We are in general comfortable with a situation best described by a friend of mine as "efficiency replacing responsibility." She found in her upper level psychology class how easily the ugly cliches about "them" (and how "they" can rile up in behavior "typical" of "them") can well up in place of an inkling that normal behavior may not be just what's normal for Germantown or Mountain Brook, Alabama.

So we habitually discuss the symptoms of aberrations from our own comfortable accepted intellectual systems - personal or textbook originated. The old woman must be sick - or you must be too worked up - because she and you don't act in the way we reasonably know we would, and we are "successful." Of course. We are treated to sophomoric, hackneyed espousals of the religion of capitalism from nineteen year-olds who have "fought their way" to their positions as middle class Southwestern students.

It is the Southwestern aim to create an academic "community"; at times i even hear the word "family" used. We would like to see people go forth not just educated but prepared to be more moral, understanding human beings. So while here, we pay much lip service to the ideal of communication, cooperation, and understanding, the need to be "fair and reasonable." There is no justification for anger; we have cut so many channels for its passage into discussion and activity that these days the moment it arises it seems as if a *hundred* sincere little men with moustaches spring up to ask us what is wrong and to tell us who to talk to, or better, to tell us why the trouble is, so that we may *understand*. The trouble comes in confusing social opportunities for the constructive venting of anger with administrative or intellectual machinery for cycling the energy out of it. This is true no matter how personalized the service.

Idle cliches will go unworked where reasonableness replaces anger, and here at Southwestern we seek this rapport. One of the classic appeals of the Administration is to "understand the troubles I've had" in trying to solve this problem. Out of sympathy and understanding, we'll see that the decision to not refund our money, ignore our request, or suspend the Honor System so we can serve good food on Parent's Weekend is a just decision, just as we'll understand why Southwestern's Education Department participates in lowering standards for preparation of high school teachers. And we must, after all be practical.

Much of the force of this can be seen as a product of the head putting syndrome. Those "powers that be" put the heads of the students who appeal to them, and it is natural that these are in turn called student leaders. Increasingly this year student initiation arises from Palmer Hall, mostly from the Dean of Student's Office. I have seen few good, effective new ideas issue from the studetnts, and this runs from the Commons idea to the format for the Southwestern *Journal*. Idea first then go find students who can do the job. The roles of the various student leadership positions and societies read with monotonous familiarity.

We are a remarkably homogenous school, more so than any school I know that pretends to the level of academics SW does. We are imbued with the habits of the region, the impersonal and the lazy considerations that nod understandingly at church-going bigots. And Southwestern is on hard time. There is no question but what President Daughdrill is here to make us money. Much of the attitude toward efficiency and the turning of attention to bigger problems is herein explicable. But it is pervasive. It is not an idle speculation that the nature of the student here is changing, or becoming even more characteristic, as admissions policies continue to close the circle by searching for students who will "fit" at Southwestern, who are the potential "Southwestern person," like a Harvard Man or a Yalie. This means people who, among other things, will fit comfortably into a social system still completely dominated by an antiquated system of fraternities and sororities with roots in secret societies presuming to bastardized Hellenistic concepts of brotherhood and bigotry where students, Greek and non-Greek, can't seem to imagine a viable social recreational system without this. (It's as if in a state of "anarchy", we would fall to moronically pounding rocks together for lack of the leadership of beer kegs and taped rock and roll). We make clubs and groups before we make friends.

This is not a setting for the angry man, the personal man, and much of this is due to socialimmaturity. It is a major step personally to divorce anger and disagreement from dislike. In fact, it is true with me that I grow to resent those at whom anger cannot be vented. A healthy society, large or small, has the capacity and the need for the individual venting his anger, and a society will decay or become superfluous without it. Southwestern has not yet learned this as an institution, that dislike and anger are not synonymous and that we might be healthier for this. If there was anyone who saw Network and didn't have even a slight urge to stand up with Peter Finch and shout "I'm mad as hell, and I'm not going to take anymore" he is dead.

But the lesson is well learned. We are afraid of the angry man and are comfortable with the Southwestern image of the reasonable man. We feel guilty at confrontation. It was for one of the more intelligent women here a major effort to confront a visiting speaker and tell him that she "resented" an essentially obscene and insulting joke. I know many fellow students neither stupid nor malevolent but who are comfortable with what I hold to be annoying , frustrating essentially impersonal circumstances and decisions, day to day and year to year, here and in a broader scope. They are assured they are being reasonable and understanding. They are often patted on the head. It is little surprise the angry voice is seldom listened to; rather it is classified and the emotion analyzed.

We avoid much pointed learning this way, about ourselves and others. Southwestern does no one any favors sending into the world individuals accustomed to the management ethic and who have learned to "understand" to the exclusion of disturbing the waters with discomfitingly raised eyebrows--to the exclusion even of learning.

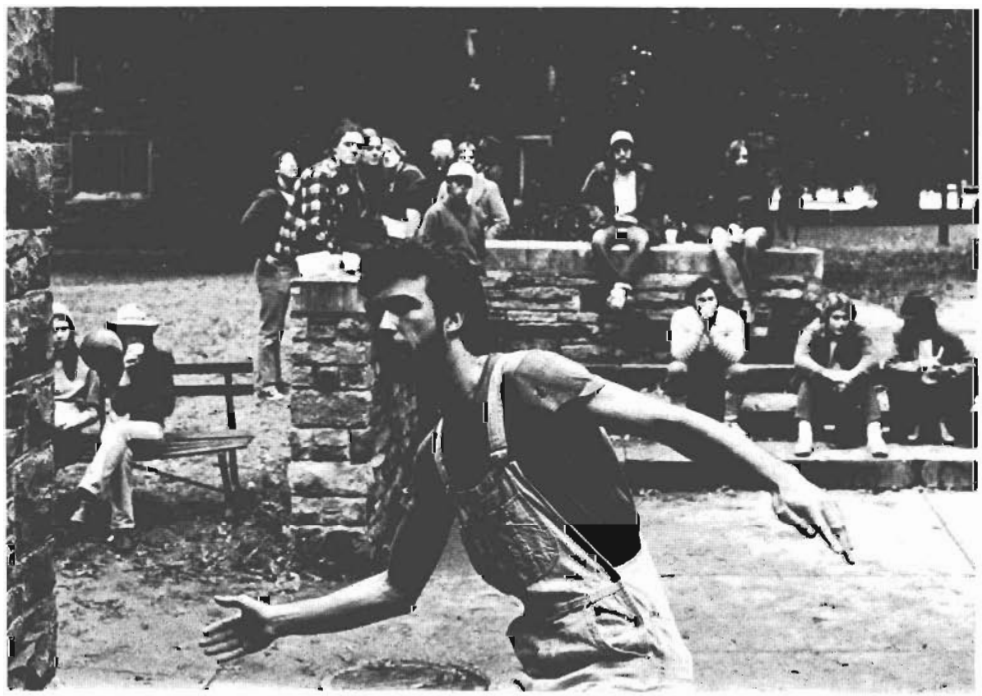
The quiescence of anger here is neither evitable nor universal, as i've said. It is habit, reinforced by the attitudes of those in postion to reinforce. We cannot take the maturity of the faculty or anyone seriously to heart if they do not take our to heart--which as a group they don't, despite talk about talking to and listening to students. Though this should be of little surprise to us. There are always people discovering they can and *should* get annoyed, but this is often perennial phenomenon characteristic of the end of second term, soothed by the balmy breezes of third term. It will always dissipate in breezes as long as we do not recognize the validity of anger and as long as the powers that be have all of

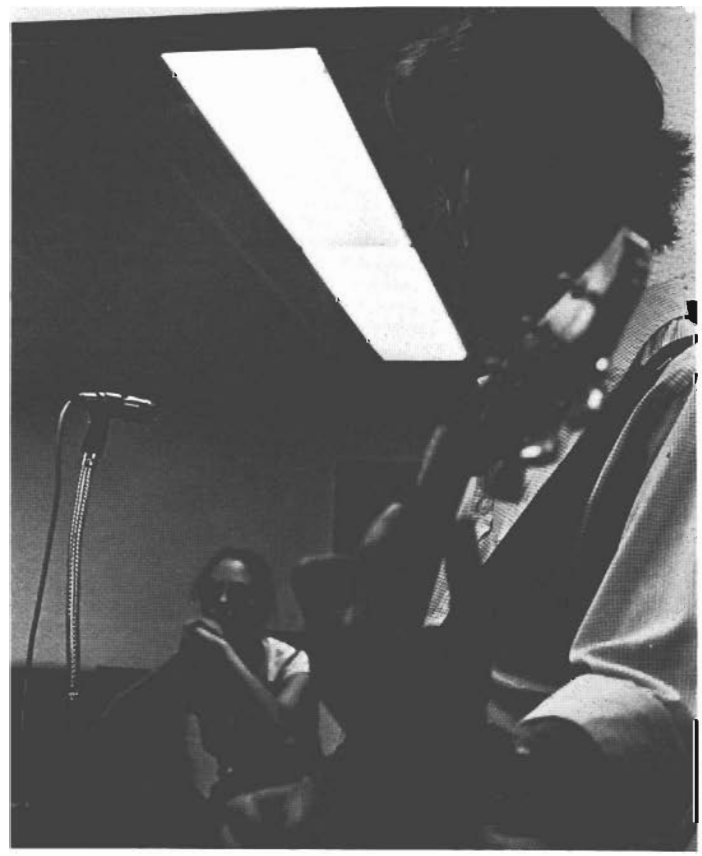
our goods in mind and can channel our anger to "understanding."

My four college years have been rich, and i have learned much about my parents' message. i have learned the usefulness of anger, and gained some maturity in being an angry man, a very important step. Much is due to fine personal examples, among which are a few reasonable, well balanced professors i have had - not to the institution. And yes, i am still angry at the tacitly accepted racism that still exists in some fraternities, sometimes even including Confederate flags a'waving, at the continued degradation of teaching standards by the Education department so Southwestern students may get jobs while we complain of failing intellectual standards - it goes on. But it is not reasonable to be angry, and i have learned to understand this at least.

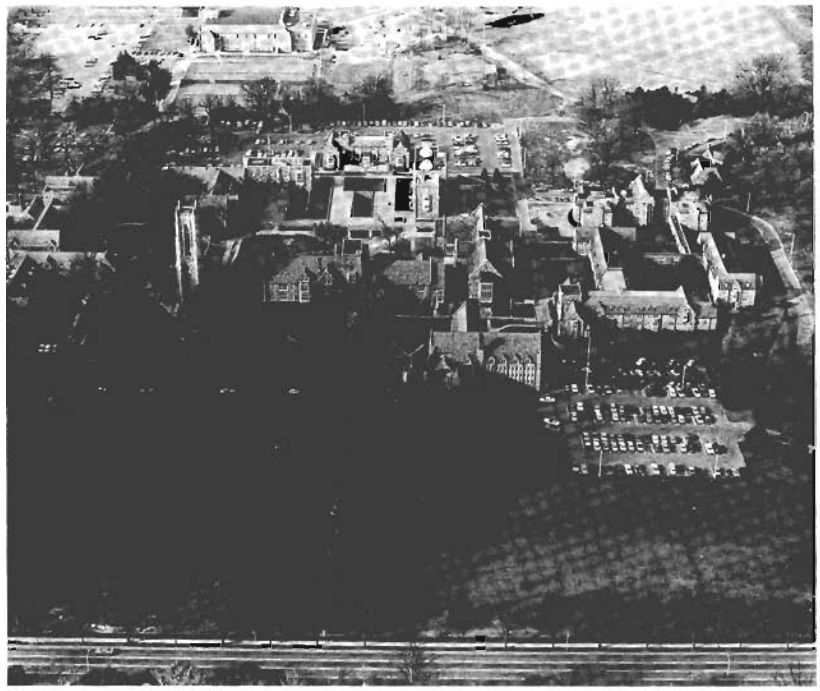
We are all in one sense managers of this business of knowing and confronting others, and this approach i have described is easier than in most business. The results are not as easily quantifiable and the "debts" do not always come due right away. But they do come due. If this school plans to ask this soon-to-be alumnus for money someday, they may wish to wait for several somedays. As of late, i haven't been angry enough tofeel nostalgic.

Warren Kearney





MEMPHIS
'76



"I'm very disappointed and still am with what I've been in and what I've seen. If I had the money then, I would have gone home...but I'm used to it now."

"I felt weird at the beginning. Southwestern came across as a constant beer bust but I soon found out that one can't party all the time."

"I let everything and everyone take me along - I just flowed along. After the first few weeks of adjustment, I'm okay now."

"Alot of the adjustment has to do with one's lifestyle and personality. I've found some people's interests here compatible to mine. Sure, I was confused, especially with the language: it's just not what I've learned, but now I'd like very much to stay."

The plane circled over parts of the city near the river. It was quite impressive, lots of green broken by patches of water and low-level houses. It looked like any other river, but it was the Mississippi that I've heard so much about. For days when people took me around to see Memphis, I kept asking, "What? No hills?"

Most of us come to the United States for higher education, many with interests in aspects of culture, of social life but, mostly, with hopes for better opportunities in the future. All of us have a decent basis of the English language and have spent more years learning the language and culture than the American student. But we've had to learn slang and conversational American English here.

My father had carefully advised me that leaving home for the U.S. was going to be a turning point in my life. Everything is going to be different and I would need to adjust to a new environment. New environment it is and many adjustments to make to preconceptions of the land of milk and honey, of big cars, big people, big everything and the realities of poor communications between people, all kinds of differences, perpetual weight watchers, raw vegetables (salads) and antiperspirants. Food, instant hot water from the faucet (to our delight, instant everything), malls, the first baffling experience at Montesi's are not what we have at home. Anyone going away from school goes through some wild experiences, needless to say, but for you, McDonald's in Poedunk, Mississippi is the same McDonald's in Memphis, Tennesse; for us, it's "let's go have a what?"

All of us - from the States and elsewhere - have had to leave home, in a broad sense, and have to think for ourselves, have had to handle good and bad times. The experience is more intense for international students who find themselves playing an entirely new game, not knowing what the rules are. After several initial fumbles like "you know what a telephone is, don't you?" and "do y'all have corn?",. one of the first persons I met finally said with slight exasperation, "Look, I really don't know how much you know or what you know." He's still learning from me and I'm still learning from him - and we appreciate it.

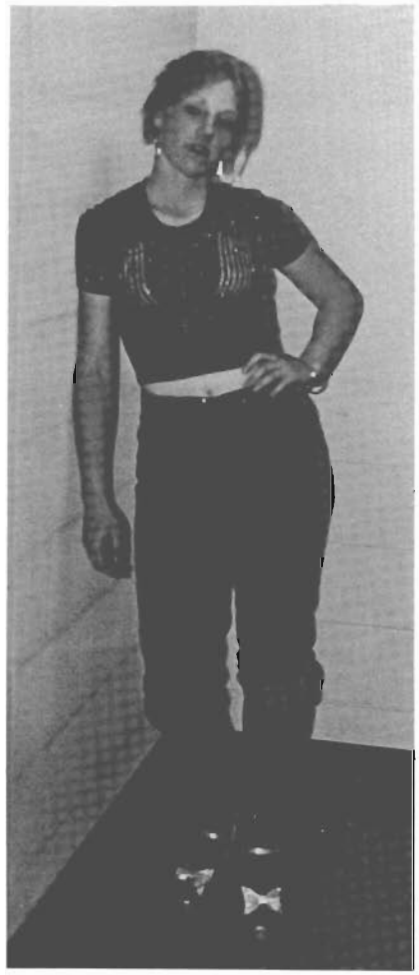
Patrick Alobwede Nick Lyras Claus Schultze
Wolfgang Schneider Dbanga Utuk Jimmy Onobun
Dixon Eyoh LiLi Chung

Religion

I am indeed a religious one;
I live mine every day.
Mine takes me far into myself,
Where I meet my God and soul.
Looking inward, I see no end
To myself or my potential.
I am overwhelmed by self-awareness,
And the total peace with myself.
Inward I look and
There I find the most
Worthy of all companions.
Then I know I am complete,
And can live without another.
Often I'm alone,
And must please myself.
So I seek my peace
With the One in me,
When I meditate, fast, and run.

Then I come close to
The One we call God,
And apprehend all
Awareness and peace.
Order and purpose
Mark my existence,
As well as all of creation.
Thoughts seem to come
From some divine unknown,
As I touch the source
Of all knowledge.
All is related,
All has its place,
Kabbalah and Sufi will say.
Wisdom, intelligence,
Greatness and love:
All vital links of creation.
Beauty and mercy.
Majesty and grace,
Clearly in all that exists.
The path that I follow:
A mystical one,
Transcending mundane realities.
Just one of many ways
To this end of tranquility,
Where all seems so
Utterly simple.

H. Scott Prosterman



Dedicated to Annette Wilkerson, who asked me to write something for the *Lynx*. I did write something sentimentally serious and then gave up for a while until something that might be a bit funny came into my head. If it is too late for the annual, Annette keep this in lieu of a love-letter which I'd certainly want to write to *you* if I were not of an unseemly age and shape.

A Pair of Pliers

I have a college in my head. It has been there long enough to have a history, a cast of characters in search of an author, and (since 1970) an administration seizing every faculty office and classroom for its own purposes. Teachers and students depair of my giving them a literary life. This imaginary college is not Southwestern. I cannot imagine Southwestern, although I did have a dream not long ago in which I saw a great ring of familiar-looking coeds and a goat-footed Prof. Kenyon Wagner dancing around a pair of pliers, the jaws of which were locked on a piece of serious advice. Even without noting the mammary projections of our science plaza, I knew I was dreaming about Southwestern. My imaginary college is different.

It is not imaginary just because Gov. Ray Blanton hasn't heard of it; a great many things in Tennessee are probably unknown to him. My college is called Bancroft-Motley. It was named for two 19th century Harvard historians who hated each other and (of course) left no money for the honor. One of Bancroft's daughters did, however, start the college library with her set of Louisa May Alcott's novels. The college is located in a picturesque valley beside the Little Muscadine River. It prides itself on being "the only accredited four-year college between Chattanooga and the Hiwasee Dam." (I have not been able to locate the accrediting agency.) It suffers certain deficiencies: it has never had inside plumbing in the dormitories; most of its 150-odd students cook their meals in one stone fireplace located in the dean of women's cabin; most of these students are on "indefinite loan scholarships;" and the faculty (not to be differentiated from staff or grounds-crew), live in the dormitories and get whatever is left over from the dean of women's fireplace. The tradition of austerity, particularly that of unheated classrooms, may well be an advantage to a college these days, but Bancroft-Motley faces the most serious threat to its existence. The Corps of Engineers, taking advantage of the governor's ignorance, plans to flood the Little Muscadine with a dam. B.-M.'s current president, the Tasmanian-born Dr. Andrew Petrie Rock-Hudson, has protested that this dam is useless. The Secretary of the Army has replied that a dam "will not be more useless than your so-called college."

Even if muddy waters cover the site, Bancroft-Motley should survive by the prophecy of its first president, Fitz-Drake Pugh, a circuit-rider who remained with a handful of converts after a protracted camp-meeting--two weeks of "preaching, singing, shaking, with dinner on the grounds"--in 1805. No memory of Pugh remains except for a saying imputed to him: "Where the Good Book and the Lord are, there I will be." When "Old Log," the original building, burned in 1946, all records were lost. I have only the gossip of local folk for information; the stories are wildly divergent, but one can find some agreement that the college was used to store cigars and whiskey for General Grant after Vicksburg; that it was for a while an asylum for Confederate orphans, belying the old Baptist lament, "The Catholics get all the orphans!" It is said that a radical group demanding free mules from the government disrupted Bible classes during Reconstruction times and that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt promoted milking and churning classes for miner' wives during the Great Depression. Bancroft-Motley's era of magnificence began after World War II, when Dr. J. Findlay Dabchick, a bishop of a denomination called the Little Muscadine Orthodox Methodist Association, touted the advantages of the GI Bill up every cove and holler in the region.

At first Dr. Dabchick presided over a conventional liber-arts curriculum, which he claimed was modelled upon that of Dartmouth, i.e., clipped from a Dartmouth catalogue of 1882-3. He recruited an interesting faculty, many with degrees from such exotic universities as those of Bolivia, Orkney, and Southwestern Burma. Not a few had earned these degrees by laborious correspondence. The splashy foreign robes in the college convocations stirred excitement all over the Little Muscadine valley, and every passing paten-medicine drummer got called "doctor" just in case he might be terminal scholar. But somehow nobody did any work at the college until Dr. Dabcnick brought in some American ABD's to slave for the honor and glory of Teaching. Hungry painters and poets crowded around the dean of women's fireplace and in return for a fork-up of greens and a couple of Redbird Vienna sausages, they gave lessons, lectures, readings. By chance, or divine joke, the artistic gang brought Bancroft-Motley a

measure of fame. A Harvard dean resigned to join the faculty of B.-M. The alleged murderer of Leon Trotsky took refuge there for a time. The novelist James Joyce Farnsworth wrote *No Grits* there, and the feminist Sappho Harquebus got herself ordained by Dr. Dabchick in a ceremoney filmed by Lowell Thomas. A 1930's muralist, Diego Culp, designed his radical statue, "Sharecropper Boy with Nail in Foot," at Bancroft-Motley in 1957. A friend of his, Brand Ipso, fleeing eight paternity suits at Bennington College, created the first of those scorched chenille bedspread paintings to get a centerfold in *Time* and set off the Pot-Art Movement of the early 1960's.

"Yeah," the septuagenarian Diego Culp (now known as plain old "Dick" Culp), said to me the other day, "we swang *with* it for a while, man, but now it's like we was swingin' *for* it." He was honing the tip of the nail on "Sharecropper Boy with Nail in Foot" as he talked to me. Culp and the statue squatted in sparrow-like relief against the enormous frost of Amos Sugg, the Harvard ex-dean and B.-M.'s professor of Surv-economics. Sugg's little fox-face is hardly to be seen above his bitty bow-tie and acre of white shirt-front. "We'll sur-vive, We'll PRE-VAIL," he chants, he booms, so that shirt billows out and catches on the famous nail.

"Yeah, man," Diego-Dick says, stabbing the shirt off the nail with his file and then reeling as if about to fall from the exertion. "I've got a big commission for the science plaza at a school called Southwestern down in Memphis. It's to be a pair of pliers standing upright eighty feet. I said I'd do it if I could make the jaws look like a human mouth screaming protest."

richard clement wood

How Does It Feel To Be a Senior At Southwestern?

There are several ways one can have that experience, and so it probably means different things to different folks. As a freshman, I had a sort of division in my mind about it. There were some who lived in the dorms, ate in the refectory, and hung around the school pretty much. The only real distinction they had was class rank and infinite wisdom, without either of which, they would have been just like anyone else. Slightly removed, but closely related were seniors who didn't live on campus, but were very active in campus life and organizations, so that they had faces you recognized. Then . . . there always those off-campus few, whose faces you'd see only upon thumbing aimlessly through the book, who took only upper level courses, and came to campus only for them. Otherwise, they were never seen. A mysterious, obscure, and distant group they were, in my freshman eyes. So, which of those categories do I fall into now that I've attained the ripe level of maturity that comes after four years of SW?

Although I don't feel obscure or mysterious now, I'd have probably classified myself in the latter group. Distant, I may be, in that my associations with SW people and activities seems to have diminished at a fairly steady rate, but at an appropriate one, too. Freshman year: discovery of freedom, self, SW, lots of new people, going out alot, studying a little, having a great time, and, most importantly, a first falling head over heels in love. It was an explosive year, one of formation and growth. Fundamentally part of it was the turmoil and pain of that relationship, which was so important then, although it sounds almost trite for me to reread this sentence to myself now. My experiences, intense though they may have seemed, were probably not in the least unique. Nevertheless, it was a great year, and I'd have had it no other way. Sophomore year was different. It was still fun, but the novelty had worn off. It was a calmer year, added to by the fact that neither SW, nor love were such challenges any longer. The main battles had been won; victory was sweet, but, after six months, somewhat boring. The summer after that year, I made the big mistake of staying in Memphis. Boredom reached limits hitherto unknown, and, thank God, not known again since. That kind of thing, being bored, is always your own fault when it happens. I know that, and knew it then, but still couldn't do anything about it. In its own way, it may have been a good thing. Since I could see it, and realize what it meant, that is--time to get outa here!!--it finally gave me the incentive to act and broaden my horizons. The result was the end of the relationship, and spending second and third terms of my junior year in France. It was neat, and very much needed at that point. But, oddly enough, coming back here first term this year, to begin again, was probably one of the best parts of my life. For one thing, I love this country and our life styles and I find myself in relation to them, although I appreciate knowledge of both. More narrowly, SW and Memphis represented to me both a domains that I had working control over and a new challenge. It has been a mixture of old and new, reaquaintance with old friends and recomfirmation of myself coupled with different things that I wasn't ever familiar with before. Living off campus, by myself, has been neat. I don't go there to visit much, since almost everyone I know lives away from SW. Lots of them have graduated from there, but through various channels, I've met other people, people involved in other things. SW still plays a big part in my life, but it's not the same. It's not the focal point any more. And by the time someone is a senior, that's not a bad way to be, I don't think, because that's the way it inevitably has to be. What is happening to me now seems to be the broadening that I have been looking for since sophomore year, and in a very appropriate direction. Heaven knows, I'll be glad as hell to get out of here. I'm so sick of school work, for one. Let me clarify that: SW was instrumental in teaching me how to discipline my thought, how to learn, in aquainting me with a broad sope of material. That is fundamental in any liberal arts education, and SW did a good job. But, honestly, that time is over now. I don't want to have to study science any more, when my interests are with literature and extracurricular activities. I want to get out and do something! Everyone tells me that I'll regret the good ole days, and feeling so ready to quit it all. But, I don't think so. All things must pass, and new ones will follow. This is a transitional period for me; it's exciting. Why should I want to prolong the old?

It's almost like another freshman year right now: a new challenge, another freedom, another self, and another world. It's like having been on the brink of something ever since returning here. That's how it feels to be a senior at SW. It feels good, and next year should feel even better.

Cathy Coates

It has always seemed to me that in important event in my life, there has been a subtle, seeming inconsistency which ran beneath the way I thought I felt, or was supposed to feel. It's kind of similar to that phenomenon called the "Christmas Blues" where people find themselves unhappy during the cheerful holiday season, or like Walker Percy writing of a couple who had perhaps been married for twenty years, without really noticing one another, and when trapped on the Gulf Coast in a hurricane found each other noticing one another, and being really happy in a seemingly bleak situation. There has always been both sadness and happiness for me at weddings and funerals, and at births and graduation. I remember that during our graduation ceremony in High School, some of my friends had let 5 or 6 white mice loose on the stage while the valedictorian was giving her speech. Here I was trying to listen to what she said about where we had all been and were going, what friendships had meant, what education was, what the outside world was . . . and I see these potentially hilarious white mice scampering around the stage, dodging the marblesand whatever else was rolling around down there. Amidst the stifled laughter of my friends, I became saddened by the sight of those frightened mice, the whole bunch of us about to be "let loose" ourselves, or some such analogy, and the pomp and circumstance I no longer felt. Those mice seemed almost unreal to me then. It was almost dreamlike, and is now when I think of it.

That is nother thing I find to be true. So often I remember the strikingly memorable occasions as if I had dreamt them and just awakened. My third grade teacher wrote on my grade report one that I was doing good work, was capable of very good work, but seemed often to be in another world, and was rather abstracted and preoccupied. Since reading that, I have wanted to ask her what one does about it. I find myself these days thinking of endings. There is a tint of sadness; of feeling that perhaps something has yet to happen, that I still need to go through something more, experience a new wave of emotion and find a new strategy for living my life. It all lies out there on the highway, somewhere between Memphis and Atlanta. Perhaps right at the turn in Nashville where you have to be careful not to miss the highway on south to Chattanooga and home. Those long drives hold a secret of some sort that is all tied up with my life here and how I will come to understand it. Perhaps I was held so long between here and there that something of me never quite made it to either place. That says something about putting as much of yourself as you can right where you are. There is the time involved as well. Maybe this is the thing, the ability to be in one place physically and yet not really be there but live as a ghost, even as a very successful ghost at times. But it begins to catch up with you towards the end, and especially when the other place is no longer what it had been and the people were in fact never as you had imagine. They just were there, and you come to realize that in a real sense you made them whatever suited you at the time, or whatever they would have you believe. And that is something too, because people will often have you believe things about themselves and about you which are not true but perhaps will be if you pretend long enough. Then you are left with nothing except trying to remember what it was you once felt was true, like feeding the chickadees and nuthatches on rainy winter days in Georgia before the long drives began.

So now the trips are no longer necessary. I am free to stay and consider what I have and have not done, and what has been wasted and what has been gained. Nothing (save those who will be there and here no matter *where* I go) pulls me in that direction and I am left with what I have here and what I will take and make of it.

I am left with Southwestern and the people here I knew and those I could only recognize. There is all of this in the long drives home. Wondering what it is all leading to and finding myself, after having stayed three or four days, or a week, wanting to return here. Wanting for a million different reasons to get back and put my life in order. To understand her and myself and us. To get up on time and go to class and finish lab, having done a good job and learned where I belong. So often it did not happen. We must somehow learn not to be afraid.

But what Southwestern will come to be, what it is perhaps now (as a Presbyterian, I must consider at least the latter), is not this rumination and anxiety over these past three years and the months to come. What will make it all meaningful and maybe understood is not I think tied up simply in these short years here. Some of the friendships will last and others will not. People change--that has been hard to learn--as does Southwestern, and it has even in this short time. We place importance on consistency in our lives. We hope for a truth which will remain for us to return to time after time, to draw strength and sustenance for what is behind us and for what we see or cannot see ahead of us. So my concept of what has been here will perhaps be very different next year, and will change, with a very few exceptions, as the years and places and people move along. And what of the exceptions? Can I stand back far enough at this particular time and find a consistency both here and in myself, and in those I have come to know, . . . an unchanging truth I can hold?

What was there that I found in those drives back and forth that can be held as true and not a passing emotion or a flimsy new theory on how to live a life? Driving into the sad Arkansas sun leaving the comfortable hills of north Georgia behind. The hills and all that was in them, which was most of what I believed in and had known. I think there was something in coming west like that. It is an over-worked theme but for me a true one.

Being thrust, by choice, into the late-afternoon sadness and finding a world of change and ambiguity. But this I confess I do not understand. Those one or two friends, you and a roommate--laughing late into the night and talking--slinging our worries at a dart board. Pizza and your friend, and knowing you need not say anything but saying most everything, and then laughing--for it all comes together, and will be there always should you need it. At the very heart of change and sadness, there is the warmth of friendship, and the acceptance of what has been and will come. There are so many sides to it all. There is beer and cheeseburgers and those Friday nights toasting like German schoolboys to the prurient interests we pursued in our dreams. Imagine looking for James Dickey in Memphis for hours only to have him arrive to speak on time, and about time, and about a drunken poet who sees his death in the stars and remembers school friends who saw the same and are no longer alive (fugitives all?). And what of honor, and honor, and councils, when you are to judge others on something you yourself do not understand. It has been said that we cannot avoid thinking that the majority of persons we meet have stronger characters than we. We are not able to observe others making choices; we only know what in fact they do and how in fact they behave. It has been said that no one can think of himself as a strong character because, however successful he may be in overcoming them, he is necessarily aware of the doubts and temptations that accompany every choice. Unless he is a crook or has made an utter mess of his life, he will recognize the truth of Cesare Pavese's observation: "We can all do good deeds, but very few of us can think good thoughts."

And so, in those drives back from Atlanta, I find change to be consistent. Each time the highway turned back southwest out of Nashville and towards the river (towards first the Tennessee, and the last of the hills and then the Big River and beside it a part of myself I had not known), there was not only a slightly different me returning to an equally changed school, but also a deepening sense of what was not changing, but would always, beneath the surface of it all, be the same and be true, as true as anything could be. This is where it is hard to understand--that in change is a consistency that is the only consistency which is essential. That, and knowing we must realize change and accept it and use it. It is all a part of it somehow. For me, heading into the afternoon sun towards Memphis and a changing self among changing people and ideas, and leaving a home that was very different from the way it had once been, and people who were very different (and were to change even more, so that I was guilty of not seeing it happen, and was left with only what sense I could make of the past, too concerned with the past). This was all a part of Southwestern and of what it will be. Finding myself thinking of endings, and the beginning which follows change, and the sadness . . . but perhaps no longer the need for a fool proof and theoretically perfect way to live. In the damn Memphis-Arkansas sunsets, there is the reminder of seasons and darkness and change and constancy and God. There are many ways to live a life, and what we feel in those frightened moments and while looking back over 4 years of gains and losses and change is what we must take and allow it to sit for a while. Then while running in the hills to the Lake Burton Fish Hatchery with a friend (or running across the Brooklyn Bridge with the snow and the harbor, the sun off the buildings blinding and thinking of home then, too) those moments that are rare, but enough, it all comes together. Then there is the strength to go on, like when the river straightens out for a moment and the water is quiet before the rapids and you hear them ahead and tense, and your friend turns and you nod and together are ready. The canoe straightens and you feel the water catch hold and you are with it and on it, in it. And then all there is is you and your friend and the river. This hills rise to either side but you don't notice, and your blood is going like you have just run a 440 but you don't notice and in the water it all comes together. You may slip through easily or hang on a submerged rock and have a hard time of it. But usually the canoe swings out into the larger pool where the river bends around to pick up speed again. You lay down the paddle across the sides for a moment, then notice the sky and the hills, and it is all there and it matters that you should keep going.

Bill Harkins

Ephemera

Elizabeth Brown and Nancy Crowell assisted beyond the call of duty--they laid the book out.

Annette Wilkerson and Elizabeth Brown collected the written material.

Bobbo Jetmundsen was the business manager.

Li Li Chung, Barbara Ashcroft, Helen Theo, Cathy Roan, and Alice Smith were indispensable--they justified the copy.

Denis Meadows shed light on the senior section.

Photographers: Barney Stengle, Ray Gilmer, Kats Smith, Becky Brannan, Tim Haley, Deck Reeks, Tom Feinberg, Jimmy Watson and someone who left their negatives in the darkroom.

The senior section was photographed by Bill Nolan and Jim Watson. Lay-out by Cathy Roan and Bill Nolan Mary Pons assisted in the printing of the photographs.

The writers who donated material for this book deserve a special thanks.

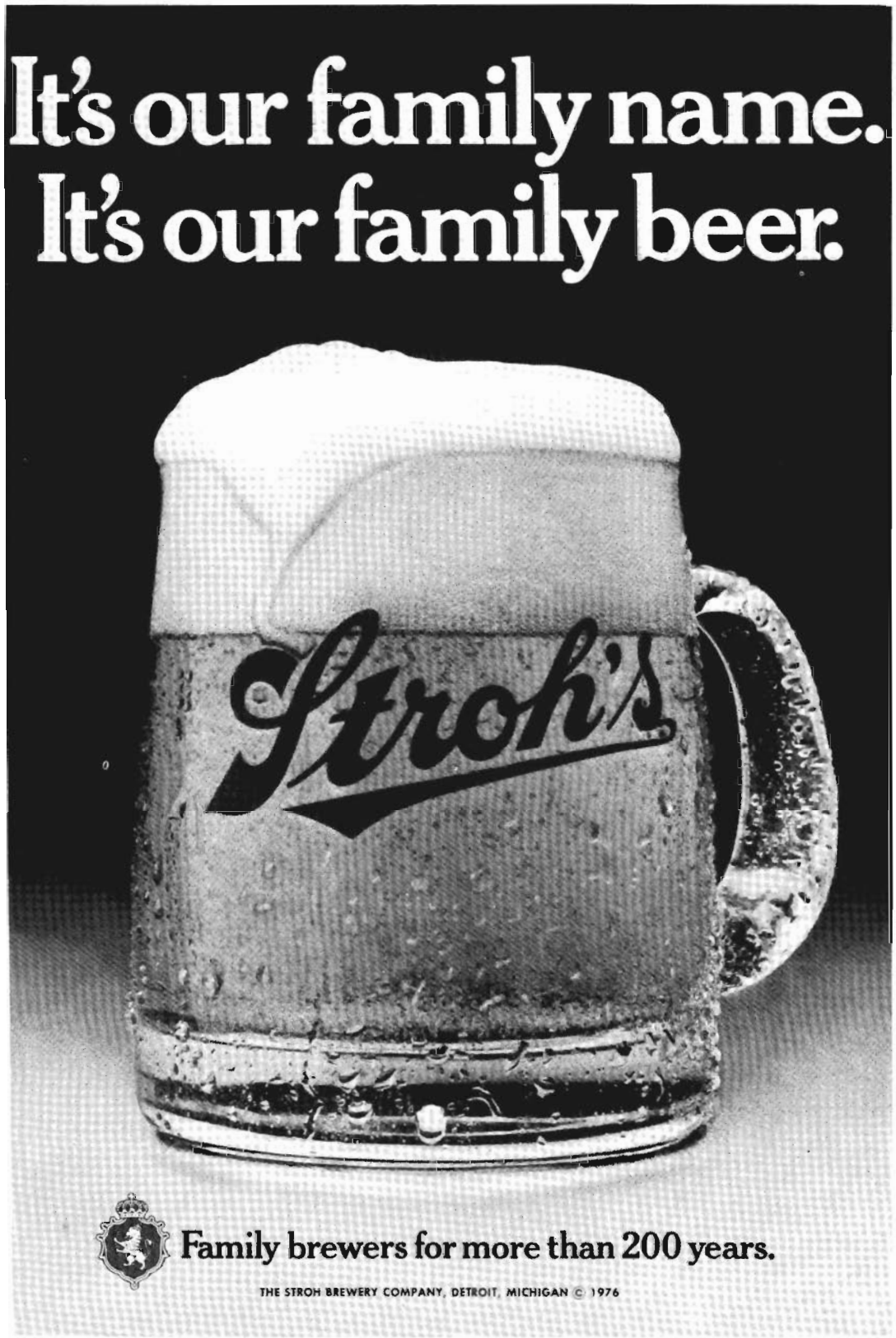
Bill Nolan was the editor. (Thanks, Bill)

To Our Advertisers:

This is the first yearbook in many years to use advertising as a vital source of income. You have helped us beat the inflated costs of producing an annual. It is a noble gesture on your part, for without you, the staff could have never put out a book of this caliber.

As always, we will continue supporting you with pleasure.

Bobbo Jetmundsen
Business Manager



Distributed by: A. S. Barboro, Inc.
House of Quality Since 1877

THE AMERICAN FLYING CLUB, Memphis International Airport

Welcome Southwestern!!!!!!

Learn to FLY with us, we 're quite reasonable. Six private aircraft

Mr. John Theis, President
363-4204

Entertainment Activities Inc.

Recording Studio
Talent Agency
Publishing BMI
Production

Recording Studio
Rock · Country · Bluegrass · Gospel
Talent Agency
representing local, regional and national entertainment

3197-99 Summer Avenue · Memphis, Tennessee, 38112 · 901-458-1600

Schlitz

Schlitz Light

MEMPHIS DISTRIBUTING COMPANY; INC.

324-2111

Old Milwaukee

Schlitz Malt Liquor

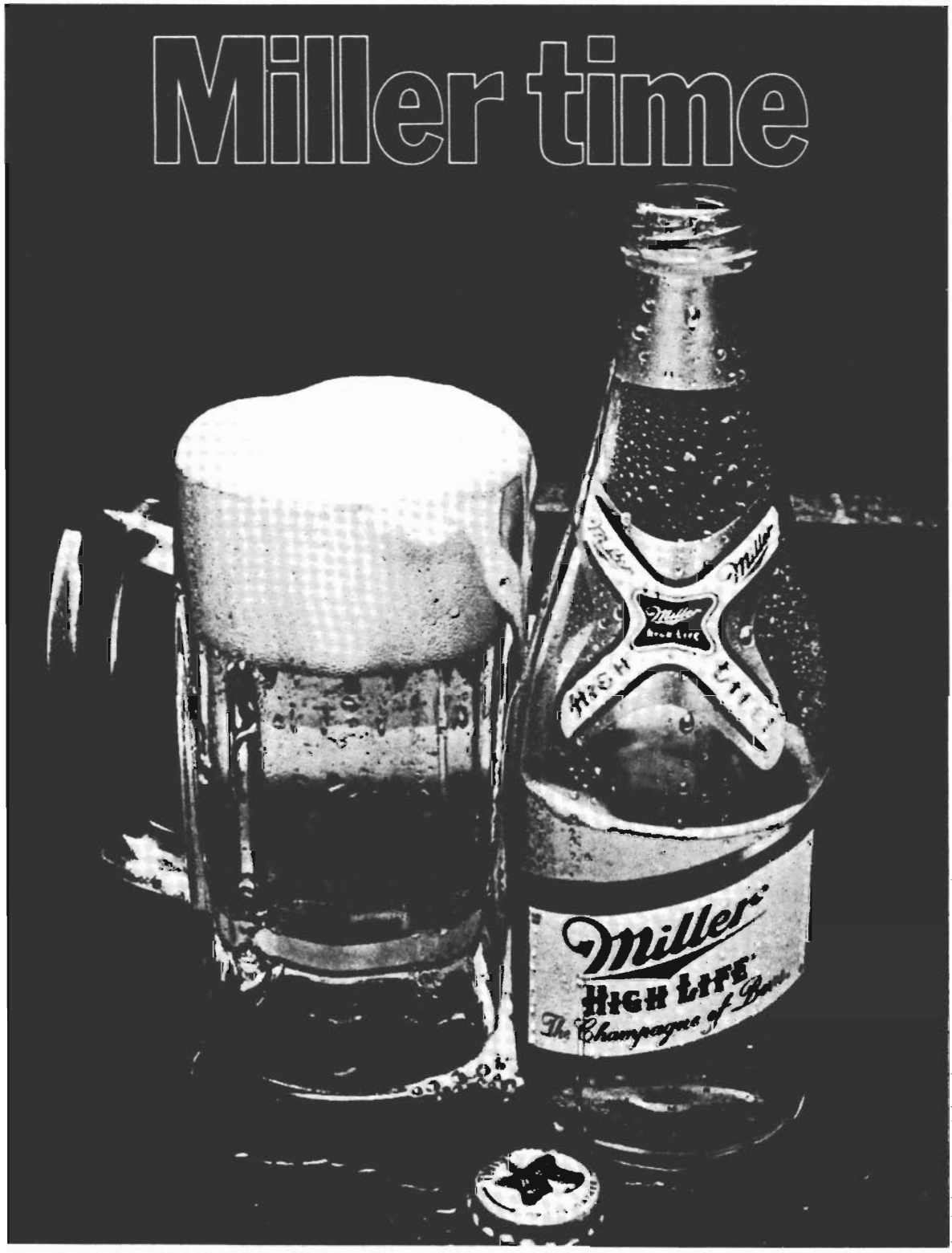
THE TALISYN AGENCY
ENTERTAINMENT

DINO'S
SOUTHWESTERN GRILL
SPECIALTIES
RAVIOLI AND SPAGHETTI
645 N. McLEAN
MEMPHIS, TENN. 38107

D. Canale & Co.

DISTRIBUTOR
BUDWEISER, BUSCH & MICHELOB

Collier
JUST INSURANCE
JAMES D. COLLIER & COMPANY
1492 Madison, Memphis, Tenn. 38104, Phone 272-2583



If you've got the time, we've got the beer.

Tuborg
Export Quality Beer
Gold

Shelby Sales Co.
2606 Faxon
Memphis
324-8547

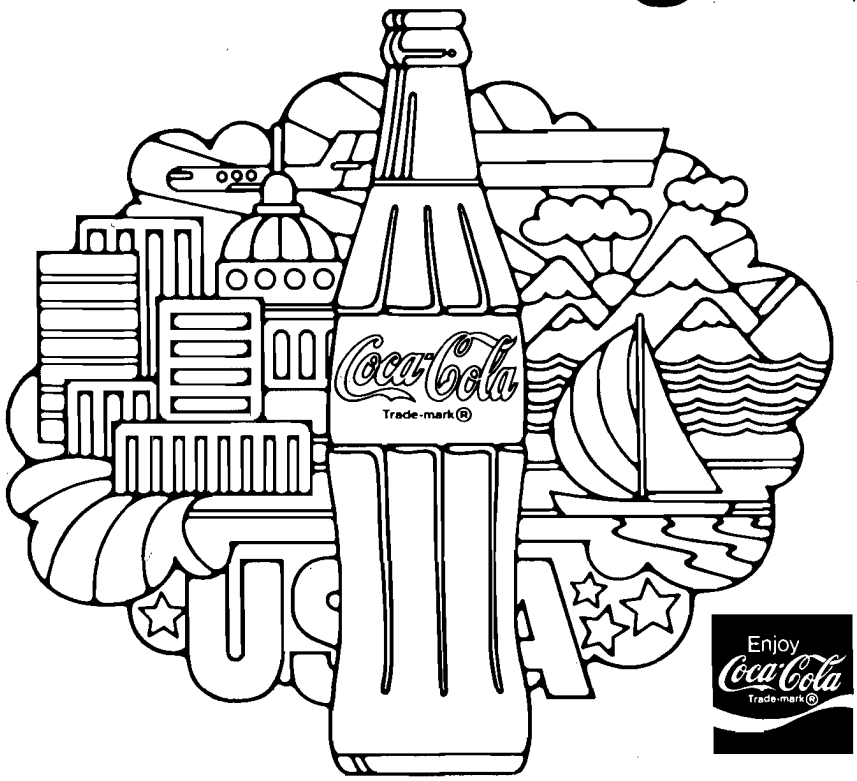
Southeastern Attractions, INC.

PENTHOUSE · 2121 8th AVENUE, NORTH / BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA 35203 · TELEPHONE (205) 328-8360

BRISTOL LIQUORS
The one, the only, *the WINE GIANT*
just down the street...

It's the real thing. Coke.

Trade-mark ®



WATSON CATTLE CO.

BONDED CATTLE

BUYERS

The P & H Cafe