

Dana Harmon takes advantage of the welcome warm temperatures last week

Briefly . . .

Johann Bensko Divinely Inspired: Writer John Bensko, director of the writing program at Rhodes College, will be the featured reader at Third Friday Writers' Forum on February 16 at 7 p.m. His reading is the second in a new series at Davis-Kidd Booksellers featuring local writers.

Dr. Olya Prizel, assistant professor of Soviet studies at the Pauli Nitze School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University, will speak at Rhodes College on "The End of Marxism in the Third World," Tuesday, February 20 at 7:30 p.m. His talk will be in Lecture Room A of the Frazier Jelke Science Center.

Sen. Claiborne Pell (D-R.I.) will speak at Rhodes College's Lillian and Morrie Moss Endowment for the Visual Arts series at 8 p.m. Feb. 19

at Evergreen Presbyterian Church, 613 University St.

Pell, a graduate of Princeton and Columbia, served in the U.S. foreign service and State Department early in his career. A U.S. senator since 1960, he was also the primary force behind legislation to provide need-based financial aid for college students, especially those from low-income families.

The event is free and open to the public.

The benefit concert held for the family of Kim Millsaps, the Rhodes student who was injured in an accident on October 7, raised a gross of \$910.30. The Saturday event featuring bands and a "jail" raised money through donations. All proceeds will go to defray medical expenses for the family.

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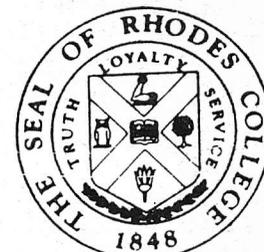
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The Sou'wester

Vol. 78 No. 5

Rhodes College

Thursday, February 15, 1990



National Salvation Front Vies For Romanian Leadership Position

by Stuart Chapman

The fall of 1989 will forever be remembered as a season of upheaval in Eastern Europe. Following Poland's lead, the Communist governments of East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria soon succumbed to the will of their peoples in spectacular (and sometimes violent) displays of unified dissension. All of these movements spiraled southward like some great line of dominoes, until only Romania remained to be "liberated." But Romania was different, a Stalinist-figure called Ceaucescu ruled with an iron hand, naming everything in his path similarly like some out-of-control cyclone. Eastern Europe had freed itself, unloosed its shackles, taken on some aspect of light, while Romanians huddled around heaters in their dark

and dismal society.

And then there were the isolated reports of anti-government demonstrations in western Bulgaria, and then every day the reports were more startling until we awoke one morning and the media was intently and repetitively spreading news of Ceaucescu's disposal and escape by helicopter. The pictures were fantastic: singing hordes of people, tricolor flags waving, pictures of the executed Ceaucescu, giant exhumations of mass graves. All of this courtesy of the National Salvation Front, a group hastily assembled (or so they claimed) during one violence-wracked night in Bucharest. Using the television station, these national saviors blared their good tidings throughout Romania. This ad hoc body immediately began cranking out various declarations, all for the good

of Romania. "We will only rule until the elections in April," the National Salvation Front said.

Since November, a few things have changed. These same men who were unexpected, welcome heroes in December now find themselves the subject of much derision. Virtually every action promulgated by this ruling junta stirs controversy, and attempts to strengthen their popularity have been little more than military demonstrations, an unneeded piquant reminder of earlier times. The seventeen ruling members of its body are all ex-Communists, an affiliation which most Romanians equate with Ceaucescu. In a typical action, the Front outlawed the party as a gesture of good will, only to decree the following day that someone else would be welcome to resurrect the party. Questions have been raised about the alleg-

ed spontaneity of the Front's creation and ambiguous answers have been doled out by various members, leading to several resignations and a general feeling of incredulity toward the Front. The unified patriotic sentiments of two months ago are suddenly splintering.

In a final, unbelievable twist, the National Salvation Front reversed its earlier position of merely serving until elections could be held; last week they said that they too will field candidates, a possibility which might seem unfruitful considering the current climate of animosity toward the Front except that by the means of money and media, they are seated in a position of control over an election in which thirty parties will take part. In a recent issue of the *Christian Science Monitor*, the leader of the National Peasants Party,

(Continued on Page 7)

Mandela Is Free!

by Elizabeth Orr

A celebration rally for the release of Nelson Mandela from a twenty-seven year sentence in a South African jail was held February 13 at the Clayborn Temple A.M.E. Church in downtown Memphis. Many Rhodes students attended and Jeanine Jackson, Vice-President of the Black Student Association and representative for the Anti-Apartheid Coalition gave a speech emphasizing the cause of the event, "freedom and the release of Mandela."

A main issue of the rally, besides celebration, was the signing of petitions to bring "South Africa Now" an award winning weekly television magazine that has been showing around the country to local television. The program brings weekly uncensored information about the state of affairs in South Africa.

While the celebration was a success and many joined in, the message to all that night was there is a long way yet to go both here in the United States and in South Africa. "The release of Mandela does not signify a change of heart on the part of DeKlerk," stated Kazi Joshua, organizer of a national student campaign.

"We can't fully rejoice as of yet because the people are not yet free from the restraints of Apartheid," Curtis J. Talley of the African-American Catholic Ministry stated, "we must pledge some action even if its nothing more than talking about the problem and keeping the dream alive."

Residence Hall Life Discussed At Roundtable Meeting

by Elizabeth Orr

The monthly Roundtable meeting, held February 13, discussed the issues of Residence Hall Life (Security and Damages) as well as the Intellectual/Academic style of Rhodes and how it may be improved.

First on the agenda was Security on campus and how to improve it. Many suggestions were made such as an iron fence surrounding the college, which many thought would be too unsightly, better lighting for dark areas of the campus, having access to only one door per dorm, and stricter SRC penalties for those who jeopardize the safety of students. An interesting viewpoint expressed by Professor Ekstrom was that serious incidents that happen on campus are not reported to the entire campus and a move should be made to increase the awareness of

the student body by telling them that they too are at risk.

Dorm Attendants were another topic of intense discussion among the group. It seems that Security has many absences and no shows among the attendants which poses a safety problem to the students living in the dorm. According to President Daughdrill, "... dorm attendants provide a false sense of security ..." since they are not really able to protect the students since there are many ways to get into a dorm besides the main entrance. It was decided that this issue must be addressed and some suggestions for improvement were having access to only one door after nine and just doing away with dorm attendants and having the students police their own dorm. The general consensus at the end of this discussion was that all the

responsibility for safety of students in a dorm cannot be upon the shoulders of a handful of dorm attendants.

Dorm damages and deposits caused another lengthy discussion. However, it is final that there will be no more dorm deposits after this year. From now on, students that have damaged their room will only be assessed for the cost. The problem of assessment of damage fees was an issue that was not resolved at this meeting. The problem is that those who damage dorms are not caught and everyone in that dorm has to pay for the damage. This again ended with the responsibility of the student not only to take care of their "home" but also to turn in students who commit damages so the whole dorm doesn't have to make the payments. This year signs have been

posted around dorms explaining the extent of damages and the cost to each student living in the dorm if the culprits are not found. So far this has proven to be less than effective and many members suggested that RAs do further extensive investigations, further hall meetings to raise campus awareness of the problem, and posting the damages in the *Sou'wester* for each dorm. President Daughdrill ended this discussion by explaining that he felt very good about the "rising tide of student responsibility".

The second issue: The Intellectual/Academic style of Rhodes College and how it may be improved was not discussed at length at this meeting and will be continued next month along with a viewing of the Catalogue of Concerns.

LADY LYNX HOST
RHODES CLASSIC
THIS WEEKEND

Thursday, February 15, 1990

Integration At Rhodes College, 1990

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

To the Editors:

I might as well begin by admitting that having dated a deejay for a year, I am a little biased when it comes to dance clubs in Memphis. That is why I may be the only person at Rhodes who found Crickette Rumley's article, "You Can Dance" (February 1), so offensive. However, I feel a need to point out that regardless of the article's subject, its bias was a bit excessive. I even wondered if Miss Rumley had really gone to all of these clubs, or if she had merely heard "horror stories" in the Rat from a few people searching for "New York, Miami, or Atlanta" in Memphis.

From the first sentence, I knew what I was in for. I didn't expect, however, the blatant insult to certain types of people whom Miss Rumley apparently believes do not exist in our little world. I also believe she forgot that these clubs were designed with Memphis, not Rhodes, in mind. Granted, some of these clubs are more desirable to the majority of Rhodes students than others, but why not avoid insulting the minority by being a little more fair? For instance, state the realm of music that is offered, but remember that some people really enjoy (and are looking for) that music! Speaking of music, what about those people behind the music? The only deejay named (and incorrectly, I might add) was DavID the Worm. (Could it be that Miss Rumley simply read the review in the *Commercial Appeal*? If you're going to insult the deejays, at least be consistent.

I could not find anything positive in Miss Rumley's article, and maybe that's indicative of her experiences. However, I saw no reason for her snobbery—regardless of the fast-paced dance scene she may be accustomed to. If the dance scene is not "real" enough for survival until graduation, think about the options. I personally find almost any club better than being crammed into the Pub with 500 other people who **cannot** necessarily dance. I am by no means saying that Memphis' night life is not lacking, but Crickette Rumley's way is not the only way.

Christina Temple

To the Editors:

Meanwhile, two weeks later, a reply is given which well accepted the just criticism directed towards student government and pledged a commitment to make things better. Unfortunately this is what I hoped would happen, not what actually happened.

Instead of the article raising very important issues and stirring up change, it angered people who felt that the criticism was a personal attack on them and their precious organizations. Consequently, the only formal rebuttal simply admitted that the problems exist and shifted the blame from the governing bodies to the total irresponsibility of the entire campus.

My article did not point the finger at any person or group of people. It just pointed out some problems with our system of government in which many people here also see problems. If it made people in these positions angry and upset, perhaps it was because these people are hiding a guilty conscience which makes them unquestionably paranoid.

If anyone is to give the student body "a quick shot of responsibility", who is it going to be? It can't be the student leaders. Hey, it's not their

responsibility! Or at least that's how that bogus argument went.

Further, if attendance is poor at Roundtable and Assembly, then perhaps this is testimony to the fact that what's being discussed is not what the students actually want to discuss. But again by their argument, it's not because of the programs or structures, it's because we students are sorry individuals. If you applied this wonderful bit of logic to the real world, it would be like saying that attendance is low at Barry Manilow concerts because our society is just plain sick and doesn't even know what real talent is.

Maybe they don't wish to change elections and other structures of the government because that would be a threat to their existence. And maybe they think that "the time for forums has passed" because they were dreaming about their prom and applying to this blessed institution the last time we had one.

Finally, if they don't know what an "average student" is, let me simply say that it is a person who does not hold a half-dozen leadership positions on this campus, yet is nevertheless an important part of the campus life and system. Average students are the majority without a proper voice because their representatives don't seem to know they exist.

Jonathan Smoke

NELSON MANDELA FREE PHYSICALLY, BUT NOT SOCIALLY IT'S COMING . . .

The Sou'wester

The *Sou'wester* is the official student newspaper of Rhodes College. It is published every Thursday throughout the fall and spring semesters with the exception of holidays and exam periods. The office is #10 in the Briggs Student Center. Staff meetings are held there each Tuesday night at 6:00 and all students are welcome to attend.

Interested parties are encouraged to write letters to the Editor, which may be delivered to the office or sent via campus mail. Any letter for publication may be edited for clarity, length, or libelous content.

Student publications at Rhodes are governed by the Publications Board—the Editor-in-Chief and Asst. Editor are the elected representatives of that Board. The opinions expressed in editorials and featured columns are those of the editors and contributing writers and do not necessarily represent the official viewpoints of Rhodes College.

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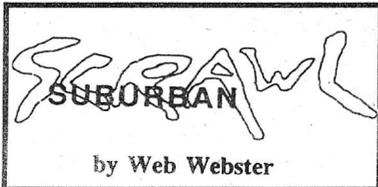
White and Whittle



Some Bars

ITEM: Cheers. A fictional bar, somewhere between Cosby and Night Court on Thursdays and that little beer hole that played George Jones records that you went to your freshman year for a rush outing. Everyone knows your name. The fat guy walks in. "NORM!" they all yell. A happy-go-lucky bunch of drunks we visit on Thursdays, but drunkenness is reserved only for comical characters—buffoons of the TV world.

ITEM: A place called Alex's. Fictional now, but some remember it as a nice place with a juke box that played Sinatra 45's. You went



there after classes during what used to be third term and drank a beer and watched Bullet and the Judge drink. Sure the beer was a rip, but they served you if you could see over the counter.

ITEM: Ruby Tuesday's and Other Fern and Brass Bars/Restaurants. Though these places might offer wine by the glass and espresso at noon, they are for people to have a drink before going to dinner. You

never see anyone sitting at the bar, unless they are waiting on tables for dinner. Places like this have an extensive list of "fun" drinks to supplement the standards.

ITEM: Madison Avenue and Similar Party Bars. Lots of young unmarrieds tossing back Coronas ("I always get the lime, babe.") and Beam and Cokes. Meat markets, plain and simple. These places play music really loud.

And as you wander about in the night, looking for someplace to just be, none of these places seem to give you what you want—the essential bar experience. Not the Columbia Broadcasting System's idea of a bar. Not a marketing ploy to draw in the oh-so-

very-eager-to-impress 18 to 24 DINC's (Dual Income No Kids.) Not an auction block for leather-clad skid-queens. But a sit-down-drink-a-pitcher-of-beer-eat-a-patty-melt-and-talk-about-deep-shit-if-you-want-to-kind of bar. A place where you maybe see some of the same people on a regular basis. A place with a proprietor (or -ess) who people know by name and still respect. A place with paintings on the ceilings. A place called the P&H Cafe.

Billing itself on freebie pens as "The Beer Joint of Your Dreams," Wanda Wilson and her friends have been running the P&H (the article "the" is dropped by regulars) for some number of years. It is not a place to go with eighty of your friends after a reception

at the Daughdrills. It's a quiet place with carpet on the floors and a good and greasy party melt with broiled onions if you want them.

They have a writer-in-residence there. Some guy named Gregg who writes social commentary. You order any one of six essays and it's brought with your patty melt and beer. For a quarter, you have the opportunity to read another writer's work. It's neat.

It's unfortunate that bars have turned into marketing case studies. So many out there with a certain clientele in mind and prices to attract them. We can talk about the disparity between the sexes till we're blue in the face and still—cheesy Dance Fever rejects keep dance and party bars open till all hours
(Continued on Page 7)

The Ghosts of Valentine's Past

by Linda Fisher

Well, another Valentine's Day has come and gone. It is not as big of a deal as it used to be. I remember back in elementary school, Valentine's Day was my favorite holiday. We spent most of the morning making heart-shaped envelopes out of red construction paper. In the afternoon, an hour before school was dismissed, we had a party. For some reason there were always white frosted cupcakes with cinnamon candies on top. Then we walked around and put cheap little valentines in everyone's envelope. We had to bring enough for everyone. It was a great exemplary holiday. You had to be nice to everyone.

That changed once we went to middle-

school. The goal there was to find the nastiest sayings we could and ruin somebody's day. The messages were usually something like: "Roses are red; Violets are blue; Worms are slimy; and so are you." The main art of Valentine's Day was to slip the cards, usually sheets of torn-out notebook paper, into the person's desk without them finding out whodunnit. Occasionally a precocious girl would put something sappy into a guy's desk, signed "Your secret admirer," to hear him scream "Ugh, gross."

The phrase, "Your secret admirer" took on new dimensions once I got to high school. You left cutesy cards in your crush's locker. If you opened your

locker and nothing fell out, you were nothing. If you were going steady with someone, you usually received a stuffed animal and a silly card. It wasn't as much fun as the secret admirer scene, but it was safe.

Now, we're in college. The most common idea is to study. Everyone has at least four tests this week and social activity is ruled out. The guys aren't giving candy this year because they have joined the "Keep America Beautiful. Don't let your girlfriend get fat" club. Flowers get ruled out because that takes away from the beer and cigarette fund. True love reigns. I have great hopes for St. Patrick's Day through.

PYRAMID CLUB, BETTER THAN THE REAL THING?

by F. Grant Whittle

That the room was unforgivably hot for a cool February night is something that can be overlooked probably. I was, after all, overdressed. The opening act, whose name I can't remember, I overlooked also. I wasn't there to see them in their first place. Having lost a lot of my hair, I felt a bit out of place among the crowd of string-haired people that were all around me.

I had pretty much gone on a whim, begging a ride from Stan whose car comfortably fit seven anyway. The ride there was rough but pleasant, due in part to the presence of Thorne whom I hadn't seen in nearly a year. When we got there, Stan characteristically neglected to pay for parking. Getting to the door, we executed an end run around the potpourri salesman while he was going at someone else. I barely had the money for the cover charge, much less a four-dollar bag of smelly woody things. The round-faced attendant at the door looked like she belonged in front of the Fillmore. She happily took my five dollars and let me in.

The decor of the Pyramid is late-eighties artsy, with walls decorated with spatters of paint and huge photographs of iconographic people, cars, words, and so forth. Other than one pharaoh mask and a sign lettered in hieroglyphic-like roman, little in the Pyramid has anything to do with Egypt. There is a pool table in the

back which received minimal use while I was there. In the middle is the open bar area where two televisions play tapes that look like they were generated by turning the VCR on and changing channels. This attempt at random-serial programming fell short



of excitement which was a good thing since no one watched them anyway. The refreshment selection was sparse at best, but that was all right since it kept me from spending my last three dollars. The seating area and dance floor area are in the front. Behind the stage is a solid wall of windows covered by random sheets and draped with odd, flower-shaped lights. It was only slightly distressing to find that the floor sagged noticeably with the undulations of the dancers.

I spent a good deal of time looking at the hologram above the cigarette machine. It pictured a scared-looking man who turned into a werewolf as walked past. I met up with my editors while I was there. Obviously, the people who go to the Pyramid are cool beyond belief.

The main attraction, Neighborhood Texture Jam, started at about a quarter

til midnight which was a good thing, because I was about to get frustrated by the other band. Beverly dragged me and Stacy, her roommate's boyfriend, to the front of the crowd so she could admire Steve Conn, beloved NTJ bassist.

The first thing you notice about NTJ is that they are near-ridiculously loud. My ears did not stop ringing for two days. They are doubtlessly energetic. They pretty much covered the material on their new album along with a few songs (I think they might have played "Sweet Jane," if my memory serves.) The band's gimmick (if you want to call it that) is added anti-instrumental sounds that are worked into the mix. The sound of broken glass nicely punctuated the music, for example.

The dance floor was mildly dangerous. People were flailing about in a small space and falling down everywhere. I nearly broke my glasses. Still, the crowd was friendly and willing to aid their fallen compatriots. I mostly stood on the sidelines and pushed people back into the fray, especially Stan.

By two o'clock the band had signed off and the crowd quickly disbanded. I stood outside and waited for Stan to come out. We were accosted by the potpourri salesman and my friend John offered him a cigarette. He didn't take it though. After a harrowing ride Stan deposited me in front of Evergreen Church and drove away. I think I liked the Pyramid Club. Peace.

Jimmy the Hook

by Jeb Griffith

"Hey man, you need some carpet?
"How 'bout a leather desk chair?"

One thin eyebrow raised,
gold toothed grin squinting cheeks,
His steel hand rolls me
towards his office:
Graffiti carved desk anchored
in the dim manila corner,
adjacent rolls of carpet
stand on the end like chewed cigars.
His free hand waltzes
with a soiled chamois
over the dusty maroon leather.
Cotton padding peeks through
elbow worn grooves.
"Here ya go partner."
The oil glaze and twenty pierce
a haze of yellow floating dust.
The grin widens side to side,
"Bring it back when you graduate."
The chair wheels down the hall
back to my room and windows.

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Thursday, February 15, 1990



Granville Davis

Obituary: Granville Davis Dead At 80

Educator and civic leader Granville Daniel Davis, dean emeritus of Rhodes College's continuing education program, died at Methodist Hospital in Memphis on Monday, February 12. He was 80.

As head of the college's continuing education department from 1954 until his retirement in 1976, Dr. Davis was a friend and mentor to hundreds of Memphians. "He helped shape not only aspects of the curriculum still taught at Rhodes but also the lives of many persons who provide significant leadership to our community," said Dr. Robert Llewellyn, associate dean of academic affairs at Rhodes.

Dr. Davis also was a national figure in the area of adult education, serving in the 1970s as president of the University Council on Education for Public Responsibility, a national organization of adult educators. Rhodes was the only undergraduate institution in America represented on the Council at the time. During Dr. Davis' early years at the

helm of continuing education, the college also was recognized by the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education as one of the nation's ten centers of excellence in continuing liberal education. Rhodes was the only one of those centers based at an undergraduate liberal arts college.

A member of the Rhodes faculty who went on to hold the J. J. McComb Chair of History at Rhodes, Dr. Davis taught for many years in the college's well-known interdisciplinary program, "Man in the Light of History and Religion." He was director of the Adult Education Center at Rhodes from 1954-61 and dean of continuing education from 1961 to 1976.

Even after retiring as continuing education dean at Rhodes, Dr. Davis continued to lead the college's Institute for Executive Leadership, an intensive program in the liberal arts for executives and managers in business and other fields. He was a co-founder of the Institute for Executive Leadership, which began in 1955.

Dr. Davis, a native of Benton, Ark., earned his B.A. from the University of Arkansas, and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Illinois. He taught history and later served as president of Little Rock Junior College (now the University of Arkansas at Little Rock) from 1950-54.

Dr. Davis was long active at Evergreen Presbyterian Church, where he was an elder, and he was involved in many civic activities. He was formerly president of the Memphis and Shelby County Health and Welfare Planning Council and president of the United Way's Planning Council. He served with the U.S. Army as a 1st Sergeant during World War II.

Dr. Davis is survived by his wife Ella Ruth Davis of Memphis; a daughter Mary Kathleen (Mrs. Jerry M.) Bradfield of Memphis; two stepchildren, Mrs. Jane Kendall of North Little Rock and Mr. James T. Dowell of New York, N.Y.; and four grandchildren.

Trustees Set Priorities For The College's Future

"What will our students need in order to live in the Third Millennium?"

That was the question posed by President James Daughdrill to nearly 100 Rhodes trustees, their spouses and members of the administrative cabinet who gathered for three days last week outside Tuscaloosa, Ala., to discuss the future of the college.

The answer he got from trustees came in the form of goals — six priorities for the college to work toward now and in the coming years.

The goals adopted by the trustees are as follows:

***Strengthening the Liberal Arts with a Global Perspective** — To prepare students to live and lead as citizens of a global community.

***Strengthening the Rhodes Facul-**

ty — To attract and keep the finest faculty possible by supporting the development of their full potential as teachers and scholars.

***Sports, Fitness and Student Life Facilities** — To make Rhodes' sports, fitness and student life facilities among the best of the nation's leading liberal arts colleges.

***Residence Hall Facilities** — To provide adequate residence hall facilities on campus to meet the needs of students.

***Focusing on Student Outcomes** — To focus on student outcomes in terms of competencies and high ethical values.

***Student Support Services** — To strengthen student support services.

While these broadly defined goals

garnered support from the board members, the specifics of each goal remain to be decided. In the next few months, six work groups composed of trustees and their spouses, as well as faculty and student representatives on the board, will be studying the various priorities and determining how high Rhodes can and should aspire in each of these areas. They also will be determining the costs to implement each of these goals and from where the funding might come.

Although the work groups are committees of the board of trustees and staffed accordingly, it is expected that the groups will interview Rhodes faculty, students, staff, alumni, church leaders, and college officials at comparable colleges to get information.

Assembly Election Results by Liz Orr

Rhodes College Social Commission held its annual election Wednesday, February 7. The new Social Commissioners for the 1990-91 year are Allen Bell, Phil Hemstreet, and Cindy McCraw. Phil Hemstreet says that they plan to do mainly the same things as the former commissioners, Kristen Rudolf and Patrick Farr "with a few surprises." They will all be flying into Chicago next Tuesday to attend

a Leadership/Social national convention where they will be previewing entertainment for next year and learning to handle their hefty budget. As for the rest of this year, they will take over their position the week after spring break and will be in charge of the execution of Rites of Spring which has already been planned by Rudolph and Farr.

An opening on the Allocations

Board was also filled Wednesday by Eric Meihls. The first Allocations Board meeting was Monday, February 12 for the allocation of the budget for next year.

Catalogue of Concerns To Be Revised Again

The Catalogue of Concerns is a document that was first presented to President Daughdrill two years ago, and has been reviewed yearly since that time. The Catalogue is a compilation of student concerns regarding several important campus issues, housing, social life, communication with administration and faculty, and social, ethical and ecological responsibility. Its recommendations have directly affected administrative decisions, and its suggestions were instrumental in the formation of the President's Roundtable.

This year the Catalogue of Concerns is again being revised under the direction of Dana Harmon and Joann Lynen. Any and all students are encouraged to attend the organizational meetings of the Catalogue, as direct student input is vital to voicing all students' concerns. The next meeting will be Feb. 15 at 7:30 in Tuthill.



Chris "Dew Rag" Robinson attempts to draw Chicken McNuggets with Hot Mustard Sauce in the Win, Lose or Draw competition held Monday night.

B.S.A. Celebrates Black History Month

by Stephanie Gordon

February is celebrated throughout the United States by African-Americans as Black History Month. During February, past and present achievements by blacks, in a vast number of fields, are commemorated collectively.

The Rhodes' B.S.A. has set aside the week of February 18 for a host of activities geared to observe the month. The activities are to educate as well as entertain.

February 18 — Black History Program in Payne Recital Hall at 7 p.m. Historical account of African-Americans told through scenes.

B.S.A. members as well as non-members will be the cast.

February 20 — Movie "Cry Freedom" will be shown in the Orgill Room at 7 p.m.

February 21 — Mock Oprah Winfrey Show with Anita Davis portraying Oprah. It will be in the Rat starting at 7:30 p.m. There will be a panel and the topic will be: "Is Racism Alive at Rhodes?"

As a special treat, look for Soul Food Day in the Rat. Please keep in mind that the activities above (and others that will be posted around campus) are open and for the entire campus. Come out and support the B.S.A. and at the same time enjoy and learn.

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Neighborhood Texture Jam Thrashes Captain Sou'wester

by Captain Sou'wester

Went to see Neighborhood Texture Jam last night for their album debut party coming down from three sugar-cube dose. On the way there (the Pyramid Club) I was stopped at a red light (I was alone) going full out to Beethoven's Fifth and gripping the wheel like I was hanging on for life, and I turned to my right who should be there but SuperDave, also zonked out. But he saw me first and started waving his face around like a kite in a storm.

"Yow, Dave," I said when I rolled down my window. Glorious R.E.M. was pumping out of his speakers but it couldn't deafen Ludwig Van.

"Pyramid, straightaway," he said, then zoomed off. The light had probably been green for thirty seconds but everything was slowed down. It took about an hour to go twelve blocks at forty miles per.

Anyway, I followed SuperDave because I didn't really know where the place was, but it didn't look like he did either because he turned off early and I kept going. Finally I turned around, and lo and behold at the next spotlight I turned to my right and there were J.D. and Keiko. I made a triangle with my hands and they nodded. It was all

going to go down at the Pyramid.

But as it turns out, they were headed somewhere for beer (as I later found out) and I turned out from following them as soon as that became apparent. Because it was hard for me to drive, take in the music, and look for something at the same time, I stopped at a Circle K and rang up information. Craftily I asked the operator the address after she gave me the phone number, on the pretense that I thought there were two clubs and how did I know if she were giving me the correct number?

But this big billboard with a purple/pink pyramid and an eyeball on it tipped me off, so straightaway did I sally forth, parking a mere block away so as to avoid the one dollar parking charge.

Walking up the street I stopped by J.D.'s car where he and Keiko were drinking a quiet beer.

"Texture Jam started up?" I said, squatting down by the driver's side.

"No," said J.D. "Want a Busch?"

"No, thanks," I said, even though I really did want one because my mouth was like parchment. "I think I'll go establish myself a nesting spot."

The club is upstairs and I had to wait

in line with a lot of people wearing large earrings and black everywhere.

Up at the ticket window I screamed to the lady, "I'm a Germantown mother and I want in for free," because earlier in the day Neighborhood Texture Jam did an interview on WEVL and Joe Lapsley, the lead singer, was talking about all the Germantown mothers who were up in arms about the recent Motley Crue concert, and he was saying that they better keep their kids away from the Texture Jam. Then a band member in the background said that, yeah, they better keep their kids away, but the mothers were welcome for free. I could just hear Joe belting out "Don't Get Loud With Me, Bitch" to the Germantown mothers.

Anyway, that ploy didn't get me in, so I whipped out my free press pass that said, "Sou'wester, admit one (1)." And I hadn't even made photocopies of it for my friends (probably because I don't have any.)

Inside I got a beer quick and bummed a cigarette off of Tricia and threw my coat on her table. The opening band, Snake Hips, was still playing belting out some hard-hitting country/rock, but nobody much was listening or dancing. People were milling around talking and nodding their heads at friends across the room. SuperDave came and we made our nest spot in back of Tricia's table.

When Snake Hips quit I went up to Courtney and Amy's table, which was about fifteen feet from the stage. The texture was already set up. This time it was a sheet of corrugated metal roofing, a big metal drum, a hubcap, some broken glass, and a few other odds and neighborhood paraphernalia. Steve was thumping his bass a little, and Joe was pacing around with his fists clenched by his hips. The two guitar players and the texture man were tuning up, and Paul already had the big drum sound going.

I was feeling quite physically capable, and knew it would be a night of heavy thrashing on the disco floor.

It was like a bomb when it hit and already there were crazies flipping their long hair up and down to the wicked beat. In a few minutes everyone had crowded near the stage and I couldn't see, so I jumped on a chair with a superb agility owing to my svelte figure and began rocking nonstop up there.

I heard some vicious screaming behind me and when I turned, Amy and Laura were flipping me the finger because I was hulking in their way. I was obliged to pull them up in front of me on the chairs, but that didn't matter because I was a head taller than either of them.

My blood got burning after "Don't Get Loud With Me, Bitch," and I had to get down to some serious thrashing. I wormed my way up to Derek and Pierre, which I knew must be the Center. I found out that the sole reason why Pierre worked out was to become huge was so that he could more effectively jump on people's backs. I was thinking *Big Daddy, Big Daddy* but jumping on him just the same.

There is the offense and the defense

of the dance floor frenzy. The offense, putting your hands on someone's shoulders and using them like a trampoline to propel yourself into the Center, hopefully causing a wave or at least a ripple instead of falling down on the floor because you only imagined that big guy to your right. The defense, planting your tree-trunk legs to withstand the offensive onslaughts.

There were three levels of physicality on the pounding floor: First, Second, and Third Rows. The Third Row is all those people too scared to really thrash about or who just want to groove mildly. Second Row is where the serious thrashing goes on: Pierre's domain. The First Row people have the defensive job of keeping the Second Rowers from exploding on the stage and knocking the band members around.

As for the heat, it was worse than indoor basketball in a Memphis August. It's not uncommon for my shirt to become a dripping weight to lug around during the spring and summer months, but after half an hour in the Second Row my pants, shoes, socks, underwear, and watch were holding sweat like a sponge. I retired to the First Row for a while, but then back to the Second for the final songs of the first set, and then I was seeing nobody but jumping like a salmon go-

ing to spawn.

After the first set I sat down at Tricia's table and continued sweating quietly to myself. I was très fatigué and couldn't move but to bring a cigarette (bummed from Kim) to my mouth. I seriously considered leaving, but decided to take off one of my black overshirt instead.

Got back into the second set, but had to hold position in the First Row. I couldn't handle many more in the Second. The band was hot now and sweating just like us and thrashing around a bit, too.

Before the second set was over I grabbed my coat and headed out. My shoes were squishing like they used to when I crossed our creek in them. It was hard to walk in completely drenched jeans and I really needed some water to revitalize my dehydrated condition.

Beethoven was waiting in the car, and as I was still keyed up I let him boom out my windows like I was cruising for chicks back in high school.

Back home I shed everything but the boxers and got a monster glass of iced orange juice. Leaning back in the easy chair I flipped around before settling on Cinemax. Texture Jam had been outstanding and I didn't mind that I'd be up for a while.

Beyond the Gothic Village: This Week in Memphis

by Dean Conner

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15:

Lou's Place: Front Street Blues Band
North End: Thursday Night Group
Rum Boogie Cafe: Don McMahon and the Rum Boogie Band
Boogie Rock Cafe: Everyman
Murphy's: Charlie Woods

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16:

Antenna: Love Tractor, Burning Blue
Lou's Place: Front Street Blues Band
North End: Sid Selvage
Omni New Daisy: Thrust, Every Mother's Nightmare, Toy Jesture
Proud Mary's: The Moonmen
Rum Boogie Cafe: Don McMahon and the Rum Boogie Band
Boogie Rock Cafe: Eddie Harrison and the Shortcuts
Murphy's: Terence Lane

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17

Antenna: Gun Funnies, The Resistors
Lou's Place: Front Street Blues Band
North End: Sid Selvage
Omni New Daisy: Adam's House, Psychic Plowboys, Skinny White Boys
Rum Boogie Cafe: Don McMahon and the Rum Boogie Band
Boogie Rock Cafe: Reva and Portables
Murphy's: Mosaic

DRUG AWARENESS WEEK

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22

A debate on the legalization of drug in the U.S featuring Rhodes professors arguing both sides of the question.

HARDIE 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26

A panel of Rhodes professors, Drs. Byrne Ackerman, and Ekstrom, give interesting comments on the effects of drugs in areas associated with their fields of study.

FJB 6:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27

A U.S. customs officer, a federal agent, and a narcotics dog will demonstrate techniques used in the confiscation of illegal drugs.

2 SESSIONS, 10:30-11:10 and 11:15-11:55, TUTHILL

For varsity athletes and other interested students, Dr. Ken Tullis, class of '65, speaks on recognition of dependency problems of friends and intervention to help them.

FJB 6:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 28

Dr. Ricky Carson of Lakeside Hospital tells his personal story of drug and alcohol addiction and of his recovery from this addiction.

FJB 7:00

Texture Review: Neighborhood Texture Jam

by Derek Van Lynn

Numb and paranoid cocaine dealers, dudes in Plymouths uptown, and white-collar criminals suffering penal injustice in prison cells.

De-limbed bodies thrown out of Buicks, jack-knifed tractor trailers on the New Jersey turnpike, and bikers poking, prodding and chain-fighting.

"The songs on the album sort of reflect a period of my life," said Neighborhood Texture Jam, lyricist/vocalist Joe Lapsley. "The characters and situations are not necessarily what I want to go back to, though."

Joe was preparing for last Saturday's record release party by whupping up on some boys at the Whiteball court here at Rhodes. NTJ's album, *Funeral Mountain*, was the subject on everyone's minds.

The "record release" party (actually there was no vinyl involved, only tapes and compact discs) was scheduled for 10 p.m. at the Pyramid Club.

The opening band, Snake Hips, warmed the place up with their own brand of medium-cool rockability. This Nashville band features Mark Harrison on guitar and vocals, a former member of NTJ, and he also guests on "Looking for Heroin" on *Funeral Mountain*.

The boys and I headed out for beer and barely made it back in time for NTJ's opening number, "Dog Track." The Pyramid was packed with all levels of the Memphis hip scene. There were some "uber-hips" there according to Pierre Isenee, but as he said, "We just moshed them away."

And Mosh we did. NTJ threw down the most energetic set of tunes since

I saw the Red Hot Chili Peppers. I escaped with only two bruises and a bucket of sweat.

The "Texture" in NTJ is manned by Greg Easterly, who bangs away at traffic barriers, hubcaps and other household items, all miked and mixed to culinary perfection.

Lead guitar is performed by Tom Murphy, a virtuoso just a little more savage than Angus Young of AC/DC. Tee Cloar, son of a Rhodes professor, writes much of the music and plays a crunchy rhythm guitar.

Bassist Steve Conn and drummer Paul Buchignani are the two most recently graduated Rhodes alums, proving that an awesome rhythm section can be born and bred in our halls of ivy.

Saturday the band played all ten songs from the album plus a funkier "Thank You Afro-Americans," old favorites like "Wee Willie Winkie" and "Wino Herd," and a funny new song called "Cocktails with Jesus." The song refers to a "North American tribal deity" and features riffs stolen directly from ZZ Top and "Tequila."

NTJ's subject matter is vital to the power of their music. They were once banned from the Rhodes pub and last year were asked at the last minute not to play for a soup kitchen benefit here on campus, the infamous "Monsters of Rhodes." It remains to be seen if the rest of the censorship-minded United States is ready for them.

Price also informed me that tapes and compact discs will be on sale at Cat's on Union Ave. The name *Funeral Mountain* is a locale near the "Borax Factory," the first track.

The album is excellent. Buy it. Now.

Thursday, February 15, 1990



Dana Peterson and Brad Shelton rehearse a scene from *Blue Window*.

Movie Review: The Little Thief

by Thomas Layfield

Though naturally a bit behind, as far as culture goes these days, Memphis currently is offering one of the finest French films of the past year. Released in the United States in September, *The Little Thief* has finally found its way to the mid-South. Based on a screenplay written by the late Francois Truffaut, the movie depicts the coming of age of a lower-class teenage girl in post-World War II France. Though there is nothing extraordinarily profound about the film, its simplicity and

charm make it unforgettable.

Charlotte Gainsbourg plays Janine Castang, the title character whom we first see living with her provincial aunt and uncle. Longing for the beautiful life she sees in movies, Janine shoplifts silk lingerie and expensive furs during her afternoon walks through town. After her stash is discovered and she is caught robbing the local church, Janine drops out of school and becomes a maid for a wealthy urban couple. Her new life provides the opportunity for her first romantic en-

counter — with a forty-three-year-old married man (Didier Bézace). Although this relationship manages to overcome the problems presented by the differences in age and class, Janine eventually finds a truer love in the form of a handsome, rebellious young criminal (Simon de la Brosse). Janine's crimes soon catch up with her, and she is sent to reform school, where she becomes intimate with a fellow female prisoner. The two escape with the help of her friend's boyfriend, and Janine soon finds herself alone, just as before, but with one additional problem: she is pregnant. Her return home constitutes the movie's climax.

Gainsbourg is exceptional in the role of Janine; she convincingly conveys all of her character's complexity. The young actress's good looks are never exploited or glamorized, and Gainsbourg is perfectly believable whether she is in her maid's uniform, in her prison garb, or nude. Her supporting actors and actresses also excel. Particularly effective is Bézace, as he makes his relationship with the young girl entirely believable and sincere, without a hint of perversity.

As director, Claude Miller never slips into judging his heroine, nor does he aim to extract pity from his audience. Miller's tone allows the viewer to develop a more "real" identification with the protagonist than would have been possible had any trace of didacticism or sentimentality worked itself in. One minor problem appears in the initial choppiness of the film, but after a half-hour or so, Miller settles into an appropriate pace.

Like its star, *The Little Thief* possesses a natural beauty which stems, above all, from its lack of pretentiousness. While dealing with characters motivated by what are generally considered banal desires, the film manages to avoid caricatures, even in the most insignificant roles. Moreover, it is exceedingly well-filmed, written, acted, and directed. Yet another plus: the English version is extensively subtitled, even to the point of translating the lyrics of the opening music. *The Little Thief* is now playing at the Fare 4, but, given its Memphis audience, it may not be held over. If not, this is one movie worth searching for on video.

Open The Blue Window

by Kevin Collier

Do urbanites really feel the isolation from each other that we read about in *Time Magazine* or see pictured in the colorful graphs of *USA Today*? If the veils which separate their lives were to be lifted, could they see the lattice of coincidence that ultimately connects them all? Possibly. This is exactly the situation in which we are allowed to participate while viewing a recent (1984) work of Craig Lucas. *Blue Window* is a contemporary comedy of manners, centering around a dinner party. The characters are young (thirtysomething) inhabitants of the Big Apple, and have something in common with their host, Libby. Allie and Boo, a writer and her family therapist/lover, live in Libby's building. Tom, an old friend of Lib-

by's, brings along his live-in companion, Emily. Griever is a soul-mate from group therapy, and Norbert, well, he's Libby's sky-diving instructor.

Blue Window gets us off to a running start. We see each of the five apartments as the characters ready themselves for the evening's "bumpy ride." In scene two, the characters tiptoe around each other's hobbies, livelihoods and sexual preferences. In scene three, they return to their separate abodes and talk about each other. Art imitates life.

The dates for production are February 15, 16, 17, 22, 23 and 24 — an excellent opportunity for Parents Weekend. *Blue Window* is directed by Frank Bradley, the McCoy's newest staff member.

This Week In The Art World

by Crickette Rumley
Arts Editor

Do not pass go, do not collect \$200 but go directly to the Clough-Hanson Gallery. Somehow the gallery has come upon the most impressive exhibit I've seen all year. Now through March 8, the work of Martha Christian and Brian Russell, both local artists, will be on exhibit.

Martha Christian, who teaches fiber arts at Rhodes, has done a number of tapestries with an innovative use of color and texture. Most of her works have a sense of depth due to the way they are mounted as well as her use of fabric and paint. Christian says that her weavings support her master's thesis that initiative designing is a valid approach to contemporary tapestry.

However, prepare yourself for the work of Brian Russell, a Rhodes graduate and furniture designer/craftsman. He is currently displaying several tables, sideboards, and spiral stairways. He works with hardwoods, forged steel, bronze, glass, marble, and other stones.

Russell's creative approach to his craft leaves behind that dull, dreary notion of furniture as nothing more than useful, and explores it as an art-form. His work reflects a wide variety of influences, including classical, modern, Egyptian, and mediterranean.

For example, he stained a sideboard with different stains, one orange, one purple, then inlaid the cabinets with tin. The effect is jarring, but believe it or not, it works. His tables also use contrasting stains and have an unusual design. Be sure to check out his tables of marble and metal — I wanted to try to sneak one out. Equally impressive is a spiral staircase that leads to nowhere, made out of a fushia-stained wood and a metal banister. It's too beautiful to even think about climbing.

Definitely pop by the Clough-Hanson, but please be aware that softlifters will be prosecuted.

Album Review: Jive Bunny and the Mastermixers The Album

Last week, after a very tense and rough day, I stumbled upon a CD to add to my collection that makes me smile every time I hear it. Yes, you heard right. It's Jive Bunny and the Mastermixers, *The Album*. Though *Rolling Stone* had the audacity to give it one star, I give it five very happy stars.

The album contains eight tracks which are filled with over sixty samples from some of the best classic rock 'n' roll songs. The first track, "Swing the Mood", received quite a bit of airplay this summer in its home in England, and later annoyed many people here in America. Still can't remember it? Does the phrase "C'C'Come On Everybody" or Elvis' "Hound Dog" slightly sped up ring any bells? Yes. And yes the *Sou'wester* is proud to review it.

Another wonderful track, "Rock and Roll Party Mix", reminds one of all the wonderful K-Tel's greatest hits album commercials played on cable, only the songs are all connected with a cool beat.

But my favorite, that I like even more than the "Lover's Mix" collection of classic rock love songs, is ironically "That's What I Like". This song contains twelve samples including "The Hawaii 5-0 Theme", "Wipe Out", "Great Balls of Fire", and "The Twist".

So why do I give this silly album five stars? Maybe it's because it's the only CD I own that has "Hawaii 5-0" on it. Maybe it's because I've been in England too much, and I'm beginning to actually like music that's played on BBC-1. Maybe I'm crazy. Or maybe, just maybe, I like to smile and be silly every once in a while.

Jive Bunny writes on the album cover, "Making music for all my friends is all I want to do. Music that's fun for one and all including friends like you." If no one else will say it, thank you, Jive Bunny. Thank you for making me smile.

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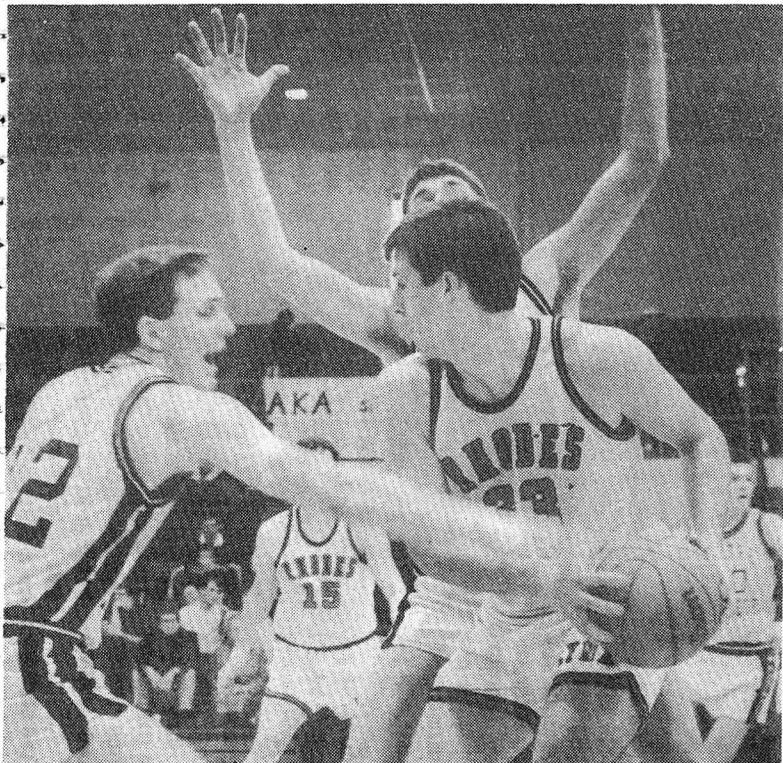
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Rhodes' Mike Webb looks for help from a Centre trap during last Sunday's 14-12 action in Mallory Gymnasium.

Lynx Topple Centre, Stay In CAC Race

by Brad Todd and Robert Varner

The Rhodes College Lynx kept themselves in contention for the College Athletic Conference championship Sunday afternoon with a 74-72 victory over the Centre Colonels at Mallory Gymnasium.

The Lynx are now one game behind the Colonels in the loss column of the league standings but can win the title if they defeat Millsaps (February 19) and Centre (February 24) on the road. Rhodes is 7-6 on the road, but has posted an 8-1 mark in Mallory Gym.

"They play very well at home and they are hard to beat here," said Centre coach Tom Bryant, whose team needs only a victory over Rhodes at Danville to win the conference championship. "Our students will be wired . . . it will be difficult for them to come into our place and win," added Bryant.

Bryant said that the fact that Centre entered the Rhodes game needing only to beat them once in two games might have caused the Colonels to play with less intensity.

"It was a 'must' game for them and we knew that. Maybe they were just hungrier today," said Bryant.

Rhodes trailed 38-34 at halftime, but scored 12 of the first 14 points of the second half to take a 46-40 lead. Centre regained a four point edge and held it until the Lynx stormed back with eight minutes to go in the game. A layup by James Burden and a Taylor Curtis three-pointer ignited a 9-0 run which gave the Lynx a 66-61 advantage with 4:20 remaining.

Centre's David Hicks and Burden took over in the final four minutes, scoring 9 and 7 points, respectively. Centre got a 69-68 lead with 2:14 remaining when Hicks canned four free throws. Burden hit two turnaround jumpers

to give Rhodes the lead at :45, but Hicks wasn't finished. A three-pointer by the Colonels' center seven seconds later tied the game at 72-72.

Rhynia Henry broke the deadlock with :24 to go with a free throw. Centre ran the clock down inside six seconds before Burden stepped in front of a Mark Vortruba pass. Burden fouled immediately and hit one free throw to put Rhodes up by two.

Henry then stole the Centre inbound pass and dished it off to Curtis, who was fouled with one second remaining. Curtis missed his free throw and Centre rebounded and called a time out before the final horn sounded. The Colonels were unable to inbound the ball successfully as Ben DeVary's pass hit the gym ceiling.

The victory also kept Rhodes' faint hope of an NCAA playoff berth alive. Typically, no team with more than seven losses is invited. That means that the Lynx would have to win their final two home games and beat Millsaps and Centre on the road.

Henry said that the playoff berth has been and is still the team's main goal. "That's been what we've been shooting for all year. We felt like we had enough talent and the guys who wanted to do it," Henry said.

As for Rhodes' difficulty winning on the road, Henry thinks that the Lynx can overcome that trend in the last two games. "I think that it's all in our mind. We can do it, but it's going to make winning the CAC a little harder."

Henry outscored 16 to compliment Burden's team-high 21. Hicks, the CAC's leading scorer, poured in 31 for the Colonels. Rhodes whipped Centre on the boards, outrebounding the Colonels 36-26 with Henry leading the way with 10. Curtis hit 3 three-pointers and gave out seven assists. Rhodes shot 53 percent from the floor,

Beat Up On Ole Miss Month Continues

by Eric Cardenas

Last week the Rugby Team beat Ole Miss; this week the Lacrosse Team slaughtered Ole Miss. The Rhodes Lacrosse Club dominated the Rebels 10-4 at the Rebels' home field in Oxford, MS. It was Rhodes' first game of the season, which ups Rhodes' record against Ole Miss to five wins and only one loss.

Due to the torrential rain the night before, the game was played on a wet, muddy field. "I felt like I was up to my knees in mud," Rhodes senior and captain Michael Brown, who scored two goals commented, "but we still controlled the ball better than we ever had before."

Rhodes goalie Steven Burns shut out the Rebels until late into the second quarter, by which time the Rhodes middies had scored four times. The closest Ole Miss came to Rhodes was at the end of the third quarter, when

the score was 7-4, still in the Lynx favor.

It was a prime day for the Rhodes midfield, as they scored eight of the ten goals. Kyle Marks was high-scorer with a hat trick, Jay Mason scored twice, and Rob Galvin, John Matsek, and alumnus Eddie Fincher all put in one goal apiece. Defender Robert James almost had the play of his career in the second half as he stole the ball from the Ole Miss attackmen, outmaneuvered the Rebel middies, came to offense and assisted Rhodes attackman Eric Cardenas for a quick-stick goal. Unfortunately, the goal was nullified due to a Rhodes midie who committed offsides.

Rhodes is so far undefeated this season, and plans to play such teams this year such as rival Sewanee, UT, and Emory. The team is hosting a plethora of teams on February 24-25, as the Lynx Laxmen hope to continue their domination.

Lasky To Leave Rhodes

by Brad Todd
Sports Editor

Women's volleyball and men's golf team coach Tricia Lasky is leaving Rhodes effective tomorrow. Lasky is returning to her hometown of Duluth, Minnesota where she and her husband both will take positions in private business. "It's one of those opportunities that you can't really pass up," said Lasky.

Lasky, a graduate of the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul, Minnesota, has been on the Rhodes athletic staff for five years. She was originally hired to coach women's soccer and volleyball. When soccer's season was switched from spring to fall two years later, Lasky took over the men's golf team and another soccer coach was hired.

Lasky's second soccer team had a winning season and the volleyball team's record went from 6-26 in each of the first two years to 17-19 this year. Also this season, the volleyball team defeated cross-town rival Christian Brothers College for the first time in the school's history, a feat that Lasky lists as her greatest achievement at Rhodes.

"I have really enjoyed it here. I've enjoyed the people I've worked with in the Athletic Department . . . and I hate to go," said Lasky.

Rhodes athletic director Chuck Gordon said that a replacement for Lasky should be hired before the next academic year. In the meantime, Gordon will coach this year's golf team and may keep the position for a few years.

Suburban Scrawl

(Continued From Page 3)

with their mix of bad music, bad hair and bad socio-cultural skills.

Granted they're fun places. Quarter drink night's a great time to drink cheap liquor and slum in the finest

sense of the word. But it's scary that people actually use these places as a pool of prospective mates from which to draw.

But the P&H is another story entirely. There are tables there. Not your small cocktail bar tables with room for a pack of cigarettes, an ashtray and a plastic coated menu. Tables on which you can spread out, talk to people about things that matter.

Don't try to go if you've got a cheap ID that some guy named Bad Ronald sold you for thirty-five dollars. You'll be asked to leave. But if you feel like a quiet evening among people who seem like they might be friendly if you went up and introduced yourself, try the P&H on Madison.

National Salvation Front

(Continued from Page 1)

a major opposition party, expresses his disgust at the political tactics of this "transitional" government. The Front has access to all the old Communist Party structures, to the money, and to the media needed to run an election campaign." These opposition parties desire a delayed election date, such as August or September instead of the scheduled April one. Any election before summer would be premature for a developed opposition, they say, and would likely be won by the Front.

Eerie similarities can be drawn between this Romanian revolution and the French Revolution of 1789. Both involved violent upheavals though France seems to have had one advantage. During the stirring of the first years of the French Revolution, there was nothing less than the figurehead of an absolute — at least Louis XVI's mere presence provided some stability. Romania's figurehead no longer rules — somewhere (no one knows where) he lies in the dirt full of bullets.

including 61 percent in the decisive second half.

Rhodes' final home game is Saturday at 7:30 p.m. against Washington and Lee.

Centre (72) — Hicks 31, Finn 14, Vortruba 10, Vickers 8, DeVary 5, Shannon 4.

Rhodes (74) — Burden 21, Hery 16, Harrison 11, Curtis 9, Webb 7, Fallin 7, Lewis 3.

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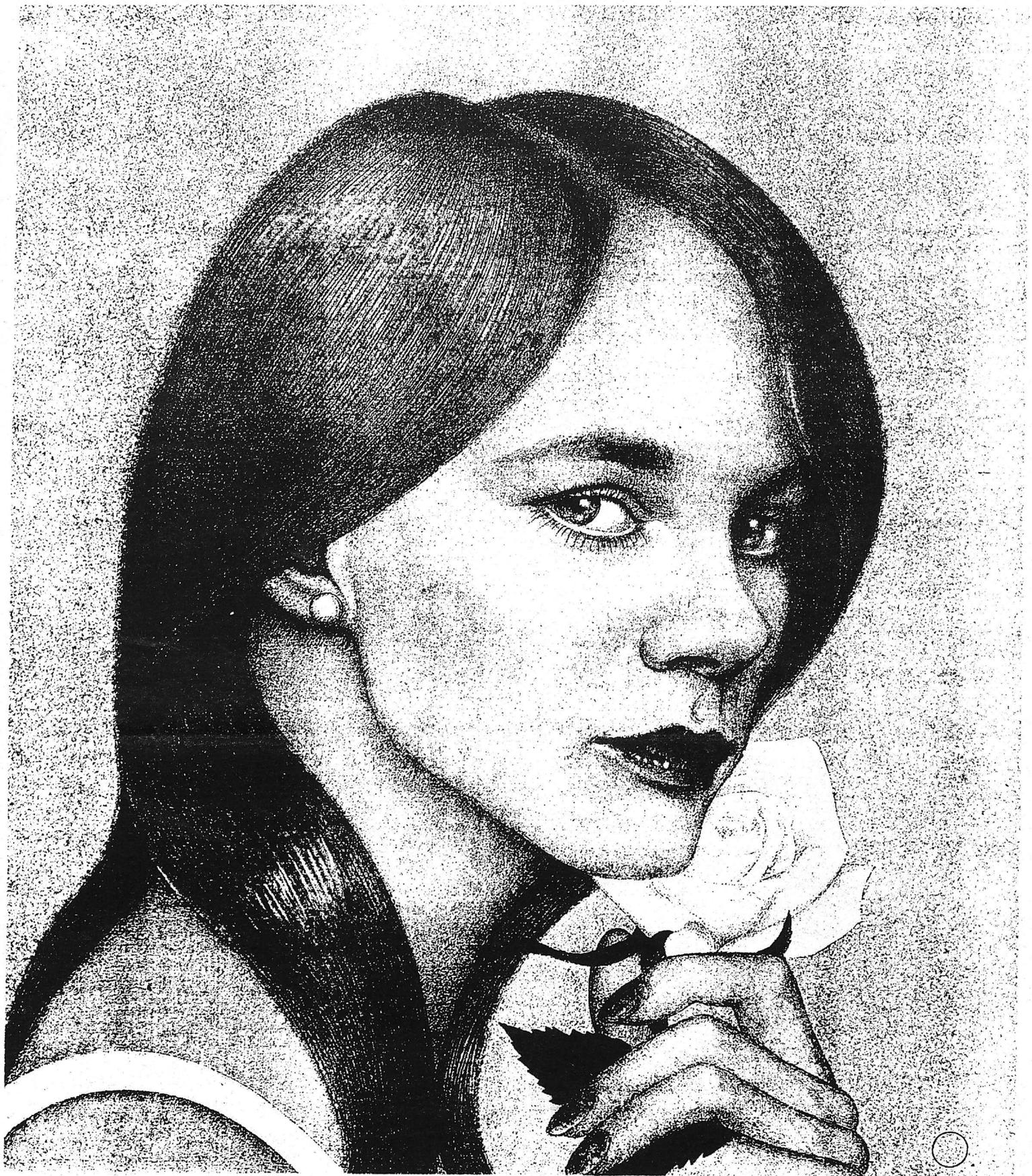
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