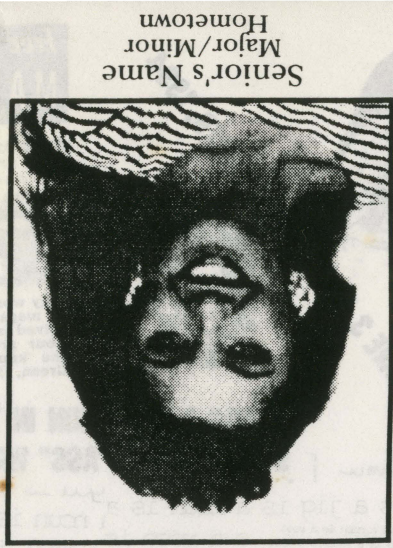


Senior Photographs

<Dipak Ghosh>
Those of us fortunate enough to have read last year's yearbook have much to remember, tears of joy (for overall Quality) mixed with the horror of *pagan* senior portraits. Reason enough for much concern. After all, lightning may miss heretics occasionally, but the Federal Board of Senior Portrait Censors never fails to strike terror in our hearts (forgive the cliché).

The FBSPC has systematically annulled the accreditation of colleges, and even bulldozed some into the bowels of Mother Earth—there's also talk of a Gothic-architecture fetish. Why? Well, there are a few common infractions that come to mind: submissions were not photographs, seniors' faces were not visible, some pictures had more than three people in them! In case you think these rules are ludicrous, you're obviously an anarchist, or a blithe soul all too blissful to be bothered by the laws of the land.

My fellow Rhodents, in these uncertain times let's not be unmindful of the security of our alma



Senior's Name
Home town
Major/Minor
Senior's Name
Actual Size of Senior Portrait

mater. Take the time to acquaint yourselves with the norms set by the FBSPC (1-800-555-1212). I suppose you may also contact the Lynx staff at x3971....

Brother and sisters, UNITE. Strive to smite the heathen that dare rape the fabric of decency at Rhodes. And let no more senior portraits shake these foundations of Truth, Loyalty and Service.

Folks, I've enjoyed this exercise in verbosity and I'll put an end to your misery. In a nutshell, I think the new rules for senior portraits stink like a load of horse dung. Period.

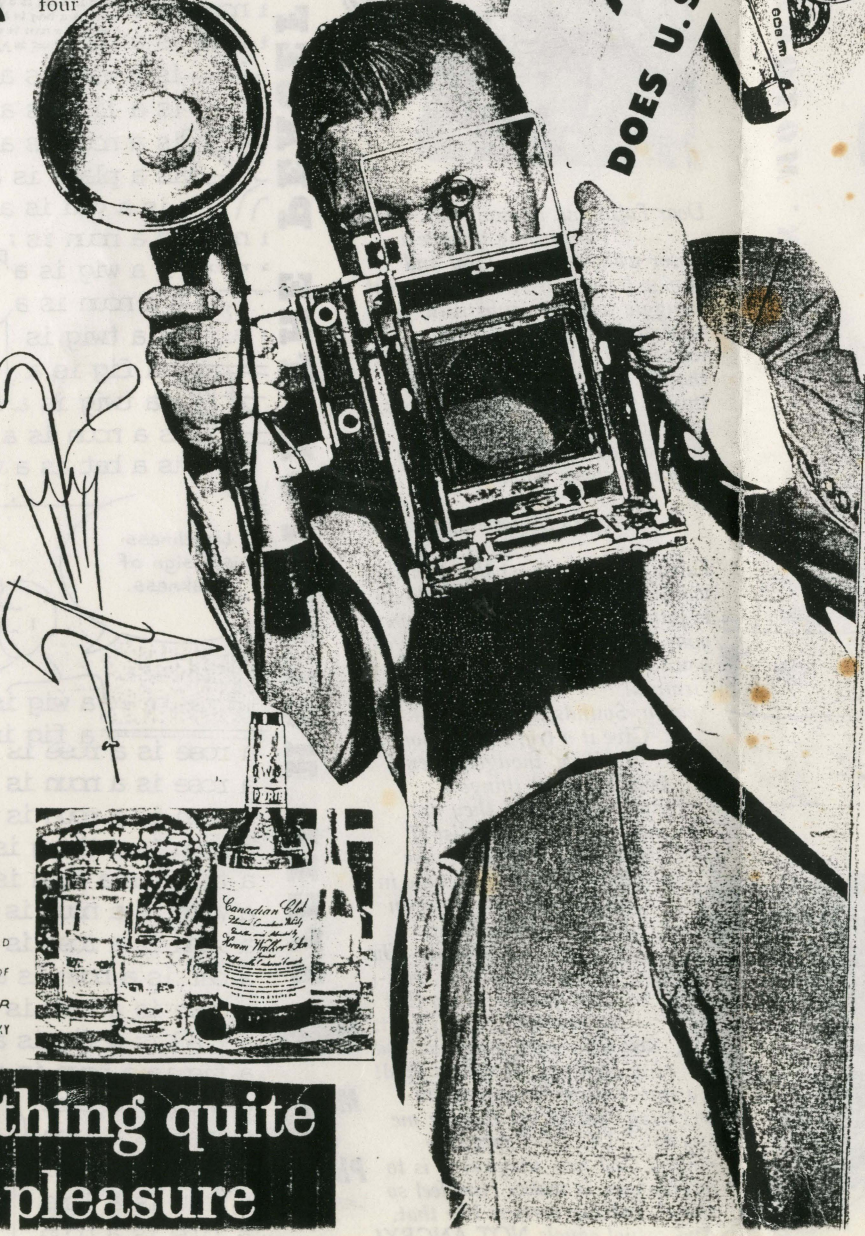
SENIOR YEARBOOK PORTRAITS

A cup of sand
a handful of zebras
and all the used car lots
Merlin could care to summon:

What a strange place to leave a town, here, where Memphis is supposed to be.



Hey, it's wet! Or is it? You can trick someone into a feeling of wetness by holding a thin dry rubber balloon, filled loosely with cracked ice and water, against the back of his neck. Most physiologists agree that there are only four basic skin sensations: pressure, pain, warm and cold. Wetness, dryness, softness, roughness and tickle sensations are all synthesized from those basic four



JAY STOVALL

DOES U.S. HAVE ENOUGH GO

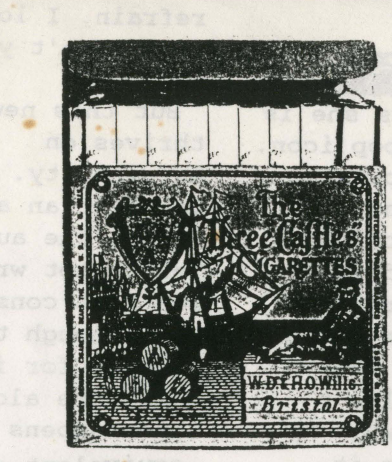
with a liberal arts degree, slobbered occasionally in existential loathing, (Hell is other people, after all—particularly in a kitchen) and lambasted now and again by the general manager. For the breeding of truly exquisite waiters, he must be a tiresome man, given to inspire his employees with uplifting promises of someday managing their own restaurant.

Watch him in action. Note the gentle arc of the ketchup bottle irresistibly flipped end over end. Deftly caught, it describes the cycle of organic matter, the celebration of life to death to life, with just a touch of the melancholic reminder that you, the customer, are not exempt from the wheel.

Observe how, with a neatly quartered bar towel, he dispatches an errand fly to its next incarnation. A subtle reminder that the four humours, each in proportion to the other assures balanced, normal behaviour—oblivion in the memory of the world. (You see? Hmm. Yes. Yes!)

Every move, every word alludes. You will be served, but not obsequiously. You will not fail to recognize the balance of power. Though you may request to see the manager at your leisure; your mannerisms (or even worse, your dinner) may at any moment become the general amusement of the kitchen staff. This is the yin and yang of the waiter/customer hierarchy, so ripe for deconstruction it should probably go unplucked.

Signaling a good waiter to attend one's needs, is then an assumption. Each will humour the other to play roles already long established. Make no mistake, however.



BE A WELL-PAID TELEVISION



MEN PAST 40
Men afflicted with Bladder Trouble, Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Dizziness, Physical Inability and General Impotency send for our amazing FREE BOOK that tells how you may correct these conditions and have new health and Zest in Life. Write today. No Obligation. Excelsior Institute, Dept. B-5, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Taking part in an assumption is one of the noblest endeavors available to us. To assume, for example, that life is worth living in the post-salvation era, or that words mean the same to both speaker and hearer, or even that one's coffee has not been boogered as well as sugared, is the definitive act of humanity in a world conclusively proven to be free of absolutes.

In Thomas Harris's, now, seminal novel *The Silence of the Lambs*, FBI Director Jack Crawford reminds Special Agent Clarice Starling that "remember, Starling, when you assume, you make an ass of u and me." Similarly, when one reads edifying publications, one assumes that they will not have self- and consumer-demigrating titles.



LUKENS

Nothing new about this, when you consider that even in 1905, when Albert Einstein started the neutrons flying with his great equation, Lukens had been making steel plate for 80 years!



IN 87 LANDS... THE BEST IN THE HOUSE
Canadian Club 6 YEARS OLD 90.4 PROOF
IMPORTED WHISKY - MADE BY HIRAM WALKER
BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

NOW COMMERCIAL ART PARTNER
"Was artist for engraving firm; now I'm in a commercial art partnership; I teach art in my spare time. Your course worth more to me every year." Thomas

There's nothing quite the pleasure



I saw Pophead tonight on a whim down at Barrister's. I didn't know they were playing. The experience was just so unexpectedly rich. I know and respect the drummer and bass player from other bands. I was in a cool place to listen to live music. They were singing the Ballad Punk Rock Hero. A song about a friend who had a motorcycle wreck once because he was trying to mix a martini while riding. Back to Kerouac.

The band rocked. The king of pop with an ornate tarnished crown. They covered Fuck and Run by Liz Phair, my favorite song on Exile in Guyville, so they automatically get a thumbs up in this book. Pavement write a good pop song too, but Liz Phair does not pity her poor postmodern self. She loves to be on top, to "get all wet between [her] legs" but then there's the vulnerable side - she takes your word for it that she's not worth talking to when you're out on the road in the middle of

See Pophead September 21 at the Antenna

In some ways she is the perfect pop icon. She has a reputation for preferring the mixing room to the stage, I read in Spin. She burns 'em up, though in a club in New York. She probably wouldn't want the crown. Pophead wants it. They've got it, too.

What's a pop song? Pophead live and Liz Phair recorded

Parkland

Pophead is not over-the-counter zit medicine. Or targeted at pimply preteens - pop as in pop music which stands for popular music. But pop music has migrated away from hit radio to scattered outposts of creative artists and independent labels. Exile in Guyville is on Matador. Never heard of it. Pop: so much ironic integrity - short and sweet and simple. Instrumentally basic guitar bass drums. Pophead is a trio, another automatic

A LIVE MUSIC REVIEW BASED ON A 40-MINUTE OPENING SET OF WHICH I MISSED 10 MINUTES.

thumbs up. Ironic because the kind of pop music Pophead plays used to be the

crowd-pleasing. Love that tension.

LIZ PHAIR - FROM EXILE IN GUYVILLE

I take advantage of every guy I meet. I get away with what the girls call what the girls call what the girls call the girls call murder (Girls! Girls! Girls!) [not grrrls!! grrrls!! grrrls!!]

Whatever happened to a boyfriend, the kind of guy who'd try to win you over, whatever happened to a boyfriend, the kind of guy who makes love 'cause he's in it? (Fuck and Run)

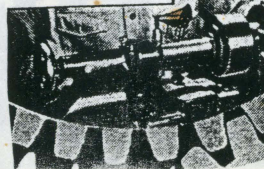
a love spat (The Divorce Song). She's just full of vital contradictions.

Max up from

ross gohlke

was made of. The Beatles started it, R.E.M. knew nothing else early in their career. Follow the formula. Verse refrain verse

MECHANICS



refrain. I love you girl. Won't you be my baby.

But this new stuff thrives on marginality. Sugar makes it an art. Forget the audience. You're not writing for mass consumption even though the music is made for it. Somewhere along the line happens the

equivalent of "art for art's sake." You're doing the STYLE. The STYLE, the externals become the

as car lots e to summon:

ace to leave a town, his is supposed to be.



JAY STOVALL

- martin fox-corduroy
- clay combs-polyester
- c. schaffer-alpaca
- dipak gHosh-mohair
- ross gohlke-spandex
- dylan dryer-WHITE LINEN
- jay stovall-cardigan

focus. You move away from the hand that bought the STYLE, or the hand moves away from you.

And you still sit in your room late at night looking for the perfect pop song with your three chords on your red guitar. The audience wants your attention. A true pophead knows better than to lose sight of the audience, that's what this rock'n'roll thing is all about. But loyalties run deeper than mere



5-STAR MOTORING

Celebrate the miserable paradox. Fun and play become serious business. Excellent musicianship is not based on how fast you move your fingers on the fret board or whether you can write in a minor key. To know what you're doing and why you're doing it, that's the key. Pophead knows - the ballad of the

