

97TH YEAR

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The Sou'wester

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RHODES COLLEGE
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GRADUATION ISSUE



"Fun-Employed": The EIC's dressed up the Diehl statue to resemble the living-at-home, hours-on-the-couch lifestyle some seniors may be facing post-graduation.

Photo by Ally Limmer

ARTS & INFORMATION

"Afternoon"

BY DOUG FETTERMAN '16
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Throughout the year, Doug sent Sunday reminder emails about The Sou'wester's weekly Monday meetings. In each email, he included an original poem. This one seemed especially appropriate for our graduation weekend!

Afternoons,
with bright limitless skies
free from worry, cannot last forever.

Darkness comes,
supplanting cheery blue with
midnight ink punctuated by stars.

The starlight
serves as a wan reminder:
"take solace, for soon the sun will rise."

How can we?

The light of the stars is far away.
Our artificial lights drown
what little splendor they had.

Easily overpowered in towns,
easily overlooked anywhere.
Do not put your faith in stars.

Have you ever seen a star twinkle?
It's the universe winking:
"you really thought this would be easy?"

"Shame on you."

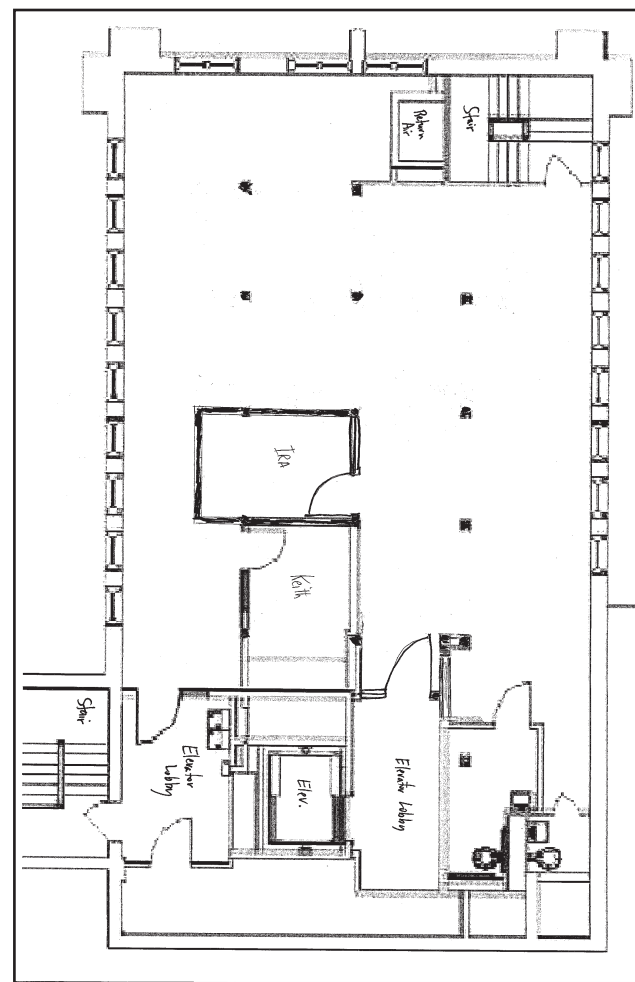
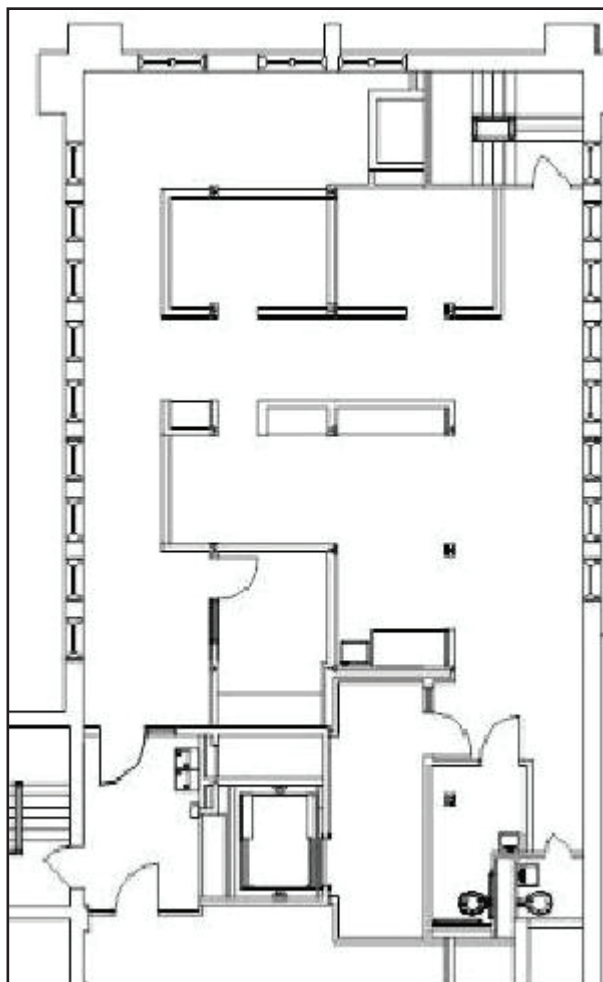
Let the sun rest my troubles away.
Proximity beats number,
and warmth stark beauty.

I would prefer one sunlit
afternoon, however brief,
to a lifetime of
waiting for stars.

New Student Involvement Center

Old Layout

New Layout



BY IRA LAWSON
STUDENT LEADERSHIP COORDINATOR

Renovation of the Burrow Third Floor is set to take place over the summer with an intended completion date of August 1! At the moment this is all pending budget approval; however, the plan for the floor is to open the space and create a more inviting atmosphere

for student engagement. Within the space will be community social areas along with a student organization resource area.

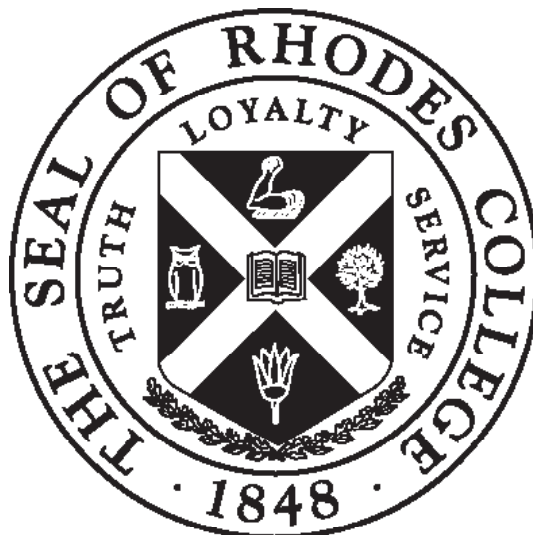
The former will host soft furniture such as couches and a TV, while the latter will hold resources for student organizations to collaborate with one another while also improving their structure and enhancing their outreach by way

of advanced abilities to create fliers and market programs and the organization itself.

This improved floor plan is to promote increased interaction among student organizations and the administration on the floor as well as to provide an easily accessible place for students who wish to get involved.

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Interested in joining *The Sou'wester*?
Have any stories you think need a voice?
Comments/concerns?

Contact rhodescnews@gmail.com for more information.

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SENIOR REFLECTIONS

When Life Gives You Onions



BY ALEX DILEO '16
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Last Sunday, we had a planting party with the new group of Ruka women in our backyard garden. We harvested what was left from the season and planted new vegetables like eggplant and squash. When we went to uproot what we thought were failed tulips, we discovered that they were actually very successful, very accidental green onions. Oops? Never one to let food go to waste, our Food Recovery Network

goddess/Queen of the Kitchen Catherine turned our gardening mishap into a delicious dinner when she cooked Hayley her favorite birthday meal on Wednesday: spaghetti and meatballs.

Turning an onion-oops into a delicious meal with friends perfectly captures my year in our Rhodes Ruka Intentional Community. The five of us - Hayley, Catherine, Megan, Eilidh and I - only knew one another in passing before we decided try our hand at spending every waking moment together for an entire year. We've survived an exploding

dishwasher, compost mishaps, being locked out (and in) our house countless times, breakups, Coffeegate2015, that time someone used Eilidh's toothbrush at one of our parties (if you're reading this, you owe us at least \$1.99) and the growing pains of intentional living. How do you learn to be vulnerable with people you hardly know? How do you name your needs while also respecting others? If you eat asparagus for dinner, do you still have to "let it mellow"?

(That last one's still up for debate.)

It's been a wild ride, friends. Living,

learning, growing, crying, hugging and eating (lots of eating) with these four incredible women has taught me more about myself and the world than any student organization meeting or classroom discussion ever could. We might be moving to different sides of the country in a week, but as we saw from some of the original Ruka members last month at our reunion/surprise dinner for our advisor Professor McNary-Zak, community transcends the boundaries of space and place. Once a squad, always a squad.

Editor Writes Sappy Goodbye Using Allusive Metaphor

BY DOUG FETTERMAN '16
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Sylvia Plath's heartbeat bragged, "I am, I am, I am." Mine is equally adamant: "I am not, I am not, I am not." I am not ready to leave this place full of faces I have come to know with some that I have come to love. I am not ready for classes to be over. I am not ready for my friends to be 700 miles away, 1000 miles away, or on the other side of the world. I am not ready for to no longer be allowed to print self-indulgent, clichéd articles in the newspaper. I am certainly not ready to give up the place that has served as my home for the past four years: the Paul Barret Jr. Library. I am not. Or am I?

I am an iamb: unstressed and stressed. I am worried to leave my friends but

relieved to know that throughout my four years of college I managed to make friends. See, Mom? You didn't have to worry so much...despite one of my best friends having graduated from this same college roughly 40 years ago..

Rhodes gave me an opportunity to interact with people I could connect with in a way that I hadn't experienced before. It also allowed me to make friends who hold opinions with which I fundamentally disagree - i.e., conservative ones - but who also are intelligent, passionate and, most importantly, compassionate enough for us to engage in productive conversation. One friend in particular, who edited this illustrious paper with me, was a particularly influential conservative voice in my life. I am worried that once I leave my opinions will stagnate and solidify and that I will

cease the growth that has progressed so rapidly in my time here.

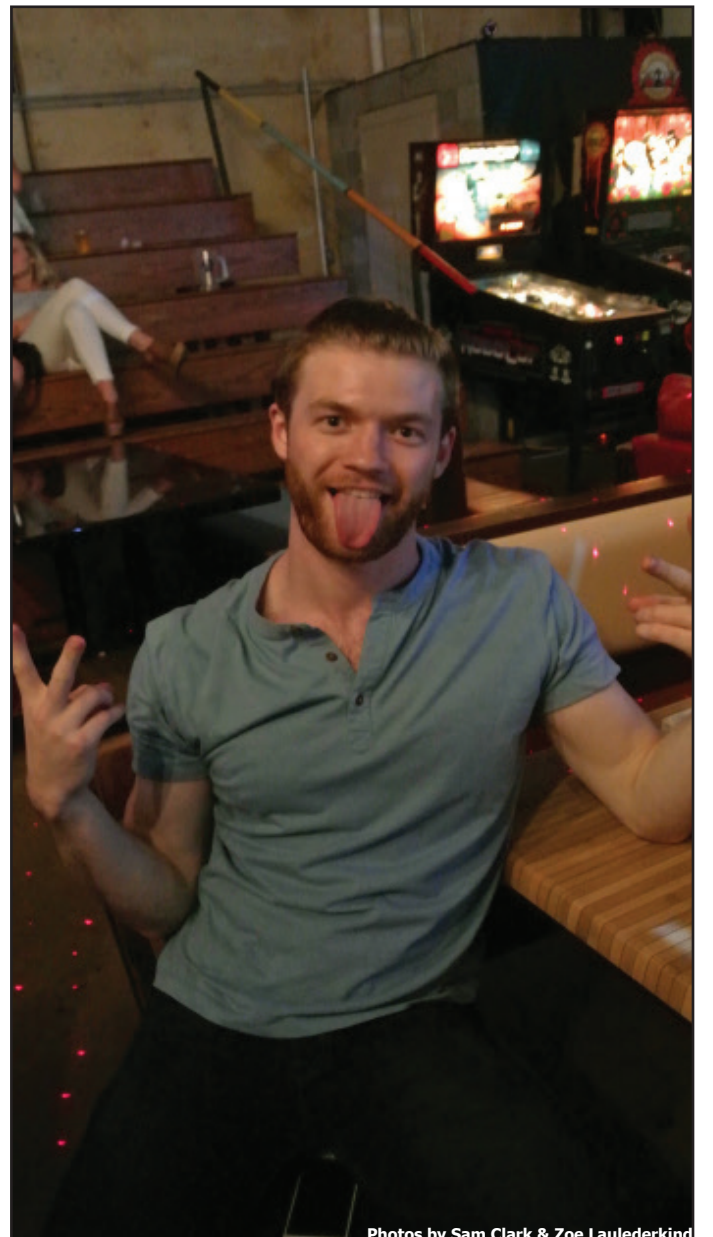
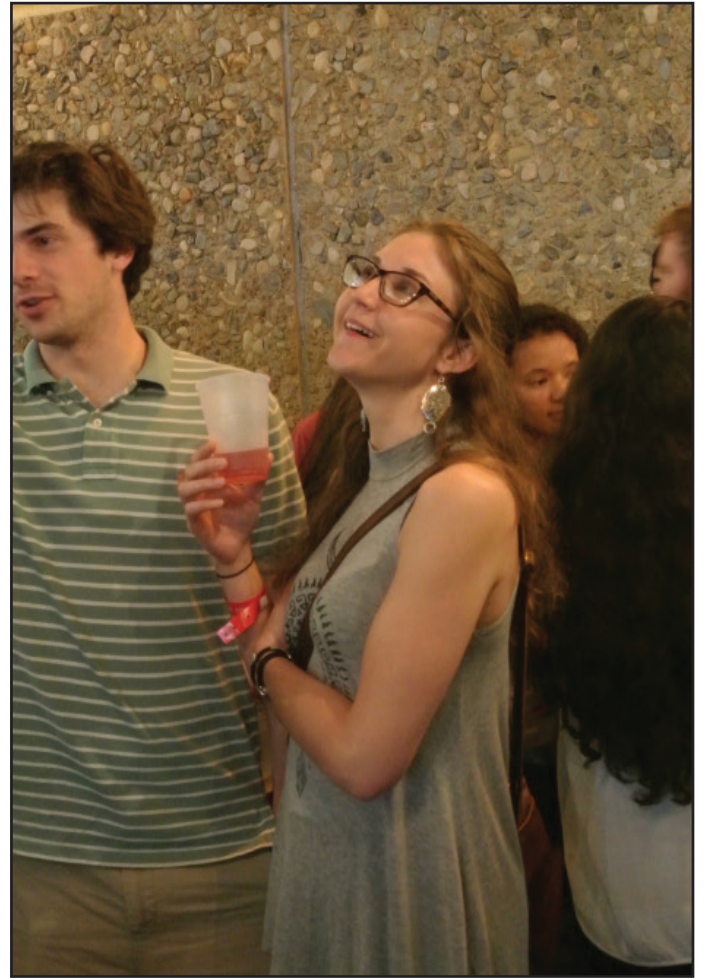
I am stressed that I will forget. There is so much to remember; things are bound to get lost. Beyond being able to draw out the citric acid cycle, recite Latin poetry or tell you all about Enkidu, I am worried that each experience I have after Rhodes will bury my memories deeper. I worry that they will grow dimmer with each passing year, like silver tarnishing to black. Each time they are recalled and polished, a little piece is worn away until they are thin with little substance. And yet I am relieved to have lived in a place where I could make so many happy memories. Each one is a privilege to forget.

I am worried that I will not be able to move on - that my time at Rhodes, though not perfect, will forever be the

bar against which my future happiness is measured. To quote all old people: "college is the best time of your life." While I plan on that not being the case, I am beginning to see how that could be true. When will I ever be able to take biology classes while editing a newspaper or work with medieval manuscripts while educating a college about sexual misconduct? Rhodes gave me so many hats to wear, and now I have to leave them all behind. I have to leave a lot behind.

I am, I am, I am. I am going to leave Rhodes, however unwillingly. I am so happy to have been here with all of you for the past four years. I am going to miss it.

SENIOR WEEK RECAP - REC ROOM



SENIOR WEEK RECAP - WISEACRE TAPROOM



SENIOR REFLECTIONS

Slice of Life

BY HAYLEY ROSENFELD '16
SATIRE EDITOR

It was Valentine's Day eve, a Sunday, and Amaris Prechtel and Cole Bagley had convinced me to abandon the pile of homework I'd neglected all weekend to go get cheese fries and beer at Huey's. It was rainy, we were single and damn if it didn't feel like the right decision. We made it just in time to hear the live band play a few more love songs, and with that, my irresponsible decision was validated. Behind the band, Amaris and I noticed as a group of elderly men and women got up to leave. The floor was packed with chairs and tables that left barely enough room to squeeze through sideways, but the music was so good and the feeling was so right, they

danced their whole way out the door.

Amaris called this a "slice-of-life moment," a term her friend's mother had explained to her as those little happenings that, for whatever reason, warm your heart and make you feel so good about living. To call this feeling a "slice of life" reveals a pretty positive outlook on life; that if you were able to combine all these slices together like pieces of pie, the whole euphoric shebang would just be "life." Or rather, that this feeling gets the closest to what life is all about.

I'm young, I'm optimistic and I like this "slice of life" thing. I experience slice-of-life moments around Rhodes all the time. One of my favorites happened this fall, when all the student organizations came out to paint their panels around the Robertson construc-

tion area. The quad was overwhelmed with paint and music and students excited about their organizations. We had left the library! It was glorious!

More slices of life? The residents of third floor Robb blasting music from their window during passing time. English majors occupying a corner in the library basement and stress-eating Aldo's pizza while writing our senior seminar papers. That huge crack in the North Parkway sidewalk. Someone actually taking the time to make Rhodes WiFi a Facebook page. Infiltrating Olive Garden after four days in the woods on a ROO trip. People who would normally never interact exchanging clothes in the Middle Ground. Finding out one of your peers has a piece of the FJ Dinosaur and is taking very seriously their

responsibility for its fate. Receiving an email with the subject line: "want to streak around campus?" Having class in Fisher Gardens on a sunny afternoon. The Rhodes community raising funds for Palmer Cat's surgery in less than a day.

Rhodes students get a bad reputation for being sedated in everything from their politics to their fashion sense. While I believe there's some truth to that, I'd rather not leave on a critical note. The Rhodes campus seems more bursting with life and passion than ever in my four years, and I'm hopeful that the younger classes will keep this up. For those of us who are graduating, I hope we will not only appreciate these "slice-of-life" moments but will seek to create them as well.



Rememoring Rhodes

BY KELSEY YOUNG '16
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Toni Morrison calls it "rememory": "Somethings [sic] you forget. Other things you never do...Places, Places are still there. If a house burns down, it's gone, but the place—the picture of it—stays, and not just in my rememory, but out there, in the world. What I remember is a picture floating around out there outside my head. I mean, even if I don't think it, even if I die, the picture of what I did, or knew, or saw is still out there. Right in the place where it happened."

Morrison uses it to describe the images of slavery and the plantation Sweet Home that continue to haunt the main character, ex-slave, Sethe, but I can't

help but think how rememory applies to my time at Rhodes.

In *Beloved*, rememory is not comprised only of images and memories from the past but also of images and feelings recreated, relived and re-felt. For me, there is one spot on campus that is that place of rememory. It's not the classrooms in Palmer where I took my English courses or the Middle Ground or the couch in the Bonner Office that served as my desk for my RSAP job. It is the quad in front of the library.

The quad has changed since my four years here. For the first three it was wide and open. During freshman year, people played Frisbee there while I read about the Sati tradition in rural India. Later that year, it witnessed me and my three friends jogging across it, stopping at

moments to fill the night with our own sound effects of, "it's fucking cold" and "Me Gusta La Playa" as we endeavored to the frat houses. Junior year, I took full advantage of the rocking chairs.

I remember sitting under the small tree next to Briggs with a friend, taking a break from the mad rush before finals. We talked about the future and found comfort in each other. A year later, I sat in the same spot, under the same tree, reinscribing that rocker and tree with my feelings of my final week: the stress, the nerves and the excitement for the future.

When I walk over the quad, I can't help but think about these memories. But all the memories aren't happy. This same year, just on the other side of the library, "Build a Wall" was written in

chalk, and a sock monkey was hung by its neck.

All these images and thoughts of the past are rememories because even though I graduate and leave these gates, Rhodes will be here. These images will be here. They will be in my head, but they also will float outside in this space. So when I come back in five years, I'll put my feet on the quad, look strangely up at Robertson Hall and think about this spot where I read, where I ran across the quad in the night under orange light, where I rocked in a chair alongside a friend. And I'll relive them and then rewrite them, because it's rememory.

SENIOR REFLECTIONS (SATIRE)

No Regrets 2k12-16



Photo by Sean Denby

BY SEAN DENBY '16
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

So it's been four years here at Chodes Rollege, and I think it's time to come clean on the crushes I've held. Let's be honest, y'all, we've all had 'em. To preface, yes, I was in a relationship most of freshman year and another during the following two years. (This past year as a single senior has been nothing short of a godsend!) Did the relationships stop me from taking mental notes of "Holy Hot Tamales!" when I saw a beautiful presence? Hell no. And don't worry, there are no real names mentioned here, just weird nicknames.

THE SWING:

Yes, the actually swinging bench that

used to be next to Briggs before the ugly construction fence went up. How I would spend so many hours just chain smoking on you, leaning against your broken supports and you responding to me with creaks and groans as your chains dug into the branch above you. Then you died.

PAUL BAE-NYON:

You're a star, a light in this dim, dim world, and none of us would be the same without your curly wit and your ox-load of humor. How are you perfect? What did your mother feed you as a child to make you such a masterpiece of human existence? Can I get some? All I got was Miracle-Gro®.

PRINCESS LEIA:

You are the badass, power-feminist Star Wars geek I always needed in my life. Where were you when I was in high

school? I mean, yes, you were in Tennessee while I was freezing my ass off in Wisconsin, but still. The Force will be with you, always.

MR. WASHBOARD:

It's in the name. It's all in the name, dammit.

PALMER CAT:

While it was a slow, uphill start to our time spent together, I will always remember keeping you warm in the middle of January. You are the true Rhodes mascot, Palmer Cat. Keep side-eyeing and throwing shade. You're the kween of this campus.

KHALEESI:

I swear to protect you no matter what, for you are the rightful ruler of the seven kingdoms. Also, you have a dragon. Your dragon is awesome.

BEACH BUM:

While you may already have a place in another's heart, you will always be one of the most gorgeous people on the face of this planet. We're not worthy. We're not worthy. We're not worthy.

INKWELL:

Yes, this is the same name of an Instagram filter, but it has nothing to do with that. You're one of my best friends, and I wish nothing but the best for you. You're a deity among mortals. You're the lyrics to every song. You're you, and that's all anyone can ask for.

That about sums it up. I have things to do, people to imagine a life with and something called graduation to attend today. Peace out, girl scouts.

SENIOR REFLECTIONS

Keeping the Faith



BY ALLY LIMMER '16
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

One thing I've heard time and time again throughout my academic career is that religion and scholarship are in conflict. But after four years at Rhodes, I couldn't disagree more! In 2 Timothy 1, Paul reminds the apostle Timothy that, "the Spirit God gave us does not make us timid, but gives us power, love and self-discipline" (NIV). I can't imagine qualities more necessary qualities in making it through college. I've required power as I have risen to the task of leading organizations and spreading the good news of Jesus Christ with my friends. I've required love as I embraced peers whose beliefs differed drastically from mine. I've required self-discipline as I have been challenged beyond any-

thing I encountered in high school.

I have to admit - keeping the faith has not been easy. But it has been so worth it. I've formed countless friendships that I know will last a lifetime because they are based in the Lord. I am not scared of graduating and taking the next step in life because I know that God has a plan for my life. Also, my faith is pretty much the only reason why I was able to weather difficult upper-level biology and chemistry courses: I didn't have to worry that my worth was dependent upon my performance. And that freedom allowed me to excel in my classes.

It might seem contradictory, too, that one of my degrees is a BS in Biochemistry and Molecular Biology because clearly you can't do science and believe in God. From my experience, though, I don't understand how you could do

science and not believe in God! How can you open your books every day and study concepts and phenomena that stumped scientists for years or that continue to defy explanation and not believe that someone bigger and smarter than we designed it all?

Lastly, my faith has allowed me to endure the difficulties of college with joy and thanksgiving. Rhodes has pushed me beyond my limits at times, both socially and academically. I have felt confused, homesick, overwhelmed and downright exhausted. I can't imagine feeling these emotions, which are unfortunately common in an environment with such high-achieving individuals as populate Rhodes, and not being able to look up in my room and see Ephesians 2:10, a verse that is constantly reaffirming my purpose - "For

we are God's masterpiece. He has created us anew in Christ Jesus, so we can do the good things he planned for us long ago" (NLT). It isn't natural for students like those at Rhodes to let go of the day-to-day stresses and to "[b]e still, and know" (Psalm 46:10, NIV). The peace that faith in Jesus Christ affords me is immeasurable and by far the only reason I walked the graduation stage earlier today.

Learning and believing are not opposite sides of a continuum. You aren't stupid if you believe in God and trust His plan. In fact, you might even find that embracing your faith allows you to live freely and to perform to your highest capacity because you have the comfort of knowing that you have nothing to lose.

Photos by Ally Limmer