

Jill Arrington and Marvin Briggs light candles in preparation for a march up and down Oak Alley Monday commemorating the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Dave Smith, professor of English at Virginia Commonwealth University, will give a poetry reading at 8 p.m., Tuesday, January 23 in the Shirley M. Payne Recital Hall, Hassell Hall, at Rhodes College. The event is free and open to the public.

Smith will be at Rhodes as a Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellow during the week of January 22. He will participate in classes, informal discussions with students and faculty and career counseling.

The 1990 M. L. Seidman Town Hall Lecture Series at Rhodes College takes its cue from recent international events with the theme of "Evolutions and Revolutions: the World in Change." This year's lecturers are Haynes Johnson, a

Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist for the "Washington Post," February 1; historian and Center for Democracy president Allen Weinstein, who has played a key role in monitoring elections in Panama ('89), Nicaragua (currently) and the Philippines ('86), March 1; and professor and former Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs Gaston Sigur, April 5.

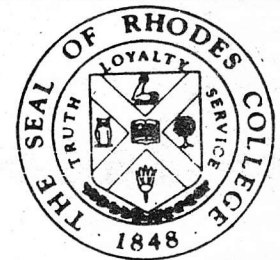
The lectures, all free and open to the public, will be at 8 p.m. in Hardie Auditorium on the Rhodes campus. Memphian P. K. Seidman, retired partner of the international accounting firm BDO Seidman, provides the lectures as a public service and as a memorial to his late brother M. L. Seidman. Rhodes hosts and administers the series.

# The Sou'wester

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Rhodes College

Thursday, January 18, 1989



## Rhodes' Prelude To Earth Day

There is nothing quite so bad as a PBS documentary on the rain forest. Just when things look bleakest, and the commentator has worked you into a truly miraculous state of despair, he tells you that your worst fears are on the horizon "unless man alters his course." Well, a simple matter. You will be the special person to change the course of humanity, or you'll hit the nearest fast food joint that uses South American beef and try to put a speedy end to the whole thing.

Take heart! You don't have to go to the Amazon or eat fast food! You can get just as morose about environmental problems in your own backyard! The nice thing about the problems in your backyard, however, is their accessibility. You really can make a dif-

ference. You really can do something to change the shape of the environment!

Of course, for Rhodes students, this is nothing new. We have a campus group that works on environmental issues: Campus Green. We started with recycling, and student commitment keeps the program expanding. We are currently seeking students to "Adopt a Can or Paper Box" for a week at a time so that more people become involved. This helps strengthen environmental awareness and keep the recycling program running clean and efficient.

Rhodes students also now have a history of involvement in local issues. In 1987, over 600 Rhodes signatures went out to Tennessee legislators in

order to support the preservation of a local forest from a highway project. In 1988, over 400 Rhodes students supported a call to halt highly destructive stream channelization in Tennessee.

A group of students also participated in tree planting on the Wolf River in anticipation of Arbor Day and a global effort to plant literally millions of trees. Campus Green members will be taking part in community activities during the week of Arbor Day (to be called "Releaf Week"). Tree planting should commence in the last week of February up to Arbor Day (March 3rd). Events will be posted as the details come in.

In 1989, Campus Green members initiated a campus energy audit to sug-

gest how we can be less wasteful as a college community, and they were heard before the President's Roundtable. Their efforts have continued into the New Year. A meeting has been scheduled for the Energy Committee on January 18th at 12 p.m. in the RAT (contact: Gabriel Shirley).

In order to increase awareness of environmental issues, Campus Green has hosted representatives from Greenpeace and the Citizen's Clearinghouse for Hazardous Waste, as well as local activists Kenny Kelly (POW) and Larry Smith (Sierra), and the environmental reporter for the Commercial Appeal. Students have also been exposed to environmental issues through a class taught by Dr. David Kesler, the faculty advisor for Campus Green.

Campus Green will host at least two more speakers this spring. Jennifer Taylor will speak to Rhodes on January 24th at 6:30 p.m. in the Orgill Room. She coordinated recycling as a student at Stanford University, and later worked with the path-breaking recycling program in the city of San Jose, California. She is currently a dealer in recycled paper in Nashville and is part of an effort to form a Tennessee Recycling Coalition. John Liebman of Greenpeace will be in Memphis in late February or early March.

The largest item on the Campus Green agenda for this Spring is planning for the 20th anniversary celebration of Earth Day on April 22nd. More than 20 million people took part in the original Earth Day, which ushered in a new era of environmental awareness. The Environmental Protection Agency was founded, and the Clean Air and Water Acts came into being. National organizers are hoping Earth Day in the 1990s will be a key event in our environmental future.

## Memphis . . . 2 Centuries Behind

by Frank Howell

As we creep up on the 21st century, Memphis seems to be nostalgically bent on returning to the 19th — with all this talk about seceding and building trolleys.

In a City Council move last week, the city planned build a downtown trolley that would run down Main from Mill to Calhoun.

The proponents say that it will revitalize downtown, help the Pyramid, raise Mid-America Mall out of the grave, and put people on Mud Peninsula and in Beale Street nightclubs.

Others, the same naysayers who have had a field day in the last few years with their "I told you so" theme about the inevitability of a lifeless downtown (refer to the last paragraph for examples), felt that the trolley would be a disaster.

Over their protests, however, the council approved it. Although some wanted a second loop that would make other attractions even more prominent and accessible, they decided that they would decide at a later time in light of how the main trolley line is doing.

The opening of the trolley is expected to coincide with — yep, you guessed it — the Great American Pyramid.

Although Tennessee was the last to secede and the first to be readmitted in the War Between the States, the spirit of their forefathers still lies buried in many of its people. And in Shelby County, it's walking right out of the tombstones.

Last week, the Memphis school system decided to surrender their charter, which forces the county school system to incorporate them under state law.

(Continued on Page 7)

## Townhouses Vandalized, Student Assaulted

by Kellye Crane

On December 21, Rhodes security notified Kris Kloss, resident of Townhouse #1, that her townhouse had been "vandalized." Kris and her roommates returned to discover that most of their valuable possessions, as well as those of the residents in Townhouse #2, had been stolen. The stolen articles included a microwave, a stereo, an answering machine, two jam boxes, two walkmans, a clock radio, extensive camera equipment, two vacuum cleaners, and heirloom jewelry. The thieves even enjoyed some cake that was in the refrigerator and drank a bottle of imported wine.

There were conflicting reports about the method used by the burglars to gain access into the Townhouses. Although Townhouse #2 had a window broken, it is still unknown how the thieves entered Townhouse #1. One theory given by security to the residents suggests that the burglars

entered through the heating vent connecting the two Townhouses. It is believed that they entered the room through manipulation of a faulty lock, which has since been replaced.

Rhodes College is not liable for any of the stolen articles. They can only be replaced by the homeowners policies of the residents. Heike Alber, a student from West Germany, will be unable to replace any of her stolen property for this reason.

It appears that the burglars were aware of the movements of the residents. Heike Alber was the last to leave for break, on December 18, and the thefts took place the following day. However, some of the residents were never notified. Liz Awsumb stated that security, "tried to desensationalize it from the beginning." Until she returned from break, Liz was unaware that her valuables were stolen.

In an unrelated incident on Monday, December 8, Elizabeth Proctor was attacked in the area between Bellingrath

and the Rat. Elizabeth was walking back from the Chi Omega house at 6:20 in the evening. As she reached the sidewalk next to the patio, a man who was described as "obviously not a student" passed her. The man then silently attacked her from behind, hitting her head against the sidewalk. When Elizabeth screamed, her assailant ran away. There was no apparent motive.

Security conducted an unproductive search, and then dropped the matter. Until President and Mrs. Daughdrill learned of the incident later that evening, no further action was taken. The Daughdrills, at that time, notified Dean Kovach, who took Elizabeth to the doctor and telephoned the police. Elizabeth also received help from the Assistant Director of Resident Life, Toni Capella, and Dean Shandley.

In light of these recent incidents, Dean Kovach suggests that Rhodes students travel in groups of at least two after dark.



Thursday, January 18, 1990

## EDITORIAL

## "Just Cause" For Embarrassment

by Scott Naugler, Co-editor

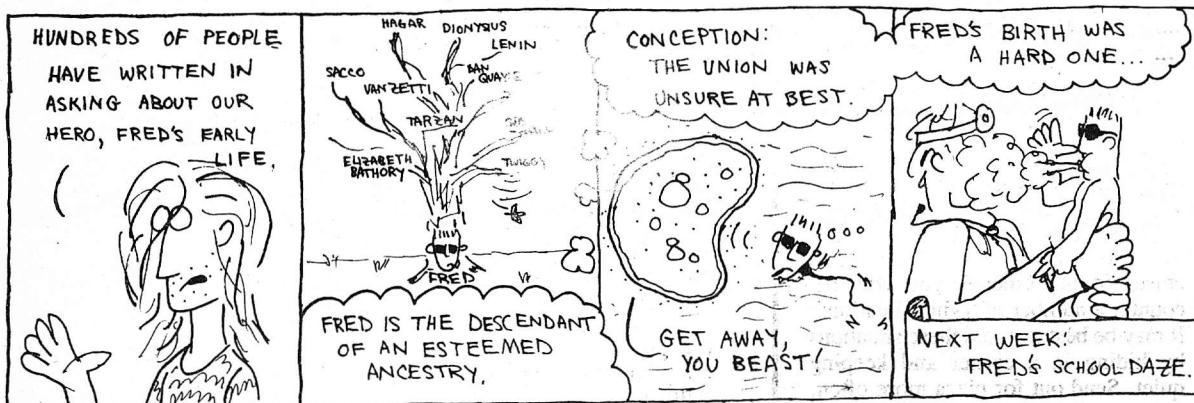
It would seem, contrary to recent (ha!) thought, that once again that age-old axiom "Might makes right" is becoming popular among the true and steady of the political elite — one need only look at the Christmas invasion of Panama for an example. Well, we did it. We saw, we intervened, we kicked some ass! Yeehaw! And it's a good thing that we're the mightiest, otherwise we might find some "just" superpower "helping" us to, say the straight and true path of fascism or perhaps extraditing our own criminals because we couldn't deal with them ourselves.

For a good laugh, let's examine what our country plans to charge Noriega with: drug trafficking, of all things. Is that why the Bush administration wants Noriega behind bars? Don't kid me or yourself. We (ha!) wanted the pock-faced bastard because he embarrassed the hell out of our administration and Bush in particular. This silly little gnat (and believe me, Noriega is nothing more than a gnat when compared with the United States when considered militarily and economically) thumbs his nose at our attempts to help the people of Panama help themselves, and that gives us reason to invade his country. To support my point: how many times has the U.S. gone into Colombia or Peru to "extradite" drug cartel head honchos? Correct me if I'm wrong but I think the answer is zero.

Before my next point, there is a little something that needs clearing up: Noriega did not "Declare War" on the U.S. — he merely said that "a state of war exists between the two countries." He in effect said that the state of being between us and them is hostile to the point of war. Was this not true? I don't mean to make Noriega out as a good guy, because I don't believe it. But look: if Noriega had declared his state of war and we had not taken action militarily, who would have looked the ass? Noriega, obviously, because what the hell could he have done militarily to a country which so blatantly outguns and outmans his? But no, we decide to play his game. An appropriate analogy might be: I say I am at war with Mike Tyson and want to fight him. If he shrugs this off as the ravings of a madman and refuses to fight, I can do nothing to him and I look ridiculous. But if he beats the hell out of me (and I'm pretty sure he could), then he looks ridiculous for stooping to play my game, when in fact he was at no time in any danger from me. And so the U.S. strikes the pose of some macho muscle builder with a wounded ego in the eyes of the world community (and certainly a few people in this very country, if you can believe it).

Now let us take a look at what a democracy is, and how our intervention departs from the basic ideology. A democracy (loosely) is an institution called for and installed by the majority. Quite obviously this did not occur in Panama. Let us take for fact that the majority of people in Panama did not want Noriega in the position of dictator, and showed this by voting him out in the election at which Noriega laughed and chuckled "Nice try" to the U.S. Do we see ourselves as the world's justice system that we can not only use our might as the global police force, but actually have the gall to think that we can judge what is best for another country? A friend of mine told me that perhaps we saved the Panamanians from a long and terrible rule under Noriega. This may be true, but is it our (or anyone's) place to shape the future of another people? If the people wanted Noriega out, they would have done so (perhaps it would have taken a while, yes). A similar case is that of Romania: Ceausescu had a huge paramilitary force much like Noriega's, and look what's happening there. It is a terrible revolution, but it's their own revolution! Why didn't the U.S. step in and spare the Romanians by deposing Ceausescu? Because Ceausescu didn't pull down his dictator's pants and moon us personally. We could have helped the Panamanians more by putting the economic pressure on Noriega and forcing the Panamanians to deal with their own. Instead we showed the world what we're really good at: kicking ass!

## FREHD KOBALD: Anarchist



## Guest Editorial: Operation Just beCause

by Jonathan Smoke

The invasion of Panama — it couldn't have occurred at a worse time, could it? No, I'm not talking about the fact that it occurred during the Christmas season, but that it happened right when the '60s are once again fashionable and activism is the biggest fad. If you don't believe that just think about the most critically acclaimed movie out right now. **Born on the Fourth of July** shows this fact better than any other possible illustration. Mr. Top Gun was the big hero in the Anti-Russian, Reagan Era, and now he's turned in his wings for a tie-dye and long hair in the time when everybody is against militarism.

But is EVERYBODY against militarism, and was everyone against the invasion of Panama as the intellectual and artistic elite would make you believe? No. Not even the press could hide the fact that although people did see problems in Bush's strategy and the way the military conducted itself, the majority of Americans were behind our presence in Panama. Why? It was

justifiable, and it appeared that not doing anything probably would have been even worse.

Noriega had to be deposed if Panama was ever going to be free to decide its own pathway. By taking him out, the U.S. did not insure that democracy and capitalism would reign in Panama, but it did insure that whatever occurs in Panama will happen because it is what the Panamanian people want, not what some dictator wants.

The U.S. did not install a puppet. We let the people who won by a large majority in Panama's election take the offices that Noriega would not allow them to have. The Panamanian people demonstrated that they wanted Noriega overthrown in the two failed coup attempts. They wanted Noriega out, but they needed help. I was worried that this was not so, and that Panama was another Vietnam, but then I began to see and hear the reports of the large demonstrations thanking the U.S. Further, the CBS News Poll showed that as much as 90% of the

people of Panama were grateful for the U.S. invasion.

And the Panamanians were not the only ones supportive of the invasion. The majority of Americans were behind it as well. Radio stations around the country had "Can the Pineapple" campaigns, Noriega was slammed on every television talk show almost every night, and poll after poll reflected the fact that Americans believed it was the right thing. CNN had a poll the night before the invasion on whether or not people thought we should invade Panama. The result? We should. The next night the question was whether or not people approved. The result? We did. Though we did believe mistakes were made in the way the invasion was conducted, we did not believe the invasion was a mistake.

So now when we are back behind these ivy-covered walls where the editorials in the *Flyer* reign supreme, we must come to terms with the fact that the intellectual and artistic elite don't necessarily reflect what the majority believe. Or even what is right.

## LETTER TO THE EDITORS

To the Editors:

Two things have motivated me to write this letter to the editors. First, the Martin Luther King Day activities on Monday, and second, scribbles on bathroom walls. Not so unrelated things.

The problem of racism has been around for a long time, and has taken many different forms. Race is a very difficult thing to define, but inherent in racism is the oppression of a person or people. It is true that here at Rhodes College we are not subject to many of the problems and conflicts that occur in the real world — whatever that is.

This is an institution of education, a place where we are given the chance to understand others. Not taking advantage of this opportunity, I believe, is a slap in the face to what a liberal arts education is all about. We are not required to get along with everyone, but ought to try and understand.

There is evidence on this campus that the types of oppression that are going on in those far away places such as South Africa or El Salvador are happening here in our own bubble. And I believe that Rhodes College, as a liberal arts institution, is taking quite a beating because of it. The forum(s)

for expressing ideas and concerns should be inherent in the education we are receiving here, through discussions in classes, lectures and staying after-hours in the rat talking, etc. Slander scribbled in "safe" places is hurting not only the victims, but also those doing the writing because they are denying themselves of their education, and ultimately the slander is infecting the community. Subtle oppression is still oppression, and it is happening right here, right now.

I am not at all against freedom of

speech, but unclaimed, anonymous speech is not actually free speech; it is only a reflection of someone's freedom killing inhibitions and fears — a type of self-induced censorship. I don't claim to have any immediate answers or solutions, but I do hope that recognition of what I believe to be a problem will open the floor for discussion and maybe something will be learned about other people as well as ourselves and our community.

Steve Hambuchen

## 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.

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The Sou'wester

Rhodes College

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## SUBURBAN SQUAD

*Like a deserted beach,  
the man closing up.*

DONALD JUSTICE

This past Christmas I came to a realization. Holidays are talismans. Small significant touchstones in our course. Warm smooth things which help us form some sense of closure in our otherwise chaotic, messy lives. Besides being times of reunion and recreation, holidays are the times when families come together for something of a collective status report.

Stories are told, kids compared to each other, long-buried hatchets unearthed—we leave the holidays with renewed sense of something, be it commitment or resentment. Holidays are times for change.

We need holidays for the change they bring. My big change was the purchase of a new (well, used, but new to me) car. Dad, my brother and I had huge big quality bonding time during our search for it, but that's another column. This car is nice. I had no idea that driving places could be so enjoyable.

## REQUIEM

by Web Webster

The down side to this is the passing of my Truck. I get misty typing it. My Truck is no longer around. Sure, it's taking up a space in Townsend Parking Hell with split radiator hoses and a blown freeze plug, waiting on a weekend to go home. Appearances aren't that different. Same beer cans rolling around in the bed. Same 8Trak lying on the dash board, melting in the sunlight.

But something is different.

When the truck goes home this next weekend, it'll be gone for good. And that makes me very sad.

A vital part of my teenager-hood is excised. Maybe this is like the big thing, the one gesture that drop kicks one out of the warm embraces of teen irresponsibility and into the gross glaring world of adult neuroticism.

Talking about this reminds me of the old bank security guard who's being replaced by a Scantronix MegaDeath ElectroCop Security System. I know that the truck is big and old and ugly and burned too much gas and has a 8Trak player and the defroster doesn't

work and ate motor oil and had the handling of a drunken yak and the window on the driver's side gets stuck and has to be put up—despite all this, I feel a real and palpable sense of loss as I make plans for its ... its ... Hey eds, I can't say it ... (Eds. It's OK. We're with you.) ... make plans for its scrapping.

Once I run it back up I-40 East for the last time, we're going to pull the carburetor, master cylinder, alternator, and clutch out of it—in mechanical terms the equivalent of ripping the lungs and major muscle groups out of a fetal pig. Those parts will be used to rejuvenate the "new truck," a 1974 Dodge Custom 100.

The rest we'll tow to a scrap yard. Hand the pink slips over to Greasy Lennie who runs the place and drive back home in our climate controlled fuel injected GoFastMobile and that will be the end of it.

Kind of like having the older relative with a penchant for fire and knives put away. Only this is forever.

Someone once said that every man

should own a truck at some point in his life. Sexism aside, I agree. There is something character building in driving a three thousand pound piece of hot metal, grease and oil and being as intimate with its workings as you are with your own. There's some indescribable feeling of fraternity among those of us who drive trucks. Commuting in a truck in the summer is enough to put even TurboStrength Arid Extra Dry to the test. It is hell, but hell builds men.

The advertisement says "You'll never forget your first Girl," touting the memorable-ness of a Saint Pauli Girl beer. That ad is talking some garbage. Laugh as you will, but you will never forget your first truck, or car for that matter. The way it smelled, the way it ran in the top of second, the noise water made when it hit the underside of the floor pans—all of these and countless other sensations combine to present a sensory experience as strong, rich and vivid as any you'll ever encounter.

I don't think articles like this should be used to list a bunch of obscure memories and private jokes that only mean something to one's self and those involved. Seeing something like "Remember? rides to Krystal's, tap dancing with that Bhuddist, gnarf-far-que, S.H.'s funky sweat smell," is bothersome. Besides the memories I

have of my truck are tightly knit and intimate parts of who I am today.

I will miss my truck so badly that I can taste it. The smell of gasoline and cigarette smoke will, in the future, cause me to jerk around, looking for its peeling paint and asthmatic wheeze. I love that truck like I love nothing else in this whole world. Turning over the registration and worn key will, in all probability, rip my heart out with little weasel teeth and tippy tap dance on it.

But we must move on. As we grow and change, our accoutements and trappings must do so also. It's like an eight year old eyeing a group of seven year olds running around the playground and wanting to do so, but not being able to 'cause only sevens run around the playground. As a necessary function of growth, we change. We pass from one obsession to another. It hurts, like a cramp in the empty part of the night. But move on we must. Change is vital. Stagnation kills.

Donald Justice writes:

*Men at forty  
Learn to close softly  
The doors to rooms they will not be  
Coming back to.*

We close the doors. We hand over keys and pieces of paper. And we move along.

## A Horoscope For The Nineties

by F. Grant Whittle

**Aries:** You are viewed as a person of great intelligence and personal charm. In the nineties, you can be expected to go into some form of public relations, such as cashier in a fast food establishment or dean of a college. Be wary of investments in the nienties, especially pork bellies. Aim for baseball cards and bottle caps. Consider getting a new credit card.

**Taurus:** You are a person of great power, but you are also known for your stubbornness and candor. Look forward to a career that will take advantage of this prowess, possibly as an umpire. If you are considering a love affair, you might consider avoiding people who are known mass murderers, unless, of course, you think they are really nice.

**Gemini:** You are under the sign of the twins. Chew more doublemint chewing gum and consider, if having children, to try fertility drugs to enhance the possibility of multiple births. Get to know more cats in the nineties. They may be the secret to your enhanced sanity.

**Cancer:** You are destined to be involved in the EPA in the nineties. Because of the sign you are born under, you are drawn towards combatting the mishandling of toxic wastes. Look towards people whom you have never met for guidance and advice in the nineties. Even if they advise you

to give them all your money.

**Leo:** People born under your sign are usually courageous and resolute. That is, unless you are born at the cusp when your sign is actually that of Leo the Cowardly Lion. These Leos should be on the lookout for a young brown-haired girl with red shoes. Consider



taking up a new hobby in the nineties, like eating raw meat.

**Virgo:** You, unlike what this sign might imply, are not prone toward virginity. In the nineties, be sure to consider proper modes of contraception. Avoid people who take too much stock in conversations. Take a look at yourself and try to determine if there is any way you could become shallower in all your relationships.

**Libra:** Your sense of judgement is acute. Consider running for the Honour Council. Avoid lawyers as they are likely to cloud your judgemental abilities. You also have a strange obsession with weighing things. You may consider going on a diet.

**Scorpio:** Try not to watch soap Operas in the nineties as you are

prone to indentify with their characters too completely which could lead to a lot of misunderstandings among your loved ones. You are likely to be insecure, which is just as well because you are a stupid, unpleasant person anyway.

**Sagittarius:** You have trouble suppressing your animalistic tendencies. You may consider committing yourself in the nineties. If you can handle yourself, then you may consider taking up the role of a bouncer at a cheap bar somewhere. Try eating more vegetables in the future.

**Capricorn:** Your actions in the nineties will affect literally hundreds people. You may become a sanitation worker, for example, or the president of a minor trade union. Learn to play a new game in the nineties like Old Maid or Go Fish. Nonetheless, avoid anything that may be too taxing to your limited intelligence.

**Aquarius:** People born under your sign are closely related to water. In the nineties you will have a relationship with a lifeguard or a bartender. If you are thinking about investing, try beachfront property, especially in the San Francisco or Oakland areas. Expect a large windfall in the nineties. Unfortunately, it will not be in a hard currency.

**Pisces:** You are likely to become the owner of a Long John Silver's franchise. In the nineties you will encounter a number of trying situations. It may be best to avoid these situations by hiding in a corner and keeping quiet. Send out for pizza more often.

Peace.

## CHAPEL HILL (for Fayanne)

by Michael Ledgewood

The mountains were his home.  
For fifty years he earned his way.  
Taking nothing, giving everything  
Just living, being, up there.  
He watched the dogwood bloom,  
He watched the waves of heat  
Rise from the dusty roads  
The maples, sweetgums, and hickories change color.  
Snow piling higher and higher.  
He went to town, saw his friends,  
Went to church, heard the Lord,  
Plowed his fields, helped his neighbors,  
Hummed to himself though he couldn't sing.  
Like others he got married.  
To a good woman, though.  
She sang and laughed out loud.  
She loved the cows, the fields in bloom,  
The seasons changing, the waters flowing,  
The rocks, the trees, the sun, and the moon,  
The clouds, the rain, and the wind's long sighing.  
And she loved him and he loved her.  
Their life always the same,  
Constantly changing and renewing . . .  
Eternally, eternity . . .

Then she got sick.  
The mountains couldn't help her.  
She had to leave, to go far away.  
He knew he had to go, too.  
Far away in the middle of brick  
Steel, concrete, asphalt, and glass.  
He waited and watched the others.  
He smiled, though he waited.  
He waited, then he knew  
He'd be going back alone.  
He smiled,  
Dressed in the stiff clothes  
Bought from Sears.  
Then his heart broke and he felt the brick,  
the concrete, and the enclosing prison.  
Outside he went and saw a single tree.  
And beneath it a single squirrel.  
He hunkered down to watch it . . .  
. . . Eternity, eternally . . .  
And a young woman passed by and smiled,  
And he understood.

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Thursday, January 18, 1990

## CSPA Not "Dozing"

An article entitled, "America's Dozing Youth," was recently brought to my attention. The author wondered why American college students "aren't incensed about drugs and guns and aren't stirred to change our nation" in contrast to the thousands of student leaders taking active roles in revolutions, uprisings, and the establishment of new governments around the world. The article seemed somewhat out of place as I reflected on CSPA's (the Committee for Social and Political Awareness) and other interested students' pre-Thanksgiving erection and destruction of a mock Berlin Wall. We built the wall in celebration and commemoration of the

changes occurring in Eastern Europe, but also as a means of hopefully inspiring students to reflect upon the many walls and obstacles existing in our society (environmental issues, class divisions, racism, sexism, drug and alcohol abuse, poverty, homelessness, demise of the family) that will have to be removed by our generation to maintain the existence of a truly free and equal society.

CSPA hopes that serious discussion of these issues and action toward changing these situations can continue. We have several events planned for this term: hosting a Native American Indian speaker; a trip to MIFA (a social services coordinating organiza-

tion); involvement with the Mid-South Peace Center's SCRAPS program (an attempt to effectively lobby for the re-channeling of federal tax money from defense to social service spending); and the sponsorship of a Fred Small Workshop and Concert (Fred writes his own music with social and political themes; his workshop will be on male socialization). There has been some talk of even hosting a homeless rally as part of our annual Memphis in Dis-May symposium and organizing a South Africa awareness project. Other activities and topics for discussion are only limited by members' energy and creativity. Contact Kai Lee (3652) or Lynn Tiede (3333) for information about meetings.

by Lynn Tiede

## Rhodes Lands Top Physicist

by Stuart Chapman

Over the last decade the United States has witnessed a steady stream of science graduates flowing directly from school into industry. In futility educators have delivered up-in-arms pleas with little beneficial results. A consensus has developed among educators, fettered by their inability to compete with incentives offered by industry: the philanthropic tendencies of these graduates must be appealed to.

Fortunately for Rhodes College, someone listened. Saying that he was "appalled" by the current state of science-education in this country, Dr. Robert MacQueen will soon be doing his part in shoring up the discipline. Starting in August, alumnus MacQueen will begin teaching physics at the College, chairing the department in which he taught as an acting

professor of physics from 1961-1963. According to MacQueen, "It seems to me, if a person is inclined to teach science, this is the time to do it."

MacQueen is a prominent astrophysicist who has done major research for the U.S. space program. In the past twenty years he has received close to two dozen major research grants from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the National Science Foundation. MacQueen directed the High Altitude Observatory of the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR) from 1979-86 and served as assistant director, associate director and acting director of the entire NCAR operation between 1986 and the present. He is currently chairing the board of directors of the Association of Universities for Research in Astronomy.

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Cheating	Not Guilty	Guilty	2 Semester Suspension		
Cheating	Not Guilty	Guilty	1 Semester Suspension	H.C.'s Decision Sustained	
Lying	Guilty	Guilty	2 Semester Probation		
Lying	Not Guilty	Not Guilty			
Lying	Not Guilty	Not Guilty			
Plagiarism	Guilty	Guilty	2 Semester Suspension	Recommendation: 1 Semester Suspension	1 Semester Suspension
Plagiarism	Not Guilty	Not Guilty			
Stealing	Guilty	Guilty	2 Semester Probation		

## ALLSING Set For Parents' Weekend

by Mary Virginia Slay  
(All Sing Coordinator)

Now, that the 1990's have arrived, it's time to look back on the Eighties with Kappa Delta's annual ALLSING event which will be held in Snowden Auditorium, February 23, 1990 at 7:00 p.m., during parents weekend.

The theme of this year's ALLSING will be REMEMBER THE 80's?

Deadline for entrance is Saturday, February 10. Deliver your final list of songs to Mary Virginia Slay in 201 Bellingrath. The entrance fee is \$20.00 per group. There is no limit to the number of people in each group and within the 10 minute time limit, you may incorporate as many 80's songs as you like.

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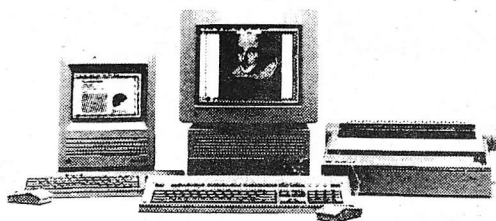
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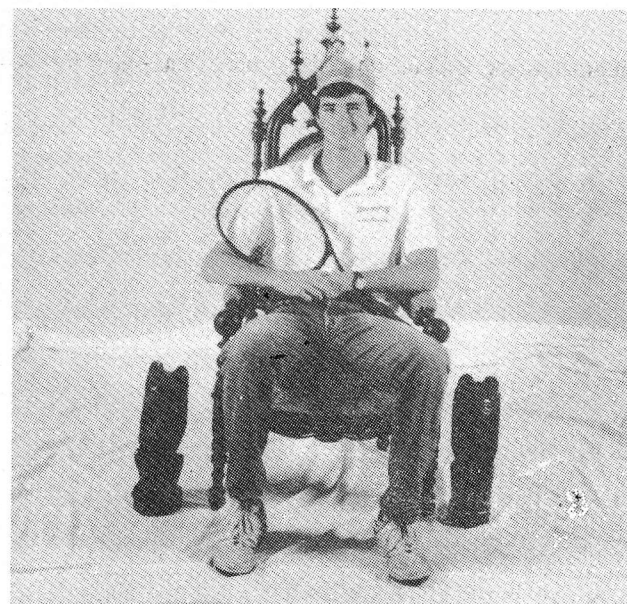
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'Say 'ello to the Queen Mum for us Rob, there's a good chap!' Senior Robert Watkins prepares for his 7 week stint as private tennis coach to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough this summer.



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## The Nineties' First Sign of the Decline of Western Civilization

by Frank Howell

"No man is a isthmus; every man is a peece of the continent, a part of the maine." (With sincere apologies to John Donne)

It was a dreary day before Christmas Eve, and the cold winds were beating up against my windows. It was 3 a.m. and I sat mesmerized by that old Christmas standby, *It's a Wonderful Life*.

It is an exceptional movie, but I get mad at the damn thing sometimes instead of crying like every other sentimental knee-jerk herald of Christmas cheer. To me, the protagonist is nothing but a bubbling fool who cannot escape that little one-horse redneck town.

When I reached the part where he takes his new wife's dowry and spends it bailing all those people out of their own financial grave instead of whooping it in Europe with his new honey (who I might add is one nice little number for 1940's film viewing), well

I just had to switch the channel.

In doing so, I came across a 900 number to hear Jessica Hahn tell her deepest secrets. Since I hadn't talked to Jessie in some several weeks, I gave it a try.

But instead of hearing the moaning and groaning of my favorite belle, I heard a rough voice yell in the phone; "This is my line now, so scat, you pervert."

It was an all too familiar voice—Bubba. I had not heard from him in weeks, as the last time I had talked to him he was going down to Panama to help his old buddy Manuel Noriega, mumbling something about having a heaping tablespoon of "dignity" and faith in the fascist way.

"We are all holed up in the back of some car, riding the streets of the city. Mannie figured we better get a line of communication to the States, so I called Jim Bakker and got permission to use Jessica Hahn's number. Nobody

will ever expect us to be using that kind of line and we can talk without any fear of being bugged."

Why, I interrogated Bubba, did you feel the need to go to Panama and help out this Third World thug?

"You better quit listening to those trashy media conglomerates that twist the facts in such an unrealistic light. Mannie is my, your, America, and Dan Quayle's best friend and don't let anybody tell you any different.

"As a matter of fact, when you called I was calling a friend in Washington to send us Mannie's weekly paycheck. I'm sick of working for nothing."

"You don't mean to tell me that we are still paying him for past services rendered?"

"Past hell! He, I, am helping out the good ol' US of A right now."

"How is that?"

"It's simple. The CIA let him know that they were going to kill him if he didn't let them have a few minutes of

glory—you know, parades, purple hearts, bodybags, democracy, and the whole lot. Mumbled something about erasing the Wimp factor.

"So they asked if they could invade Panama for a few days, let Noriega run free while Americans sit mesmerized by their televisions—yelling 'kill the scoundrel.' After days of heightening suspense, he will turn himself in to the authorities. For the sake of drama, we may even say a few Hail Marys in the Vatican Embassy for a couple days.

"By this time, the American people will be so frustrated that when they finally catch Noriega, America will rise out of her doldrums and renew her faith in the American Way and Spirit that is so crucial to our existence."

But Bubba, I thought you were a God-fearing, imperialistic American pig, too. Why are you down there helping the enemy?"

"You just don't listen sometimes, do you kiddo? I am helping out this land of ours. It is I who they sent down here to make sure the whole scheme works perfectly. And I must say it was doing beautiful till now."

But what about all that cocaine and illegal activities he has been involved

in? Will you be implicated?

"Well, I certainly hope so. Can you imagine how many book offers I am going to get when Mannie tells them on the stand that I was the main connection between Bogata and Wall Street? I'll be rich. Of course, the government knows my innocence and would never allow me to be sent to prison. Is this not my best yet or what?"

"For a few lifetime supplies of Oxy 10, I bet Mannie would implicate you, too. In fact, if you send a plane down to our secret jungle airstrip with box-loads of the cream, he will fabricate a great lie for you too. And if you want, we can arrange for you to bring back a few dozen or so kilos to send on to Washington for us."

Bubba, I have lost all faith in you as a human being. What would your Mama, your country think of this duplicity?

"Duplicity hell. My Mama is Queen of the 4th Street Rock House in Detroit and my government wants a few dozen kilos for Christmas"

You mean to say the government is ordering a supply of cocaine for consumption?

"What do you think makes this Great Land of ours tick? I hear they are skirmishing with Cuba in a few weeks and need to stock up.

## College Student Blames Parents

by Mark Albright

Well, the rich suburbanites have finally done it. They've gone and denied all connection with the problems of the City of Memphis. I've always thought Memphis was a good example of urban flight, with the upper classes moving into suburbs like Germantown, escaping from crime and poverty. But now they want to secede from Shelby County altogether.

Fortunately for Shelby County, it looks more and more as though the idea will prove to be nothing more than sudden hysteria over something suburban residents have secretly wanted for a long time. Even if the secession is deemed legal, which is yet to be decided, it looks as though the new county would pay higher taxes to support some new services. There has

been no precedent for county secession in Tennessee in over a hundred years. I hope that the prospect of higher taxes will incline county residents toward a compromise with the city.

As for the issue of consolidated education, I imagine it will be lost in the compromise. Looking at some other examples of city and county consolidations, I think it would be on the whole a favorable deal for Memphis. White suburbanites might have to help support an already weak city school system. Black urbanites might lose some of their decision-making power. But the school system as a whole would benefit from a more efficient school system supported by the whole tax base of Shelby County. Education is after all crucial to economic improvement.

The real problem here is that political needs are conflicting with parental needs. The city is playing its normal political role which is to do whatever it can to improve conditions in the city. The suburbanites are acting as parents, rather than political actors. Their actions are guided primarily by their concern for their individual children. They only want to see their children get the best education possible, and quite frankly many of them don't want their children attending predominantly black schools. This parental concern overshadows their concern for the community in general. Hence their willingness to deny Memphis altogether. As long as people are acting strictly as parents, it will be difficult for the city and the county to achieve their larger goals.

## Romania Rehashed

by Liz Orr

Towards the end of a tumultuous decade, we witnessed the violent death of Nicolae Ceausescu and his wife, Elena, that signified the fall of the last Communist regime in Moscow's former empire.

As television published the gory execution photos of Ceausescu's corpse, his eyes staring ahead and his head surrounded by a pool of blood, Romania celebrated their freedom from under the iron-fisted communist rule. Finally, under the new democratic government, lead by a playwright, there is food in the stores and heat in the homes, which Ceausescu had withheld from his own citizens in order to increase exports and pay off foreign debts. Christmas day held an irony for the people of Romania because on that day, they celebrated the birth of Christ and the death of what some called the "Antichrist."

Ceausescu's crimes against his country were stated in a private trial that was taped and viewed after his death by the public. He denied to the bitter

end all the charges against him; those of genocide and the deaths of approximately 64,000 people, of armed attack on the people and of undermining the national economy. The trial was much less than democratic. It was held privately and even the Ceausescu attorney seemed biased against them. As he stated, "You are guilty of these offenses even if you do not want to admit it" according to Newsweek. It was a sad attempt at a truly democratic trial which *should* provide fair and just treatment to all citizens and consider them innocent until proved guilty. By the execution of the Ceausescus, Romania remains a far cry from democracy and the values set by the United States, where even Manuel Noriega will receive a fair jury trial.

Their deaths were rationalized that with Ceausescu dead, the Securite, a fighting resistance loyal to Ceausescu, would stop their bloody massacres on the people of Romania. But, the resistance still continues even after his death, causing panic and instability in the newly reformed society. These

loyalists of Ceausescu's have attacked hospitals and confiscated ambulances using them to spray people with bullets as they ride down the streets. But the Romanian army is set against destroying all pockets of resistance and is confident that they will capture these loyalists, who upon their arrest will face execution as did their leader.

With the reforms of Gorbachev and the fall of the "iron curtain," the future of communism and the Soviet Union's place in the world is uncertain at best. The 90's will certainly prove to be an era of change if Romania is any indication of events to come.

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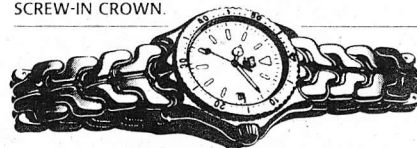
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Thursday, January 18, 1990

## Movie Review: Southern Class

by Thomas Layfield

I must admit that I was more than a little suspicious of the film version of **Driving Miss Daisy**. Conspicuously released near Oscar-nomination time, the movie's previews suggested the potential for glamorized heart-warming a la last year's **Rain Man**. Fortunately, director Bruce Beresford steers away from shameless tear-jerking, although there are many opportunities for him to indulge. The film he has created is an exceptional example of subtlety heightened by a nearly flawless cast.

The screenplay for **Driving Miss Daisy** was adapted by Alfred Uhry from his prize-winning play of the same name. Jessica Tandy plays Miss Daisy Werthan, an elderly, wealthy Jewish widow in Atlanta who, after her last auto accident in her own backyard, is unable to find an insurance company that will accept her. Much to her dislike, her son Boolie (Dan Aykroyd) hires a black chauffeur for her. Hoke Colburn, played by Morgan Freeman, must struggle to win acceptance from a woman who detests ostentation and intrusions upon her privacy. The development of the relationship between Miss Daisy and Hoke comprises the remainder of the movie, which spans twenty-five years.

A flimsy-sounding premise, yes, but one which never grows boring or sappy.

Freeman's portrayal of Hoke consistently evokes a true character; despite his "Yes'm's" and "Nom'm's," he retains his dignity with quietness, although he is never disinclined to speak his mind. The character of Hoke is somewhat idealized, but Freeman's performance never slips into a caricature. Meanwhile, Jessica Tandy's Daisy perfectly complements Freeman's Hoke. Stubborn, unconsciously prejudiced, and never prone to displays of affection, Tandy's Daisy manages to remain likeable even as she reveals her shortcomings. As she ages, her insecurities and loneliness become visible in moments when her guard is down, as she gradually accepts her driver as a friend. Tandy never makes a mistake; don't be surprised if she at least receives a nomination for her performance. In the background of the two strong leads, Dan Aykroyd surprisingly succeeds as Boolie, minus an occasional accent slip or two. Ester Rolle (from "Good Times") shines as Daisy's housekeeper, and Patti LuPone is appropriately comic as

Boolie's tasteless wife.

The racial issue is effectively understated throughout the movie. Avoiding sentimentality, Beresford depicts Daisy's growing interest in civil rights, while pointing out that she eats by herself in the dining room at home, leaving Hoke to eat in the kitchen. During a trip to Alabama, where both main characters are made aware of their minority status, the connection is left unspoken, lending the scene much more power than any dialogue (or, indeed, this description) could ever convey. Beresford's direction rarely even hints at self-indulgence, and it never succumbs to the danger.

**Driving Miss Daisy** doesn't pretend to be more than it is: an unassuming, very funny, and incidentally touching movie about two individuals and their relationship. The elegant filming can not disguise its lack of substance, but the movie does wonders with what little it has. Thankfully, there are neither exploitative tear-inducing scenes in the film, nor cheap theatrics from the actors. With its intelligence, containment, and subtlety, **Driving Miss Daisy** achieves much more than I thought possible. Now playing at the Ridgeway Quartet.

## For The Ear

by Harrison Kisner

So here we are fresh from the holiday break and right in the middle of the not-so-enthralling part of our calendars. Sure, we have new classes and different schedules, and many folks have even started off the new year with gung-ho resolutions and new arrangements for the furniture. But what I'm talking about is music, and I fear that the old collection of tapes and CDs (and LPs for the faithful) is starting to sound a little familiar for more than a few listeners about the campus. So why don't we all give some new records a listen this year? I hereby vow to purchase and listen to at least three bluegrass records this year. They will make my collection a

bit more diverse.

Assuming you don't want to sink your eardrums into bluegrass, I have a suggestion: the Meat Puppets. A three-piece band (guitar, bass, and drums) out of Tempe, AZ, the Puppets have been delighting so-called underground listeners since the release of their first album on SST records in 1981. Their **Up on the Sun** release of 1983 has been especially popular with dedicated Puppeteers. Just before Christmas SST released album number seven: **Monsters**. The band has consistently made listenable records, and **Monsters** shows that the band is still up to the task. While it is certainly not the group's best effort to date, **Monsters** does have a lot to offer. If you like Billy Gibbons' guitar sound (ZZ Top), Curt Kirkwood's raunchy work will make you feel right at home.

The rhythm section is best characterized as hyper, and the arrangements are never boring. Above all else this is a wonderfully fun band that manages to keep the quality up, and beyond that you'll just have to give it a listen for yourself.

If you find yourself content with listening to the Eagle, then I apologize for suggesting the Meat Puppets. However, if you're ready for something that really is good and interesting, I can think of no better option. You'll get to sample some real gems such as "Party Till The World Obey's" and "Flight Of The Fire Weasel." Try something new. You might like it.

## Clough Gallery Hosts Chen Exhibit

by Crickette Rumley

The Clough-Hanson Gallery is currently hosting an exhibit by Chinese artist Chen Xiong-li. The exhibit was brought to Rhodes through the efforts of the Association for Chinese Culture, a local non-profit organization dedicated to promoting Chinese culture.

Currently, Chen is an Associate Professor of Fine Arts in the Central Institute of Nationalities in China. He is also a director of the Traditional Chinese Painting Research Institute in Beijing. He has published several books about his techniques and his works.

Chen began studying Chinese and Western art in China at the age of 12. At sixteen, he was the youngest artist to be admitted to the Traditional Chinese Painting Research Institute. That year he also displayed seven of his works in the Beijing Youth Exhibition.

Chen studied under Li Ku-chan, a master painter who studied under the renowned artist Qi Baishia. Over the years, Chen has gained a reputation for experimenting with new methods and techniques, such as splash-painting. His masterwork is "Lives of Deer," a seventeen meter long painting of 132 deer.

Currently on exhibit are a number of his paintings of deer, birds, people, and nature scenes. All are painted on paper then mounted on colorful, patterned scrolls. One of his major works, "Group of Falcons," is an impressive series of eighteen paintings displayed chronologically on several walls. Several of his works, such as "Deer" and "Roosters," are especially valuable because of the inscriptions written by famous Chinese writers and artists. His paintings of deer convey an image of movement which is achieved through Chen's unique splash-painting technique.

## Hot Crustacean Band

by Steve Hambuchen

Where will you find a story that has all the excitement of a Spielberg adventure, all the laughs of a Woody Allen comedy, all the romance of **The Sound of Music** and ten times the color of anything Ted Turner's ever laid his hands on?

Where else but . . . unda da sea?

**The Little Mermaid**, Disney's 28th full-length animated fantasy, is a dazzling display of everything from kingdoms to crablets with a plot and musical score that you'll fall for, hook, line and sinker. The story is a very rough adaptation of the 19th century Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, without all the cutting out of tongues and chopping off of hair.

The story starts out getting us acquainted with Ariel, the main mermaid, sixteen and headstrong, and her fish friend, Flounder. It seems that Ariel has an intense curiosity about the world above the sea, and although her father, the Sea King, has forbidden her to visit the surface,

she continues to do so. She falls in love with a human prince after having saved his life in a shipwreck and confronts the evil Sea Witch, the only one who can turn her into a human, so that she might see the prince again. With the payment of Ariel's voice the Sea Witch, in an incredible visual and musical display, "helps" her and Ariel washes to the shore above with, "what do ya call em? Oh . . . feet." The only way she has of communicating is through facial expressions, which are done flawlessly. In order to remain human, she must be kissed by a prince within three days. Things get tense when the sun is setting on the third day and we see the prince walking down the isle with an imposter bride.

The years it took to make this film were well spent. The vivid colors, incredibly realistic animation and the first-rate musical score of Howard Ashman and Alan Menken (**Little Shop of Horrors**) are worth experiencing — even for grownups. But it's the characters, along with their voices,

that really make the movie great. The Sea Witch is the epitome of evil, with a voice to match; and we appropriately hear Buddy Hackett through a bumbling seagull, Ariel's knowledgeable confidant. There's even a reggae crab, Sebastian, who is appointed by the Sea King to look after the Little Mermaid and keep her out of trouble — that is, to be sure she doesn't go to the surface. Sebastian stars in the two most stunning musical performances in the film, once using his subliminal singing, causing the prince to "go on and . . . kiss da girl" — almost.

The moral of the story? That everyone must be allowed to live her or his own life, and that people different from yourself are probably not as bad as you think. Well, you can experience the story however you want, either as a social commentary or just for fun. Either way, if you need to see a feel-good movie, catch the wave and spend an evening with **The Little Mermaid**.

## The Russia House

by John LeCarre

Reviewed by Pat Stuart

With the Christmas break just a few days away, I decided that I needed something to relax my mind, like some good science fiction or a spy thriller. I had just about fried my brain on U.S. foreign policy and economic development, so I deserved to drop my intellect for a few pleasant hours and wallow in some pleasure-only reading. The bright gold cover of **Clear and Present Danger** beckoned me from the new release shelf in the Burroughs Library, and the eye-catching black and red of **The Russia House** tempted me in the Peabody Public Library. Working in a bookstore, I had seen both of these novels dominate the best-sellers list, so I decided that now was the time to see what made these two thrillers sell like crazy. After reading them, though, I could see little similarity besides their being written in English and dealing with current events — the new detente and Colombian drug lords. In fact, it seems as if the two books were bought by entirely different publics. In my first review, I'll look at **The Russia House**. Next week, I'll examine **Clear and Present Danger**.

**The Russia House** was the first book that I finished, not only because it is 300 pages shorter, but because it mesmerized me in a way that few spy thrillers do. John LeCarre has continued his success with this novel not because he can merely think up an interesting plot, but because he has made a true attempt at being a "writer." Indeed, **The Russia House** could almost be considered a piece of literature. Anyone seeking a flashy James Bond story can wait for next week's Clancy review, but those who want a story that will stay with them and make them think have found an

excellent example. Most people will probably already know the general plot, which involves a Soviet physicist who has valuable information about the real effectiveness of the Soviet nuclear arsenal. The West wants this information at any cost, and Barley Blair, an eccentric English publisher who plays saxophone is the only one who can get it for them.

Along the way, the reader gains valuable insights into the actual stuff that spying is made of: waiting and worrying. The reader is also treated to a cultural tour of the USSR. This is not about ballet and art, but about the societal problems facing the Soviet Union in its present crises. There aren't any corny jokes about standing in line or Russian quality control, but truly thoughtful comments about a very complex people. LeCarre also tackles more fundamental questions, such as how much the "grey men" of bureaucracy have taken over, stifling true actions of humanity. Thankfully, this is not slapped in the reader's face like a soap box sermon, but revealed through the internal conflicts of each character. LeCarre also doesn't give us any clear answers, leaving it up for each reader to decide for himself.

LeCarre's style also lends well to this type of purpose. He does not give cookie-cutter characterizations, unless the people really are faceless stereotypes. For the main characters, he instead lets us wonder about why they tick, and what made them this way. Barley Blair, the main character, remains a mystery to the reader and himself until the end of the book. All in all, this is a true masterpiece of spy novels, one that makes for intelligent and exciting reading.



## Lady Lynx Upset Maryville in Overtime

by Brad Todd  
Sports Editor

Amy Culpepper scored 29 points and grabbed 11 rebounds to lead the Rhodes College Lady Lynx to a 65-63 upset victory over the Maryville College Lady Scots Sunday afternoon at Mallory Gymnasium.

The Lady Lynx (9-2) led by 10 points at halftime before the Lady Scots (11-2) stormed back on the strength of a full-court press defense. Maryville put together a 9-0 run midway through the second half to take a 42-40 lead. Rhodes soon regained the lead, only to lose it again with 1:48 to go in the game.

Sherrie Daigle gave Maryville a 51-50 lead by draining two free throws with 1:48 on the clock. Maryville extended its lead to three points on Daigle's 14-foot jumper with :55 left

set up by a Rhodes turnover.

The Lady Scots fouled Rhodes' Ellen Thompson as she fought through the press after Daigle's basket. Thompson hit both ends of the one-and-one to cut the gap to one with 46 seconds left.

Maryville missed its next shot and a jump-ball on the rebound gave Rhodes the ball. The Lady Lynx got a break with :30 remaining when Maryville's Valerie Matlock stepped out of bounds after stealing the ball from Rhodes' Trista Branick.

Rhodes got the ball to Culpepper on its last possession and although she missed her first shot, she got the rebound and drew a foul on the follow-up with seven ticks left.

Culpepper scored the first basket in overtime with a blind over-the-head shot with 3:25 left. Thompson drove

in for a layup on Rhodes' next possession to make the score 57-53. Maryville got back within one point with less than one minute left but Chaney connected three times from the charity stripe to seal a 65-63 victory.

The victory raises Rhodes' record in the Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Conference to 3-2. One of the losses was to Maryville, a 76-55 setback in Maryville January 7.

Rhodes entertained Berea College Saturday afternoon and dealt the Lady Pioneers a 66-47 loss. Culpepper led Rhodes in that one as well, scoring 20 points.

**MARYVILLE** (63) Thompson 18, Daigle 13, Ownby 8, Matlock 6, Rothwell 4, Benziger 4, Locke 4, Ramsey 3, Reagan 2.

**RHODES** (65) Culpepper 29, Chaney 10, Thompson 8, Branick 6, Ludwig 4, Loyd 2, LaFollette 2.

## Sports Soapbox

### Memphis To Get WBL Franchise

by Brad Todd

The city of Memphis has just added another professional sports franchise. No, it's not the National Football League affiliate the city so covets, it's a team in the World Basketball League.

The WBL is a sort of minor league for players who are 6'5" or shorter. That is just one of the gimmicks the league uses to set itself apart from the rival Continental Basketball Association, an older, more established basketball farm league. The league also has considerable international flavor and hopes to make a name for itself by becoming the first American professional sports league to include a European division and therefore offer a true "world championship."

Currently, European and Australian teams tour the league during the regular season and any wins or losses that league teams have against foreign competition count in the league standings. After the season ends, a team of All-Stars tour overseas, playing in some of Europe's most prestigious tournaments.

Because the level of play in Europe has not quite caught up to the level of play in America, the height restriction does not apply to foreign opponents. Still, the WBL has a 53-1 record against foreign teams.

A league press release says that the height restriction has created a style of play that is usually absent in the NBA: fast-paced and wide open. League commissioner Steve Ehrhart says that the WBL gives some great basketball players a chance that they normally would not have.

The fact that Memphis has been awarded a franchise in the league is not surprising; the headquarters of the two-year old league have been here for some time. Memphis' last professional basketball franchise was in the old American Basketball Association in the early 1970's. The team, owned by well-known sports businessman

Charlie O. Finley, was not part of the ABA's merger with the NBA.

This new team's ownership is split between former Memphis Showboats football team owner and cotton baron William B. Dunavant (50%), and a coalition of five black businessmen (50%). Among them are the Vice President of Universal Life Insurance, an owner of McDonald's franchises, a former NBA player, a businessman, and an assistant to Senator Jim Sasser.

The racially mixed ownership has been heralded by the group as a "concrete liaison between two parties promoting racial harmony and economic cooperation in Memphis." Certainly it is a refreshing sight to see a sports franchise half-owned by minority interests—possibly a first in the sports world—but it is sad that Dunavant had to buy half the team himself. He will probably not use a heavy hand in team management, though, as evidenced by the fact that Harold Shaw is team president and Pat Carter is acting general manager.

Carter said at a press conference Monday that the team has talked to several local graduating college players about playing on the team, including Dartmouth's Jim Barton, a high school teammate of Rhodes player Wade Harrison. "We want to keep as many local players involved as we can, but keep in mind that our main objective is to win and to do that, we'll put together the best team we can."

The league will expand to probably two or three cities besides Memphis, according to Ehrhart. Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Richmond, Roanoke, and Providence are good possibilities.

The Memphis team is currently having a "Name the Team" contest. The winning entrant will receive two season tickets valued at \$864. Members of the sports media will choose the team's name from a list of the ten names that were submitted the most number of times by fans.

## Lynx Smash Sewanee In CAC Opener

by Brad Todd  
Sports Editor

Five players scored in double figures Friday night as the Rhodes college men's basketball team recorded its first College Athletic Conference victory with a 106-70 rout of the visiting Sewanee Tigers.


Junior Wade Harrison led the Lynx with a 17-point effort while Rhynia Henry chipped in 16 and James Burden contributed 15. David Lewis had 12 while freshman Callan Nokes came off the bench to score 11.

Rhodes (9-4, 1-0) blew the game open midway through the first half with an aggressive man-to-man defense that denied Sewanee easy baskets.

"Rhodes wants to play half-court basketball and right now that's not our game," said Sewanee head coach Tony Wingen. "We wanted to pick it (the tempo) up. They controlled the tempo and they shot extremely well and tonight, that's what it took," said Wingen.

The Tigers (3-7, 0-1) scored the opening basket but never led after that. The score stayed close until the 11:21 mark when Rhodes called timeout leading 17-16.

Eight consecutive Rhodes points, including 3-pointers by Harrison and Taylor Curtis, put the Lynx up 25-16. Rhodes out-scored the Tigers 15-8 before halftime to lead 40-24 at the break.



### NAME THE TEAM

You could be a winner! Enter the "Name the Team" contest for Memphis' new World Basketball League team. If your entry is chosen you'll win two season tickets valued at \$864 to the 1990 season! Deadline for entries is 1/23/90.

**TEAM NAME** \_\_\_\_\_

Your name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

1) In case of duplicate entries, winner will be determined by random drawing to be held 1/29/90.

2) Entries must be postmarked by 1/23/90.

3) Send entries to: **World Basketball League  
Mid-South Coliseum  
996 Early Maxwell Blvd.  
Memphis, TN 38104**

Rhodes had an 11-0 run beginning with 15:20 left in the second half that expanded the lead to 24 points at 58-34. A 10-0 run beginning at the 9:10 mark stretched the Lynx lead to 34 at 80-46.

Rhodes coach Herb Hilgeman began substituting liberally in the final six minutes and Nokes responded with 11 points.

The Lynx, who won on the road at Maryville (66-59) and Crichton (54-47) over break, hosted Millsaps Tuesday and face Trinity in San Antonio Saturday.

**SEWANEE** (70) Zagoria 12, Barnette 11, Raeber 11, McIntyre 9, Walsh 7, Zureick 6, Richards 5, Bing 3, Wayne 2, Miller 2, Wouck 2.

**RHODES** (106) Harrison 17, Henry 16, Burden 15, Lewis 12, Nokes 11, Webb 9, Lindeman 7, Peters 5, Teal 4, Curtis 3, Wilson 2, Pippenger 2.

## Memphis . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

And the county ain't nary a bit in favor of this scenario.

You see, folks in the suburbs got schools with good test scores, an environment not as troubled by drugs and gangs, and an operating budget that is fairly secure.

The city, well, let's just take the opposite of the county, and you pretty much get the picture.

But the city is adamant in their

stance, and plan to proceed despite the people in the county's objection. The council will vote the end of this month and the people of Memphis (the people in the city limits that is) will vote sometime in the spring.

Yet, if the people vote to surrender the charter, the good folk in the county plan to secede, form their own county. While the legality of this is hard to figure at this point, it is very realistic under state law that it could be achieved.

It seems ironic that while Memphis

is doing so much to make the town a first-class city, events of this sort are still going on. If this were to happen, the negative effects of a secession by the towns in the county would have horrendous repercussions on the area's growth.

Whether the city will surrender the charter and whether the county would secede is still hard to figure.

But if it happens, Memphis will forever suffer, much like the education system is now doing.

That is the dilemma!


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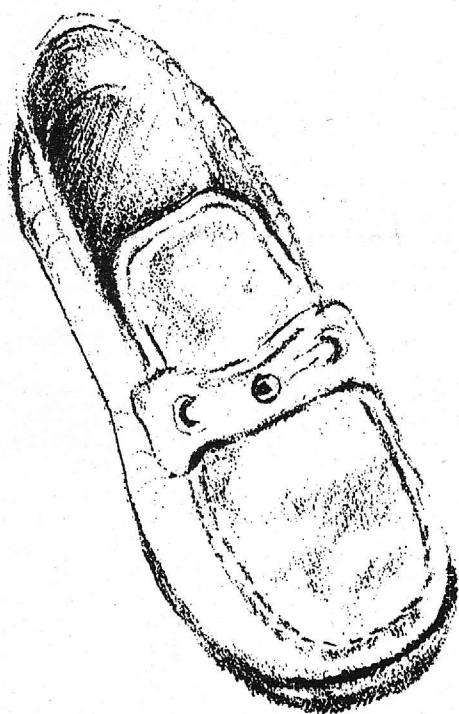
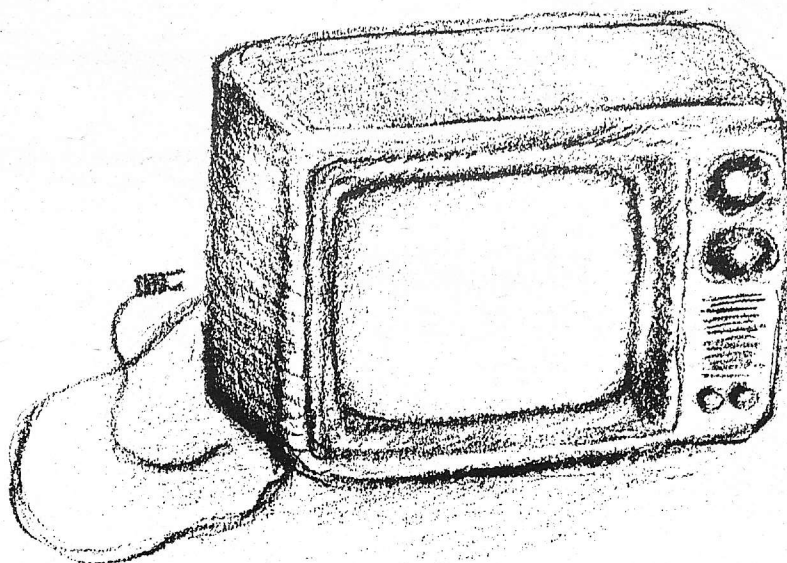


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# Southwestern Review

Creative people of all kinds are encouraged to submit original works of prose, poetry, or visual arts to the Southwestern Review. Written work should be submitted to F. Grant Whittle or Jason Files. Visual artists should contact Cay Chastain or Stacy Boldrick.

Written works should be double spaced (except for poetry, which should be double spaced only between stanzas). Please attach your name, phone number, and address to each submission. Works written on a Macintosh are encouraged, but by no means necessary. We will attempt to return all artwork to its owners as soon as possible. Artists should also include name, address, and phone number. Sorry, written work cannot be returned. All work submitted to the Southwestern Review will remain the property of their creators. Photographers are encouraged to keep personal copies of all photographs submitted. Deadline for submissions: March 9, 1990.