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Photo by Elizabeth Timmons

Lowi Discusses Politics

by Joe Hardin
Staff Writer

Theodore J. Lowi, the second guest speaker of the Gilliland Symposium Lecture Series, addressed "dirty politics" in a lecture at Hardie Auditorium last Thursday night at 8:00 p.m. Dr. Lowi of Cornell University is one of today's premier political scientists. His lecture, entitled "Negative Politics and the Revolting Voter," examined the negative campaigning of this year's presidential election in light of previous elections, noting patterns or cycles of negative politics, and exploring the factors that lead to "dirty politics."

Lowi began the lecture by conducting an informal poll of the audience, asking a series of questions about discontent with politicians of the executive and legislative branches of the U.S. government. Comparing the results with those of a national poll that showed high rates of dissatisfaction, he attributed this antipathy towards politicians largely to negative advertising. Although negative campaigning is not a new phenomenon, Lowi emphasized that there has never been so much of it, nor has it ever been so effective.

The result of this recent surge of "dirty politics," Lowi explained, has been a disenchanted American public which sees both sides going to such effort and expense to denounce the other

and thus concludes (not knowing who to believe) that something is wrong with the system. Pointing out a series of "highs" in negative politics that included 1952-54 (McCarthyism), 1964, 1972 (Watergate), and finally 1988 and 1992 — all of which were followed by election years of relatively "clean politics" — Lowi suggested an irregular cycle in negative campaigning. He explained two main factors that determine the nature of a campaign.

First, the degree of programmatic partisan differences has a significant effect on the extent of negative politics. The absence of substantial programmatic differences between the two parties results in each side having to "chip away" at the other through exploiting scandal instead of emphasizing its own platform. The 1992 campaign, Lowi explained, is particularly dirty because the Democrats, having moved further to the right, are "running like Republicans," forcing both sides to resort to negative campaigning in order to distinguish themselves, being unable to emphasize ideological differences.

Lowi's second main factor in determining the nature of a campaign is the closeness of the race between two parties. The closer the race is, the greater the tendency is for the parties to "chip away" at each other's margin of victory rather than taking substantial risks

in addressing programmatic policy or reform. The closeness of the 1992 race and the nature of the campaign can certainly support this factor of risk aversion. Lowi emphasized that only third parties, or a substantially weakened Democrat or Republican party, (all in a situation of having little to lose) will have the incentive to take risks and move away from negative politics.

As to solving this problem in the U.S. political system, Dr. Lowi made several prescriptions that he described as "effective but unfeasible." Among them were for either party to lose so badly that it would have to rebuild itself on real, substantial principles. Lowi said that the Democratic party would be the best candidate for this, noting its flight from the stigmatism of the "liberal" label to the right. Another possibility that Lowi brought up was the abolishment of the two-party system, claiming that a multi-party system would be conducive to more "high-risk" politics.

The audience fully took advantage of the thirty-minute question and answer session. Dr. Lowi's lecture presented an interesting perspective on the political system at a time highly charged with political opinions and anxieties. As for the remainder of Campaign '92, however, it is likely that "dirty politics" is here to stay.

Rhodes President's Council Has New Head

Memphis native Nancy Hill Fulmer (Mrs. Arthur F. Fulmer, Jr.) has been elected to head the Rhodes College President's Council for 1992-93. Her term begins Tuesday, October 13 with the fall meeting of the council on the Rhodes campus.

The Rhodes President's Council is made up of about 375 business and

civic leaders who serve as a link between Rhodes and the larger community, communicating the college's mission and current goings-on to the public and reporting to Rhodes' administration ways that the college can better serve the Mid-South.

Mrs. Fulmer, a 1951 graduate of Rhodes, has long been active in com-

munity affairs. She is a past president of Metropolitan Interfaith Association (MIFA) and a current member of its board. She is a past president of the Memphis Junior League and Crippled Children's Hospital.

In 1991 the Rotary Club named Mrs. Fulmer Volunteer of the Year.

Recycling: A Community Effort

by Teri Sullivan

Perhaps one of the biggest issues facing us today is the environment. One of the first and easiest steps to take in helping clean up and preserve the environment is by recycling. Campus Green, the environmental organization on campus, has been dedicated to this cause. The group has implemented many recycling programs on campus (currently aluminum cans and paper) and has brought speakers to the campus to encourage education about environmental issues. However, Co-coordinator Susan Ewart would like to see that Campus Green become more involved in educational issues rather than just conducting recycling programs. "We don't want to be known as the 'Recycling Club.' One of our main goals is to institutionalize recycling so that it can be a community effort and not just a club."

The first step to this institutionalization came with the help of Physical Plant. Thanks to negotiations between Chris Buchanan, Campus Green Co-coordinator, and Brian Foshee, Director of Physical Plant, the workers in Physical Plant have added one more duty to their lists: recycling. "Initially they saw it as added work," said Foshee, "but since we've gotten into the program, we have seen positive responses."

Physical Plant is responsible for collecting all the cans from the bins in the dorms and transporting these cans, as well as those from academic buildings and Greek houses, to Dixie Recycling

Center. Furthermore Physical Plant workers make sure that each of the BFI bins for recycling paper are taken to the curbs to be picked up by BFI. Cardboard used on campus is also taken to be recycled by Physical Plant, which Foshee felt was the main source of waste recycling done on campus. In all, the amount of waste that is recycled from Rhodes Campus adds up to about ten percent. Physical Plant is not responsible for separating the trash. Only those items which are obviously discarded for recycling will be recycled. The key to the success of this program lies not in Physical Plant or Campus Green, but in the campus itself. "Recycling starts with the consumer who is going to drop that can in the bin," said Foshee. "Unfortunately, people just won't recycle unless it is convenient for them."

This knowledge that convenience is the top priority is the main drive behind Campus Green's push to institutionalize recycling. If everyone works together, recycling becomes a community effort and not a matter of convenience.

Plans are still in mind for added recycling programs with Campus Green, although Foshee felt that "Given the markets on recycling at this time, it is just not advantageous for us." However, Campus Green and Physical Plant are negotiating to work still more closely together to promote community involvement for the good of the environment as a dedication instead of a task.

'Time to Read' Program Benefits Rhodes, Memphis

by Emily Flinn
Staff Writer

Everyone is probably aware of the great emphasis on community service here at Rhodes. One program which you may not have heard of is the Time to Read program. A part of the Kinney Program, Time to Read benefits the Rhodes community as well as the outside community.

Time to Read is a magazine reading program designed for readers at any level who wish to improve their reading skills and enjoyment. Volunteers from the entire city were trained at Rhodes on September 12 and 13. It is the second year that Rhodes has hosted the training session. Eighty volunteers attended the training session, fifteen of which were Rhodes students.

The Rhodes students participate in Time to Read in a variety of ways. After volunteer training, students can lead classes held on campus for employees of Rhodes and ARA Food Service. One or two students meet with a small group of readers, choose an article which they are all interested in, read through it, and discuss it. They might look at new vocabulary or use their imagination to brainstorm

about new ideas.

Students can also use the Time to Read program in connection with the Adopt a Friend program at Snowden School. The student and a Snowden student can read through a magazine during their time together. Time to Read volunteers also work at the Evergreen Church after-school program. Rhodes students also volunteer at local schools, rehabilitation centers, or the Genesis House, a halfway house for the homeless, with Time to Read.

The program is funded by Time-Warner, Inc., which provides the magazines for the readers and tutors. Local funds are also provided by Cablevision.

Rhodes College was the first college to offer this type of program to its employees. It is the third year that Rhodes has participated in the program. It has grown from 10 learners and 10 tutors in its first year to 40 learners and about 20 tutors this year. The program is helped by the Rhodes group S.C.A.L.E., which stands for Student Coalition for Action in Literacy Education.

There will be another training session in January for anyone interested in the Time to Read program.



Chip Riggs and friends cheer on the Rhodes team at last Saturday's homecoming game. At halftime Drew Henry and Silva Gitsas were selected as Mr. and Ms. Rhodes. Vo Johnson, Les Johnson, Allen Bell, Ryan Mire, Rob Jarrett, Thais Davenport, Julia Tarver, Dina Facklis, Jennie

Beth Harris and Katherine McCaa were also in the contest. Campus Green was awarded the prize for best club display. The Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity took the prize for best fraternity display and the Alpha Omicron Pi's won the award for best sorority display.

Surveys: Jobs Are Out There And Students Are Optimistic

(CPS) — The good news is that there are jobs out there for recent college graduates. The bad news is that the economic downturn has enabled employers to hold the line on initial salary offers, the College Placement Council found in its annual salary survey.

Another survey shows students are optimistic that they will find employment in a short time and expect that the beginning salaries will range from \$20,000 to \$30,000.

The council's July 1992 salary survey also found that some employers were not able to place graduates in positions that they had been offered. The survey "shows that though the recession did not provide for an abundance of employment opportunities, not all graduates' employment prospects were affected by it," the Bethlehem, Pa.-based council said.

Broken down by major, the council's survey showed the ups and downs graduates can experience in beginning wages:

- **Nursing:** Graduates received starting salary offers 10 percent or more higher than last year, up to \$32,597. Allied health graduates' salaries jumped 7.2 percent to an average of \$31,568.

- **Chemical Engineers:** The average starting salary increased 4.6 percent to \$39,216. Electrical engineers had initial salary offers averaging \$34,033, and mechanical engineers received offers of \$34,546.

- **Civil engineers:** The average in

itial offer fell slightly to \$29,600. Offers from state and local governments for civil engineers rose.

- **Liberal arts:** Most disciplines lost ground, the survey found.

- **Accounting:** Starting salaries for recent graduates rose 2.7 percent to an average offer of \$27,351.

- **MBA graduates:** Those with non-technical undergraduate degrees gained 2.4 percent for an average offer of \$36,096. Those with technical undergraduate degrees had an average offer of \$40,195, up 4.2 percent.

The survey was made of offers extended to students graduating between Sept. 1, 1991 and Aug. 1, 1992.

Meanwhile, a survey done by Philadelphia-based Right Associates found that despite the ongoing recession, college students expect a relatively short job search, starting salaries between \$20,000 and \$30,000 and a promotion within one to two years.

Right Associates surveyed 325 students nationwide during career seminars for the annual survey, which measures career preferences and goals, job search and career expectations and attitudes about future career advancement.

This year 65 percent of the students surveyed expect beginning salaries to top out at \$30,000, and 5 percent expect to receive more than \$35,000. There is some concern that these high expectations may be out of line with the reality of the current job market.

"It is important to ensure that students' expectations are in sync with the realities of the marketplace," said Stanley Tilton, president of Right Associates. "If they are not, employers will have a lot of unsatisfied employees on their hands."

A majority—91 percent—of students are still optimistic about their future career plans despite the sluggish economy, and 75 percent expect to have the same or better standard of living as their parents, the majority of whom hold professional positions.

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**The Sou'wester
will not publish
next week due
to Fall Break**

Women's Studies Film Festival

The Women's Studies Department cordially invites all Rhodes students, faculty and staff to attend its inaugural film series entitled "If Looks Could Kill: Women in Hollywood Films." The series began on October 6 with *Blonde Venus*, starring Marlene Dietrich and Cary Grant, and *Notorious* on October 13, starring Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant. Each film is followed by a discussion led by a panel of Rhodes faculty members dealing with the various ways in which women are portrayed by the movie industry. The films are all shown in Blount Auditorium of Buckman Hall at 7 p.m. We hope everyone will join us for the remaining four films of this inaugural Women's Studies series.

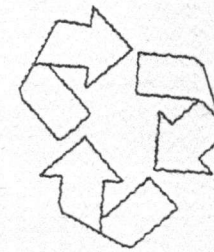
Thursday, October 22, 7 p.m.: *Niagara*, directed by Henry Hathaway, starring Marilyn Monroe and Joseph Cotten.

Tuesday, October 27, 7 p.m.: *Butterfield 8*, directed by Daniel Mann, starring Elizabeth Taylor and Lawrence Harvey.

Tuesday, November 10, 7 p.m.: *Star '80*, directed by Bob Fosse, starring Mariel Hemingway and Eric Roberts. Rated R.

Thursday, November 19, 7 p.m.: *Silence of the Lambs*, directed by Jonathan Demme, starring Jodie Foster and Anthony Hopkins. Rated R.

CAMPUS GREEN



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Cabaret To Open October 29th

by Jason Briggs Cormier
Contributing Editor

Cabaret opens at the Rhodes College McCoy Theatre on Thursday, October 29 and runs Oct. 30-Nov. 1, Nov. 12-13 and Nov. 21-22. All shows start at 8:00 p.m. except the Sunday shows which start at 2:00 p.m. Tickets are on sale now at the McCoy Box Office and are \$3.50 for students.

This show tells the story of an American writer's stay in Berlin as Adolf Hitler is coming to power. Cliff is a writer looking for a place to inspire him. He is immediately caught up in the lives of those around him, as he falls in love with Sally, a singer in a nearby cabaret.

In the end, Cliff leaves Germany with little but sympathy and confusion about the people he left behind in an increasingly more violent Berlin.

As one should expect, this musical deals with racism as well as the *Zeitgeist*, which for lack of a better word could best be described as political apathy.

This is a show that no one should miss. It raises these, still all too common, themes with which we must all deal. Under Ewing's direction,

however, this production goes beyond these obvious themes and deals with something deeper. She has tried to elucidate something which is within all of us. This show presents the dark themes within the soul of humanity. True enough, it does deal with hate, but it also deals with all that is ugly within people. *Cabaret* explores realms all too often left alone in today's society. In a word, Ewing describes this production of *Cabaret* as "grotesque," as it reaches within and brings out into the light, things that people prefer to leave in the dark.

Director — Julia "Cookie" Ewing and Eric Undferdahl; Musical Director — Tony Lee Garner; Choreographers — Sally Markell, Eric Yetter and Brett Cullum.

Cast: Emcee — Brett Cullum; Cliff — Cliff Spencer; Sally — Heather Ashcraft; Ernst — Jimmy Myatt; Fraulein Schneider — Anastasia Herin; Herr Schultz — Gene Katz; Fraulein Kost — Amy Russell; Max — Jason Potter; Kit Kat Girls — Amy Ashbury, Lara Babaoglu, Louise Casini, Elizabeth Hayes, Jen Welch, Rachel Wortham

Chingachgook Lives On: The Latest Mohican

by Jim Vest

Michael Mann's remake of *The Last of the Mohicans* presents itself as a "classic" wide-screen epic, a well-made cinema tale on a grand scale. It delivers on at least a portion of that promise. The soundtrack is exhilarating, the photography enthralling, the scenery sublime.

What kept me from liking it, then? Was it merely the derivative echoes of *Black Robe* and *Dances with Wolves*? Was it because I had seen too much of it before — those same waterfalls, lakes, rivers, birthless hills, rhododendrons — during hikes around western Carolina? Was it because I recognized, among the Caucasian faces beneath too-new Mohawks, some college-age extras I had met in the Asheville Mall during filming breaks? I think not. My willingness to suspend disbelief is not that limited, I trust.

So what kept me from being swept away by the compelling sights and sounds of Hawkeye's adventures? The answer is clear: Hawkeye. Daniel Day-Lewis is ill-cast, or at least ill-served, in this film. His role is shallow, as is his dialogue. The screenplay is lackluster in general. In this action-romance adventure, posturing is prevalent. Character development is minimal. The inherent goodness of Cooper's idealistic creation is as conspicuously lacking as are his normal locales.

The pacing and cutting are at times awkward as well. Quick cuts from broad vistas to seemingly unrelated close-ups are disconcerting, making it difficult to follow the action. The too-frequent use of slowed motion photography during fights and the nautilus-chamber process effects in tender scenes are ludicrous. They break the cinematic spell that the film's remarkably mobile camera is meant to conjure.

Yet the lovingly photographed Appalachian backwoods and waterways are undeniably breathtaking, and the inventive soundtrack is captivating. If you are able to overlook the narrative weaknesses and enmesh yourself in the mountain sounds and scenery, you'll find the latest of the *Mohicans* a treat for ear and eye.

COVER CONTEST

The LYNX is having a contest to determine the artwork on the cover of this year's yearbook. Everyone should submit his or her photos and/or drawings of the Rhodes campus for consideration. The LYNX office is on the basement floor of Palmer Hall. If yours is selected, it may be on this year's yearbook cover. The deadline for submission is Wednesday, October 21. For additional information, call Elizabeth Young at x3245.



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LETTER FROM UNDERGROUND

by Clay Combs

Something Old, Something New From America's Best Band

We should all know by now. R.E.M. are incapable of making a bad album. It's not that they wouldn't want to do it. It's that they *couldn't*. The special combination of their four personalities could never fail to produce something, if not great, at least very interesting. For ten years now they've been serving up tasty platters of musical inventiveness, expanding the boundaries of pop music and rewriting some of the rules. *Automatic For The People*, their eighth full studio album, preserves some of what made them America's Best Band and shows a new side, the next link in their evolution.

For an old R.E.M. fan, a first listening of *Automatic* will raise an eyebrow. The album *sounds* very different from the band's seminal early records, the frenetic, jangly guitar-driven, obscure, visceral and, above all, southern gothic Mitch Easter productions. But the new album represents no break with the past, only a logical continuation of tendencies at work from the get-go.

The earmarks of the early style have been muted but not lost. Peter Buck's guitars often find a place further back in the mix, occasionally cutting through with a spare, *Fables*-style solo or a *Pageant*-era feedback smear. Mike Mills's melodic bass lines are present here in a more refined style and Bill Berry's drums drive the upbeat tunes just as they always have. The ever-quizzical Michael Stipe hasn't changed his tune, either. You still have to listen to each song with all your might, several times, to figure out lyrics that rarely yield anything at face value. But after a while, you see how Stipe brings order out of apparent chaos. He's done more by invoking and evoking images with words and melody than most people have ever done with statements. Here he continues to make the most of the vocal instrument, using it with the other instruments to round out the arrangements and advance the cause of each song. It ain't the rapturous glossolalia of the early years, but it's the '90s equivalent.

The album's different sound is easi-

ly accounted for. *Automatic* picks up the acoustic thread that dates back to "You Are the Everything," from 1988's *Green*, a thread carried to full fruition in the band's excellent 1991 *MTV Unplugged* performance. This album shows a desire to incorporate even more instruments into the R.E.M. sound. Four cuts feature string arrangements by John Paul Jones (presumably the John Paul Jones, of Zeppelin fame) and organ, piano and accordion sounds take prominent places on some tracks.

Unfortunately, much of what's new weakens the album. The boys from Athens violate one of the key rules for making a great album: every instrument recorded has to justify itself by advancing the song in an important way. None of the songs here call for the string treatments they're given. This doesn't mean the arrangements are not good arrangements. But if you take away the strings from any of the songs where they appear, the songs do not suffer. In some cases the songs would be strengthened. This album's quieter, more intimate material deserves small production that brings the songs closer to the listener instead of distancing them as happens with a full string section and big reverberation. (*Aside:* For the short course in what big production should be, pick up Peter Gabriel's inspired new disc *Us*.) Strings aren't the only misplaced instruments. The hard-hitting political critique "Ignoreland" manages to sustain a singularly *bad* keyboard line, a stray track from an old Bon Jovi song somewhere. In terms of album programming, the whole of "New Orleans Instrumental No. 1" is questionable. It may have been better suited to the B-track of a single, but time will tell whether it insinuates itself into our understanding of the album.

Fortunately, these weaknesses stem mainly from production. The material itself is strong. Stipe peoples the songs with interesting characters culled from the rank underside of the recent Republican Era and his bandmates set a musical stage on which the char-

acters can live and grow. The best tracks feature the plaintive, first-person representatives of those who have fallen through the cracks of the prosperous America of the '80s. We hear this on "Try Not to Breathe," the radio-ready pop gem "The Sidewinder Sleeps Tonight," "Everybody Hurts," and "Sweetness Follows," a track that shows Buck's mastery of melodic feedback. Stipe's melodic strength shows in the beautiful "Nightswimming." All told, the album holds together well and the program flows.

Automatic offers one masterpiece. "Man on the Moon" gets the production and instrumentation it needs to carry Stipe's brilliant lyrics (among his best ever) into a new realm of expression. Who else could tie together Mott the Hoople, Andy Kaufman, Moses and Elvis to review the meaning of religion? Buck contributes a great solo and slide work and the rhythm section shift their techniques throughout the song to give enough space for it to breathe.

(Just for fun: If you're wondering where they got the name for "Star Me Kitten," you'll probably have to go back almost twenty years into the pop canon to find out. First, listen to the last minute of the song and try to make out the line that recurs three times. Then go get a copy of the Stones' 1973 album *Goat's Head Soup* and listen to the last track, "Star Star." You'll find the Stones had to change one of the words in the title before the record company would list it on the back of the album. Even today, you can't put some words on an album jacket. Lenny Kravitz didn't even try.)

Automatic For The People has strong material that could have been presented in a stronger way. It probably could have been a great album, but considering the overproduction, it's just a good album. Scott Litt did wonders for *Document*, but it's time for the band to give Mitch Easter or Don Gehman a call. It's time for R.E.M. to take their new material and play it like it should be played, just as they used to. That's why we started listening in the first place.

Blues Reunion Sizzles Small Crowd

by Paul Guibao

Memphis is home of the Blues, Soul, and Rock'n'Roll. Memphis's unique musical history merges together the Blues of Beale, the King of Rock (no, not Run D.M.C.), and some of the best Soul ever produced. Some of Memphis's best Soul and Blues music came out of Stax Records, whose most famous performer was the late, great Otis Redding. Stax Records, located here in Memphis, has been torn down, but the music bore lives on. Last Friday, in the midst of all the other homecomings going on throughout the city, Mud Island had a Stax reunion billed as the "Homecoming on the River."

Amazing enough, this is one of the least crowded concerts I've ever seen at Mud Island. So it seems very ironic, to me, that it would also be one of the best. The evening centered around Stax artists Booker T. and the M.G.'s, which is led on the organ by Mr.

Booker T. Jones. The band also contains two Memphis legends, Donald "Duck" Dunn and Steve Cropper, most famous for their stint in the Blues Brothers. Joining these three was *Late Night With Dave Letterman* drummer Anton Fig. Dunn and Cropper are really amazing. They are some of the last remaining greats from the old school of Rock'n'Roll, led by men like Redding, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Chuck Berry. And while Dunn and Cropper might not have the notoriety of Berry and Jerry Lee, they typify what they were all about.

These performers would have been a show on their own, and they were—for the first set. However, the second set featured many special guests: longtime Stax artists the Memphis Horns, Carla Thomas and Eddie Floyd. Friday's concert included many of music's all time favorites. It began with the Booker T. and the M.G.'s classic "Green Onions," which might

be the most popular instrumental song ever (in case you didn't know Booker T. and the M.G.'s are an instrumental band). The second set began with a jam session with the Memphis Horns. After a few songs, they were joined by Carla Thomas. Thomas played her classics "B-a-b-y" and "Let Me Be Good To You," along with her first single ever "Gee Whiz." Her voice showed little wear for someone with over twenty five years in the business. The last guest to appear was Eddie Floyd, a very charismatic singer who is best known for his song "Knock on Wood" (which he co-wrote with Steve Cropper). Floyd really got the crowd on his feet, giving it a chance to warm-up on a cold night.

The evening's high points were its two encores. All the performers came on stage to perform the Redding classic "Sitting on the Dock of the Bay"

(Continued on Page 5)

THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Clark Kent or Superman?

by Chip Riggs, Sports Editor

Would the real Rhodes College Lynx please stand up? After the last couple of games, I'm having trouble figuring out the personality of this team. On Homecoming Saturday against Washington University Bears, the Lynx seemed to transform from Superman to Clark Kent during halftime, and their schizophrenia nearly cost them the football game.

In the first half, the Lynx used the Bear to scrub the Fargason Field surface. They moved the football with no problem on offense, and their defense made Wash. U. look hapless. At halftime, the score was 20-3, and it looked like a laugher for the Lynx. Actually, Rhodes' last play of the first half could have been taken as a sign of what was to come in the second. Lynx kicker Andy Likes, who has done as good a job as any kicker in the SCAC this year, missed a seemingly easy 25-yard field goal, pushing it wide right. No field goal is a lock, but Likes doesn't miss often from that short a distance, and he has certainly made harder kicks this year. His kick, though, which seemed to just flutter and die, turned out to be a pretty good indication of which Rhodes personality was going to show up in the second half.

After intermission, the Lynx just seemed to disappear. As lopsided as the first half was for the Lynx, it was almost that easy for the Bears in the second. The Lynx scored first on a three-yard run by Greg Ritter, but missed the two-point conversion attempt. For some reason, the Bears decided that being down 26-3 instead of 28-3 was a good reason to get happy, and, while they picked up some life, Rhodes started to deflate.

The Bears moved the ball down the field with no problem after that. There were three plays that perhaps told the story of the second half better than any commentary could. They were:

★ On second-and-two at the Wash. U. 31, Bear running back Todd Hannum broke loose on a twelve-yard run. As he was being tackled, however, he fumbled the ball. It bounced around for a moment before a Bear offensive

lineman pounced on it an rumbled eight more yards to midfield before Lynx defenders brought him down. The result: the Bears ended up gaining 19 yards when Rhodes could have, and probably should have, gotten the football.

★ Same drive, third-and-sixteen back at the Wash. U. 44: Bear quarterback Mike Keen, who to that point had looked like a Bad News Bear rather than, say, a Chicago Bear, withstood a heavy Rhodes rush, stepped up in the pocket, and found Ken Pierson, his third receiver, on a short dump pass across the middle. Pierson broke a tackle and gained 19 yards, keeping the drive alive.

★ Later in the game, after Wash. U. scored to cut Rhodes' lead to 26-11, the Bears had second-and-seven at their own 30. Keen, again with lots of time, stepped up and threw a bomb to receiver Ted Gregory, who caught the pass and scampered 70 yards for the score. Rhodes safety Reid Smiley fell down on the play, but Gregory was already five yards behind him and would have caught the pass easily, and maybe would have scored anyway.

The Rhodes defense, which played under the idea of "let's break the other quarterback" in the first half, seemed to adopt a "let's bend but not break" attitude in the second half. To their credit, they stopped the Bears when they had to, and they caused several important turnovers. And the Rhodes offense, which motored over, around, and through the Bears early in the game, used more of a "three yards and a cloud of dust," time-consuming ground attack in the second half. But, the game was much closer than it should have been. The final was in doubt until the game's final play, when Scott Franklin intercepted a bomb in the end zone. Even this play was fairly indicative of the rest of the game: the ball was tipped by another Lynx defender and was batted by a couple of Bears before Franklin got his hands on it.

From the Bleachers, it seemed that Superman appeared to save Clark Kent just in time.

Rhodes Struggles, Holds Off Bears

by Chip Riggs, Sports Editor

The Rhodes College Lynx backed themselves up to the edge of a deep canyon on Homecoming Saturday against the Washington University Bears, but held on to save a 26-19 victory, and keep momentum going into next week's showdown with Sewanee. The Lynx, who were up 20-3 at halftime, bent every bit as far as they could, but didn't break, in the second half, as they allowed the Bears to score two late touchdowns to close the gap.

The Lynx looked untouchable in the first half. Senior quarterback Drew Robison, the SCAC leader in total offense, seemed to have all day in the pocket, and he found his receivers early and often, while senior running back Greg Ritter repeatedly found only large holes in his path, running for 87 yards by intermission.

Rhodes scored first, on Ritter's nine-yard touchdown run. The score followed a balanced 49-yard Lynx drive during which Ritter ran five times for 25 yards, and Robison kept the ball and gained just enough for the first down, keeping the drive alive.

After the Bears' Adam Elegant kicked a 39-yard field goal, Rhodes began another touchdown march. Ritter dominated this drive, carrying five times for 38 yards and completing a 21-yard halfback pass to Brian Bandegrift on fourth-and-four at the Bear 31. On the first play after the quarter ended, Ritter dove in from three yards out to put the Lynx up 14-3.

The Lynx defense then shut down the Bears for the rest of the half. On Wash. U.'s next possession, quarterback Mike Keen was sacked twice for a total of none yards, and the Bears were forced to punt. Demetri Patikas fair caught Ted Gregory's punt, but the Lynx were flagged for holding, so they had to start at their own 10-yard line. Robison went to work on this drive, completing four of four passes for 53 yards, including a beautifully thrown 25-yard TD pass to Justin Ross to end the drive. On the touchdown play, Robison, under pressure, lofted a pass just out of the reach of two Bear defenders right into the outstretched hands of Ross in the end zone. Unfortunately for the Lynx, the snap on the extra point was bobbed, and the kick was no good, leaving the Lynx with a 20-3 lead.

Rhodes started the second half in impressive fashion.

On Wash. U.'s second drive, Lynx linebacker Ryan Mire intercepted a poorly thrown pass from Bear QB Mike Keen at the Wash. U. 19, and the Rhodes offense went to work, scoring quickly. Robison hit tight end Mike Sherrill for a nine-yard completion, then Ritter took over, carrying the ball twice and scoring for the Lynx from three yards out. Rhodes went for two because of the previous missed conversion, but Robison's pass was incomplete, and the Lynx led 26-3.

Wash. U. decided to stiffen at this point, and the Lynx began moving closer and closer to the edge of the canyon. After Rhodes' score, the Bears began a steady, methodical march down the field. Todd Hannum ran again, for 12 yards. However, he fumbled the ball while being tackled. A Bear lineman recovered and ran eight more yards before being tackled at midfield. Then, on third-and-16, Keen found Ken Pierson for 19 yards and a huge first down.

Hannum would eventually score from one yard out, and the two-point conversion pass cut the Lynx to 26-11.

The teams went back and forth for a few minutes after the Bears' touchdown, with neither team able to produce much offensively. However, the Bears eventually changed that.

After a Peter Adams punt that gave the ball to the Bears at their own 27, Keen decided to become John Elway. He completed a pass for three yards to open the drive, then made the biggest play of the day. Under pressure, he stepped up in the pocket and lofted a bomb to receiver Ted Gregory. Rhodes safety Reid Smiley fell down, and Gregory did the rest on his own, diving over a Lynx defender at the one to score.

On the two-point conversion try, the Bears pulled a halfback pass of their own, hitting quarterback Keen in the end zone to cut the score to 26-19.

After this, the teams again battled it out around midfield, with neither team doing much.

With about two minutes left in the game, the Bears tried one final march down the field. However, Keen's last desperate bomb into the end zone was intercepted by Scott Franklin, and the Lynx held on to win.

Individual Statistics

Rushing:

WU, Hannum 16-76.

RHODES: Ritter 31-148.

Passing:

WU, Keen 22-12-2-140; Green 9-4-1-40

RHODES: Robison 41-23-1-201; Ritter 1-1-0-21.

Receiving:

WU, Warfield 5-24; Gregory 2-81

RHODES: Vandegrift 7-57; Ross 5-75; Patikas 4-45.

RHODES/WASH. U. BY THE NUMBERS

	Rhodes	Wash. U.
1st downs	20	13
Rushing	39-144	31-115
Passing:		
A-C-I	42-24-1	31-16-3
Yards	222	180
Time of Possession	33:14	26:46
Sacks by:	3-13	2-14

Harriers' Homecoming Muddy, Swift

by Eddie Dieppa

The Rhodes College cross-country team ventured to Patriot Park in Greenville, IL for the Greenville College Invitational meet.

In the women's race, Danville A.C.C. took first. Rhodes finished fourth despite the difficult hilly and gravel course, and was only 13 points behind Milliken, the second place team. Placing sixth overall for Rhodes was Billie Ann Snodgrass, who led the team. Completing the race once again in a very tight pack were Elizabeth Lowe (16th), Kristen Oswald (17th), Meredith Neer (19th), and Jennifer Farringer (21st). This cohesion among these runners is evidenced in that the four of them were at most five places apart.

Rhodes's men gathered a second place finish behind Milliken's 42 points. The team beat Danville our by

six points, with a score of 61 to 67 respectively for Rhodes and Danville.

Leading the team on Saturday was Felix Vasquex, who placed 8th overall out of the 50 male participants. Right behind him came John Michael Morgan (10th), who is recovering from a strain, and Eddie Dieppa (12th). Racing this year for the first time was James Westphal (14th) who had knee surgery, but is coming back well. Rounding out the top six were Scott Haines (17th) and Edgard Cabanillas (19th). Myles Bogner (23rd) and Ken Phelps (36th) completed the rout.

On October 10th, Rhodes hosted its homecoming meet at Plough Park. Scott Haines was ninth overall trailed by Felix Vasquez and Tom Oberding. Oberding came in 19th, just ahead of John Michael Morgan (24th), James Westphal (26th), and Edgard Cabanillas (29th).

The women's team placed third behind Memphis State and Conference rival Millsaps. Top runners for Rhodes were Billie Ann Snodgrass (5th), Jennifer Farringer (11th), Elizabeth Lowe (20th), Kristen Oswald (21st), Meredith Neer (22nd), and Tracy Nelson, followed by Elizabeth Irvin. Rhodes finished with 79 points in total.

Blues Reunion Sizzles

(Continued from Page 4)

Bay" and "Soul Man," a Blues Brothers standard. As a Belushi fan, just seeing Cropper lay out the opening cords was worth the admission.

Friday was a great example of Memphis's rich music heritage. Those of us who came out got a history lesson. Its name was right, it was a homecoming. And everyone there was glad to be home.

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Editorial:

Bush's Blind Spot

by Gayla Bassham, Editor

As children, most Americans are taught that we live in "the greatest country in the world." We are told that in America, laws are just and everyone is equal. For this reason, many Americans respond to flagrant violations of civil rights or clearly unfair situations with one statement: "This is America." This can't be happening, many citizens seem to think, because bad things just do not happen in the United States.

Apparently George Bush is one of those citizens. In the first of three presidential debates, President Bush reacted angrily to Bill Clinton's suggestion that America was "coming apart at the seams." "How can you say that?" he asked. "This is the United States of America." In other words, he seemed to be saying nothing could be seriously wrong — not in this country. Like a dotting grandfather who cannot see any bad behavior on the part of his grandchildren, Bush has a blind spot where America's flaws were concerned. While he may admit that there are problems, he appears to think that they are relatively minor and will in all probability work themselves out; after all, this is America.

That is a very dangerous position for the President of the United States to hold. Although America is not really "coming apart at the seams" — that is overblown campaign rhetoric — the United States has serious problems. The problems will not, in all likelihood, lead to the immediate collapse of the nation. But that does not mean that the long-term effects of a sluggish economy, racial tensions, and a total lack of environmental policy will not be damaging. President Bush simply does not recognize this; his blind spot extends even to a contention that "our economy is the envy of the world."

Admittedly, neither of Bush's opponents have all of the answers. Texas billionaire Ross Perot, who has never even served on a school board, insists that current office holders are "taking ten years to solve ten-minute problems"; apparently he thinks he could correct all of the nation's flaws on his lunch break. Clinton, on the other hand, seems to have answers or plans for everything; even though he would undoubtedly have a Congress of his own party, he probably would not be able to get everything he wants. More importantly, if elected, he will undoubtedly discover that most of the things that are wrong simply cannot be made right with a ten-step plan. These problems have deep roots and will require more than one president's solutions, but some president has to be the first to make an active attempt at solving them.

The United States is a great country. Nevertheless, it has its problems. Perhaps the assertion that America is "coming apart at the seams" is an exaggeration. But at least Bill Clinton and Ross Perot are willing to admit that the nation is flawed. Clear-eyed loyalty to one's country is a virtue; blind, uncritical patriotism is not. George Bush cannot seem to understand that the United States can be great and blemished simultaneously. Unless we have a president who can reconcile those facts and work to correct the problems, America will not maintain its preeminent position forever.

= Back Where I Came From =

Two first-year students describe their home towns

Only In America

Clinton is a sleepy little town about 45 miles north and four decades behind Bacton Rouge, Louisiana. With its roots planted deep in the old south values that molded it, Clinton is "Hometown U.S.A."—"Mainstreet America." Pretty Creek limits the town from growing any farther east, and the lack of people keeps us from growing in the other directions. Churches with big white steeples, nineteenth-century architecture, and corrosion carrying pick-up trucks mark the landscape. Right in the center of town is a filthy maroon log cabin called the Chicken Shack, home of the greasiest fried chicken in the South.

The East Feliciana Parish Peach Festival is the grand affair of the year. Apart from the fact that peaches aren't grown anywhere in the parish anymore, it's an excuse to come together and pass a good time. The midway starts rolling into town on Wednesday, but the party doesn't really kick off until Friday night. That's when cowboys in Ford and Chevy dualies start rolling into town. They are on a pilgrimage to see and participate in the annual rodeo. Friday night is just to stretch their social skills so they don't pull a muscle during Saturday's festivities.

Early Saturday morning the good ole boys grab their dry rotted baseball mit and head out for the fairgrounds. The schedule for the day begins with a peach eating contest, and then the gang takes the field for a little softball. The games wind down about 4:30, and the armchair heroes head home for a quick refreshing nice shower. They bring their lawnchairs back to the pavilion and dance the night away to the sounds of Van Broussard.

Sunday morning, the Clintonians drag themselves out of bed and go to worship in the same church where their great-grandparents worshipped. On Sunday afternoon, folks take one last trip to the fairgrounds for dinner and to prepare for what is pretty much social hibernation.

Clintonians might sound like backwoods no branching family tree

rednecks, but that's only from the outside looking in. Sure, we amuse ourselves in simple ways, but we have something that most of the people in the world struggle in vain to find. That something is a peace that comes from the slow paced life we lead. A sense of satisfaction comes from sitting on the porch with a glass of fresh squeezed lemonade watching the sun fade into the distance. Clinton's not a town or a city, Clinton's home.

Robert Rex Record

Little Town By The River

The Cumberland River, cloudy and still, winds its way through the hills of middle Tennessee. At one point in the curve of the river, there is a small community called Rome. Rome contains two gas stations, two grocery stores, one school, seven churches, rolling hills, and the most beautiful sunset in the world.

Centered around Highway Seventy, this community enjoys life in a laid-back sort of way. It is not uncommon to find at least five men sitting around the table at P&K General Store telling recollections of the past, exaggerating only when necessary. At the opening of the door in the store, the response is amusing. The daily crowd will "look you over," then say "Hello," regardless if they know you or not. If you are ever in need of directions, the daily loafers will gladly accommodate you. They know where everyone in Rome lives.

Religion is important to this small population of one thousand. The different varieties of churches include

Southern Baptist, Missionary Baptist, Methodist, and Church of Christ. Almost everyone goes to church, participates in the Vacation Bible School, and attends the annual Christmas program. Attending church services on Sunday morning not only provides each individual spiritual uplifting, but also serve as an excellent conversational piece for lunch at Granny's house.

Rolling hills, evergreen and hardwood trees, small ponds scattered around, grazing horses and cattle, and red barns bursting at the seams with fresh hay; this is the picture I see as I drive along one of the many gravel roads in Rome.

The people in Rome have lots of respect for the farmer and his way of life. It is quite common on Thursdays for three or four cattle trailers to be on the highway going to the nearest sale barn in Carthage. The land is prominently owned by families who do not plan to sell their vast acres. But every once in awhile someone exciting from out-of-town, Ricky van Shelton, or that rich New York City accountant, will buy a farm.

As I said before, the sunsets are more beautiful in Rome than any other place in the world. The contour of the hills with the warm, rich sky colored in pink, blue, yellow, and deep purple is breathtaking.

Hometowns like Rome, Tennessee, are considered extinct to some Americans. These friendly communities are considered years behind the rest of the world. The residents will agree, but are content just the same.

Angela Jenkins

The Sou'wester

The Sou'wester is the official student newspaper of Rhodes College. It is published every Wednesday throughout the fall and spring semesters with the exception of holidays and exam periods. The office is in the basement of Palmer Hall. Staff meetings are held there each Monday night at 9:00 and all students are welcome to attend.

Interested parties are encouraged to write letters to the Editors, which may be delivered to the office or sent via campus mail. All letters must be signed and include the author's phone number for confirmation (not for publication). Any letter for publication may be edited for clarity, length, or libelous content.

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The Scandalous Chronicle



Jason Briggs Cormier

I know that it is an old topic, but it does make a good editorial. Since last year, I received many complaints for only commenting on the problems at Rhodes, today, I would like to talk about a way that community might possibly be improved on campus. The solution is not something that is very simple and easy to adjust to, but it is something which is vital. There are also other things upon which focus should be drawn, but for which I haven't the room today.

I would first like to look at a dictionary definition. *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary*, defines "community" in these ways: 1.) a unified body of individuals; 1b.) the people with common interests living in a particular area; 1c.) an interacting population of various kinds of individuals in a common location; 1d.) a group of people with a common characteristic or interest living together within a larger society; and 3c.) social activity : fellowship.

I would like to take this definition and go one step further, to the meaning that we all accept for the word "community." When we talk about a need for "campus community," we are talking about a need for individuals at Rhodes College (students, faculty and staff) to feel like an integrated part of the College. "Feeling" like a part of the group is probably the central part of this definition. Perhaps it is the need for us all to feel some sort of spiritual bond, linking us together.

In defining "community" this way, I think of the alma mater, where we sing: "Dear Alma Mater kind the fate that links our lives with thee." Here, we are talking about a sense of communion. "Communion" means 1.) an act or instance of sharing and 3.) intimate fellowship or rapport : communication.

Vital Ingredients In Cooking Campus Community

When I think of a medieval village, where everybody knew everybody else and where everyone worked together for the common good of the village. In the village, life may have been hard, but where there was always somebody back upon whom one could fall.

I see this as a particularly apt way of thinking of life at Rhodes. We are after all, a relatively small group even after totalling the students with the faculty and staff. It is safe to say that everyone at least has seen everyone else and generally knows almost everybody. Life at an academic institution is often hard, where the struggle to balance grades with the social life necessary to mature into a responsible adult is constant.

I am not going to explore anymore definitions neither my own nor Webster's, but it is interesting that "fellowship" is included in both the definitions of "community" and "communion." It is also worth noting that communication is linked with the two; it shares the same root, *communis*.

Communication is very important if a group wants to be cohesive. If ideas don't spread and issues aren't discussed broadly enough, then people feel left out and isolated from what is happening about them. This is something for which the leadership at Rhodes must take responsibility. Those who hold leadership positions need to keep in close communication with each other and student leaders need to see to it that their fellow students are made aware of what is taking place.

At this time, I'd like to mention L.I.N.K., which is a body composed of representatives of student organizations. They meet every other Thursday at 8:00 p.m. in Clough and share with each other the events their organizations are sponsoring. This gives them the chance to work together on a project which would be larger than the resources of only one would permit. This is all about what community is.

In the past, Rhodes College had Chapel. This is a concept which we have lost, but which is also very important to a successful sense of community at Rhodes. Chapel would bring the members of the community together on a regular basis to share in a solemn occasion. I am not ad-

vocating that mandatory chapel be re-instituted, but I think that there are other things which share the same function. Both Founders' and Awards Convocation are academic occasions, where the school can gather together and celebrate the meaning of education and academics. Neither of these are well-attended by students, yet they are events which we all should attend.

Sporting events are also occasions for the members of a community to rally together, if you will, and show support for a common concern — the team. While performances and lectures do have a different function, they do bring people together. At most lectures, there are question-and-answer sessions where people share information and ideas. I don't think that it is really necessary for me to explain in detail the level of participation at these events.

The above ideas are great and maybe you as an individual agree totally. Maybe you are shrugging your shoulders and saying though, that it isn't your fault. This is in itself part of the problem. We must all have an individual sense of responsibility for what goes on campus. We all need to personally take blame or credit for the prevailing attitude on campus. This is something that may sound bizarre and strange to us as Americans, where the notion of individuality is so deeply instilled. It is asking the difficult task of taking responsibility for the actions of the group to which we belong. I think however, that it is important if we want to develop and foster that sense of community so desperately sought.

It is only when we all start working on ourselves and cease blaming this group and that group that we can see change. All too often we want to point the finger at the Greek system or at Student Assembly or at the Social Commission or at whatever group. This can't continue. It doesn't solve anything. It only creates more division and adds fuel to the fire.

Two of the things that could use with some sort of boost are the Honor Code and the Social Regulations. These two systems were established so that we, as students, could take responsibility for our actions. It was designed in such a way that it recognizes that we are adults and need to learn that we can be responsible for

ourselves. A current problem, however is that people don't adequately respect the system. There was recently a complaint raised at a Student Assembly meeting about noise in the Mac Labs. Someone asked whether or not it was supposed to be the way the Library is supposed to be — self-enforced quiet so that fellow users can study. The Mac Lab is supposed to be that way. The question is: How do we keep both the Library and the Mac Lab quiet?

It is really simple. We just have to make use of the Social Regulations Council. I realize that this is a distasteful option, but if after having asked a person or group of people to remain silent in the given room, the only alternative left is to file a complaint.

This may sound harsh, but if you think about it, that person or those persons were being incredibly rude and insensitive. You should feel outraged that you had to ask them to be quieter in the first place, much less that you had to make a complaint to a judiciary body.

The same goes for stealing and cheating and all else covered under the Honor Code. It is really a part of our Rhodes Civic Duty to make these reports. It is the only way the system works. It was designed to be self enforcing and only we can make sure that it is. That is the only way it will be effective. We have an incredible amount of privilege because of the Honor Code. If it is trampled so violently the way it was earlier this semester when someone or some persons were stealing book sacks, it won't last and our privilege will be taken away.

Now that I feel like I have preached a long and disheartening sermon, I'd like to say that I think that Rhodes can improve. We can foster and continue to develop a strong sense of community. We simply must all decide collectively to meet this aim. Remember what Benjamin Franklin said to his fellow revolutionaries: "We must all hang together or we will assuredly all hang separately." We can apply this concept to our own situation. When all of us who call Rhodes College our community decide to work together then we will all prosper. If we don't, we will only begin an certain decline.

The End Of A Good Night

As Chris drove up the driveway, I felt a sense of elation indescribable by normal emotions. We had stolen my parent's car, impressed the hell out of our friends, and most importantly, it looked like we were going to get away with the whole thing. We had marked the spots where the wheels had been resting so my parents would not notice that it had been moved. After only three tries, Chris managed to pull the car into the exact place where my father had parked it four hours and ten minutes before. I looked up at my house as I stepped out of the car. We had turned on every light in the house and had left the front door wide open to give the illusion that yes indeed there were people at home all night. We walked in the kitchen, grabbed some fried chicken and cokes out of the refrigerator, and sat down at the table to celebrate.

"Chris, it's a good thing I was so calm when that cop was driving by," I said as I chewed on a leg.

"Why don't we call Doug's house to tell them about the cop. With a little work this story is going to sound great," I said.

"Good thinking. It's not like your parents are going to feel the hood anyway. Who's gonna call them?" he said.

"It doesn't matter," I said as I sprinted for the phone.

I managed to get the phone away from Chris after I had kicked him a few times.

"Give me the phone, bastard," he said as he punched me in the side.

"Hell no, it's my idea. Why don't you go ice that hood, bud?" I asked.

After about ten minutes of this, we decided to share the phone. I picked up the receiver to my ear but did not hear a dial tone. I pushed down the hang up button several times, it still didn't make any sound. I listened for a moment, but all I could hear was someone breathing.

"Chris, quit breathing on me and let me fix the phone," I said.

I looked over to see him peering over the top of the refrigerator door holding a piece of chicken.

"Hey . . . hey . . . HEY CHRIS, come here!"

We heard the sounds of creaking wood above our heads which indicated that someone was walking into the upstairs den. My parents could always tell when I was trying to watch t.v. past my bedtime because of that noise.

"Chris, let's get the guns," I said.

I peered into the hot water heater closet and switched on the fluorescent light. It blinked twice and then flickered on. In the corner was a .22 rifle and a 30-06 shotgun. I picked out the rifle for myself, because it had a scope on it.

We crept into the front hall and peered up the steps.

We walked back into the hall. I fearfully put my foot on the first step. I aimed the cross hairs of the scope at the top of the stairs.

"Chris, you covering me?"

"Yeah, go on."

I glanced back down the steps and noticed Chris still standing at the bottom of the steps with his gun aimed at me.

"Chris, get the hell up here and aim that somewhere else."

While I covered him, he walked up and stood behind me. Through repeating this process, we looked in every room in the upstairs. We didn't see anything unusual until we went into the upstairs den. I noticed one of the screens had been kicked out and only cool night air blew in through the window. Chris and I levelled our guns on the window sill, but didn't see anything in the darkness.

"I think we need to call my parents, Chris."

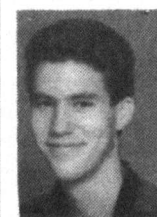
We sprinted downstairs into the kitchen, and while Chris stood guard, I found the shard of paper on which my mother had written the telephone number of the place where the Symphony party was. I listened for a minute to see if anyone else was on the phone, but I only heard the dial tone.

"Hello, may I speak to Mr. or Mrs. Hardin? Please hurry, this is an emergency. She's going to get my mom, Chris."

"Hey, Mom. No, I haven't been arrested again. I'll tell you what's wrong. Somebody was upstairs when Chris and I came inside from playing basketball. I don't know how he got in. Whoever it was kicked out a screen upstairs, and escaped by jumping off the back porch roof. Chris and I went after him with the guns, but he got away. No, we didn't shoot anybody. Um, mom, would you mind coming home? Great! No, I don't think anything's missing. O.K. We'll see you in a few minutes."

Chris and I sat back to back, guns cocked and loaded, while waiting for my parents to come home.

"Chris, do you realize that this is going to give



Pirate Ships and Licorice Whips

Matthew C. Hardin

us the perfect alibi for where we were tonight?" I said.

"Hey, that's true. I just hope your parents believe us."

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe because you were brought home in a police car last weekend."

"Shut up, that's old news. Besides they'll be happy that I saved the house from that marauder."

My parents came home, looked around to make sure nothing was gone, and went to bed. I'm starting to think they don't trust my judgement. My dad laughed at us for ten minutes when he saw us with the guns. I thought about winging him, but he probably would have grounded me again next weekend.

Chris and I never stole my parent's car again after that night. We had a great time breaking several major laws, but it wasn't worth the ordeal which followed. I still think about that person who broke in the house sometimes when I'm in my bed at home.

The Rhode'ster

Vol. 2 No. 15

Rhodes College

Wednesday, October 14, 1992



Like we said, no pictures of cute little squirrels . . .

The Rhode'ster Editorial

The time has come when I must confess something to you, my loyal readers. I know how much you all love me and look forward to my writing each week, but the time has come that I will have to shatter your images of me. I know, I know, to some of you I am like a goddess. I walk the paths of your dreams and graze the gentle landscape of your minds. To others, I am like a breath of fresh air, bringing you a step closer to divinity. And still to others I am like a leaky faucet that won't go away, but I've come to be your comfort at night. To you all, I apologize for deceiving you.

And so, I have been brought to this point. I must confess that I know the actual identity of the Book Bag Bandit. In fact, I am so sorry, I am the Book Bag Bandit. I, the sweet little, lovable, adorable, *Rhode'ster* editor have been raping my fellow followers of their most precious belongings. I don't really know why I started doing it. It all started with a quickie. I saw a bag lying on the ground. Nobody was watching it and (sniff) it looked so lonely sitting there all alone. I thought to myself "Bad! Bad, Book Bag Owner! You have neglected this wonderful specimen." And so I felt the person deserved it. You never really know how much you need something until it is gone from your life forever. And I thought I would teach the person a lesson. It was red and sad and needed a companion. That's all. I didn't expect to develop an addiction.

I am waiting here now for someone to come after me. I throw myself upon your mercies. Forgive me. I never meant any harm. Now I can no longer control myself. I need those book bags. I thrive on them. They have become my very existence. I'm not sure that I can live without them any more. If you care about me at all, please help me. TS

Brainwashing Leads to Paper Cut

(Note: Although there are some who feel that the *Rhode'ster* wastes too much space on violence, we, however, feel that the best expression of life comes through violence)

A student was rushed to the Moore Moore Health Center this week following a tragic accident that happened to her while studying for Mid-Terms. Reported Nurse Gill, "Well, she came in with a small laceration on her forefinger and requested a band-aid. Of course, when I saw this, I knew that it was the sign of something much worse."

Ralph Hatley, Director of Campus Safety, was immediately notified after possible foul play was suspected.

"The girl tried to tell us that it was an accident that happened while she was avidly reading a book by James Joyce for her professor, Brian Shaffer," said Hatley, "but we all know that that can't be true. When was the

last time you saw a student reading a book for class so avidly? That's what I thought. I haven't either. So then I put the light on her and I turned on the heater, but then I realized that she was enjoying the heat, because she was cold, so I turned it off. You know, I'm not an evil man, but I torture when I have to. Sometimes it's a moral imperative; an act of Providence. I wish I had been a Puritan."

Hatley reported that the girl never did actually give him any leads, but she did begin to shake and convulse at the mention of Professor Shaffer's name.

So far, the only suspect is Professor Shaffer who seems to have brainwashed his students into not saying anything.

"They just won't say anything." Hatley continued. "I've asked them over and over and all they keep saying to me is: 'We pledge our allegiance to James Joyce. The essence of life is Joyce.'" TS, TT, and BM

Got a Confession . . .

Got a confession you need to air?

Got something to say but don't want to say it?

Got a fear of sentences without subjects?

Got a need to reap revenge upon someone you love?

Got a secret desire to drink the blood of small animals?

Good.

Then we like you. Write a letter to the *Rhode'ster's* Letter to the Editor.

It gets lonely at the top.

RHODE'STER PHOTO CONTEST

Now is your chance to photograph exactly what you hate about Rhodes — *The Rhode'ster* is having its first ever photography contest.

All you have to do is take a picture of the thing that you hate most about Rhodes. You can photograph anything — the trees, the buildings, the people, the cars, even the manhole covers. Just make sure it's a picture of something on campus.

You can even photograph yourself, but that's not advised. In the first place, you'll probably have to undergo a thorough investigation in the *Rhode'ster* Freudian Corner. Also, somebody has already taken your picture. If nobody takes your picture, we'll take it.

Also, we don't want any sentimental nature scenes. No pictures of cute little squirrels poking their cute little heads out of cute little trashcans. If you're going to do something like that you might as well take a picture of some cute little physical plant worker poisoning some cute little pigeons.

No pictures of roommates will be accepted, either. Surely, you can think of some better prank to pull on your roommate than submitting their pictures to the *Rhode'ster* Photo Contest. If you can't, we have some great ideas. Send \$19.95 to *Rhode'ster* Prank and Gags, volume one. Box 1913. Rhodes College. Memphis, TN 38112-1699.

No sorority or fraternity pictures will be accepted. Well, we will accept pictures taken of fraternities and sororities other than your own, but we really don't want pictures of people in your own fraternity or sorority.

Certain themes have already been taken. We're sorry, but you can't take photos of the following:

1. Halliburton tower—the woman's studies program is already taking pictures of everything phallic on campus.
2. Campus security—they've threatened to shoot us if we print anything else bad about them.
3. The Moore Moore Health Clinic—we make fun of them enough in the *Rhodester*.
4. The Lynx, our yearbook—the *Rhode'ster* is taking a picture of them because they stole our photography contest idea.
5. *The Rhode'ster* —we're not that bad are we? BM

Freudian Corner

Good day, fellow sexually repressed students of Rhodes, I trust your internal conflict has been good lately. This week I have decided to give all of you a special treat. Yes, I finally feel capable of bringing to you an analysis of our beloved and respected contributing editor: Jason Briggs Comier.

Last week's installment of "*The Scandalous Chronicle*" was entitled "Growing Up: A Never-Ending Story! (Take note of the exclamation point. What does it remind you of?) In Mr. Cormier's third paragraph, he remarks, "I forget that I am no longer nineteen and even as late as this past August have told someone that I was nineteen." Hmm. These innocent little slips of the mind indicate that Jason is having a little trouble facing the fact that he is growing up. Now, I would be the last to judge someone's character (okay, so maybe I wouldn't be the last), but I would say that Jason, deep down inside, wants to be a baby again. Babies have it made, don't they? They can lay around and mama nurses them and they don't have to actually get up to go to the bathroom. I'd be willing to bet that good ol' Jason would like to be a baby again, indulging in oral stimulation for the rest of his life.

Come on Jason. Put down your bottle and take off your diapers (slowly, of course). It's time to leave the oral stage behind. I mean, my gosh, you're twenty now and you haven't even developed your Oedipus complex yet!

Another interesting thing in the col-

umn was Jason's use of slashes. In one clause, "where s/he is capable of functioning full in his/her place, doing what s/he can to better the world about him/her," he uses four slashes, which are, after all, straight little sticks proudly sticking up at an angle. I consider this a positive sign. Maybe Jason has progressed to the phallic stage after all.

Finally, Jason later makes a little analogy to Hitler and Stalin and our present day world. What we have here is classic projection. By projecting the attributes that he claims to deplore upon these two men, Jason practically admits that he would like nothing better than to rule the world with an iron fist. Imagine that. A man still in his oral stage, drinking from a baby's bottle every night wanting to take over the world. Oh, he may seem like a politically correct journalist and student on the outside, but we can all see that he won't rest until the entire world is in his grasp and all of us forced to tattoo his name on our foreheads and drink from a bottle just like him. If only his mother hadn't forced solid food on him so early!

Well, it appears that we had better start watching Jason. My advice to the Rhodes community is to be nice to Jason, don't make fun of him if he chews on a rattle or puts a white fence around his bed, and whatever you do, don't mention slashes, exclamation points, or the word "Oedipus" anywhere around him. JT

We at Rhode'ster would like to express our sympathy.