

# VOLS THWART LYNX RALLY IN OPENING CONTEST

by Bill McBride

The Lynx roundballers opened the 1970 basketball season on a rather somber note Tuesday night against UT Martin with a 94-88 loss on their home court in Neely Mallory Memorial Gymnasium. The Vols from Martin proved just a little too strong overall for a game Southwestern five. Starting one freshman and a sophomore the Cats' inexperience was just too great a barrier to overcome after UT Martin jumped out to a 16 point spread with a 59-43 halftime lead.

The Lynx did well from the opening tipoff until 11:43 with the Lynx trailing by one at 20-21—the Vols pulled out to a 32-22 lead and kept on adding to it until the halftime buzzer.

With the first game, first half

shakes under their belts the Lynx came out for the second half with a good bit more poise at least. From the outset Southwestern chipped away at the Vol lead and the spread stayed somewhere between 10 and 13 points throughout the early going of the second half. But then towards the 10 minute mark things started turning the Lynx's way. With 8:20 remaining in the game Jim Moss hit on a 15 foot jumper to cut the Vol lead to only five at 74-79. But Dave Elzey pumped in a long jumper and a free-throw to put Martin back out at a respectable distance at 82-74. At the 7 minute mark Southwestern ace Eric Caldwell pushed through on one of his patented strong arm drives to bring the Lynx within range at 76-82. Then with only 4:00

remaining and time running out it was Cardwell again with two more lay ups to ease the Lynx to within three points at 82-85. However, the Vols were not to be intimidated and Len Hamilton gunned in a 15 footer to give Martin some breathing room at 82-87 with 2:47 left. Southwestern brought the ball down court but could not put it through in two tries to give UT possession with 2:40 left on the clock. Elzey responded for the Vols and for all practical purposes, put the game on ice for Martin with only a little over two minutes and a seven point lead at 82-89. At that point it looked to be the end of the line for the Lynx. But with Moss and Cardwell leading the way the Lynx cut it to 88-91 with a minute left. But it was not the Lynx's night

to win, and UT wound up on top at the buzzer, 94 to 88.

For Southwestern Eric Cardwell muscled in 31 points—most coming on tip ins and quick drives into the middle. Jim Moss also played an excellent game, contributing 21 points to the cause and hauling down 14 rebounds, high for the team. Moss also stood out on defense for the Lynx. Tom Shoffner was unstoppable in the first half pouring in 20 points and pulling down 10 rebounds.

For UTM Hamilton and Robinson were deadly from the outside. Both had 19 points for the evening. Four other Vols joined them in double figures giving the Vols a balanced attack, which with their control of the offensive boards proved too much for the Lynx.

After a cold first half, hitting only 43.9% of their shots from the field, the Lynx finished strong with 49.5% from the field topping UTM who finished with a respectable 47.6%. However, mistakes proved costly for the Lynx who committed 23 turnovers.

Finishing out the scoring for Southwestern were Jim Ogle with 8 points, Ralph Allen with 5, and Jim Stiles with 3.

In a post game comment Coach Duckworth praised the efforts of the team in coming back the second half and not quitting against the Vols, who were VSAC champs last season.

The Lynx face the University of Arkansas at Little Rock in their next home encounter to kick off the annual Dixie Tournament, December 14.

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# Chuck McNeal & Bill Matthews & Henry David Thoreau

**Editor's Note:**

Mr. McNeal and Mr. Matthews shall attempt as of this issue a twelve part study of the "Southwestern Community," provided of course that theirs and our sanity lasts.

"That government is best which governs not at all."

Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience*

If we apply Thoreau's assertion as a criterion for evaluating contemporary governments, we might conclude that the Southwestern Student Government Association (a misnomer, perhaps?)

is the best government in the world.

Taking a firm stand on this issue would only lead to debate and timeconsuming polemics. (We ask you, are there not those who would claim that the Community Life Committee, or perhaps the faculty senate, is the best government?) Our concern is not with argumentative persons who refuse to see the obvious, for this could only give occasion to disharmony in our otherwise unified "community of scholars." Our purpose in declaring the SGA as the best government is a positive way of saying it does nothing as well as any

group in the world, realizing all the while that the faculty committee form of government upon further scrutiny would most likely be entitled "The Best Government."

In declaring that the SGA does nothing, we have really said nothing, yet we have said it all. By definition, college students are averse to being governed. Therefore, a long time ago, students assiduously endeavored to establish a "student government" which could do nothing. The administration and faculty, overjoyed at the prospect of a student government which would

give all students exactly that which they desired, i.e. nothing, magnanimously offered to allow the SGA to represent the students in their demands. We now see that the entire project has been an unprecedented success. Every year the students have elected a few classmates who are devoted to perpetuating the SGA and honoring its traditional ideal of doing nothing.

At times, it has proven tedious not to do anything, but inertia has prevailed. Thus, everyone has been happy and students unanimously rejoiced, "We are free from being governed (as long as we do as the Administration and faculty dictate.)"

However, in the immediate past, there have been a few students, all predisposed neurotics, who have not been content with the tranquil status quo at Southwestern. These

malcontents looked at the students of other colleges attempting to make their educations relevant and trying to participate in actions against society's injustices and asked, "What about student activism?" The answer was patent—students at Southwestern are active; don't they even have to pay a \$10 activity fee?

And now everyone is happy. There are no more names on the administration's "Radical Students List." (Bill Bouncy, possible exception), since all the potential agitators have grown in the true Southwestern spirit and have come to realize, that not only can nothing be done, but also that nothing should be done. The SGA is once again a traditional success.

And so everything is excellent and we are blessed with a bliss that only the dead can enjoy. Hark! Can you not hear it? That long voice which pierces the darkness and illuminates the silence crying "Contemporaninity! Contemporaninity!"

## MARK LESTER : the dichotomy of a politician's mind

In a recent television interview, Walter Hickle, former Secretary of the Interior, said that if President Nixon were to "fire" him it would come not as a bullet in the back but rather as an arrow in the heart. Two days later Dick Nixon drew tight the bow and let loose the arrow.

In analyzing Nixon's decision to fire Walter Hickle the dichotomy of a politician's mind becomes most apparent. Nixon obviously viewed and acted to the Hickle situation in the purely "political" field of his intellect. The situation was clear: here was a member of his own cabinet who disagreed with his Viet Nam policy—a policy on which Nixon hopes to win re-election. Not only that, but here was a man who stood up against the oil interests of this country—interests which Nixon plans to help finance his re-election.

In short, Walter Hickle stood as a detriment to the Nixon effort at re-election, and elections are the food by which Dick Nixon lives.

But there is another field to every politician's mind. It is the field in which the statesman is at home—a field in which Nixon has yet to visit. The statesman would have realized the obvious negative political effects of keeping Hickle—a President needs a unified cabinet. But on the other hand, the statesman would have realized that is more important for the nation as a whole to keep Walter Hickle.

While Secretary of the Interior, Hickle's main efforts have been to ward off the attempts of the oil interests to rob the Eskimos of their valuable land and to prevent damage to the nation's natural resources. Since the discovery of oil

in Alaska, Eskimos have been paid only a trifling of the worth of their land—Walter Hickle attempted to prevent this.

But perhaps Walter Hickle's greatest contribution to the nation was his criticism of the invasion of Cambodia by the United States last May and June. In a letter to the President, which was later made public, Hickle criticized U.S. involvement and warned that such actions would lead to increased student alienation with the administration.

Once booed by students at the first of his term, Walter Hickle became their spokesman to an administration with deaf ears. It is perhaps such statesman-like actions such as his Cambodian stance that made the personality of Hickle so incompatible with the personality of Dick Nixon.

## Communication Department Presents Shaw Play; "Don Juan in Hell" - Sensitive and Gaunt

by John Brayton

Bernard Shaw's play "Don Juan in Hell" comes to Southwestern this Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night at 8 p.m., and also Saturday afternoon at 2 p.m., at Clough Hall, under the direction of Professor Ray Hill, and with the following cast: Don Juan—Chip Hury, Dona Ana—Margaret Askew Marshall; the Statue—Fred Toth; and the Devil—Bob Reynolds.

This section of the play is actually—dare I say it?—an allegorical dream sequence of the third act of *Man and Superman*, which, by its title, should give some illumination of the play's meaning. To avoid, however, a discussion of something so tenuous and sophomoric as "meaning," it is necessary only to explain the involved and somewhat profounder than-profound discussion of heaven and hell on which the play revolves. Not that Shaw means that heaven and hell are actual places, my

children, but probably that they are only states of mind—nothing is more simple than geography, is there?

But during the entire play, one has the distinct impression that the Eternal Love-Illusion is hanging heavy over us all and pointing an unpleasantly real finger at all those of us who have many times said: "I saw; ergo, I am afraid that I chose to look away." Well, during this performance of Shaw at his most vital best, replete with wit which only a true chauvinist can savour, one cannot look away. Indeed, the performances of these actors reach dizzyingly professional heights, equal to the difficulty of this complex and involved work. Chip Hury, as gaunt, sensitive, tortured and weary Don Juan, fills Jimmy Compton's shoes quite well and does amazing mental gymnastics with all of his numerous page-long speeches which he delivers with

thoughtful feeling and often, passion. Margaret Askew Marshall, decorated in flesh and black, strikes a well-turned pose as the archetypal woman; she evokes something more than Clark Kent in her last lines in which she calls for the "Superman." I do not doubt that Nietzsche himself turned over thoughtfully in his grave. Freshman Fred Toth, in his portrayal, fits well into the marble role into which he was cast with a studied and lascivious consistency, this, his first acting role at Southwestern. Freshman Bob Reynolds burns with a red, gem-like flame as Lucifer, his ironic, and at the same time sympathetic, portrayal of the master of the philistines, the prince of mental indiscretion, and the captain of willful indecision. Well, I could go on, but I shall end with this remark: see the play—it will do your cosmic gestalt good; and besides, it's Culture.

(In appreciation for Southwestern students patronage, we at the Corned Beef House will recognize two students each month who have through their leadership and efforts helped to make Southwestern the outstanding school that it is.)

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## Ecology Now or Never



Do not burn leaves or trash (it's illegal). Start a mulch pile or compost heap with leaves and organic waste.

Avoid use of yard and garden fertilizers. They contribute to water pollution.

Avoid use of disposable products: paper towels, plates, diapers, napkins, cups, etc.

Put a brick in the flush tank of your toilet. (This reduces the amount of water flowing into the sewer system.)

Take surplus coat hangers back to the cleaners.

Don't use non-degradable packaging (plastics, styrofoam). They are almost impossible to destroy, produce poisons when burned.

Do not buy alligator products (purses, shoes) or any product made from skins of endangered species.

Consider carefully the number of children you think you should have. Every new American baby becomes a super consumer and polluter.

# Pollution

Keep your car well tuned. This can reduce pollution 50%.

Demand and use lead-free gas.

Do not use phosphate or enzyme detergents. They are major water pollutants. Also, do not use excessive amounts of detergents.

Refuse to buy throw away no-deposit bottles or cans when possible.

Stop flushing garbage down drains or toilets.

Do not use persistent pesticides such as DDT, Aldrin, Dieldrin, Heptachlor, Endrin, Lindane, Chlordane . . .

Use less electricity. Power plants are huge polluters.

Take your own re-usable shopping bags to the store.

Do not flush garbage down sink disposals—it adds to already heavy organic loads in sewage systems.

If you drive to work or school, carry more than one person per car. This reduces the number of cars and pollution.

Write to newspapers, councilmen, mayors, and congressmen, urging action against pollution. Support legislation.

Write to presidents of companies that are known polluters in the community. Ask what they are doing about it.

Boycott products made by known polluters.

Pollution kills flowers, trees, fish, birds, mammals and you.

Because of the population explosion, for every person creating pollution today there will be two pollution producers in 35 years.

Your life has already been substantially shortened by pollutants in your environment.

The last traces of clean air anywhere in the U.S. disappeared seven years ago.

In London an estimated 8,000 human beings were killed by a single killer smog in 1952.

428,000,000,000 lbs. of toxic wastes were dumped into the air we breathe in the United States last year alone.

Air pollution is linked with cancer, pneumonia, bronchitis, emphysema, and tuberculosis.

Chicago loses 40% of its sunlight due to air pollution.

Join and support local and national conservation groups.

For Christmas use a live Christmas tree, then replant it after Christmas. That's giving a Christmas present to the earth and it needs it.

Air pollution alone costs Americans \$20 billion a year.

The general death rate is twice as high in heavily polluted areas.

Every drop of water in the vast oceans and all "fresh" water is now polluted.

Water pollution has increased 600% in the past 60 years.

Since 1960, water pollution has killed at least 103,000,000 fish.

Every animal on this planet, including man, is suffering from DDT poisoning.

In one U.S. city each glass of water contains 50% H<sub>2</sub>O and 50% pure sewage.

102 species of wildlife are in danger of becoming extinct, including our national symbol, the Bald Eagle.

Garbage produced in the U.S. averages 100 pounds per person per day.

The U.S., with only 5% of the world's population, consumes 40% of the world's resources.

We are using all natural resources faster than nature can replenish them.

If you are in civic, garden, or service club, start an environment program.



# The Solitude That Must Be

Today I hear the beginning of a celebration being prepared in Heaven, one that promises to be as joyful as when Heaven celebrated the end of Babylon. (Joe Heflin, November 23, 1970)

On Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 2:50 p.m., Joe Heflin departed Memphis International Airport on the first leg of a flight to England from America forever. Expatriated.

In September Heflin burned his draft card and readied himself for prison (*Sou'wester*, Nov. 6). Since that time, however, he has undergone several dramatic changes—changes that only truly free men will ever be able to undergo—which led him to decide to break off all relations with the United States of America, a nation which he believes has become “synonomous with death itself.” (David Harris, *On the Necessity of Revolution*)

“Following my burning of the draft card,” Heflin explained, “my life suddenly changed drastically, dramatically. As an autonomous person for the first time, I began to see the world in a totally different perspective. Daily those perspectives changed, because no longer was I forced to look every day of my life through the eyes of the state, or every day through the eyes of my friends, or the eyes of a sub-culture, in America, or the established systems that America chooses to think by today. I was merely thinking daily, as my own life began to comprehend what is taking place in America.”

“As I exposed myself totally to the events in America, fragments of the future began to form in me, and I wondered how to interpret these fragments.

“That brought on the necessity for solitude and for many, many hours of complete aloneness with myself in ultra silence, so that that silence itself could be the only factor that would shape everything that was going on around me and inside me—to become a meaning to stand upon, and as it now comes to fly upon to a new freedom for my own self.”

When questioned as to the specific events which led to his decision to leave the country Heflin said, “William Stringfellow is a man whom I only recently met through his first book, *My Enemy is the People*. Stringfellow was housing Father Daniel Berrigan at the time of Berrigan's August capture by FBI agents for destroying draft records. He is the only man in my life who has given me the insight into the necessity of belief in something far beyond man. It was through the reading of that book that for the first time I could claim to pray, to truly pray meaning; to allow the nothingness inside me to suddenly become God, in my own language. As I would utter words, those words would become a revelation to me not only of my thankfulness for being alive, but also of what that thankfulness meant. Prayer suddenly began to shape my life.

“After I read Stringfellow's book, I suddenly began to realize the infinite dimensions in my life. I realized that all the forces inside me

were struggling to recognize the Creator outside of me; that which was forming, shaping, sculpting, etching everything that was going on. As soon as I recognized who was creating me and how He was creating me, my life rested on a meaning that it had never before known. This meaning was enough certainty in my own existence to burn a draft card and no longer be afraid of any consequences the state could throw at me. I viewed every experience in my life from a completely new perspective.

“Saturday (Nov. 21), William Stringfellow came to Nashville, to speak at the annual convention of the Tennessee Human Relations Council. After his speech I knew that all the pieces of the jigsaw puzzle had finally come to rest. There was a tremendous movement, even chaos inside me that I was trying to understand. After the speech I understood.

“The essence of his speech was that America was founded not on the ideals that we read about in the history books, but in an idealism that was wedded to a genocide which annihilated the Indians, which has emasculated the blacks through 400 years of slavery, which now has turned into infanticide at Kent State, and has begun destroying its own children. He argued that the truest act that a Christian can perform today is to hasten the destruction of America, so that the earth may be purified again and that Heaven may celebrate the end of another Babylon.

“... the Black Panthers  
represent a very  
conservative revolution.”

“He said that the differences between America and Nazi Germany, another 20th century Babylon, were that Adolf Hitler was a genius and Richard Nixon is an idiot. Secondly, Stringfellow noted that Nazism was an ideology that was blind to human needs and that murdered millions, whereas America is made blind by technology that also murders millions. He was saying that this technology is no longer responsive to techniques of non-violence or to any act of conscience. It is far beyond that point.

“What this meant to me was that I should no longer try to resist the destruction of this country by going to jail, but that I should withdraw the leadership and the conscience and the soul that I was infusing into America and take it elsewhere, where it can be understood. This is essentially why I feel it is necessary for me to leave. I no longer wish to give any kind of leadership role to this country.”

Heflin reiterated that William Stringfellow is not urging violence as a tactic, nor is he condemning nonviolence. Indeed, Stringfellow feels that non-violence is the only alternative, but only thinks that it is too late for America to be responsive to even that.

Non-violence is valid, he says, insofar as it enables the individual who practices it to grow into a full man.

“He said that the Black Panthers represent a very conservative revolution because all forms of violence are very conservative, as we see in Richard Nixon. Anything which mirrors the violence of Richard Nixon must be conservative. Non-violence is really the only radical kind of revolution, because it is a revolution that is based upon hope. Our life is not an American way of life, our way of life is a true way of life, not bound up in allegiances to countries, but in allegiances to mankind. I believe that this is how today's non-violence is a very radical revolution. The Panthers are still preaching and dealing in the streets of America, whereas I think that many of the young longhairs are living in another nation inside a dream.”

Joe Heflin seems to understand for the first time his life style as it has evolved. Although it would seem that he is somewhat of a martyr, he is in reality an artist, and as an artist he has a duty to survive at all costs in order to preserve his thoughts and images. The loneliness of the artist is self imposed, for he must find solitude in which to work, solitude that he could find only by breaking all ties with nations.

The death which is synonomous with America, Heflin claims is epitomized in Memphis, so much that he sees Memphis as “the cemetery of the American Dream.”

“Memphis . . . is the cemetery of the dream. When I first realized this, I was talking in terms of Martin Luther King's dream, and his death being here. There exists in Memphis the tremendously spiritual forces that have had a great impact in the world—blues, music, Elvis Presley—as well as the dream maker being assassinated here. I think that Martin could have only died in Memphis, because I think that Memphis is the only city strong enough in death to destroy a man as great as Dr. King. Therefore, I came to believe that Memphis is the cemetery of the dream in that respect.

“But now I realize that Memphis is the cemetery of the dream in a bigger way. It's the cemetery of the American Dream. Perhaps this is the dream that Martin was preaching. I realize now that that dream will never be born again in Memphis, that it has been laid to rest here as we can see in the Overton Park expressway controversy. Not only are the city fathers planning an expressway through Overton Park, but the next expressway is going through Audubon Park, and then they're going to put 16 lanes of expressway down the Riverfront.

“This is just symbolic of the emptiness that these people live in, the emptiness that I refer to as death. They think only in terms of death, and concrete, and not in terms of life, trees, greenings and new possibilities, for a humane community. It's this type of thinking that has brought America

to the point of infanticide, where it is now eating its own children, like cannibals. I am beyond the point of ever returning to its constitutional idealism.”

When asked for words of advice to other young men facing the draft, Heflin stated “First of all, every man has to somehow put away the dope culture, has to discipline himself enough to choose not to escape from America's realities in drugs. We must be strong enough to face in our own silence the realities that are going on today. That means cutting off the record players, it means stopping the dope just a few minutes to let all of the chaos stand still inside each of us. This is what I had to do. I think it is crying for form inside all of us and when the cries get the loudest, we always choose to escape from them, either by more music, more dope, more violence, or more burnings. But it is at that crisis moment when our whole soul cries out and screams to run away that we have to say, like T. S. Eliot once said, “Teach us to care and not to care. Teach us to sit still.” (“Ash Wednesday”) Every man who is trying to deal with the future of America must pray Eliot's prayer now.

“... our only duty is to  
be free and to be  
responsive to human  
need.”

“In this stillness, and in this silence, he needs to confront himself to the point where he can stand alone before his own destiny, not dependent, on anyone to protect him or to shield him. Once we stand alone with our own destiny, the fear of that destiny no longer exists. We suddenly realize that our only duty is to be free, and to be responsive to human need.

“My decision was to go to England, but it is a very individual decision, and I'm not laying it out as a universal rule that everyone should run away. Everyone should find, if he is to have a future, his own personal solitude, wherever that solitude is. If we, as a generation can find this solitude, the solitude that Thomas Murton writes about, the solitude William Stringfellow found living in Harlem, where he slept on the floor with the rats and the roaches—then by God, we can make it. When you find your solitude, you're free brother, absolutely free.

“Once you are in your solitude, you know it. There is a synchronicity to life. The synchronicity of the *I Ching*, for instance, and your feet dance to the movements of the wind. It doesn't matter where you find your solitude—whether it be in prison, in exile, in marriage, in dropping out of Southwestern, or in going to the mountains—the important thing is that you find your solitude.

“This is what distresses me about much of the curriculum at Southwestern, that it does not strive to bring us closer into contact with the present, contact with ourselves, and therefore the opportunity to be free in this solitude that I speak of. There are so few teachers at Southwestern that are free enough to face their own present. The infinite harm that they can have upon their students is what really distresses me. With these professors teaching students supposedly the truth then that truth can often times become the truth that allows Richard Nixon to do the things he does, from the staged non-riot at San Jose that he tried to use as a platform for super repression, all the way to the bombings and the invasion of North Vietnam. It is exactly the kind of non-teaching which goes on in so

many of our universities that has allowed this to continue.”

One of the men most influential in helping Heflin to shape his ideas was David Harris. “There is one thing about David Harris,” he continued. “I guess this had the biggest effect upon me, even more than his going to prison. It was a passage from his book, *Goliath*, in which he was talking about the Mojave Indians. He chose to return to the Indian spiritual life in order to understand and interpret his own life. I think that says a lot about what our generation is striving to resurrect in America. Much of what we're about is the same thing that the Indians were about when the white man landed on our shores. The Mojave Indians believed that man has a greater spirit and a lesser spirit. This is in a way similar to Martin Buber's categories of I-Thou and I-It, the I-It being an expression of man's lesser spirit and the I-Thou of man's greater spirit. They believed that man's greater spirit was a spirit that left his body and roamed the plains like the buffalo, in search of his future. Once it had found this particular individual's future, the greater spirit would return to this man and guide him into his future.

“I think that this is a very important myth for our generation. We have seen what happens when man lives by his lesser spirit, and our only option, if we are to ever survive as people, is to live only by our greater spirit and allow our lives to become lives of myth—as broad and universal as a myth.

“We need to develop a new kind of confidence in ourselves that will bring us into contact with a faith lying deep, deep within us that says that each of us is very great indeed, and that each of us has a greater spirit that has been wandering the plains of America for a long time, maybe in my case, 400 years.

“Finally my life is becoming large enough for my greater spirit to return to me and take me into my future. Each of us has a greater spirit and it has left us, and is wandering in search of our future. Each one of us must discipline ourselves and struggle to make our lives free enough and big enough for our greater spirit to return and find welcome.”

The following passage, written on Thanksgiving Day, is from a post card which Heflin sent to friends in Memphis:

“The bells from the Strasbourg cathedral ring in my soul as they do in the streets of this city. They ring loudly, for they praise the creator of life and silence who brings man beyond death to the other side of the night.

“My black brother in perfect French welcomed me into France yesterday at the border between Luxembourg and the French countryside. Like in Heaven. My Father forever i praise.

“Trees near the roadside in France have white circles painted on them to protect their living from automobiles.

“I shall remain in France not England. Love and joy i pray for you,

Joe.”



# Editorial

The people to whom Jesus' words were originally spoken were subject to the power of Rome, but were looking forward eagerly to deliverance and to the re-establishment of the Jewish nation as an independent kingdom. Every once in a while their feelings would break out in some overt act. The most spectacular of these revolts came when Jesus was about ten years old. It centered in Sepphoris, which was the largest city in Galilee, the second largest city in the Mid South.

After the death of Herod the Great a revolutionary leader, named Judas, equipped his followers with weapons from the royal palace in Sepphoris and made this region the center of his operations. The revolt was finally crushed by the Romans, who proceeded to destroy the city and crucify two thousand Jews, leaving them to rot in the sunlight.

This was the most important revolt against Rome in Jesus' day but there were others. In fact, not a year passed without blood being shed by incipient revolutionists. Barabbas, whom the Jerusalem populace finally chose in preference to Jesus, was one of a group who had made insurrection, and in the insurrection had committed murder.

The great question in Palestine in Jesus' day, a question which no public teacher could evade, was the Roman question—What ought to be done about Rome? When Jesus came in to Galilee there were four answers being given to that question:

One group was primarily concerned with their own material advancement. They accepted the Roman yoke as inevitable and made terms, personally advantageous to themselves, with the conquerors. They were called Herodians in the North and Sadducees in the South of Judea. These men held the best jobs and comprised the ruling class politically and economically. They differed in many things but were agreed in their determination to maintain the status quo, which worked to their advantage. They were quick to oppose any man or any movement which threatened in any way their privileged position under the Romans. The way of the Herodians and the Sadducees was the way of compromise.

A second party was that of the Zealots. They were an armed revolutionary band, relying on the dagger and sword, waiting for the proper moment to strike against Rome. The Romans had thought that the terrible reprisals which they exacted would break the spirit of the Jews and prevent similar outbreaks in the future. Instead it inflamed the hatred of the populace and intensified their determination to break the Roman yoke. The way of the Zealots—the way of force—appealed especially to young men who craved action and to the common people, artisans and peasants, who had little to lose but their lives. Their influence continued to increase until finally in A.D. 66, they instigated the revolt against Rome which ended in the destruction of Jerusalem and in the collapse of the Jewish nation.

At the opposite pole from the Zealots were the Essenes. To them the situation seemed hopeless. There was nothing they could do to rescue the nation from its degradation. And so their minds turned in on themselves. They became ascetics and quietists. They refrained from marriage and withdrew from the ordinary style of life of the community. Many formed communities of their own in the wilderness. They lived lives that were personally irreproachable but which did nothing to solve the pressing problems of the day. The way of the Essenes was the way of flight.

The fourth party was that of the Pharisees. They were as religious as the Essenes and as patriotic as the Zealots. But unlike the former they did not withdraw from the common life and unlike the latter they opposed the use of the sword. They adopted a pacifist attitude, however, not because they were pacifists in principle but because "they knew that resistance was a physical impossibility and only invited complete destruction and devastation. They did not love Rome because they could not fight; they hated her the more. Their non-resistance was with a glowing eye and a heart full of hate, but with an arm that did not dare to strike." The Pharisees were the popular religious leaders of the day, inciting hatred and contempt for all non-Jews. The way of the Pharisees was the way of devotion toward God divorced from love toward man (i.e. toward man as man); they paid scrupulous attention to religious practices and ceremonial observances which obscured or minimized man's responsibility toward his fellow man. Jesus described them thus: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy, and faith." (Matthew 23:23). And Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is at hand."

"...And the rockets' red glare, The bombs bursting in air, Gave truth through the night That our flag was still there..." America, America, you plastic inflated toy duck. No good unless the father gives his breath to blow you up.

Factual information from Ernest Trice Thompson's *The Sermon on the Mount*, John Knox Press, c. 1946. e.s.

co-editors	staph
ed white	bill symes
edward stevens	charlie mc elroy
managing editor	margie howe
stephen james	alice gault
copy editor	kathy ramage
barbara fowke	gerald koonce
sports editor	wilda dodson
david lloyd	photographer
cartoonist	chuck kibby
bill dodson	
business manager	
clay farrar	

Dear Editor:

Upon reading the homecoming editorial on sadism and the common jock, my emotions floated between fiery anger and an insane rage. However, after thirteen laps around Overton Park and a two-hour-long cold shower, I decided to assail my antagonists with the pen rather than the sword. (This vaguely resembles an old Nationalist Chinese proverb but I can't quite recall it.)

While reading the article for the second time, with an open mind and a heartfelt of understanding, my feeble intellect focused on two possible motives. Either this was another gauche (sorry, Big Don) attempt at sensationalistic journalism, intended to bolster some "editor's" faltering ego, or one of my fellow students has some serious hang-ups about football. Assuming the latter case, I would like to try to clarify a few salient points concerning football and football players.

First of all, every football player that ever put on a jersey has a mother. Some of them even go to church once or twice a year. They are not animals nor do they drink warm blood for breakfast. They are humans, living joys and sorrows just like everybody else.

There are different reasons for playing this particular game, though. Some do it in order to get an education, others because it is expected of them. Some do it to attain status and wealth and some do it just because it feels good.

Whatever an individual's motives may be, it seems a bit far-fetched to compare last week's game with the war in Southeast Asia. There are no "innocent people" on a football

field, for each man is there on his own volition and injuries are considered a matter-of-course.

It is also an interesting point, but not surprising, that football should be criticized for its organization and discipline. It is

## LETTERS

evident that any concerted effort on the part of mankind requires self-discipline principles which are the essence of competitive athletics. A minority of our contemporaries deem it unnecessary to demonstrate any self-discipline or conform to any organizations. These means often involve pain and demand courage. Why bother when there is an easier way out of all our afflictions? It is often easier to rebuke any absolute standards of society and violently oppose existing values in the name of restructuring unjustifiable norms of behavior, when in reality they are shirking the responsibility ties of a conscientious member of any society.

Did I say violently oppose? Yes, for violence is a "realistic, pragmatic" facet of human nature. It seeks expression and will continue to do so as long as men live together on this earth. This human factor, not unlike the forces of nature, can be channeled into a constructive, rather than a

destructive pattern.

I have never known a football player who would purposely and "sadistically" inflict an injury upon another. There is an unwritten law of respect among athletes, for each knows he shares the same fate as the man across the line from him. It is true some people enjoy pain. It is a sensual experience and can be a useful outlet for tensions and repressed emotions. The aspect of crowd participation can be explained most adequately by the psychological phenomenon of projection. Not everyone is an athlete but most basic drives are common to all men.

As long as some people shrink from pain, wilt under the demands of self-discipline, and seek the course of least resistance, there will be editorials denouncing such sports as football and their violent overtones. However, there is no need for alarm, because "most aren't afraid to admit that they enjoy hitting people."

Love and kisses,  
(your friendly jock (sic))  
Bob Flowers

This letter, especially being from a player such as Flowers, is a valid and effective reply to the *Sou'wester* editorial of Nov. 5th.

One may disagree with certain points; the concepts of pain and self discipline that unfold seem silly and unnecessary to me. Innocent people, in regard to scholarship consideration, must sometimes be hurt, more than physically, by the game, in my opinion. The analogy between football and war does not seem too far-fetched; both are games in which one physically vents his hostility upon an opponent, instead of lapping Overton Park and taking cold showers.

But the letter is of course entitled to its own views and presents them with some eloquence.

Dear Ma,

Both personally and as President of the Social Regulations Council I have had numerous and varied associations with both the Administration and the Board of Trustees, not all of which I might add have proved unfruitful. As of late, however, I have had no little trouble in recoupling the demands of an extremely small majority of dissident, radical student elements with the orthodox stands of both the Administration and the Trustees. While I certainly hate to capitulate to the demands of so small a majority over the moral and ethical questions involved in extension of parietal hours to a time beyond temporal and moral normality, I feel nevertheless some kindred commitment to my fellow students—though I am fully cognizant of the inherent depravity they have seemingly sided with in their advocacy of an extension of normality to a twenty-four hour inclusive concept. And while I realize the gravity of this stance, I must at least present their side of the question before us now. My problem is this—while I have had, as I have already stated, a great many contacts with the "powers to be," I never seem to be able to get through to them on their own level. And since I have always admired your seeming ability to maintain some sort of rapport with those powers (after all, you are still putting out some sort of copy), I was wondering if you could give me

some tips on how to get through to them.

Peter Casparian

Dear Pete,

Although I don't usually give tips to elected officials, I will make an exception in your case, since you've got such a great bod and you're artistic to boot. When I first got your letter I was tempted to turn it over to the editors of the rag because they have had a lot of good, solid experience in this sort of thing. But they were too busy planting bombs in the faculty lounge johns, so for what it's worth, here it is.

I fear you are up against a brick wall—I have managed over the years

## Ma Frickertt Frickertt Ma

to co-exist with said powers by the use of one relatively simple means—that of ignoring them completely. Like any cause for anxiety (colds, bunyans, sores, overdue papers, blights, etc.) the administration and trustees are best combatted by a sort of religious procrastination—just pretend they don't exist, and ignore them completely, and eventually you will come to believe this state of events or whatever it is will simply go

away.

My father once told me, not so very long ago, that dealing with the administration bore more than superficial resemblance to copulating with an elephant, the pleasure is minimal, the frustration unbearable, the danger of being crushed tremendous, and it takes at least 18 months to see if you got results.

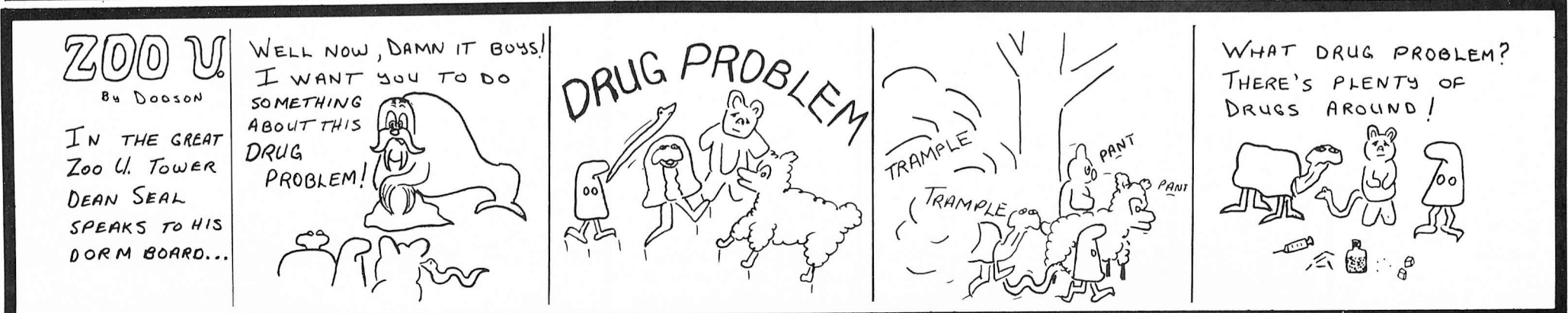
Dear Ma,

Is it true that Southwestern is going to obtain former Senator Albert Gore in a teaching capacity?

Just Wondering

Dear Just,

While this may be an attractive proposition to a small majority of the campus community, ex-math professor Marshal Jones, now Dean of something, has informed me that it would not be a completely equitable engagement unless more conservative factions were given the opportunity to offset Mr. Gore's presence with a comparable facist. Both Memphis' own, Mayor Henry Loeb, and Spiro Agnew were mentioned in connection with this role, but unless one or the other is impeached soon, Mr. Jones pointed out that it would be useless to even consider either of them. Mr. Jones also hinted that certain campus constituents were not at all satisfied with Mr. Gore's beliefs—"After all," he pointed out, "we don't even know that he (Mr. Gore) believes."





# The Sou'wester

Southwestern At Memphis

Vol. 52, No. 11

## The Late, Lost Lynx Lives (Maybe)

by Margie Howe

The Publications Board agreed at their last meeting to support a student referendum establishing a black scholarship fund if the missing 155 pages of last year's *Lynx* could not be found, and if the contract with Delmar Publishing Company could be smoothed over without too much financial loss.

The conflict came about when it was discovered that although Tommy Wolff, last year's annual editor, had said that the final pages had been mailed in several months ago, there were still 155 pages necessary to complete the book. The 1970 *Lynx* cannot be published without all the pages since the covers have already been made to fit 314 pages.

Previously the Publications Board had authorized Brad Green and Hershel Lipow to finish the yearbook with the stipulation that they would receive the \$250 honorarium which Wolff lost. They agreed to finish the yearbook providing that at least some of the missing pages and pictures could be found.

Judith Warren, commissioner of publications, phoned Wolff at 7 a.m. before Thanksgiving, and told him that she had been authorized by M. J. Williams, treasurer, in the name of Southwestern to get whatever pages he had at his house. He replied that he had 103 pages which were not quite finished and if she would wait until after Thanksgiving recess he would have them ready for her.

The referendum was one answer to the problem of what to do with the remaining budget of last year's annual if something does not get published. Last year's budget was \$14,000, allocated by the school through the Publications Board. The budget comes from an activity fund which is drawn from the tuition of each student to help pay for student activities, hence, the student referendum. Only \$4,000 has been paid to the publishing company, the balance is due when the book is received. If the company does not receive the final shipment, they can either sue the school for breach of contract, or we can pay them a certain part of the remaining budget for the work which they have done so far. Presumably, the Delmar Publishing Company are nice guys and they really wouldn't like the hassle of

taking Southwestern at Memphis to court, but it can be done . . .

Whether or not Delmar files suit, the Publications Board is still left with some money to take care of, depending on how the legal situation is handled.

At the Monday meeting, the Publications Board also voted on the question of supporting the referendum whether or not Wolff had the remaining pages, i.e., whether or not to break the contract if the yearbook could be finished. The Board voted to finish the book if it seemed possible. The assumption was made that there had to be a substantial amount of pages to work with or else the project would be too impractical. The main arguments centered around whether the yearbook,

when it finally would come out would be worth anything at the late date or whether the quality (after going through the various patching up and an unknown number of hands) would be worth the amount of money put into it.

At latest date, it seems the supporters of finishing the *Lynx* will be rewarded. Mr. Wolff has produced 133 pages, and according to the decision reached by the Publications Board on Monday, Lipow and Green will have an opportunity to utilize their creative skills in producing the remaining 22 pages.

In essence, the two-hour cavalcade was a hypothetical moral conflict. The proposal forwarding increased funds for black students is now left hanging. It is now your moral issue.

## Women Miss the Point

by Claude Stayton

Two weeks ago the winds of social change blew once again through the halls of the women's dormitories. This time three Southwestern coeds mounted a brazened if somewhat ill-prepared and poorly researched attack on the penalty of a campus and the point system. Lilla Sevier, Happy Lunde, and Jennifer Howard brought a proposal before the Social Regulations Council challenging the concept of the campus and the point system as inconsistent with the spirit of individual responsibility of students at Southwestern. In addition the campus was challenged as involving a double standard, since there is no similar punishment in the men's dormitories.

The formal action of the SRC was to refer the proposal back to the Women's Dorm Board, requesting that they take a poll of the women concerning their feelings about the campus and the point system.

Pat Carter, president of the Women's Dorm Board, convened one of the infamous mass meetings of the women in FJ-B, and at that time Lilla Sevier was given an opportunity to present her proposal for abolishing the campus and the point system.

The reaction of the women was swift and furious. The proposal, which had been presented without any consideration of alternatives to the point system, was quickly defeated. The women were opposed to the idea for several reasons: some felt the motivating force behind Miss Sevier's sudden social concern came from the fact that she was facing a campus, others were apathetic or bored, and many (of course) voiced practiced objections. A motion did pass to set up a study group of interested people. They have since met and nothing of substance has come out of their discussions.

The major defense of the point system and the campus penalty is derived from the way the women's dorms are now. Without the point system and threat of a campus, it is argued, no one could be made to take date duty, lock up, answer the phone, shut up, or (in the case of freshmen only) sign in and out. It is argued further that the women want and need a secure dorm and because of this, certain responsibilities of the dorm must be enforced.

When asked about revision of the women's rules, Pat Carter was quick to defend the Women's Dorm Board. She said she felt that the present rules were in line with what "the girls want" and in line with what was necessary to effectively operate the women's dormitories. Carter further stated that since the rapid changes in rules began two years ago, the Women's Dorm Board has carefully examined their regulations and has abolished all but the few rules deemed necessary for the operation of the dorms. Each spring there is a meeting of the Rules Revision Committee consisting of a representative from each class, the Dorm Board representatives, and the president of the Dorm Board. At this time revisions can be proposed. It was also pointed out that until this year there has been no major opposition to the point system.

At the very least, the women seem to be guilty of a somewhat apathetic and unimaginative or creative position. On one question they are absolutely correct: it is very hard now days to get a campus. But that's no reason why it shouldn't be made harder. Date duty could be abolished if the inter-com systems were moved to the social rooms. When this idea was put forward many girls exclaimed that no money was available, while, in truth, no one has taken the time or energy to ask M.J. Williams if such funds could be found. In the past he has been very sympathetic to such requests, especially if it could be pointed out that the physical facilities were impairing individual freedom. Nor has there been any study of date duty or lock up systems at other schools. In many schools lock up is handled by security guards.

When parietals in the women's dorms were being considered, great lengths were gone to in an effort to protect the rights of the minority. It seems that the women have at least as much of an obligation to the minority of women who find the present system oppressive.



Saturation bombing, in the mainland, absurd!



...And the Nazis' would make the Jews stand in line for hours, frustrating them, humiliating them, wearing them down for the showers.

### IN THE YEAR OF THE GUN

A one-act play by Robert William Barker

Dan Hieber as Bill Halstead

Linda McCoy as Sally, Bill's wife

Julian Bolton as Tony, their son

Robert Williams as Ralph Jenkins, militant

Janice Moore as Joyce, Ralph's wife

The play is about a family and a city in racial crisis.

To be performed Thursday, December 3 - 8:00 p.m. and Saturday, December 5 8:00 & 10:30 p.m.

At the Common House. Admission is free. Music by Allison Cowan. Directed by Karen Francis.