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Despite tight security, course offerings leaked

The Trogg, also known as JT or the man who will let you out of this school or (officially) the Registrar, is at it again; as of Monday the Term III course announcement was not out. No fault of his own, of course, because most of the departments have not told him what they will be offering. He's just the scapegoat. But a few departments have leaked their secrets, and as we have them here they are.

The French Department will be offering four courses. French 100, a new course, is French for travel; no prerequisites, elective credit only, no area requirement fulfilled, 6 hour. French 105-106: accelerated elementary French, 6 hours, constitutes a full load for Term III, at *A and B* (that's two hours a day), only for students with less than two years of high school French. French 205: accelerated intermediate French, 8 hours, again a full load for the term, prerequisite of French 101-102 or the equivalent, not open to those with more than three hours high school French, *A and B* hours. French 532: teaching French, 3 hours, TBA, same as Education 532.

The history offerings appeared in the SFA. To repeat them, they will be History 119: The Century of the World Wars at C hour; History 412: Colonial America at

B hour; History 492: The World in the 20th Century TBA; and History 503: The U.S. in the 1930's at C hour. They are also offering three interdepartmental courses, one on American Values in Crisis, one on the Dawn of the Modern Age, and the Southwestern at New York program.

The Religion Department will be teaching four courses. Religion 102: The Beginnings of Christianity at B hour; Religion 251: Religious Motifs in Modern Literature at C hour; Religion 302: New Testament Studies—I & II Corinthians at A hour, prerequisite Rel. 100, 102, or consent of Prof. Batey; and Religion 405: Seminar on the Apostolic Fathers, TBA primarily for majors but open to anyone who has had Man or two Religion Courses.

Clarice Pechak will be teaching private classes in Yoga and Meditation beginning April 13. This class is not included in the schedule but 1/2 hour credit will be given in PE. A fee of \$25.00 will be charged. Classes will meet MWF from noon till 1:00. A lecture and demonstration on Yoga and Meditation will be given on Wednesday, March 23 at 4:00 pm in the dance room of the gym.

Trogg's spores of course offerings should be available today or tomorrow.

Student advice needed for dorm renovations

Probably every dorm dweller at Southwestern has his or her own pet peeve concerning his environment. The halls are too noisy; rooms are too hot and then too cold; furniture is foundering at an alarming rate; dust and ants pose a mortal threat. Rejoice, the end of such languishing may very well be in sight.

One of the major goals of the \$20 million Capital Funds Drive announced in January is the renovation and refurbishing of the residence halls. Planning for this work is being conducted under the auspices of the newly created Residence Hall Renovation Committee, of which I am a student member. The Committee's purpose is to develop alternatives and establish priorities for the expected renovations.

We the students will have an opportunity to become meaningfully involved in the setting of these renovation priorities. The Committee is primarily concerned with the needs of the student. To facilitate accurate identification and efficient response to such needs, the Committee will actively seek the suggestions of the entire Southwestern community. The scope and range of your proposals are limited only by your ingenuity and imagination.

For example, in our first meeting we discussed these possibilities: a campus wide inter room phone system, placing of terminal outlets from the new computer in dorms, and the razing of entire buildings (before gravity beats us to it).

Please write down your thoughts on renovation and refurbishings, (Nothing fancy required), and have it ready for boxes which will soon be provided in the Student Center. Consider dorms you've visited on other campuses. Are their innovations applicable to Southwestern? Wake up, all you frustrated interior designers and architects! We want to hear from you!

—Hoiton Guyton

Coordinators for Kinney announced

Brian Sudderth and Lynn Reecer, Kinney Coordinators, have announced the appointment of the new coordinators for the 1977-78 school year. They are Jimmy Singleton, a junior from Oklahoma City, and Lady Ray, a sophomore from Houston. Jim has worked in the Kinney program both as a visitor to an elderly shut-in and as a Big Brother; Lady worked last year at Planned Parenthood and serves now as a Girl Scout troop leader. They will begin working Term III, along with the present coordinators, in offering students special short-term projects and in planning for Kinney Orientation in the Fall.

Parents Weekend begins tomorrow

On Friday, March 11, 1977, the Southwestern campus will be flooded with a herd of older students, some of whom haven't been on a college campus in years. March 11 marks the first day of Southwestern's Parents Weekend. The program is designed to give the average parent a comprehensive view of what he/she is spending nearly \$4,400 a year for and to give them a taste of college life which they

otherwise might never experience.

The program will include receptions, luncheons, art exhibits, coffees and panels of "experts" on all aspects of Southwestern life. The weekend is being coordinated through the Dean of Students Office. Also included in the list of activities is the KD All-Sing and open houses at the frat and sorority houses and at the Student Center.

Athletic events will be the SW vs. Vandy track meet on Saturday at Fargason Field and the Men's Intramural Basketball play-off scheduled for 2:00 Saturday in the gym.

The program will encourage parent awareness of the school. We urge all students to participate in the weekend activities.

—Don and Steve

Dilemma 77: some people, some questions, some answers

By Anne Herbers, Steve Minor, Leslie Doubleday, Tim Logue, Carol Lanier, & Nancy Crowell

Last month the South went to Washington as Capitol Hill partygoers were asking for more than one grit and Billy Carter was playing the "Good Old Boy."

But last weekend, the South came to the Southwestern Campus during Dilemma's three day conference titled "The South: Heritage and Promise."

Beginning on Thursday night with Southern films, art by Dolph Smith, poetry reading by Prof. Wood, and music by Prof. Eckert, the weekend was consumed by several prominent speakers.

Various aspects of the South, ranging from the Populist movement to views on Southern

literature, were concentrated into 10 lectures providing students and the Memphis community with an insight to their culture.

Aaron Henry opened Dilemma Friday afternoon with a cautionary address that emphasized the need for minorities, specifically Blacks in the South, to hold on to the gains that have been made in the area of civil rights. Mr. Henry, a leader in the NAACP and member of the Carter transition team, cited two great periods in the history of the liberation of the Blacks in the South. The first was the period 1865-1896, commencing with the end of the Civil War and concluding with the Plessy vs. Ferguson decision. During that time Blacks got the right to vote and other full rights of citizenship. Integration was becoming a very real fact of life, that is until the Hayes-Tilden Com-

promise withdrew Union troops from the South thereby allowing Southern states "to write their Jim Crow laws" into their constitutions and reverse the gains that had been made. The Supreme Court decision of 1896 sealed the fate of Blacks in the South (and all over the country) for a time with the infamous "separate but equal" ruling.

The 1954 Court decision in New Orleans opened the second period by ordering the desegregation of that town's schools, followed by the 1957 Little Rock case. The emphasis Martin Luther King gave to "agape" love became the carrying theme of the movement of the '60's as once again civil rights (for example the issues of literacy tests and poll taxes) and integration became facts of life.

Mr. Henry emphasized that the fight is not over by any means. To paraphrase Mr. Henry: "We must be very careful to make sure that what happened after 1896 does not happen again."

After his talk, in responding to a question concerning Uganda, Mr. Henry said that if the allegations raised against President Amin and his regime were true, he was certainly against them; "I'm just not convinced that we have been told the

whole truth."

Wilma Dykeman treated Dilemma's theme, with a dynamic and refreshing style. Her topic was Appalachia—the families and the region fascinate her, and she has spent many hours tracking down obscure people in the mountains to hear their stories, to capture a part of Southern culture that is not prevalent in its literature. The South, she says, and Appalachia in particular, has four distinctive characteristics: a sense of personality or personhood, a sense of family, a sense of time, and a sense of place. She illustrated these four characteristics with anecdotes from her travels, and with passages from several of her novels.

One such passage came from *Return The Innocent Earth*, which deals with the Clayburn family. The Clayburns live in the "Carolinas," where they eke a living from the

land with their canning company. There is a prevalent tension in this family between a love for the earth and the technology of the canning company.

These characteristics developed from our heritage, and according to Ms. Dykeman, they can be our promise. "In many ways, the experience of the South relates more to what we know as the emerging countries of the world than the rest of the country today." She also said that part of our heritage was bad and inhuman, but that we have the opportunity to share our mistakes with others and create a "humane world in the whole world today."

Ms. Dykeman is a humanist. She provided the Dilemma program with "food for thought" apart from "desegregation" and "urban flight" and all of the other racially oriented topics which are often the subject of

Cont. on Page 6

New pub editors wanted

THE TIME IS DRAWING NIGH to choose editors for '77-'78 publications. All Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen interested in editing the Sou'wester, SFA, Lynx, Journal, Freshman Handbook, Ginger, or Campus Director should talk to current

editors. Only they can give you the REAL truth.

Next year's editors will be chosen by the Publications Board in about three weeks. New editors will take over Term III and continue for a year. Application forms will be available soon. Think about it.

Sou'wester
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THE SOU'WESTER

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Editorial effluvia

The Sou'wester Editorial Board would like to express its appreciation for all the hard work and long hours that we know the planners and directors of Dilemma '77 spent to make it an event of the caliber it was. We know the innumerable phone calls, letters, and headaches involved in undertaking such an endeavor. We at the Sou'wester would like to thank everyone involved with Dilemma '77 especially Chairpersons Mary Crawford and Paul Brantley. You did a fine job.

Also a special thanks to all those who wrote articles on Dilemma for us this week with the short notice we gave them. Thanks to the photographers, Deena, Jim, and Kelly who covered the weekend well. And a final thanks to Jimbo for getting that mess of pictures all together, essentially making this week's paper possible.

Alas for the fool! April 1 happens to be the Friday of Exam Week; that means March 31 is the Thursday of that same period (in case you cannot figure it out for yourself). Anyway I'm no fool and I'm not going to put out a paper during exams. (I have to study too—and Don's Arabic...whew!) For all I know, Don and I may not be with you next term (if the Pub Board does not like us or some upstart fool steals our job). And so

we wish to announce a premature April Fool's issue. I mean, why miss the fun of doing that paper when the means are within your grasp, at least for the moment?

Therefore...March 24 is hereby declared to be April Fool's this year by me, the editor-in-confusion. All that funny stuff and nonsense you want put in the paper with or without your name on it needs to be turned in to the SOU'WESTER office, typed and double-spaced please, by 7:00 pm Sunday the 20th of March. I'm sure that some of you can produce copy that is better than the garbage Warren and Scott give me. And I could use a break from their stories even if none of you can. Not to say that they won't get their two cents in as well; but a little quality, please! That time again: 7:00 pm Sunday, March 20.

Don't be the fool—don't miss it!

Take note

Monday, March 7th about 11:00 p.m., a student pulling out of the gym parking lot onto University was bumped from the rear by another car. He was forced at gunpoint against his car and relieved of his money, credit cards, and car keys. The armed robbers then left. The student was unharmed.

Please be careful about exposing yourself to dangers from strangers, particularly when alone.

Senatuh Sam, we hardly knew ye (before. . .)

Well, Sam Ervin has made his stand. If you have any doubts as to his personal feelings about Nixon, John Mitchell, pornography, or ERA, just ask him. You're sure to get an answer littered with Bible passages, down-home Southern philosophy, and logic clouded by age. Who would expect anything else from Grandfather Watergate?

I knew what was coming from the old man, so I wasn't too offended; though some of his misplaced syllogisms did tend to irk my sense of logic. He started out harmlessly enough with a few of his standard jokes, and a bit of Ervin-wisdom as to why government doesn't work ("That some people don't look where they're going, and others don't go where they're looking.") It must have taken him all of his 24 years in the Senate to realize that

We were then treated to this

standard tour-lecture on the greatness of the U.S. Constitution. He was well-received as long as he stuck to the country humor and constitutional wisdom. But when the questions started coming, Ervin became a self-appointed judge of universal morals. Sam's answers to the questions on ERA, sexual freedom, and capital punishment didn't surprise me, but his defensive vehemance did. When he gave his opinions an obscenity and pornography, he was every bit as condescending as the Watergate chairman, who preached Bible passages to defendants.

One reason for Ervin's popularity is his clarity of mind for his age. Indeed, very few octogenarians make the college lecture circuit. But Senator Sam's age showed through in his desire to "do away with the dirty minds that make por-

Letters to Oz.....

My modest proposal to those in favor of the Overton Park I-40, e.g. The Commercial Appeal, Governor Blanton, Senators Baker and Sasser, Rep. Ford, Mayor Chandler, etc., etc., etc.

With the rebirth of interest over the Overton Park I-40 I feel that I should offer some excellent advice which I have deemed necessary for the base. The Problem: to build an interstate highway of 3.7 miles through a portion of Memphis. Why? First, to alleviate a terrible burden that suburb dwellers and city workers have, i.e. having to drive on regular traffic streets; second, to alleviate a heavy crime area of the city; third, to complete the I-40 chain across the country; and finally, to offer convenience to all.

In light of these four terrible problems I propose that not only we build the interstate right away, but we pave over the entire park. First this will solve all the problems listed above (stop crime in the woods, complete the interstate) and more! Next it will bring all those Eastites (or Germantownians, if you will) downtown to shop, instead of in those common, trashy malls already established out East. Third, it will save the taxpayers millions of dollars they now spend for cutting grass, raking leaves, etc. Fourth, it will get rid of all those unnecessary employees of the Park. Fifth (and very important) it will get rid of the burden of that terrible zoo (all those employees, food) and solve the moral problem of animals in cages—Oh, I can remember several evenings in which I have tried to study above the constant wailing of those damned animals!—and the smell, well it is quite sickening!—I have often noticed, though, how conducive to study is the lovely sound of several cars in the distance—how romantic!

Anyway back to my point, in the long run I feel that the money saved here will more than pay for the price of the asphalt (not to mention the crime stopped!).

Those readers who are of high intelligence will realize the importance of the need to pave the entire park and not just a portion of it — why, twice as many people could leave the city twice as fast! Besides, it is a well-known fact that

our city does not have ample parking facilities (as we also know at Southwestern), and as we grow we will need many more cars and therefore more parking. (This is such an easy problem to solve!) Our roads need to roll on over that fresh, green, awful grass. That beautiful, tough, firm, black ground will come to us almost like the development of mankind. Today both are quite refined and at the peak of technology. Both having developed into the beautiful creatures God had meant for them to be.

By this essay I am only trying to promote the public good for my city, and I have no personal interest in this necessary work. We cannot let it be said that Nature pushed about the Great USA — we have this technology; we must use it to achieve greatness for our city. Also, let it not be said that the citizens of Memphis stood in the way of American technology. (Why, that is unpatriotic!) Only a communist would try to stop this great growth that is our Manifest Destiny! Citizens Unite! DPR

I have never taken to writing notes to the editor before, but because of circumstances involved during Saturday night's Dilemma program, I do so now. I was appalled at the conduct of certain parties during the question period of Sen. Ervin's talk. I was later even more disgusted to learn that the boisterous cat-call that came from the back of the audience was made by a professor of English here at Southwestern. I was astonished to learn that this professor has no more class than any ordinary, uneducated man off the street.

I used to wonder why Memphians' image of Southwestern was so distorted, but I don't any longer. At a time when there were so many visitors from the surrounding community on the campus, we showed them a most unfavorable part of our school.

I cannot agree more with those who protested Sen. Ervin's logic, but I will defend his right to say it, especially at our invitation. I am afraid to say, that because of our liberal faction's unliberal attitude toward Sen. Ervin's comments, many Memphians, Memphis State

students and prestigious guest speakers may have left Southwestern with many wrong impressions. Valuable financial aid, which this school greatly needs, may have been lost as well as well-qualified prospective students.

It is my opinion that, this man owes an apology to the entire Southwestern community as well as to our speaker for Saturday night.

W.T. Wilson

The Southwestern community and the Dilemma '77 committee deserve congratulations for a generally enlightening and, in many respects, inspiring weekend.

Many of us who attended this year's series, however, will remember it as the one in which a former senator, previously revered for his efforts at exposure of the truth during his chairmanship of the Watergate committee hearings, revealed to us his own obvious and pitiful ignorance and restricted thinking, with regard to the significance of the civil rights of both female and homophilic members of the human society.

Sam Ervin, in his remarks concerning the Equal Rights Amendment and the reasons for his prejudice against its ratification, was not successful (if, indeed, it was his intention to be successful) in disguising his equally discriminatory attitude against the need for homosexual individuals' equal rights under the law. (I refer specifically to the negative stance embraced by Mr. Ervin in his pointing out that E.R.A. passage would imply a subsequent abolition of current laws forbidding matrimony between homophilic persons).

Sam Ervin came to Memphis and affronted members of two of this nation's most valuable and yet (still) most emotionally shackled sexual minorities. Let us hope that the exposure of such prejudice will act as a spark to ignite an even stronger effort on the parts of those in this city and across the country who are involved in the worthy struggles of both the Equal Rights Amendment movement and of the Homophilic (Gay) Liberation movement.

John Pharis, M.D. ('67)

Dr. Warren fills dean's position

Two weeks ago in black and white there was a small note informing the general public (that's you guys) that Peter Christian (that's me guys) would have an exclusive pair of interviews with Dean Patterson and Dr. Warren. Well there has been a change of plans.

Upon backtracking the beaten path of Dr. Warren through a maze

of schedule conflicts I managed to bring up the possibility of our having enough time to engage in rhetorical exchanges. He got right down to the point and said, "Do I have to?"

My better nature said, "No."

So with this we began discussing the anxiety that falls annually through the rising blood of

seniority...biology comps. So what?

The purpose of the interview was to let people not affiliated with the science department familiarize themselves with the new, upcoming Dean. Since there was no interview I thought I would at least give you an insight by my perceptions of Dr. Warren.

Many of you have not even met him before; I can think of only one reason for this: the amount of time Dr. Warren has spent in the interests of his students has restrained his time spent outside the bowels of Frazier-Jelke.

Dr. Warren is one of the professors most interested in student welfare, especially that of his own students. Those fortunate people who have had him realize he is one of the best teachers Southwestern could provide. No one can doubt the presence of a unique and forward type of mutual respect that prevails in Dr. Warren's classes. The fairness that he has practiced in the classroom is something I look forward to being extended to the entire student body.

For those of you who expect a Classical-Romantic conflict of interests emerging in the Dean's office, I got bad news...it just ain't goin' to happen. You'd be surprised how many feelings us biology folks got!

H. Scott Prosterman

Peter Christian

TV: the new opiate of the masses

Walker Percy, in his latest novel, *Lancelot* (which, by the way, I highly recommend) writes that "A hundred years from now histories will be written from the stubs of Exxon bills. Bastardy will be proved by Master Charge." His observation, and incidentally Robert Coles' talk last Saturday evening, fit very well with the view of society expressed in the current film, "Network," which suggests in one climatic scene that we are heading swiftly toward a world not of nations, but of corporations, of Exxon and IBM and ITT instead of Russia, the United States, Saudi Arabia. In my opinion, this is probably the most terrifying aspect of the film—the idea that individuals are disappearing, that dehumanized, desensitized, robot-like characters are taking their place, that indeed corporations threaten to erase individual identity,

to replace it with some horrible corporate-made monster being. The film itself, a satirical (but inescapably truthful) look at network television, doesn't reach any high level of artistry, but the message it conveys, an exaggerated one to be sure, should make a profound impact on anyone who sees it, especially those of us who have been nurtured and taught from the very beginning of our days by television. Paddy Chayefsky's "Network" deals specifically with a major television network, UBS which sells itself to a corporation, CCA, because it can't make it in the frantic race for ratings, because it doesn't bring in a large enough profit. Howard Beale, anchorman for the network news, becomes a victim of alcohol and declining ratings and literally cracks up on the

air, stating that he will commit suicide on prime time television, that he is sick to death of all the bullshit and won't take it any more. Predictably, the ratings rise immediately, a tight-assed, insensitive bitch, a product of the "television generation," decides that it would be to the network's advantage to keep Beale on the air, indeed to turn the news into a variety show, a three-ring circus complete with soothsayer and gossip columnist and Beale's "mad prophet" ecstasies. Christenson also initiates the "Maotse-tung hour," an insane drama which utilizes live footage of terrorist activities by the Ecumenical Liberation Army at the beginning of each show, then proceeds to dramatize the events in all their bloody, violent, orgiastic splendor.

Faye Dunaway's character is overplayed, as are all the other characters. She comes off like a cheerleader, a prom-queen, an insensitive fake with a fake walk, a fake talk, fake exuberance. She never shuts her mouth, not even when she's making love. A steady stream of nauseous network jargon emanates constantly from her face. She, in a word, makes you sick.

The only real character in the film is William Holden's Max Schumacher, who recognizes the banality of his profession and attempts to escape it in the end. Otherwise, the film is full of types, like Peter Finch's crazy, preachy prophet. The only thing that keeps this film afloat is its social message, and this, I believe, makes it worthwhile.

"Network" is a comical movie, but underneath its farcical surface is a very profound, frightening theory. This can never happen, you say. But take a look at the news one evening—Is it not possible that happy talk might well become crazy talk? And again, should we not recognize the trend toward a corporate way of life, a dehumanization of society? It is something worth thinking about.

Tricia LaRue



Open letter to Mr. Kepple

I wanted to inform you about the refractory situation to let you know that students are very unhappy with the cold breakfast. Cold lunches were endurable, buscereal 7 days per week for those who brave the mornings, or those who have to get up and eat something in order to function, are not being treated fairly.

You are running the experiment to see the amounts of electricity and gas that will be saved if one or the other of these cold meals should become a standard procedure. I learned from Mr. McCormick that over 500 oven hours were saved last week by serving cold lunches. Cold lunches permit the ovens to be turned off each day 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Cold breakfasts permit the ovens to be delayed in their use until 8:30 a.m. Something right here tells me that common sense would indicate that cold lunches clearly have the 3 hour daily advantage over cold breakfasts. (The ovens are turned on at 6 a.m. when hot breakfasts are served.)

I think that it is important that you take the students' voices into consideration on this matter and at least let them know that the petition is important. A serious breach of courtesy has occurred: "cold

breakfasts until March 13th" on the front door of the refractory is to me rude and thoughtless. Students are the ones that are eating in the refractory, and surely they deserve a more thoughtful notice than that. The Administration has now increased its reputation as non-caring and non-listening, and I can feel myself beginning to go along with this idea. When it comes to our everyday routines, (such as the irregular closing of the gates, the refractory, the sudden closing of the buildings) students deserve more than a mandate handed down from the Administration.

Breakfast people get up for a reason or maybe two reasons: to eat, and more importantly, to wake up. I will not argue the virtues of a hot meal in the morning because I often eat cereal. My letter is written to let you know that students are tired of being uninformed and taken for granted. A newspaper article is a good source of information and Kathrine Maddox presented the facts adequately, but the fact that students were not a part of the decision is wrong and is a precedent that should not continue.

Annie Stein

Whitaker speaks on oil use

On Tuesday, March 1, Mr. J.P. Whitaker, the assistant to the president of Union Camp Corporation, spoke to approximately 75 Southwestern students on Oil and Energy Conservation. Mr. Whitaker was Under-Secretary of the Interior under both Presidents Nixon and Ford. He told the group that oil production is declining while our consumption is up; 43% of the oil used in the US is foreign, OPEC oil. In the 1970's OPEC includes virtually all major petroleum exporters excluding Mexico and Canada.

- Mr. Whitaker set guidelines for a good energy policy:
1. Cut our dependence on and vulnerability to OPEC by stockpiling, breaking the monopoly, or a boycott.
 2. Deregulation of natural gas prices.
 3. Deregulation of oil prices.
 4. Develop our coal resources.
 5. Increase research and development for energy.

Mr. Whitaker explained the phases in energy that we have gone through and will have to eventually face. From 1969 to the present we have seen a confrontation with big business over pollution. For the future, it looks as if Americans must change our lifestyles to further conserve energy (such as suffering through cold school meals) or stop industrial pollution through alternative sources of energy.

Trader Dick's Truck Stop features new style, music

Trader Dick's Truck Stop, formerly Mugsy McDougall's Sports Parlour, formerly Trader Dick's, is swinging again. Unlike when it first opened in 1974, swinging is not synonymous with life-threatening. In fact, the crowds seem a little older and calmer than before, and ladies need not feel uncomfortable if unescorted.

Trader Dick's, located at 2012 Madison Avenue just west of Overton Square, offers music on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. On Sundays from 2 till 5 p.m. Dr. Tom White and his jazz band play, offering music from a traditional jazz vein. The band features piano, trombone, clarinet, bass and drums. Usually a few people get up and shuffle their feet to the music even though there is no dance floor.

Later on Sundays, "The Settlers" come in and do an evening of bluegrass and folk music. "The

Settlers" are native to Memphis and have been around for quite a while. They're probably the best known bluegrass group around that make it a point of playing in clubs. You must remember there are a number of bluegrassers who are against the "devil's brew" and rarely, if ever, make the club scenes.

Thursday nights until the end of March will feature Shadrack, who played at Southwestern in the fall. Shadrack takes sometimes well-known and sometimes obscure songs and gives them a new flavor. They have a tight and even rhythm focusing on a very versatile female vocalist.

Be on the look out for notice about the "Club appreciation St. Patrick's Day parade," another midtown lunacy.

Ernie Williams

identity is Englishman Ian Anderson, the would-be actor and son of a Blackpool merchant who is one of the last surviving leaders of the "English rock invasion" of the sixties. His tale is an interesting one.

Jethro Tull began in the late sixties in the mind of Anderson, who at the time was an art student and possessor of a degree in drama. He became disillusioned with "all the pretty things and all the pretty people" and decided to assert his bountiful artistic abilities in the form of music — an interest that had grown inside him ever since he taught himself to play acoustic guitar and flute. He nearly starved at first, but it was during those first struggling years that a style emerged which became highly acclaimed as a needed relief from the current pop cliches currently on the market.

Even with the enormous success Tull enjoyed both in record sales and in national tours, Anderson's cynical gaze was still held readily on the ills of society...a theme which was ever present in the form of stage self-mockery and song lyrics. Perhaps the best example of this was on Tull's most popular album, "Aqualung" which scorned the religious hypocrisy Anderson felt accompanied the Jesus Revolution of the late 60's. But ironically enough, the album also displays soft melodies such as "Wond'ring Aloud" that reveal an inner sensitivity of Anderson reminiscent of pieces from an earlier album entitled "Stand Up".

With 5 platinum albums (sales exceeding 1 million units) and 6 gold albums, Jethro Tull is still alive and very well and currently on a national tour which comes to Memphis Tuesday, March 15th. Perhaps even you English history experts could benefit from seeing the other Jethro Tull.



Good old boys and glittering generalities

To wit: beware that all men may sooner or later wonder, 'what the hell?'; so I do too. Southwestern has had its annual intellectual orgy, one that has never failed to provide entertainment and usually enlightenment since I have been here. It has had its expected "surprises"—the almost obligatory national or international figure seemed puzzlingly uninteresting or disappointing, and once again the Southwestern audience tingled to a good conscience-lashing appropriate to our status as Guilty Participants. One alum was heard to express his comfort at being home again with the glittering generality; and some of us learned much about the South that we had not considered—the question is whether Southwestern has risen at least part way to the message.

I think it is interesting that the South as a topic of discussion led to talks concerned predominantly with the theme of a man's or people's failure to consider the other man or people. It extends from the area of race relations to the feeling I and friends have noted, that while cruelty may be everywhere, somehow it seems that the Southerner looks around you when talking to you: a Northern putdown is more personal than a Southern one.

This is topic that we should pay attention to, more so because of the inarticulated lessons offered than because of the cuteness or the sincerity or the profundity thrown at us. If it is not too harsh to say so, we do represent at least a latent portion of the Southern mind.

If we must choose, I think the Southern mind needs the personal, that it needs its eyes raised to the eyes of others, or to be told where to look. The intellectual and philosophical ramifications are important, but behind the veil of southern hospitality or politude that

is also a part of our heritage these often penetrate in lieu of our coming to really deal with an individual.

As Wilma Dykeman pointed out over breakfast Saturday, if it isn't polite to bring up you know what when you're a guest at someone else's home, and it isn't polite to bring them up in your own home when you have captive guests, then we may have to run out and rent a gym. Which is in a way what we did.

We did it with some success. Without wanting to slight any of the fine presentations, four of them stand out with stars in my notes. I think it worth considering the meat of each moment. There is Aaron Henry, who is important not for off the cuff generalizations that lump tyrant dictators with elected officials, nor for the essential and expected simplistic view of the white establishment. Rather Aaron Henry is the man with a dream and a hurt that runs "like a sore," who has seen friends and leaders blown up with very real bullets fired by a very real person who suffer from "prejudice" or "ignorance." It is the Aaron Henry who looking to his death in his cause that we should see, touch—because there is no principle or legalism of justice in this issue that does not derive its substance from the image of a man getting his brains blown out because someone else doesn't like his looks.

Then there were the intellectuals, two of whom were starred. There is the writer Hemphill cracking a joke more appropriate coming from the guy who used to swing a hammer across the tracks from me. It may say something about the South's heritage, or at least its past personal character, that a man returning South thinks it is worthwhile after all, thinks our humor is still on that kind of regional level.

And there is Robert Coles whose brilliance allows him to escape the role of token liberal social critic.

Aaron Henry showed us himself, and Coles spent a good deal of time showing us to us with eyes of the acerbic and annoying little pundit. Coles could generalize for us the image of Aaron Henry's dead friend, to each other and to the mind of the person. As a portion of the Southern mind, we are a peculiar portion, mostly white with more liberal intellects than experience.

Coles spoke on a different kind of gut issue. Is the South representative of the potential for hatred, or worse, indifference—"the deserving scapegoat?" We do elect Wallaces back home. It is true, here and elsewhere, that the confrontation of races is optional for the rich and that we may be opting out. Perhaps he dwells too long on the existential absurdity of the man, for I see too many heads nodding "yes, yes" in this part of his talk. What glares out from this thousand dollar remonstrance is that the question of the man in the South is complex, that we can nod but instead of saying "yes" I see we may be somnambulant. *We are* this New South he speaks about, the one that could trade the veil of Southern hospitality for that of the "need" to catch up undiscriminatingly to the "reality" of modern confusion.

And my notes have the marginal scribble "test." Sam Ervin had the bad manners to stand in front of a white liberal audience—not unadulterated, mind you—and say he didn't like homosexual marriage.

In an important issue, this appealing to logical generalizations in debate has serious implications, especially when coming from the "foremost constitutional lawyer in the country." I see my own ideas on homosex scaling to the head of Southwestern's pin to do battle with those of Senator Sam. Swathed in Gucci. This entire issue of obscenity is ultimately outside the key of the law anyway, by Mr. Ervin's own admission. I'm not sure what we expected from an 81 year old conservative constitutional lawyer on the topic—surely not an excerpt from *Leaves of Grass*.

It was interesting to note the surprise: Nixon-slayer Ervin wasn't then by definition a good old boy, in agreement with the often confused sense of values that mark academic considerations. If one of our professors cannot listen *politely* to a man who is decidedly different in background, education and beliefs, can we expect to hear the spoken word, let alone the thundering silence behind it? I rarely recall hearing a national politician deliberately saying anything meaningful in public, including Senator Proxmire last year, and this is important in itself.

The message was underneath the glittering generalities and good old boys. I turned to my friend Jim in the middle of Coles' talk and said, "What if I don't like you?" to which he replied "I can live with that." I thought, "So can I." It is this sort of

insight to which the Southern mind, at least what we make up of it, should pay attention.

As do most people, yet characteristically in the South, we could turn our eyes from eyes, turn our conversation to the comfortable, and replace persons with issues, "hatred" with "prejudice" (universalizing the less passionate), *our own* activities with those of society or government. And we here at SW may also go the other way: replace persons with the power of humanist logic. When we elect Chandlers, Wallaces, and politicians who cannot talk to us, we do so. And at Southwestern we still leave our bubblegum and beer cans for those faceless black employees to pick up.

If the South is readily characterized by an impersonal posture or its past of inhumanity, I don't think it is alone—in fact it may be leading the nation, with other areas not out of sight behind us. But here it is a thing, of laziness, not yet fully machined to the efficiency of the industrial and bureaucratic age, though getting there, as Coles pointed out. It may be easier for the lazy to wake up than for the efficient to look up. *Sam Ervin* was the immediate pinprick in the comfortable self-consciousness of the weekend. Seeing eyes offended by boos, I thought 'What the hell do you know?' Maybe we heard something.

—Warren Kearney

Baby boom hits Southwestern faculty

The past few months have revealed a new trend among SW professors—that of parenthood and prepared childbirth. The most recent example is Professors Peter and Carol Eckstrom and their new daughter Ingrid Louise, who was born last Thursday at 11:33 at Methodist Hospital. She weighed 8

pounds 3 ounces. Professor Pete reports that she "looks kinda like Carol, has dark, probably blue eyes, a lot of hair, and is (of course) absolutely gorgeous."

As part of the prepared childbirth method, Peter Eckstrom was with Carol during delivery. He described his experience as something that happened all at once—a sudden overwhelming realization that the baby was actually being born. He adds, "I'm glad—couldn't be more happy. Everything's perfect."

Dr. Jim Vest and his wife Nancy also have a new daughter. Cecelia was born December 26 at Methodist Hospital weighing 8 pounds 2 ounces. Professor Vest says the importance of prepared childbirth is in knowing what to expect and in understanding what his wife is experiencing. He described the birth as a "holiday experience." Cecelia at 12 weeks now weighs 12 pounds and Prof. Vest says she "has already begun to

practice her French vowels."

On January 18 at 8:29 Dr. Wagner's wife Susan gave birth to a boy, Heyward Kenyon, weighing 6 pounds 11 ounces; he now weighs a little over 11 pounds. "He looks like me," said Dr. Wagner, ". . . well, really like my grandfather—their teeth are in the same condition." He added, "Babies are neat; they're fun to have around. . . Professors enjoy seeing people say something that they remember hearing for the first time. That's what drew me to teaching. So it's neat for me to watch what I must have gone through. . ."

That about covers the baby epidemic among SW professors. Congratulations you all and best wishes to Ingrid, Cecelia, and Heyward. Professor Llewellyn's wife is due with their baby; details when she is born.

—Martha Mitchell

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The hole story: making a clean breast of it

A few notes this week. Tom Kepple tells me that the pool is ahead of schedule, at least slightly. Some signs of improvement are apparent: a little preliminary landscaping, some holes dug for the pipes, and the metal flangings for the siding give hope that the hole will soon be ready for entry.

Flunk Eastham continues to ride his bike over the edge into the diving well in an effort, he says, to prove that man does not float on air alone.

Dan Searight was caught several nights ago attempting to paint the gray cement in peculiar motifs of stripes and Sanskrit letters with a particularly non-committal orange paint. He was led away chained to the back of the Cushman giggling softly and intermittently, sources

said and muttering something.

No peacock feathers have been found despite several flushings of the hole; however, numerous curly facial hairs were found lodged in the drain pipes and gratings. It is thought that Scott in actuality was fleeing from a piece of fried chicken, attempting to bury his head in the nearest cistern of un-flourinated water. He had not been found for comment at this writing (thank God).

Today we shall do as Scott suggested, that is, pull heads out of water to discover what there is to see and do, or at least initiate, above water. This means talk about S-E-X, though of course we shall never mention the word.

In America, the hole and swimming in general are great

studies in visual s-x, where Pepsi frees us from food and political concern, where Coppertone frees 80% of us from our racial background and the other 20% from lighter than blue palms, and Playtex Stay-Free Maxi's free the souls for half of us. It is also the final test of our diets, our Universal machine, and our inner I.

And it is the classic launching pad for that finest of American personal experiences, the Summer Romance, happening for all season. Here we may legally and selfrighteously peel off our inhibitions in cautious layers as we carefully try on bathing suits of ever greater brevity, in hopes that we meet Mr. or Ms. Right whose layers are just a few more absent than ours, and who knows how to French kiss. In short, it is a place to Lech. To enter this extra-aquatic world, we must begin at the beginning. We must learn to look.

Today we discuss male watching, from pool and lounge chair. In order to inject credibility, I introduce my bubbly assistant, Suzy Swing, who will teach the rudiments of this basic skill:

"Hi there youse all! Oooh, ah'm so glad, that hunk Worn is letting me tell youse how to go about watching other hunks on the hole deck. This is almost as much fun as trying to get Worn to go with me to the voting booth. (Aw shut up. There's no election for months, you stupid...) (Hush gorgeous, and get me a Pepsi) (Jeez. Give 'em the vote, everything goes to pop).

Now listen close. The first thing to remember is that we don't want the one or one's that you're looking at to know about it. Now, there are two places to look from. The best place is from the side of the pool while you're resting with your arms out of

water and your head sort of resting like you were tired or had your eyes closed, see? Ah wear sunglasses so's nobody can see where my eyes go. Worn says this is stupid, since nobody goes swimming with sunglasses on and then everybody will know what ahm doing. But ah say look at Stevie Wonder: ah'll bet he wears sunglasses when he goes swimming! (Dumb damn yankee.) (Hush up and rub my back) Anyway, once they can't see your eyes, the next thing to do is to casually swim up like you were tired, rest, and begin glomming what there is to glom.

Now the position of the sun is important, cuz it depends on which end of the victim--er, hunk, that you want to look down. If you're a face girl, you naturally want to swim away from the sun, since the hunk is going to be sunbathing facing the sun.

Me, Ah choose the end with the highest mountains, and that depends on the individual. If that happens to be the feet end then it's extra good, cuz you can see this hunk lying there unsuspecting, his nostrils flaring as he breathes. Better not to make too much noises, unless you're really hot to trot, and even then he might be the shy type. If that's the case... (Later, babe-get on with the visual) (Promise Ah can do it later?) (Yeah, yeah)

Okay, that's good for when they are lying down. When they are sitting up or swimming around or playing, then there are certain places that it is better to be at than others for the best view. Ah've got two favorite places. One is a lounge chair near the diving-board end of the pool, lying down facing the pool on my stomach with the back of my bikini top undone. Hunks are

always coming over to the board to play or show off for us in general, and they'll especially come over and play around the board if they see your bare back. This is especially good for those of you who don't have a whole lot up top, cuz the hunks can't tell anyway but some over cuz they think you might.

The other place is in the pool, at the side near the deep end, or in any corner deep enough for you to float in. Ah lie back and try to keep just barely beneath the surface of the water. This does a lot more than a bare back to get hunks to walk by, and once again you either near a natural center of looking action, or you've got a good view of most of the pool, as well as the hunks walking by.

You gotta remember that if it's looking you want, then you got to be completely natural and not let on that that's what you're doing. You got to pretend to be cool, together, like you're there all by yourself on some neat, mysterious vacation waiting to meet some gorgeous older man and go dining in some small beach side cafe. Then the hunks will think you're really too cool, maybe even divorced or something, and not try to pick you up right away. Now, when you've picked one that you really like...

Well, that's enough for today. More on the world of sucked-in tummies and cocoanut oil next time. Suzy may be back soon (YOU PROMISED!!!!) (All right, all right) to talk about hole-side fashion or whatever. Coming up: the male looker, how to be cool by the pool and not be a wet fool (or the three chord serenade for beginners).

Modestly yours,
Warren Kearney

Basketball season ends: ...then there's next year

Another season of Southwestern basketball has come to an end. This year ended with high hopes for next year. Although they played their last seven games (which Steve Minor has covered (?) for me in my absence) with the best basketball they played all season, they only managed to win three of them. Although this wasn't that bad an effort, there was not a person on the team or connected with the team that felt that SAM would lose any of the seven. With Mark Carroll and Smitty Charlton back in action, the team had just begun to jell.

The first games in which the Cats came together occurred during mid-term break. The Lynx had back-to-back home games Feb. 11 & 12 against Principia and Trevecca. With a surprisingly good crowd, SAM came back from a 34-42 halftime deficit to whip Principia by 20, 91-71. Big David MAC Williams led all scorers with 22 while Bobby Ford had 18 that night.

Saturday night (February 12) the Lynx danced over Trevecca, to the music of their band, as again McWilliams led the team in scoring with 25 points. But the hero was Smitty Charlton who came out of the deep recesses of the unknown to score 16 points including some fantastic board work. We won the game 88-82.

Then we lost four in a row, despite great work by all the players, especially Willie Hulton who averaged 20 points and about 15 rebounds in our last six games. The story remained the same, we out-scored them in the field and in the second half, but we always had too little free throw power, too late. The scores were: Lambuth 80-95; Sewanee 79-81; Milsaps 83-84; Centre 82-83 in overtime, which was

a heartbreaker.

There was only one word for it - disgusting. The team went to Principia for the final game of the year. We all appreciated the hospitality they showed us as we took the game from them 100-85. The game was not as close as the score might indicate. That game was very enjoyable for the whole team, and the coach especially!

As I said, although the season might be viewed as disappointing to some, Coach Hilgeman is looking to the future. "I believe we can have a great basketball program here. I just wish to thank the faculty, staff and especially the student body for their greatly appreciated support this year. We were always aware that you were behind us 101% this year." A message came from President Daughdrill, commending our cagers. I guess I'll have to join in saying 'good job guys' - we appreciated and enjoyed your spirit and determination this year. Extra recognition goes to the only Senior Joe Meals.

Angelo White

The women's basketball team missed part of Dilemma but gained a title for their loss. They finished fourth in the Tennessee College Women's Sports Non-ALAW State Tournament. Their record on their trip to Jackson was 3-1.

On Thursday, March 3 the girls started off by defeating Knoxville College 59-52, but lost later on to Tennessee Wesleyan 46-76. On Friday they felled both Lincoln Memorial, 54-44, and Maryville College, 69-48. Good work girls. Now boys...

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Dilemma speakers give their insights on the New South

Cont. from Page 1

articles written on the South. She relates a view of the South that is fresh and relevant. We need more authors like her.

Considerable concern was directed towards the rise of the "New South" by Paul Hemphill, journalist and novelist. Friday night he stated that this "New South" is nothing new. "It's been going on for the last 20 years," he said as he proceeded to trace the rise of Southern prominence since 1930.

He spoke optimistically of the South's future since the inauguration of President Carter and feels that the "degrading image of Southerners as anti-intellectuals and 'good old boys'" will now disappear. He did, however, express concern for the preservation of the South's heritage under such changes.

Robert Coles, the Harvard child psychiatrist, returned to Southwestern as part of the weekend's Dilemma program to speak of matters that "transcend the South." In keeping with his presentation during third term last year as part of the "American Values in Crisis" class, Coles spoke of the "struggle for existence" which Southerners

share with people all over the world.

After apologizing for his harsh words last year, the doctor proceeded to blast the forces of American society. "The South is a part of America, and what goes on in Washington, the state of Washington, or Wyoming, or New England, or Illinois, goes on here: a few with a lot, many with very little." Coles attacked the elite of all races, the flight to private schools, universities, churches, and federal support of injustices. Coles expressed hope, however, in the idealism of some Americans, the return of the Populist movement, and the new Southern President. He also had considerable praise for the Southern novelist Walker Percy.

Coles saw the New South in terms of psychotherapy replacing whiskey and in terms of the influx of Northern-based insurance companies, hotels, law firms, and industry.

Drummond Ayres, Atlanta Bureau Chief of the New York Times, expressed different hopes and worries for the future South. Mr. Ayres provided a realistic insight into problems of poverty, racism, and inadequate schools that plague the South despite its recent economic surge and warned against overrating these recent achieve-

ments.

"The main problem with the New South is Northern mistakes in Southern settings" he said and contended that the South is already being ruined by "junk food joints" and lack of adequate planning. Cheers and clapping filled FJB as Mr. Ayres stated that the South, however, will never lose its "soul" and "we will continue to drink RC colas and eat Moon Pies." He called his address a "downer" because as he said, "situations in the South are going to get worse before they get better."

If one were to see Cleauth Brook he would see a pleasant mild-mannered man with a cherub-like face; he might easily be mistaken for anyone's father or grandfather. He seems to have about him none of the presumptuous attitude often attributed to men of his scholarly background. However, when he opens his mouth to speak, the qualities of a highly educated, highly intelligent professor emanate from him.

Those who heard Mr. Brooks speak on Saturday night or Sunday afternoon were allowed the privilege of hearing one of the best known critics of Southern literature, a topic which would seemingly interest

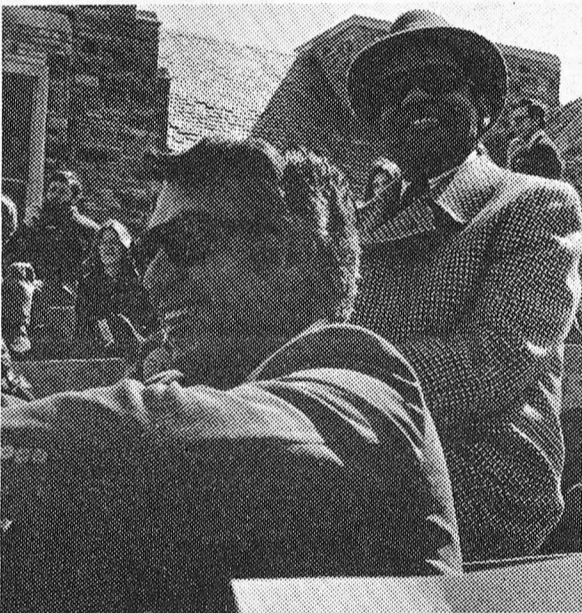
many from this area. Mr. Brooks is probably best known for his interpretive work *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*, yet he has also helped compile several anthologies. In fact, Mr. Brooks spoke with ease and familiarity on several Southern authors during his speech Saturday night. In particular his talk was a discussion of the differences between so-called "local colorists" and those Southern writers who are more universal in their reach. Mr. Brooks distinguished the local colorists as those writers whose purpose in describing uniquely Southern traits in characters seems merely to point out peculiarities of their way of life. Mr. Brooks used as an example the treatment of poor Southern whites. He read three enjoyable examples of Southern authors whose purpose was not to point out peculiarities, but to use these peculiarities in such a manner as to bring about a realization (on the part of the reader) of the universality of man. As examples of this type of writing, he chose a short story by Eudora Welty, a poem by Robert Penn Warren, and a story by William Faulkner. The examples he read to support his clarification between the two types of writers were probably

unfamiliar to most of the audience, and therefore listening to them was easy and interesting.

Mr. Brooks' talk on Sunday afternoon, although his topic was narrowed from the general subject of Saturday night, was equally as entertaining, despite the distractions of wandering and barking dogs. In this talk Mr. Brooks briefly treated the topic of the Romantic here in Southern literature. His talk concentrated mainly on William Faulkner's characters Gavin Stevens and Quentin Compson. Even if one had not read the books in which these characters appear, the discussion of their idealization and misunderstanding of Southern women must have struck familiar chords within those who were born in the South. On the topic of romantic love, Mr. Brooks labeled himself as a "moderate," one who hopes it will maintain its existence and yet grow into something deeper and more meaningful. Although he pointed out this may not be possible if the careless industrialization and destruction of the Southern way of life which we now observe continues.

As for Senator Ervin, H. Scott did such a good account that what was received for this article was dropped. See page two for that. . .

Dilemma in pictures: an essay of impressions



With promising weather and expectations Dilemma was kicked off by Aaron Henry's equalitarian idealism. . .



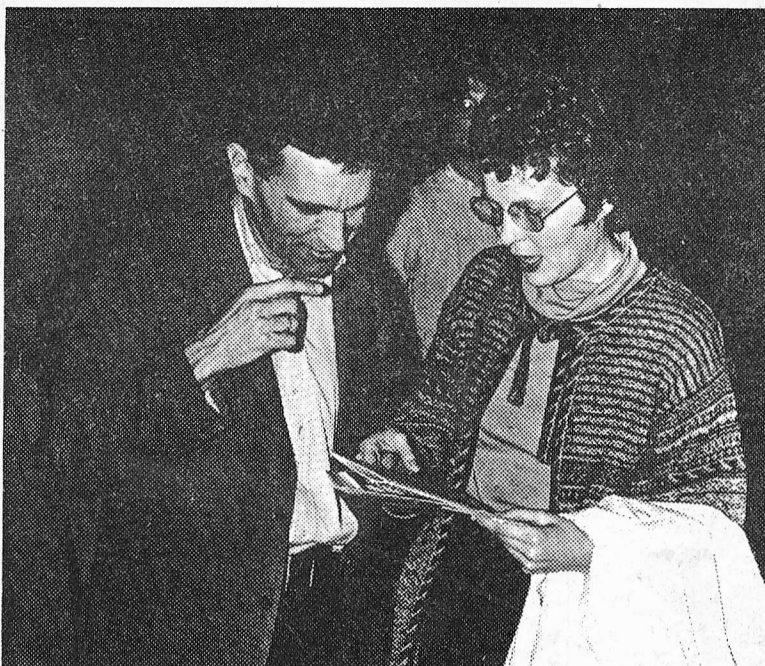
. . .and his personable manner.



Next, Wilma Dykeman displayed her tempered wisdom of caution and promise for the South.



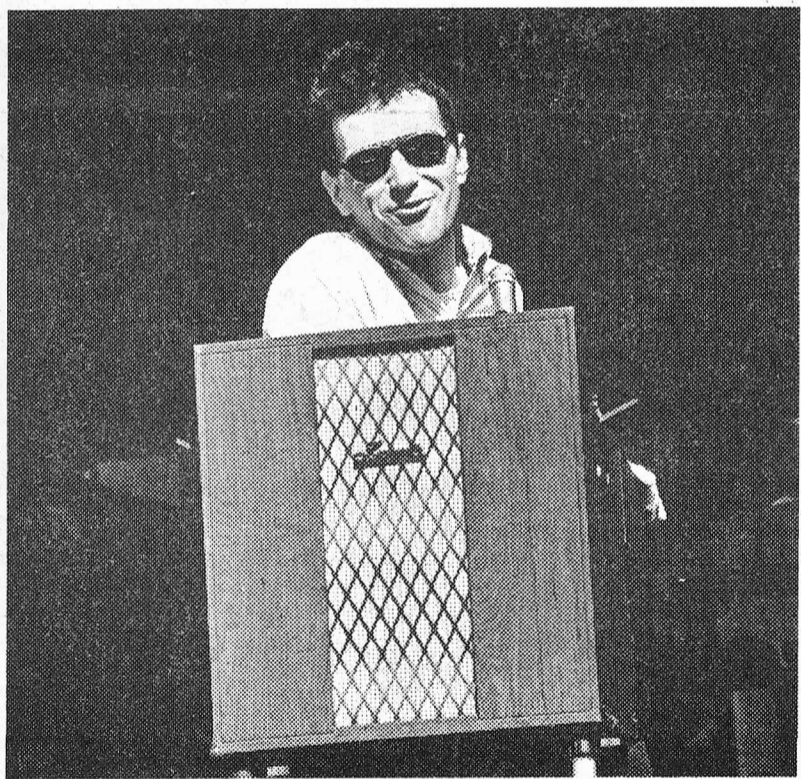
That night Paul Hemphill introduced us to his theme of the "good ol' boys" view of Southern culture. . .



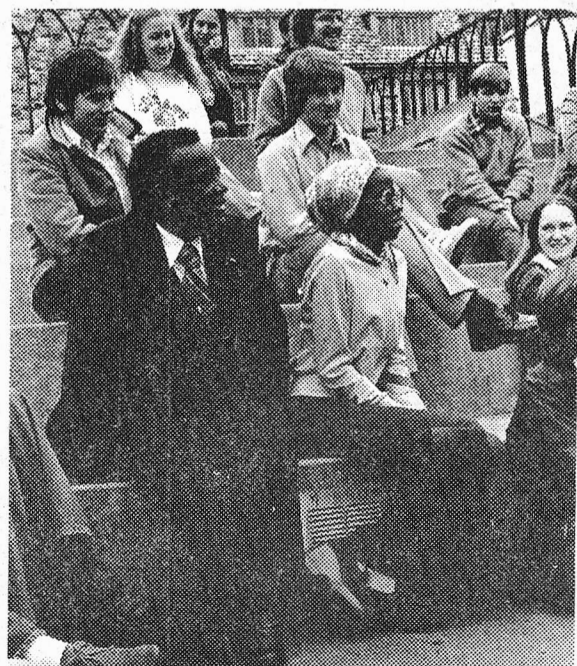
. . . followed by Robert Coles. . .



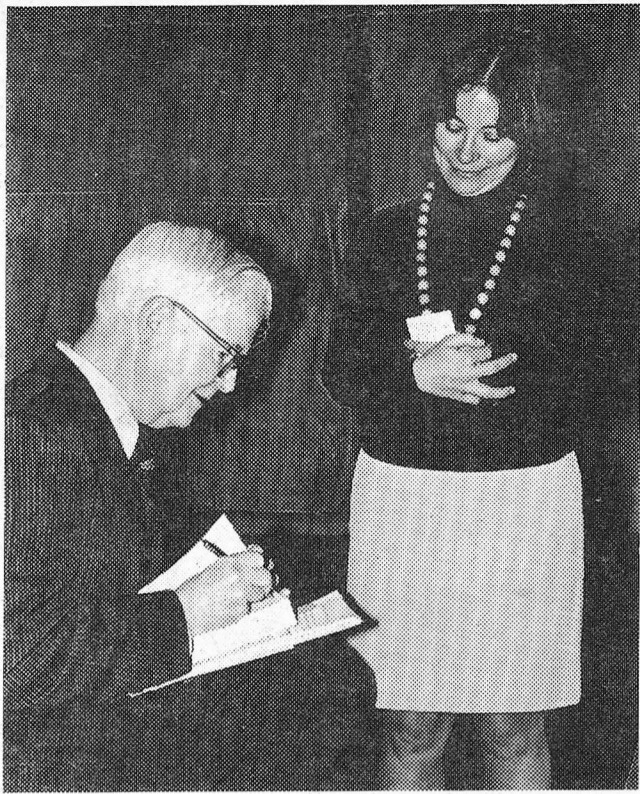
. . . and then a reception in the Pike house where speakers met informally with interested people.



Saturday morning Robert Coles expounded on his unique Yankee insights.



Saturday afternoon Paul Hemphill showed that he himself was a "good ol' boy" and that idealists could agree.



Cleanth Brooks entertained a crowded gymnasium Saturday night with interpretations of Faulkner.



Questions fielded from the audience elucidated Senator Ervin's opinions as he spoke his mind on ERA and other issues. . .



. . .and demonstrated how he acquired the title "respected."

A reception in the East Lounge followed with informal discussion.

