

The Sou'wester

Southwestern at Memphis

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March 14, 1978

King wins in close SGA presidential race

With ten elections to run last week, the Election Commission was kept very busy, as were those who voted—trying to sort out who was running for what and when to vote where. Last week was also a surprising week for some, as Chris King a late entry into the SGA Presidential race and an independent, beat Tom Parrish and Gary Minor for the post in close voting. What can be inferred from this is not definite, although it may indicate that the major "divisions" on campus are not between Greeks and independents but between and among the Greeks. Anyway...

In other elections the results were as follows: SGA VP—Larry Glasscock over Peter Cobb; Honor Council President—Phil Mischke over Alice J. Smith; SRC President—Carolyn Crenshaw; SGA Treasurer—Bart Spencer (unopposed); Board of Trustees Representatives—Ralph Jones, Dan Cogswell, and Carolyn Crenshaw (again! Won't she be a "busy girl" next year!); Social commissioners—Billy Kennedy, Ray Methvin, Scott Jarriel, David Shouse, and Mirnie Fountaine (a mixed bag to provide

"something for everyone"); Welfare Commissioner—Steve Anderson; Athletic Commissioners—Ellen Geiger, Sue Olsen, and Marlee Mitchell; and Religion Commissioners—Nancy Dorman and Carol Stephens.

This was the first year a second voting booth was utilized and we must congratulate the Election Commission for this breakthrough. The second poll was placed just north of the main door of the refectory while the first, as usual, was in the Student Center. Many people felt this might bias the election turn out in favor of some candidates, i.e. those "from the north side." Perhaps in some it did; but in one, the SGA Presidential race, it made no difference. (One possibility the Election Commission should consider in light of this is two booths in the refectory, one for "each side"—SPM).

Board of Trustees election results contested

An editorial report by Deck Reeks and Steve Minor

For better or worse the suspense and bewilderment of last weeks elections is past, or almost. The two main sources of confusion were the closeness of the races, in many instances, and the whole system of preferential voting. In fact, these two factors can be and in these elections were related. Case in point: the Board of Trustee Representatives election, which was "frozen". What does that mean? Said

Elections Commissioner Bart Spencer, "I don't wish to comment on it at this time....Many things about this election didn't jive." If the Commissioner does not know what is going on, how can we be expected to?

What happened was this: sixteen people were running for three positions as Representatives; we were asked to vote for our top seven choices; but in distilling the votes, the number of abstentions in the

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The Remaining Elections

- March 14—Election Commission reps
—Honor Council reps
- March 16—SRC reps
—Pub Board reps
- March 21—SGA class reps
- March 23—Pub Board Commissioner
—WUB (open as of now).

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THE SOU'WESTER

EDITOR Stephen Minor
 BUSINESS MANAGER Rich Brown
 CIRCULATION Greg Hughes
 PHOTOS John Worden, Kathryn Carver,
 Deck Reeks, Kathleen Smith and many more
 whose names I've forgotten
 STAFF Kelly Bass, Kevin Jagoe,
 Jill Johnson, Eva Guganheim, Alice J. Smith,
 David Dwiggin, Martha Mitchell, Buck
 Thompson, Edward Wheatley.

Preparing for departure

"All things must pass" and "Too much of a good thing..." are two sayings with which we are all familiar. They are brought to mind at the end of an era, the passing of a great President, and other such occasions. Not too long from now we shall be faced again with the opportunity to utter those words, or words of wrathful indignation, as the case may be, for I, the Great and Powerful Oz, must be exposed as nothing more than ordinary and crawl out of my hole, the *Sou'wester* office in the basement of the Student Center.

This is my second-to-last paper; the last issue under my editorship and of the term will be out March 28, the Tuesday before exams. That shall also be the April Fool's edition, since it is closest to that date. Anyone who wishes to contribute may do so. See Oz or just turn them in by 5:00 p.m. Sunday afternoon, March 26.

By CHARLES SALLIS

A fine Sunday afternoon. It's a fine Sunday afternoon to spend in the library. I know that sounds strange, but if I tell you a few things it will be easier to understand.

There is a greyness around this day. It is cloudy, and a bit cooler than it has been the two days previous. Although I woke up at noon (thanks to some over-exuberant partying at the SAE house late Saturday night) and missed lunch (which isn't bad at all), my head is clear and I have no physical reminders of last night's excessiveness.

The walk from my dorm to the library today was fine. The hint of chill in the air did not prevent the birds from singing their cheerful song. In some grassy areas I saw spots of green. Sometimes there is no greater feeling than the one anticipating Spring. Warm weather, smiles are more prominent on faces, we're breaking out of the shackles of second term.

On the way over here I saw Ted Palles and Ray Methvin. They were cheerful, as usual. Palles made some remark about last night. What could I do? I only laughed. Judging from the expression accompanying his remark, I decided that Palles didn't need Spring's advent as an excuse to smile.

This campus can be strikingly beautiful, even on a grey, chilly Sunday afternoon. The squirrels are, without fail, always out, running, playing, eating; they rarely do nothing.

Random Abstractions

One little fellow scampered across the sidewalk in front of me, only to stop a few feet hence and look at me. I returned his gaze, and there we were. For one moment, there was nothing else in this world but that squirrel and me. I cannot imagine

that squirrel having that same thought, but for a second I looked into its eyes and it looked into mine, and a peculiar feeling swept over me. Then, the squirrel twitched its nose and scampered off. I walked on to the library.

Yes, it is a good day to study, or write or think. Even as I write this, the day is not so grey at all, for sunlight is streaming in, if only for a short time, through the windows here in the library.

The other day, Thursday, I saw a professor I had not seen in awhile. Class schedules for Term III had come out, and my friend Steve and I sat in front of Mr. Turpin's office, talking and trying to decide what we should take.

I had just finished telling Steve why I had to take this class under a certain professor when the very person I was speaking of walked into view. Immediately I jumped up (no doubt startling my friend) and began speaking to the man, trying to explain why I had to have him for the third term class he teaches (his classes always close out soon).

Alas, I fear I may have embarrassed him (and myself) with my sudden explosion. I did not mean to,

yet my enthusiasm swept my senses aside, and for a moment, I suppose I seemed very self-centered. It was at last determined that unless I could register for the class before it closed out, I would have to accept the consequences.

The man had been my instructor in freshman English, and in its sequent, English 152. There was something about him, an atmosphere, or a sense of something surrounding him that made him unique. I cannot describe; I doubt if anyone can. But those who have had him as an instructor will know what I am trying to say.

He never came to class with a prepared lecture. At first, this staggered my mind—I was only a freshman. Soon I discovered that he needed no lecture, prepared or otherwise. There was something always in him that surpassed needing a lecture.

Somedays he would enter the class, distinguish a face in the crowd, and ask the student, "Well, what do you want to talk about today?" Once he asked me, and I was caught so unexpectedly that I could not even mumble; I only shrugged. I felt like a fool.

We read poems in a way I never thought poems could be read. We did not graze over passages as we had in high school; each word, each phrase contained an experience the poet had felt. We were determined to discover each sensation.

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Present Use of Preferential System Questioned

Continued from page 1.

election rose quickly, thereby confusing tabulations of votes and bringing into question the whole election. Still confused? So are we.

The Election Commission's Constitution states that when an election has three or more candidates running, the vote must be preferential. Concerning that system is says: *Preferential voting: If the preferential system is employed for an election in which there are "x" positions to be filled, "x" of each voter's choices shall be counted as first place votes. If there are no candidates with a majority vote of two-thirds, the candidate having the least number of votes of shall be eliminated; in the case of two or more candidates being tied with the least number of votes, both shall be eliminated in alphabetical order. Each vote for the eliminated candidate shall be counted as a vote for the candidate numbered "x plus 1". If the candidate numbered "x plus 1" has been eliminated, then the vote shall be counted for the candidate numbered "x plus 2". Should two or more candidates be tied for the least number of votes, after first elimination, the one with the least number of first place votes shall be eliminated first. This process shall continue until "x" number of candidates have received a majority or until there are only "x" number of candidates remaining. Each ballot shall be counted only up to "2x plus 1"; after that it shall go as an abstention. Improperly marked ballots shall be counted as an abstention unless the voter's intentions are obvious.*

Ah! You are still confused? Let's take an example out of last week's SGA Presidential election. "2x plus 1" votes is three votes, so we were asked to vote preferentially for Chris, Gary and Tom. The low man gets dropped and his ballots are then taken and reexamined. The second choices on his ballot are counted and added to the totals of the other two. Thus what happens is a combined primary-run-off election, for it is assumed that those who voted for the top two candidates will again vote for them and the only votes that matter are those cast for the low man. And here is how that actually happened:

Chris King 213 — add 83 to get 296
 Tom Parrish 207 — add 67 to get 274
 Gary Minor 200 — dropped
 Abstentions 10 — add 50 who did not vote preferentially

And this works, and works well, with the possible exception that improperly marked ballots anywhere else are declared invalid and are not counted. Hence those who voted for a first choice only should not get their votes counted. That could change the results!

Now the preferential system is effective on three conditions: 1) the voters understand how it works, 2) they utilize it when they vote, and most importantly 3) when they are casting votes for all who are running! This article is trying to amend the first problem; the second can be handled by the afore-mentioned process of disqualifying all improperly marked ballots; but the third is trickier. Its importance can be noted in the past election of the

Board of Trustees Representatives.

According to the Elections Constitution, with three seats to be filled we can vote for "2x plus 1" or seven people. That leaves nine whom we say nothing about. Sixteen people ran. What happens when one or more of those nine become the leading vote-getters in an election? Our vote goes as an abstention when indeed we may have a preferential interest in that (those) candidates. Therefore our interest is neglected out of our initial preferences and we no longer have a say in an election in which we voted! In the Board election this is what happened, so that over one-third of the final tabulation was abstentions. *And that, we claim, invalidates the election!*

What is perhaps more disturbing about this problem is that is was anticipated, passively, by our beloved Elections Commissioner. Passively, we claim, because he did nothing to try to make provisions that would correct it. What could he do? One very simple thing: run that election as a primary and hold a run-off later. That one-third of those who voted deserve, indeed demand, to be heard, for they can change the results drastically. If we vote for seven, take the top seven in this election and run again, voting preferentially again, to determine which of those seven will be elected by those voting, not by those voting for those particular seven people!

Another example: last January 26 in an SGA at-large representative election, Marsh Acker won the first

round vote with 108, second going to Kats Smith with 94, and a host of other candidates farther back. In the second round the vote came to Acker 148, Smith 173, with 80 abstentions! The Elections Commission, it seems, would be able to recognize problem here, for the balance of that election really lay in the 80 people whose votes did not get counted.

The only conclusion we can draw is that the Commission has grossly neglected their duty and/or has no

Run-off requested for "frozen" election

Article IX, Section 1 of the By-Laws of the Elections Commission states: "Any member of the Student Body has until four o'clock p.m. one week following an election to question, contest or appeal the results of the election." As a member in questionable standing of the Student Body, I hereby exercise that power and ask that the Board of Trustees election be declared unsettled, pending a run-off election of the top seven candidates.

The reasons are several, the primary one being the question of the preferential system used, as addressed in Deck's and my earlier

insight into election processes. They are using a system, a theoretically good one at that, in such a way that most of the voters do not understand it, and are not heard through it. The plain and simple fact is that an election won by less than 1% of the vote with more than 1% eventually being counted as abstentions is invalid! Clearly the time has come to reevaluate and change our system.

We hereby charge the Commission with that task before the elections on March 21!

article. I do not think any further argument needs to be made concerning that point. However I also add as one of my reasons the practice of giving door prizes, i.e. beer, to voters. The purpose, we were told, was to lure more voters to the polls, which it may or may not have done. But in fact that practice is entirely contrary to the entire principle of voting, and should be condemned, for it puts the election in question as a matter of principle. Our election process is in danger of becoming a sham. None of us wants that.

Stephen P. Minor



Mr. John Johns, as Assistant Professor of Music at the Peabody School of Music, will give a free classical guitar concert Friday night at 8:00 in Hardie. Included on his program are Fantasia X by Mudarra, Suite in E minor by Bach, Sonata in A major by Diabelli, Impromptus by Bennett, and Five Preludes by Villa-Lobos.

Mr. Johns, a graduate of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, was influenced early in his career by Chet Atkins and was student of Aaron Shearer, a major figure of the classical guitar world. In addition to many TV and radio appearances, he has given numerous solo recitals and has performed with groups such as the Blair String Quartet.



Big Band Sounds returned again as the River City Orchestra played for the 40's Dance over Parents Weekend. Young and Not-so-young swung alike between rest stops for cold champaign.—Photos by Jana Files and Mary Tuck



Talk of the Townies: Musings on winter's passing

By TIM LOGUE

The snow melts, clothing thins, spirits thaw, and the towny emerges from his winter hibernation. It's been a tough season for all of us warm-blooded Southerners, but the towny has borne a particularly hard lot these past months.

For one thing the towny must brave the raw elements every school day, whether his pilgrimage be by foot, bike, or auto. Snow and ice may prompt visions of stranded professors and cancelled classes, but it also means extra work for us.

The least effected and most protected is that bourgeois towny who commutes by car. The few extra minutes to warm up the contraption, scrape the windshield, and slow down for ice completes his transportation troubles. But woe to that primitive modern who goes it by foot or pedal. Every wintry morn portends frozen extremities and a gnawing disillusionment with the back-to-Nature movement.

The dorm flourishes ignorant of such metaphysical conflict; he merely reciprocates Nature's indifference to man. The world is a huddle of warm, cozy buildings with short gusts of cold in between for invigoration. The closest he comes to discovering man's paltry role in the universe is a well-bundled foray

into the frozen wilderness of Overton Park or a Jack London short story by the fireside.

Inside his igloo, the towny is still pursued by the furies of low temperatures. A cold shower or chilly room is no mere annoyance to report to the dorm president but a symptom of impending catastrophe lurking beneath floor and walls, placated only by that elusive wraith the landlord. Even in respite-promising sleep the towny cuddles up to nightmares of frozen water pipes and lethal gas leaks.

More oppressive than the physical hardships of winter is the spiritual onus. The panorama of gray sky, street, and ice on the trip home can sap a day's learning of all its savor. And the towny's perennial vice, the self-imposed estrangement from the college community, is compounded by the struggle of getting from here to there. Campus attractions must prove themselves worthy of the "Mush, mush, mush," of winter travel before the towny harnesses his dogs to the sled.

Its winters like these that make the cloistered existence of our more sedentary peers so attractive to the towny. Our pride in playing grown up melts against the warm bosom of Ma Southwestern and we snuggle closer like orphaned kids.

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Once, the professor said to us, "The poem is not the words on the page. The poem is not only feelings the poet had. The poem is an experience." I think he said that more than once.

He made us write. Maybe he would read us a poem, re-read it, then say, "Tell me what you think that means." Then he would walk out of the room, leaving us to struggle with whatever interpretations we had gathered from the reading. Or he might tell us to write about a short story he had assigned us.

He urged us to write, and write well. Once, twice, three times over a period of two terms he told us to go outside during the class period, find a secluded place on campus, and record any observations we made during the hour we were there. What a strange exercise, and yet, what an exercise that could be so rewarding! At times my heart did overflow with passion for the things I observed so clearly, yet remained oblivious to during the course of a day. Once, tears flowed from my eyes at the new realization.

And the important thing is, no matter what he said, or did, or read, there was always a freshness, a newness, something I had rarely experienced in a learning situation.

I did not mean to make a fool of myself the other day. What I keep in mind is the thought that I may not be here for school after this year. A simple matter of economics makes that a possibility. As a result, my attitude reflects that, and I am more aware of things I had previously taken for granted.

If I am able to return next year, I can always bide my time until I can slip into a class before it closes. Next year is uncertain, and I always remember that. And if this seems selfish, well, it is my education...

One day, when I was in freshman English, the professor walked in. With him came an air of unease. I cannot describe it, but a feeling of uncertainty came over the class.

He ambled in, and leaned upon the desk. He crossed his arms and looked at us. Inside the classroom all was quiet. Outside, it was a grey, chilled day, much like today. Laughter had greeted his arrival, but it did not stay as it usually did, waiting for a chance (perhaps something he would say) to infect us all.

I think it was the expression on his face. There was a look of concern, maybe anxiety, and a touch of sadness. I had never seen it like that. A strange feeling crept into my stomach.

He began to speak in a soft voice. Some strained to hear and leaned forward.

He talked to us of writing, and what it means to write. He referred to some papers we had recently written in class.

In the midst of all he was saying, he stopped, and took a deep breath. Then, quietly, simply, he said, "You don't write well."

A hush fell over the room. I was stunned. Never had a teacher, with such simplicity and honesty, appraised my work. Perhaps the others in the class felt the same. But I was not outraged; I was confused, concerned.

What followed that evocation was

an impassioned, agonized, caring plea to all. Not just to us, the class, and not just to Southwestern at Memphis, but to the whole of humanity.

With an eloquence I felt few could surpass, the professor spoke of the attitudes of the modern world, the effect out technological knowledge had on our feeling for words, experiences, life. Not a sound was uttered during that ninety minutes but the quiet, complete voice of the one who stood before us.

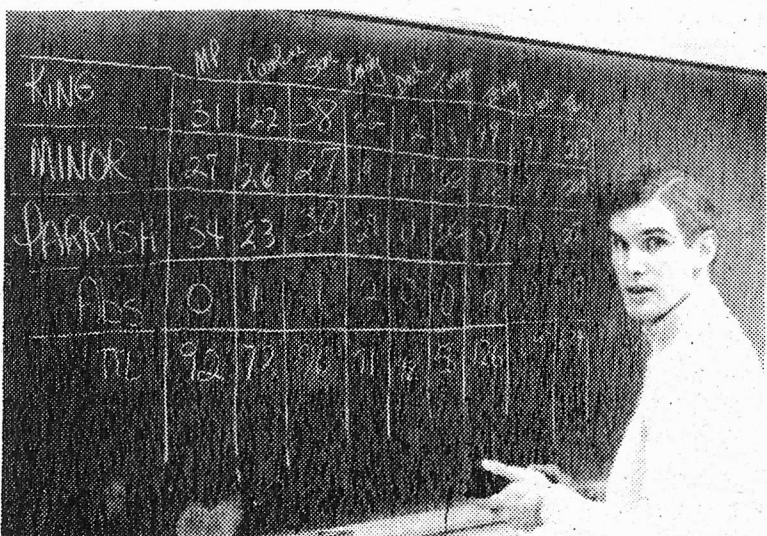
He gestured with his hands occasionally, but not in an awkward or wildly flailing manner. He criticized our writing, as one who understood that our shortcomings were not entirely our fault, that somehow television, and hurried life, and *Reader's Digest* had all had effect on the shaping of our minds.

Never had such a talk made such an impact on my thinking. It was not a talk, and it was not a lecture, for it surpassed all of the confines of a classroom.

What we were witnesses to was, in the greatest sense, a sharing. He shared with us what to him had become disillusion, visions which had become clouded, injustices that perplexed him. That day, I saw in his eyes only a fraction of what he had seen, and I was moved.

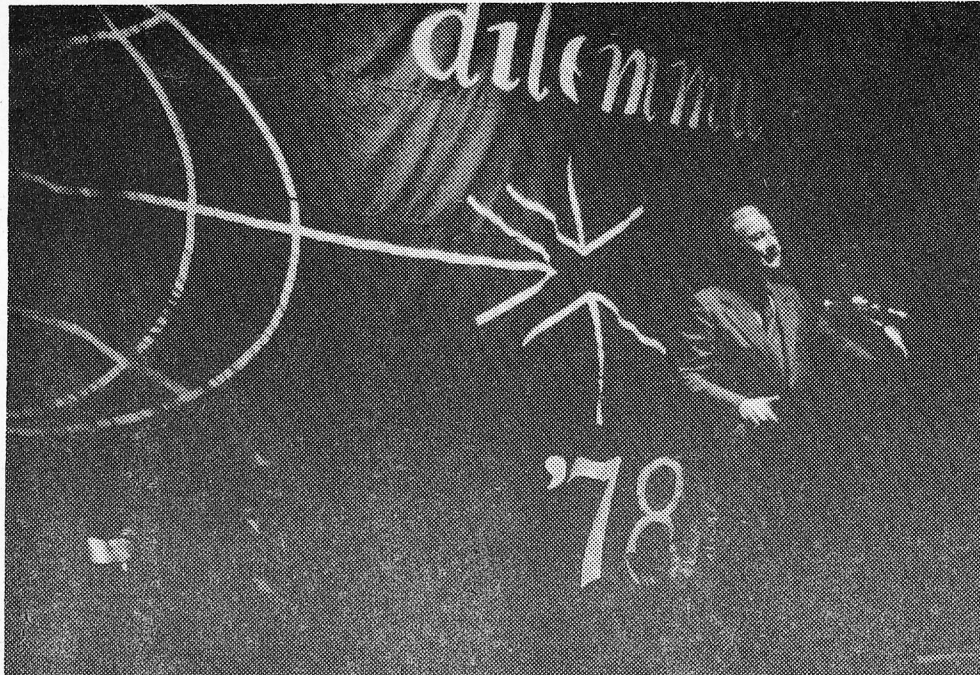
When he had finished, he stood there before us, silent. As I watched him, I saw one of his hands rise, and as it moved behind his glasses toward an eye, I thought I saw him wipe away a tear.

And I think, if nothing else, that one simple gesture justifies my wanting to have him for one more class.

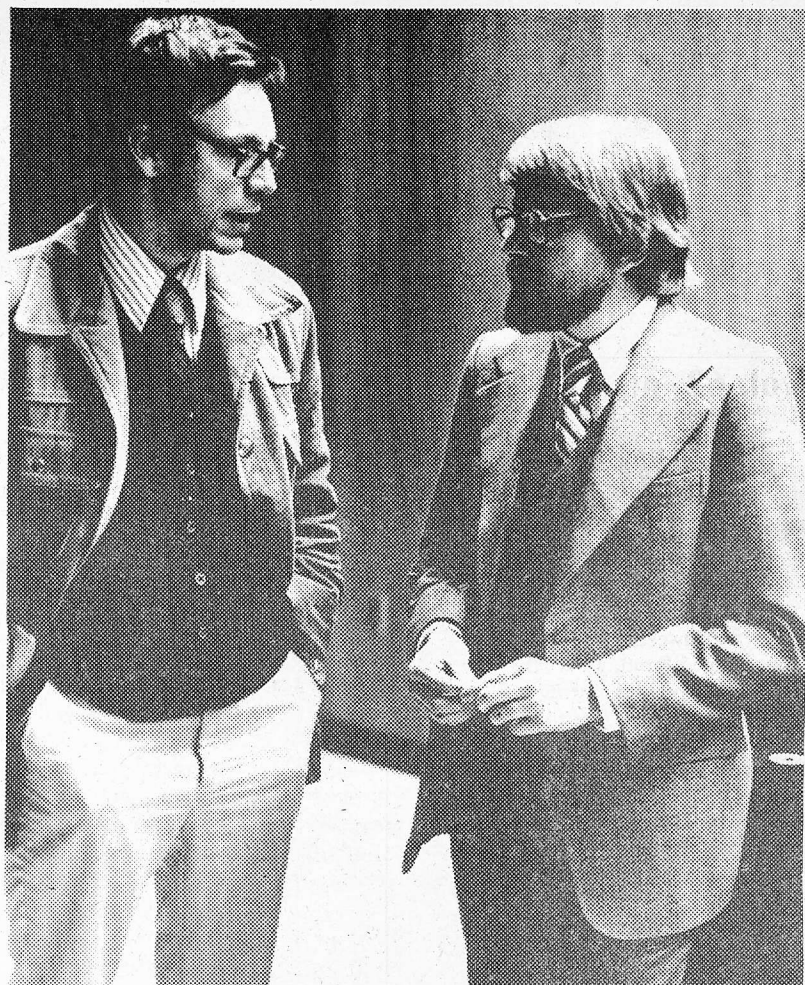


Counting the Votes

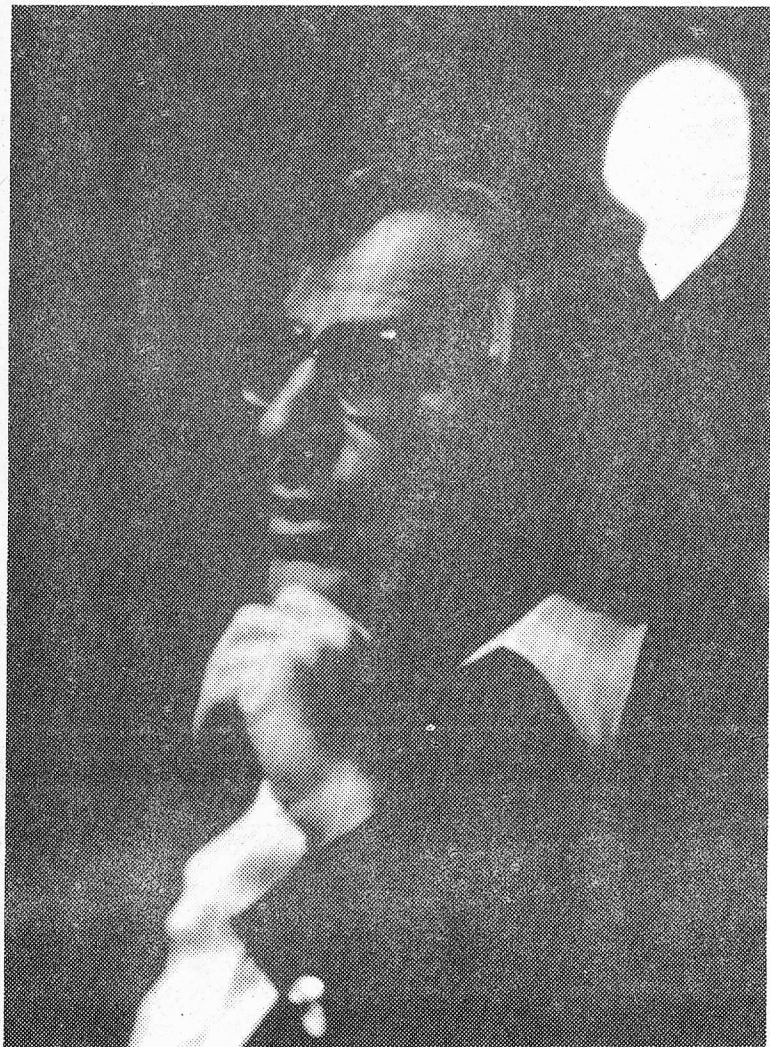
Photo by Deck Reeks



Senator Eugene McCarthy



Professor Lacy and Howard Romaine



David Halberstam



Rev. Jim Lawson and D'Army Bailey

Random Shots from Dilemma —by Deck Reeks

Lady Ray and Dan Cogswell assume role as Kinney coordinators

Kinney needs people for four projects:

- (1) Tutor needed for 14 year-old boy who is working on elementary reading and math. Any amount of time that could be offered would help.
- (2) A boy living near the Southwestern campus needs a "Next Friend". He has had a brush with the law and needs a friend with a good influence on his life.
- (3) Volunteers needed to help with

an Easter Egg Hunt for children from McLean Baptist Church Day Care Center. Hunt scheduled for Good Friday afternoon on campus.

- (4) Volunteers interested in being "clowns" and dressing as such for visits to children's centers and hospitals, nursing homes, etc. will meet in East Lounge at Break on Friday, March 17th. We will plan Term III activities. Contact Kinney Office, if interested

1978-79 Kinney Coordinators will be Lady Elizabeth Ray, who is continuing for a second year in this role, and Daniel Herbert Cogswell. Lady, a rising Senior, is from Houston, Texas, and is a Classics major. She has worked in the Kinney Program, not only as Coordinator, but in Planned Parenthood and in Girl Scouts. Lady is a member of Kappa Delta Sorority, First Generation and Southwestern Singers. Dan, a rising Senior, is from Atlanta, Georgia, and a Psychology major. Through the Kinney Program, he has tutored at White Station High School and read to the blind over WLYX. Dan's other activities include being President of SRC, an officer in his fraternity, Sigma Nu, and a cheerleader. The Kinney Program looks forward to their leadership and salutes Jim Singleton and Lady Ray for the fine direction given Kinney this year under their leadership as Coordinators.

David Granoff, Mike Watts, Greg Yeatman, Thomas Chu, Ralph Jones, Phil Mischke, Chris Christy, Mike Edwards, and Steve Belcher all have something important in common.

They do not all eat Fruit Loops

for breakfast (Ralph does!). They do not all ride skateboards (David does!). But they all do work in the Kinney program as Big Brothers. This means that they work with young boys ranging in age from 7-16 in a one-on-one relationship. The boys come from a fatherless home situation and the Big Brothers

attempt to provide the boys with a good male model. The activities shared by the boy and his Big

Brother are left up to the interest of the two and the benefits fall equally on both.

Thank you Big Brothers and keep up the good work!

Notes from the Library

The newspaper recycling project has gone extremely well so far. A big thank you to all of you who have participated.

You may have wondered what happened to the bin—let us explain. The Memphis Waste Paper Co. has asked to change the schedule to one week, Monday through Friday, each month. In March the bin will be here from Monday the 20th through Friday the 24th in the Library parking lot. Watch for posters in the mailrooms and the Refectory announcing the schedule for coming months. Or simply keep an eye out for the big 'Red, White & Blue' when it comes.

In case you have not been to the Reading Room of the Library—or the Fishbowl as some affectionately call it—it has been enhanced with two large art works. One is a Thurber print, which needs no introduction. The other is a bit more curious. The large (50" x 50") green painting entitled "Grasses" is an oil on canvas by Lowell Nesbit that was first exhibited at the Baltimore Museum of Art. It was presented to the college last December by Dr. Louis Wener of Washington, D.C., an alumnus of the class of 1955, who purchased it from the Museum. We are very grateful for his gift from his extensive and valuable collection.

