

EXTRA

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Warren rises to power; SWAM's Horatio Atzer

By Stephen P. Minor

The appointment of Charlie Warren to the post of acting Dean of the College last year raised a few eyebrows with surprise and a bit more of hope and relief. His appointment as official Dean of the College this year, President Daughdrill's "reshuffling" of the Administration, and his citing of the needs of the school for the future have raised more eyebrows, more questions, and more comments, most of them deservedly good. An excellent time for an interview with the Dean, thinks an editor. And so I went. What follows is a condensation of our conversation.

To begin with, Dean Warren feels very positively about his role as Dean in his still-limited exposure to that office; he is confident of his abilities in the future. He chose to be a candidate to fill-in for a year (last year) because he thought he had some ideas that he could further as Dean and because it would be a good experience to get involved in something different from teaching. It is, he said, "a chance to work in a different way."

He sees no conflict between being Dean and having been a professor. There are various ways to contribute to liberal learning, he points out. One is teaching, as he did for eleven years. But there is also some enjoyment to be derived in long-range planning and in meeting immediate needs. Being Dean provides this broader scope and a greater intensity in which to work. Note the word "enjoyment." It reveals in Dean Warren a personal commitment to the ideal of liberal learning, and a confident commitment, as I sensed all during the interview.

What is "liberal learning"? It is the recognition that all knowledge is interrelated and the pursuit of that knowledge in a general education; that is, one's college experience must be values-oriented, directed at

how one is to arrive at decisions, which are ultimately moral in nature, rather than fact-oriented, directed at the decisions that already have been made.

The three sub-committees of the Ad Hoc Committee on the '80's, one on retention and recruiting, one on the faculty and the educational program, and one on administrative effectiveness, have all made three-part reports of analysis, suggestions, and directions for implementing those suggestions. Work is well along from the first two's reports. The effects are already being seen in the admissions department and the suggested formation of another *ad hoc* committee to suggest specific changes in the faculty and the educational program is presently under consideration.

Some of the more general suggestions that have come from this second committee are to provide means of enrichment and retraining for the faculty and to provide them with more release time; others include wider offerings of freshman colloquia, interdisciplinary senior seminars that would counteract the tendency of "specialization" among seniors, and wider and better course evaluation.

When talking about student course evaluation, Dean Warren is quick to assert that the faculty *does* care about how the students feel about their classes. Courses are often evaluated by the individual faculty members for their own benefit, and any course evaluations are for the faculty's benefit primarily. Student evaluation can also be a valuable input for the administration in giving tenure, raises, and promotions, but are *not* the only input that must be regarded; faculty evaluations of each other and a professor's self-evaluation are examples of a supplementary information. Dean Warren also notes that the present methods of gaining

course evaluations have provided returns from only about 50% of the student body. Much wider representation is needed for the results to have any real validity.

Dean Warren was favorable toward the President's "reshuffling" of the Administration. The President sees a need to spend more time in development work and in the Capital Campaign, which, after all, are the primary duties of any college president. The new set-up is very workable; the existing division heads are very competent and the focusing of the Administration has "good logic" behind it. For instance, regarding his own new responsibilities, Dean Warren notes that while one's formal classroom activities constitute a major part of his education, his extra-curricular

activities are also important. Thus there is a certain logic in placing the central responsibilities in a single office, that of the Dean of the College. The same is true of the administration of the school. And

most importantly (and perhaps rarely found elsewhere), there is good cooperation among the various divisions and offices of the school (most of the time). That will encourage a continued relatively smooth operation.

Those of you who do not know Dean Warren should make the effort to get better acquainted. He is a friend of the students, a good liaison with the faculty, an apparently able administrator, and an invaluable asset to the school. Perhaps a lot of the hope for the school lies with him. I am impressed by him, and am confident, as is he, about his office.



photo by Bill Auth, Georgetown University

Georgetown president to speak on liberal arts

On February 27, the Rev. Timothy S. Healy, S.J. will be on campus. Rev. Healy is currently the President of Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. He will give a presentation on "How to Live with the Liberal Arts."

Rev. Healy has published two books on John Donne. He has held positions with Fordham University, the State University of New York, and The City University of New

York. He became President of Georgetown University in July 1976. Georgetown University is the oldest Catholic University in the United States, established in 1789.

Rev. Healy's talk will begin at 3:30 on February 27, probably in Hardie Auditorium. The public is invited (even Southwestern students) and there will be no admission charge.

Elections to be held through March; Petitions for all offices due soon

By Lili Chung

Alright, folks! This is your chance to look over what's coming up in elections. Hold a public office and get to know Southwestern better. There are many ways to be involved and this is one sure way of getting some things done—in other words: get off your duff!!

What do they do?
SGA President: Presides SGA meetings (weekly, biweekly, monthly ... sometimes, yearly, oversees and coordinates intercommission activities. Meets with key administrators and is one link between Palmer & faculty and student body. Can be a very busy and challenging job.

SGA Vice President: Well, what can I say? Becomes president when elected president is impeached, assassinated, drowned or otherwise removed from office (let's not get ideas, now). Helps president plan and oversee function of SGA; could also chair advisory committees such as Food Committee. Can be learning grounds and work.

SGA Treasurer: Keeps books, communicates with Cashier & Finance Office, chairs SGA Budget (Appropriations) Committee. Yes, organized; no, you don't need accounting.

Honor Council President: Runs trials involving violations of Honor Code, does pre-trial investigations. Candidate must be nominated by Council.

SRC President: Runs SRC meetings i.e. trials and policy making sessions. Needless to say, a powerful position. Candidates must be nominated by SRC.

SGA Commissioners:
a) Athletic: Biggest deal is

organizing Homecoming activities such as float contest, crowning of Homecoming Queen. Coordinates intramural sports throughout the year and eventually bus trips with our teams at their away games. Needs to be interested in sports and to work with athletic office and groups on campus. Budget: \$575.

b) Women's Undergraduate Board (WUB): Highlights activities involving women on and off campus such as Women's Weekend. Coordinates self-help clinics. Seminars are open to

Continued on Page 3

Energy money awarded soon; referendum vote planned

By Gary Minor

At the last forum for the allocation of the energy conservation funds, on Feb. 8, five requests were made, totalling \$4300. Because there is roughly \$2400 in the fund, some of the requests may not be honored.

Two of the requests were repeated from the first forum. *Dilemma* again requested \$1500 to cover their expenditures, some of which include movies and a magazine (for the first time). The New Southwestern Players resubmitted their request of \$500 to help cover the cost of the Renaissance Festival this year. It was pointed out that last year the Communications Arts Department underwrote the festival for \$700. This is the first year that the festival has asked for funds directly from the students.

Two student publications also

requested funds, the *Southwestern Journal* (\$400) and *Ginger* (\$400). The editors of these publications cited higher costs of printing and typesetting. The *Journal* is now capable of putting out a 20 page magazine, but with the extra \$400 the publication could be increased to 48 pages. *Ginger* pointed out that the publication of last year had a cost overrun of \$500 because of color copy and a perfect binding. Both editors seemed to feel that without these budget increases neither publication will be able to live up to the standards set by the Southwestern community.

The last request was one of longlasting value, that of a portable large-screen color T.V. It would be placed either in the Pub or the T.V. room upstairs. But as of press time (Sunday night) this request has been rescinded.

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THE SOU'WESTER

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Of local interest . . .

The Staff of the Burrow Library

This will be the week of the moviegoer. For those who love film, we have three coming up for you.

On Tuesday, February 21 at 8:00 pm in FJ-B, Ingmar Bergman's *The Passion of Anna* will be presented. This "is a terrifying vision of the future, not only of Bergman's world, but by extrapolation, of our own, a world populated by beings who are forever condemned to the silence of God." It has been described as "perhaps Bergman's most unsettling film." It stars Liv Ullmann and Max Von Sydow.

On Saturday, February 25 at 7:00 and 9:30 pm in FJ-B, *On The Waterfront* starring Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Eva Marie Saint. This is a powerful drama of crime and corruption on the docks. It costars Rod Steiger and Lee J. Cobb with music by Leonard Bernstein.

And then on Wednesday, March 1 at 8:00 pm in FJ-B, Sir Laurence Olivier's version of *Richard III*. It is produced, directed and stars Sir Laurence Olivier with the talents of Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sir John Gielgud. It is called "the most perfect translation of a Shakespeare play to film."

Admission to all of these films will be 50c.

The Social Commission presents The Sea Monkey Band every Tuesday night in the Student Center from 9:00 to 12:00. The band played once at Southwestern before Christmas and features Rob Jungklas, lead singer and guitarist, and Bunny Roberts Phelan, the band's female vocalist. David Grisham is the drummer, and John Chambliss is the bass guitarist. The Sea Monkey Band performs mostly original music, written by Rob, the lead singer, and they do an extremely fine job of it. The Sea Monkeys are currently in the process of recording an album which will include ten of Rob's songs, and which is sure to be a worthwhile investment. The band has a lot of energy and a lot of talent, so be sure to take a study break Tuesday night and check them out. You won't be disappointed.

KINNEY KORNER:

If you're looking for *Kathy Bruce*, *Stephanie Chambers*, *Deb Corley*, *Trinka Dykes*, *David Johnson*, *Kim Longmire*, *Martha Nixon*, *Beth Patton*, *Dale Schulze* or *Gloria White*, and if it's a Tuesday or Friday afternoon . . . you can find them at CRIPPLED CHILDREN'S SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL; they'll be busy helping children draw, paste, or cut-out in the art classes or enthusiastically urging children to sing in the music classes. Between classes they will help move the wheel-chairs in and out of the classroom. Thanks, people, for a job well done.

* Editor's note: each issue we will high-light a Kinney project and salute the volunteers working there. *By Jim Singleton, Lady Ray, Julia Allen*

problem is one which can be handled by him. But if not, then where would we be best advised to go? I do not suggest that every problem one might have may be solved by a full-time chaplain, far from it. I do suggest, however, that there are problems which are better left to him than to a psychologist. Many times a chaplain will try to advise a person on some issue when he needs to refer the person to "professional help," but there are many kinds of professional people and one of these is the chaplain. The failing that many psychologists have is that they fall into this generalized category (categories again, you notice?) of "professional help" and often fail, or refuse, to recognize the limitations on the types of problems that they are qualified to handle. A student on the verge of nervous exhaustion because of the pressure of finals, comps, three term papers, and an Honors Thesis will not necessarily be helped by the reminder that God cares and is willing to listen. On the other hand, neither will the student be helped by the psychologist if he (the student) has come looking for a closer communion with what he conceives God to be. Let's face it, there are professionals and there are other professionals; each has his place in the field of counseling and guidance. Let us not assume that one profession can tackle the concerns of the other.

With regard to the five ordained men in the faculty, I hope and I am sure that they hope that their schedules are not so unfilled that, even dividing the work among them, they are able to handle counseling, convocations, chapel services, and the like on a responsible basis (especially, if they are to receive no extra remuneration, as Ms. Portwood seems to assume). Having the present faculty take on such an overload is definitely not an alternative to a full-time chaplain, at this point.

Continued on page 3

KINNEY PLANS RECREATION WORKSHOP

On Monday, February 27, 2:00 to 3:30 pm in Rm. 310 of the Student Center, there will be an opportunity for all those students (and faculty) who need know-how and fresh ideas in the areas of games, sports, and other fun activities for children. The Kinney Program is sponsoring a workshop in these areas of recreation to be led by professionals, Roger Maness and John Phillips, of the Idlewild Presbyterian Church Staff. It is hoped that this will serve as a valuable resource for those persons now working with children in either Kinney or other community projects, or for those who plan to do such this summer or in future vocations. Participants who cannot attend the full workshop are welcome to come for whatever time they have.

The third alumni career nite—"Health Sciences"—will be held this Tuesday (February 21) at 7:00 pm in the Voorhies Social Room. The very impressive alum list include: Larry Fury ('60, Chemistry), formerly with Humko, now self-employed; Lani Collins ('70, Biology), medical technologist, Baptist; Robin Hatsenbuehler ('71, Spanish), speech pathologist, Child Development Center; Sue Pharis Watson ('70, Psychology), social worker, Southeast Memphis Mental Health Center; Trudy Brown ('70, English), Medical records librarian, Baptist; Dr. John Pharis ('67, Chemistry), City of Memphis Hospital; Dr. John Nichols ('69, Biology), Dentist.

Come find out, first hand, what some alums are doing in the health sciences. It's one of the best sources of career counseling.

Refreshments and fire.

The Women's Undergraduate Board (WUB) and Welfare Commissions are sponsoring the first of the "Alternatives series—"Public or Private Education" this Thursday (February 23) at 7:00 pm in White Social Room. Two other topics to be covered in subsequent Thursdays are "Marriage" (involving careers and working parents) and "Partnership" (childless marriages, cohabitation, the new single). The whole point of this series is to stimulate thought and discussion by sharing experiences and opinions among faculty, students, administrators, and alums.

Everyone is urged to come; there will be refreshments and fire.

Applications now being taken for editorship of all student publications. Forms are available from LiLi Chung (#214 New Dorm). Deadline of application: March 13, 1978.

SAVE YOUR PAPERS SAVE OUR BUDGET

Those old newspapers you have been throwing away are a serious waste of resources, they can be recycled into useful building material, thereby giving that wood a double life.

The Burrow Library has been recycling its papers for a long time, and just recently the Administration OK'd our proposal to make this a campuswide campaign. A large collection bin will be placed in the library parking lot Monday through Friday each week. Please do your share by remembering to dump your newspapers here instead of in the trash, letting them collect in the trunk of your (or a friend's) car is a good idea. It is only by volume that this project can work.

The proceeds from this drive will be used primarily to help the library's book budget. We welcome your suggestions for ways this money can best be used for the enjoyment of all. Let us hear from you, especially those of you contributing papers!

Letters to the editor

Dear Donny,

Sampling the conversations flowing around campus, I find some disturbing additions to the old regulars of romance, refectory food, etc. There are people talking about vandalism and theft. The other day I got together with a group of these people to see exactly what was going on. What I heard gave me a sick feeling in my stomach.

Women students told of specific instances of large sums of money disappearing from their rooms while they were eating in the refectory. Others told of the theft of a stereo cartridge, an eight track tape player, and valuable personal items. The items disappeared during short absences; therefore, the thief or thieves are believed to have easy and unsuspected access to the rooms, i.e. they are other students.

In addition to stealing, which at least has a motive (though joyless payoff I should think), the works of student artists have been purposely destroyed. I talked to one disgruntled artist who had had three paintings raped. One canvas had been blotched with black paint; another had been relieved of some of its paint via a knife; another had turpentine poured on it. Apparently the school does not provide students with places to lock up their art, trusting instead to the honor code. Either security is doing a poor job of keeping illegitimate persons off campus, or again it is students who are to be blamed.

Fear and disenchantment are following in the wake of these events. Some say the honor code is a myth; people can be evil, even Southwestern people. A lot of people are talking of making the move off campus.

I made the move off campus three years ago, but I wasn't driven off by fear and distrust. Things like this didn't happen three, two, or even one year ago. If they did, it wasn't so bad, so widespread. This black breeze is a newly risen gale. I'm not worried about losing my things to theft or vandalism because I am off campus, and I do not have any art work to leave in the studio. But I'm worried; worried sick about what type of place the dorms and school are becoming. We are all diminished by what has happened, each and every one of us.

Madelyn Kinnard
Help

Few schools, hospitals, or prisons have what you would describe as

"great foods". Yet most offer generally edible grub. Now, this is not to say that Southwestern has "crappy food". It is of this stomach's opinion, however, that Southwestern's refectory has an unimaginative, boring, and often poor menu. At times, I do not know if I would rather gag or send off for a care package. One does not have to be used to gourmet dining to get tired of institutionalized, carbohydrate-filled food. If it is not some doughy Italian dish, it is fish chunks (which closely resemble Pigs' feet), leather burgers, or giant meatballs. I realize the refectory has a limited budget; I am also aware that their staff works harder than any group on campus, but improvements are needed. Overall, breakfast is a good meal, though I think the reinstitution of doughnuts should be considered. The minute they surfaced, people became crazed cannibals.

Lunch and dinner are another story. I believe a different soup and sandwich should be served at lunch every day for those who do not like seaweed spinach and macaroni, caked with cheese. And so much of the refectory food centers around hamburger meat and roast beef, both of which are expensive. Lamb, veal, pork, and chicken are higher in protein and are cheaper. How often have we had fried chicken?

Lamb and veal can be featured in different ways.

I am not trying to be slanderous, and I do not want our head chef Larry to get riled and come after me with a butcher's knife. My sole aim is to offer constructive criticism. These ideas, if instituted, could provide a more varied and nutritional menu for Southwestern students. I petition that we all make positive suggestions, for as someone famous said, "if you don't eat, you won't live very long." We eat, but probably still won't live too long.

A CHAPLAIN FOR TWENTY THOUSAND?

By Charles Overfield

In response to the article "Twenty Thousand For A Chaplain?" by Ms. Pam Portwood in the January 31st issue of *The Sou'wester*, let me begin by saying that I must commend Ms. Portwood on her great courage. I must always admire the courage of one so willing to affix labels to herself. Most of us prefer to spend our lives trying to escape being labelled and categorized;

other people are only too willing to label us, assign to us those neat little stereotyped niches they have invented, and otherwise get us pigeon-holed, to use one of Ms. Portwood's own terms. Not satisfied with this, however, Ms. Portwood has used terms like "resident Atheist", "not a Christian", "agnostic", "biased", "token agnostic", "doubting Thomas", and so forth, to identify herself no less than fourteen times in her article! Agreed, there are labels that we cannot do without. Brother, daughter, sister, son, husband, father, student, wife, professor, some are built in to our anatomy and others into our vocations. But in matters of viewpoint, belief, and opinion, this writer refuses to submit to the tyranny of conservative-liberal, Democrat-Republican, Socialist-capitalist, agnostic-atheist-Christian, and other similar cut and dried categories.

So, please, please Ms. Portwood, pick up the nearest and most convenient tag and pin it to yourself if you wish, but to accuse anyone else of "pigeon-holing" you is doing it a bit too brown, don't you think?

In the first place, it was my impression that one of the chief characteristics of an agnostic is not that he/she feels it unnecessary to have proof; the agnostic, if we must use labels, generally holds that the existence of any ultimate reality, such as God, is unknown and will probably remain so and proof, if there is any, is quite beside the point.

But let us not beat the dead horse of semantics and get to the problem at hand: is \$20,000.00 justifiable for the hiring of a full-time chaplain?

First of all, it seems to me that we must consider whether there is a need for a full-time chaplain, exactly what it is we expect a full-time chaplain to accomplish at Southwestern, and only then if the monetary expenditure is justified.

As to need, I am sure that there are many among us who stand in need of a friendly shoulder to cry on from time to time; indeed, this is that office that Mr. John Turpin has filled so adequately for so many years. A friendly shoulder and a kind, considerate word is the remedy for many insurmountable problems.

We are advised to see a secular psychologist (and his assistant) by Ms. Portwood. Well and good, if the

Mr. Goodbar: A sign of the times

By Eva Gugenheim

Looking for Mr. Goodbar is surely a sign of the times, and Theresa Dunn, the film's unfortunate heroine (played by Diane Keaton) is just as surely a victim of the times. Judith Rossner's novel has been updated on the screen by liberal sprinklings of disco music and homosexuality, but her heroine's misguided meanderings remain every bit as upsetting on screen as in the novel.

Ms. Keaton's transition from a naive college student to a hardened bar-dwelling pick-up is convincing, although one is never quite sure what initially compels the willing fervor with which she plunges into her sordid nightly activities. She is something more than just another example of a rebellious youth fleeing the familiar nest and trying to go her own way. Indeed, she is influenced by her fast-living sister (Tuesday Weld), her openly sexual friends, and by the fact that she learns that sex is one way to get close to someone. But after having been bitterly hurt by a strictly sexual relationship with her English professor, Theresa begins to actively seek physical companionship with an almost unnatural alacrity. She chooses not to believe in love, but only in the language of sexual contact because that is immediate. With such forms of gratification there can be no misunderstandings.

More than once I have heard the

opinion expressed that Ms. Keaton's character is schizophrenic in the film because she teaches deaf children by day and roams bars at night. I think that this point has been over-emphasized. There are plenty of 'normal' people in the world to whom loneliness does different things and I think that Ms. Keaton is intended to portray one of these people. Admittedly, she exhibits a shockingly vigorous indiscriminability about whom she chooses for sex-partners, which does tend to throw people off.

For the most part, the acting in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* is superb. Diane Keaton is naturally winning and touching in her role as the confused Theresa who tries to be tough, and the young actor that plays Tony, her super sexed, egotistical stud boy-friend (whom she of course meets in a bar), is brilliant. His energetic preoccupation with himself and his sexuality is totally believable. Tuesday Weld's performance was better than I had expected, and the film's token nice guy, who falls in love with Theresa, was also excellent. He was just pathetic enough without being too drippy, and I was glad to see that he had more spunk in the movie than he did in the novel.

There are a few scenes in the film that are true strokes of genius. I won't go into them, but they are simple, touching tributes to humanness that somehow fit and

make the movie "real." Of course by now, the film's ending has become notorious. It is horrible, and truly effective. Theresa picks up one man too many, and is savagely stabbed by a deeply troubled young man who is unable to make love to women, but who furiously desires to deny his homosexuality. He vents his frustration on Theresa by raping and killing her in a violent scene brilliantly set off by a flickering strobe light which gives the ending a slow-motion effect.

The film does have its flaws. For instance, every once in a while I got the feeling I was watching Annie

Hall. Ms. Keaton's personality came through a bit too much at times. But the film's few flaws do not stand out because of the powerful way in which the viewer is drawn into the plot and the strength of the acting in general. I'm not exactly sure why, but of the 3 major films I have seen recently about women, i.e. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *The Turning Point*, and *Julia*, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* stands out the most to me and has remained longest in my thoughts. The other two films were perhaps too flowing, too serene and unturbulent to make lasting impressions, but *Looking for Mr.*

Goodbar got my blood pumping and very much kept me on the edge of my seat. Dull moments in that film are rarities. The film is fused with energy, sex, and action, and I must admit that there's something thrilling about it all: the bars, the music, the pace; and Theresa's fascinatation with it, though extreme, is in a strange way, understandable. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* is based on an actual case history, and though the subject matter is sordid and depressing, and most of the characters depraved and seedy, well, that's life or one sad side of it, anyway.

IMAGES film series reinstated

Thanks to a little financial help from the Welfare commission and the Campus Arts Council, the IMAGES film series will be able to make a showing this year. The purpose of IMAGES is to bring films into Memphis that otherwise would not be available. The series is designed to serve the community as well as the Southwestern campus. This year the series will focus on three young German directors: Wim Wenders, Werner Herzog and Rainer Werner Fassbinger. The films to be shown this year are:

The American Friend
Wim Wenders

The story of a psychopathic American seducing an innocent man into murder. Wenders successfully integrates both psychological and geographical dislocation in bringing off this trilgual film.

March 19

Stroszek
Werner Herzog

A lyrical, melancholy, bitterly

funny tale of three oddly assorted Berlin misfits who follow the American Dream to Railroad Flats, Wisconsin, a godforsaken truck stop where they find a bleak Eldorado of T.V. football, C. B. radio, and mobile homesteading.

(1977 Germany-

In English and German with English subtitles. April 16

Before The Revolution
Bernardo Bertolucci

The plot centers around a young man who flirts intellectually with communism and incestuously with his young aunt. "In defining his hero's nostalgia for the present Bertolucci produces a major statement on the state of mind of the 60's, as well as a timeless lyrical affirmation of youth's rites of passage through love and politics."

April 23

Wi-Fear Eats the Sour
Rainer Werner Fassbinder

Fassbinder's most accesible film to date. Drawing with irony and

affection from the formulas of the classic American tearjerkers, Fassbinder tells an outrageous, touching story of the bumpy love affair between a German floor-washer and an inarticulate Arab mechanic barely half her age.

"A masterpiece . . . not to be missed" Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice*.

International Critics Prize, Cannes Film Festival-1974
May 14

5 asper Hauseg

Werner Herzog

Based on a real historical event in which a young man appears in a town in Germany. He is hardly above the animal level. Taken in by the town's people, he is taught to speak, read and write, then as mysteriously as he first appears, he is murdered.

"Unforgettable, intensely provocative drama. Beautifully played, striking to watch" William Wolf, *Cue Magazine*.

Grand Jury Prize, Cannes Film Festival, 1975

Letters, cont.

Continued from page 2

Well now, what is it exactly that we expect of a full-time chaplain at Southwestern? If we are to take Ms. Portwood's hints seriously and he is to be a mere figurehead pray-er at convocations, I too, object to 20,000 dollars per year for that; if he is to have no real contact with the student body except when the psychologist (and his assistant) are out to lunch, even twenty dollars is too much to pay. But there must be more to a chaplain's job. I have already suggested regular chapel services and full-time guidance. In addition, I understand there are several discussion groups in session at various times; these might benefit from the presence of a chaplain or he might form a teaching/discussion group of his own. There are courses in many departments at Southwestern which try to involve the student in various aspects of community life (because we all know that there are college-level learning experience that can not be had in the classroom), but these courses can only accomplish this involvement on a limited basis. A chaplain might further this beginning effort at community involvement; he could possibly work closely with the Kinney Program to effect this.

Unfortunately, some people have a rather narrow view of what it is a chaplain does, relegating him to the confines of convocations and other formalized pulpit-situations and, when he is off-duty from these, to the dusty bookshelves of the Religion or Classic Languages sections at the library.

A chaplain is often the man who introduces a person to God or helps him to find a way to open a previously closed door. I think none of us would deny the need for introductions and opened doors with regard to God as we know Him in His Earthly Forms, Administration and Bureaucracy. It is more or less a chaplain's duty to find and exploit these unused paths, unopened doors, and unmade introductions.

All these things would be, I think, to our benefit. So, let's define what we expect a chaplain to accomplish. To do this, I couldn't agree with Ms. Portwood more that surveys need to

be taken of the entire student body, the administration and the faculty and the results of these surveys need to be studied very carefully.

But the third point to consider, and now we come to money, is the question, "can we justify spending \$20,000.00 for a full-time chaplain?" I've already stated that \$20,000 dollars is ridiculous for a mere figurehead chaplain, but if we set our goals and objectives reasonably high enough and if a chaplain is found to fulfill these obligations, 20,000 dollars is not an unlikely figure. If the person we find has a spouse and family and expects to survive the high cost of living in Memphis, he/she will probably ask for twenty thousand! After all, an undergraduate degree and graduate degree (s) at an accredited seminary are being considered here. The chaplain must be schooled just as carefully as the psychologist to be qualified for his job. If and when the administration goes looking for a full-time chaplain, it is probable that many selectees will turn down the offer in favor of similar job descriptions at a higher salary. It seems pointless to me to set goals for Southwestern and then entrust them to a second-rate chaplain, simply because we were unable to "justify" paying more for a better qualified person.

It has become obvious that each of us has a need we would like to have filled while at Southwestern; there are problems within, and outside, the student body; there is a desire to relate more closely with the community around us; and there is the hope of all of us that the standards and the quality of life at Southwestern will be continually improved. Is the office of a full-time chaplain the one needed as a solution to these and other problems? I do not pretend to know the answer to that question, but I do think that a full-time chaplaincy has been suggested as a possible solution and an investigation of it as an avenue for improvement should not be stifled in a senseless quibble over money. Instead of saying, "\$20,000 for a chaplain?" let us consider saying, "A Chaplain for \$20,000?!?"

Elections (from pg. 1)

Continued from Page 1

entire community. Budget: \$200.

c) Religion: Coordinates religious activities on campus; open field for a whole host of provocative talks. Works with chaplain, too. Budget: \$150.

d) Social: A big job!! (or jobs depending how many share the responsibility) Homecoming Dance, films, Common Houses, music festivals. Requires on-the-ball organization, ideas, organization, communication, and organization. Budget: \$11,600.

3) Welfare: Student welfare and communication between students and other facets of SW community. Acts as communication link between part-time jobs and those of us who need money; works with alumni office on career nites; sponsors student-faculty-administrator coffees. Budget: \$400.

f) Publications: Runs Pub Board meetings, keeps in touch with editors of student publications. Must have at least 6 months of college publication experience and nominated by Board. A tad bit of expertise involved.

g) Elections: does all elections and polls. Busy work. Budget \$150.

All Commissioners are members of Community Life Committee.
* Budget as of 1977-78.

Representatives:

a) 3Board of Trustees (non-voting): Serve as student input to Board. Are assigned to committees and meet with full Board 2-3 times a year. Play essential roles of student participation in SW's policy making. Qualifications: "Any student fully enrolled at SW who is not on academic, social or honor probation."

b) Election Board (2 from each class): Help run elections, count votes; active busy work.

c) SRC (2 from each class) and Honor Council (2 men and 2

women from each class). Both kinds of reps sit on trials that come up and make up very important organizations of student governance. SRC involves social behavior while Honor Council involves violations of Honor Code.

d) Pub Reps (1 per class and 3 at large): Are members of Publications Board, know first hand what editors are doing, may even be involved with their staffs.

e) SGA Class reps: duties depends .

1) sophomore: Derby Day
2) junior: chairs committee that selects seniors to who's Who in American Colleges and Universities and Hall of Fame, keeps senior class in line.

3) senior: graduation exercises and senior party.

Schedule:

There can be a lot more to what elected officials want to do with their office; there's always room for constructive creativity. Petitions are available from Elections Commissioner, Bart Spencer, #317, Glassell, 278-9049. Be sure you

know campaign rules (The computer may not be used for campaign materials).

If you're not running, at least get to know candidates and show up to vote. Voters have a chance in raffle of free beers.

* * * *

In order to get more students to vote, the Elections Commission is forced to revert to drastic measures. We are, therefore, going to be giving away gift certificates such as a free beer from the Pub. The process of choosing will be random numbers predetermined by the Commissioner and an Election Board member(s). The certificates will be given out the following day after the election. (If incorrect numbering occurs on the register of names it will be corrected.)

The Elections Commission would like to continue to poll the students with opinion polls. If any one has a poll he or she would like run, (and they must be legitimate), they should see the Commissioner. NOTE: final discretion is that of the Commissioner.

Election schedule

ELECTION	DATE	PETITIONS DUE
Elections Comm. Officers	Feb. 28	Noon 2/26/78
SGA Pres, Vice Pres, Treas; Honor Council Pres, Vice Pres; & SRC Pres.	Mar. 7	Noon 3/5/78
SGA Commissioners: Athletic, WUB, Welfare, Religion, Social; Bd. of Trustee Reps (3) ²	Mar. 9	Noon 3/7/78
Reps to Election Bd. (2 each class); Honor Council (2 men & 2 women each class)	Mar. 14	Noon 3/12/78
SRC Reps (2 each class) Pub Reps 3	Mar. 16	Noon 3/14/78
SGA Class Reps	Mar. 21	Noon 3/19/78
OPEN or MAKE-UP Pub Board	Mar. 23	

Dilemma re.: Bellingrath 14

By Jim Drummond
Class of 1974

I have been asked to contribute an article to this publication on the Bellingrath 14 (or was it 12?) incident. My memory is a bit foggy on the details of the matter, but I do recall it being sometime in 1972 or 1973 rather than in the 1960's. No matter, it was indeed, a genuine student protest of sorts.

Like all such ventures, the Bellingrath affair was an exercise in politics, the politics of participation. As anyone who "participated" in the demonstration (and I use the term aduisidly) could testify there was no conspiracy or organized attempt to violate the partial rules on the front end. The incident was precipitated by a commitment made by the administration, a rather vague term used here to describe a dedicated, awed, sincere group of college official, to "open" Bellingrath to men without restrictions. This commitment was made to the Social Regulations Commission following a plebiscite which demonstrated substantial support for the proposal among the student body in Toto, and the women in Bellingrath in particular. For a variety of reasons, the most significant being the appointment of a new president, who had not had a chance to himself to participate in the decision making process, the commitment was not honored. Though the petition was not denied, it had been delayed again.

The actual "occupation" of the dorm did not at all resemble Berkley in 1965 or Columbia in 1968. One night some students got a little too loaded to leave at 12:00, another bottle of wine was opened, a few protest songs were sung, add a couple inept security guards, mix well with a social environment dominated by an unpopular war in a far away land, and PRESTO! instant student uprising. The fact that the parietal rules had been openly violated prior to the actual demonstration is often forgotten.

The institution which had been established to act as a buffer between the administration (that term again) and the student body was the Social Regulations Commission (SRC). To this body fell the difficult task of trying the Bellingrath 14 (16?) for violating the same parietal rule which had been actively striving to change.

The odds against a conviction ivreased with the revelation of an obscure section in the SRC by-laws which require the college administration to accept or deny an SRC petition within a specified period of time. to the imminent change in stewardship rather than deny such a popular petition outright, the actual decision was delayed . . .

An old army adage states "In a crisis any decision is better than none at all."

The technicality was uncovered by a couple of shyster types on the defense team and the chargees were subsequently dismissed, in open trial. Parietal rules for Bellingrath remained in effect after the trial, and continued to be flagrantly violated.

What are the implications of the Bellingrath 14 incident? First, the entire affair was a product of the times or the general social environment . . . That the disruption of the 1960's did not reach S.W.A.M. (SAM?) until the 1970's is significant. Students were much more political and the trial was conducted before a full house . . . Apathy, while rampant, was not quite universal.

Secondly, if an administrative body establishes procedures and mechanisms for student involvement in decision making, it risks a great deal when it chooses not to honor such a commitment . . . Concomitantly, whenever such a process is established, the administration should always give itself *legitimate* room to "punt" if necessary. Such a provision was made in the SRC by-laws following the Bellingrath trial.

Thirdly, and finally, the mechanism established to encourage participation was sound, and was allowed to function effectively without hinrance by school officials. This fact is a credit to all involved. The real trial focused not on the demonstrators but upon the SRC itself, and the model of participatory decision making it represented.

Decisions which are made by an agreed upon process must be upheld if the sustem is to maintain its legitimacy. When the rules of the game are established, all players must follow them or there there will be disruption. If there are no rules, the game itself is not worth playing.



photo by John Worden

Now hear this.

By John S. Worden

Captain here. Excuse me. Please, ladies and gentlemen, please, if you'll just be quiet for a minute and listen to me. Shut up you in the corner. Madame, if you cannot stop sneezing will you please escort yourself out of the room, I mean the vessel.

That's right, ladies and gentlemen. Seemingly four walls, a couple of windows, nothing spectacular, right? Wrong, dead wrong. That's right, ladies and gentlemen, this is no room, but it is indeed my vessel, my wanton woman, and I am her captain. Being a vessel rather than a room, well of course what all this means is that we must go somewhere, but where, ah yes, it is most difficult to find the ah, er, suitable destination. But fears you cannot have, for our lady is trembling in anticipation of the journey,

and she is durable, yes even if we never find the right place to land her body (on some solid Arabian shore, methinks) she will carry us on to the

end. The end, ah yes to the very end, may the vile man with the blasphemous mouth be damned to hell and back, he with the vile saying

that there is no end. There is an end, and ladies and gentlemen, our duty cries out, you can hear it now, yyeeeooooooowwwwwww, we are the chosen to find the end, to bring it back to the beginning, for all to see.

Excuse me Miss, but if you cannot wipe that silly expression from your face, if you cannot control your animal impulses, your brutish perversions of thought, I must ask you to wait outside in the hall. But sir, I opened the door only a moment ago, and the hall, it has disappeared.

Big Deal. . .

By Charles Sallis

The other day, on a clear, brilliant Sunday afternoon, a friend and I sat in my room talking. Tired of studying, we were glad for the time to relax, and talk of things other than school. For a time we spoke of our weekend, of personal projects, and many things, anything to ease our minds and lift our spirits a bit.

Eventually, as our conversation continued, our thoughts turned to school. My friend wants to spend next year somewhere else, not here. He spoke of many places, Europe, Greece, the Southwest United States, anywhere but here. I, too, spoke of other places, some with fervor, while my hands gestured wildly in the air. Yet, for all the excitement in our voices, we both felt that there was something, a shadow of a thing, that fell across our words, and made them seem dark, and unimportant.

In the back of my mind was a nagging doubt about this school. I spoke of it to my friend. He

listened as I poured forth a stream of beliefs, observations, fears. It was if I were talking to myself, berating myself for not saying those things more often. Through it all, my friend sat and listened.

When I had finished, we sat still and quiet for a moment. Then, my friend began to speak. He, too, talked of his thoughts and feelings about school. His voice was soft and calm, yet at times it would rise to a crescendo, and his eyes would glisten as they filled with salty water.

My friend and I ended our conversation. We had been quiet again when he had finished. Wordlessly, my friend got up and left. Then I decided to write this.

There is something that is not right at this school, and neither my friend nor I could hone it on it. There is something, like the shadow that fell upon our dialogue, that is smothering the spirit.

Now, I am not one to complain. I am not looking only for things that trouble me. But when something reaches inside you, and pulls the soul, the spirit, the self, whatever you might call it, it leaves you disturbed. And disturbed is what I am.

I came here last year as a freshman, with the highest hopes of attaining a good education. In my

mind, an education is not limited to the number of facts I can memorize, or the number of lectures I can attend. An education is learning many things, knowing people, making friends, becoming aware, in a broad sense, of the world around us.

That is not the way here. Maybe I'm in the wrong place. Perhaps I look for too much, but I don't think so. When I am confused and hurt like this, I am not looking for it.

I cannot recall when this feeling of unease began to settle in. I do know when it reached a zenith, when the pricetag for this place jumped \$450 for next year. When this was announced, many took it in stride, thinking, well, just another price-rise. At first, that is all I thought. Then I began to see how far off the mark this school was getting.

For a school which prides itself on celebrating the Renaissance once a year, it sure could use some pointers on what an education entails. These days, I get the impression that all that matters is money. The price increase only served to accent that feeling.

My family is by no means poor. Both of my parents are college professors. That illustrates that my family is by no means wealthy. We

are situated in the middle class, and that is fine. But it already costs a great deal to attend here. I have a brother and sister right behind me. The cost of going here next year may destroy whatever plans they have of going here. That disturbs me.

There are people here that care. I don't mean care about grades and papers as though that was all to do around here. I mean people who care, who put out newspapers, and annuals, whose hearts are touched by small, minute things: people who stay in dorms over break because they have taken on that responsibility. But the people I see that care are few, and the number is growing fewer.

I would not write this if I didn't love this place and the people here. But something inside that tells me the way I think and feel has been touched. And the touch is not as the soft frush of a hand caressing a face, or a wind whispering to tall grass and trees on a warm, cloudy April evening. It is like a pain, a hurt, and it has grabbed the deepest part of my inside and twisted it, until my anguish is overwhelming.

Big deal, you are thinking. Big deal. The Beatles broke up, so big deal. So George Harrison's trying to be Monty Python, Ringo's still in Hollywood, John Lennon is

nowhere to be found, and McCartney's singing to us of his farm in Ireland. So Big Deal.

So, we're all getting fatter and lazier, and I guess there will be another price jump next year.

That same Sunday morning I was doing my laundry, getting ready to put my clothes in the dryer when I saw this sign: FOR BETTER DRYING, CLEAN LINT SCREEN BEFORE EACH USE. Looking around me, I could see nothing to use to clean the lint screen. Then, my eyes fell upon a pair of clean underwear, left behind by some unknowing fellow. I picked up the underwear and began to clean the lint screens. As I started on the second one, I had the strangest thought—here I am, a white, middle class American male, of average intelligence, cleaning a goddamn lint screen with a pair of underwear, and somewhere, probably even in Memphis, there's a little boy, poor, who's crying because it's cold and because his mother can't afford to go buy him a pair of underwear.

With that thought in mind, I dropped the underwear on the floor of Glassell laundry room. Then, stuffing my clothes in quickly, I slammed on the dryers and walked out.

And nothing seemed to make any sense.

Basketball: Lynxcats end season this weekend

By Jeff Cowell

The Southwestern basketball team travelled to Jackson, Mississippi over mid-term break for the Millsaps Tournament at Millsaps College. The first game Friday night matched the Lynxcats against Tougaloo College, also from Jackson. The Lynx stayed close for most of the game before Tougaloo began to pull ahead behind a combination of fast breaks and rebounding. In an effort to catch up, Southwestern began to take chances. Every maneuver seemed doomed, however, and the Tougaloo team took advantage of every turnover and mistake. Tougaloo eventually won 93-67.

Freshman Mark Wendel injured an ankle in that first game and was unable to play against Sewanee in the consolation game Saturday night. Coming up a little short, the

Lynx lost, 69-58. The game was tight and fast the first half, as the teams went to the locker rooms tied at 36. As the second half wound down, Sewanee began to inch ahead. Efforts to contain Sewanee stand-out, Harry Cash, only led to fould trouble for S.W.A.M., enabling the opponents to stretch the lead to 11 as the catch-up game sputtered out.

The Lynxcats returned to Mallory Gym Wednesday night to seek revenge for an early season loss to C.B.C. Junior Willie Hulon, popped in 21 points and handed down 10 rebounds as S.W.A.M. defeated the cross-town rivals, 81-71. Nick

Carlotta had 14 points and five rebounds. Freshman Kurt Wyckoff came off the bench to pull down 12 rebounds and took the ball inside to score 10 points. As the time ran down, the ball-handling of Ned Hill

and the outside shooting of Dean Cazal enabled Southwestern to stretch the lead to 10. With a day of rest behind them, the team headed to Elsah, Illinois to take on Principia Friday night. The Lynxcats lost 86-76. The bright spot of the game was junior Nick Carlotta with 26 points and 10 rebounds. Carlotta continued his road-trip flurry Saturday against Rose-Hulman in Terre Haute, In. He poured in 20 points and got another 10 rebounds. It was not quite enough as the Lynx lost 79-70 in a tough game. Four freshmen played most of the game and did a good job against Rose-Hulman. Rose-Hulman is in contention for an NCAA playoff berth.

The Lynxcats will be at home Wednesday night to face Lambuth in the final home game. They will finish the season against Centre College in Kentucky on Saturday.

Lady Lynxcats look good under Risser's leadership

George Clark

Sam's women's basketball team is enjoying an excellent season with a 9-1 record, including six wins with a margin of at least 10 points. Only the Lambuth Amazons have defeated them—in a definite height mismatch.

The Lynxcats rely on aggressive defense to overcome their Lilliputian characteristic. Kathy Whitaker, team co-captain and lone senior, leads in steals and averages 11 rebounds per game. Co-captain Elaine Toulon (Jr.) is possibly the most aggressive player, possessing the most personal fouls. She and Molly McLemore (So.) work hard on the boards and play stifling defense. McLemore is also excellent in body English after missing foul shots. Junior Laurie Lynn is the floor leader—and you thought she was only a tennis pro! She also is second in recoveries. Sophomore Leigh Walton adds the offensive punch to the team, averaging 14.5 points per outing. Other upperclassmen include Carol "Hatchetwoman" McCowan, Cissy Sights, and Jame Stewart—all hard workers who contribute greatly to the squad's entertainment.

Talented freshmen include: the owner of the highest field goal percentage and biggest mouth—

Caroline Clore, Gail Courtney—leader in assists and resident track freak, Lucia Oullette—a highly recruited tennis player, Beth Patton—the skiing ace whose nearly fatal accident kept two fingers out of action for much of the season, and George Clark, Mallory Memorial R.A. (just for the record—Jan is taller and gets sick often, George is shorter and is never seen without her basketball.)

The women close their season this week with a tough game at CBC Tuesday and a road trip over the weekend facing David Lipscomb and Trevecca. In previous games, CBC was defeated 50-43, David Lipscomb 51-42, and the Trevecca game was simply no fun, the final score being 48-12.

Losing Kathy Whitaker will be waving bye-bye to any claim to height the team ever had. However, they're looking forward to next year—with needed experience and better opponents (please!) it should prove exciting.

Meanwhile, Coach Risser is trying to dig up some recruits. She rotates between exasperation and hysterics but the team would certainly die without her Valentine cookies and t-shirts for inspiration.

Thanks are due to the determined few who regularly attended the

games. Although few in number, you added a lot to the game, although sometimes unintentionally (no back-court, fellas).

To the rest of you—you just don't know what you missed.

Look out Leon: a look at the fight

By Henry Potts

He has been at the forefront of the fight game for seventeen years now, a champion for most of those years, and soon, possibly, champion again. He is thirty-six years old, beyond his prime. He has given to boxing what no one else was able to give, breathing life into a dying and disreputable sport. He is Muhammad Ali.

The name is synonymous with almost everything people dislike about boxing. No other figure in the game has acted as brashly: poems before most fights predicting the round his opponent will go, nicknaming the opponents, the Acorn, the Beaver, insulting the challenger, all giving the press plenty to write about. In sports Ali is the champion of hype, the supreme manipulator of the visual media.

Ali has carefully nurtured a love-hate relationship with the sporting world. There are few people who do not have some opinion about the man, some strong opinion. And many more than a few would claim he is the greatest boxer that ever stepped into the ring. But he has gotten older now, and slower. And has had the heavyweight crown taken from him by a young Olympic gold medalist named Leon Spinks, the Beaver. Oh, the irony of it all.

When Ali, as Cassius Clay, won the heavyweight title from Sonny Liston, he too, was just out of the Olympics, a gold medalist in 1960. Liston went to the canvas from what Ali called the "phantom punch." No one saw it and actually, Liston was probably never hit with it; he was just old and tired and ready to fall. But the Ali-Spinks title bout was a bit different. The fifteenth round found both fighters battling for victory! Ali had spinks on the ropes, ready to go down, but the champ had nothing left to finish the job with. Spinks won the crown on a split decision.

Where do we go from here? Will Leon Spinks reign as champion (or at least as the greatest active boxer

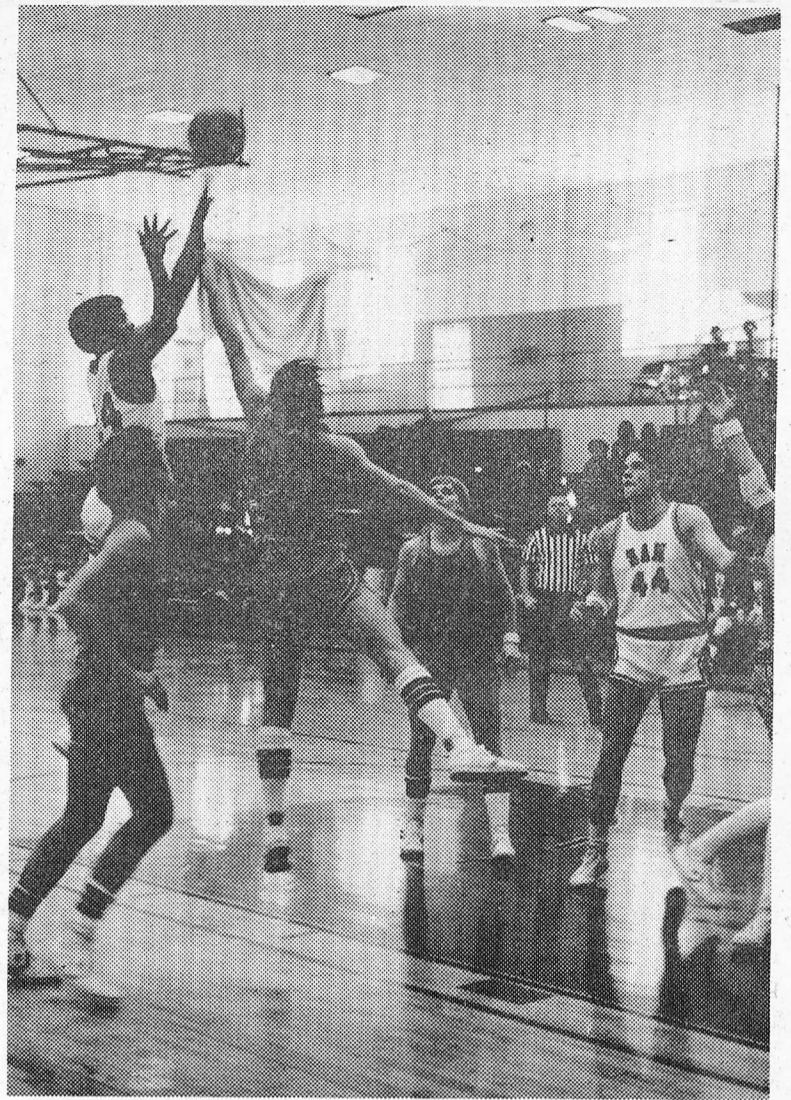


photo by Deck Reeks

Willie Hulon goes for two over the reach of a centre defender.

in the world) as Ali did for the next decade? I doubt it. Ken Norton can hardly wait for his chance at the Beaver. But don't overlook the main man in boxing, Muhammad Ali. I

predict he will be the only man in boxing history to regain the title three times. Then, perhaps, he will retire, once again champion of the world.

The fall of Muhammad Ali: . . .the end of an era?

By Philip Habeeb

His sun has finally set. The world's greatest showman is finished. Boxing is dead.

Muhammad Ali lost the coveted heavyweight boxing title last week, in a split decision to former Olympic champion Leon Spinks and it seems that he is far too old and weary to ever get it back. His loss, though, really was not that surprising. Ali, his brilliant skills diminished, was only a shell of the great athlete who once ruled the ring. The aggressive, hard punching spinks fought a good fight, but the battle-weary Ali beat himself by fighting years past his peak.

Ali's defeat is a sad happening from several perspectives. For the Ali idolizer, suicide looms high on the list of daily objectives. For the promoter, there may be no more multi-million dollar gates and prime time T.V. extravaganzas. But for the world in general, a phenomenon has come and gone. Muhammad Ali was a superb athlete, perhaps the most marvelous athlete of our generation. None have had his brilliant speed of hand and foot, guile, power, and stamina.

It is hard to imagine someone coming back after three and a half years of inactivity and regaining sport's biggest prize. Ali did it, and he made it fun, because he has been more than just a physical phenomenon. He has also been a social phenomenon. Like him or not, Ali was a great gladiator and a big theatrical ham. Here is a poet, a wit, and an entertainer. Here is a man who is known throughout the world. You cannot say that for personalities like Johnny Carson or Richard Nixon. Ali has touched people personally and materially. He has worked with underprivileged children, lectured at leading

universities, and he has given millions of dollars to underdeveloped lands. Ali has had the fame, glory, and money that so many seek.

All things must pass. Ali's time has come and passed. It is probably safe to say that there will never be another like him.

By Philip Habeeb

Soccer!

MEMPHIS (Feb. 3, 1978)—The Memphis Rogues of the North American Soccer League have signed a five year lease with the Memphis Park Commission for use of the Liberty Bowl Memorial Stadium.

"I'm extremely pleased with the cooperation of the Commission in reaching an equitable agreement on this fine facility," said Rogues President Bill Marcum. "There is no doubt that the Liberty Bowl with its 50,000 seats and Bermuda grass surface will be among the top soccer sites in this country."

The agreement calls for the Rogues to pay the Park Commission \$75,000 for 15 games and continue a \$5,000 per game fee for additional matches. This covers the regular season and playoff games between April 1 and August 31.

The agreement also provides for free parking at all games and for the team to have program, novelty and beer concession rights.

Varsity baseball '78: a look at the season ahead

By Kent Pylant

New head coach Gary Troll and assistant Will Sweetser have high hopes for this year's baseball squad. With several key returnees and some bright new prospects the material seems to be there for a solid team. The team has been stuck inside for most of its work so far with only three weeks remaining til opening day. Coach Troll expects to have better defense this year to go with SAM's strong offense and good-looking pitching staff.

Heading up the mound corps are ALL-CAC returnee Billy Briggs and strikeout artist Jim Fink. Ron Weaver and Mark Wendel are also expected to be in the starting rotation. Standout catcher Bobby Harper, first baseman George Makris, and Jimmy Hall return in the infield also. Some new faces around the keystone—Kent Pylant and Craig Solomon—join Ricky Hall and Mike Robison as key parts of Coach Troll's defense oriented infield.

The outfield is almost all new. It

looks to be the swiftest group to play for SAM in quite sometime. Ted Palles is back, joined by Jerry Hampton, Ralph Jones, Mickey Mays, and Ross Higman. Injuries have set back another returning outfielder—pitcher Mike McConkey, making him questionable for the early going.

This year's team will feature strong pitching, a swift outfield, good hitting, and hopefully sound defense in Coach Troll's exciting, aggressive game plan in an attempt to capture another CAC championship for Southwestern's run at the conference overall sports trophy. The season opens March 7 at newly named Stauffer Field. Union University will bring its Bulldogs to SAM for the two teams' first meeting in three years. Then the Lynx hit the road for a trip to Searcy, Arkansas and a double header with Harding. There is no admission charged for baseball and practically every playing date features a doubleheader so you can catch some good baseball if you trot on over to Stauffer Field this spring.

Punk: how much a Fauvist

By Deck Reeks

In London they're writing on the walls again. This time it's Punk.

Contrary to what you may have heard or read about Punk through the news media it is a living art form and worthy of your attention. The coverage of Punk in this country has sensationalized parts of their on stage act and has simply misled the public. I have recently looked into the "real" Punk (i.e. the Punk that comes from the suburbs of London) and to my surprise, Punk for the most part does not encompass masochism or sadism (as was exhibited by the Cramps in our own amphitheater), nor does it requisit riots or fights nor it is hazardous to your health.

Punk exhibits something quite refreshing to me, especially for "an angry young man of the 70's". It shows genuine creativity. I must grant that as a music form it is quite crude, even bad, but then so are most art or music forms in their beginnings, e.g. Rock, Blues, or Cubism. But one must remember that the point of Punk is not in its music, and this is very obvious to any objective observer. Its essence is a release—a release for young, bored people. The people, Punks, are trying to establish a dynamic form of creativity that includes music, art, dress, and dance. They are dissatisfied with an apathetic world where people still cling to the music of the Beatles era.

Punkers scream and that scream is viewed by some as creative. Their dress is different. The words of their music are all abrasive to most of us. Punkers feel that the world has no relevance to them, it has neglected them, and has no place for them. It

is probable that Britain's economic situation has contributed to the emergence of Punk. Since that recession is confined to Britain, Americans sometimes find Punk difficult to relate to.

Granted, that if you ask a typical Punker why he does what he does, he will probably not answer: "I am tired of the apathetic status quo and am trying to relieve my frustration through a semi musical form as an outlet." Most likely, you'll receive a whole hearted "piss off".

I must admit that I am not totally committed or addicted to Punk; it is still too young to see or understand fully. The sad part of my situation is that I listen to music, as I said, for the most part 10 years old. It's form is cliché, worn out, burned out, rehashed over and over again—some of this music is even self-proclaimed "MOR" (middle of the road) since it challenges the mind so little.

When something is first created, it takes imagination and daring, it is always crude in its first form. In most cases new art forms are misunderstood or disliked by the general public (and in most cases by the "experts"). Some examples of early dissatisfaction include the Beatles, Picasso, the Impressionists, and the Fauvists.

Will Punk be another Picasso? In my modest opinion I think not—at least not in its present form. Punk has begun with even more energy than the early Rolling Stones and Janis Joplin combined. Punk will burn out very quickly if it continues at its frantic pace. I'm sure everyone realizes that one Punk concert yields more stories than a dozen Kiss concerts, and its vogueiness may catch on with the younger teenagers. So keep your eyes on Punk, not the New York quick kick sound, but the Punk from the suburbs of London. The place where they really are writing on the walls again.

Honor societies induct junior, senior members

The Torch Chapter of the Mortar Board, one of three honorary societies at Southwestern, inducted its new members for 1978-79 at the Phi Beta Kappa Banquet, held on February 16.

The Mortar Board is a national honor society, established here at Southwestern in 1964, for the purpose of recognizing scholarship, leadership, and service. Incidentally, this is only the second year men have been admitted to this traditionally women's society.

Those admitted to the Mortar Board were Hays Biggs, LiLi Chung, Frances Clevenger, Daniel Cogswell, Carolyn Crenshaw, Mary Ann Duffey, Mary Jernigan, Ralph Jones, Phil Mischke, Mary Palmer, Tom Parrish, Deck Reeks, Terry Regan, Alice Smith, Keith Thompson, Kelli Walker, and Edward Wheatley.

At the same banquet, new members were tapped for the Phi Chapter of Omicron Delta Kappa, another honorary society. The purpose of this national organization is to recognize leadership in college activities and to undertake various activities for the good of the school.

Student members of Omicron Delta Kappa, which was established at Southwestern in 1927, are chosen from the junior and senior classes, and not more than three percent of the men students may be elected to membership. Members must have distinguished themselves in such activities as scholarship, publication, and athletics.

Students tapped for ODK were LiLi Chung, Tom Parrish, Mike Berton, Dan Cogswell, Phil Mischke, Ralph Jones, Lynn Reecer, Hays Biggs, Brian Burkhardt, and Steve Minor.

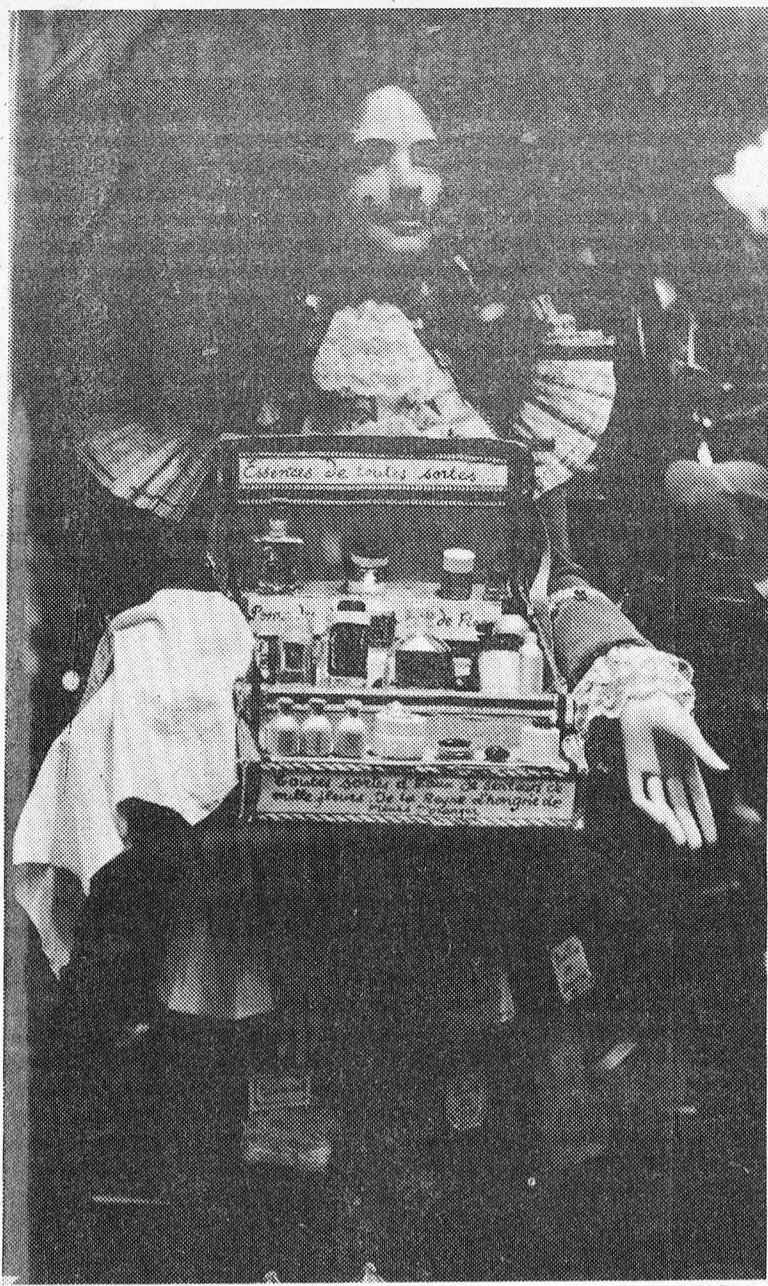


photo by Deck Reeks

Seventeenth Century third term in Paris will be here sooner than you think. Professors Vest and Robbins urge their students to hurry and purchase clothes for the trip.

Talk of the Townies: circus

By Tim Logue

The Shriner's Al Chymia circus was in town last week and we found time Sunday to catch the afternoon show. We regard the circus as fairly sophisticated entertainment, but one can't help but assume that conscious patronage one has when trick-or-treating or going to a Walt Disney movie at our age.

All sorts of Shriners met us on entering the fairgrounds, selling programs, directing traffic, and doffing their fezzes. Somehow those fezzes can lend a sanctity to the most unscrupulous businessman, though without the blatant incongruity with which do white hoods, robes and burning crosses.

At two and a half dollars for a three hour show, the Al Chymia circus ranks among the cheapest entertainment around. But what it doesn't receive in admission prices, it was determined to cozen out of us otherwise. As expected, unrelenting touts badgered parents and dangled their wares in front of kids from the aisles. But worst was the ringmaster himself, who abetted their cause from the floor. At the beginning of the show he encouraged the kids to buy the peddled flashlight pistols so they could take part in flashlight service later with all the lights out. Whines and moans rose simultaneously from the crowd. Later, a clown trundled a cart of toys into center ring, and the ringmaster explained that these could only be won by the presence of a star in one of the \$1 coloring books which had now joined the confections and toys in the aisles. We were glad we had left the kids at home. He reminded us of Billy Graham at the end of a crusade, only the books weren't free.

Despite the commercial smirch, the show must go on. No circus worth its salt doesn't offer animals which act like humans, and this one filled the bill. Best of several acts were the biped-feigning poodles and

the aproned grizzlies who looked like doddering crones at a reat home. The bears not only rode bicycles, but motorcycles as well, that peculiar fetish of the Shriners. And there was a boxing kangaroo who could upstage Leon Spinks any day.

If the animals appeared human, some of the humans were superhuman. A real "Ooh"-evoking act were the lithe "Millionaire Sisters" from W. Germany. These twins could whisk their bodies as nimbly as pipe cleaners, until we couldn't tell which limb was which. Jack LeLaine would have been proud of them. But they should have warned us it wasn't the sort of thing to go home and try in your own backyard.

And we can't omit the acrobats. They were certainly daring, but the intervals between the ropes in mid air seemed a tad on the safe side. We discovered our own streak of sadism wishing there were no nets below as in the movies. They were constantly beaming at the crowd, raising an arm, and swelling their chests or busts. If that were a cue for applause, most of us didn't seem to catch it.

There was one ignominious act which bears the censure of all humane animal lovers. This was "Tarzan, King of the Jungle," who has evidently usurped the chair-wielding lion tamer of a lost age. In a cage with ten docile, perhaps tranquilized, lions and tigers, this swaggering brute drubbed, dragged, and cowed the animals into going through the motions of their act, all to the dinning approval of the kids. And the parents couldn't change the channel.

The show wound up with a bemasked Captain Circus being shot from a cannon, or more accurately, a tank. The scene had all the suspense and glamour of an Evel Knievel jump: the anxious checking and rechecking of safety precautions by several white-uniformed engineers, the tense, cool narration of the ringmaster, the final wave of the florid missile before descending the barrel, the crescendo countdown . . . then BOOM, a gust of smoke, a moment's defiance of gravity, and the figure bouncing in the net, waving a hand of recognition that to accolade of youth in which some grown men find a fulfillment of their deferred aspirations. One is never too old for the circus.

A dying person, told by a shaman he could not be cured, dressed in his finest clothes, otter or beaver skins, sang his death song, and recited his achievements. He might, if supplies were on hand, feast all who came to visit him. If he failed to die, pails of water were poured over him, or he was buried alive. (Found in J. Jennings, *The Native American*, on page 371.)

Alarmed. . .

The nightmare of a dream deferred

By Deck Reeks

I was dreaming of sailing a sunfish off Panama City Beach when I was interrupted. In my groggy, half sleep state I thought it was the telephone ringing. "Damn, won't somebody answer that," I thought to myself. The phone was in the hall, and often times it would have to ring 20 or 30 times before anyone would answer it. I started to open my eyes slowly and wake up and think straight. "That's not the phone."

The ringing had been going on for two or three minutes . . . a constant ringing . . . louder than the phone. I looked at my clock, seven o'clock on a Saturday morning. I still was too drowsy to make the connection. Then it hit me . . . the fire alarm . . . now what does that mean? I finally figured it out, a fire! "Damn, I gotta get dressed!" Shirt on inside out, one leg in my pants, and shoes on the wrong feet, I dashed out my door into the hall. "No one's out yet . . . or are they all out and I'm the only one left?" (I was still sleepy) The alarm was coming from the other end of Townsend. "Wait a minute . . . let's check this out first," I bravely said to myself. All the while, thoughts of fire trucks, extinguishers, and that horrible dorm fire in Vermont before Thanksgiving went racing through my mind. "God, how lucky it's day time . . . when the lights went out

last term I couldn't find my way down the hall or out the door." (Since there are no emergency lights or lighted exit signs.) "Isn't that illegal?"

The sound was ringing from the first floor. Still I saw no one racing with me nor did I see a cracked door. Evidently no one heard it but me. "Why isn't anyone up yet???" . . . "Am I that light of a sleeper?" . . . "Am I crazy, has that sociology term paper put me under???" . . . "Am I drunk?" I finally reached the bell, three floors away from me and at the other end of the dorm. I inspected the scene; evidently someone had tried to open the emergency exit without knowing it was "alarmed". "Oh well, no fire, no heroics, no deaths, back to bed for me, but first I'll tell the RA." I went back to my floor and woke the RA who was quick to my knock. (Maybe he was already awake, too) We both went back downstairs to the alarm. We saw no one. Not a single person had come out of their rooms, not a single question, no panics, no one awake? "God, I thought, what if this were a fire, I guess people don't care about anything anymore." After about fifteen minutes of drowsy concern I returned to bed and in a few more minutes I heard the final toll of the bell.

I returned to sailing on the beach.



photo by Deck Reeks

Yes, Virginia, they really did the Hustle to the theme from ROCKY at halftime.

PBS chairman visits Southwestern as Phi Beta Kappa lecturer

By Deck Reeks

The Phi Beta Kappa chapter brought a great deal more to our campus last week than just their typical "honors". They sponsored the Phi Beta Kappa visiting scholar, Newton Minow, and his visit produced more than ordinary interest and excitement because he has recently been named the new chairman of the Public Broadcasting System.

He visited Professors Lanier and Randle's classes. On Thursday evening he spoke on the Presidential debates, which he helped to organize. He related how the debates came about and how he handled the mediations between the Carter and Ford people. He left the audience with many questions including how the debates could be made more "democratic" (i.e. how 3rd party candidates could be included).

Minow referred to Southwestern as a "hopeful place" and was very optimistic about the future of America.

Many questions were directed at Minow about the future of PBS and

he was quite enthusiastic about answering. He was also interested in finding out what people thought of PBS and was excited over their ideas.

Minow has had quite an interesting career. After receiving his law degree from Northwestern University in 1950, Mr. Minow served as law clerk to Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson in 1951-1952. He then became administrative assistant to Governor Adlai Stevenson, later serving as his special assistant in the presidential campaigns of 1952 and 1956, and as Governor Stevenson's law partner from 1957-1961. In 1961, Mr. Minow was appointed chairman of the Federal Communications Commission by President Kennedy, a post in which he served until 1963. From 1961-1965 he was executive vice president and general counsel of *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Since then he has been a member of the firm of Sidley & Austin in Chicago.

He is a former board chairman, honorary chairman, and former chairman of Chicago Educational Television. He was co-chairman of

the 1976 Presidential Debates Project of the League of Women Voters and chairman of the Bi-Partisan Study of Campaign Costs in the Electronic Era. He is the author of *Equal Time: The Private Broadcaster and the Public Interest*.

Slack speaks?

Mr. Slack is perhaps the most famous of today's leading group of self-declared editors. A roving editor by choice, Mr. Slack's opinion has appeared in many forms other than "the editorial page". In this interview with Mr. Slack, his use of different modes of communication is examined, as well as his ability to make trouble and thus be a prophet of the trouble to come. At the time of this interview Mr. Slack was engaging in political non-activism on the campus of Southwestern at Memphis; a sleepy community of 1200 bourgeoisie "students of oppression". Conducting the interview with Mr. Slack is Don Selfsame, the eminent dean of the sleepy college community.

Selfsame: Well Mr. Slack, how good it is to see you here. This is wonderful, absolutely wonderful. Could I please have the honor of patting you on the back? Oh please can I pat you on the back, can I can I pleeeaaassee?

Slack: who are you, man? Where in the hell did you come from? I thought you were one of the students here; you look almost old enough to be a freshman.

Selfsame: No, not quite. They'll let me be a freshman next year if I do a good job this year. Mr. Slack, we are honored to welcome you to our sleepy little village here where everything is rosey and nothing is wrong; the only place left in America where if there's an ideal, we stand for it. Slack: Well look here selfsame, the reason why I came here is the great enthusiasm yourself, your president, and your students have shown for political non-activism. The ideal of Southwestern stands against the popular rise elsewhere of disillusion and apathy. Here, where everything is rosey, the students have the opportunity to breed a sense of non-active participation in relation to a common goal. This common goal, this is the problem making so much trouble for the typical bourgeoisie student. This then, is the purpose of my visit; to stir up trouble in order to weld for ourselves (may I call myself part of your community?)

Selfsame: Oh yes, please do. Er, by the way, would you mind if I pat you on the back? I do it for all the students. You see, uh, it's my way of trying to establish a common goal for ourselves.

Slack: Yea, well, like I was saying, about a common goal. The thing I really like about this place, disregarding for now the gothic architecture, is that we stand against the common rise elsewhere of disillusion and despair. Here, where everything is peachy, southern, and sleepy we have the perfect opportunity to formulate a common goal of illusion rather than disillusion, blindness rather than despair.

Selfsame: I don't get it. You mean we're going to have to poke out

our eyes? Does this mean we have to be slipping acid into our milk?

Slack: No no no, none of that. All we have to do is think of ways to get students interested in other things besides being bothered by all these problems in life. For example, buy everyone a stereo, and it will give them something to do and yet they will be doing something (listening to their new stereos) in the spirit of non-activism. And if you really want to go all out, get everyone a TV set and then they'll really have something to not do all day long.

Give them a student newspaper, fill it with the same garbage in every issue, and nobody will have to bother reading it. And if they do read it, it will give them something else to not do, sort of like filling the balloon of the mind with a bunch of hot air.

Selfsame: Well put, very well said. Have you ever thought of running for president of our sleepy community?

Slack: Well, to tell you the truth, I'm more interested in more creative avenues of communication and power other than the presidency. For example, I started breeding trouble for your little village years back through the communication form of campus art, a particularly well-suited way of expressing my views, since nobody bothers to look at it anyway. Those totem poles in front of Clough, I put them there to symbolize the eternal and ugly bourgeoisie struggle against activism. And now you can see how well it worked; the students swallowed my idea hook line and sinker. Tee hee, Tee hee.

Selfsame: Boy oh boy, what a genius. Will you let me pat you on the back now? By the way, what do you see as the outcome of your work here in our town?

Slick: Nirvaana and the void. I see the extinction of the species and hence the preservation of illusion and blindness. Heeheeheeheehee.

Selfsame: Well that sounds a bit too metaphysical and over my head for me, but it really sounds like you know what you're doing. But could I ask you one more thing; it's sort of personal and I hope you don't mind.

Slick: Let me guess. You want to pat me on the back.

Selfsame: Well, er uh, actually I was sort of wondering if what you said meant that, well, what I mean to ask is, uh, will I be able to keep my job if all this happens?

Slick: Sure man, sure. You'll be able to keep your job. In all likelihood you'll probably even get your raise in salary. Tee hee heehee. Talking to himself: I wouldn't want to disillusion the guy. Maybe I'll let him pat me on the back.

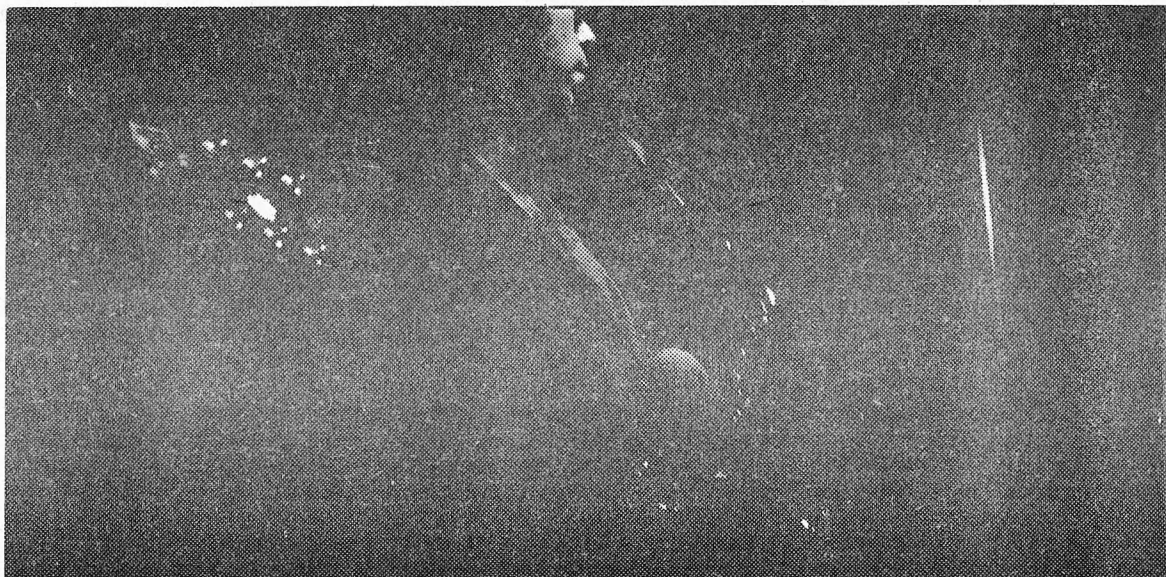


photo by John Warden

Pay no heed to the man behind the curtain. . .

By Steve Minor

For a moment, just for a moment last Friday morning, I felt Spring in the air: a crisp warmth, the budding of my plants, a few birds (not pigeons) singing outside my window, the last throes of winter in a final and futile snowstorm, and a sense of creative spirit around me that was barely thangible. In short, a new awakening.

I sense in a few of my friends this new awakening also, not least among them in Don and Deck, to whom credit is due for this issue of *The Sou'wester*. When I announced that there would be no paper this week they asked if they could do one. What you are reading is the product of their labors. And it is refreshing and encouraging to see people take this sort of initiative—there may be hope yet.

What the efforts of Don and Deck represent, in part, is a response to a challenge, an opportunity to exercise their creative talents in a meaningful way. And not a small part of that response is a joy that comes from their success, for self-gratification is perhaps the only reward that will come of this. But that is important. Ask Christie and Lys, who have taken charge of the SFA.

Very shortly, the Publications Board will be asking those who are interested in becoming editors of the various publications to come forward; and seniority will face you. All that is asked is an interest and a dedication (to get you through the low points) in doing a peculiar sort of job; "ability" is a secondary though still important, consideration, for the Board will "train" you for the job if you want it.

The best way to become acquainted with the publications is to talk to *and work for* the various editors, for their little insights as to the particular demands of each publication cannot be passed on by written notes. The problems of soliciting more "creative" works for the *Ginger* (edited this year by Cathy Roan) for instance, are different from the obstacles of finding "academic" papers for the *Journal* (Alice J. Smith); producing a yearbook (John Worden) is more than taking lots of pictures; and the problems of a newspaper are unique at Southwestern. The handbook and *Faces* pose their own little quirks, too.

What is important, however, is that the challenges raised by these difficulties can be met in ways unique to the persons doing the job; it can be and ideally should be an exercise of the editors' creative spirits, not without the help of a good staff. And what is likewise important is that if you, the students, want and expect a paper, a yearbook, a *Faces*, a *Journal*, *Ginger*, a handbook, or anything else, *you* have to take the initiative to produce them, as Don and Deck did this week; these publications are not gifts of *manna*—they are products of various people's effects.

Please, if you have even a vague interest in becoming an editor or a co-editor, get in touch with one of the present editors *now* and work a little with them. The paper changes hands at Term III; the yearbook is getting ready for lay-out, as are *Ginger* and the *Journal*. We, the present editors, need your help, and you will need ours. Now is the time to get it.



photo by Katherine Carver

Robb Common offers lectures

By Greg Fitzgerald

What are today's novelists, journalists, and historians writing about? The Robb Common A Committee asks professors, administrators, and students to offer their answers and analyses in the Contemporary Novel Discussion Series. Each week, a professor will be invited to lead a discussion in the White Social Room on a topic of current interest, using a contemporary novel as a point of reference. It is hoped that these meetings will generate a dialogue on current events and offer students a critique of some recent writings.

This Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M., Professor Carl Walters will lead the first discussion. It will be an analysis of some of the aspects of the 1960's as presented in Tom Robbins' humorous fiction, *Even Cowgirls*

Get the Blues. This book may be of special interest to some of the latent '60's people roaming the corridors of Southwestern, or to those who were too young to take it all in the first time.

The discussion series should dovetail with *Dilemma* since, ironically, much of the best "current" literature deals with events of the previous decade. *Dispatches*, to be presented by Lynn Blair of the Burrow Library on Thursday, March 2, and *A Rumor of War*, which Professor R. C. Wood will speak about on March 9, both present unique perspectives on the Vietnam War.

Everyone is encouraged to join in these discussions, whether their primary interest is in the novel or the general subject being considered.

"Room Service" at Circuit

By Deck Reeks

Currently showing at the Circuit Playhouse is the play *Room Service*. It is quite a delightful comedy written in the 1930's by John Murray and Allen Boretta. The setting of the play is also in the 30's in a not so well-to-do New York hotel, the White Way. The plot involves the already chaotic world of play production and a company who is having a difficult time finding backers. The entire play takes place in one room of the White Way and the staging is superb. One will be

especially pleased with the performances of Vincent Astor, who portrays the exasperated hotel manager Joe Grimble. Layton Saunders presents himself as Simon Jenkins, a representative for a wealthy backer of productions, and Cliff Coats portrays Leo Davis. All in all the play is very entertaining and an excellent way to spend \$2.50 and an evening.

The production is directed by Matt Cutugno and produced by Circuit Playhouse. Circuit is located on Poplar across from Overton Park.

Theater Memphis stages Cole Porter

Ben Bagley's "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" is the complete and tongue-twisting title of the musical revue that will occupy the Theatre Memphis stage for a 23 February-12 March run. The schedule calls for nightly performances at 8:00, except Mondays when the theatre is dark. Sunday matinees are at 2:30. located across from Memphis' Audubon Park at Southern and Perkins Extended, Theatre Memphis is currently in its 58th season and is the second oldest continually performing community theatre in America.

The Cole Porter revue, usually referred to simply as "Decline and Fall", features thirty-eight (38) songs by the master of wit and sophistication. Using material written between 1929 and 1945, this particular revue format emphasizes

some delightful, albeit lesser known, Porter works. Some will probably become new favorites.

Performed by a cast of seven (7), four (4) women and three (3) men, "Decline and Fall" will feature an elegant Art Deco setting of beige, black and silver by Jay Ehrlicher. Costumes are being designed by Andre Bruce Ward. Ehrlicher and Ward hold respective resident positions at Theatre Memphis. The staging is being handled by Artistic Director Sherwood Lohrey with choreography by Elizabeth Garner Williams. Musical direction is by Tony Lee Garner.

The cast consists of Judy Dietz, who was seen on the Theatre Memphis stage as Eliza Doolittle in "My Fair Lady"; Michael Williams and Peggy Miller, recent veterans of last summer's delightful Theatre Memphis musical performed in their Little Theatre series, "In

Fashion"; Sheila Hern, a former "Miss Memphis" who has performed in such major night clubs as The Dunes in Las Vegas; Mary Agnes Harris who last appeared at Theatre Memphis in the title role of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown"; Michael Lupfer, unseen since "A Little Night Music"; and Marler Stone whose most recent credit was the role of El Gallo in West Memphis, Arkansas Little Theatre's "The Fantastics". Elizabeth Garner Williams and Frank Holeman will be the featured dancers.

Ticket information is available by calling the box office at 901-682-8323 or by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Theatre Memphis, 630 Perkins Extended, Memphis Tennessee 38117. Tickets for all performances are \$5.50 for adults and \$3.00 for students. Include two (2) alternative dates when making a mail order.

