

THE Sou'wester

The Weekly Student Newspaper of Rhodes College

Vol. LXXX, No. 5

Wednesday, October 9, 2002

Around the World... Compiled from CNN

The 2002 Nobel Prize for Physics was awarded to two U.S. and one Japanese scientists for their work in discovering cosmic X-ray sources. The prize for medicine went to British and American scientists for work illuminating the cause of AIDS and strokes. Possibilities for the soon-to-be-announced Peace Prize are the current Afghan president, former N.Y.C. mayor Rudy Giuliani, the Salvation Army, and the Peace Corps.

A San Francisco gathering of war protesters received media attention but failed to generate a real movement of activists. While this protest brought around 10,000 activists, similar protests have yielded no more than a few hundred people. Comparisons to protest during the Vietnam War have been few and far between, owing mostly to the extreme difference in the causes of the wars.

Iran officials assure that the nation is not harboring any members of the Al Qaeda network, denying U.S. reports of training stations in eastern Iran. The European Union's special envoy to Afghanistan voiced concerns that Iran might become the U.S.'s next target in the war against terrorism.

A federal judge issued a restraining order on the labor stoppage of West Coast shipping, a dispute which has cost the economy around \$2 billion a day. Officials hope this "cooling-off period" will help both sides come to an agreement more easily next week.

Governor campaign profile: Van Hilleary

By Nicholas Ball
Staff Writer

Republican gubernatorial candidate Van Hilleary is no stranger to Tennessee politics. In 1992 Hilleary made a failed run for the state Senate. Hilleary found success during the 1994 congressional elections, winning in the Fourth Congressional District. Having served four terms in the House, Hilleary seeks to return to Tennessee as governor.

Tennessee's budget crisis represents one of the most crucial issues in this election. The creation of a state income tax has long been a contentious issue. Hilleary believes the continuing debate over an income tax hinders recruiting businesses to Tennessee and wants to bury the issue once and for all. Despite his desire to make the income tax issue moot, Hilleary has made his opposition to an income tax a center-

piece of his campaign.

Hilleary argues that the state's fiscal problems stem primarily from the uncontrolled growth of TennCare, the state's managed health care program. Hilleary says three major structural reforms are needed. First, eligibility requirements need to be tightened to make sure the truly uninsurable have coverage. The state must more strictly verify the eligibility of TennCare recipients. Finally, benefits may need to be adjusted to ensure continued solvency.

Hilleary promotes economic development alongside TennCare reform as the key to alleviating Tennessee's fiscal woes.

To spur economic development, Hilleary seeks to increase grants to aid expansion of existing businesses and promote tourism.

Education also serves as a cornerstone issue of the Hilleary campaign. Hilleary



Photo by Miriam Dolen

Marvin Addison ('03) leads the Black Student Association as Prince at Kappa Delta's All-Sing. BSA performed the hits, "Let's Go Crazy," "When Doves Cry," and "Raspberry Beret."

Kappa Sigma took first place, as Tri Delta took second and AOPi came in third. Chi Omega was awarded Most Entertaining, BSA won Best Costumes, and ATO won Most Creative.

states that education should be a top budget priority. Sufficient funding represents only one portion of the solution.

Hilleary's platform emphasizes both school accountability and administrative reform of public schools. To achieve accountability, Hilleary proposes financial

bonuses for both principals and teachers who meet certain standards and the implementation of charter schools.

**Campaign,
continued
on Page 6**

Hammering away at Habitat for Humanity

By Laura Dallas
Staff Writer

Smack! And it is a long drive to deep center field.... Sound like the swing of a baseball bat? No, that is the sound of hammers hard at work on the Rhodes Habitat for Humanity house.

"Hammering our way home" is the build's motto, car-

rying out the baseball theme. Each weekend is named after a different plate—working toward the goal of the last "home run" weekend including an "All-Star Celebration" on October 23. Volunteers sport red baseball shirts around campus and Rocky, the Memphis Redbirds mascot, made an appearance at one build.

Internationally, Habitat for

Humanity has built over 125,000 quality houses since 1976. Locally a committee selects homeowners after considering need, ability to repay the no-interest loan, and willingness to work with Habitat.

Cheryl and Rita Stokes are the homeowners for the Rhodes Habitat house and, along with Rita's two children, they work alongside the volunteers. They

will reside there upon completion of the house. The site is close to the house Rhodes constructed two years ago, increasing Rhodes' connection to this community.

Rhodes Habitat Chapter president Michael Lamb ('04)

**Habitat, continued
on Page 6**

Just in time for Homecoming: let's rename Palmer Hall

By Stephen Haynes

Associate Professor of Religious Studies

The time has finally come: the time to change the name of Palmer Hall. You know the building. It's the one that houses the offices of the President and Dean of the College, Registrar, Administrative Services, Admissions, Financial Aid, Student Affairs, Planning & Institutional Research, College Relations, the English department, Hardie Auditorium, a number of smart and not-so-smart classrooms, and, of course, the granite bricks bearing the names of the college's most generous donors.

However, from the day it opened in 1925 Palmer Hall has also housed the legacy of Benjamin Morgan Palmer (1818-1902) who, according to the Palmer Memorial Tablet that hangs in the southeast corner of the cloister, is the "father of this institution." This is not hyperbole; Palmer's contributions to Rhodes during its first half-century were unparalleled. The college was reorganized after the Civil War under his leadership as Southwestern Presbyterian University; he was elected as the institution's first chancellor; and he was the Board of Trust's most influential member for nearly thirty years.

Recognizing Palmer's herculean efforts on behalf of the college, the tablet honors him as "A Patriot, A Scholar, An Educator, An Ecclesiastical Statesman and A Pulpit Orator Unsurpassed." But, as I explore in a recent book—*Noah's Curse: The American Biblical Justification of Slavery* (Oxford, 2002)—Palmer is best known for preaching that the preservation of slavery was the South's "divine trust," for pushing Louisiana toward secession in late 1860, for portraying the Civil War as a

"holy" crusade, and for tirelessly arguing that racial segregation was a divinely sanctioned pattern for society. True, most nineteenth-century Southern white clergymen supported slavery and segregation to some degree.

However, as I learned while researching religious sanctions for American racism, Palmer was unique in several respects. Like others, he relied on the so-called curse of Ham in Genesis 9 to justify the South's peculiar institution before 1865. But in the postbellum period, when most Southerners abandoned the curse and sought "scientific" support for their presumptions of African inferiority, Palmer relied on the Bible to claim that the fulfillment of Anglo-Saxon destiny required the segregation of the Japheth's putative European descendants from black "Hamites."

Palmer has been dead for 100 years. In fact, May 25, 2002, was the centennial of his death, when he succumbed to injuries sustained when he was run over by a streetcar at the intersection of Palmer Street and St. Charles Avenue in New Orleans. What better time to reassess the college's decision to place a monument to Palmer's legacy at the heart of our campus? What better opportunity to find some other way of recognizing his service as "father" of Rhodes College? Given the college's struggles this past year with the stubborn legacy of white racism, surely it's time to reconsider our architectural celebration of one of the South's most influential racists.

I am not advocating that we bury Palmer's legacy, but that we remove it from its place of honor on the Rhodes campus. Nor should we overlook the faith and largesse exhibited by the women of Palmer's church who in the

early 1920s raised the enormous sum of \$25,000 in order to erect a building "to the Glory of God." But we can celebrate the gift of a building without endorsing the worldview of its namesake.

What I suggest is that the Palmer Memorial Tablet taken from the shadows of the cloister to a place on campus where passersby can reflect upon it in the light of our recent history. Everyone associated with the college would all do well to consider just what "ideal of Christian education" Palmer bequeathed to Rhodes, and to what extent is it separable from his use of the Bible to sanction slavery, secession, segregation, and genocide. As far as a new name for the building is concerned, any would be preferable to allowing Palmer's name to be associated with our institution for another century.

To get the discussion going, here are ten suggestions, each of which respects the aims of the original donors by keeping in view religion, race, and the college's history:

1) Charles Diehl Hall. (President, 1917-1949) By any rational assessment the college ought to be named after this former president. So why not honor his progressive religious vision in a more prominent way?

2) Peyton Rhodes Hall. (President, 1949-1965) Another progressive Presbyterian who oversaw the integration of the college in the early 1960s, and who in 1964 informed a donor who complained to him about student activists at his church: "Southwestern is not for sale."

3) Felix Gear Hall. (Professor of Bible, 1934-1943) This former Rhodes professor served as moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in 1964-65 and fearlessly pushed the denomi-

nation toward racial inclusiveness.

4) Howard Romaine Hall. This member of the Class of 1964 led an interracial group of student demonstrators who sought to integrate worship at Second Presbyterian Church throughout the spring of 1964.

5) Coby Smith Hall. This member of Rhodes' first integrated class (1968) was active in the local civil rights movement and gained national attention as leader of a militant group known as "The Invaders."

6) Joe Neville Hall. This member of the Physical Plant Staff from 1958 to 2002 remembers using "colored only" facilities on campus.

7) Paul Tudor Jones Hall. This former student (Class of 1932), board member, and minister at Idlewild Presbyterian Church was a progressive voice in the Memphis civil rights movement during the 1960s.

8) James A. Wax Hall. This former rabbi at Temple Israel (and adjunct professor of Religious Studies at Rhodes in the 1980s) mobilized Memphis clergy in support of the Sanitation Workers' Strike in 1968.

9) Carl Johnson Hall. This member of the Biology Department was the first African American member of the college's faculty.

10) Synod of the Mid-South Hall. In the early 1970s this church body insisted that the college's covenant with the Presbyterian Church include the obligation to "work toward the effective recruitment of racial and ethnic persons at every level of the College's life."

This list is by no means exhaustive. But perhaps it can serve as food for thought as we move into a new era of diversity at Rhodes. The time has come.

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Member, Associated College Press (ACP)

Brains and integrity: they're, like, so five minutes ago

By Jessica Paz
Confused as Hell

Time 10:00 a.m., MWF.
Place: Bench outside of Palmer, sunny, breezy day. **Action:** Female college senior's inner monologue

Nice day to sit outside. Breeze blowing. Squirrels scurrying. Sunlight coming through the trees. People smoking in the amphitheater, ruining our ozone layer. But hey, we are all going to die anyway. Who needs an ozone layer? Might as well be a giant apocalyptic event like the earth melting. Nothing interesting ever happens here anyway.

Remember when you were first here and everything was new and exciting? Now everything is

stale and trite. Jess, you are just getting older.

I sound like an English major. At least English is useful and patriotic. Why did I take Spanish? What have the Mexicans done for us? Oh, yeah...Corona. Excellent NAFTA contribution. Plus, you know the whole "I am Spanish" thing probably had something to do with the decision. (Sigh.)

I feel bitter today. Not like that isn't an everyday thing, but I am especially malignant this morning. It cannot be the wrong side of the bed; mine's against the wall, so I can disqualify that myth. (Mental pat on the back.) I know it is because of that paper I just got back.

Is all I am worth a B? I am

in a 200 level history class with 15 kids and I got the B. It's not me. It cannot be me. I am a senior. I am perfect. I am a demigod. I am going to be on my ass without a job in 200 days.

I cannot believe they keep a countdown till D-Day. How sadistic is that? Like I don't know that the clock is ticking. It keeps me up at night -- the loud, obnoxious tick-tock of the real world outside of the iron gates and guard huts. I'd like to slam it against the wall.

The girl who sits next to me in class got a B+. She's not a major or a minor. She's one of those core curriculum people who do not care about the subject matter, only the cross off on her degree checklist. I know

there is a conspiracy. Maybe because she wears tight, low-cut spandex tops with tight short skirts to class, in order to expose her push-up bra bosom, her beer pouch, and do-it-yourself waxed legs. She might as well come to class in a bikini.

Come to think of it, I have noticed a lot of girls coming to class dressed that way. Here comes one now. My good God. Her cleavage is bounding out of that Lycra/cotton blend sweater. She's going to poke an eye out with those. And those pants leave nothing to the imagination...even her thong line is conspicuous.

Wait, that's the girl in my class. No wonder she got the B+. Hell, if dressing like Britney Spears gets you good grades,

imagine what grad school I'd get into with a Victoria's Secret negligée. UNC, definitely. If I step it up a notch -- the stilettos and trench coat number -- Harvard will be handing me fellowships on a 366-year-old silver platter John Harvard himself used as an ashtray or a spittoon.

I might, however, have moral problems with using my body to get what I want in life. Forget that! Everybody is jumping off the bridge, and I am going to make a nose dive if it will get me into grad school. Who needs morals? Are not integrity and decency just another accessory like a Kate Spade purse and a Tiffany's bracelet?

Crap, it's 10:15. Do I still have time to change before class?

Diversity at Rhodes: learning from the past, searching for the future

By Carson Weitnauer
The Peripatetic Gadfly

The increasing diversity, especially ethnic and cultural, of our college has caused the status quo and self-understanding of our campus body to be disturbed. Last February, someone or some people, perhaps hostile to the possibility of losing the 'perks' which usually come from being among the majority ethnicity and culture, violently attempted to discourage this important change.

Thankfully, our campus responded with support and encouragement to the black students and others who were unjustly injured and rightly offended by these acts of hate. But we are now eight months, one semester and at least three tests removed from those events. Before we forget the opportunity for love and for change that these cowardly, anonymous acts brought our campus, let us briefly reconsider what diversity could ideally mean for us at Rhodes College.

Diversity is a rather misunderstood concept. This is partly because political correctness, with its unduly heavy emphasis on sensitive word choice, gave rise to the

peculiar idea that diversity only requires us to be polite. Furthermore, some well-meaning yet rather fuzzy activists have repeatedly advocated tolerance.

Now, tolerance is simply a word without power. Tolerance suggests respect for others, but it often includes the assumption that the other is not particularly liked or wanted. It usually equivocates to avoiding any expression of dislike or hate, but rarely generates an active love of the one we are required to 'tolerate.'

In contrast to this lukewarm message, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. urged that we treat our neighbors not with violence or tolerance but with a radical agape love. This phrase 'agape love,' derivative from one of four Greek words for love, is an understanding, creative, redemptive, good will to all men. It is an overflowing love which seeks nothing in return. Theologians would say it is the love of God operating in the human heart. So that when one rises to love on this level, he loves men not because he likes them, not because their ways appeal to him, but he loves every man because God loves him (Mar-

tin Luther King, Jr., *Love, Law and Civil Disobedience*).

While this is a challenging definition, I think one reason we have stopped short of such love is because we have found ourselves faced with the surprising difficulty of radically loving those whom we struggle to know and therefore struggle to understand.

In his book *Compassion*, Catholic priest Henri Nouwen suggests that the very act of seeking knowledge and understanding of others is itself a profound gift of love. My personal experience has been that relating to those of a different ethnicity and culture sometimes involves sacrificing time for other interests, being perceived as weird, and negotiating awkward cultural differences. I am thwarted by social structures that encourage me to ignore those who are different. So this is a tough journey because it takes time, emotional energy, hard work and dedication to an often frustrating process. But I have come to realize there is a corresponding blessing to be had by serving with agape love. The uncountable failures of my brief twenty-one years have led to a deep-seated recog-

nition that I possess a profound need for such encounters.

These encounters with 'the other' offer me the support and the inspiration that I require to develop. As I see in the other weaknesses similar to my own, I am comforted that I am not alone in my struggles; by observing those with different strengths, I am encouraged to improve my life. We still have a great deal to learn from the richness and greatness of other cultures. And so, if only to selfishly experience the blessings that come with forming friendships across ethnic and cultural lines, we should seek to do so.

However, as Rev. King said, a radical agape love will not stop at egoistic self-interest, but will deliberately forsake 'the perks' that come from participating with an unjust society. If we truly listen to and understand the discrimination that some experience in our community, then surely we will find ourselves with compassion and zeal to undo the corresponding favoritism, even at the cost of personal sacrifice. If the other's well-being is truly our heart's desire, then any system-

atic element of Rhodes College that unjustly benefits the majority at the minority's expense must be modified until it is equitable and just. If we are willing to come this far, we will no longer have a bland tolerance, but will be seeking after the ideal that Jesus Christ lived and taught. After all, what good is it for us to gain the whole world yet forfeit our very souls?

Rhodes College, let us learn that the point is not to have promising statistics, but to seek friendship with the diverse people of this college. The point is not tolerance, which leads to stereotypes and prejudices, but to seek the knowledge and understanding of each other that is at the foundation of life-giving love. The point is not to gain all the privileges, perks and prestige the world offers us; this will only give us a continual hunger for more and more and more. The point is to be a conduit of God's agape love in our beautifully diverse community. If we follow this path, uncomfortable though the road may be at times, we will end up with a social order where love, justice and hope flourish. May we lovingly take risks towards the accomplishment of this end.

To bomb or not to bomb: what a stupid question

Scott Holmes
Editor-in-chief

It is time for us, as Americans, to sit down and think about our current President and his policies. Sure, we should have thought about him more two years ago, but well, hindsight is 20/20. Right now President Bush is pressing for a preemptive strike on Iraq, setting a precedent for American foreign policy. In this article I plan to ask a few questions that I think should be asked loudly by the American people.

In his most recent speech on the matter, Bush made his case to the American people in Cincinnati, Ohio on the October 8. In this speech Bush condemns Iraq's "eleven year defiance, deception, and bad faith." If Bush would examine the U.S.'s actions in the last eleven years, he would find that when he points his finger there would be four fingers pointing back at himself, or us. You will find

that this constant hypocrisy by America is a consistent theme in my article. Bush goes on to state that Iraq has "struck other nations without warning, and holds an unrelenting hostility towards the United States." If America launches a military strike on Iraq, will we not be the country striking other nations without warning? Have we not since the early nineties held an "unrelenting hostility" toward Iraq?

The United States' alleged problem with Iraq is that they (supposedly) hold weapons of mass destruction. This is not alright with us. Only nations who we consider friends, or do not find threatening are allowed to possess these weapons. Never mind the fact that within the last year India and Pakistan, both of whom hold nuclear weapons, came extremely close to war, and both continue to show the world their power with nuclear weapon tests. I am not advocating that we should allow Iraq to possess nuclear weapons, but just maybe we should create a policy that is

clear and has some grounding in common sense.

To make sure everyone is aware, we are still the only country to have used a nuclear device as a weapon. It was during a war, some might say, and yes, this is true, but it also killed tens of thousands of civilians. Does a declaration of war really matter when the lives of so many civilians are taken? These are not easy questions to answer, and in fact they may be impossible, but we should still think about them and remember what we have done. Bush in what I counted to be five direct references to September 11,

said, "We have seen that those who hate Americans are willing to crash airplanes into buildings full of innocent people." America, who hates anyone who *might* be a threat, is willing to drop bombs on innocent people to make sure there is no chance for any country to oppose us. Does that sound right? Would Bush agree that anyone who owns a gun should have it taken away because they might shoot someone they hate with it? No, he is opposed to stricter gun laws.

Bush quotes Kennedy who said, "Neither the United States of America nor the world

community of nations can tolerate deliberate deception and offensive threats on the part of any nation, large or small." What would Bush call the language he is using? Certainly not offensive threats; that would be hypocritical. America needs to take a few steps back and look at how others might see us, ask a couple of nations how they like being constantly bullied, ask ourselves why we are called ugly Americans. Could this all just be jealousy? I seriously doubt it. Maybe it is time we stop asking ourselves who we should bomb and why and ask, why does everyone hate us?

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Express your opinions in...

Forum

A supplement to *Sou'wester* news coverage focusing on issues of national and global importance. Students are encouraged to write on pressing scientific, economic, cultural, or political topics.

Interested? E-mail Scott Holmes at holsb.



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In the Bubble

Wednesday, October 9, 2002

THE Sou'wester

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Campus Safety Log

9/30/02 to 10/06/02

9/30/02 NOTHING UNUSUAL REPORTED		
10/01/02	6:00 p.m.	Physical Plant Building – Minor Injury
	9:00 p.m.	Fire Drills – various areas of campus
10/2/02	9:00 a.m.	Mallory Gym Parking Lot. Vehicle accident
10/3/02	1:10 a.m.	East Village – Fire alarm: all okay, no fire
	11:00 a.m.	Glassell Hall – Unsecured bike stolen from Glassell quad
10/4/02	1:37 a.m.	Voorhies – Fire Alarm: Fire extinguisher expended – suspect identified, pending further action
	9:05 a.m.	Speeding incident – Phillips Lane.
	12:15 p.m.	Injury – Java City: Transported to hospital by ambulance
	11:55 p.m.	Noise complaint various areas of campus: White Ford Bronco with bull horn making a disturbance
10/5/02	3:10 a.m.	Glassell – Fire alarm: False, no fire
10/6/02	8:15 a.m.	Three vehicles towed from reserved parking area in Mallory gym lot. Signs posted
	10:42 a.m.	Briggs Fac/Staff lot – Vandalism: Suspect(s) climbed atop a student's car and caved in the roof of the car. Under investigation. Anyone with information about this incident is strongly encouraged to contact Ralph Hatley at 3881.
	10:50 a.m.	Lynx Lair: Sometime between the day before and this time a camera and lens was stolen from a pack left in the Lair. Report made under investigation
	3:00 p.m.	MPD on Campus to follow up on a robbery that occurred off campus at Collettas on Highland Ave. near the U of M.
	11:25 p.m.	Stewart Hall – Alarm – storm related
	11:30 p.m.	Robb Hall – suspicious odor. All okay
	11:50 p.m.	Lightning struck near Bellingrath, knocking out some some electrical and CCTV capabilities.

STATS	
ACCESSES: 113	VISITORS: 2513
CITATIONS: 110	PROPPED DOORS: 5
ESCORTS: 24	JUMPS: 5
BOOTS: 0	TOWS: 3
AVs: 0	



Ten questions

with The Sou'wester

This weeks questions were asked by Alice King to John Sexton. *The Sou'wester* is in no way responsible for the content or opinions expressed in either the questions or the answers. If you would like to submit ten questions, email holsb.

Alice: Is it just me, or is Contents Under Pressure not the best and most amusing group on campus?

John: *It's just you. Actually Contents Under Pressure is the second most amusing group on campus. The most amusing is the Club of People Who Like to Pay John Sexton's Tuition(CPWLPJST). But, since that club currently has no members, I guess CUP wins by default.*

Alice: Do you guys have secret handshakes or anything?

John: *After what happened last time, we do our best not to touch each other. Ever.*

Alice: Is there any sort of social hierarchy within the group?

John: *Not within the group, although outside of the group we are all pretty much on the bottom of the social food chain. Except for David Wright. I heard he kissed a girl once, but I can't prove anything.*

Alice: How do you all come up with the ideas for skits?

John: *I think of about half of my stuff out of the proverbial blue, and the other half of my inspiration comes from observation—hence the toothpick skit and last year's "Hihowareyoudoinggoodhowareyoudoinggoodgood" skit. Mostly, though, I just love to write. As for the other members, Matt usually takes the most twisted thing he can think of, adds a murderous clown and some mustard, and then slips it into the show at the last minute before anyone can veto it. Jason just turns in bits of string. I don't think he knows how to read.*

Alice: So can we be like best friends and have inside jokes and call each other all the time?

John: *Well, we can be LIKE best friends, but we can't be ACTUAL best friends. Maybe if you were into totally radical tubular bodacious 2-X-treme stuff. Then we could talk.*

Alice: Do you have any plans to continue doing comedy once you get out of Rhodes?

John: *You wouldn't think so from my physics major, but honestly there is nothing I would love more. I always say that my dream would be a Seinfeld-esque TV show or to write and perform sketch comedy...but if that falls through, I guess there is always medical physics.*

Alice: What was the weirdest thing that you did in high school?

John: *Where? Never heard of it, sorry.*

Alice: How do you think that humor can change the world? Or do you?

John: *Well, that depends. If by "humor" you mean "Giving John Sexton 800 Billion dollars and unconditional ownership of the universe," then I would be inclined to say "yep." But, if by "humor" you mean "A ten-gallon hat full of Hotwheels and Skittles," then I would have to say "yep."*

Alice: Remember in your last performance when you played Timmy's friend, and you all went over to his house, and he didn't move, and you all made fun of him and it turned out that he was dead?

John: *You know, its funny—the character of Dead Timmy was actually based on a friend I had when I was young. Except my friend's name was Josh, and he was alive and healthy. The funniest part, though, is that Josh never had a wagon! I guess that's what you call "artistic liberty," right?*

Alice: That was cool.

John: *Thanks.*

Habitat, continued from Page 1

said that "building a Habitat house is a great service in so many ways. It provides the family with a new home, fosters in them a sense of home ownership and personal responsibility, and allows them to become a valuable part of their community."

Jessica Anschutz, community service coordinator for the chaplain's office, serves as the team's advisor. Rhodes Habitat is responsible for both the money and labor for the entire house. To raise the necessary money, Habitat co-sponsored Test the Test with Career Services, as well as other fundraisers. The team also received a \$22,500 grant from the Tennessee General

Assembly, as well as significant funds from President Troutt's office, two generous faculty members, and the student allocations board.

Many different student groups, fraternities and sororities, elected boards, and even the fencing club, have volunteered. Bill Newsom serves as the "green hat," the site supervisor for this build, and has worked with Rhodes for about eight years. He instructs volunteers and ensures the construction quality.

Volunteers rave about their experiences working on the Habitat house. Ashley Carver ('06) said, "It is amazing to spend five hours on a Saturday and really see what you've done. There is such a feeling of accomplishment." She has discovered her natural talent for hammering and a passion for installing siding. Sarah Sanders ('05) also enjoys the physical aspect of the

work, as well as "the idea of seeing something I took part in go up before my eyes."

Involvement of the community is key, Lamb stresses "Constructing a Habitat house is an incredible opportunity for Rhodes. Students, faculty, staff, administrators, alumni, Aramark, and even trustees have reached out to the Memphis community and have joined together around a common focus of service. It truly is the total community effort that has made this project so successful."

Students interested in volunteering on Saturday, October 8 can choose from two shifts: 7:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m., with lunch provided, and 12:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. To carpool to the house meet behind the mail room at 6:45 a.m. and 11:45 a.m., respectively. The house dedication ceremony will be held on Sunday at the house at 2:00 p.m.

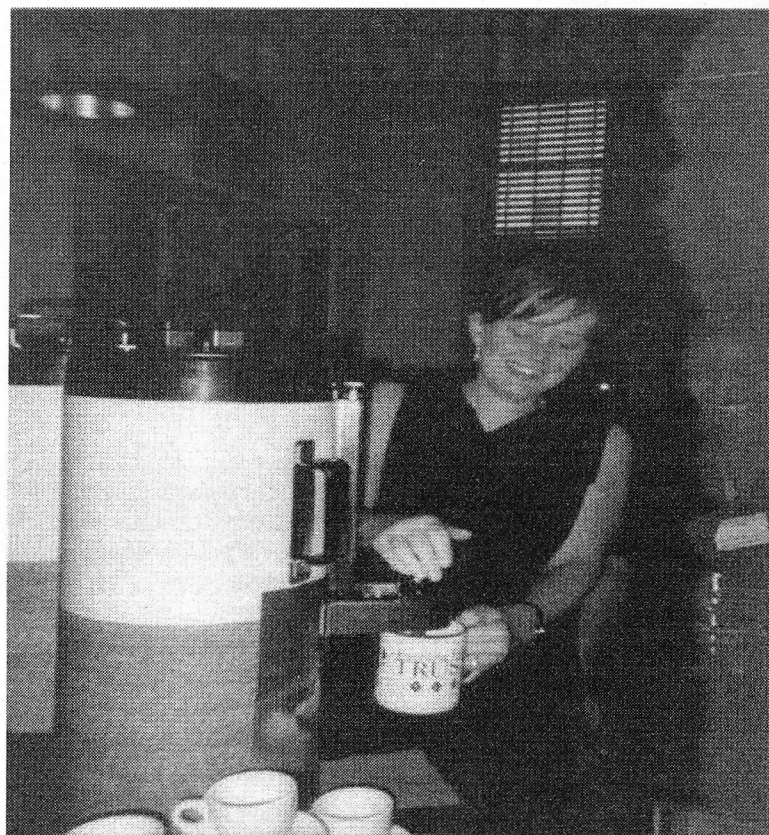


Photo by Emily Hogue

Members of the faculty line up to try Java City's new Fair Trade Coffee. Fair Trade ensures that small coffee farmers are paid a fair price and that crops are grown with sound environmental practices. Fair trade coffees at Java City include Utopian Blend, Cafe del Corazon, and Espresso Valeroso.

The Sou'wester presents **Thirsty Thursday Oktoberfest** **Except it's on Wednesday, October 16**

In the Lynx Lair from 8:00 p.m. until the beer runs out

German beers, beer specials, and pretzels

Campaign, continued from Page 1

Public school reform initiatives include easing of certification for those who make teaching a second career, state-provided teachers' insurance, and refocusing primary school curriculum to highlight math and reading.

Current polls indicate a statistical dead heat between Hilleary and Democratic opponent Phil Bredesen. As Election Day approaches, the rhetoric has grown more heated, particularly from the Hilleary campaign.

Hilleary has repeatedly attacked Bredesen as a tax-and-spend liberal for raising property taxes 37% during his tenure as mayor of Nashville. Hilleary has also accused Bredesen of "using the taxpayers of Nashville as an ATM" in

his dealings to attract the Houston Oilers NFL franchise (now the Tennessee Titans) and Dell Computer Corporation.

Bredesen has also been painted as a closet supporter of a state income tax for failure to commit to opposing a tax during both terms if elected. The Hilleary campaign has further criticized Bredesen for spending \$6 million in apparent violation of state election law limiting personal spending. Bredesen has countered that the attorney general be-

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lieves the law is unconstitutional, and the state election commission refuses to enforce it.

Bredesen has also gone on the offensive, challenging Hilleary's intellectual savvy

during a debate in Knoxville and criticizing Hilleary's record on education funding in Congress.

For more information on the Hilleary campaign, visit www.vanhilleary.com

Let Go of "punk rocker" Avril's recycled Alanis

By Amy Barnette
Executive Assistant

When the video for Avril Lavigne's single "Complicated" first played on MTV, I could not decide what to think of the song. Admittedly, I was drawn in by the merchandising—a punk rock girl, cute skater-guy band, knocking over mall junk—it was a genre I theoretically *should* like, at least because it seemed like something different than the pattern of new artists at the time. As I heard the song more and more, my negative feelings for the music became more apparent, but I could not shake the obligation I felt to appreciate it.

I finally downloaded the whole album, *Let Go* (this before our esteemed campus server throttled download capabilities to about 3K/sec), to see what I thought of the rest of the music.

My decision took less than one whole listening session. The album did not show much talent, lacked any hints of the rebellious punk vibe the fervent ad campaign promised, and generally amounted to Alanis Morissette, without the appeal. It was not anti-pop; it was just the next phase, or craze, as you will. Generally, I felt cheated of the total hour I spent on the discovery.

I have heard the arguments against anti-Avril sen-

timents: she never claimed to be a punk; she did not want to be famous; she and her boy band are just doing what they love. Avril and her band, however, signed on the Arista record label. Those who watched *Real World 10: Back to New York* (forgive my late-night reality show obsession) know that Arista is big-name, big-bucks, and itching for hits in the pop and rock arenas. Signing with L.A. Reid means being expected to find a large audience. I imagine L.A. Reid's over-simplified decision to sign Avril Lavigne, with a discussion of "the anti-Britney" and the need for cute guys in the background. Lyrics would need to be jaded with the

prep world and searching for something "real." The girl should be pretty enough to attract young guys but should look like she did not care, with heavily-lined eyes and guys' clothing pulling off the look. Avril Lavigne was this movement's Johnny Bravo—hey, the plaid necktie fit—and the newly-rebellious pubescent generation gained its idol du jour. The playlists soon dropped "Lucky" and "Slave 4 U" and picked up "Complicated" and "Sk8er Boi."

Do not think of me as a complete cynic snob. I do not classify all female singers as mindless, industry-driven pop. Go back a few years and listen to the "original,"

Jagged Little Pill. If you were disappointed in not getting kickass, girl-driven punk from Avril Lavigne, try out the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, whose lead singer Karen O. just might poetically thrash Avril with her necktie while belting out lyrics to the band's angry chords, which take you back to the early days of punk. Or, for the classic lyrical and often bitter genre of girl rock popularized by Alanis Morissette and Fiona Apple, P.J. Harvey and Ani DiFranco offer fresher options, despite their datedness. As for Avril Lavigne, face it: pop lyrics, pop tunes, and a sock on her arm. Is this really the next revolution?

Hopkins' *Red Dragon* thrills, chills, and confuses audience

By Christian Masters
Staff Writer

Hannibal Lecter, America's favorite psychopath, has again returned to cinema in the feature film *Red Dragon*. The viewer is served a veritable feast of acting talent and a generous helping of suspense, but the final portion of our meal is generally a confused mess. Brett Ratner, our cook, loses the brilliant touch he exhibits in the initial stages of our course. Even so, however, this dinner leaves us with a pleasant aftertaste, although I would dearly have cared for some fava beans and, perhaps, a nice Chianti.

The basic plot structure of *Red Dragon* follows the events after Hannibal's (Anthony Hopkins) arrest by the capable Will Graham (Edward Norton). The two had combined talents to pursue the "Chesapeake Ripper," but after an ingenious revela-

tion Graham sees Hannibal's guilt, and the good doctor is jailed. Graham retires but is soon called back into the FBI by his old boss, Harvey Keitel, after a serial killer dubbed "The Tooth Fairy" butchers two families. Graham needs help and turns to Hannibal for advice.

The underlying theme of this movie is the fine line between reason and intellect. Lecter is something of a cinematic paradox; he is hyper-intelligent yet lacks any morality or reason whatsoever. In *Red Dragon*, Anthony Hopkins again succeeds at exuding this bizarre charisma; his cold eyes burn through the celluloid; his confrontations with Norton are particularly chilling. One of my favorite shots of the film is the introductory panning into a crowd of cultured gentility; Lecter's evil stare is immediately detected, even amidst the sea of black and

white.

Edward Norton plays the role of Will Graham with a brilliant subtlety. Graham is swept into the tormented world of the *Red Dragon* (Ralph Fiennes), but even among the psychopaths he maintains his humanity and rationality, perhaps anchored by his wife and child. The viewer best glimpses Graham when he claims to have captured Lecter because the doctor had certain disadvantages. When Hannibal prompts him as to what these were, Norton intones, "You're insane." He needs the brilliant intelligence of Hannibal, but such intellect comes at a price.

The co-dependent relationship between Lecter and Graham is brilliantly portrayed and even more compelling than that between Clarice Starling and Hannibal in *Silence of the Lambs*. Unfortunately, the

true focus of this film is Francis Dolarhyde, the *Red Dragon*/Tooth Fairy. Left to their own devices Norton and Hopkins could have easily carried the film, but clumsy direction from Ratner stings our palate and wastes a brilliant turn by Ralph Fiennes.

Firstly, Ratner is best known for *Rush Hour* and its sequel, so I am still a bit befuddled as to why he was chosen to helm the project. He manages quite well, actually, in the first half, when Dolarhyde is clearly portrayed as evil; it gives us several moments of true nail-biting suspense. Later, however, the viewer is led to sympathize with Dolarhyde; we almost feel guilty assigning responsibility to him as most of the blame rests on his abusive grandmother. But this man butchered eleven people, six children included! At the film's climax, we are uncertain how to re-

gard the villain. Had Ratner painted everything in black and white, the suspense would have been far more gripping; we would not have been concerned with the ambiguities of Dolarhyde's insanity and motivation.

Emily Watson, Philip Seymour Hoffman, and Harvey Keitel are given peripheral roles, but manage them very capably. Had the film's structure been a little more concrete and direct, it could have easily trumped its much-acclaimed predecessor. The well-rounded acting and eerily-dispersed moments of shock, however, are easily worth admittance. And, to give Ratner his due, one of the scariest moments in recent cinema history is in the concluding portion. There is still reason to crave further chapters of Lecter's morbid autobiography.

It is like having an old friend for dinner.

Nicki S. Lee's PROJECTS captures a different side of life

By Alison Stohr and Pete Moore
Staff Writers

Since September 6, photographs documenting the subcultures of skateboarders, senior citizens, and the ever appropriate (for Rhodes at least) yuppies have found a home in the Clough Hanson gallery. An exhibit of work this diverse usually only finds unity in the fact that all of it sprung from one single human being. Nikki Lee, the Korean artist responsible for these images, rejects the role of the artist as being strictly a body hiding behind a tapestry. Instead she dons the stereotypical identity of the aforementioned groups, much like an anthropological chameleon and allows friends or passing strangers to take snapshots, documenting her assimilation into each identity. This series has gained a world wide interest, earning her exhibits in

the Galeria Senda in Barcelona, the Bronx Museum, and finally, Rhodes College. Not only did the Gallery make it possible to show Lee's work, but it was also lucky enough to host an artist talk on October 3 in Hardie Auditorium.

A crowd of journalists, Memphians, fellow artists, and interested Rhodes students filled the room, anxiously awaiting her explanation of the experiences she accrued in recording these cultures. Lee took the stage equipped with a projector and an insight on the research involved in fitting into each didactic group. She spoke on the makeup involved in her seniors project, the three times a week for three months tanning schedule for the hip hop project, and the physical damage incurred by learning how to skate for the skateboarder project. Each description was accompanied by pho-

tos that either led the audience to laughter, as with the tourist project, or into quiet voyeurism, as with the exotic dancer project. She told the crowd that her interests were "more about the relationships, and how other's identity affects my identity."

Lee's work not only raises questions of identity, but also employs methods which seem to challenge the standard classification of "art." Because the artist herself is not the person behind the camera and no instructions are given for the desired composition of the photograph, aside from the request that the picture-taker not crop her head out of the photo, Lee's opus appears to be a documenting of subcultures as well as a study of the classification drawn between photography and amateur snapshots. To this aim, the artist always employs a non-professional camera, leaving

the date that appears on the photo in place (though sometimes altering it slightly "so it's kind of fake").

During the question and answer session, Lee was given the opportunity to answer a wide variety of questions, some of which disputed the significance of her work. One audience member was somewhat frustrated that the hip hop project was the only one for which Lee chose to change her skin color and what this said about racist stereotypes. Lee responded with the explanation that "personally, I wasn't really thinking about race relations. To me, I'm more interested in how people choose their culture. I feel there are still stereotypes and I don't really think they're wrong. I just see the stereotypes and try to fit in." As for the challenge of assimilation with each of these contrasting groups, Lee stated that

people usually have no trouble accepting her because "I'm a really tiny and petite Asian woman, and people think I can't hurt them, so I don't really have a problem with that." The gallery talk ended with the artist explaining that she did not have a favorite project, and asking her to pick only one was like asking a mother to pick her favorite of five children.

Although Lee's work cannot be understood in precisely the same manner in which one usually classifies art, this confronting of the standard is part of its merit. Even if one does not agree with the politics of Lee's art, there is no denying the subtle beauty of her work, which captures the seemingly mundane in often striking ways.

Nikki S. Lee: PROJECTS will be showing in Clough-Hanson gallery through October 16.

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Football defeats Washington University in overtime thriller

By Stu Johnston
Staff Writer

What a difference a week makes! Just seven days following a disheartening loss to lesser opponent Pomona-Pitzer in Los Angeles, the Lynx returned to Memphis with much-needed fire in their guts. The fire boiled over to the football field, as the Lynx turned in a sterling performance in stunning the Washington University Bears 34-27 in overtime. Washington University has approximately four times the number of undergraduate students, and a victory over this tough opponent did wonders for "righting the ship," as the Lynx move back into SCAC action next week against the Fighting Engineers of Rose-Hulman.

Rhodes did many things in this contest that it had not been able to do the past few weeks. There was an air of intensity, a sense of urgency presence from the beginning of the game that was sorely lacking in losses to Pomona and Centre the previous week. Opportunities presented themselves, and the Lynx took advantage. They forced five turnovers and parlayed two of those turnovers into scores and another into an 80-yard drive that ate up the remainder of the first half.

"We have worked hard to get everyone on the same page," said wide receiver and key offensive player Ryan McLaughlin ('04). "We don't

necessarily have many players that are great on their own, but when we play together our offense is high-powered and our defense is tenacious."

The most important drive of the game, and incidentally, the drive that epitomized the Lynx's transformation from previous weeks, took only two plays and encompassed but the last eleven seconds of regulation. The Lynx had been ahead 20-13 at the beginning of the fourth quarter, but things seemed to be unraveling quickly. With four minutes to play in the game, the Bears scored a touchdown to take a 27-20 lead.

In those last four minutes, the Lynx showed a year's worth of character. Although they didn't score on the following drive, the Lynx were able to move the ball deep into Wash U territory—all the way to the 26-yard-line—before they stalled and lost possession on downs. Again, after stalling on downs, the Lynx had ample opportunity to fold, given there was only 1:14 left on the clock. Instead, they used their time outs wisely, and forced the Bears to punt with less than half a minute to play.

After the punt and ensuing return play, the Lynx had a mere 11 seconds to find the end zone from 49 yards away. On the first play from scrimmage, quarterback Dan Swanstrom ('04) hit wide receiver Matt Dement ('05) streaking down the sideline for 48 of those yards. Thanks to the rule unique to col-

lege football that stops the clock when a team gains a first down (until the chains are set), the Lynx were able to get set and spike the ball, stopping the clock with three seconds to play. The line surged forward and Rory Faver ('05) was able to find the end zone to tie the game as time ran out.

Rhodes struck first in the overtime period, as Swanstrom found Dement again, this time on fourth down and goal from the 14-yard-line. Then freshman cornerback Gifford Loudon erased all hope of an equalizer from the Bears by picking off an errant pass, the fifth and final Wash U turnover of the day. Loudon, one of two freshmen starting at cornerback had a career day statistically, with three interceptions, five unassisted tackles, and a fumble returned 37 yards for a touchdown. Linebacker Josh Irby ('05) was also active, with eight tackles and six passes defended.

Swanstrom, Dement, and McLaughlin were the leaders for the Lynx on offense. Swanstrom had another big day in the pocket, completing 24 of 45 passes for 295 yards and two scores. He leads the SCAC in total offense, averaging 321 yards per game (passing and running). Dement had two huge catches near the end of the game and finished with six for 92 yards. McLaughlin was steady all day with seven catches for 119 yards.

Lynx cross country has impressive showing at home

By Colin Strickland
Staff Writer

Saturday, October 5 was a breakthrough day for the Rhodes cross country team as they hosted the Rhodes Invitational at Plough Park. The men raced to a fourth place finish, despite missing their number one runner, Brian McCarthy. Fourteen of eighteen of the men set personal best times on the rolling eight kilometer course.

Freshman Colin Strickland led the Lynx with a fourth place finish in a time of

26:44, a 63 second improvement from his previous best time. He fell three seconds short of freshman conference rival Lucas Ridley of Sewanee, but the stage has been set for a four year rivalry.

Matt Wood ('05) who finished 14th in 27:37 was the second finisher for the Lynx. He was followed by Bill Harrison ('03) who ran a personal best of 28:06 and finished 19th in his last collegiate race on the Lynx home course. Todd Ridley ('05) continued his improvement by finishing 22nd with a time of

28:13. Germantown native Matthew Sauter ('05) ran his strongest race of the season thus far and finished 28th in 28:29.

The top five men rounded off the Lynx scoring, giving them 87 points. Birmingham Southern won the meet with 40 points, and their own Lars Porter won the race with a time of 26:12. The Lynx handily defeated conference teams Sewanee (131), Hendrix (179), and Southwestern (326).

The Rhodes women also had an outstanding day at Plough

Women's soccer hits rough spot with two SCAC losses

By Laura Whiteley
Women's Soccer Coach

After opening its season with a 6-2-0 record—the best season start since 1998 for a Lynx women's soccer team—Rhodes faltered on the road against conference foes Sewanee and Centre, posting two surprising losses and dropping to below .500 in the SCAC.

According to head coach Laura Whiteley, "Our biggest fear about the game versus Loyola being canceled last weekend was that we would fall out of sync with a two week break, and enter the game against one of our biggest rivals, Sewanee, unprepared.

"On the field at Sewanee, unfortunately, that two week break showed and we had one of the sloppiest games I have seen all year."

On Friday, October 4, despite the fact that Rhodes entered the game as the favorite, Sewanee scored two quick goals in the first half (at 11:24 and 12:15), while Rhodes struggled to regain its composure and failed to play the possession game it has found success with all year long.

The Lynx opened the second half with an obvious change in its level of play, however, and pounded the Tigers' goal for the first 10-15 minutes, narrowly missing on numerous opportunities that either hit the post or were saved by Sewanee's keeper.

Unfortunately, soon thereafter Rhodes gave the ball away right in front of its goal while trying to distribute out of the back, and Sewanee capitalized yet again, making the score 3-0, where it remained for the rest of the game.

Rhodes then traveled to Centre College on Sunday, October 6 with the intent of both getting itself back on track after the setback at Sewanee and bringing its conference record back to .500.

The Lynx opened the first half against the Colonels impressively, holding most of the possession and breaking through Centre's back line on many occasions. Unfortunately, though, the team could not put its chances into the back of the net.

Then midway through the second half, Rhodes gave up an unnecessary foul/free kick just outside its own 18-yard box, and Centre put the shot into the far-post upper-90 to make the score 1-0 in the Colonels' favor. Rhodes could not recover—despite many last-minute efforts in front of Centre's goal—and the Colonels held onto their lead, shutting Rhodes out for the second time during the weekend.

Rhodes will play again at home on Saturday, October 12 at 2pm against Hendrix College. The Lynx will be looking for a win and hope to improve their record to 7-4-0.

Park. They posted a second place finish, despite also missing a top runner, Amy Paine ('03). Seven of eight of the women ran either personal or seasonal best times, helping to secure this high finish.

Marie Brandewiede ('04) took the individual title, winning the race in a personal best time of 18:51 for the five kilometer course. Inspired by the presence of her family, the St. Louis native had her first sub-19 minute finish of the season. Elizabeth Wester ('03) was the second

Rhodes finisher at 6th place in 19:24. Haley McConaghy ('06) ran a personal best of 20:27, finishing third for the Lynx, and 24th overall. Lauren Glas ('03) broke twenty-one minutes for the second time in her career and finished 31st in 20:51.

With 97 points, the Lynx only finished behind the University of Alabama at Huntsville who won the meet with 52 points. The Lynx also severely beat conference teams Sewanee (198), Hendrix (263), and Southwestern (343).

Rhode'ster

THE Sou'wester

Some day some month some date some year

Page 10

Welcome, freshmen: we are *The Rhode'ster*, here for you

Jamie Groover
Hail to the king



I can see it now: wallowing in your typical Wednesday afternoon drunken stupor, you are accused by your equally faced roommate of being "stupid" because you currently think the best way to spend your time is to see how many times you can crash Mario's cart into a wall before time runs out, while your roommate argues that those of higher intellectual standards would be discussing what Princess Toadstool would look like stripped of her royal accoutrements. Outraged and in a frenzy to prove your mental acumen, you grab the nearest reading material at hand—a copy of that acme of journalism, *The Sou'wester*, which you had previously used to clean up that spill of the mixed drink you made with SoCo and drained Ramen water.

But confusion sets in. The words are unintelligible, and all the people in the pictures are standing on their heads. Page one makes no sense, page two makes less—what's going

on? Page after page of garbled nonsense until—at last! Three pages that are clear, crisp, and fully intelligible! But what's this? You rub your eyes. Are you hallucinating? It no longer reads *Sou'wester* at the top, but now *Rhode'ster*. What the dilly, yo?

Fear not, denizens of Glassell and Williford! There is an explanation! *The Rhode'ster* is printed upside down on the back of *The Sou'wester*! Why is that? Well...

Did you ever see that episode of the Simpsons where the big Hollywood studio is going to film a Radioactive Man movie and they see the ad that says "FLIM SPRINGFIELD" and the guy says, "Let's film there! They're so good, they don't need fancy ads or even proper spelling!"?

Well, *The Rhode'ster* is kind of like that. We're so excellent, we don't need fancy ads or even to be printed right side up. We assume our readership has the intelligence level necessary to read upside down.

We're so indie that our shirts don't fit.

We are *The Rhode'ster*, and we are here to bring you, the people, the stories that other campus publications cannot or will not bring you. Sure, *The Sou'wester's* Campus Safety Log might tell you that 476 bicycles were



Don't worry, my son, it is not an astronomical anomaly nor an impending day of judgement. It is merely the *Rhode'ster* being delivered from Heaven.

stolen last Monday, but only *The Rhode'ster* broke the story that the result of crossing the streams would be total protonic reversal. Who knows

how many lives we saved with that report?

But we cannot do this without your help. *The Rhode'ster* needs writers, and

more importantly, *The Rhode'ster* needs readers. Each issue of *The Rhode'ster* (published intermittently!) has information through which you can contact the editor (me) to submit a story, tell me how awesome I am, or forward me a hilariously Photoshopped picture of a kitten being chased by Domo Kuns warning of the evils of onanism.

They don't tell you this in PA groups, but being a writer for *The Rhode'ster* is like being a minor celebrity. Shortly after my first story was printed my freshman year, things really started to change for me. Slowly, professors started remembering my name more and more. I began getting a slightly larger portion of horse steak in the Rat than other students. Random people on campus would say things to me like, "Excuse me," or "Hey, come back here with my backpack."

All this and more can be yours, just for writing for *The Rhode'ster*. Heck, I've heard rumors that this sort of good fortune occurs just for being one of our readers, or—as my assistant editor Jack called them shortly before I brained him with an aluminum bat—our read'sters.

We are *The Rhode'ster*. Welcome home.

Just 'cause we mated doesn't mean we can't be civil

Anders Reynolds
Almost a real boy



So what's the big deal? Are you mad at me or sumpin'? I mean, sure, I haven't called you or even made an effort to talk to you, but that doesn't mean we can't exchange passing glances.

This isn't even that big a deal — it happens to everybody. You were drunk, and I was drunk, and we made a mistake. No! I don't mean that what we did was a mistake, but just that...well, I'm really not looking for commitment right now. But we sure had fun and all, right? Remember when we bumped our heads and had that amazing laugh together. Or when my gum got stuck in your braces?

It sure was a memorable night...

But now you won't look at me, even. I mean, I see you four days a week in Latin class and can't get even as much as a 'Salve' from you. What's the big deal? So we told each other our most intimate secrets? It's not like I'll tell anyone. Except my pledge brothers and my friends back home, but they don't know you. And, hey — I offered to walk you home. YOU'RE the one who said no.

I felt really bad when you fell backwards and cut up your knee like that, but thank god your quadmates were around. My roommate was missing, and if I had gone to the hospital with you, he could've been locked out all night.

Seriously, are you mad at me? I thought you understood this was a one time thing. Okay, okay, so bodily fluids were exchanged — its not that

different from sharing a Vanilla Coke.

Besides, no one remembers so there's nothing to be embarrassed of. A few of my friends recognized you as the girl doing the keg stand and one remembered taking a few body shots off of your stomach, but hey — we've all done that.

I guess you think you're too good for me. But, hey, you weren't too good to run naked through first-floor Townsend with me chasing after you. What's changed?

So next time when I see you and I say, "Hey, little girl", you don't need to scream, "How did you know my name??"

Maybe some day we can hook up again, if we're both drunk enough. And maybe I'll even swipe my card twice for you at the Lair. Who knows? I might even get you the Philly beef and spicy fries—on me.



Was Gott selbst vom Papstum helle
Zeigt dis schrecklich bild hie gestellt:

If you would like to apologize to Anders for "wronging" him, no need, his only wish is that you stop being a whore.

Rhode'ster

Freshman Fun Page!

I know that without previous experience at this school, jokes in *The Rhode'ster* can get as old and tired as a Ralph Hatley joke by Bryan Kopta. So for your benefit, gentle reader, *The Rhode'ster* staff has prepared for you this page of fun specifically for freshmen. Completely first-year friendly! Enjoy!

Chuckles and Chortles

Q: What do you get when you mix a cup with a wool sock?

A: John Ramsey!

Q: Why did the previous Rhode'ster editor get slapped?

A: He Kopta feel!

Q: Why couldn't Kalman buy an ice cream cone?

A: He was a little short!

Q: What was the big surprise on campus this fall?

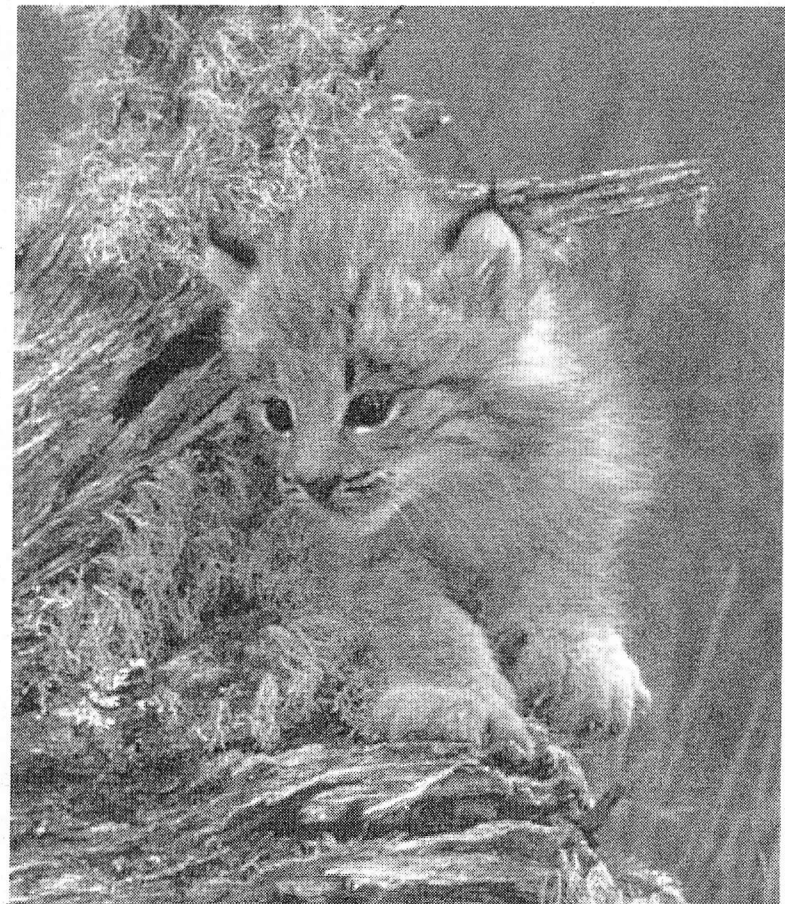
A: Dave Hurt is no longer here.

Rhode'ster Puzz'ler

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Decode this and WIN!!!*

*a heightened sense of self worth. Void where prohibited. Offer expires 10/7/02



Rhodes freshmen are a lot like this lynx kitten: they're cute for six months but after that they're more valuable for their hides than anything else.

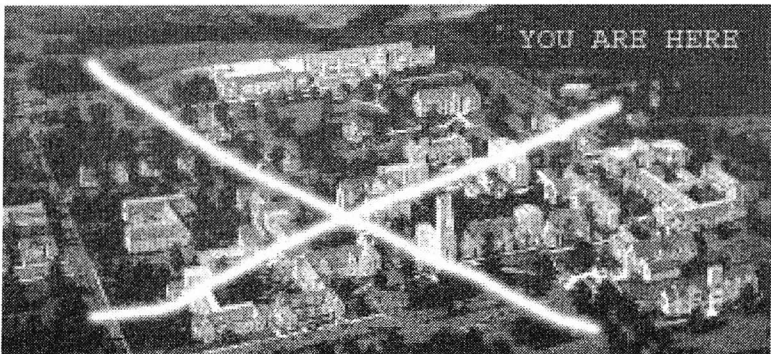
Hamidi's Words of Wisdom:

"Boys are always warm. Unless they're wet."

"It doesn't matter that his pants look funny, he's foreign."

Take heed, gentle reader

You think you're funny? Do you really? Prove it! Send your best to *The Rhode'ster*. We got comedy like J. D. got Salinger, but we can always use more. To either submit a story or be put on *The Rhode'ster* mailing list, please contact Jamie Groover at grobl@rhodes.edu. We won't reject you unless you are bad.



Do you know what college you go to? If you guessed Rhodes, you are right. If Rhodes is NOT the college in which you are enrolled, then perhaps you had better sober up and go home.

So, you decided to go to college

An introduction to college for freshmen and women

What is college?

According to Webster's Dictionary, college is defined as "a body of clergy living together and supported by a foundation."

What are some synonyms for college?

According to the Collegiate Thesaurus, some synonyms of college include "jail, caboose, can, chokey, hoosegow, jug, lockup, prison, rock pit and stir."

What isn't college?

According to Webster's Dictionary, college is NOT defined as "one that inserts staples; especially: a small usually hand-operated device for inserting wire staples."

If college were stranded on a desert island and could have only one album to listen to?

Out of 100 colleges polled throughout the United States, if college could only have one album to listen to for the rest of its life, that album would be *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* by Public Enemy.

If college were a tree, what tree would it be?

You know that book *The Giving Tree*? Yeah, college would be a lot like that tree, except with beer instead of apples.

Rhode'ster Staff

The Dude
Jamie Groover

Jesus
Jack Leslie

Bunny Lebowski
Caroline "Smack My" Bishop

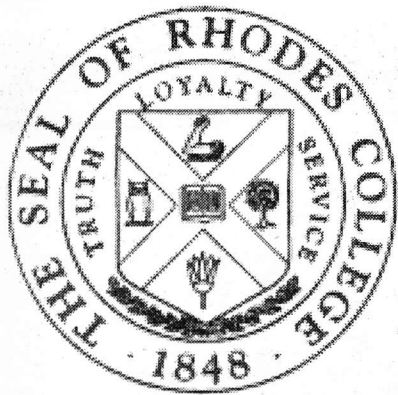
The Marmot
Anders Reynolds

The Nihilists
Scott Holmes

This Month's *Rhode'ster* Was Brought to You No Thanks to:

Clifton Bryant
Jamie Eubanks
Kyle Hatley
Jason Jenkins
Richard Johnson
Matt Reed
John Sexton
Travis Williams

If you see one of these people, be sure to thank them for a big, steaming cup of nothing!



THE Rhode'ster

The Parody Student Newspaper of Rhodes College

The date foo

This Page is a Sometimes Humorous Parody. Read at Your Own Risk

Page 12

Freshman Torn Between Two Loves, Cat-Related Mascots

By Jamie Groover

Rhode'ster Romantic Comic

During the past year, new freshman Anna Coplon ('06) found herself in the middle of a love triangle that threatened to tear her heart asunder. Like many high school students in their last two years, Coplon was wooed by many colleges, though none managed to capture her heart. Then, the most unlikely of candidates arrived.

"It was really weird," Coplon said. "I was buying an ICP CD, and the guy at the counter totally started tearing into me. Just then, the perfect man came to my defense."

That man was Rhodes College, played by John Cusack (*High Fidelity*, *Serendipity*).

"I couldn't believe it," Coplon confessed. "First he saved me from that mean clerk, but then he spilled orange juice all over my shirt. He had to take me back to his charming little apartment so I could clean up. He asked me for

an application, but I was like, 'No, I want to keep my prospects open.'"

That decision did not last long, however. Thanks to the wacky exploits of Rhodes' best friend, Shelley Miller, played by Tom Arnold (*True Lies*, *Meet the Stupids*), Rhodes and Anna kept meeting again and again—at the college corner at her high school, at the local college fair, the coffee shop where all the cool colleges hang out, and the Jiffy Lube.

Soon Coplon and Rhodes were so happy together, the incoming freshman was almost prepared to fill out an early decision application. But then, the unthinkable happened.

"I don't understand it," Coplon sighed. "He seemed like such a nice college."

Coplon came to visit Rhodes one day, only to find another woman coming out of his admissions office, with a big, self-satisfied grin on her face.

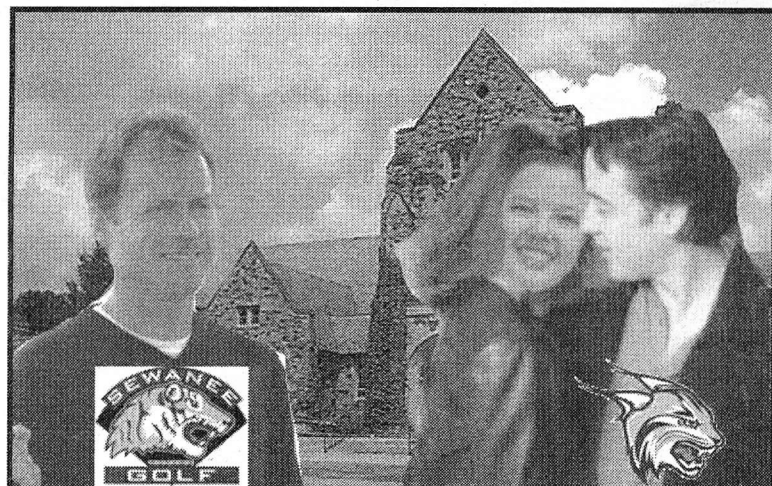
"I thought Rhodes had saved all of his scholarships for me,"

Coplon related. "But I guess I was wrong."

Fleeing the scene in tears, Coplon eventually ended up in the arms of another college: University of the South, or "Sewanee" to his punk friends, played by the smarmy Greg Kinnear (*As Good as It Gets*, *Sabrina*). Coplon's relationship with Sewanee began as what she calls "an innocent flirtation," but soon grew much more serious. By the fall of her senior year of high school, Coplon was prepared to fill out an early decision application—to Sewanee.

"I was beside myself," confessed Rhodes College. "I couldn't bear to see her in the arms of another college. Especially one so smarmy as he. Did she love him, or just the fact that his mascot was so much like mine (though inferior)? How could I let her know that I was the one that really wanted her, and that the girl she saw in my office was really my sister, Liz 'Rhodes' Roads ['05]?"

Rhodes needed to have no fear



Sewanee, left, vies for the attention of Anna Coplon ('06) whose heart currently belongs to Rhodes.

with a friend like Shelley Miller. Miller drove Rhodes late at night to a local TV station where he recorded a special "love tribute" just to Coplon, which concluded with a smash-bang rendition of "Killing Me Softly" in a medley with "Seventy-Six Trombones (Led the Big Parade)."

"When someone goes so far for me, I know that they must truly love me," Coplon said, with a faint

hint of a lump in her throat. "How could I not come back to the big lug?"

Coplon finally sent in her application, and now she and Rhodes are quite happy together.

"I have to admit," she admitted, "Rhodes really was the college for me. And to be completely frank, his financial aid package is huge." On this last point, Rhodes was unavailable for comment.

My conversation about Kareem: A for actual true story

By Caroline Bishop

Rhode'ster Skyhooker

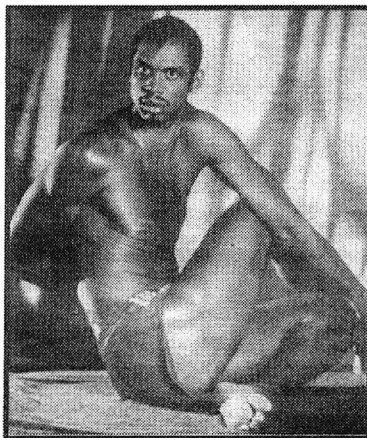
Perhaps it would seem like a normal night spent whiled away on that mainstay of college students, AOL Instant Messenger. But, my friends, it was not. And let me tell you wherefore and why. The wherefore is not important. The why: I was subject to an hour-long discussion of basketball's great hero, Kareem Abdul-Jabar.

Sure, we all loved Kareem in the *Airplane* movie, although he may not have been as amusing as his co-pilot, who spent his time

discussing Turkish prisons. But, tell me, who wants to spend an hour of their summer evening discussing the man?

It all began so innocuously. One of my Rhodes acquaintances, whom we will call "Other Person", and I were chatting about many things—television shows we both enjoyed, trips to Florida, and your mother. Suddenly the conversation veered onto another path, and that path looked a heck of a lot like Kareem Abdul-Jabar. Perhaps the reason we lingered so long on the topic was our mutual awkwardness—we didn't know each other well enough to make good conversation, and Kareem was all we could come up with.

The discussion of Kareem covered a range of topics



Kareem Abdul-Jabar, lookin' sharp for da ladies, or perhaps da gentlemenz. Did you know he wrinkles his nose when he laughs?

including his supposed bisexuality (I claimed to have seen him doing the "freaky fraky"—in the words of Other Person, who may or may not have made a typographical

error—with another man) to his range of emotions, signified by the usage of every smiley known to AIM. I couldn't tell if Other Person really did know Kareem. The way he talked, he sure seemed to. All I knew was that I was in hell, and this hell looked a heck of a lot like Kareem Abdul-Jabar.

Here is a sampling of our conversation:

Other Person: lol

Me: he does like the ladies, you know

Other Person: yes

Me: well...and sometimes the gentlemen

Other Person: hmm no ... I don't think so

Me: okay. you obviously don't know him as well as i do

Other Person: oh yes I do ... I've hooked him up with

several women oh yes I have and he's never been with a guy

Me: Please, let me die now, oh God, please.

Other Person: Did I ever mention that I love the way Kareem wrinkles his nose when he laughs?

An hour of this would make even the strongest soul beg for admittance into either a mental institution or Kareem's official fanclub. The moral of the story is this, gentle reader—be wary with whom you speak online. Try to avoid people with screen names like KareemRox, K a r e e m i s m y H E R O , Kareem4Evah, and last but not least, IluvKareem350845. If you do not, I cannot promise you will leave Instant Messenger with your sanity. Sanity that looks a heck of a lot like Kareem Abdul-Jabar.