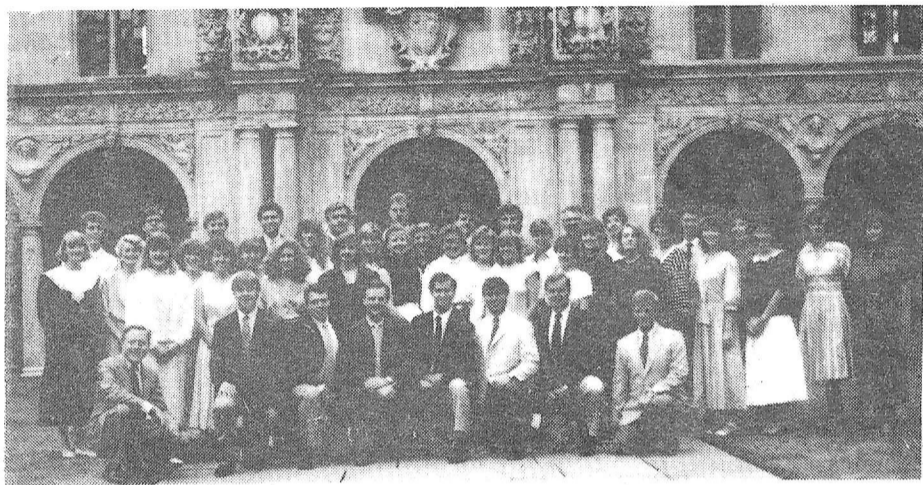


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RHODES COLLEGE, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

OCT. 29, 1987 NO. 7



The Summer 1987 participants in the British Studies at Oxford program.

British Studies Continues Excellence

By David Monroe
Copy Editor

Next summer, from July 3 to August 9, Rhodes will be sending a number of students to England to participate in the British Studies program at St. John's College of Oxford University. The focus for this year's work is "British in the Enlightenment," covering the social and cultural history of Great Britain from the Restoration to the reign of George IV. The work is good for six hours of academic credit.

The British Studies program is coordinated by the Southern College University Union, an organization that includes Birmingham Southern, Centenary, Rhodes, Fisk, Millsaps, Rhodes, Sewanee, and Vanderbilt.

Classes at this summer session meet four days a week. Students each take two classes from American professors and attend two lectures a week by English

professors. If they wish, they also may have access to the Bodleian Library, which contains a massive collection of books and manuscripts, some of them hundreds of years old.

Many travel opportunities are available for the three-day weekends as well; last year's group toured some historical landmarks and London museums, saw Royal Shakespeare Company plays, and visited some of the pubs. They also took some brief trips to Scotland and Wales.

Rhodes senior English major Heather Habicht, who participated in British Studies at Oxford last year, said that the program offered many unique opportunities for students: "The lectures by the British Dons cover many aspects of the history, literature, and art . . . they really help you appreciate a lot of different things. The British profes-

sors love having Americans there because we're so interested and are willing to joke with them once in a while . . . that's really different from the students they usually have. The library is incredible; I got to use original manuscripts from 1640 and 1647 for some of my papers and see some of Shakespeare's original Quartos. We also saw the Royal Shakespeare Company perform *Titus Andronicus* and *Romeo and Juliet* outdoors and some other local theatre in Oxford. And, of course, we enjoyed the English meals, the countryside tours, and the pubs. It's a great way to see England and learn a lot about it."

The cost of the trip this year is \$3295. This amount covers room, board, and tuition; books are separate. Questions about this program should be directed to Dr. Yerger Clifton, English professor at Rhodes and Dean of British Studies.

Clark and Bryant To Perform In Concert

Soprano Diane Clark, chair of the Rhodes College music department, and pianist Thomas Bryant, a new member of the Rhodes faculty, will perform at the college on Tuesday, November 3, at 8 p.m. in Hardie Auditorium on campus. Their recital is part of the college's Faculty Concert Series.

The program includes "If God Be For Us" from Handel's "Messiah," "Adieu, forests" from Tchaikovsky's "Jeanne d'Arc," and "Voi lo sapete" from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Clark and Bryant will also perform works by Berg, Faure, Purcell, Schubert, Quilter and Spross.

Dr. Clark, a native

Memphian, has been a member of the Rhodes faculty since 1975. An associate professor, she received the Doctor of Arts degree in vocal pedagogy from the University of Mississippi where she was a Carnegie Fellow and was named the most outstanding doctoral student in music. She has been soprano soloist with Evergreen Presbyterian Church since 1973 and has sung with Opera Memphis, the Nashville Opera Association, the Masterpiece Festival Chorus and Orchestra, Germantown Community Theatre and Rhodes' McCoy Theatre, among others. She was artist-in-residence for Germantown in 1985-86.

Bryant joined Rhodes this fall as assistant professor of music, leaving a teaching position at the University of Mississippi. He holds an M.M. from University of Georgia and is completing a doctorate in music at Northwestern University. A former soloist with the University of Georgia-Athens Civic Symphony, he was the winner of a Rotary International Fellowship to the Vienna Akademie of Music. He has served as an organist and choir director in Georgia and as accompanist for the North Mississippi Metropolitan Opera District Auditions.

Sistine Restoration Director To Speak On Tuesday

Fabrizio Mancinelli, director of the restoration for the Sistine Chapel, will travel to Memphis to launch this year's lecture series of the Lillian and Morrie Moss Endowment for the Visual Arts at Rhodes College.

Since 1972 Mancinelli has been responsible for the Vatican's department of Byzantine, medieval and modern art as well as for all restoration activities. He will speak Tuesday, November 3, at 8:00 p.m. on "The Frescoes of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel and their Restoration." An he will be showing the latest slides of the restoration work, pictures

which have yet to be released for general viewing.

Officials at the college, already anticipating a larger than normal crowd, have reserved the sanctuary of Evergreen Presbyterian Church, on University Street across from the campus. No reservations will be necessary, but seating will be on a first-come basis.

Mancinelli, 47, was born in Ronchi, Italy and educated in Milan. He earned undergraduate and graduate degrees in art history at Università degli Studi di Milan and worked there as a researcher between 1967 and 1872. He has also taught, both at the

University of Milan and at the Italian Studies Center of the Oregon State System of Higher Education at Pavia, Italy and at Pennsylvania State University in Rome. He has lectured widely in Italy.

A prolific writer with two and a half dozen articles to his credit, Mancinelli was also fully or partially in charge of the following exhibitions: "The Original Plan of a Masterpiece: Raphael's Transfiguration" (1979), "Bernini in the Vatican" (1981), "Restauri in the Vatican" (1983), and "Raphael in the Vatican" (1984).

Comp Requirement Modified

By Crickette Rumley

In the last few years, the unpopularity of comprehensive exams has become a popular issue in the Rhodes community. They have sparked a great deal of interest, including campus art labeling them "dinosaurs that never die" and posted copies of recommendations to be discussed by the faculty.

The faculty has decided on a plan of action regarding the future status of comps. According to the plan, each department will be able to choose to offer either a senior seminar or to continue to give comps to seniors graduating in 1988 and 1989. The senior seminar has been defined as a class that includes analytical discussion and both formal oral and written presentations. Its purpose is similar to that of the comp; to help students synthesize all of the information

learned within the major.

Over half of the departments have decided to implement the senior seminar for next term. They include the Anthropology/Biology, Chemistry, Economics/Business Administration, English, Foreign Language, Music, and Religion departments. Comps will still be given to seniors majoring in Art, Mathematics, Philosophy, Psychology, and Theater and Media Arts. The decisions of the History, International Studies, Physics, and Political Science departments were not available at press time.

This final plan is a much amended version of the Curriculum committee's proposal, which was posted around campus. That version called for all departments to develop a senior seminar to replace comps for 1988-1989, but still al-

lowed them to give comps to this year's seniors. In November, the faculty will try to clear up a few ambiguities in the plan. They have to decide how academic distinctions will be awarded since the current method takes the exam grades into consideration. Also, since the 1987-88 catalogue does call for comps, the faculty will have to decide if seniors can take them even if their major department offers senior seminar.

However, this plan is to be used only for the graduating classes of 1988 and 1989. In two years, the Curriculum Committee and the Faculty will investigate the issue again and develop a more permanent solution. This year's freshmen and sophomores may have nothing to worry about, at least as far as comprehensive exams are concerned.

Newsweek Editor To Visit Campus

Jerrold K. Footlick, a senior editor with "Newsweek," will be a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at Rhodes November 2-6. During his week on campus, Footlick will be meeting with classes in English, political science, theatre and media arts, and history. His principal address will be on "The Mood of American College Students" At 7:30 p.m., Monday, November 2 in the Hardie Auditorium. He will also be attending informal get-togethers with students and faculty in general.

The Woodrow Wilson Visiting Fellows program brings leaders in their fields to the campuses of small liberal arts colleges to interact with the students and faculty. Footlick's visit marks the first time Rhodes has participated in the program.

An award-winning journalist, Footlick is managing editor of "Newsweek on Campus," a bi-monthly magazine for college and university students — a publication whose format and style he shaped. He

joined "Newsweek" in 1970 as education editor and did cover stories on campus unrest and open classrooms. He created the magazine's "Justice" section in 1973 and wrote cover stories on the Bakke Case, affirmative action and women and the law.

Footlick holds a B.A. degree from the College of Wooster and a J.D. from Harvard. He has written several books on higher education and serves as a consultant to numerous professional organizations.



THE SOU'WESTER

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Luke Lampton

Bogging Down in the Rat

"It is better to be both right and consistent. But if you have to choose, you must choose to be right."

Winston Churchill, Scarborough, Oct. 11, 1952

One temporary positive result of the chaos connected with the new refectory addition was the disruption of the old refectory's distinct cliquish seating. In all the confusion students ate with individuals outside of their own group. For a while. Old habits, unfortunately, are emerging again. Students are bogging down into the old (but relocated) predictable eating tables for different social groups, and not just the Greeks, but other student and faculty groups as well.

So what's the problem with this? Each group had its own table or homeland in the old Rat. What is bad about continuing this cherished tradition in the new addition? A meal is a wonderful way to get to know someone. "Breaking bread" often establishes bonds of friendship and allows walls to tumble between people so individuals can get to know each other. Eating in the same place with the same people can be boring. One is limiting oneself to a single group's conversation and points of view. This is not the best way to expose oneself to new ideas. Gossip tends to breed where innovative conversation is sparse (and need I say that high school gossip can be heard at these tables?).

Further, eating with the same table clique does not do a great deal for increasing tolerance of other groups. The tables become territorial warzones and the boundaries, less visible but just as effective as barbed wire, are felt by transgressors.

Stereotypes of other groups emerge more readily in this closed environment. Clique tables encourage the use of "they" and "them", and for a community committed to broadening minds, this is a detrimental thing.

How can we dispell these superficial labels? Look at individuals as just that, individual personalities. Do not allow yourself to fall into the lazy game of grouping people. Be fair to yourself. The only way truly to know someone is by talking and being with them; not by basing attitudes on shallow perceptions reached at a distance. It is interesting how the better we know someone, often the more we appreciate them.

In conclusion, it is a nice feeling to eat with friends and not strangers. It puts one at ease and often maximizes comfort. But most people have friends in other social groups. I entreat you to expand your social adaptability. Have friends you can eat with in many groups and foster inter-group relationships and understanding by "eating around."

Next time, before you head like a lobotomized robot to the same old frat table, slow down enough to stop in the doorway and look at the sea of faces for a friend at another table in the Rat. The advantage of this small college is the accessibility and ease of mingling with others. Why aren't we doing it more?



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The Bird That Would Not Let It Come Day
and some previously unheard horrors

Halloween Nite, Oct. 31, at 7:30 p.m.
East Lounge

Letters to the Editor

To The Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to respond to last week's blast on security by Sandra Johnson. For over a year now, I have worked at the security desk on work-study, and I think that during this time, I have heard every complaint known to mankind. Thus, I am certain that Ms Johnson's letter represents the views of many others on this campus. For that reason, I would like to clear up some misconceptions about our security department.

I agree that sometime students are unnecessarily hassled by security, but these incidents are few. There is occasionally an attitude problem, but it is not always the security guard at fault. There is a thankless job for which no one gives them credit. The guards are trying to work on the attitude problem, and I hope that the students will as well.

First of all, security is here for our protection. By keeping a regular schedule of patrolling the dorm, parking lots, and academic buildings, the guards are able to keep crime to a minimum at Rhodes. If no one kept a watch on all of these people and places, then they would be much more vulnerable to any number of criminal acts. It

is very easy to feel safe at Rhodes, but everyone must realize that we are living in a large city with a high crime rate. Also, even though I believe very strongly in the Honor Code, there are always the "bad apples" that we must watch out for.

For these reasons, it is in our best interest to have a security access policy. If all academic buildings were open access, then anyone in Memphis would be able to get in. If all students had keys to the buildings to which they had access, then, just like it is now with the dorms, anyone could enter by simply saying, "I forgot my key." There is an awful lot of expensive equipment in our academic buildings, and even with our current system, things occasionally get stolen.

At the present time, the policy states that with a few exceptions, a student must be on the access list to enter any building when it is locked. This list is comprised of various lists given to security by professors. If you are supposed to be on the list for a certain building, then it is your professor's responsibility to notify security that you have that privilege. If for one reason or another you are not on the access list, then ask your professor to put you on it. If you are not on the list, then it is sec-

urity's duty to say, "I'm sorry, but you can't get in." It is totally irrational for anyone to get angry with a security guard or work-study student who will not break the regulations of his job for you.

This is not a new policy. At times in the past, it has not been very strictly enforced, but the policy was still here. If you disagree with the policy, then I assure you that Director of Security Bill Nourse will welcome your ideas and suggestions on how to improve upon it. I have personally spoken with him several times on this matter, and he agrees with all of us that it is not perfect. He is trying to modify the current system in order to minimize hassle for the students and crime on campus.

It is difficult for me to sympathize with Ms Johnson's "waiting to be let in, wasting time." I hardly believe that seven minutes is too much to sacrifice in the interest of security. And if anyone feels unsafe walking across campus late at night to be let in to a building, then please call ahead and have someone escort you. If everyone cooperates with these simple procedures, then we can all coexist with security in a more safe and peaceful environment.

Doug Kilday, '90

To The Editor:

Having recently deactivated from a sorority, I feel a responsibility to voice my experience. First, I must say my 2½ years in the sorority were, for the most part, positive. It presented the opportunity to forge friendships I might otherwise not have known. It provided agencies of philanthropic endeavor to which I could contribute time and effort. My sorority was also a great social outlet. However, the Greek system, with time, began to portray some negative values with which I was forced to combat. My own priorities and interests as an individual began to conflict with those of the sorority.

I committed, in the beginning, to a reasonable financial and social obligation, but the obligation outgrew its context. The significant obligation became not that of friendship or charity but, in the end, money. Since only a minority of the Greek population actually pays dues and/or fines out of their own pockets, it is finally parents who contribute their money to Greek organizations — whether it

be for dues or excessive fines. I feel we must examine the importance of the Greek system in regard to its role of educating students in leadership and responsibility. Granted, parents take full financial responsibility for their children's opportunities, but in many respects the monetary penalty system upheld by sororities negates this whole concept of opportunity — the chance to learn real responsibility.

If a young woman is held verbally accountable for her disregard of an obligation to her sorority, it is not she who actually pays for her mistake (in the usual incident). It is her parents. How can a sorority educate its members in a respect for obligation (social and financial) unless it is she who is ultimately held responsible? Penalties should be revamped. A sacrifice of time and effort should replace the unreasonable financial punishments employed by sororities at present.

The fines now instituted are extremely stringent in relation to the "crime" they penalize. The financial obligation seems to have

outgrown its original purpose — that being to aid in the active pursuit of noble ideas and friendship. How is it that a Greek feels justified in requiring its members to pay fines of up to \$150 when most college students do not have such large bank accounts? Such fines are ludicrous. Further, since all of us realize the imperative demands of our academic life, these exorbitant penalties are in direct conflict with the ideals Rhodes strives to instill and propagate.

Finally, I feel some principles and the present methods of enforcing social structure in the Greek system demand re-evaluation. Virtues employed as emblematic for sororities and fraternities are admirable; however, the system is in dire need of an operative implementation of the values it professes. The Greek system must foster the goals for which Rhodes, the academic institution, strives. In this way, a healthy social life and intellectual maturation may support and perpetuate one another.

Kelley Sanders

The Sou'wester is a college-sponsored, student-run newspaper that is published weekly. Deadline for ALL copy and art work is 6:00 p.m. Monday. Staff meetings are held on Tuesday at 6:00 p.m. All interested are invited to attend. The Sou'wester encourages readers to submit letters to the Editor for publication. All letters must be signed. Letters will be edited for space and clarity and the Editor reserves the right to reject letters due to length, available space or libelous content.

'The Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword'
Address Your Opinions To The Editor, Box 431

Letters to the Editor

Letter to the Editor:

I would like to thank the Rhodes student body for making National Collegiate Alcohol Awareness Week (NCAAW) a success. When I attended a national BACCHUS conference in Atlanta during Fall Break (the weekend prior to NCAAW), I heard many testimonies from schools across the nation about campus-community apathy and the fear of yet another awareness week failure. I wish I could go back and tell them all how the Rhodes community responded enthusiastically to BACCHUS's awareness program.

Panhellenic and IFC gave BACCHUS their support by offering their organization's members alcohol education programs — that one small but significant effort touched some 67% of the student body. Through a large donation from a local alcohol distributor, another (although overlapping) 30% to 50% of our

community picked up promotional items which relayed awareness information. Four hundred bumperstickers, 250 keychains, 100 "Drink Responsibly" buttons, and more were distributed on our campus last week. And the remarkable and applaudable aspect is that those items are being used!! They did not end up in the trash. Also, and I hope the administration takes special note of this, even when the promotional items ran out and all that was left were educational pamphlets, students still frequented the two information centers. I feel this response is an indication that the student body is taking action to address the responsibility in alcohol consumption issue.

The Rhodes administration, faculty, and staff deserve a round of applause, too. Without the work put in by Mr. Short, Dean Kovach, Chaplain Music, Dr. Robertson and many others, BACCHUS would

have had a hard time offering the programs we did.

Next year, Rhodes will witness an even bigger and better NCAAW, I'm sure. And I feel the community will respond in an equally impressive manner. For our first year, BACCHUS put together what we felt would be a suitable variety of programs — everything from a memorial service, to Dr. Ken Tullis speaking on alcohol abuse, to a DWI demonstration followed by a mocktail happy hour. We welcome any feedback from the community on the presentation and/or effectiveness of our programs. Your support this year has given us renewed energy for next year. And, while we will be planning for the big week of '88, we hope to see the student interest in alcohol awareness carried through in our events scheduled for the remainder of this academic year.

Thanks again, Rhodes!
Ricci Hellman
BACCHUS President

Issues

A friend of mine brought the Evergreen program dealing with the homeless to my attention. She said that the church is quite interested in making everyone more aware of the plight of the homeless in America. So, I hope that the column this week will make some of the Rhodes community more aware of this growing problem.

Coordinated by Patty Morris

By Alice Hendricks

Although we at Rhodes may never, or at least very seldom, come into contact with the homeless or experience homelessness for ourselves, it is a problem about which we should be very concerned. It has been estimated that there are between two and three million homeless in America, and that this number is increasing by 25% annually. Meanwhile, for some Americans, the standard of living has continued to rise. Thus, the disparity between economic classes is becoming greater and greater, threatening to greatly alter the social and economic climate of our country. If America is to retain her strength as a nation, we must all work to correct this situation.

Many of us may imagine the typical homeless person to be a lazy, good-for-nothing drunkard who will do nothing to better his situation. However, although approximately 30% of the homeless are esti-

mated to have drug or alcohol problems, it cannot be determined if such problems are the cause or result of the person's homelessness. Furthermore, some studies of the homeless in New York and Boston indicate that about 20% of these people have jobs, but are still unable to afford any type of housing. Many of these people work for minimum wage, which is simply not enough to support one's self, much less a family. Also, many of those who do not have jobs are homeless because they have lost the jobs they had due to plant closings and the like. Both these groups are affected by urban renewal projects which have served to greatly reduce the availability of low cost housing.

Of course, one can blame these people for not pursuing the education which would provide them with more lucrative skills. Such a judgement, however, assumes that all people have such control over their circumstances. The harsh re-

ality is that not all people are blessed with as many opportunities as we here at Rhodes. Regardless of their circumstances, we should be doing our best to help all people make the most of themselves, not only for their sakes, but for the sake of our country. Many, if not all, of the homeless have gifts and skills which would allow them to be important, contributing elements of society if they could only get a fair start in life.

As the government continues to cut funding for social service programs, more of the responsibility for finding ways to help the homeless falls into the private sector. This means that it is up to us to find ways of helping these people to help themselves. Of course, this means supporting legislation which would help these people, as well as supporting local volunteer efforts. However, it is also necessary to think seriously about the character of a society in which some people live in increasing wealth, while the number of people living in poverty grows every day.

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Halloween:

A Remembrance and Some Suggestions

By F. Grant Whittle

"Blood and Gore and guts and veins in my teeth . . . dead burnt bodies." — Arlo Guthrie.

Saturday, I've been told, is Halloween, and I figure, since it is one of those lesser holidays like St. Valentine's or April Fool's it deserves to have a little praise so it won't feel totally left out.

I've always enjoyed Halloween — one of the few times during the year when we all can act a little weird and not get abused for it. It's a time for gaiety and dressing up and imagination and all manner of excitement.

And the candy. Oh, how I love the candy — my weakness has always been chocolate, and caramel, and candy corn; in fact the only thing I never liked much were those gooey little brown lumps that come in those orange and black wrappers. You remember them: you always ended up with about fifty of them in the bottom of your sack after you'd eaten all the good stuff and you never ate all of them because they were so disgusting.

Then there were haunted houses. My brothers always went to them where they'd go through and get their pants scared off by a bunch of sadistic college students, a ton of fake blood, and enough people jumbled out behind you with chainsaws to support a year's worth of splatter films.

I didn't go to a lot of them when I was younger: I always was a fraidy cat. I mean, I had a low tolerance for being scared. Still do, but I can weather a haunted house much better now. Hope I can get to one this year.

My best costume ever when I went trick or treating was when I dressed up as a four-armed, headless monster from outer space. I won first prize in some contest in the mall — it was ten dollars. It wasn't until the awards ceremony, though, that I found out that they thought I was a tree. But the ten dollars soothed my frayed patience.

I look sadly upon the day I chose to give up trick or treating. I thought I was too old and mature to go for such nonsense, and realized that I was wrong too late. It's a decision that you can't go back on, you know. Once you don't do it for a year, your pride won't let you go back to it when you're twelve years old. So I had to content myself with handing out candy to the little kids that came around. I did, however, get to keep all the leftovers, so I made sure we always got candy I liked and plenty of it.

And I know I'm not the movie review person for the paper, but still, I will attempt to suggest a few movies you might want to spend Halloween with. First, a few don'ts. Don't go out and check out a mindless splatter film like Friday the Thirteenth or I Spit on Your Grave. I mean, horror should be more imaginative and subtle than your usual blend a body blood feast. And don't go out for any of the rather insipid combination movies of the forties like House of Frankenstein, or House of Dracula.

Try Alfred Hitchcock. Any of his good horror films would be a welcome addition to your holiday nightmares. *Psycho*, for instance, (and you won't notice it during the shower scene, but the knife hardly even makes contact — the editing just makes you think so, and look out for the easily missed overlaid images in the final two scenes — really weird.) *The Birds*, or even one of his eerie thrillers like *Rope*, or a black comedy such as *The Trouble With Harry*.

Another good place to look is the original James Whale production of *Frankenstein*. It's been re-released with footage that has been edited out in the original release including additions to the daisy scene and a bit more of Dr. Frankenstein in the lab (it was left out of the film because of the dialogue, sadly, the sound portion has not been recovered and we still can't hear Dr. Frankenstein utter the profane words "Now I know what it's like to be God!" but you get the picture). And the original *Dracula*, is good, even better, though, is the German silent film, *Nosferatu*.

Halloween is a good time to let yourself go. Play with a Ouija board, deal out some Tarot cards (but respectfully, mind you, we must be serious), play Dungeons and Dragons — I know a lot of you kids used to do it when you were young. And don't worry if some out of sync fundamentalist tells you you're going to Hell for consorting with demons, it's all for fun.

Read some Poe. I love to read Poe during a dark and stormy evening. If you can find it read *Mad Magazine's* pictorial of "The Raven," it's the same poem, but the drawings are often hilarious. And Lewis Carroll's "Phantasmagoria" is a pip, too.


Conjure up a few potions, bob for some apples, hold a seance, go to Black Sabbath, trot out your old Alice Cooper records. "Sympathy for the Devil" by the Stones. Halloween is a Saturday this year, so make the most of it.

Don't forget, Sunday is All Saint's Day — don't miss it, either — it's as good a chance to celebrate as any other holiday.

And by the way, if you plan on calling on the spirits (of both types), be careful, they bite. So with the wolves howling in the wind, I bid you safe passage through the twilight and may peace be with you.

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Gandhi And Frankenstein's Midnight Stroll

By Rod White

"When are we going out tonight, Rivers?" I asked as we walked home from Abraham Lincoln Elementary.

"Jeez, I don't care. Is 7:30 alright?"

"7:30! It'll barely be dark by then. Let's leave around 8:30," I protested.

"By 8:30 all the good candy is gonna be gone, and we're going to be stuck with all the little kids and their daddies. You know how bad that is! Last year you, and me, and Billy Newman got nothing but apples and oranges because we waited until after dark to leave. You remember?" Rivers asked. "That's not going to happen to me again this year. No way. It's M&M's and hershey bars for me this time around."

"Well then, when do you want to leave?"

"8:00 is the perfect time, scout. It'll just be getting dark and plenty of quality candy will be left waiting for us to eat. It'll be perfect. I swear to God," emphasized Rivers, stopping at the corner of Jefferson and Alex Haley Boulevard.

Jessica Post is supposed to be my girl. In fact, if you listened to Rivers every day, you would think that Jessica and me were making out every night or something. This is not exactly the case. She's pretty and nice and everything, but I'm not sure that she knows that I exist. She has talked to me before, though — sort of. Two weeks ago she said "hello" to me in the hall. I melted like warm vanilla ice cream. I really did. Unfortunately, though, Rivers heard it. According to Rivers and soon the rest of Abraham Lincoln Elementary, we were in love. I like her, but I don't think I love her. I don't really know for sure what love is, and anyway, sixth graders aren't supposed to fall in love, are they? Gosh, I don't know. Rivers exaggerates and everything, but he's my best friend anyway.

"Oh, I don't know, man. Even if we did see her, I don't think I could say anything to her. I'm not even sure I want to say anything to her," I whined.

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Rivers. "She's only a stupid girl. And she likes you." Rivers stopped in the middle of the street. "She practically jumped you in the hall, didn't she? Jeremy, I worry about you sometimes. I really do. If you had your choice to have either Jessica or Hershey melt in your hands tonight, who would it be?"

"Hershey. Definitely."

"What a fool!" yelled Rivers as we turned onto Roosevelt Drive.

"I mean, even if I did see her tonight. And even if I did say something to her, and by some miracle she said something to me... Oh God!... I don't even have a good costume to wear tonight," I whined.

"What is your costume?"

"I'm going as Gandhi," I whispered.

"What? Whose idea was that?"

"My father's," I answered as Rivers shook his head.

My father is a strange man. He's a champion dart thrower. He once said that if William Tell could shoot an apple off someone's head with a bow and arrow, then he could throw a dart and knock off a cherry from the same distance. I believe him, too. He's that good. For some reason or another, though, I don't consider father to be a champion — at least not like Larry Bird or Rocky Balboa. To me, he's just father.

People have called my father a "crazy son of a bitch." I'm not exactly sure what that means, but I know it's not too good. Father is just very... creative, that's all. Our house is perfect evidence of his imagination. Though only two of us live in the house, there are fifteen rooms in the place. Father likes to have plenty of space. Each room pays tribute to a particular person who has made a lasting impression in my father's life. At last count, six movie stars, three philosophers, two world leaders, one dog, and one extraterrestrial are represented. It makes perfectly good sense then that the four bathrooms in the house should salute those who have given father the biggest pain in the butt over the years. The Richard Nixon and Jerry Lewis lavatories are upstairs. I don't know who the other two bathroom people are. Father has always said that this is the most satisfying revenge possible. Pictures of those honored are displayed in each respected room. I wanted a Bruce Springsteen room, but I got stuck with Gandhi instead. Gandhi is one of my father's heroes. Discipline, father preaches, is invaluable. This is one of the reasons why I'm going as Gandhi tonight. Living with my father is never boring, and always confusing.

"Jeremy, if I was you," replied Rivers. "I would run away forever. Your father is creepy."

"Yeah, I know he's a little off sometimes, but he is my father and my mother too. I don't think I could run away from him. He would find me," I said, looking down at the ground. "Anyway, where would I run to?"

"Don't you know, Jeremy? Mexico! That's where all the outlaws go. I saw it on **Gun-smoke** last night," said Rivers as we crossed over to my street, Thoreau Drive.

My mom died when I was three years old. I don't remember anything about her except for her perfume. She smelled like flowers. I remember that. Something stinks, though, about the way she died. They say she drowned in a lake, but her head was crushed when they pulled her body out of the water. No one could ever explain that. I'm not supposed to know about this, but little boys have ears just as good as men do, don't they? Father seems to think she drowned, and I guess I do to.

"Jeremy, I'm gonna tell you something I don't think I should," Rivers looked abnormally serious. "But since we're best friends and everything, what the heck. I have to tell somebody. It's driving me bananas, sincerely. Do you know Jim Stevenson?"

I shook my head.

"Well, he's a junior at Harding High, and he's a real psycho by the way. I mean he's been kicked out of three schools in the last two years for seriously injuring people. So he's definitely not the type of person to have over for dinner. Right?"

"Yeah, so what's the deal?" I asked.

"Am I really boring you, Jeremy? It gets better. Trust me," he said, grabbing my arm. "He's gonna kill somebody tonight. My brother told me all about it."

"What?" I looked at him like he was a madman.

"He's going to kill somebody tonight! I swear to God. He's gonna get drunk, and kill somebody."

"How does your brother know about this?"

"He heard the psycho telling one of his greasy friends about it," Rivers replied, standing outside my house.

"Rivers, you're just about as crazy as some of the stories you tell. Your brother is just trying to scare you. Can't you see that? Tonight is Halloween! Wake up, shit for brains. You kill me, you really do," I said as I shook my head.

"John Stevenson is gonna kill you if you don't watch out," said Rivers gravely.

I looked at him for a minute and forced a smile. Then he grinned back at me.

"I'll be here at 8:00 sharp, Gandhi," replied Rivers.

"Hey, what are you going as?" I yelled as he crossed the street.

"Frankenstein, man. Frankenstein."

I was fifteen minutes late. Father likes everything to be on time. I entered through the back door, crossing Marilyn Monroe's kitchen and then tiptoeing into Steven Spielberg's living room. The house was so quiet. I could almost feel Marilyn's eyes look me over. And I'd swear that I saw them move, too. Must like in those stupid, old horror movies with the picture of the dead man over the fireplace. Except we don't have a fireplace. Only pictures, and lots of weird crap, too. Father was downstairs in his room. He's always down there. He thinks better downstairs where everything is so dark. Lights are never to be turned on down there. House rules. Father expects me to check in with him everyday after school. I

have to go down into his room. Everyday. The same thing, I dread it. Approaching his door, I know exactly where he is going to be: lying in a hammock directly in front of the door on the opposite side of the room, yet hidden from my view.

I opened the squeaky door and entered my father's world.

"Father, I'm back," I said, gazing into the darkness. Then something starting happening. Father turned on a blue light, and he just stared at me. He was wearing a clown's mask. I think I was more surprised by the light than I was the mask. I looked at the blue light and then the mask over and over. Then out of the blue he pitched a dart at me, which stuck to the closed door about three inches from the left side of my face. It was a steel dart.

"You're late, Jeremiah."

Jeremiah. I hate it when he calls me that.

"I know father, but I was talking with..."

"No buts, no excuses, no second chances," father cut in like a cold knife. "Discipline, my boy. I must have discipline in my house."

I felt like running away, but I knew it wouldn't do any good. Things would just get worse. It was best at these times just to listen to father and to say as little as possible. I'd seen him like this too many times to try to argue with him. So I just stared at the clown's mask, and soaked up my anger. Where do you put hate?

"What should I do, Jeremiah? I bet you think I'm not going to let you go trick or treating tonight, don't you?" asked father. I looked at him in the blue light. "Well, you're going out tonight, Gandhi," he said, laughing. "Strange things happen on Halloween. Maybe something strange will happen to you tonight," he almost whispered. "You can leave, son."

I ran up the stairs and out of the blue darkness.

Maybe I should say something about my father. He's not a terrible person, I may think about running away a lot, but I never do. Even when he's gotten so angry that I thought he'd kill me, he's never beaten me. Father likes to play games with me. Mind wars. He tests my concentration and discipline almost every day. One time he threw me a hand grenade and told me it would blow up if I barely released my grip on it. Even just a little bit. I held it for three hours — until father came back and told me it was fake. He smiled, and threw it out the window. It exploded. He wants me to be as good a man as he is. That's all. I think he misses mom, but he never talks about her. People have told me that father changed after mom died. I wish I knew what he used to be like.

"Yo Jeremy! Let's go. It's 8:00," yelled Rivers outside my window.

I had been dressed for hours, wondering whether I should go out as Gandhi or not. Finally, I decided that if Gandhi could muster the courage to challenge all those British people, then I could survive one Halloween. I ran out of the house and joined Frankenstein. What an odd pair we must have made.

"Good Lord, Jeremy. Look at you. I don't know whether to laugh or run away. But you do look like Gandhi. I have to give you credit for that," he laughed. "The moustache and the bald head really makes it. Your head really isn't bald is it?"

"NO!"

"With your father and all, I wasn't sure," said Rivers.

"You look good, too," I lied.

"Hey, you better turn on some lights outside your house or no trick or treaters are gonna come by."

"Yeah, I think that's the idea," I replied, looking up at the huge, sleepy house.

Of my twelve Halloweens, (eight of which I remember) only one person has ever tried trick or treating at my house. Father opened the door that night wearing a huge, pink bunny rabbit costume. He smiled and offered to give the startled visitor a tour of the house, but the kid (dressed as Batman, I think) insisted that it would be quite alright if he remained standing outside the house. Actually, my father said that, I think. I don't blame him one bit. I think father got a kick out of the Batman costume because he offered to trade his rabbit outfit for it. The boy, again, refused. Finally, father gave the kid a T.V. dinner and closed the door. No one else has come trick or treating by here since.

Rivers and me must have trick or treated for two or three hours. It was pretty typical. The basic ghosts, smashed pumpkins, toilet-papered trees (mostly unused toilet paper) and frustrated fathers with tired, joyfully-nauseated kids. Nothing spectacular or memorable to speak of.

Then we saw Jessica Post.

"Holy Jesus, Jeremy. Do you see what I see?" pointed Rivers down the opposite end of Beethoven Boulevard.

It was Jessica, alright. I cringed into my underwear, and I tried to disappear into Gandhi, but it wasn't working.

"Let's follow her, scout," urged Rivers with all the enthusiasm of mad Dr. Frankenstein himself.

Jessica was dressed as Cinderella. That just about killed me. She looked like a twelve-year-old Kathleen Turner in that outfit. She really did. We followed her for a few blocks while she walked home. I don't know where her friends were. For some reason, she was alone.

"Listen, Rivers," I begged. "I don't want to talk to her. Are you listening to me? I'm not going to talk to her."

I felt like tearing off that ridiculous Frankenstein mask and slapping the hell out of Rivers.

"Chill out, Gandhi. Just be cool," replied Rivers.

Jessica was in front of old Mrs. Dickerson's house when it happened. I hate thinking about it. Somebody jumped out of a bush from the other side of the street and chunked a spear through Jessica. It lodged through her chest. She was speared against the trunk of a big elm tree, stuck like a hotdog in a bun with a fork jabbed through it. It happened so fast. Almost like a ten-second daydream.

"Holy shit!" yelled Rivers as we both dived into Mr. Johnson's garden three houses down. "SHIT. SHIT. SHIT! Can you believe this? I told you that psycho was gonna kill somebody."

Rivers seemed almost happy. It wasn't real to him.

"Rivers," I ordered. "We have to be quiet. I don't think he knows we're here."

"Did you see what he looked like?"

"No, I just saw that spear fly across the street straight through Jessica," I whispered.

"We're witnesses, man. We have to know what he looks like," replied Rivers.

We both peeked out of the garden and glanced across the street. My heart felt like it weighed a ton. I don't think I've ever been so scared in my life.

He was there, watching us. An Indian, or a figure dressed as an Indian, stared at us. He couldn't have been very big, but he seemed like a King-Kong version of Geronimo. He just stared, I couldn't move.

"Let's get out of here, Jeremy!" urged Rivers. Rivers tried to pull me, but I was like a frozen piece of beef. He ran away and left me. Just what best friends are for, I thought.

The Indian still stared. He walked out of the shadows and into the partial light of street lamp. I couldn't see his face. I thought he was going to come towards me, but he walked across the street and pulled the spear out of Jessica. She fell like a punctured, rotten apple. I saw the Indian's face as he turned his back on me, escaping down the street on a skateboard. He had the face of a clown. A circus clown.

I stood marshmallow-like at midnight, suspended in my masquerade, wondering whether I should go home or not.

Arts

Visual Arts Society Makes Plans

By Christopher Mangum
Arts Editor

The Rhodes College Visual Arts Society will hold its first meeting on Tuesday, November 3, at 6:30 p.m. in 312 Clough (that's the painting and drawing studio for you artists). For those who don't have any idea what this organization is all about allow me to quote a little passage from the student handbook, written by the lovely Miss Julie Oehler (last year's president, last seen somewhere in North Carolina hanging out and being groovy). "The purpose of the Visual Arts Society is to encourage the appreciation of the visual arts in and outside of the Rhodes College campus. It supports art-related activities including student and regional artists' exhibitions, critical lectures, films, and campus art. The Society promotes the Lillian and Morris Moss Endowment for the Visual Arts (1 million big ones) by participating closely with the preparation and presentation of each visiting speaker in the Moss Lecture Series. The Visual Arts Society is also responsible for judging the works of art to be printed in

the Southwestern Review. Membership is open to all interested persons and meetings are held weekly."

Now, to be more specific, the VAS is a great way to get involved in the art scene at Rhodes and around town! You get to feel important by thinking that you actually have some say-so as to how all that loot is being spent, and you get to meet really interesting speakers (famous art historians, architects, etc.)! Why, if you volunteer to help you may even get to hear these famous people speak for free (and save yourself \$50)! But, best of all, you don't have to be a budding Picasso to join up and gain from this exciting club! Hell, you don't even have to be an art major! Think about it! Artistic outings to extravagant new places and a million bucks in your checking account! Hobnobbing with the uptight and the artsy-fartsy! Remember the date: Tuesday, November 3, 6:30 p.m., 312 Clough! We'll see you there!

Now, there's one more thing you shouldn't forget about and that's to get your photographs, poems, and

any other principle material to the Southwestern Review as soon as possible. Chris Ray and William Holden, the guys in charge this year, want to get a copy printed and distributed around campus before we leave for Christmas. That means if you want to put something in the Review, you'd better get it in now. The way to do that is to send your name, address, and phone number to the Southwestern Review (attn Toddie Peters) via campus mail, and an editor will come by and pick up your works of art. Or else, just drop your work by the Review office in the basement of the Student Center. Prizewinners will be judged anonymously by members of the Review staff. The Review also encourages submissions from the faculty, staff, alumni, and friends of the college, although prizewinners are selected from student entries only. Keep in mind that this important publication is also seen by people outside of our little community. So if you'd like to have a hand in molding our image a little, possibly even to your liking, get on the ball and get that art in.

McCoy Players Return To Beth Henley's Roots

By Paja Faudree

A couple of weeks ago, the six of us who are in the cast of *The Miss Firecracker Contest*, which opened this weekend to a sold-out house, and our two stage managers took a trip to Brookhaven, Mississippi. Brookhaven is where the play is set and is also the hometown of the author, Beth Henley. So the eight of us piled into two security cars and headed down I-55 to spend a weekend absorbing a little local color.

We did a lot of things while we were there — went to garage sales, played on a playground, looked around the post office, investigated the drug store, walked around the fairgrounds, visited a church, ate at the McDonald's. We also wandered around, looking at many of the beautiful, elegant homes in Brookhaven. Eventually we were headed for the house where Beth Henley had lived as a girl, and where supposedly her aunt (or grandmother?) still lived. We were sort of unclear on the details, but when we got to the door we knocked anyway and held our breath.

At the first house, a young man, a freshman at Ole Miss, answered the door and informed us that the Henleys had lived there for many years but didn't anymore. He told us that Mrs. Ruth Becker, Beth's grandmother, lived next door and that she was "a real character who bangs her knuckles on the table when she gets excited." Well, that sold us. She sounded interesting enough so we headed next door.

Mrs. Becker came to the door and we introduced ourselves as a bunch of crazy students from Rhodes College (Southwestern at Memphis) who had come to visit Brookhaven because we were doing *The Miss Firecracker Contest*. At first she seemed sort of at a loss and a bit confused (I can't imagine why), but the fact that we'd come all the way from Memphis seemed to intrigue her enough that she asked us all in. It seems we passed the test because as soon as we all got in the house stories started flying out of her mouth as fast as she could wrap her tongue around them.

She told us that Beth was a sickly child and was always in the living room lying on the couch. She would listen to the adults' conversation — "She eavesdropped" — and got a lot of her ideas from them. Then she took us into the kitchen, which had a large window over the sink from which the backyard was fully visible. It was here, she told us, that the Firecrackers would spend their summers. Back in the years of the polio epidemic, it was during the summer that the threat of catching the disease was the largest. So Mrs. Becker and her friends kept their daughters together in one place all summer — away from the movie theatres and the public swimming pools — to protect them from the epidemic. The girls called themselves the Firecrackers. Mrs. Becker told us that Beth grew up hearing stories of the Firecrackers, and these as well as the

tight-knitted closeness of the group were what fleshed out the play. "There were a group of boys, too, and they stayed next door during the summers. And do you know what they called themselves? The matches!" The knuckles rapped the sink heavily during that story.

Just as we were getting ready to leave, one of us saw a picture of a young Mrs. Becker wearing a beautiful red antebellum dress. In the script of *The Miss Firecracker Contest*, there is a mention of a red antebellum dress which was worn by one character in the Natchez Pilgrimage and which is worn in a beauty pageant by another, who adds additional material to it in order to widen the waist. We asked Mrs. Becker about it and she said, "Yes, I wore that dress in the Natchez Pilgrimage. Had to add an extra strip of material in the waist when I got middle-age spread." Eight mouths hung wide open and threatened to hit the floor. "Y'all want it? It's filthy and full of holes, can't imagine why y'all would want it. But if you do it's upstairs under the bed . . ." Soon after, we were heading back down the street, wide-eyed and grinning to beat the band, with one red dress to go.

Anyone who would like to see the red dress "in person" can see it in a cameo appearance in *The Miss Firecracker Contest* at McCoy Theatre. Remaining dates of the run are November 7, 8; 12, 13; 21, 22; December 5, 6.

Book Review

The Rules of Attraction

By Bret Easton Ellis (282 pages)

Reviewed By
Scott Naugler
Literary Editor

The Rules of Attraction, Bret Easton Ellis' second novel (his first was *Less Than Zero*) presents a vivid picture of the decadence possible on modern college campuses. All the ingredients of today's college generation appear: the youth culture's lack of direction, the death of romance (as seen in *Gone With the Wind*), and violent mood swings from rock-n-roll high to homosexual despair.

One of the most interesting devices that Ellis employs in *The Rules of Attraction* is that of understatement for emphasis. The best example of this can be seen in Ellis' complete ignoring of academic life on his college campus. By centering on romantic weavings that make up most of the novel, there is no need to use conventional means of emphasis to make the ro-

mantic theme stand out.

Indeed, the lack of romance in today's youth is probably the central theme of the novel. A gross lack of communication between characters leads to very personal views of relationships which, of course, conflict with those of other characters. The degenerative life-style described is a key reason for the break-down of lover's relationships. Beneath the interwoven love plot, there is that old idea of I love her but she loves him that permeates so many romances.

The least appealing aspect of the novel is Ellis' attempt at the stream of consciousness writing style. Instead of his writing coming through as the character's actual thoughts and feelings, it gives the sense of each character giving his own narration, diminishing the realism in the novel.

The saving grace of Ellis'

writing style is that it does only show one point of view at a time. By switching point of view from character, Ellis dramatically brings out the idea of personal prejudices coloring perception. The most humorous parts of the novel result from the discrepancies between different character's viewpoints that only the reader can see. Often a casual smile meant to be nothing more than friendly recognition is interpreted as a provocative invitation.

The Rules of Attraction conforms to the model of book that a reader (especially a college reader) can find himself easily caught up in and read straight through solely for its entertainment value. Ironically, the qualities that make this novel so interesting to today's youth, would certainly earn its banning by the June Cleaver generation.

Available at the Rhodes College Bookstore.

THIS WEEK IN MEMPHIS

Thursday, Oct. 24:

Halloween "Slime" Party (By the R.A. Staff) in The East Social Room

**Lynard Skynard Tribute Tour at Mid-South Coliseum

Hustin Spence at the Antenna

Mike Crews at Circle Cafe

Opera Memphis — "Rigoletto" at Orpheum

Friday, Oct. 30:

**International House Care Scare — Pub 9 p.m.

Leisure Kings and Anzio Complex

Corn For Texture at the Antenna

Opera Memphis — "Rigoletto" at Orpheum

Saturday, Oct. 31:

***Doc Wood "A Pre-Midnite Spook Show" — 7:30 p.m. - East Lounge

McCoy Theatre presents "On The Razzle" — 8:00 p.m.

Sobering Consequences at the Antenna

Soul Capitalists at the Antenna

Icebreakers at Circle Cafe

Sunday, Nov. 1:

Blue Movie at the Antenna

RESEARCH PARTICIPANTS

We are seeking individuals who have asthma for a seven week research study. Candidates must be ages 18-65, non-smokers and in good health. Also, women must be on birth control, use an IUD, be surgically sterile or post-menopausal.

Participants will be compensated \$250.00 at successful completion of the study.

Interested?

Call Memphis Center
for Clinical Research

527-0090

for an appointment.

Campus News

STAR SEARCH '87

By Steve Beckham

Are you a budding Steven Spielberg or Meryl Streep? Have you dreamed of making it big in showbiz? Want to see your name in lights? Well, now's your chance.

The R.A. staff is putting together an all-campus Film Festival open to everyone on campus. If the opportunity to make your own movie appeals to you, you are invited to participate in the biggest commons event of the semester. Anything goes; comedy, drama, satire, horror, music video, you name it. If you have the creativity and desire to express yourself, we want you.

The festival is tentatively scheduled for late November, although no

date has been set yet. It will take place in the Orgill room, 200 Clough. Prizes will be awarded for Best Picture, Best Actor(s), Best Special Effects, and anything else we can come up with.

Cameras will be provided as well as splicers in the unlikely event that filming doesn't come off perfectly the first time.

Much of the format is still up in the air. An East Side-West Side competition has been suggested with segmented "Twilight Zone" format. This issue will basically be decided by the amount of participation we get and the creativity of those involved.

Organizational meetings were held Monday and

Tuesday in Stewart and in Voorhies, but the competition is still open. If you missed the meetings but are still interested, contact Jim Deason or myself as soon as possible.

The Dean of Students is footing the bill for this all-star gala. All you need to provide is your imagination, work, and whatever props you're going to use.

This is your ticket to stardom! Don't miss out! See your name in lights! Hey, Dino de Laurentiis had humble beginnings. Who knows, maybe you'll be discovered by some big Hollywood producer. At the very least you'll get to participate in the great fun that these commons events are famous for, right? Ciao, baby!

Dunn Speaks on Africa

Patty Morris
Issues Editor

On the evening of October 21, the International Studies department hosted yet another guest speaker. Elwood Dunn, a Liberian National, spoke to a gathering of interested students, faculty, and community members on the topic "Africa and Superpowers." Dr. Dunn received his Masters and Doctorate from American University in Washington and he is currently on sabbatical from a teaching position at the University of the South.

He began by describing the situation in the post World War II period. There had been a definite alteration in the worldwide configuration of power. The European powers, especially concerning their position in Africa, were in a state of disintegration. Emerging from this period were a number of weak, impoverished and very fragile African nations. The old modes of diplomacy concerning Africa were outdated and the world powers had to deal with the construction of a new means of diplomacy.

These powers developed several ways to relate to the new and tenuous African systems. There were a few principle methods employed. First of all there is the United Nations. Then there are various foreign economic aids. Directly related to this is the large amounts of technical assistance. There are also the more covert and indirect methods of interacting with African nations, like propaganda, covert operations and international terrorism.

Dr. Dunn said that Africa's position in the world is a very difficult one. However, the African nations have one very powerful weapon at their disposal. It is true that they are neither economically nor politically able to create any problems for the great powers, however, there is the ability to create political instability. These nations

have the capability to make life very difficult for the superpowers.

The United States has very important interests in that region. Dr. Dunn said that our geopolitical interests, especially as they concern checking Soviet aggressions, are quite vital to our foreign policy. The United States also has a basic economic interest in the region.

The tremendous lack of consensus in defining how much Africa means to the United States and why has created tremendous problems in the creation of foreign policy. There are a number of reasons he cited for this lack of consensus. First of all, individuals in the US have the tendency to cast all problems in terms of the East-West conflict. He cited the example of the coup d'etat that occurred in Liberia in 1980. The first two governments to recognize the new regime were the leaders of Libya and the Marxist government of Ethiopia. Immediately, the United States assumed that Liberia was swinging to the left of the political spectrum. Dr. Dunn stressed that that was not necessarily the case.

The second problem he cited concerning American policy in reference to African policy is the weakness of the institutional memory in this country. The slate seems to be wiped clean from administration to administration. This hampers the ability to maintain any type of continuity or deep understandings and sensitivities to the culture and policies of the various African nations. Another problem is the proclivity many Americans have to separate the African continent into two distinct regions—North Africa and Sub-Saharan Africa. The continent is one and therefore should be treated that way.

The fourth and rather humorous problem that Dr. Dunn pointed out was what he called the "safari tradition of the American

media." He said that it is quite common among the United States media to have one individual to cover all of Africa. There is no way to develop any kind of appreciation or sensitivity of a people and their lives and culture in that way. The journalist would constantly have to be travelling all about the continent to cover stories.

Finally there is the problem of the constantly changing African constituency in the US. The organizations, such as lobbying groups in this country that focus on Africa are constantly in flux. This also adds to the overarching problem of continuity.

Dr. Dunn then focused briefly upon how the Soviet Union fits into the African scene. First of all, he said that Africa has not figured positively into communism at all. The communist ideologies are primarily Euro-centric. Many African nations tend to be rather opportunistic, and that is the reason that many take hold of the ideology.

Basically, the Soviet Union has grabbed at any opportunity given to them by the various African nations. For example, in 1955, the Non-Aligned movement was born in Africa. The United States, under the direction of Dulles, was horrified. He, and many other Americans, naturally assumed that if the African nations were not with them then they must be against. The Soviet Union, under the directions of Khrushchev, jumped at the opportunity and made the most of it.

Dr. Dunn definitely had many interesting perspectives to offer to his audience. It was especially interesting to note the various reasons for the lack of consistency in US foreign policy concerning that region of the world. It seemed that most of those who attended any of Professor Dunn's various talks found them very entertaining in addition to being quite interesting.

SGA News

By Scott Naugler

Several newcomers were appointed to SGA positions at this week's SGA meeting. Junior Amy Horner has accepted her nomination to become the new SGA secretary as a result of former secretary Andrea Kruse's resignation from office. Unfilled dorm representative positions have finally been filled: Elise Farmer has been appointed representative for University/North Stewart, David Tomlinson for Stewart/Fraternities, and Bill Curtright for Robb. It was decided that the townhouses (Spann) will get a non-voting representative to SGA, to which Stacy Boldrick has been appointed. Speaking of dorm representatives, they are currently working on getting ice machines into the dorms. Prospects are positive.

The Budget Committee has approved \$750 from its refrigerator fund to facilitate the travelling of the Swimming and Diving Club. Also approved by the committee was \$250 for the new American Marketing Association. Organizations with legitimate and worthy needs are encouraged to submit requests to SGA for assistance.

Good news for those girls living in the social rooms in Williford — a new fourth floor has been planned for the dorm. The

project is estimated to take four months and could be completed by fall next year if the minor complications are worked out.

Also along the line of new buildings, a social sciences building has been planned for the area just south of the library. The projected completion date is 1992. The former Pi Kappa Alpha headquarter building (bought by Rhodes) is to be the new special studies building.

For all those people who didn't get 86-87 yearbooks last year but ordered them, they will be available for pick up next Tuesday, November 3, from 10:00 to 4:00 in the Student Center. If you didn't get a yearbook last year and didn't order one, stop by the Student Center after 4:00 on Tuesday to pick up the left overs (first come first serve).

For the small number of seniors who didn't get senior yearbook pictures taken the first time, retakes will be Sunday, November 1, from 7:00 to 11:00 p.m. in Payne Recital Hall. Be creative.

Have any criticisms, comments, suggestions for the election commission? Spring elections are right around the corner, and you know how long it takes to change these things. If you've got a brainstorm, come to SGA meeting next Wednesday and share it.

A Response:

To All Who Observe Politics

Laurie K. Usery
Anneliese Singh

It seems that we Americans have ridden the wave of conservatism once again and survived it all. Since 1980, those of us who are repulsed by the huge cut-backs in welfare and educational programs, an increased rate of military spending, and a twisted social agenda of "bringing America back" (whatever that is) have had to sit back and watch. Our efforts at preserving the true spirit of the Constitution have been futile up until recent months. We believe it is the natural course of American history to have wide swings of the pendulum. It has now begun to swing again.

The election of Ronald Reagan dealt a serious blow to the Democratic party. Americans were searching for something new at the time. Seven years later, though, we have learned the truth about the far right. Political figures like Pat Robertson, Donald Regan, Casper Weinberger, John Poindexter, and Reagan are but a few of those who would destroy individual freedoms to the majority than further true freedom. You know it's time for a change when our youth run around shouting, "Ollie

North for President!" With the upcoming election in 1988, we now have a chance to prevent this horrid conservative fantasy from happening.

We've made it through the sensationalized Iran-Contra hearings, the President's frequent naps during Congressional sessions, the Iranian bombings, and the "un-nomination" of Robert Bork. We have tolerated Reagan's feeling that it is his responsibility to dictate America's morals. (Remember all that preaching and rhetoric about abortion and school prayer?) Even further, we've been exposed to all of the Reagan's physical ailments, to irritate us more. So it is the liberals who have had to be on the defensive about our abhorrence to these things.

Now, we are asking for a coalition of liberals and those of progressive thought to make 1988 the year the Reagan Revolution officially dies. It is time for America to move toward something positive — no more of these pommeling series of events. We see our political future the way Soren Kierkegaard did: "Life can only be understood backwards, but it must lived forwards."

MAGAZINE

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Sports

Lady Lynx Struggle

By Lori Vallelunga

The Lady Lynx soccer team traveled to Jackson, MS for their last road trip of this season. On Saturday, October 24, Rhodes battled against Southern Mississippi. After the first half of play, Rhodes was down 2-0. During the second half Rhodes fought back to 2-1 before finally losing to Southern Miss, 3-1. This game was a disappointing loss since Rhodes dominated the entire game. Most of the action took place on the front step of Southern Mississippi's goal.

On Sunday, Rhodes faced its biggest rival — Millsaps. After defeating Millsaps at the start of the season and only to lose to Millsaps in their second meeting, Rhodes was ready to avenge this loss and taste victory again. The Millsaps match, however, was to be bittersweet. The first half of play opened with Rhodes dominating the field. The Lynx's many goal attempts were unsuccessful. After the first half of play the score stood tied at 0-0. Millsaps didn't have any better luck penetrating

Rhodes' defense in the second half either, and took only 3 shots on goal, compared to Rhodes' 20. The Lynx controlled the game, but couldn't make their shots fall. At the end of regulation play the score remained tied 0-0 and according to NCAA rules, the team had to play two ten minute overtimes.

Although Rhodes again controlled the game during both overtimes, neither team was able to score leaving a disappointing 0-0. Although hard fought, the battle ended in a stalemate.

A Winning Weekend for Volleyball Team

By Liz Kiely

The long drive was well worth the trouble for the women's volleyball team as they trekked to Atlanta for three matches last weekend. Friday night's match put the Lady Lynx up against Covenant College. A long day on the road seemed to take its toll on the team as they lost their first game 5-15. Fortunately, the women shook off their lag and bounced back for a 15-5, 15-3, 15-10 win.

Saturday morning, the women returned to the gym for their contest with Truett-McConnell Junior

College. But the Lady Lynx again came out on top and went on to defeat Truett-McConnell easily in the next two games 15-11, 15-4, 15-6.

After these two victories, the women were hungry for one more win to complete the weekend. An afternoon game matched Rhodes against Emory. Emory's large, rowdy crowd helped the Eagles win some long volleys, but it was not enough to stop the Lady Lynx, who took the first game in an exciting 16-14 contest. The second game saw Emory struggle back from the defeat only to be

put down again by Rhodes 15-10. Then, missed serves and other senseless mistakes put Rhodes down 12-3 in the third game. A timeout did the trick to settle the the Lady Lynx down as they cleaned up their act and rallied back for a 17-15 win.

The Lady Lynx travel to Jackson, Tennessee to play Lambuth this Thursday, October 29. Friday, October 30, will be the volleyball team's last Memphis Game. They play Trevecca College at CBC at 6:00 p.m. Come cheer them on for their last game before the conference tournament in November.

Letters to the Editor

Letter to the Editor:

Initially, two significant points:

1. The building access policy is not "NEW". It's been the policy for some time but has not been followed.

2. The building access policy is not "SECURITY'S". It's the policy of the administration of the College as defined in the Rhodes College Handbook. While I support the policy fully, it's not mine to change even if I wanted to.

Here are some other considerations:

If you believe that the security officers should know everyone on sight, you might ask yourself: Do I know everyone on campus?

We make every effort to accommodate students in their quest for knowledge, and in their quest for places to pursue their quest for knowledge. We have often "stretched" the access policy ("... we'll let you stay this time, but next time..."). My officers tell me there is at least one student who has been repeatedly accommodated in this way, but persists in circumventing the access policy, apparently as a matter of principle.

F-J is supposed to be locked. At this very moment, we are investigating a complaint from a professor who found that his private office in F-J had been entered over the weekend. Over the last few years, several pieces of valuable college property have vanished mysteriously from this building, including some from the photo lab. Since all of our students subscribe to the Honor Code, we assume that the thieves were intruders. We have even found non-students in the photo lab on

occasion. Unfortunately, the days of open doors are over in our society.

Why not student keys? Possession of a key gives not only control over an area, but responsibility for that area. That is a burden we do not wish to impose upon students. We in Security are assigned that responsibility, but our task is made more difficult by the proliferation of keys. The more keys there are to an area, the more likely we will find it open. A comprehensive key policy is now being drafted, and it is likely that there will be certain exceptions to the general policy of "no student keys." But as a rule, the access policy will suffice.

It's true that tuition and fees here are high. But \$12,000 a year is a drop in the bucket compared to the \$70 million physical plant that Security is called upon to protect. And even \$70 million cannot compare to the value of one human life.

Our policies and procedures seek to recognize these values.

How long does it take to follow the procedure? Eight minutes? Not too long to do it the right way. Subtract the time to walk from the dorm to Security (remember, you can now call Security on the telephone and access will meet you) and it's probably under seven minutes. I don't think this is oppressive.

It's an especially mild inconvenience compared to what can happen if a student is alone in a building in the middle of the night with no one — no one — knowing she's there.

The perpetrator of the rapes at Ole Miss and Mississippi State is still at large. He is probably just down the road, and indications are that he will strike again. I'd like to do everything I can to prevent it from happening at Rhodes.

Best Regards,
Bill Nourse
Director of Safety



If you're an artist, poet, playwright, novelist, or photographer, submit your masterpieces to **The Southwestern Review**—the journal of art and literature at Rhodes. Contact Chris Ray through Campus Mail. Deadline November 2.

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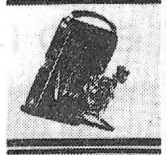
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Thurs., Oct 29: World Teleconference on Hunger
7:00PM, Orgill Room.

Fri. Oct. 30: Experience a night of being homeless.
Sleep out in the Amphitheatre.

Sat. Oct 31: Volunteer for Habitat for Humanity
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