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The Sou'wester

Southwestern At Memphis



Vol. 70, No. 10

December 9, 1983

Lang. Dept. Faces Overload

by Tom Carmichael

Most language professors agree that the new language proficiency requirement is working better than they had at first expected it to. But some difficult problems seem to have grown from the large expansion in class enrollments. One problem seems to be that the students are delaying: only about one-third of the 1982-83 freshman class and about one-third of the 1983-84 freshman class have not yet tried to meet the requirement.

This means that some students may try to meet the language requirement in the future, only to find that the classes to which they seek admission are already full.

The language requirement was initiated last year with the approval of many language professors, who felt that Americans need to know more than one language in a world which is growing more and more interconnected. William Fulbright said in Newsweek recently: "... our linguistic and cultural myopia is losing us friends, business, and respect in the world."

To meet the new language requirement, students must make +3 on the Language Advanced Placement Test, complete one course on the 200 level by the end of the sophomore year, or pass the optional department exam given during orientation.

That so many students have not tried to meet the requirement has surprised the professors. "Perhaps they're waiting to take their language courses somewhere else; perhaps they expect to transfer; perhaps they hope the requirement will be removed if they wait," said Professor Tucker of the Spanish department, "but when these people enroll, we may have a serious problem."

The difficulty will arise if the students who haven't taken their language courses yet decide to enroll in classes which are already popular, such as French and Spanish, and which are already "stretched to the limits," in the words of Professor Dinkelacker, chairman of the Language Department.

Enrollment in first and second year classes in French and Spanish grew sharply in the 1982-83 academic year. Spanish enrollment alone grew 31%. One more section has been added to the Spanish and

French Departments, pushing the departments near the limit of the number of students they can handle.

At least some of the students not yet signed up for classes will probably want to study one of these popular languages. This may cause a backlog of students wishing to take the language courses and finding little or no room.

The growth has also affected the language labs, where students practice their languages on tape recorders and with a native speaker.

Last year, 15 new tape machines were added to the lab, and the operating hours on Sundays were lengthened slightly. Some classes with native speakers must now meet outside the language lab to secure more space. Some other language labs must meet outside

the lab because there are not enough hours for classes.

On the good side, the new 200-level courses added during Term III of the 1982-83 school year, which allow students to finish their requirements in one year, worked well. The courses teach the reading of literature in a foreign language, and have had a good enrollment of students. The teachers agree that the new courses are a good use of the third-term time.

Whatever the good effects of the language requirement may be, the spectre of the students who have not yet signed up for the courses still looms large in the future. No one is sure of what should be done to deal with the potential students, but one thing is clear: whatever happens must happen sometime soon.

Indian Giver: Innovative Treatment of Typical Plot

by Julie Rold

In our American society, people are extremely concerned with progress. The accepted philosophy is "The greater the technology and achievement, the greater the standard of living." This idea is so basic to the average mind that it is seldom questioned, and almost everyone cheers such advancements as the space shuttle or Nutrasweet.

However, in the quest for Utopia, we often forget old worlds and societies with a greater claim to this continent than our own. We never consider that such worlds care little for advancement and, in fact, are often ignorant of it. Even if they are aware of the technology, the people of these worlds do not understand it, nor do they want the changes science brings.

When I refer to such "other worlds," I mean, of course, the native American Indian nations. We are descendants of the many immigrants who, with their theory of manifest destiny, usurped the Indians' claim to the land. We rarely consider how our high-tech world appears to the descendants of those native Americans, who still cling tenaciously to old ideas and traditions. It is such an Indian who is the central character in a new novel, *Indian Giver*, by Dean Gerald Duff.

On the surface, the plot of Dean Duff's book is not an original one: poor Indian boy has a talent for playing basketball, receives a scholarship to the University of Illinois to play, and thus is given a chance to better his position in life. Such "rags to riches" stories are certainly common in literature and in real life. But Dean Duff's book must not be labeled unoriginal, for

his innovative handling of a very typical plot shows great imagination.

Sam Houston Leaping Deer, the main character, is an Indian with every possible asset to make it in "the white man's world." Not only is he the greatest rookie to hit NCAA basketball in years, but he also has an intrinsic intelligence and an out-going personality that win him acceptance by his fellow-players and students.

Sam is, however, very ignorant of non-Indian ways. He is extremely innocent, and his gradual exposure to things such as liquor and sex provide hilarious sections in the novel. But the novel is not meant to make fun of a backward Indian learning to cope in an advanced world. The purpose of this book is quite the opposite. Through the eyes of Sam Houston Leaping Deer, Dean Duff satirizes our modern dogmatic view of progress.

Sam just does not understand our concept of "better" and all the competition that stems from the pursuit of it. A prime example is his attitude toward basketball. While his coach stresses winning and fierce competition, Sam plays because of the harmony he finds in the game. He feels that something symbolically good is present in the roundness of the basketball meeting the roundness of the hoop. He does not understand victory or glory, but plays for internal peace.

Sam's attitude makes his coach's concern appear selfish and ridiculous. Such a situation is indeed analogous to our modern success-oriented world.

The unique twist of *Indian Giver* is that it questions whether riches



photo by Chong-keet Chauh

Season's Greetings from The Sou'wester Staff

are preferable to rags. Granted, Sam certainly can easily have success — or rather, what we call success — but does he understand it or even want it? The novel seems to assert that Sam's "backward" state may be more practical and innovative than most modern men can realize. Sam's innocent insight into the white world is sufficient to make any reader aware of the often misconstrued values of society.

As a whole, *Indian Giver* is well-written and entertaining. The writing is rich in symbolism and

description. Duff's insight into Indian culture is obvious, and he projects it well onto the written page. The deeper themes of the novel transform it into more than just an entertaining story, though. The book becomes an appeal for evaluation and examination.

It is not a didactic denunciation of the modern world, but through an uncomplicated person such as Sam Houston Leaping Deer, Duff questions an often over-complicated modern man, and makes one wonder if certain types of progress are always better.

Student Production Opens

This weekend, the McCoy Theatre welcomes its first studio production of the year, "The Apollo of Bellac," a one-act play by Jean Girardoux, directed by theatre arts major Harold Leaver. The play tells the story of Agnes, a very timid young lady who is looking for a job at a male-dominated in-

ventions corporation.

She has a very difficult time, and has nearly given up, when a mysterious man appears who teaches her the secret of getting a job, a husband, and a diamond. All she must do, he tells her, is to tell each man, the moment she meets him, how handsome he is, and compare him to the non-existent statue, the Apollo of Bellac.

Slowly, facing each man in the corporation's administration with her secret, she works her way up to the President, whose domineering wife's control is usurped by Agnes.

"The Apollo of Bellac" stars Rebecca Ellington as Agnes and Jonathan Shames as the man, and features Mark Smith as the President and Catherine Winterburn as his wife, Therese. Also appearing will be John Alsobrook, David Lusk, Lilla Magee, Gray Tollison, Tim Bullard, Shawn Keating, John Hickey, and Van Daly. Showtimes are Saturday, 8:00 p.m., and Sunday, 3:00. Admission is only \$1.00.

27 SAMites Get 'Who's Who'

The 1984 edition of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges" will include the names of 27 students from Southwestern at Memphis who have been selected as national outstanding campus leaders.

A campus nominating committee has included the names of these students, based on their academic achievement, service to the community, leadership in extracurricular activities, and potential for continued success.

They join an elite group of students selected from more than 1,500 institutions of higher learning

in all 50 states, the District of Columbia and several foreign nations.

Outstanding students have been honored in the annual directory since it was first published in 1934.

Students named this year from Southwestern are:

Hope Elizabeth Armstrong, Richard Edward Barnes, Brett Alan Bernard, Sandra Maritza Buenahora, Herman Aldervan Daly, Jr., Debra Sue Eford, Mary Reams Goodloe, and Laura Louise Hollandsworth.

Also named were Calvin Rodney Hudgen, Jody Lynn Lewis, Ruth

Melissa Metcalfe, Peter Arthur Rooney, Dierdre Anne Teaford, Richard Gaines Waggener, Jr., Brett Tina Babcock, Wayne Williams Beam, Jr., Mary Lee Bowling, and Camille Marie Colomb.

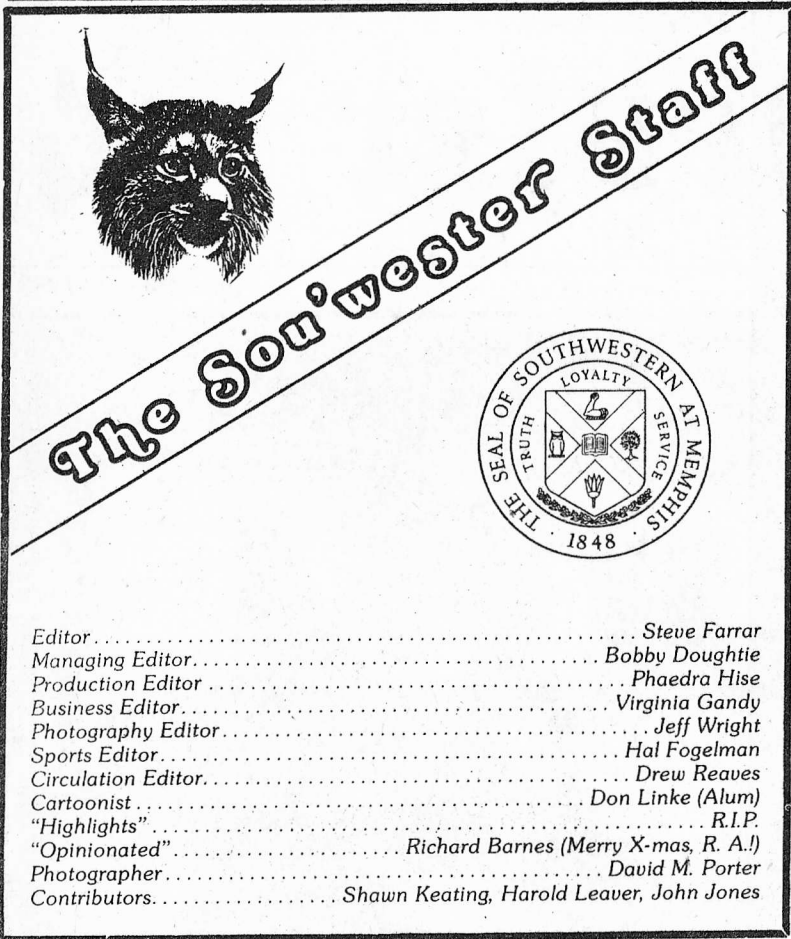
Completing the list are Mary Rebecca Davis, Steven Douglas Ervin, John Marshall Hamilton, William Gregory Hood, Anne Elizabeth Kaller, James Peter McLain, David Reed Neithamer, Elizabeth Arnold Sheppard, and William Best Townsend.

Not among the distinguished group is *Sou'wester* editor Steve Farrar.


The Sou'wester

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Security Saga Continues

A fundamental topic of discussion of late has been that of concern about campus security. This concern is not restricted to our campus, however. Recently, the local press has been devoting a lot of effort and copy space to occurrences on local college campuses; most notably, the incident at the Pike house and at least three separate attacks on students at MSU.

At this point, it must be noted that the Memphis Police Department Sergeant heading up the investigation stated that the case is no longer actively being investigated, because of a lack of substantiating physical evidence.

A recent letter to the editor in MSU's *The Helmsman* cites a study published by the U.S. Department of Justice which lists more than two dozen colleges and universities . . . (which) had over 1,000 major reported criminal acts each . . . in 1982."

Granted, almost all of these institutes were "large state universities in large urban areas," but Memphis certainly qualifies for the latter part of that description, and there are those who would say that Southwestern gets its portion as a spillover from MSU.

Crime on campus is nothing at which one should be surprised; however, I suppose it is a proposition of violent crime intruding into our warm and secure micromosm which has created such an attitude of general alarm.

In a related story update, Tom Kepple, SAM's Dean of Administrative Services, commented that the universal key system for dorm access has been delayed because the necessary hardware has not been received. He added that the changeover will probably occur sometime next term.

Steve Farrar

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Opinionated

Christmas Sentiments

Lately, as exams and papers seemed imminent and unavoidable, I have postponed getting into the Christmas spirit until sometime after New Years. It hasn't always been this way. When I was just a mere baby child, Christmas meant wonderful things: presents and magic.

I remember picking out the family Christmas tree. My father would take hours deciding. Standing in the cold, wrapped from head to foot, tromping around the parking lot, we would test and examine, only to take it home and find a two-foot-wide bald spot on the side. The "wall tree" thus became a family tradition.

We would decorate it a night or two later, the bald spot being appropriately disguised and turned against the wall. Mom would help us unpack the ornaments, and we would look for our favorite ones, all the while trying to keep them away from our cat Ralph, who lay passively unimpressed by the commotion, eating the tinsel.

And when the tree was decorated, we would sit in the living room late at night, turn off everything in the room except the Christmas tree, and watch the lights blink on and off. Ralph would take his revenge then, prowling around the packages, eating the Christmas tree ornaments, especially those little styrofoam balls with miles of red string wrapped around and around.

I think about the cookie smells, and Mom's fruit cake cookies that we would never eat, but put in the wooden nutcracker's mouth and squash flat. Then we'd hide them in the bottom of the cookie jar.

I remember wondering what it would be like to have snow in Atlanta, instead of a drizzly seventy degrees outside as we went out to try to shop in the malls. I was surrounded by people with pinched faces who wore black woolly coats. I would inevitably lose my mom when I turned around to investigate the toy section.

I remember riding down the street and recognizing the neighbor's annual contributions: the Santa on the porch, and Rudolph

and the reindeer waiting on the roof.

I remember caroling in my neighborhood and thinking that one neighbor was Jewish, and so we all sang Hanukkah songs as loudly as we could.

I remember our neighbor, Mr. Arnold, who one year decided to build a playhouse in his back yard for his daughters one Christmas eve. He finally gave up at about two a.m. Christmas morning, and the playhouse was finished six months later, having grown to the size of a small house, complete with plumbing and electricity.

I remember Christmas Eve and being forced to go to the Nativity Scene at the church to watch my big brothers, Wise men in bathrobes, stand barefoot in the pine straw watching the birth of a Ken doll. Later, we'd go back to the house and I would be shuttled off the bed, where I would lie for hours, twisting and turning and squirming, trying to rush the morning which never seemed to come.

I remember my mom opening my gift to her, when I gave her 'Angel thread slippers' four years in a row and her exclaiming, "Oh, just what I wanted." After we had opened everything and the wrappings were barely put away, in would come the cousins for their annual event, herded into the car carrying the inevitable gift of socks.

Later came the required visit to my grandparents' home, where I would play with an ancient set of wooden blocks and sit on my grandpa's knee, immersed in the strong smell of his chewing tobacco as he spat into a Maxwell House

Coffee can.

I remember building fires on Christmas night, staring into the flickering flames until my eyes burned and my face grew red. There I would sit for hours listening to the occasional crackle of the sap in a pine log.

All this I considered this afternoon, as Scott and I threw Christmas lights over a dead tree and I was trying to think of an idea for an article. It's time to go home again.

ETCETERA

CONTEST: The literary journal needs a new name. Win a \$25 gift certificate to Pop Tunes. Turn in suggestions to Box 991 by Sat., Dec. 10.

LOST: Red sophomore Man Spiral Notebook; also, a ladies digital running watch. If either found, please contact Stasia McGehee, Box 598, 204 Voorhies, 278-9162.

LOST: A set of 8 keys on a leather Aigner key chain. Last seen in Student Center last Friday at the Uncommon House. Contact Becky at 272-3661.

Cohabitation sought: I need a roommate and an apartment, starting second term. Contact Alan Wegenke. 726-5859 or Box 955.

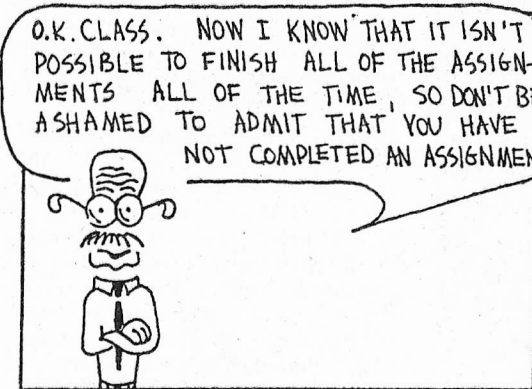
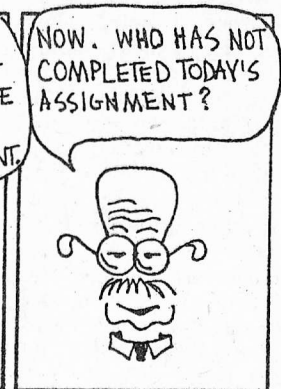
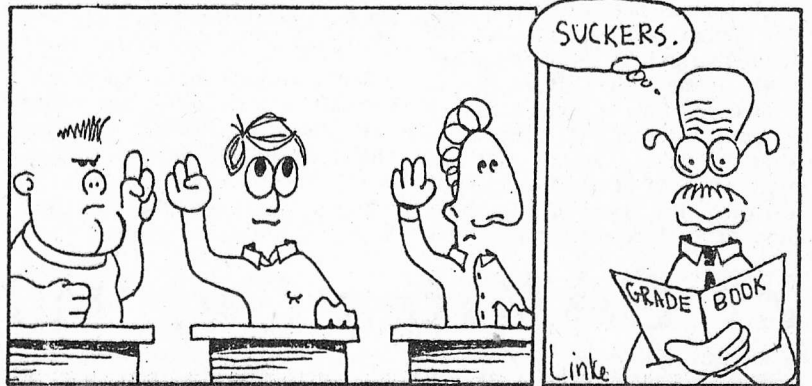
Box CE

To whom it may concern:

Reading day — on Saturday?
AGAIN? Who the hell do you guys think you're fooling?

John M. Jones

Facial-Features

One of the many attributes which attracted me to Southwestern was its awe-inspiring beauty. Because the campus seemed to manifest the pride and respect which the students held for the school, I realized that Southwestern was a very special place.

—Jeannie Garten

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Thank you

Welfare Commission, SGA

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