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NEDA Week: You're Not Alone

BY ERICA SMYTHE '17

STAFF WRITER

The week before midterms, members of Active Minds at Rhodes, along with students from other colleges around the country, were busy coordinating and advertising NEDA Week events. Too often, thin, model-esque women are the face of eating disorders, which constructs a false image and fails to recognize the majority of individuals who suffer from eating disorders. NEDA Week forces us to face the deeply troubling reality of eating disorders within our society and establishes an open forum of conversation.

Eating disorders are personalized and multifaceted, which makes them tricky to diagnose. Additionally, the traditional perception of eating disorders as a "female problem" often prevents men from coming forward and seeking help. "Not only [do eating disorders] affect young women, [they] also affect males. Most individuals fail to realize that both genders suffer from [them] and may also be suffering from other disorders on top of an Eating Disorder," says Anna Fiallo '16, Active Minds' secretary.

Active Minds strives to address the

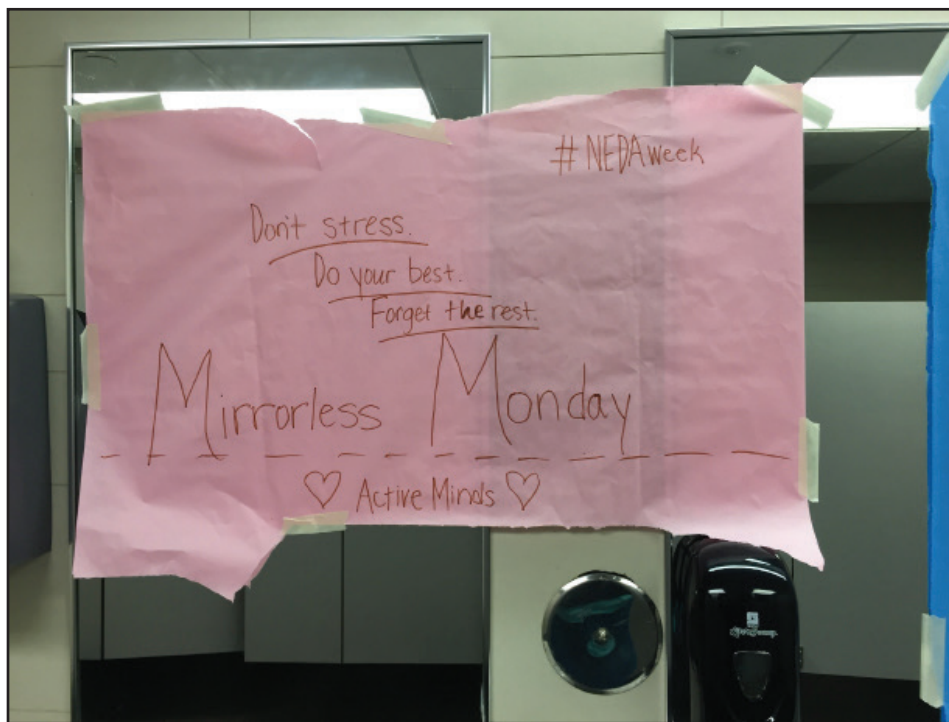


Photo by Zoe Laulederkind
"Forget the Rest": Mirrorless Monday taught many confused Rhodents about eating disorders

issue of mental health on college campuses in a welcoming environment that encourages public discourse. "The fact that one in four individuals suffer from mental illness is always a surprising statistic because the mainstream media only covers extreme cases of mental illness that result in violence," posits Fiallo. "Many college students are afraid to seek help because of how they think

their peers will judge them, and that is a huge problem." Failing to acknowledge the prevalence of mental health, especially amongst teens and young adults, reinforces the surrounding negativity and taboo.

NEDA Week events aim to encourage open conversation about mental health and eating disorders in particular "[creating] a safe, comfortable environment

for students to discuss eating disorders, self-confidence and body image" says Mark Farley '16.

Along with the NEDA Walk, Active Minds is bringing the installation piece Send Silence Packing (SSP) to campus on April 11. Each exhibit has 1,100 backpacks that represent the number of lives lost each year on college campuses to suicide. "The program is designed to raise awareness about the incidence and impact of suicide," says Farley.

Disappointed you didn't actively participate in NEDA Week? The third annual Memphis NEDA Walk will take place on Sunday, March 20. Come out and support eating disorders awareness! Registration begins at 2 p.m.

The Rhodes College Counseling Center is a free and confidential resource here at Rhodes if you or somebody you know feels as if they are struggling with their mental health. To set up an appointment during the week, either e-mail counseling@rhodes.edu or call (901) 843-3128. For after-hour crisis calls at any time and any day of the week, call (901) 843-3128.

I Love My Blackness and Yours

BY JULIAN ROBY '16

STAFF WRITER

Last Thursday, we were graced with a brilliant conversation centered around the following question: how does your blackness impede or advance your identity on the Rhodes Campus and on a college campus at large, specifically from an athletic perspective? Senior Kevin Viera brought the thunder by offering up his perspective from playing on the football and lacrosse teams for three seasons. Kevin is also heavily involved in the Black Lynx organization that staged the interruption of a faculty meeting and campus-wide walk out that brought the reality of racial tension to the forefront of campus politics.

The initial point of the conversation was on the intersection between social justice and athletics - how there may be consequences for participating in social

justice activities as an athlete. For example, the observation was made as to how the stack may be loaded for a black athlete whose coaches and teammates may not want them to participate in social justice activities. In this case, with whom do you side? If you're not participating in the movement then you are seen as complacent in the oppressive system, having more loyalty to the label "athlete" than to your blackness. The conversation shifted when Kevin asked the question to the audience: "When does your blackness (by participating in a march, walk out, etc.) overshadow the possible consequences of playing a sport, such as reduction in playing time, breaking up team chemistry on a roll toward winning a conference championship, etc.?" This question was problematic in its nature because, first, it simplifies blackness as being monolithic and also simplifies

what resistance looks like. The question also shifted the conversation to what blackness as an identity looks like.

Many people provided their perspective on what blackness means to them: how it's been shaped by their experiences and how they must navigate this identity on a daily basis. One participant said, "I wake every morning not thinking about my identity as a black person until I walk out of my door, and then I am reminded of this."

I walked away from this talk grappling with the "blackness" identity and how constructed and loaded that has become even for those in the black community. I don't mean to be hypercritical of Kevin's talk, but I must be honest when I say that there are many forms of resistance, and reducing it to an either / or is violent. If a person who is black or a member of an oppressed group doesn't participate in a campus

walk out, that doesn't mean their blackness or other identity isn't important to them or that they don't value it.

I am not suggesting at all that these are Kevin's sentiments, but that was the tone of the conversation. Resistance comes in many forms - writing, art, music and cinematography to name a few. Thus when claims are made that if you're not at a Black Lynx walk out then your blackness isn't important or that you're choosing complacency, then I think we cut ourselves off from a group of people who present blackness in a different light. I end on this note because conversation is needed. I desire to open the door for people to share their understanding of blackness as an identity, and I encourage people to participate in resistance in whatever form they prefer.

NEWS

Letter from the Editors

"It should be me, it should be meeeeeeee"
-Justin Bieber (the tat-free one)

You're sitting in class waiting for the professor to ask the only question to which you know the answer, but that slimy, glasses-faced bastard answers it before you. As you stare down the bespectacled social reject, the only thought that crosses your mind (and

continues to cross your mind for days on end) is "it should have been ME."

In your dejection, you take out your phone and start browsing Facebook... surely there must be some hot babes in need of my assistance. Hilariously, your ex is posing with the friend who they "could never see themselves with." It is hard to tell where one person ends and the other begins. GREAT! That should

have been you.

In a dire attempt to regain your pride and redeem this horrific day in general, you head to the local ice cream parlor. You secure your ice cream and head back to Rhodes. Although polls say that there are ample parking spots for students and faculty alike, you encounter the last parking spot in sight. Right as your large minivan slows to pull into

said space, one of Rhodes' resident Fiat convertibles sneakily slides into it, middle fingers raised. Wow...that really should have been you this time.

Tomorrow will be better,
ZA
Or not,
D

Memphis Easter Break Ideas

BY KIM MACHARIA '18
STAFF WRITER

Spending your Easter Break in Memphis may lead you to think that your best options for fun are binge watching Netflix and nightly runs to Gibsons. That, however, is wrong. Memphis is a city with so much to offer, and this extended weekend approaching us is the perfect time to go out and explore it. To inspire you to have your best Easter Break yet, here is a list of the top ten things to do to spice up your break.

1. 90's Baby Ultimate Lip-Sync Battle. Come out and watch teams battle it out for "trophies, prizes, and bragging rights" on Thursday March 24 at 7:30pm the New Daisy Theatre. Tickets are \$15.

2. Venture out to Mud Island for a kayaking trip!

3. Chillax and have all your meals delivered to you with "We Deliver Memphis." Order cupcakes from Muddys, nuggets from Chick-fil- A and even have them pick up your groceries. The delivery fee for meals within 5 miles is only \$5, which can easily be split with friends.

4. Great River Indoor Food Truck Festival and Marketplace. From 10am to 6pm on Saturday March 26, you can stop by the Memphis Cook Convention Center to experience a fabulous gathering of food trucks, local vendors and live bands. Tickets are \$5. Meals must be purchased

separately.

5. Hit up the tourist sites you ought to visit before you graduate: Graceland, The National Civil Rights Museum, The STAX Museum, Peabody Hotel, The Brooks Museum, Bass Pro Shop and The Pink Palace Museum.

6. Get connected with the Memphis Art Scene by checking out exhibits at Crosstown Arts and exploring local Memphis murals.

7. Spring Purgefest. On Saturday March 26, Shangri-La Records will be selling thousands of LPs, 45s and CDs from 12pm-6pm. At bargain prices, they will be hosting some jammin' local bands including Southern Avenue, Richard James & the Special Riders and Billie Dove.

8. Search for an empty classroom, and build a majestic fort that would leave your four year old self in awe.

9. Jet outside of your comfort zone and use the MATA buses to become more acquainted with our dear college town.

10. Treat yourself to a scrumptious Easter Sunday Brunch at local Memphis joints like Sweet Grass, Tug's, The Bardog Tavern, Celtic Crossing, Automatic Slims, The Bayou Bar & Grill and, of course - Café Eclectic.

Although there are only five short days in this break, hopefully this list will help you make the most of it!

The Sou'wester Tree Lives!



Photo by Ally Limmer

Remember when we goofed up last year and printed a blank "coloring page"? And then we promised to plant a tree to make up for our waste of paper? Well, that tree is still alive and going strong, as Ally and Zoe show us. #beproudoofus

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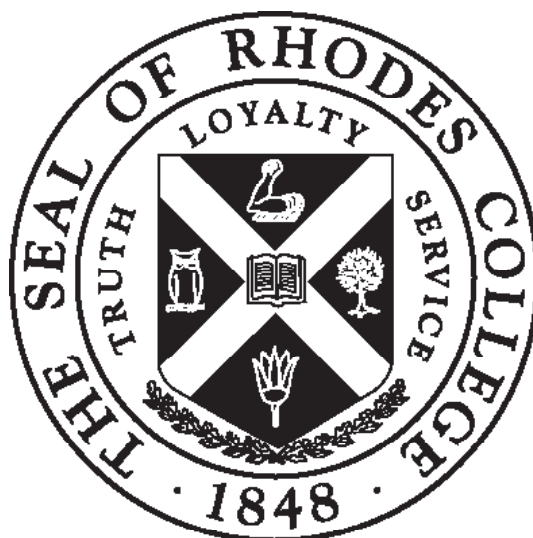
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WITHIN THE GATES

How Registration Works (or doesn't)

By DOUG FETTERMAN '16
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

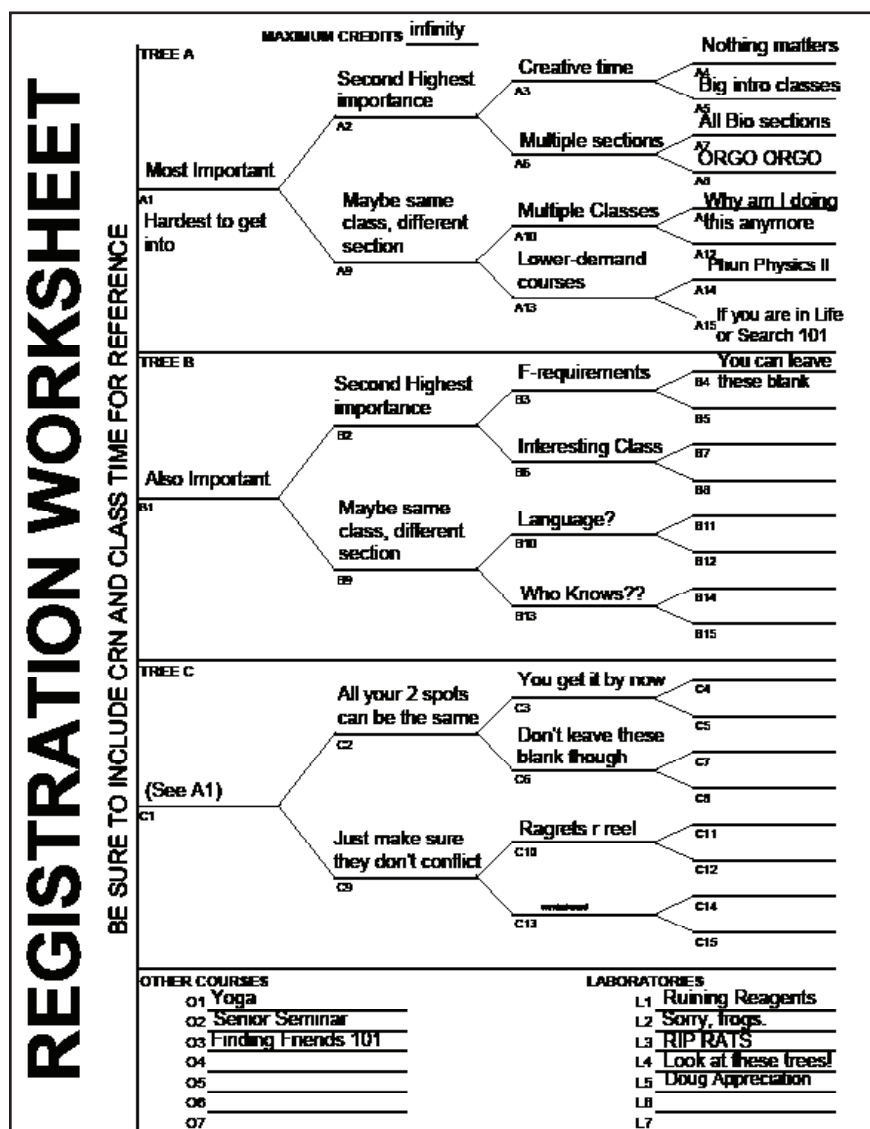
When Joyce Kilmer wrote, "I think that I will never see / a poem lovely as a tree," he clearly had not encountered the wonderful species of tree that we use during our Webstep registration process. Although daunting at first, with a bit of finagling, the tree can become a tool for helping you achieve the schedule of your dreams. Or, you can take my roommate's approach and barely fill it out and wait until add/drop to figure out your schedule. That, however, can lead to a senior year full of F-Requirements, bitterness and regret. And trust me, senior year has enough of those last two as it is. So this is a little guide for first years and upperclass students who have forgotten or never learned just how the tree works.

The first thing you need to do is meet with your advisor. Most advisors will be extremely helpful and guide you through the whole process. Others may just hand you the sheet of paper with your registration PIN and send you on your way. Regardless, once you have that six-digit code you will be able to dive into the wonderful world of Webstep. Before you get to do that, some planning is usually helpful. The first

spot on your A tree should be reserved for the class you want to take the most that is also the hardest to get into. Notoriously difficult classes for non-seniors to be enrolled in like "Pain, Suffering, and Death" or nearly all upper-level Biology courses (sorry sophomores) should always be first in your tree. The same logic applies for the first spot on your B and C trees.

The next spot is for the classes that will be slightly easier to get into. But wait! There are now two options per tree. This means you can put down multiple sections for the same course, so if one fills up, then you might still get into the other. The third slot is best used for non-major requirements or classes you want to take for fun. The fourth spot is great for classes you feel confident that you will be able to get into or a laundry list of different classes that fit into your schedule that you wouldn't mind taking.

Hopefully this and the tldr version of the filled-out tree will help you on your quest for a perfect schedule. Maybe you'll cop out and have no Friday classes. Either way, good luck!



"This Should Help": Or not. Who cares. Actually talk to your advisor for once.

Career Services Reminder

With graduation and summer break under two months away, don't forget to check the **CareerLynx Job Portal** on our website for new opportunities, internships and job postings!

From the Commissioner...

Before we all left (physically, mentally or both) for Spring Break, the Allocations Board had a huge week! We have allocated \$133,588.08 to registered student organizations. This leaves the Board with around \$70K on the year.

As approved by RSG, the final decisions for the now-annual Earmark Reviews are as subsequently described. RAB will maintain their current earmark at 32% of the Student Activity Fund. RSG's earmark was reduced from 1% of the SAF to 0.75% of the SAF.

Kinney will function next year with a reduction of \$1,000, putting them at \$27,000. Finally, Lecture Board's earmark was approved on a conditional basis: they may maintain their earmark at \$60,000 of the SAF on the condition that the automatic \$10,000 to Communities in Conversation be removed from their constitution as it is in direct violation of the Allocations Board by-laws; if the automatic \$10,000 remains, the earmark will be \$50,000. Decisions regarding deductions, which

are usually the most controversial, were made by researching the spending of these organizations and identifying either unconstitutional spending or that the organization does not spend their current earmark in its entirety. As we put hours and hours of our time into making these decisions, we respectfully request that any questions regarding the outcomes be directly discussed with the Board, which can occur through my email, limal-16@rhodes.edu.

Finally, be on the look-out for more

emails regarding Spring General Elections! During this election cycle, 10 upperclassmen will be elected to the Allocations Board. The Board is a weekly commitment both group and individual and is for any student looking to effect change on the Rhodes campus through an oft-forgotten avenue: money.

Sincerely,
Ally Limmer
Allocations Board Commissioner

WITHIN THE GATES

Alternative Spring Break 2k16

By SAVANNAH PATTON '19
STAFF WRITER

Amidst the onslaught of bikinis, booze and bronzer that tends to accompany the typical college spring break trip, 28 Rhodes students opted to skip the #SB2k16 sunburn and instead immersed themselves in a week of service. The trip to Denver, Colo. functioned as both the 2016 alternative spring break offering as well as the Bonner sophomore class trip, allowing for an even split of both Bonners and non-Bonners. According to sophomore Bonner Molly Mulhern, "There were some concerns that the trip would also be split down these lines. However, within a few hours of the trip, it was clear this wasn't something we needed to worry about." Katie Gabrick '18 remarked that the trip offered the "opportunity to travel somewhere inexpensively, as the overwhelming majority of the costs were covered by the school, and to learn about how issues that affect Memphis, in particular gentrification, affect other cities." In serving at various nonprofits and touring Denver, the students were able to do just that.

Students across various academic fields and grade levels quickly bonded as they were split into seven teams to serve each day at a different site. These sites included King Adult Day Enrichment Program (geared towards those who live with multiple sclerosis and other serious brain injuries), The Network Coffee House (a café self-identifying as consisting of "Christians being friendly" and offering "long-term redemptive relationships"), as well as multiple organizations meeting various needs of those experiencing hunger and homelessness within Denver. At night, they enjoyed listening to speakers and



Selfie by Molly Mulhern

"Alternative #SB2k16": A group of Rhodents travelled all the way to Denver to bond, learn about homelessness and volunteer their spring-break time.

engaging in reflections activities. However, their learning was not confined to these organized hours of service, education, and reflection: to more authentically tour and understand their neighborhood for the weekend, they restricted themselves to traveling only via walking or public transportation.

Mulhern remarked that due to gentrification, "so many people in the neighborhood we were staying in were displaced from their homes due to higher income individuals moving in and raising the property value so that those with less money were forced to relocate."

Gabrick echoed this observation: "gentrification is something that may bring many good things to an area, such as local restaurants, grocery stores, art galleries and new development in general; however, it does not benefit all people in an area," adding that most victims of gentrification are minorities "who have been subject to economic and educational inequities for generations." It was not difficult for the students to draw parallels between this issue in Denver and Memphis, as well as various other urban centers across the U.S.

In friendships formed, lessons learned

and plenty of free time to enjoy bookstores, doughnut shops and even the State Capitol, both Molly and Katie emphatically responded that they found the trip well worth it. They recommended it to anyone interested in the important and rewarding work of service as well as the thrill of exploring a new city. As Gabrick expressed, "Going to college has afforded me plenty of time to be in my own head and to think endlessly about how to make the next A. It is nice to be reminded of why, and for whom, I study so hard."

Rhodes College Elections Ballot

RSG PRESIDENT:

Jay Hedges
Antonin Scalia

RSG VICE PRESIDENT:

Thomas Mitchell
Kara McCord

CLASS OF 2017:

*Positions will be filled by
application.*

*This could be
YOU!*

CLASS OF 2018:

Class Council President:
Medora Neely

*Class Council Vice
President:*
Katie Brewster

CLASS OF 2019:

Class Council President:
John Mark Stodola
Spencer Beckman

*Class Council Vice
President:*
Robert Stodola

WITHIN THE GATES

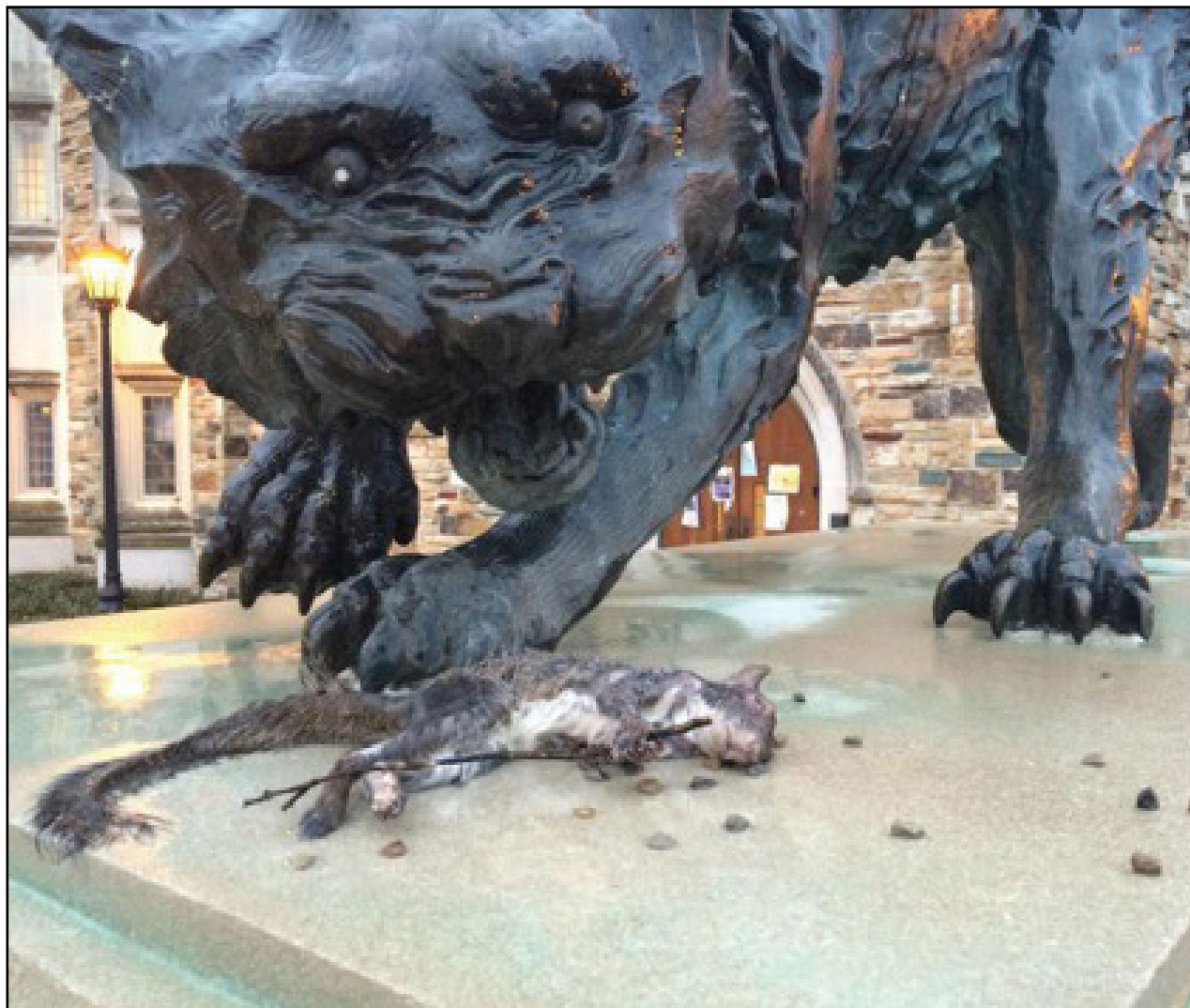
New IFC Party Rules

BY PAUL BURDETTE '16
STAFF WRITER

As a side-effect of the administration's recent decision to defer rush to the spring semester, the Inter-fraternity Council (IFC) has begun reevaluating their party policies. Most of these policies have to do with liability, especially when it comes to drunken college students attending their parties. Nothing is more terrifying to Greek organizations than an unaffiliated, drunken student who, out of a sudden realization of their inner "Birdman," decides to leap from a second-story window and injures themselves. A lawsuit is the last thing any organization wants to deal with, especially knowing that their budgets will be significantly cut due to the limitation of recruits in the semesters to come. In all seriousness, the amount of liability that comes with throwing parties on campus can be staggering.

Hence, IFC will be bolstering their policies within the next week in accordance with pre-existing policies stipulated by their national chapters, which up to this point have been haphazardly followed. The specifications of these policies are currently unknown, and IFC plans to convene sometime this week to hammer out the details. Fraternities do not answer to the administration when it comes to incidents like this on campus; rather, they answer to their national chapters. According to Keith Hembree, whether or not the fraternities decide to adhere to their nationals' policies has nothing to do with the administration. The relationship is strictly between local chapters and their nationals. All there is to know now is that IFC will soon be following their policies more assiduously than before; the story continues to develop.

Squirrel Obituary



BY BEN LAVIANA '18
COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR

Eternally etherized atop the statue ridge lies stiff, still-gnatty gray hair, entangled residue of flesh and innards, entangled remains of a broken cadaver: Sandy the Squirrel. Aghast, Lynx hovers above the fallen, jaw adducted, spirit unhinged. Soon it will be me. It comes to us all: the clearing. Students mourn the unfortunate location of her death (within their sight), but nothing more—Memento Mori below the maw of appalled collegiate Pride—blindly passing by with routines and schedules; becoming them: darkening shades amidst the devoid, marching proudly past the moment, onwards beyond the being: The Dead.

We'll miss you, Sandy! :(

New IFC Party Rules: Costs of Risk Management

BY DOUG FETTERMAN '16
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

At this point, some of you may have heard about the newest pending change in IFC rules: party lists. The creation of a guest list helps the fraternities reduce liability in an attempt to minimize risk. Risk management is a primary driver for regulation within fraternities, as it helps to mitigate potential lawsuits. Lawsuits not only cause fraternities to lose money but also hurt their reputations and so are of great importance to local chapters and their national headquarters. To help combat this problem,

fraternities and sororities buy insurance that protects them from the financial burden incurred if they or a member is sued for a variety of reasons. In order to qualify for this coverage, however, they must meet a certain number of requirements. Risk management requirements encompass a wide variety of safety rules: chapter houses being up to fire / electrical code, the prohibition of hazing, dictating under what circumstances the organizations can provide alcohol, etc. It is due to this pressure to protect the financial and reputational future of their organizations that IFC has now adopted these rules.

While the specifics vary from chapter to chapter due to differences in their specific insurance providers, the general rule is this: fraternity members create a list of people they would like to attend their event, and only these people are allowed inside. A major redeeming quality of the fraternities at Rhodes – i.e. their ability to throw parties for the entire campus – might now be lost. The campus climate is already charged over the new deferred rush rules, and this will only serve to splinter further our already divided student body. At best, the lists will be loosely enforced (such as in the case of swaps) and only serve as an

inconvenience to the chapter who has to pretend to make them for insurance reasons. At worst, they will be used to exclude certain members of the student body. I know from the experiences of my friends at Furman that being excluded from a list can be emotionally devastating. This is especially true when some members of a friend group make it into a party but others are told to leave. Enforcement of risk management policies makes sense for the individual organizations, but it can do very little to help foster an open relationship between Greek life and the rest of the student body.

BEYOND THE GATES

My Super Tuesday Story

By WARNER RAULSTON '19
EDITORIAL WRITER

On March 1, while everyone else was stressing over midterms and planning their spring break, I was up at five in the god-awful morning getting ready to go home to Nashville to vote in Tennessee's Presidential primary. The only flaw in such a plan was my utter lack of a car, driver's license or sense of sanity, but that's what politics does to me. I got a Lyft ride to the Greyhound Bus Station for what would become a delayed, uncomfortable, overpriced, four-hour trip to Nashville where I proceeded to venture to my local polling precinct, all while hyping myself up to The Who's epic "Won't Get Fooled Again." After gleefully casting my ballot, I stepped outside into the pouring rain with a

subpar umbrella to bombard people with campaign literature I whipped up before I left. After two hours I was soaked from the waist down and felt utterly defeated, like I hadn't made any impact. Most of the people walking into the community center didn't want to hear anything I had to say, and a discouraging number of them were disinterested in voting at all. So I called for a ride just before my phone died to return to the bus station. I was feeling pretty down and just wanted to listen to "Let it Be" before I had to face the daunting challenge of my Humanities midterm.

But on the way back I struck up a conversation with my driver, a local business owner and musician named Norman. I asked if he had voted, and he said he hadn't. Upon further inves-

tigation I discovered he was a lifelong democrat and identified most strongly with my candidate of choice: Bernie Sanders. But despite this, he didn't feel the urge to vote. I have been meeting more and more people, most of them my age, who appear increasingly dissatisfied with the American electoral process and politics in general, seeing no candidate with whom they agree on every issue and therefore seeing no reason to support the candidate with whom they agree the most. But when you stay home on Election Day, you run the chance of giving power to the politician with whom you disagree the most and one with absolutely no reason to represent you or your interests. I'm happy to say I was able to convince Norman to go to the polls and cast a ballot that evening, and if you live in one of the 28

states and territories that haven't held their primary yet, I encourage you to do the same.

Today, American politics is insane; it made me spend nine hours in degraded buses and random cars all for the mundane pleasure of pushing a button, when I would have much preferred to stay on campus and binge on Netflix and Girl Scout Cookies. But I voted because it was my civic responsibility to do so. I don't like being a political junkie; it's time-consuming and often infuriating, not to mention that my progressive views have the tendency to alienate a lot of the people I meet. But I press on. Today, political extremism discourages America's youth from voting, at a time when we need it most.



By ERIKA SMYTHE '17
STAFF CAROONIST

Memphis Zoo Wins the Greensward

By CHRISTIAN WIGGS '18
STAFF WRITER

Tuesday March 1, the Memphis City Council finally ceded control of the Overton Park Greensward to the crusading Memphis Zoo. The zoo has frequently used the Greensward as an overflow parking lot over the past few years, and, with the council's 11-1 ruling, the practice will continue well into the future.

When overflow parking isn't used in the zoo's off-season, the Greensward is a pleasant enough piece of the park to relax and enjoy a cool breeze. During

the summer, especially on sticky-hot free Tuesdays, it's transformed into a dusty lot jammed with sensibly colored minivans from Germantown and Collierville.

If you're looking for a space to throw a frisbee or just enjoy a bit of clarity in midtown's bustle during the busy summer season, you'll have to look elsewhere around the popular park.

The council defended their decision and claimed it as a victory for the convenience of the greater-Memphis community. City councilman Berlin Boyd was one of many of the measure's sponsors, saying, "All citizens deserve the right to

attend the zoo, and they deserve access to the park." However, nearby residents of mid- and downtown largely disagree with the ruling, considering the parking spaces to be a serious blemish on their finest public space.

Living close by, they likely value the park's open areas more than those parking in the Greensward to visit the zoo. Suburban pilgrims might not know just how much damage is done by parking in the Greensward.

Ultimately, I think the dispute is about for whom exactly our Midtown public spaces should be intended. Are they primarily for residents of Mem-

phis proper or those of surrounding suburbs? Of course, the answer should be "both," but the logistics involved in allowing everyone access to our public spaces force decisions like this one to be made. To enjoy the zoo, one may need to park in the Greensward and, however subtly or unknowingly, disrespect the well-loved public space.

It's as important for Greensward supporters to understand this as it is for zoo visitors to do their best to avoid parking on the grass.

SPORTS AND SATIRE

Men's Lacrosse: Best Start Ever

BY JACK PATTON '18
STAFF WRITER

The Rhodes Men's Lacrosse team is off to an incredible start this season. In fact, it is their best start ever. Their record is 7-1, starting off the season by winning their first seven games. According to Junior Matt Jones, it "all started with four big wins on the road." On the team's first road trip to Texas, they defeated Southwestern University 11-3 and the University of Dallas 20-2. The next weekend, they travelled to

Indiana where they beat Depauw 10-4 and Carthage 10-8, having lost to both teams last season. This was the highlight of the season so far for Senior Tat Whitley, who said the team "sucked the life out of them."

Rhodes continued its winning streak at home, prevailing on Feb. 27 over Huntingdon College in dramatic fashion. Coming from behind, the Lynx won 8-7 in OT with Senior Jason Lee scoring the game winning goal. The Lynx won their next two games at home, beating Hanover, 11-6, and

Drew, 7-6. After the wins, Junior John Wancowicz was named the SAA's Men's Lacrosse Defensive player of the week. The following game, however, the team experienced its first loss to Susquehanna University on March 9, losing 6-14 and bringing them to 7-1 on the season.

Matt Jones has attributed the team's success thus far to the young defense's good play, which has allowed the offense to "come alive." Sophomore Justin Powers explained that the team has just "been finding ways to win." And freshman Matthew Simon cited the

team's closeness both "on and off the field" as crucial to its success.

Although the team just lost its first game, Powers explained that it was "nothing major," affirming that the team is "just going to go back to work." The conference that began this past Wednesday March 16 continues tomorrow with a 6pm away game at Birmingham-Southern. According to Matt Jones, the team will attempt to carry their "momentum into these games and into the postseason." As Powers warned confidently, "We comin'."

Gulf Shores Spring Break Recap

BY WILL MORROW '19
AND WARREN SOCHER '19
SATIRE WRITERS

Ever since Panama City Beach's devastating announcement of their ban on the consumption of alcoholic beverages on the beach, student bodies across the entire nation have decided to take their Pilsner-chugging and Snapchat-story-spamming talents down to Gulf Shores, Ala., where the only things murkier than the water are the faded memories of the collegiate partiers when attempting to relay their excursions to their friends back home.

Spring break is a unique time for Alabama in that it is the only time of the year when the Confederate flag is not the most popularly waved piece of fabric, as fraternity members proudly take that spot by staking their letters into the beer soaked sand. Feeling too chubby for Chubbies, the beachgoers tend to opt for the more conservative option of shin-length Corona bathing suits, although the Mexican beer itself cannot fit into the budget of the broke college springbreakers. But do not let this fool you; going to Gulf Shores requires intense preparation, as not everyone has the natural capacity to understand the unintelligible south-

ern accents that exist in the Alabama beach destination.

There was an astounding shortage of food - yet an abundance of alcohol - stored in Yeti coolers lodged in the sand. Actually, it was unclear whether the coolers were Yeti, Southern Tide, Vineyard Vines, Southern Proper or some other clothier as indicated by the array of stickers covering the icy treasure chests. Female spring breakers rushed to perch their rear ends upon these overpriced coolers and take pictures for Instagram with the ubiquitous hashtag "#yetibutts," and TFM photojournalists were quick on the scene to document the notorious

pose.

Naturally, clothing was minimal, as indicated by the beachgoers' sun-seared, roasted-to-perfection skin. The only protection from the sun's carcinogenic rays were cheap cowboy hats made of straw and gas station aviator sunglasses that have more glare than a group of guys watching a flock of bikini-clad honeys strut down the waterline. Thankfully, the spring breakers all returned to campus alive and well, despite taking more shots than Private Ryan.

Amazing: Professor Ignores Cartoon Phallic Symbol on Whiteboard For Duration of Class

BY MEAGHAN PICKLES '19
SATIRE WRITER

Incredible! One suave professor at Rhodes College made a game-time decision and committed to ignoring the artful depiction of a throbbing penis drawn on the whiteboard directly behind his head. Instead of thrusting into crisis mode, this rapid-fire thinker decided to simply pretend the illustration of male genitalia did not exist: a revolutionary solution to an age-old problem.

"Originally I wanted to shout 'Look! A male sex organ has defaced the

room in which I am about to lecture on Social Structures in Asia Minor!" said the professor as he handed out a tricky pop quiz. "However, I quickly thought better of that poorly constructed plan and simply chose to live in utter and blissful denial as my students just looked at me anxiously, unsure how to move forward or if things would be okay."

The hour and fifteen-minute class was composed of students attempting to direct their eyes at the professor as a humorous portrayal of an unreasonably large schlong practically danced upon his head. This rendered concen-

tration difficult, to say the least!

"At first the simple drawing was not enough to distract me from my studies, but the more I started to focus on the prominent veins and work my way up the shaft, the more I started to feel that this was no environment in which to study sociological constructs," said sophomore Mark Voight, who had seen many variations of a male member in the locker room and attested that the illustration was about 75% accurate overall. "For the first time in my life, I started to get the 'artist's bug' and in that moment I felt like I could have drawn penises of all

different lengths and girths until my hand gave out from overwork."

The professor was originally impressed with just how far he was able to take this ruse but buckled under pressure after he realized he had a list of bullet points he had planned to write on the very same whiteboard that now bore the likeness of a big, juicy cock. He seemed to be in dire straits until he found a new source of embarrassment, making a free-throw shot of crumpled paper that missed the wastebasket. Whoa, close call!

THE BACK PAGE

A&Z Eat Memphis: Restaurant Iris

BY ALLY LIMMER '16
AND ZOE LAULEDERKIND '18
EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

When Rhodes students think expensive, “nice” food in Memphis, they often recall two places - Flight and Restaurant Iris. If you’ve been to Flight, it was likely with your parents or your roommate’s parents, and you probably weren’t even old enough to enjoy the original “flight” (comprised of three to eight - three in Flight’s case - small tastings of various wines). In other words, been there, done that, got the postcard.

But Restaurant Iris? Do they serve flowers, perhaps? In our experience (and we definitely have experience...we went there), Restaurant Iris is actually accessible to Rhodes students themselves - no parents necessary. The portions are plenty large to split both appetizers and entrees, and it is only a few miles away, right off of Overton Square. In traditional Midtown strangeness, the restaurant building is indeed a former Victorian-style house. La Tourelle (the original fancy French restaurant of Memphis) occupied the space before Restaurant Iris, which was redesigned to reflect the French and Creole flavors the chef blends into his creations.

We shared three dishes during our short time at the Restaurant: the Lobster “Knuckle Sandwich,” Rod Bailey’s Raviolo and their famous “Surf and

Turf.” The “Knuckle Sandwich” was an open-faced sandwich of warm lobster and tomato atop one slice of toasted bread, and the Raviolo was essentially one large, freshly made ravioli stuffed with short ribs. By the time the “Surf and Turf” arrived, our palettes were fairly satisfied, and our bellies nearly fully. Although we took most of it home (bomb-ass as breakfast, f.y.i.), the entree surpassed that of any other



we’ve eaten in Memphis. The best parts of the meal, though, were arguably the homemade rolls and surprise bite-sized taste the kitchen served prior to our appetizers. We hoped this surprise was to impress us as food critics, but some variation of the bite is probably served

to all patrons. (We would attempt to describe this taste, but, honestly, we had no idea what it was - meat and veggies on a crisp crouton.)

After the above description, you would think that this meal put us each back a solid Benjamin. But you’d be wrong. Our total came to two Jacksons apiece (\$40).

We had not eaten out the rest of the week to save money for this meal, and it was well worth it! (Also, if you think about it, college students probably spend more on alcohol for any given night.) So put down the vodka, and treat yourself to Restaurant Iris soon!

Next Door: The Second Line

BY WILL MORROW '19 AND
DAVID MORAR '19
STAFF WRITERS

The Second Line, located on Cooper Ave in Midtown, is a boutique restaurant specializing in a deeply Southern cuisine made with local ingredients. Rooted in a strictly Louisianian style, Chef Kelly English, also of the acclaimed Restaurant Iris, shows his love for the po’boy and gumbo by centering his menu on these items.

From the street, all you see is a small house with wooden siding and a porch, a chateau appropriate for your favorite grandmother, Aubrey Graham. This contributes to the hospitality that can be found inside. Our waitress was lovely and came with a good knowledge of the menu, sparing no syllables in suggesting us her favorite dishes. When it came down to it, all the dishes were

good, according to Sandy. So we closed our eyes and found a spot on the menu with our fingers, and *bing bang boop*, we ended up with a shrimp and an oyster po’boy, which isn’t surprising, since the majority of the menu consists of them. Essentially, The Second Line is comparable to an upper-scale version of Soulfish. The shrimp in the po’boy was plump and fresh, surprising for seafood in Memphis. The same could be said about the oysters in the other po’boy. Having just returned from Spring Break in South Florida, our expectations for seafood were probably unrealistic for Memphis, but it is safe to say that the Second Line’s offerings blew us out of the water.

If you are looking for some high-quality Southern cuisine amid those second semester woes, head over to Second Line for a first class experience.

Rice Brought My Phone Back to Life, But So Far It Hasn’t Worked On My Gecko

BY HAYLEY ROSENFELD '16
SATIRE EDITOR

When I first heard about rice as a way of salvaging a water-damaged iPhone, I, like many people, was highly skeptical. Mumbo jumbo, I thought. It wasn’t logical; it wasn’t rooted in science—to me, it was just another obvious illustration of our total collective ignorance about how our technology actually works. So when my phone fell in the toilet (as seems the unavoidable fate of all our phones), I did not reach for a rice bag. Rather, I did what any logical person would do, and I went to the Apple store for help. I’ll never forget staring into the Ap-

ple employee’s eyes for what seemed like eternity as she stared back at me, confused as to why I had wasted time driving out to their store. Hadn’t I heard long grain is how you fix these things? I got defensive, and I’ll be the first to admit that it wasn’t my finest moment. Eventually, I regained my composure. I realized there was nothing this woman could or would do for my phone. Tail between my legs, I drove to the grocery store.

I left my phone in the bag of rice for three days, as per instructions found on Google. I spent those three days haggling with Verizon, exasperatedly trying to finagle my way out of upgrade charges and into the most basic

phone plan available. It was finally settled when I opened the bag on the third day, pulled out the lifeless brick and, lo and behold, light in the darkness: the little white apple appeared.

I was on a high for days. I couldn’t stop singing, and I wanted to tell everyone in singsong, even the people I had actively avoided in the past, about how rice saved my phone.

Those were a great couple of days, but, as is the nature of any high, it had to come crashing down. And crash it did. On March 7, my roommate’s cat bit my pet gecko in half, killing him instantly. I was crushed. I was without answers. I had absolutely nowhere to turn.

Then I remembered rice. I remembered how skeptical I was about its ability to resurrect phones from their watery graves and how truly wrong I was. A miracle happened once before; who’s to say it couldn’t happen again? My gecko has been in a bag of rice for eight days now and, so far, no luck. But I’m hopeful nonetheless. You might think I’m crazy for doing this, and if you do, that’s alright. You’re entitled to your opinion. But just think—the first person to put their dead phone in a bag of rice must’ve seemed pretty crazy, too.