

SEWANEE **BURPLE**

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN SEWANEE

The wonderful world of Sewanee:



a look at the admissions program



Gooch leaves for Kanuga

ALBERT GOOCH, Director of Admissions, leaves today for his new post at Kanuga. And he will take more with him than just his personal records and memorabilia.

"There are some things here at Sewanee that I just can't leave," Gooch reported in an exclusive BURPLE interview.

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Amidst clouds of incense smoke and glorious organ music, Jesus Christ, the alleged Son of the Living God, appeared at All Saints Chapel last Sunday.

Witnesses say Jesus walked in the back door with the rest of the Sunday congregation. He stepped on people's coats and carried in leaves. He sat near the back of the chapel on the left side. Aside from his telling appearance, which witnesses said was "just like He looked in the movies," Jesus was heard using the first person during the Nicene Creed.

I had the lucky opportunity to be sitting near him, and felt quite at ease moving up next to him during a hymn. Jesus was very friendly to me and offered to let me make my confession directly to him, so as to save the priest the trouble of proclaiming repentance. Out of curiosity I took him up on the offer and found that He really could forgive sins.

He could have come that day, among other reasons, to see people enact the passion. "I'm fascinated by their expressions when they get to where they betray me."

That response prompted me to ask what it was like for him on the Cross. He said, "It was really painful at first. But after awhile the combination of fatigue and of filling my mind with thoughts of love and forgiveness dulled the pain. There were some really rough moments, especially right before I died. I really do think my Father had forsaken me, but as I died, I realized it was man's judgement, his isolation from God that I was taking with me. When I rose anew three days later that thought made me really happy."

Jesus said he really likes being with people and that he dropped in in the flesh to make himself more real to a few people he sensed were in deep need. "Since I am the source of life," he said, "I decided to replenish some people who really seemed out of it."

Jesus declined to pick a favorite Christian denomination, stating that as long as each focuses on Him, His Father and the Holy Spirit, it suited him fine. "Each person is different. I don't want to do the samethings with everyone. Mostly I want to be with people, all people. If a denomination or even another religion enables men and women to do that, I'm really happy about it."

Jesus also stated that Sunday was not the only day he liked to spend time with people. He pointed to Tuesday and Friday nights as some of his loneliest times. "People have so much on their minds I get left out alot," he said. "If they'd think of me first, I could make all the rest of what they do more fulfilling." He suggested that people bless their food more often, talk to him while walking or in the shower. "Those will do for starters. Once we get a relationship going we can work out more specifics together."

Jesus said He uses his Presence and the absence of it to bring men close to Him. "When my Father made you all, He made you so you'd really like me. When you do loving things I come be with you in a strong way. When you're not doing loving things, I obscure myself some, so you'll miss me and go back to the good things. I never leave you, never. However I can be with you in different ways and varied intensities. That's how I lead you."

Just before he left Jesus said the law He stated in the Gospel still holds; that we love one another as He loves us. "I really want people to want to be with other people, too. Actually, you were made to need other people just like you were made to want to be with me."

We figured love would have a better chance that way. You have to take risks and you have to change. It's hard, but I'll help you and promise you will lead richer, more whole lives when you do love me and others."

With these words after the service, he left me going out the way he came, to see the people He cares for. I see Him on the street now and then. He wasn't kidding when He said he wouldn't leave.

New admissions application for prospectives

If you would like to be a part of the Wonderful World of Sewanee (and get your picture in Time Magazine) fill in the blanks and circle the appropriate letters. Use a No.2 lead pencil. Do not make stray marks.

I. Name (limit three)

II. Address (limit three)

III. Are you an Episcopalian? Yes No
(If yes go on to question V)

IV. Do you drink?
(a) Well, some...
(b) only to excess

V. Sex
(a) male
(b) female
(c) occasionally
(d) not until marriage

VI. Questions for Men:

1. Are you an athlete? Yes No
(If yes, proceed to 1A)

1A. Are you loud and obnoxious, particularly at meals?

2. Froc beer is
(a) awesome
(b) nebulous
(c) appropriate in moderation
(If you answered c, we suggest you consider another college)

3. Let us suppose you become intoxicated at a party and feel obligated to escort your date home. Would you:

- Shake hands at the door?
 - Kiss her politely on the cheek and chat pleasantly with the matron on the way out?
 - Chase her into her room and eventually pass out there?
- (If you answered c, please pay a deposit of \$150, upon receipt of which your acceptance is unconditionally guaranteed.)

VII. Questions for Women:

- Weight (rounded off to nearest 50 lbs.)
- How many green monogrammed sweaters do you own?
If less than 3, do you wear warm-up suits to dinner?
- How many add-a-bead necklaces do you own? (no limit)
- Have you had any prior experience in holding a Tab and cigarette in one hand?

Signature of applicant. Please pledge that you have neither given nor received any unauthorized aid on this application.

Gooch

Gooch said he has already rolled the oriental carpets that are in the Admissions office and packed them into the moving van. Stating that his dog has grown so accustomed to sleeping on the carpets and that a separation might just throw the dog into shock, Gooch hopes that the University will understand. He further suggested that the weather in North Carolina is better suited for the preservation of delicate oriental yarn.

GOOCH also said that because the sun is at a more direct angle in North Carolina he plans to uproot the sundial from the courtyard in the quadrangle sometime later this week.

The BURPLE was able to stop the last group of prospectives that Albert Gooch interviewed as Director of Admissions. They were Wills E. Sport of Charleston, South Carolina, and his black adopted twin sister, Ima.

"We were really nervous about meeting with Mr. Gooch," Wills said. "Although he is really good friends with my family, I still needed ten minutes at the beginning of our interview to calm my nerves."

The Sports said that Gooch had called them several times, and even visited them one day. While he said that the University would not be able to give them any honor scholarships like other universities across the nation were offering to this unique pair, he did assure them that financial aid would help them in order to ensure that they could economically afford going to college here.

THEY WERE WARNED by Mr. Gooch that Sewanee was not the place for everyone; but, as Ima asserted, I think it was one of those formalities that "Albert tells everyone."

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"He said that Sewanee is a place that is suited for and appeals to only certain types of people; but I am not sure what he means or if he really knows what he means."

SHE SAID that she thinks that anyone can do well at Sewanee if they can "frelate" in three particular ways.

(1) You gotta be able to brown nose a professor so that they think you are really interested but not overcommitted. Ima used the example of Will Fort who works on a professor while he is "drinking at a party."

(2) You gotta be able to lie, cheat, and steal without breaking the Honor Code. Ima refrained from citing any examples of this.

(3) You gotta be able to put on an air of artificial but quasi-polished sophistication.

WILLS SAID that he would like to come to Sewanee but he is really worried about the academic standards and curriculum at the University.

"I have really needed to study in high school, and I still make pretty good grades. I think if I come here I will be doing so much studying that I would not be able to party or even join a fraternity."

However, Wills said that if the Dean of the College has the curriculum reduced to a four-course load, he and his sister (who scored a 1400 combined score on the SATs) would jump at the opportunity to come to this school.

"Then, I could really be intense and party," Ima and Wills both said at the same time.

Psychology and English departments battle it out

BY SIGMUND WORDSWORTH

BEFORE HUNDREDS of excited fans at Jung Gym

Thursday night, the Psychology Department defeated the English Department in the inter-departmental basketball championship game, 84-83. Led by the responsive outside shooting of Dr. Bob Lundin and the spontaneous recovery of Dr. Chuck Poyser in the second half, the psychics went on to a mind-blowing victory.

Citing the lack of depth in the English Department as a crucial factor as their tragic downfall, Coach Dale Richardson also admitted that the "Skinner box-and-one" defense had clammed them up for good. Assistant Coach Willy Cocks said that the team's lack of proper uniforms (i.e. jacket and tie) had severely hampered the squad's performance.

Despite the absence of center Richard "Too Tall" Chapman, the Psychologists were able to counter with free agent Dr. Parker Lichtenstein, who came up with several points in the closing minutes.

After English Department center Ted Stirling had offered "greetings and salutations," the cagers from Woods Lab controlled the tip and point guard Tim Keith-Lucas amazed the crowd by penetrating the maze of the English Department's zone defense for an easy "bar-press" dunk.

THOUGH THE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT led out early in the second quarter, medieval ace Robert Benson led the crusading men of letters to a tie at half-time, 39-39. The crowd was entertained by a lively show of neurosis by copping English majors during half-time ceremonies.

The English Department bolted to an early lead in the second half, bolstered by the deafening cheering of Hank Arnold from the bench. Sixth man Tom Carlson said after the game that "our performance in this stage

of the game was undoubtedly admirable, but I am at a loss to explain exactly why. Does that answer your question?" Midway into the fourth quarter, however, the English scholars began to lose their grip. The game's intense struggle was reflected by a ruckus in the stands when Psych major Russ Freeman accused English major John Cobbs of having "10 more brains than a rat." The EMT's had to carry Russ out of the gym on a stretcher suffering from a concussion given by the impact of a Pelican Shakespeare.

The turning point in the game came when forward Douglas Paschall was knocked unconscious and left play. Apparently he had been running for a touchdown pass when he lost his footing and crashed into the gym wall. The final exciting minutes culminated with a touch-play by the Psychology players, who subtly hypnotized "Truck" Clarkson into passing the ball away to Keith-Lucas who went in for another dunk at the buzzer to give the Psychology Department the victory.

Billy athlete

BOB "DR. B" LUNDIN is the Billy Beer Athlete of the week for his performance in the interdepartmental championships Thursday night.

Lundin, who had been practicing for the game for most of the semester by using a goal he put up in his office, scored a total of 28 points in the contest.

"I trained by wiring myself to an electrically charged free throw line on the office floor," Lundin explained. "I missed a shot, I received a jolting shock. It really picked up my shooting percentage."

Lundin called Thursday's victory "positively reinforcing."

For winning the honor, Lundin will receive a pair of Billy Beer boxers bearing his name.



Bob Lundin appears to be well covered by the English Department professors. Bob Benson and Dale Richardson try to antagonize the responsive Lundin.

IM basketball reviewed

THE SAE basketball team led by power forward Howard Jctomson won the A-league crown earlier this month by defeating the KAs 59-58. Art Aiken attributes the "E's" success to all the ball handling techniques they picked up during their extremely successful volleyball season.

CHARLES CRISP, point guard for the KAs, explained the loss in an interview earlier this week. "Richard Garbee had to be sent to the hospital for smoke inhalation half way through the first half because a fan lit up a cigarette in the stands. This left us with only four players on the court." Crisp continued, "our two substitutes were not present."

New Director of Admissions selected

From Wire Releases

Dean W. Brown Patterson announced today that the university had selected a new Director of Admissions to replace the departing Albert S. Gooch.

The new Director of Admissions is Mickey Swinthens, formerly with Disney Enterprises of Orlando, Florida. Swinthens had been Director of Animated Personnel with Disney for 32 years.

"We feel lucky to get a man of Mr. Swinthens' experience and ability," Patterson said. "We are confident that he can attract the kind of student we want at Sewanee."

While with the Disney operation in Anaheim, California, Swinthens had brought in several dozen young characters who went on to make the institution famous, including Donald R. Duck, Minerva Mouse, and Reg Allen (better known as "Pluto").

The new admissions director says he is enthusiastic about his position. "We can do a lot with a place like Sewanee" he said in a telephone interview recently. "All that land is great for expansion. We've already got fantasy land pretty much set in Walsh-Ellett as it is. We'll tinker around with Woods Lab to make it a bit more exciting Tomorrow Land-maybe some rides or something. We can always bring in locals to give an authentic touch to Frontierland, whenever that will be."

WHEN I ASKED the missing Justin Randall where he was at game time, he said, "I pled the 21st amendment." I, in return, said, "I think you mean the Fifth amendment." Randall countered with, "No, I mean the 21st amendment. I was at a cocktail party."

THE PDTs won the conciliation game on a forfeit from the ISKRAs.

DAVID PACK explained the reason for the forfeit in an interview earlier this week. He said, "we were all going over to the Phi's dressing room before the game to shake hands when we saw Jimmy Grissom trying to squeeze into Aunt Jemima's dress. My team was rolling on the floor in hysterics for two hours," Pack continued, "and that is how we forfeited the game."

Swinthens concluded, "To reach these kids today, you have to go with a modern approach. Sewanee is taking a significant step forward with its new admissions policy, I believe."

Dear Editor,

Your defense of your editorial of last semester was not only uncalled for and inappropriate, but also written hastily with several grammatical errors, soaked with suggestive innuendoes, and reflexive of a terribly immature mind. Although when I first glanced over it and then read it again (because the first reading only bewildered me) I pondered to myself why such an incoherent piece of writing was doing in a newspaper, if that is what you would like to call it. I ascertained the quality of the article as directly related to a phase or feeling of inadequacy you must have been going through.

As editor, you have the power to write, create, reveal, demonstrate, expose, investigate, ascertain, discover, teach, tell, preach, pray, plead, help, and hurt and print and publish whatever you please. But to insult people so that they will "react" or "respond" or "think" or "ponder" or "learn" and to create editorials out of confusing thought fragments is an abuse of power. The purpose of your column should not be to fill up space or say big words or express ideas or try to communicate.

Sincerely,

Alie Safild

Purple news analysis

Self-expression urged in a recent lecture

BY DOUG PIRANHA

Jeff Whorley, a junior here at the University of the South, was scheduled to give a lecture in the Torian Room concerning "Being Gay on the Mountain." However, Wednesday night it was discovered that the lecture was a ploy of the Sewanee Purple staff to catch homosexuals on the mountain and persecute them in an expose. Mr. Whorley now faces charges from the gay community of impersonating a homosexual. In court proceedings, several Sewanee women testified for the gay community that Mr. Whorley had never had homosexual dealings. The gay community of Murfreesboro, nevertheless, felt that responsive and underprivileged homosexuals on the mountain deserved attention and so sent two alternative speakers, Josh Begelsman and Les B. Murrian.

Josh Begelsman, not a junior at the University of the South, gave a lecture in the Torian Room Thursday night concerning "Being Gay on the Mountain." For those of you who missed it, it was a night to remember.

Josh, dressed in a stunning lavender jumpsuit, complete with brooch, amazed and amused the surprisingly large audience with his anecdotes on being the only homosexual in neighboring Murfreesboro and his "straight" jokes. Those who were there will not be able to help but giggle when someone asks them "Why do chickens stick to the ceiling?"

But there was more emphasis on the more somber side of "being one of them." Mr. Begelsman discussed the persecution, prejudice, shame, guilt, and diseases which he and his fellow homosexuals must cope with in their everyday struggle to find "Mr. Right." And there wasn't a dry eye in the house when he told the one-hundred plus crowd about his sad affair with Warren, a bisexual bartender from Fresno.

For the females, Les addressed a 25-minute talk on "the Modern Lesbian." This was followed by an appeal to those so inclined to "get out of the closet and bring some living life God wanted you to: in other words, love thy neighbor." His brilliant speech was rewarded with a standing ovation. After quiche and dairies were served by the sponsor, the Sewanee Out and Out Club, there was a question and answer session in which many troubled minds were helped.

Speaking to this reviewer after the lecture, Josh said that he wished the gay community here at Sewanee would become more active in the future. "Judging from the crowd here tonight, I believe the gays could become a powerful force on this fine campus and perhaps get some real reforms passed," noting that the number of people ordering Billie Jean King's autobiography ("Forehand Foreplay," Sizzle Press, \$1.95) easily outnumbered the Phi's, the ATO's, and the SN's combined. Asked if he himself was homosexual, Josh replied, "That's for me to know and you to find out, say about 11 Friday night at my place: bring wine, I'll provide the candlelight; and for God's sake, put on some decent clothes, that coat and tie just won't do. Wait a minute! Bring the tie and about four others and hand-cuffs if you can. Ciao!"

Seiters hexed by Phis

J. DOUGLAS SEITERS, Dean of Men, is reported to be suffering from a chronic nervous disorder, an informed source reports.

After breaking a small statue which was poised outside the door of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity house against the wall of that same fraternity, Seiters is reported to be haunted by the ghost of that statue. Seiters accuses the fraternity of casting a spell on him. Officials of the fraternity and Seiters were unavailable for comment.

Mr. Begelsman's speech will be broadcast Wednesday at 11 on WUTS. Next week's lecture is on "Exposing Transvestites," by Lisa Cad.

Editor:

Before this goes to press, I want you to know that what happened later that night between Josh and me does not affect my objective review on his talk. I personally find Mr. Begelsman to be a tender, sensitive person, and always will show a special fondness for him. This does not imply, however, that either he or I are

Getting to know Gordon

Gordon, born in 1975, is the biggest dog on campus. He is black and is seen everywhere from Morgan's Steep to the B.C. We caught up with Gordon in a rare moment of repose and presented him with the following questions. Gordon was kind enough to grant us the following interview.

Q- Mr. Gordon, how would you describe your prosaic life here on the mountain?

A- I have no fear, give me a car, any car, I met the challenge and dented it. I will accept any challenge from anyone on the mountain. I have and will keep the title of "King of the Mountain."

Q- Mr. Gordon, tell us about your life as a pup.

A- My mother was a real bitch. After I completed my schooling, I went to New York City where I was introduced to my fellow brother and future idol, Mr. T. There I earned my nick name, "Mr. G." Mr. T. and Mr. G.—we was tops. Every available bitch in New York knew us well. There just ain't no stoppin' Mr. T. and Mr. G. I pity the dawg that try and be messin' in our affairs, I pity him.

After that, I came to Sewanee and left Mr. T. behind. I wanted to see all those beautiful southern belles I had always heard about.

Q- At Sewanee, were you pleased with what you found?

A- It was a paradise here. I pity the dawg that hasn't found this place, I pity him. Mr. T. does too. If you want a real man here on the mountain, a real man—just ask Abbe or Marcel about my qualifications. They are

my thing

There is a sadness in my heart as I type this editorial. I know there are people out here who will feel the same way when they read it.

The report is in. The vicious, almost surreal rumors that have been floating around for months is confirmed. Today the Environmental Protection Agency released the grim news: Beانبag chairs are an endangered species.

It may seem impossible to those of us who were living in America even just five years ago: that those soft, comfy cushions which in our youth we plopped into, are soon to be no more. Many of us can hardly believe that our children probably won't enjoy the luxury of beانبag chairs. I know I was counting on the day when I presented my son with his first beانبag. I now wish I had been kinder to my last beانبag. Perhaps one less jump into or one less opening up the bag to see what the heck was in there would have allowed my bag to live to see my children.

It was not more than eight years ago when I got my first bag. It was such a thrill. My tenth birthday; all my friends were there; the candles on the cake; my best friend smiling because he knew what my dad had gotten me. When Pop came into the room, holding my fluffly friend in his arms, my soul leaped as I saw "Foomp." I named him Foomp because that was the sound he

homosexual. And even if I was, who's business is it, anyway?...Oscar Wilde was a homosexual. Did you ever read The Picture of Dorian Gray? Fantastic book, that was. Well, just wanted to clear that up. If you would please edit anything that may lead people to doubt my sexuality, I would appreciate it. Besides, there are worse things to be, like a werewolf...or an illegal alien. Thanks sweetie.

D.P.

P.S. Remember, I'm not gay!

my two favorite ladies.

Q- What do you say about the four course load?

A- I think it is another example of the University going weak and I pity the dawg who wants to come here now. If this goes through, the University will be weak—real weak. I'm gonna have a talk with Dean Patterson soon and if he doesn't agree with me I'm gonna have to get physical—real physical.

Q- How do you plan to do this Gordon?

A- Well, first I'll stand in front of his car 'til he gets out and when he does, I'll put my paws on his shoulders and look him straight in the eyes. If he won't listen to reason, I'll start to terrorize his family and his yard. I've never known a man who could withstand that kind of assault.

Q- You seem so committed Mr. G. Why is this so?

A- I came to Sewanee because I wanted the best and if this comes through, I won't have the best and I pity the dawg who tries to take this away from me.

Q- Mr. G., what do you think about the contract renewal discussions? Do you want Saga to remain as the food service?

A- It doesn't matter to me who the food service is, I'll get fed anyway. When people come outside, I'll stand in front of them and put my paws on their shoulders and look them straight in the eyes. I pity the dawg who tries to refuse me.

Bill Board

made when I sat on him. I was so excited. All my friends wanted to sit on him, also. I was the first in the neighborhood to get one. Ironically, mine was the last to go. Foomp lived to be four years old before the terrier, while we were shopping, killed him when they were playing ball.

I'll never forget that day. We returned home later than we expected. When my mom opened the door and I saw those styrofoam balls on the ground, I cried and cried until I couldn't stop. My parents said to stop crying, but they'd buy me another one. I told them there was only one Foomp. The house never seemed the same again since that dark and dire day.

Today, they are almost no more. Sure, you see them sometimes on the roadside, being sold by people who were probably slawetraders in a former life. Perhaps you know someone who has one, maybe even yourself still has one. But the parasites who hunt these poor, helpless bags for their pelts and little foam balls have taken their toll on the beانبag population. Beانبags, asexual and non-reproductive, are soon to be a part of ancient history. Yes, folks, it is just a matter of time before the last beانبag goes. Is there anything to stop this tragic conclusion? Alas, no. Yet you may help retard their extinction. Be kind in your bout. Respect them in their last days. Love your bag, before it's too late.