

The Sewanee Purple

"Nothing is Sacred"

Volume XCIX, Number 9

The University of the South of What?

Friday, April 28, 1978

The Purple Staff assumes absolutely no responsibility for the contents of this paper. All complaints should be addressed to Bill Dean, SPO, Sewanee, Tennessee. 37375



The VICE-Chancellor greets reporters following what some term "rash, foolhardy, and destructive" action.

Party Weekend Cancelled!

Flea Nailor

In a surprise press conference last night at Fulford Hall, the Vice-Chancellor announced the immediate suspension of all Party Weekend activities. Depicting the planned festivities as "a useless, mindless, unnecessary and demeaning orgy of excess," the VC pledged to shut down the time-honored Sewanee tradition completely.

"I see no reason for students to have to enjoy themselves this way," the VC stated. "This 'tradition' is utterly contradictory to the

essence and philosophy of this institution, and I simply won't have it continued."

Initial student reaction was widespread confusion. The Delegate Assembly was split in an emergency session called by Speaker "Flea" Chimes. An Independent-Christian Fellowship coalition formed to outmaneuver the fraternity-sorority faction, and limited DA action to the formation of a committee to study the problem.

The more conservative Order of Gownsmen, in a marathon 45-minute emergency

session, took several steps "to uphold the fine traditions of this University," as one member put it. The OG passed the following resolutions:

1) To strip the Vice-Chancellor of his gown "for abandonment of his responsibilities as a Gownsmen." 2) To approve previous question on a resolution to determine that a quorum was present. 3) To determine that a quorum was present. 4) To establish a committee to form proposals for constitutional revision to prevent further such actions. 5) To establish a Task Force to write a Letter to the Editor to present the OG's views.

The Inter-Fraternity Council also called an emergency meeting, which resulted in the most strongly-worded student reaction. The joint fraternities issued the following statement at midnight last night: "The Council hereby condemns the Vice-Chancellor's action as rash, foolhardy, and destructive to this University. Partying has long been the basis of social life on campus, and the foundation upon which Sewanee's fraternity system has been based. To cancel Party Weekend would be to destroy the very heart of the Mountain's existence. We deplore and decry this action, and pledge to deny the Vice-Chancellor admission to any of our parties."



Local environmentalist submits to aggressive strip mining operation - University project forges ahead.

Trustees Agree To Strip

Handy Phleggy

Last week the Board of Trustees announced jointly with the Sewanee Environmental Group their mutual coordination of plans promoting the total strip mining of the 10,000 acre domain of the University.

Spokesman Dr. Bard, director of the University's land use program, said that large reserves of Pennsylvania sandstone have lain dormant beneath the domain for 300 million years, representing thousands of dollars of possible revenue to the fundstricken University. Plans for extracting the sandstone, destined to be hauled via railroad to the Tombigbee Waterway, and from there via canal barge to New Orleans and points overseas are incomplete. Dr. Bard said the new land use plan and recent acceptance of local strip mining made it

justifiable to pursue this alternative to timbering and coal mining. "Fine sand, ground up from such high quality sandstone, will be at a premium in the winters to come. Along with the burgeoning field of reclaiming of polluted beaches by dumping layers of virgin sand atop them, I see this as a very profitable venture for all concerned."

If no unexpected opposition arises, administrators foresee completion of the stripping by the turn of the century. Contingency plans for the unexpected limestone include either the opening of a much needed Institute of Gravel Studies, or an inland marine studies department utilizing the inevitable deep freshwater lake. This new department is expected to attract more applicants, according to admissions director Albert (see Stripping, p. 2)

Four Stonies Shotgunned

Dick Pill

A recent drug haul by the Sewanee police netted four ounces of marijuana, various smoking devices, and four grafted pot plants, all taken from Trezlake Commune. Also, four stoned students were literally blown to pieces when sawed off shotguns, when police forces say they tried to fly off their patrol car hood. Public opinion has it that this is another coup d'etat for Seiter's Secret Service, a newly-formed extension of the Disciplinary Committee.

The S.S.S., although only two weeks in existence, has three explosions and two social probations to its credit. Special Weapons Director Paul Robinson says that with Spring Party Weekend upon us, "we'll be on the watch for any form of dope-smoking, naked swimming, stealing Gailor banana pudding, or general fun-having." Robinson declined to say how effective the proposed shutdown will be, "but we have the firepower to flatten half of Tuckaway." Mortars



Dean Seiter leads armed patrol on drug search. Full-scale raids are expected to continue over the weekend.

and 88-mm guns will be standard issue for all proctors and lepers with an avid interest in geomorphology should sign up for a 321 course from Hoyer, said Dean of Men Douglas Seiter.

Stephen Puckette, Dean of the College and generally an O.K. Joe in my book, would not comment on Seiter's ridiculously garbled quotation.

Grateful Dead lovers will be pleased to hear that the S.S.S. cannot arrest students for playing "drug music," i.e. all late Beatles, Jefferson Eggplant, Tommy Cash, et al. However, a recently approved clause in the OG Constitution (which was cleverly passed by

disguising it as a Constitutional Revision Plan) allows booking students for suspicion of being high, suspicion of being loose, and possession of machines with the intent to light bong hits. "That's absurd!" cried one lopeared Beagle owner, "that's like busting every Highlander with, uh, a kilt for suspicion of intent to spill Scotch all over it, right? These guys can't be fer real."

Dean Mary Sue Cushman refused to give this reporter the time of day, but how could I be mad when she cooed in that peaches and mayonnaise voice, "I've just got to prepare Joe's meal." So this story now

has two quotes in it directly from two deans; and I bet if I had asked Mrs. Chitty she would have said something. I mean hell, lets be realistic; I mean been known to kick even old, blind, baggy-cheeked hound dogs before, and shan't hesitate to do it again. I might even kick her Bassett, too.

The repression of this latest drug development are formidable. Until 1971, Dr. Robert Lundin says, there was no "dope problem" to speak of because "nobody smoked that shit [ed. note—marijuana] and besides, it was illegal." Lundin went on to mumble and cough his way through another boring rendition of his "three pill course" tale, which no human has ever lugged at, except two KA psych. majors in '69. Reports that Dr. Lundin is a lute are totally unsubstantiated, and the Purple refuses to print them.

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Extra

Dr. Barclay Ward of the Political Science Dept. was recently a victim of a defenestration attempt by the members of his "Serbo-Croatian Politics" class. Dr. Ward survived the fall from the third floor Walsh-Eliet classroom after his gown caught on one of the ornamental projections of the building. Dr. Ward later succinctly told the University's architecture [a hybrid style known as "Pseudo Gothic or Sewanee Phallic"] as "A life saver. Just a real... life saver."

Dr. Robert Sassydy of the Religion Department recently announced his intention of applying for a position on the University Chaplaincy. Sassydy was asked to leave his post as professor several months ago. In a special interview with Purple reporters, Sassydy revealed his tentative plans to run for God in the 1986 elections, if the job as Chaplain is a success.

BULLETIN

The Sewanee Christian Fellowship's annual "Drink Until You See God" Party has been cancelled due to complaints from the Sewanee Temperance League.

The SAFC recently announced plans to invest \$2000 in a Columbian pharmaceutical corporation. In a letter from Bogata, thrifty president Phil Williams reported that negotiations are progressing "really fine, man, for sure." Williams also stated his firm belief that the SAFC's investment would reduce prices for Sewanee consumers.

The Sewanee Christian Fellowship has been officially reprimanded by the University Admissions Office for heckling potential students. Zealous Fellowship members were reportedly locking hopeful converts in Shepard's Tower and forcing them into marathon praying sessions. Those who could not speak in tongues after 12 consecutive hours of this treatment were allegedly stoned by Fellowship members hurling hundreds of Gideon Bibles. Admissions Director Mr. Smooch commented, "We were just losing too many good students."

The Administrative Offices of the University of the South announced yesterday that there had been no new firings, resignations, or scandals during the last week. A special sub-committee of the OG was formed to investigate the matter.

Cloverleaf Blamed For Dotti Bailout

Frenzy Dotes

After weeks of investigation, the Sewanee Purple has learned the true circumstances surrounding Ron Dotti's resignation as Director of All University Services. All sources declined to be directly quoted.

In September, Dotti presented plans to Provost Payfer for the building of a cloverleaf superhighway at the intersection of University and St. Augustine Avenues. Dotti justified the need for such a structure from a recent study done by his office indicating the intersection as Sewanee's busiest. He explained that traffic, now regulated by only a stoplight, is due to students leaving Gailor as quickly as possible, as well as Sewanee matrons congregating and shopping at the Supply Store and University Market.

Dotti cited economic benefits for the University. He argued that with the building of a cloverleaf, Sewanee could attract highway business to the area. MacDonald's, Howard Johnson's and Holiday Inn were all contacted by Dotti concerning the possibility of opening branches at the Sewanee cloverleaf. All three corporations declined, however, mentioning the distinct lack of potential customer at the location.

In spite of these discouragements, Dotti forged ahead. Provost Payfer gave his tacit approval for the completion of plans but not for the beginning of construction. How-



Site of proposed cloverleaf intersection surveys Ron Dotti, mastermind behind the folly.

ever, while Payfer was out of town during the Christmas holidays, Dotti decided to begin construction. "I thought it would be a swell Christmas gift to the University," he commented.

In the snowy weeks of early January, cement trucks, cranes, construction materials and Union workmen began to appear at the Supply Store parking lot. However, the evening before the construction was to begin, Payfer returned unexpectedly to campus and immediately contacted Vice-Chancellor Bears, who had not been informed of Dotti's project. Bears and Dotti attempted to reach Dotti, who was suddenly and unexpectedly called away on

business. On his own initiative, Bears had the project halted.

"Dotti's folly," as it has come to be called by those in high Administration positions, has remained a bone of contention between Payfer and Dotti. The Administration's secretaries suggest that Payfer was jealous of Dotti's proposal, as he had not suggested it himself. Others contend that Dotti complained of Payfer's "lack of creativity" in designing projects for the financial and physical improvement of the University. Dotti believed that in spite of the initial cost and the inevitable destruction of the surrounding area, the University would profit from such a venture.

Obviously disagreeing with

Dotti, Payfer and Bears agreed that Dotti should be allowed to resign after finishing this semester with the University. The lateness of Dotti's resignation was the result of internal bickering among administrators, some of whom still find merit in the proposed cloverleaf. Rumor has been circulated concerning the formation of a Ron Dotti Fan Club with the alleged purpose of returning Dotti to work for the University. Sources close to the action have revealed Dotti's intentions of offering his services in other capacities, such as English professor or Chaplain's Assistant. However, no final decisions have been verified.

Drug Degeneracy Demolish Departments

R. Otcaf

In a surprise move last week, the Board of Regents voted almost unanimously to abolish the entire Athletic Department, in an effort to upgrade the University's reputation, restore its dignity, and improve its financial situation.

Es-Department Falter Tyrant has been given the position as head bus-boy at the Golf Shop, and the rest of the staff have been given lawn maintenance jobs around campus, all at a beneficial cut in salary.

The Regent was quoted as saying that the Department had been warned several times to perform poorly in inter-collegiate competition, but Sewanee teams insisted on playing games, proving to the Regents that Sewanee has become too sports-oriented, and therefore could lose its

reputation as a sophisticated elitist university.

Drugs were another big issue in the Regents' decision. Several campus athletes have been seen in the company of known drug users and addicts. One trustee heard a football player mention "something about a keg" to a teammate, whereupon the latter fellow downed two tablet-like substances, which the trustee could not identify, but said if you "didn't look like aspirin, it was know what I mean."

It had been noted for the past several years that when Sewanee teams were defeating their opponents, the players seemed "up," "euphoric," and "high" (all well known signs of amphetamine abuse). On the other hand, during losing events, the teams seemed "listless, lethargic, barely able to

symptoms of downer use (downer being typical drug jargon for barbiturates, etc.).

All these ties-in with drugs, together with the outrageous time sports took from studies, and the money poured into pulling quality athletes from other rival schools, culminated in what the Regents claimed the "only possible solution."

It was brought up that many athletes had infiltrated fraternities and clubs on the Mountain. This, said the Regents, would be looked into, and if athletes could not be weeded out, these organizations would also be disbanded.

Other departments were also discovered to be connected with drugs and athletes. Music has at times been called both "the opiate

of the masses" and the "aesthetic sport of the elite."

The English and humanities departments were all using text books written by known pervers, deviate, drug abusers, (see Degenerate, p. 3)

Stripping

(cont. from p. 1)

Gooch, and also to alleviate the problem of students transferring due to the lack of an oceanography department.

In a related note health officer Dr. Leonard advised that there should be no great threat of local inhabitants from the contracting silicosis from the airborne fine sand. If so, however, the University health plan would cover all fees except drugs and hospital stays.

GIRLS:

LOST YOUR I.U.D.'S ???

(Tell it to the Marines)

The A-V Center is making I.U.D.'S

AGAIN

Just \$3.00 !!!

Installation by our trained staff

Dean Stephen Duckit has been brought before a University Wildlife Preservation Committee concerning mass pigeon murders. According to several witnesses, Duckit was spotted shooting up to five of the helpless fowl at a time on Saturday afternoons in Quarry Garth. Murder weapons reportedly included a slingshot, a 16-gauge shotgun, and small hand grenades. When questioned, Duckit commented, "I just hate the little feathered things."

SAGA Director Slack McDullen has announced final improvements for Gailor Cafeteria. By the end of this month, McDullen plans to have a student bar, cocktail waitresses, and room service. Also in the planning stages, and pending approval by the Board of Regents, is an Olympic size swimming pool, complete with high dives, sauna, and massage service. Recent SAFC cutbacks in the Sewanee Purple's allocation will provide funds for all these projects.

Relax... Enjoy it!

Kookie Kwota

A fund-raising technique used by the Girl Scouts for more than a quarter of a century has now been implemented at the University of the South by Vice-President for Development William U. Whipple.

"Cookies," he says, "door-to-door cookies. It's as simple as that. If it works for the scouts, why can't it work for a liberal arts college? Besides, everybody loves cookies," he adds, dabbing a handkerchief at the corners of his mouth as if to reinforce his point.

Whipple, it was learned, had prior experience raising funds for Girl Scouts organizations in Florida as an appropriate prerequisite to his appointment as chief development officer at the University.

"On their first run, teams of Birmingham alumni have already netted \$276.43 toward a balanced Sewanee budget," he beams, "and that doesn't count 37 past campaign orders they look for Buttercrunch."

"Cookies for Christian Coeducation" is the slogan Whipple has selected for the new campaign, which intends to enlist the tireless feet of every loyal Sewanee alum. His campaign replaces Sewanee's "Million Dollar Program."

"I don't know about you," Whipple says, "but to me the term 'Million Dollar Program' just doesn't say anything. It lacks pizzazz."

Whipple's new program has brought innovative changes to the University—particularly in the development office, where a duplicating room no longer needed for the mailing of traditional fund-raising appeals has been converted into a well-organized kitchen and packaging operation.

With a few minor alterations the old printing equipment will emboss a satisfactory University seal on each cookie before it is baked.

"Of course the first few batches tasted pretty strongly of ink," Whipple admits, "but I think we've got the problem licked now," he chuckles to acknowledge the clever play on words.

"Unfortunately, we're still

running into a bit of a snaggle with the Miniature moon pies," he frowns. "The seal embosser has a tough time with that chocolate coating and has to be unclogged frequently. Maybe a teflon coating . . ."

In addition to Buttercrunch and the old southern favorite, miniature Moon Pies, the University offers Puckett's pin-wheels, lemon Creamarama, Bennett Brownies, and Whipple guffaws, and Scotch longbread, which indicates that the University will never again settle for being short of anything."

Recent visitors to the traditional neo-Gothic mountaintop campus have noted curious new construction at the stone gates marking the boundaries of the domain.

"It's our own version of the old fund-raising thermometer gimmick," Whipple confesses. "We've given Waring McCrady two courses off this semester to carve tasteful purple arches over the entrance gates with a sign that reads, 'Over a million cookies sold.'"

Asked whether the scheme had been modeled after McDonald's "Golden Arches" symbol, Whipple replies testily he "had the idea first, when those pop culture hamburger bucketers were still wet behind the ears."

Whipple asserts his campaign has even simplified such formerly thorny issues as the promotion and tenure system for faculty. Gone are irrelevant standards are the old time tested and occasionally honored demands such as a PhD, excellence of teaching, and publication.

"The new promotion and tenure system is firmly rooted in sales volume," he admits. "In fact, Dean Puckette and I put our heads together and came up with a little ditty that tells the whole story:

Teaching? Research?
What the HW!
'KOOKIE KWOTA'
Counts today."

While he says the development office usually tries to steer clear of involvement in the academic life of

(see Kookie, p. 8)

Purple staff gets laid out, recovers in time to put it all together



Degenerate

(cont. from p. 2)

and athletes. The budgets for these departments were tabled, and the faculty told to go to "less classy institutions" where these types of activity are the order of the day.

The Art department was cut down due to its creativity, which prompted use of hallucinogens, as well as looking at nude models and the inherent thinking of lascivious-like thoughts.

No department was to escape uncovering. The math department could not balance its budget for the twelfth consecutive year, the biology department was found to be

crude and offensive, not in accordance with Sewanee standards, and the chemistry department presented students with the opportunity to synthesize known drug-like substances, as well as sex hormones.

The physics department was wiped out when the only working equipment they owned blew up while they were trying to determine why the little hand moves slower than the big hand.

Saga has been given complete control of the Mountain.

DRANK DEAD DOG® BEER

Everybody ELSE does. Satisfy your id and other someone's. Even Wally Goochan drinks the junk and he made a real movie, golly wally. Contains no seminatural preservatives except paraquat and used Skoal from Dobie's left cheek

Due to persistent rumors concerning the bizarre lifestyle of the newspaper editor, a special Burple Ethics Committee was formed to investigate the matter. This column serves as the official report of that committee.

Flea Neiler, managing editor of the paper and chairman of the committee, decided that a visit to the editor's residence would

Just Gross

be in order. Late one night, the group arrived at the log cabin to find it locked and empty. A hairpin in Flea's possession provided quick entry, however, and when the lights were turned on, the group gazed in amazement. Lining the window sills were alternate bottles of Kehue and Mazola -- all empty. Strown across the floor were various pornographic literature, including one strange German journal entitled *Fraulein*. The sink was covered with odd-shaped smoking instruments, bent spoons, and small blocks of chocolate-like material. Observing all this in wonder, member Richard Pill volunteered to stay in the cabin to take a more detailed look. Nailer overruled him, insisting that the group stick together. The clothes closet was then checked, and the contents included a long silk dress, leotards, and a tutu, as well as various types of whips and chains. The committee could not determine whether the clothing belonged to the editor himself, or to one of his frequent guests.



"I DIDN'T KNOW THAT SHEEP COULD RUN SO FAST!" EXCLAIMED BIG WILLY AS HE SOUGHT SOME WILD AND CR-AAA-ZY FUN!

the editor's associates and interviewed them. Males interviewed were found generally unable to answer questions posed by the committee, due to retardation, in-breeding, or severe drug abuse. Of ten females interviewed, all blushed, seven refused comment, and three declared adamantly that they were his only love.

The committee was becoming quickly convinced of immoral activities, and there was a motion made to report to the authorities immediately. Nailer hesitated, urging one final test. He volunteered to stand watch over the cabin for an entire night, so as to be sure of the suspect's debauchery. The committee agreed, and Nailer situated himself in a ditch near the cite. Not one noise was detected until early morning. Shortly before dawn, as Nailer began to doze, he was suddenly awakened by a frightening howl. Looking up, he spotted a bearded gnome resembling the editor racing down the street clad only in a black mask and leather pants, in hot pursuit of a local canine.

When Nailer reported his findings, the committee voted unanimously to urge immediate expulsion. At present, the Vice-Chancellor is in the process of reviewing the committee's recommendation.



The opinions expressed on these editorial pages do not necessarily represent those of the Burple staff.

Letters

Apathy

Dear Editor:

I think apathy is a very definite problem in the student body of Sewanee, and I think somebody ought to write a letter to the editor about it.

Verbosidly yours,
Sink Tailhole

Asininity

Dear Editor-in-Heat:

During the recent Constitutional Revision elections of your school, I noticed that someone from the underground opposition had displayed a very perplexing poster in the corridor of what is called the "Bishop is Common", stating "Vote No -- Give the Constitutional Revision Committee something to do next year." After regaining my courage to be and overcoming my more serious doubts, I began to give intense thought to those hanging words. Holy finiteness, I thought to my conscious self, what is to become of the ephemeral Revision Committee if the proposed revision is passed. Well, I was paralyzed in the gap for about four millimins trying to figure out what had so possessed this temporal creature to write such an ultimate statement of being and non-being and was hard-put to fathom the shallow profundity of it all.

I believe that I have grappled with the problem of this poster's message and can now present my own insights. Firstly, some of the members of that diversionary Revision Committee were seniors, so I expect that regardless of the vote's outcome, they will most likely be out in the thoroughness of the fleeting world next year dealing with new experiential matters such as insurance premiums, locked doors, polluted skies and perhaps even securing their next meal. I would call this a step into a new committee -- the Committee of the Uninitiated Neonate Beings. Here they begin (as well as must) to build their fortunes as freshman citizens and eventually climb the ragged ladder to the inglorious status of senior citizens.

Secondly, as for the dead weight of the underclassmen serving on the Revision Committee, perhaps next year they will engage themselves in the humble duties of student government "non-elitist style" and form new esoteric committees to divert their attention away from the ultimate void so that they may continue to rest peacefully at night.

And so to the sage responsible for that provocative poster of inscription, may you continue in your metaphysical madness until there is nothing left for you to do either.

Cosmically yours,
Paul S. Nillich
Professor of Ultimate Concerns
Dynamic Faith
University
Gaptown, USA



Firing Line: "Big Willy" Philmore

Should Sex Be Allowed Pro

The recent DA proposal to the faculty that sex be allowed in the classroom has met with some rather stiff opposition by a minority of reactionary students. Yet this opposition is not, for the most part, based on rational argument; rather, it is founded on ignorance and blind adherence to traditional theories of education.

"Big Willy" Philmore is a junior majoring in recreational sex and physical therapy, and editor-in-heat of the *Sewanee Burple*.

To dispel this ignorance and destroy this adherence, the rationale behind the proposal must be understood. The suggestion first arose when concerned DA representatives noticed a steady decrease in class attendance. Warning notes from professors, threats from the Deans of Students, and even bribes by parents have all proven ineffectual. Students just don't enjoy going to class. It was this increasing apathy that prompted the DA to recommend to the faculty that sex be allowed in the classroom, as added incentive for class attendance.

Yet increased class attendance is not the only benefit that will result if this proposal is passed. According to a recent study at the University of Minnesota, female cats evidence greater concentration on mouse holes while having sexual intercourse than when not so engaged. Many researchers feel that a corresponding increase in level of concentration applies to all mammals during intercourse, including humans. If sex were allowed in the classrooms at Sewanee, then, students could better concentrate on the lecture. Academic performance would increase, and the University of the South would produce more Rhodes Scholars, better doctors and lawyers, and more learned housewives.

The anticipation and enjoyment of sex during class would also discourage students from drinking large quantities of alcoholic beverages during out of class hours. Everyone knows that alcohol has adverse effects on sexual performance: to avoid embarrassing failures in class, students would tend to decrease their consumption of alcohol.

This decrease in alcohol consumption would improve Sewanee's public image. Alumni and friends would be more willing to contribute, and the financial problems of the university would be solved. Perhaps the faculty would even get a raise.

Sex in the classrooms would also help the University's finances by cutting back on heating costs, for obvious reasons. At a time when gas and electricity prices are spiraling, when coal miners are striking periodically, such a feasible plan for reducing heating bills should be implemented immediately.

Sex in the classrooms would improve intra-University relations. Students regularly engaging in classroom intercourse would feel a special bond of unity toward their fellows, and the Sewanee experience would soon surpass anything the founders ever dreamed of.

The cherished tradition of the Gown would take on new meaning: students could be granted their Gown not only for academic excellence, but



Tom Scared-of-it

ed In The Classroom?

The bill proposed by the Delegate Assembly allowing sex in the classroom is propesterous, unwholesome, impractical, and totally out of character for the Sewanee environment.

Con

Proponents of the bill, such as my pervious opponent on the opposite page, have obviously not done their homework in researching the possible consequences of such action. The bill is in direct violation of the Honor

Code; unmarried students consummating relationships in the classroom are most certainly indulging in one of the most serious forms of "cheating." The idea is also unjust; ethically, the University could never allow passage of the bill unless it were modified to include married students only—a clearly discriminatory piece of legislation.

Perhaps most grave are the practical considerations of the bill. Despite aristocratic pretensions, there would inevitably be a drastic increase in the amount of venereal disease and student pregnancies, resulting in an increase, not decrease, of student absenteeism. (*touché* to my ingenious opponent). Economically, expenditures for janitorial services would have to increase. Academic standards would drop due to the inevitable distraction of students and especially lecturers. Logistically, the privilege would have to be universally extended or chronic tardiness would occur in those classes where sex was prohibited. And of course one must consider the dilemma which would result over the role of the professor; would emphasis be placed on the Socratic method favoring student-teacher interchange or the Cartesian technique stressing more traditional roles?

The bill would wreak specific havoc on University admissions procedures. Passage of the bill would mean an immediate equalization of the male-female student ratio, a sticky subject with the Regents. Other administrators echo similar reservations. Admissions expert, Mr. Smooch, violently objects to the bill because he feels that "it would be wrong to manipulate entrance requirements that way."

Despite the very strong argument against the proposal, student opinion seems steadfastly in favor of it, assuring almost unanimous approval. Make no mistake about my personal preference—as vice-president of the SCL my radical opposition should be made perfectly clear. However, I am willing to work in the spirit of compromise. Therefore, I propose a slight modification of the bill which would be more in keeping with the ideals of the University. Why not restrict the privilege to only student members of the Order of Gownsmen? In this way we would be retaining at least a small bit of human dignity by allowing the privilege only to those who have earned it. This compromise would also appease those hard-core utilitarian thinkers, such as my opponent, who are continually looking for deviant incentives to promote

gown-wearing and increase academic performance. This solution should surely satisfy most concerned.

Through The Glass, Barclay

I thought it a rather rare piece of luck when I ran across Dr. Ward dangling indignantly from the side of Walsh-Billet the other day. Here was a real pointer to Sewanee's core. A college professor hurled from his own *sanctum sanctorum*. A Doctor of Philosophy hung from his own emergency operating room. An alchemist from his tower, a fisher from his pond. And by whom? By his own students, yes by Sewanee students!

How could they do it? They could do it because it is latent in the mythos of Sewanee. (And besides he's not all that big.) It has been done before, of course. Look at the Serbo Croations of the late 1800's. They wore gowns in their universities. They lived on mountains. They drank beer. Can't you see why they would throw people out of windows? It was structural-

ly inherent in their lives. An ontological beam in the cottage of existence. And isn't Sewanee, here and now, having already had its first defenestration, in the grips of a severe serbo-croatianism? What kind of school would foster such an

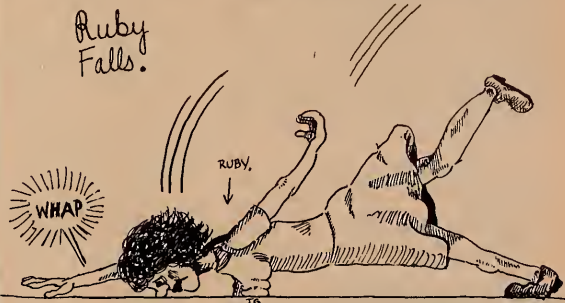
Look at the Serbo Croations of the late 1800's. They wore gowns in their universities. They lived on mountains. They drank beer. They raised goats, mainly.

atmosphere? The poor students must suffer the serbo-croatianizing influences of a demented Mythos, of an underlying foundation that is so twisted, so lost in itself, that it cannot see the final inevitable results of its beloved

East European ideals.

Sewanee is not for every-one, but neither was serbo-croatism in the 1800's. These were the horrors the people of that country endured; match them with our own. They only had chicken once a week, and drank from glasses that were too tall! They were allowed only wine, no liquor, to get plastered on after religious services! They were expected to work six days a week at slavish labor! They were forced to adhere to a number of grotesque traditions, like raising goats, mainly.

We can't really blame the students, then, for the vertical flight of Dr. Ward. Defenestration is part of Sewanee for good now. Serbo Croatianism has arrived. Don't you see, the kids didn't do it. The Mountain did it. The very hunkie they wore did it. L.L. Bean did it. It all fits.



Hysterical History

Dear Editor:

Please allow me to throw a little historical, if opinionated, light on this recent furor over defenestration. Defenestration is the act of throwing someone out of a window. I happen to know something of this art, for while I was at the University of Prague studying late medieval architectural allegory (of which I am something of an expert), several of my fellow comrades in the service of knowledge took it upon themselves to introduce me to it. The basis for this art form is in the

window. If it is a rather thick window, with many struts and panes, the dynamic exposition of the art comes close to something best called "impressionistic." At least the windows at Prague were always that way. Anyway, that's a rather painful memory. Let me tell you some of the other stuff I know. I know every trail on the Cumberland Plateau; much better than Doug Cameron anyway, and I know all about Sewanee's history. (Like, you know that stump on the Gallor side of Woods Lab? Well there used to be a tree there)

They were going to cut down that tree to build Woods Lab on the rock shelf below it, but we wouldn't let 'em, no sir. We made 'em move Woods Lab over to where it is now, half hanging off the rock shelf and half on. That's why those cracks are running through the building. Hee hee. The tree died soon after, it really did. And you know what else? I can draw like the Dickens, I really can. And you know my dad? Well he's just about the smartest person around I guess. Except me. Bye now,

J. Waring Blender

THE SEWANEE BURPLE			
Editor-in-Head "Big Willy" Philmore	"Nothing is Sacred"	Mangling Editor Flea Nailor	
Director of Graft Jamit Goodone	Laidback Editor Handy Phlegley	Artsy-Fartsy Lize 'n' Flails-for-it	
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Published once too often when the academic year begins to wear and tear by the Sewanee Burple. Editorial and Production offices not to be found. Defended against libel charges by a fast bus to Morocco. Circulation vehicles provided by the SOC. NO RIGHTS WHATSOEVER.

Sideline Schitz

Teeny Torch



Benedict's Nancy Bell strains for a lasso jump in last week's IM meet.

The first women's intramural track meet saw the Benedict Brass capture a surprising first place. Underdogs in the meet, this is the first intramural sport in which the girls have done well, but rumors that the freshmen in Benedict are fast proved true.

The Hunter Hussies finished a close second, led by Jack Uncleavageton who scored 33 individual points. The fact that this is more points than she scored all season in basketball reiterates the fact that Uncleavageton is better playing the field than on the court.

Despite the hard work of Terror Jackone to prepare her girls for the meet, Johnson Junior High finished third. Pettie Bitchitt and Spacey McCanshe performed well individually for their team.

You Could-do-Better, director of the meet, felt that the day was a great success and hopes that next year it will be a little warmer so all the girls can wear shorts to the meet.

The University Tiddlywinks team has reached the finals of the A.I.C.L.C., the Annual Intercollegiate Tiddlywinks Competition. The team composed of Betty Staywell, Abnormal Stoneburned, Barely Swift, and Cram Feltone, four of the school's fastest fingers, saw stiff competition from Cloverbottom College in the semifinal round of the tournament. Captain Feltone explained that Staywell had been experiencing cramps in her fingers, but the team hoped to get her loose before the final bout against Cleveland State Community College.

Along with reorganizing the athletic department, Falter Tyrant has ordered more job supporters for next year in an effort to boost the morale and records of the various teams. "What we need is to get the men up for the games. I think the new job supporters will definitely help. Support has been down in the past few years."



Who's the man behind those Foster Grants? Informed sources tag him as prime candidate for new basketball coach.

Who's Gonna Coach?

Teeny Torch

As the search for a basketball coach to replace Dum Unwillington continues, the status of next year's team is still up in the air.

Currently under observation is the brother-in-law of Cramsey, (former women's athletic director), who had one's experience coaching the mentally handicapped at Indian Springs in Chattanooga.

The team itself, trying to control their feelings over the loss of their coach, had various comments on the resignation

What are YOU doing this summer?

Talented? Tired of eating boiled Bass loafers? Why not work for

FUNG MOON SO'S DELI

and spend your time constructively. Imagine the spiritual thrill of flogging senior citizens to death with spinach leaves! You'll really dig our morgue, and just wait till you stick your toes in a rancid mass of old mayonnaise. Wow. Don't be a ass about it

FREE STUFF WITH EVERY PURCHASE

After finishing the first half of the intramural softball season undefeated in first place, the Independents decided to accept a challenge from that bastion of softball dexterity, Theta Kappa Phi.

The sorority's power laden line-up included ace pitchers Marilyn Prince and Donna Walkim, catcher Chris Eyesore, that keystone combination Susan Yellowford and Buzzard Bartsuch, slugging first baseman Lisa Goodwood, third baseman Anne Bananaslice, and an outfield consisting of Wickie Poorsport, Ruth Loosely, and Diane Blossper.

But the Indys prevailed by utilizing all 137 players on their

and the prospects for the open position.

Seniors Hazy and Lazy Dash said they hoped a new coach could recruit some big men to fill their shoes although Boom Boom Melton and Very Cranned commented that their would be a hard act to follow.

Avid Smuck, who implied he might play on the team next year depending on how he felt supported by the tenacious first day of practice, said it would be helpful if the new defense, Hunter found domination was more partial to red heads.

Arguing with Smuck's comment, Soe Groany added that he hoped basketball would not interfere with his schoolwork so much next year, as his coaching bill was getting expensive. Smuck and Groany both seemed excited about a new coach, but might feel differently once a month.

Bill Cocky said he was especially disappointed to see Unwillington leave, and said he would like to see a coach hired who favored streak shooters so he could up his average. However, Mary Hartman claims he is already above average.

Kevin Cready expressed hopes that the budget would cover all expenses on road trips next year. John Mouthwood seemed concerned that his position as president of the basketball bitch bunch might be usurped by fast-rising freshman complainer Stud Ambrosia in the transition.

Wa Wa Jones said that the team might be left in a grave situation since he is graduating but hopes that ToTo Burnedout can control things as he has his Mad Dog 2020 again next season.

roster in turning back a late inning rally by the girls which saw Blisy Dodgers break up a double play at second, Penny Miscue thrown out for attempting to steal home, and Ruth Playgirl called out at third by a nose.

Other games saw the faculty defeat the Phi Deltas 17-14 as Hugh Caldwell and Henry Arnold had seven hits, four homers, nine runs batted in, three cardiac arrests and an asthmatic seizure between them. Allan Redhead and John Schlittlehouse played well for the losers.

Bill Minefield and John Southbound were both thrown out stealing by Ben Simonize in the last inning to seal the ATO's 46-3 victory over the SAE's And with a little help from Anita Bryant, Jethro Tull, Peter Pan, and Japanese Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda, the Chi Pisis finally won a game, defeating the Fiji Quasars with their works in their drawers, 13-11. Tomorrow the KA's will play the Sigma Nus as Strom Thurmond and George Wallace will combine to throw out the first ball, and Jimmy Carter will pitch for both teams.

Indys Go Down On Sorority

Hunter Tames Tigers

Knees Barely Ache

Last Saturday's gridiron action resulted in another disappointing loss for Sewanee's football Tigers as Hunters' All-fil their shoes although Boom Boom Melton and Very Cranned commented that their would be a hard act to follow.

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However, the music was soon drowned out by the cheering of Hunter's matron Mrs. Eavesdropston. Butz was then able to gain control and catch up with and flatten Uncleavageton on the one yard line.

Hunter's Action Jaction moved the ball over the goal line with an easy side step as Belly Lift was distracted by Hell-no Eunich. Using as unorthodox method, Abnormal Stoneburned pushed the football up and into a lead.

The rest of the first half was characterized by numerous timeouts called by Hunter's Dancy Longtoker who insisted that football should not interrupt her research on herbaceous plants.

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Disksucker

Xadrian Enuff

Pop-Rock/Jazz

Crap

The Sex Blisters-live at the El Paso Philharmonic. This newest album by Bulgaria's foremost crap rock band is a zinger. Vibes go fast as free cocaine and furious as a shoo-up Lone Star Beer When Sid Excrement cuts loose on lead guitar in "Sherna is a half-eaten banana peel." Side 2 is the trashiest hunk of crap rock ever. With John Maggot on bass and the cast of thousands' Horn Section, how can this album go wrong? If you sort of like this kind of music, please buy this record, but if you don't it's no skin off my nose, buster.

If you haven't heard Big Ole Feet's latest, *Waiting for a Tomato in a Hammock*, just go to hell. I mean, like this is the best. Influenced mainly by Dvorak, Fats Domino and Bob Will's Texas Playboys, the feat feat can still pop out for a good "One O'Clock Jump," a la Basie. I have been digging the feat for eons, but still can't figure out how they achieve their unique sound. Utilizing all seen aboes and Zak Zitz the best all-round steel guitar player east of the Pecos, *Tomato in a Hammock* has its own distinct flavor. When I hear Wilhelm Ut playing that crazy acoustic log, the flavor seems to resemble a bunch of cabbage that's been overcooked in a Polynesian disco. Y'know? Some listeners may find this type of music repetitious, but so what if their lead violinist only knows three notes? It is pure soul, babes, and that's what matters. Watch out for "Cucamonga Copulation"; some queasy-stomached people may take offense at the lewd, totally obscene lyrics.

The best advice I can offer to neo-featians that are uncertain whether they qualify for full-fledged featship, or not, is to not buy this album. Save your money and go to a real live league school smedday.

Funeral Dirges

Capp So's Un-root Band: *Music to Die by*. This album believe it or not, will make everyone forget about Ricky Ricardo's Tropicana Club Ensemble, Slash Biscuits, the former organ player/gardener for the Israeli Hectare Coalition, has formed a new crew that can play the pants off any stiff this side of Dodge City. Inter-twining with Slash's mournful organ play, Bob "William" Roberts packs a mean harmonica; some say he's edging in on Norton Buffalo's record of eighteen blown Marine Bands.

Much of this disc was recorded live at Estes Funeral Parlor in Dalton, Georgia, with the backing of Ray Charlie's little sister, Prosperina, on the French horn. This album is good for playing frisbee with on Brakefield Road and also for depressing gatherings (i.e., funerals, fall gatherings). So ends another lively week of obnoxious banality in the music industry—this is Xadrian Enuff-Goodyay.

Tigers Tamed

(cont. from p. 6)

When the half was called, Coach Farter took his team into the locker room to be inspired by H.T.H. Finkins' lecture on "girls and how his mamma said he should be nice to them".

Out of fairness, referee Limb Crapley awarded the game to Hunter despite objections from his wife, Women's Athletic Director Crammed Crapley, who stated "winning is for losers".

Pro Sex

(cont. from p. 4)

for overall performance in the classroom. Also, Gownsmen would be encouraged to wear their gowns to class, as testimony to their vigor and stamina, and for easy disrobing.

Finally, sex is healthy. It is good for the skin, for the heart, and for circulation in general. It tones muscles and burns up excess calories. Psychologically, it relaxes the participant, lessens anxiety, and enables one to face the hostile world with calm and confidence.

In summary, the positive benefits of allowing sex in the classrooms far outweigh any negative criticisms. If Sewanee wishes to remain academically competitive with other liberal arts institutions, financially secure in the midst of inflation, and educationally progressive in the currents of modern culture, then the faculty cannot vote otherwise but in unanimous approval of the DA's proposal.



Blow Winds, and Crack my Cheeks

Poetrash

A BALLAD OF LUV, FOR THOMAS POU

At a silver beachside bar in Pensacole one day
Rose Lady in fox with e topheavy sway,
Raised a knobby red finger—all turned from their beer—
While with eyes bright as snowcrust she sang high and clear:

"Now how'd of you'd think from an eyeload of me
That I once was a Lady as proud as could be?
Oh I'd never sit down by a tumbledown drunk
If it wasn't, my dears, for the high cost of junk.

"All the gents used to swear that the white of my calf
Beat the down of the swan by a length and a half.
In the kerchief of linen I caught to my nose
Ah, there never fell snot, but a little gold rose. //

"I had seven gold teeth and toothpick of gold,
My Columbian weed was a leaf of it rolled
I'd never ditch it each time with a thousand in cash—
Why, the burns used to fight if I flicked them an ash.

"Once the toast of the Biltmore, the belle of the Taft,
I'd never drink bottlebeer, only sweat, sweet draft,
And dine at the Astor on Salisbury steak
With a clean tablecloth for each bit I did take.

"In a car like the Roxy I'd careen down to the track,
A steel-guitar trio, my Tom, and a bar in the back,
And the wheels made no noise they turned over so fast,
Still it took you ten minutes to see me go past.

"When the horses bowed down to me that I might choose,
I'd bet on them all, for I hated to lose.
Now I'm saddled each night for my butter and eggs
And the broken threads race down the backs of my legs.

"Let you hold in mind, girls, that your beauty must pass
Like a lovely white clover that rusts with its grass.
Keep your asses off barstools, feet off the beach, and marry you young
Or else be left—an old barrel with many a bung.

"For when Tom P. takes you out for a spin in his car
You'll be hard-pressed to stop him from going too far
And be left by the roadside, for all your good deeds,
Two toadstools for tits and a face full of weeds.

"If you're a Lady," she cried, "your pendulum—please guard it
For I warn you, staking the sand, Tom P. is after it!"
All the house raised a cheer, but the man at the bar

Made a phone call and up pulled a blue patrol car
And she blew us a kiss as they copped her away
From that beachside bar in Pensacola, Fla., U.S.A.

X. J. K.

Ah mad king!
I too curse the winds I can't control,
The thundergust, the cacophony,
Ah dear Lear!
I too would strip before the paducah's pompous pressing;
For fear of fabric rot
But, my royal raging friend,
There lies the naxious gap; for me no madness comes.
No squirm, no twist will bring from my chair
An imitation of the jester's laugh!
I am left, witless, before the full and fertile laughter
Of an absurd whole.

Northrop Fried

Sewanee Erotic Theater

CONTINUOUS SHOWINGS

- BAMBI**
is she woman or animal . . .
- KHAKI BUNS II**
Gihvan and Lovelace experience "real love" in front seat during Indy 500.
- MAD DASH TO THE OUTHOUSE**
Staring Willie Makit and the wanton Miss Betty Don't.
(Bowel Flick)
Rated [TT]
- THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ROD**
Can James Boob capture a man with ½ kilo of gold in his pants
- FROM COWAN WITH LOVE**
Owners of a small cafe capture entire mountain community and demand satisfaction.

RAINCOATS SOLD INSIDE..... CHEAP!

Kookie Kaper

(cont. from p. 3)
 the institution, "this has been a real incentive for our faculty," Whipple enthuses.
 "Every time I drive down the Mountain, I am pleased to observe gowned faculty hard at work rapping on Cowan and the chamber doors and making the quick reimbursement from the coin-collector belts strapped around their middles."
 Apparently, some of the more enterprising and ambitious members of the faculty have even held cookie parties in their homes—in the Tupperware tradition.
 Moreover, a few of the younger faculty have hit upon another innovative sales

method, according to Whipple. "Several of them get together and drive to Nashville or Chattanooga to canvass the apartment houses. They're the real goldmines," he says with a wink.
 "I've even heard that several members of the history department plan to spend their summer vacations in New York," Whipple adds, looking pleased.
 "Heck fine, if you work the Big Apple right, apartment building sales alone should at least guarantee tenure—maybe even ensure promotion to associate professor for the coming academic year."

PAPER AIRPLANE CONTEST



Win a Cessna Airplane Plus Free Flying Lessons

Natural presents this up-to-the contest just for the fun of it. Here's all you do. Fold, Crimp, Lock and Tape this ad on other paper into any thing that fits in accordance with the Official Rules. Then send it to us.

The Grand Prize is a Cessna 152 B Airplane plus free flying lessons (Up to 40 hours). One more up prize of free flying lessons will be awarded to an finalist. And, the first 5000 entries will receive an official contest patch. Get flying, you could win.

Greatest Distance Wins The Cessna

Special Awards To Most Original, Most Attractive, And Maximum Time Aloft At The National Fly-Off
 100 finalists will be chosen on the basis of farthest distance flown. From these finalists, the Grand Prize Winner will be selected at a National Fly Off judged by a panel of experts to be named later. Bonus Awards At the National Fly-Off all finalists will also be judged on such categories as most original design, most attractive and duration of flight. Three category winners will receive special recognition awards.
 Quick: Get your entries in today. They're late, take a "Natural Bick", we'll notify you if you're a winner

Without Perspective

April 29, 1971—The University's Auxiliary Services doubled the Volunteer Fire Department's firefighting capacity with the purchase of a diabetic Dalmation. The OG complained about "the loss of Sewanee tradition," and the DA voted to abolish the OG.
 Women took a big step forward when given the permission to doff veils and chest-ty belts. The Tigers defeated Southern Cal twice in a bad weather doubleheader (It never rains. . .). The Admissions Office predicted "best year yet" for incoming class.

May 1, 1967—The University Provost resigned today after his indictment by grand jury on charges of embezzling university finances in a business like manner. Administration officials would only term the crime "heinous and heretical."
 The OG complained about "the loss of Sewanee tradition," and the faculty voted to ignore the OG. A group of students joined in a nationwide "Peace Day" rally by looking and ransacking the one-room headquarters of the Campus Explorer post. A statue of Venus was erected in the Quad by the Seniors for their class project.
 Party Weekend sexual assaults hit a new low of 36.

May 3, 1953—The Regents voted to approve plans for construction of the "second college" on a six-acre plot in Tracy City. According to the plans, the English and Fine Arts Departments will move to the new site upon completion; dormitory space will be provided by the SOC and boarding students will eat at the Truck Stop. According to a spokesman, funding for the project would come from "the prayers of our bishops and the kindness of our suckers, uh. . . benefactors—don't print that."
 The OG complained about "the loss of Sewanee tradition," and the Trustees voted to libel the OG to go back to the library.

See your friendly neighborhood Bud man,
 Mark Mudano, for details

----- please cut along dotted line ----- detach this section ----- throw away rest ----- please cut along dotted line ----- detach this section ----- throw away rest ----- please cut along dotted line ----- detach this section ----- throw away

"Hot Springs" Opens At Appletree

Look at the winners of the Academy Awards this year and you'll see that comedy reigns supreme these days. Comedy reigns supreme in Cowan St Luke's Community Theatre beginning April 28, when Appletree Dinner Theatre unveils its first original play, Tupper Saussy's *Hot Springs*.
 Saussy, who founded Appletree last November in the beautiful, old Cowan Presbyterian Church, maintains that *Hot Springs* is more of a farce than a comedy.
 "Comedy is the humor of real-life situations," he says, "while farce is the humor of impossible situations."

Hot Springs begins innocently enough: an unemployed PhD whose wife has left him invites a young female clarinetist merely to spend the night with him, so that he might have someone to wake up to. There's no hanky panky whatsoever. But the PhD wakes up with both the girl and the fu—and then his wife appears, and his doctor's wife, and his doctor, and a dope pusher whom a friend has sent with some antibiotics, and finally—his mother in law. What begins calmly ends in complete pandemonium.

"Timing is all-important in farce," says Saussy. "Doors must open at precisely the correct moment, characters must glance away just in the nick of time to miss action which, if seen, would bring the play to an early conclusion. Our actors are walking a tight rope, and that is the thrill of farce."

Members of the cast are John Tansley, Barbara Spaulding, Millicent Foreman, and Robert Kiefer of Sewanee; Mark Weaver of Cowan; and Luster Wilkerson, Sarah Simms

and Lori Farris of Winchester. Chef John Nee's speciality for *Hot Springs* is fresh pork chop ferniere and a selection of fancy French pastries, all prepared from scratch in Appletree's kitchen.
 Appletree has attracted thousands of theatre-goers from hundreds of miles away to the little valley town of Cowan. Dinner is served from 6 til 8 pm, *Hot Springs* at 8:30 pm, Wednesday through Sunday nights. Advance reservations may be made by calling (615) 967-9500.

IMPORTANT IFC ANNOUNCEMENT

"Because of a desire to avoid the messy conditions that have become so common of Sewanee following past party weekends, the fraternities of the University of the South will make every effort to discourage any littering of the campus during this Spring Party Weekend. We strongly urge all students to support these efforts."

IM All Stars vs Varsity B-ball
 7:30 p.m.

Monday, May 1
 Admission: 25

TENTATIVE SAFC ALLOCATIONS

Pre Law Club	\$..00
Women's Soccer		235.00
Lifesize Team		2,000.00
Experimental Film Club		1,750.00
Cinema Guild		2,850.00
Sewanee Youth Center00
St Luke's Community		2,800.00
Purple		9,500.00
Sewanee Outing Club		8,300.00
Sewanee Arts		3,500.00
Sewanee Popular Music Association		2,750.00
Jazz Society		800.00
Student Government		4,500.00
Women's Inter-Dorm Council		1,300.00
Guild of St. Cecilia		295.00
Economics Club		100.00
Student Forum		5,500.00
WUTS		10,000.00
Sewanee Canoe and Ski Teams		1,750.00
Forestry Club		800.00
Concert Series		150.00
Forestry Club		2,000.00
Cap & Gown		10,920.00
Total Budget for Student Activity Fee Committee		71,000.00

There will be an open meeting May 4, 7:00 p.m. in the Torian Room of DuPont Library to discuss these tentative allocations.



O, WHAT A NIGHT!

8:30
 Hold tight while pandemonium breaks loose with Tupper Saussy's new comedy/farce
 "HOT SPRING"
 You enjoy John Nee's wonderful cooking in the golden glow of antique stained-glass windows.

Advance reservations required.
 (615) 967-9500
 Opening night, Friday April 28.

