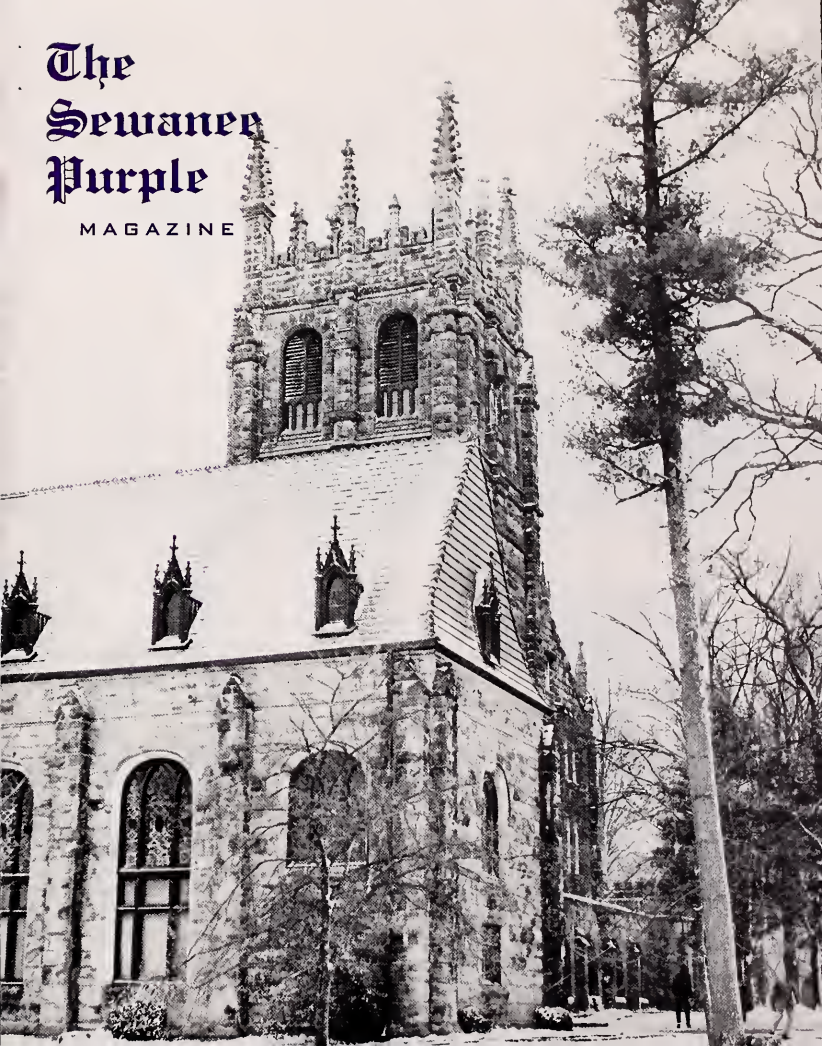


The Sewanee Purple

MAGAZINE



The
Sewanee
Purple
MAGAZINE



CONTENTS



JOHN CRUSE
Editor-in-Chief

BOB KUEHNLE
Magazine Editor

RANDY HANSEN
Assistant Magazine Editor

BOB GRIBBIN
Advertising Manager



Cover Photograph: DAVID PICKENS

Woodland Photographs: BOB STEVENSON



3. A Study In Neglect
5. Vietnam: Mistake or Mandate
8. Camp. The Danger of the
Anti-Concept
10. Are You Somebody's Idol?
11. It's Some Sort of Record!
13. The Psychology of Mysticism
15. To a Skeptical Age

A Study In Neglect

Woodland Apartments For Married Students

By RANDY HANSEN

"Living in Woodland is like living in a make-believe world, cardboard houses and dreams," reflects Mrs. Ann York, wife of Rick York. "If you start your married life here, as most of us have, you face your first real test." A test suggested as that of identity and duration. For amid a quadrangle of white-faced, slap-board barracks, 32 married adults attempt to recognize and deal with the reality of a double marriage, that of the nuptial tie and the educational knot.

For many years prior to 1947, the University of the South neither possessed nor followed any policy regarding married students. Very few married undergraduates, if any, ever enrolled. At one time, in fact, there was even an ordinance forbidding a married male's attendance to the University. This was later phased out.

However, with the advent of the post-war, the second war, increase in married college students, most on the G. I. Bill, the University set a policy of temporary accommodation. In 1947, from government surplus, the College supplied 10 buildings, housing 30 apartments, for the then 25 married undergraduates and their families.

Woodland was, then, built for the veteran, and, for the first time in 75 years, the administration of the University was faced with the problems of the married Seawar man.

For the most part, the residing occupants of Woodland feel overwhelmingly



Not only are the walls uninsulated, but many of the shingles are broken, allowing the wind to literally blow right through. Windows fit within their frames with gaps of up to an inch, creating high heat bills and bug populations.

dissatisfied and, in some cases, quite beligerent about the way the administration has responded to these problems.

Argues senior, George Murray, "Contrary to popular belief, we are not out here playing house: these apartments—such as they are—are our homes. The administration seems to think of Woodland as a complex of dormitories: it is *not*—it is a bunch of badly constructed, poorly maintained, bug-infested, government surplus shacks wherein a number of real honest-to-God families are trying to live."

The apartments, stress the residents, are a fire hazard and a fire trap—such that no insurance organization will take the liability to insure either the structures or the personal belongings therein. The bugs are intolerable, and the roads insufferable, but both seem permanent. The inhabitants point out that the conditions of privacy and the sanitary ar-



All bathrooms are so small that the photographer could only hold his camera in the door and shoot. The stall shower is as close to the toilet as the sink.



The condition of the incinerator at Woodland has deteriorated greatly in the past year. There is no longer a chimney, nor an effective gate to keep dogs, children, etc. away from the fire and trash. No wonder so many residents are hesitant to light a fire in it.

rangements are shameful. They hold, in short, that conditions are and have been bad enough to warrant action now on their part and to bring even sharper criticism upon the University's apparent lack of either interest or care.

Yet, what most worries the married

undergraduates in general and, in particular, the Woodland dwellers, is that somewhere in the not too distant future Woodland will eventually be scrapped in keeping with the original "temporary" policy. At that time the University now

(Continued on page ten)



Typical of the condition of the porches when students arrive. No wonder the average student's wife is depressed when she sees her first home for her own family.

The letter enclosed herein was composed and submitted by a committee of undergraduate married students, all of whom now reside in the Woodland Apartments. Although the letter does not necessarily represent the attitude of the PURPLE staff, we do feel that it is well worth printing.

DEAR SIR:

We the undergraduate married students of the University of the South wish to state our dissatisfaction with our present accommodations. The group of apartments known as "Woodland Barracks" and built during World War II as temporary housing have become, in the past twenty-five years, unsanitary, hazardous, substandard, and in general a place undesirable in which to begin married life or to raise a family.

Secondly, we strongly petition the administration to publish its policy concerning married undergraduate students, and to explain to us carefully and in detail why our marital status affects the opportunities for having a decent place in which to live.

And thirdly, we advise the administration and trustees to face reality; married students will always be here. When Vietnam veterans begin arriving with families they will have to be provided for. The problem cannot be solved by ignoring it. Adequate housing for married undergraduates is a pressing problem today. With our cooperation it will hopefully be alleviated.

Signed

Mr. and Mrs. William Davis; Richard F. York, Jr.; Ann Halstead York; Richard L. Fulton; Peter M. Winfield; Alice Holt Winfield; Robert F. Stevenson; Condit S. Stevenson; Lee M. Thomas; Elizabeth Thomas; David Cervone; George B. Murray; Jane Quinn Murray; Mr. and Mrs. Camp Cuthrell, III; Alan Richardson; Elaine Richardson; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dearing; Coleman Holt; Helen Holt; Chris Gardner; Cathy Gardner; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Sundby; Mr. and Mrs. Hiram G. Langley, III.

Vietnam: Mistake or Mandate

DO YOU FAVOR THE PRESENT POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE VIET NAM WAR, OR DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD WITHDRAW? WHY?

This highly controversial and timely question was asked of a variety of campus personalities—teachers, students, and matrons. The opinions of those asked were printed just as they were expressed, and the interview poll was not meant to reach a definite conclusion.

It must be pointed out that opinion polls are no substitute for facts, and that truth is not established by numbers or consensus. With this in mind the PUKLE MAGAZINE presents a sampling of campus opinions on a subject which affects more and more lives every day.

THE STUDENTS

I think we made a mistake committing ourselves in the first place, but we have to stay in; we're so far committed now we can't withdraw. We've emphasized that the thing has developed into a battle between the free world and communism. If we withdraw our troops it would seem that we were bowing out to communism on still another front like we did in Berlin. G. W.

I'm in favor of staying in the war; we're already in it too far, and it's pretty late to pull out. I don't agree with everything that's going on there, and I don't know what's going on in the White House, but I think we ought to go in with more strength. I don't see how we could pull out without losing a lot of

face. I'd also like to draft those protestors and let them fight. J. U.

The idea of the war I'm against, but since we've started it, we've got to finish it. Once in this position, the United States must not lose the war. If we leave without winning, there will have been no point in starting it in the first place. We have too big an investment in lives and capital to withdraw. However since this is not an official war, being an undeclared war, I do not believe that people's lives should be disrupted because of it. I wouldn't draft college students—that's what I mean by messing up lives. I would be in favor of a formal declaration of war against North Viet Nam and throwing the total resources of the United States into the winning effort. T. S.

I'm in favor of the Viet Nam War because I feel we have to make a stand somewhere. If we don't make a stand somewhere, communism will keep spreading and overrun the world. I feel that we probably need to step it up; we're just sitting over there now. This stalemate we've got is ridiculous. We're just losing a lot of lives over there now. D. C.

I certainly don't think we should withdraw; I'm certainly not in favor of the war, but we're so committed, we couldn't withdraw. We've spent too much money and time to consider withdrawal unless we have some feasible peace settlement. I think it's just ridiculous to say, "Get our boys out of Viet Nam," and "Ban the bomb." I'd like to see us out of it, and I think we should do everything possi-

ble to be able to leave Viet Nam with a clear conscience. D. C.

I definitely think we should stay in as long as we've gone this far. I'm not particularly in favor of the way we're going about it. B. E.

I think we should make a wholehearted effort for victory instead of the questionable effort which has been made. This questionable effort is the result of our "pink" State Department. M. S.

JOHN FRIEDEL

The war in Viet Nam is a revolution. It is more popular with the people of that country than our own revolution was with colonial Americans. In ten years the North Vietnamese have given less aid proportionately than the French gave us in our own struggle. The United States is not "making the world safe for democracy," but rather is preventing the Vietnamese people from determining their own destiny. We have established a despotic, unpopular dictatorship in Saigon and seek to maintain its power for our own interests, not necessarily those of the Vietnamese, in the only way we can: through military force.

THE STUDENT UNION
SANDWICH SHOP
wishes you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

HARRY F. NOYES, III

We must win in Vietnam because a favorable Asian balance of power is essential to our national security. If we left, the enemy would soon take over for his own avowedly anti-American purposes the use of South Vietnam's land, resources, people, and strategic position.

Even worse than the material effect of a Red takeover would be the loss of U.S. prestige when we appeared unable or unwilling to back up our commitments and our interests with force. And prestige is an indispensable tool of diplomacy.

It may seem brutal to fight for one's interests. But today's system of sovereign nation-states is the moral equivalent of a jungle. And in a jungle each animal or each state has an equal right to employ such means as it must to survive and prosper. If our interests conflict with those of others, we must seek a resolution favorable to us by whatever means are available. And so long as there is conflict over issues too important to allow of compromise, such as liberty, we may have to fight.

However, more than many nations, the U. S. can say that its interests are compatible with the liberty and welfare of others. We are fighting for our own interests in Vietnam, but the people of South Vietnam will also benefit from a U. S. victory.

RICHARD OBERDORFER

Although there is an abundance of persuasive arguments on both sides of this question, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that at the present time the United States has no choice other than to remain in Viet Nam. We have committed ourselves far too much to withdraw. A pullout would be viewed throughout Asia as an indication of how little Americans respect their own avowed commitments and therefore how valueless American guarantees are. It is contrary to our national interests to sustain a loss of influence in that area. Our decision to remain until negotiations are effected is incontrovertible unless some unforeseen future circumstance provides

a loophole which we may use without loss of face.

Contrary to much public discussion, the essential aspect of the Vietnamese War is not a moral question but a strategic one. A magnanimous withdrawal would not significantly raise American prestige in the eyes of the world and might considerably damage a foreign policy of Communist containment. Long run objectives of the national interest—basically, self-preservation—must be the factor that dictates the American decision.

A MATRON

MRS. WILLIAM OAKES

I don't think we should withdraw. I think the whole future of the world depends upon it. If we'd gone in and done what McArthur wanted to do in North Korea we wouldn't be in this Viet Nam trouble. If we get out I don't think there's any question but that the Communists will take over the rest of Asia. We've committed ourselves and we should finish it just as we've finished all other wars.

THE FACULTY

DR. SCOTT BATES

I don't think we can win, ultimately, in Vietnam. Even if we win the military battle (which is not at all certain, especially in view of the growing possibility of Chinese intervention), we are almost sure to lose the political one, and the main battle is political. We are supporting in the Ky regime a corrupt junta of soldiers and mandarins who are largely unwilling or unable to effect needed land and administrative reforms. Our own political influence, that of the "white foreigners," is negligible. The Communists, on the other hand, hold all the political cards, representing government reform, unity, independence, and patriotism to a majority of Vietnamese, north and south. Our situation, therefore, strikes me as being hopeless and murderous in the extreme; I think we should negotiate our way out of it as quickly as possible.

CHAPLAIN JOEL W. PUGH

The way the question is posed (and it usually is posed this way) is part of the problem in discussing the Viet Nam dilemma. We are offered only these two alternatives most of the time. Some of us are satisfied with neither the present policy (and I take the manner in which the war is being waged as part of the policy) nor do we think that withdrawal is a move beneficial either to Southeast Asia or to the United States. I have been impressed with arguments against waging a massively destructive, full-scale modern war in terrain unsuitable for this and against an enemy that can resist with astonishing success this kind of warfare. We might do worse than study the British success in Malaysia in a similar situation several years ago. Limited fighting, gradual re-occupation—village by village, winning the confidence and friendship of the villagers (which was the British strategy); this all seems to me to be a technique worth considering. Of course this strategy depends on hav-

VIET NAM STATISTICS

Americans Killed:	6,100
Americans Fighting:	380,000
January Draft Call:	15,000
First American Killed:	1961
Last American Killed:	?

ing a government in Saigon worthy of loyalty and confidence and on the United States being there for reasons other than only trying to save face by not losing a war we blundered into.

MR. HENRY F. ARNOLD

I favor our withdrawal from Viet Nam. We have brought a lot of suffering on ourselves and have visited a lot more suffering on the Vietnamese in a perverse attempt to thwart what the majority of their country under Ho Chi Minh. We have admittedly made it more painful for us to withdraw with our every escalation of the conflict, but I don't believe that we can convert an unworthy cause into a worthy cause by investing enough of our prestige in it and by sacrificing enough of our own men to it.

In general, I think we ought to be a lot more inhibited about threatening and waging war, a lot more respectful of the rights of others to self-determination of their political systems (even by revolutionary means), a lot more favorable to worldwide egalitarianism, a lot less panicky about our national security and prestige, and a lot bolder in attempting to establish supernational peacekeeping machinery than we are right now. I emphatically favor the abandonment of our anti-communist crusade. It's foolish for us to believe that what is bad for any communist is always good for us, and what is good for any communist is always bad for us. I am a good bit more fearful of frustrated, frightened, and starving communists than of prosperous communists. I am not saying we should never fight communists; we should never fight them just because they are communists. We ought to fight them only if what they are doing is so bad that we would be morally compelled to fight any anti-communist who was doing the same thing, and so bad in the eyes of others that a lot more of our allies join in the fight than they have done in Viet Nam.

DR. HUGH CALDWELL

The PURPLE has asked me to present my views on the Viet Nam situation "in not more than two paragraphs." I shall try. It goes without saying that I bring no special qualifications to this task. Like most citizens I am totally dependent upon secondhand information, and, like most, I suspect that I am influenced deeply by the opinions of men whose judgment and sagacity I have already come to respect. In this connection I name a former Russian Ambassador George F. Kennan as the man with whose position I feel the closest accord. Those who have not read Mr. Kennan's statement to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last February 10th should do so. I respect it too highly to do violence to it by attempting to summarize it with capsule statements. Kennan's conclusion, however, is that our involvement in Viet Nam has been a disastrous mistake; he sees no simple solution to the problem, but he does oppose escalation strongly, and he favors withdrawal to selected defensive enclaves.

Definite Answers Misleading

The pronouncements by those who are convinced that they have definite answers have not impressed me. The dogmatists from the "dove" side I shall ignore, because their position strikes me as being too naive to warrant serious consideration. The writings of the "hawks", however, frighten me. Though equally out of touch with the realities, their arguments make a specious claim to "hard-headed realism." The fact is that they operate in a world of rigid abstractions created by themselves about twenty years ago. They speak of "fighting Communism", as if there were some fixed and monolithic entity the word "Communism" names. They oversimplify every issue and view all problems in terms of sharp antitheses. Even worse, they invest their proclamations with a self-righteous moralism, which the rest of the world, especially the more civilized and intelligent part, finds nauseous. The chief offender, I think, was John Foster Dulles; it was in his tenure as Secretary of State that the crass union of a pseudo-Calvinist moralism with naked economic

and military power first became the official policy of our nation. I find it ironic that the people who are now most vociferous in defending "states' rights" against a powerful government in Washington are the same ones who are most eager to see this powerful government intervene in the private affairs of other nations around the globe. In the working out of a tragedy there is a point beyond which the tragic hero loses his freedom of choice and self-determination: the events and situations he has fostered begin operating with a logic of their own. It may be too late for our nation to make before the world and before history a courageous and magnanimous confession of error. I hope that it is not, but I fear that it is.

MAJ. GORDON E. HOWELL

The central objective of our foreign policy is a peaceful community of nations—each free to choose its own way of life and form of government. The Southeast Asia Treaty Organization is one of several groups which we have joined to further this policy. When South Vietnam became the victim of aggression from the communist north, they called upon the member nations of SEATO to assist them. Americans are in Vietnam today because they are needed and wanted by the free government of that nation. We are there because what is happening will vitally affect the future not only of the Vietnamese but of free men everywhere. We have learned from two world wars what happens when hostile aggression is allowed to go unchecked. To defeat communist aggression in Vietnam does not mean merely that we will have preserved the independence of South Vietnam. It will mean that we have set back the whole pattern of communist wars of "liberation" to which both Red China and the Soviet Union are committed.

*"War, war is still the cry—war
even to the knife!"*
—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

Bob
Kuehnle

Camp:
The
Danger
of
The
Anti-
Concept

Camp—what is this word supposed to signify? Is the “camp movement” a legitimate force in our culture, or is it a petty, trivial attempt to make banality and worthlessness admirable?

The Camp Follower's Guide, an alleged primer on “what camp is” and “how to do it,” nondefines camp in the following various ways according to editor Niles Chignon:

“Camp is a feeling, a sensibility and hence its definition is elusive—but not as elusive as the square, mass-media boys . . . make it out to be. . . . Camp not only involves finding fun and delight in things that others find banal, boring, worthless or hopelessly out of date, but also . . . is frivolous about serious things and serious about frivolous things. . . . Camp is art that proposes itself seriously, but cannot be taken altogether seriously because it is ‘too much’. . . . The ultimate Camp statement: it’s good *because* it’s awful. . . . But one can’t always say that.”

What does it mean to define something by not defining it; to illustrate something by contradicting the illustration; to invert reality by declaring that what is awful is good and what is good is awful? And by what standards is one supposed to make such “camp” inversions?

The answer is given in the statement, “Camp is a *feeling*.” Emotionally, subjectively, without any respect for the actual value of things, one is supposed to practice “camp.”

Perhaps examples of things considered “camp” by *The Camp Follower's Guide* can best illustrate the vague, noncommittal quality of this “movement.”

Oscar Wilde, according to the book, is “camp.” By what standards is he “camp?” Since “camp” has no definition (*that* is left to the discretion of the individual) and therefore offers no objective system of evaluation according to its definition, Oscar Wilde is “camp” because someone, anyone (probably the editor of the book) *felt* he qualified. Others considered camp include: Mae West, Bea Lillie, Susan Hayward, Bette Davis, and Andy Warhol. Things considered camp include: post rock ‘n roll, big little books, Swan Lake, The Maltese Falcon, and poetry in Art Nouveau Style.

Roto-Rooter, Razor-Kleen, Vera Ralston, Bobby Breen

Notwithstanding the homosexual element in and origin of camp, an element which considers such statements as “He is a flaming fairy” a *very* camp statement, the “movement” seems to have embraced a bevy of nostalgic and commercial phenomena which do have a mildly humorous value when viewed in perspective (i.e. in light of what they were intended to do, not according to their so-called *camp value*).

For example, it is true that such things as the Roto-Rooter Sewer Service Song, mentioned by the book as camp, are preposterous pieces of commercial foolishness. (“Now Mary and Jim live happily, In their cozy home with their family, Thanks to the Roto-Rooter machine, Sewers and drains are Razor-Kleen. Call Roto-Rooter, that’s the name, *frog voice*: And away go troubles down the drain!”) Equally as foolish are these “camp” listings: The Brylcreem Song, The Original Wheaties Song, and Bobby Breen, Vera Hrubá Ralston and Clara Kimball Young stills.

But the glaring question is: Why glorify *non*talent, mediocrity, and innocuous trash? Why group competent actresses and talented authors such as Bette Davis and Oscar Wilde with bankrupt cultural intimidators like Andy Warhol, creator of an eight-hour film of someone sleeping (called *Sleep*?) Why deny reality by claiming that work which is notable (such as the acting career of Greta Garbo) is to be viewed as travesty or parody and is to be taken with a grain of salt *because of the fact* that it is serious and laudable acting?

The answer to all these questions, unfortunately, is the same: someone, intentionally or unintentionally, is engaged in the fraudulent, dishonest business of claiming that *A is not A*, that things are not what they are, existence does not

really exist, and that one need not take seriously any objective system of measurement.

"Camp," therefore, is a *non* or an *anti*-concept, an abstraction without a definition, capable of including every percept on the face of the earth and, at the same time, capable of including nothing at all. Notice how percepts or objects qualify as participants in the abstraction 'camp'—by the denial or inversion of their true natures (what they are) and the simultaneous attribution of opposite qualities (what they are not) by the "camper."

Thus, a Campbell Soup label is "Camp," and therefore Art, and therefore an esthetic masterpiece because *in reality* it is a common, commercial label created for the purpose of selling and identifying a canned product *and for no other purpose*. Under the *nonconcept* of camp, which enables one to *feel* instead of *think* one's value-judgements, the label is supposed to take on significance and reveal truths about Man in the paneled dens of suburbia. However, it is doubtful that anyone could fake reality to the extent that he would be unaware of the hoax he was perpetrating upon himself and others. The same goes for those who claim to find meaning in *Sleep*, paint-blob and smear art, stream-of-consciousness poetry, and all other forms of *art by intimidation*—(If you can't find meaning in it, you must be stupid!)

Basic Premise Should Be Refuted

While much of "camp" is nothing more than a collection of trivial nonsense which might otherwise be dismissed as fad, there is a basic premise behind it which ought to be repugnant to any thinking person. And that is the totally unreal, subjective, and indiscriminate practice of making language a perverted distortion of reality and *vice-versa*; the business of throwing away definition, claiming that *things don't need to be defined but felt*, proceeding haphazardly to engage in negation *for the fun of it*, and indulging in arbitrariness, whims, and mundane nonsense. *Worse* still: denying the objective nature of things, and instead, grouping together promiscuously any and everything one wishes in a category which has no *limits* and no *standards*. Can one imagine a moral code based on such a procedure?

Language is intended to bear a concrete relationship to objective reality; without that reality, without definition based on that reality, words become sounds and mindless utterances and open up all fields of endeavor to petty mystics, and bankrupt 'creators' such as Warhol; those who think the nature of reality does not require them to explain their "work" or to hold values, that any issue can be molded to suit their whims, that if they can just deny reality verbally through a *non* or *antilanguage* full of *antiwords*, it will disappear.

But A is A. Poison is not wholesome food. And wholesome food is not poison. Man does not survive by taking survival lightly or by smiling at trees. He *thinks* and cuts the trees down to make houses. He observes the trees, integrates the *percepts* of the trees into the *concept* tree which includes all trees living or dead that ever have or will exist. Man builds up a language, a communication, a hierarchy of concepts which enable him to make further judgements, further progress without resorting to a long, time-consuming process of perception.

If you doubt that "camp" and the premise behind it are a denial of concepts and value-judgements and of reality, and if you think such linguistic "play" is harmless enough and can be entertained by rational men, ask yourself what would happen if the process used in "inventing" camp (the inversion of values) were applied to all concepts? How "in" would it be to view *misery* as a light-hearted goal to be taken seriously and *happiness* as a temporary form of drudgery to be avoided?

Camp is the worship of banality, boredom, worthlessness, value-inversion, and promiscuity in intellectual, cultural, and moral judgement. These things are pretty shabby 'tributes' to a despicable premise. Those who accept any part of it, deserve it.

Camp ?

Victor Mature

Moxie

Barbra Streisand

'Too Much'

Fire Island

Dale Evans

Camp ?

Are You Somebody's Idol?

Undoubtedly this mountain has its share of characters, people whom we are not likely to forget. Who would be the most interesting personality on campus in your opinion?

We asked just such a question of a random sampling of people and came up, we think, with a few surprising responses. Read on, you might just be somebody's idol.

Dr. Harrison. He is the only teacher that has had an active interest in my course of studies and my presence up here. His lectures are also very stimulating.

* * *

Abbo. You'd almost have to say Abbo because he seems to be more like a world traveller; he seems to have been to a lot of places and done a lot of things. He likes football players and the way he drives is something else again. You can always have a beer with him.

* * *

Myself. I feel that I am the most fascinating personality on campus in view of long and close association with myself. I feel that I am the one person in the world I could not do without. I generally can find a girl friend who shares that view.

* * *

Dr. Harrison. He has an hellacious good wit, his class is interesting and unpredictable. He's smart, no, brilliant! Plus being one of the fairest men on campus. He'll do anything to help a student. He's easy to talk to—you don't feel under pressure when you're talking to him. One of the best all around professors on campus.

Abbo

Dr. Harrison

Myself?

Dr. Read

Andrew Lytle

Ruth Long

Bruton Strange

Ruth Long. I don't think I'll ever forget her smile. Or Saturday night when she tries to dress up. And her cheery voice ringing out on Monday morning, "Egg Sandwich!"

* * *

Abbo. He's more than just a teacher in general. You just learn so much about life in his class.

* * *

Andrew Lytle. He's definitely made a name for himself, not just in my opinion, but in the opinion of hundreds of other writers. He's so articulate in his writing and speaking; I've been in his class and think he's more vitally interested in the growth and development of each student. There's no group therapy with him. He realizes that each boy is a definite personality.

* * *

I don't know, probably my roommate.

* * *

Abbo; he's the grouchiest fellow I've ever been around. He's got something to say about everything.

* * *

Sewanee's too full of characters to pick out just one.

* * *

I'd have to choose Bruton Strange on the grounds that he's simply unique. We have no one else like him, and we're not sure anybody else has anyone like him.

* * *

Abbo. Because.

* * *

Dr. Harrison; he is the only person I've ever met that has so much fun with his mind.

* * *

Dr. Read; he's an animated Shultz cartoon. He should have a striped sweater and a dog that wears an aviator's cap.

It's Some Sort of Record!

The Sounds of the Faculty

By Bob Kuehnle

It occurred to me (quite by accident) the other day that if all the nuances and idiosyncracies of the Mountain's most interesting professors were recorded on an LP (in stereo, no less, with several voices), someone could amass a small fortune. I can just picture Side One—The Faculty Picnic—

"Will you pass the ketchup as it were?" requested Dr. Harrison.

"Correction," put in Dr. Moore, "it is 'pass the ketchup *Comma* as it were."

"Most enlightening!" came the reply.

"Ahhrump! Ketchup! White Trash Condiment! Noooooo real gentleman would imbibe the stuff!" This was the voice of Mr. Martin.

"If I may juxtapose the objective correlative, you know, into the anxie which is so vitally manifested in this experience. . . ." Mr. Corbin commented.

Another professor laughed hysterically while taking a box of Girl Scout Cookies out of his knapsack.

"Mere minutiae!" commented Dr. Keele, who was reading the Alabama constitution.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, shall we dedicate the Frankfurters?" This was the resonant voice of the Vice-Chancellor.

"Are we (hrrump!) having frankfurters?" Mr. Martin sneered, "*German* frankfurters?"

Mrs. Goodstein tried to calm him down.

"Hot dogs are very American, very!"

"Poppycock! The Americans are dogs!"

"Mere and more minutiae!" commented Dr. Keele, who was trying to find mistakes in the Kennedy-Nixon electoral vote totals.

Dr. Moore was talking to Dr. Rhys. "Which is, perhaps, our greatest brand of hot dogs, Dr. Rhys? Mind you, not our first, and not our most well-known, but our greatest?"

Dr Rhys plainly was confused.

"Here, here," he protested, "that's a rather difficult question. . . ."

"As it were," Dr. Harrison finished.

"Now, are you phrasing that as a question or as an exclamation?" Dr. Moore inquired.

"Mere mere minutiae!" commented Dr. Keele, who was memorizing the *Congressional Quarterly*.

The professor with the Girl Scout Cookies had fallen into the lake but was hysterically laughing away his misfortune.

"We shall now consecrate the buns!" declared the Vice-Chancellor.

"Extraordinary!" quipped Dr. Rhys.

"When you have finished eating," began Dean Webb, "I have a wry monologue on hand which I originally prepared for Tuesday chapel, but since no one comes, I thought you might enjoy. . . ."

"One feels," stated Mr. Corbin, "that *an contraire*, his motive and *modus operandi* in making such a statement. . . ."

"Poppycock!" mumbled Mr. Martin.

"Very Freudian, very!" commented Mrs. Goodstein.

"Fine print!" commented Dr. Keele, who was reading his will.

"Pass the relish," began Dr. Degen.

"As it were," finished Dr. Harrison.

"This is obviously a conditioned response, the stimulus being subsumed by repression," smacked Dr. Lundin.

"Are you eating before grace?" Dr. Moore asked of the wet, laughing professor with the soggy cookies. "Seems to me everyone should know better than to eat before grace."

The wet, laughing professor just dripped and laughed.

"Make a note of this," said Andrew Lytle to his secretary. "The *Review* is short of copy this issue."

"Weirds, weirds, weirds!" proclaimed Dr. Harrison loudly. "No one knows the meaning of weirds any more, as it were!"

"Nonsense!" grumbled Mr. Martin, who was stumbling off into the sunset.

"Loopholes!" commented Dr. Keele, who was perusing his insurance policy.

"Gentlemen," began the Vice-Chancellor, "it is time to bless the pudding."

"It's time this picnic was extinguished," quipped Dr. Lundin who, failing to get a laugh from the comment, was rapidly becoming frustrated.

"And now," intoned the Vice-Chancellor, "by the power vested in me, I pronounce this food fit to eat."

"Here! Here!" clapped Dr. Rhys. There was a hint of movement from Mr. Goodstein at this news, for he had been rapidly wasting away.

"Let's eat, as it were," finished Dr. Harrison.

And there, as it were, is a Golden Record!

WARREN L. CULPEPPER
CLASS OF 1964



Representing
Ken L. Ross
AND ASSOCIATES
2300 West End Ave.
Nashville
AGENTS FOR
MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



Local art on one porch. Unremovable except by demolition. Fortunately it is in the best of taste and artistic style (vandal, circa 1950's) and not obscene.

Woodland Apartments for Married Students

(Continued from page four)

plans to neither supply nor provide married student housing.

"The only future Woodland has is destruction," emphasizes Dr. Gaston S. Bruton, University Provost. "They were built as a temporary shelter; they are owned by the University; and, the University is trying to tear them down. Hopefully, after the completion of the new science building and the major building projects, there will be a way in which we'll either be able to build something or to help these students; but at the present it is just a problem we haven't faced."

The University administration recognizes that there will probably always be undergraduate married students attending Sewanee, especially now since the

G. I. Bill has been renewed and the influx of the Viet Nam veterans will make themselves felt. Also, the administration is not wholly unsympathetic with the status of the married undergraduate; examinations of the situation have appeared in both Deans' reports to the Trustees.

Yet, the administration and, in particular, the Trustees, in keeping with a semi-established traditional policy, have failed to effect or to sponsor a solution to the Woodland issue, or to promote a comprehensible and fixed realization of the married undergraduate position.

Says one Woodland indweller, "The married students don't want anything the single students don't have: a decent place to live. As things are I can say that my life on the Mountain is enjoyable—but in spite of the University not because of it."

For all kinds of Christmas Gifts

visit Mutt and Charlie's

B & G SUPPLY STORE

in Cowan

We have just about everything

This year for Christmas give a
book. Give

The Lost Letters of Jenny Lind

written by Sewanee's own Porter
Ware and Thad Lockard. Auto-
graphed copies now available at

THE UNIVERSITY SUPPLY STORE

The staff and management wish
you a Very Merry Christmas and
a Happy New Year

—Please drive with care—

- ◆ Do you think all Edsel dealers drove Edsels?
- ◆ Of course they didn't; they drove Lincoln Continentals!
- ◆ Well tell me this, do you think our administration eats at Gailor's?
- ◆ Certainly not, they dine at the Lincoln Continental of Restaurants.

The Sewanee Inn

- ◆ Nobody likes a looser even if it is his own!

David P. Muth

The Psychology of Mysticism

Mr. David P. Muth, a student in the School of Theology, offers a psychological treatment of the somewhat suspect subject of mysticism. Mystical insight is the realization of the full meaning of heretofore empty experiences. Mr. Muth suggests that mystical experiences are an integral part of daily Christian living. Indeed, it is through the mystical experience alone that God is known not to be dead.

RONALD CONNER

Mysticism is a word in disrepute today. It is not a popular term in Christian circles; you seldom hear it discussed in social conversation. It is usually misunderstood and often identified with bizarre behavior and, as such, is considered irrelevant to Christian action as presently conceived.

Mysticism is a deteriorated word; originally associated with the Greek *ἄσκησις* (something beyond human power of expression), mysticism is now loosely applied to anything which transcends ordinary experience. In more knowledgeable circles, the adjective "Christian" is usually affixed to distinguish a particular manifestation of mysticism as peculiar to Christianity. Mysticism is extraordinary, beyond explanation and empirical verification; and thus poses a *n* affront to a pragmatic, scientifically oriented culture.

Since psychology in today's society has a redemptive aura, it is suggested that a consideration of the psychology of mysticism may revitalize the relevancy of this extraordinary phenomena for a society which finds God dead.

Analysis of Baron von Hügel

It was Baron Friedrich von Hügel who analyzed religion, including Christianity, into three component elements co-inhering, as it were (to use a theological term), in a tension-in-unity: the institutional element, the rational element, and the experiential or mystical element. The institutional element denotes the aspect of religion regarding man's mode of existence in societies. Man is man only in society, and human society is always institutionalized. The rational element represents the purgative powers (for example, the refutation of Fundamentalism by science) to keep religious man from straying into superstition dissociated from reality; it is a corrective element. The experiential or mystical element is that by which we are immediately aware of our relation with God, or have a direct and intimate consciousness of the Divine Presence. The centrality of Christian mysticism is God as Giver, Redeemer and Sanctifier of life; the apex of Christian mysticism is the Vision of God, by which we know ourselves and one another. The Vision of God is not, as is popularly imagined, a fanciful dream or

hallucination; it may be a burning bush as Moses encountered it, or a "great light from heaven" as Paul described it, or it may be as comparatively mundane as realizing Christ's presence in a neighbor's act or during the celebration of the sacraments. An encounter with God is a mystical experience. The mystical element of Christianity is that element which gives Christianity its peculiar character as "an experience in search of an explanation." And the explanation is never wholly adequate to explain the experience. Hence, we have returned to the Greek *ἀσκησις*.

Statements Too Unimaginative

Mystics have not helped their cause by their unimaginative statements. For example, "God is ineffable," a well-known mystical statement has more than one interpretation. The statement could mean, pragmatically understood, that God himself cannot be known because his nature is ineffability. Although such an interpretation contradicts the Biblical proclamation, this represents a typical misunderstanding of mysticism. From the perspective of the psychology of mysticism, however, the statement could be interpreted as, my experience of God is ineffable because there are no words adequate to describe it. As psychologically viewed, then, the mystic is understood as reporting the psychology of his ex-

perience in lieu of its cognitive contents. Here the mystic has attributed to the object of his experience some quality which belongs rather to his own inner state.

The Idea of the Holy

Rudolf Otto's *The Idea of the Holy* is a mystical writing useful to our purpose; it describes the encounter with God, the Holy, primarily from a phenomenological viewpoint but has psychological overtones. The experience of the Holy is described as "mysterious," "awesome" and "fascinating." These same characteristics are to be found in personal encounters as elements of man's psychological make-up. For example, Moses had a mysterious encounter with a burning bush which was not consumed by the flame. Because of the awesomeness of this vision Moses wanted to flee; yet he found himself held in a tension by the fascination of the vision. In the midst of this tension he responded to God's call. So, too, personal relationships between men are mysterious in their inception and development. There is an awesomeness in the judgment and demand placed upon each party by the other in the encounter; each is aware of the existence of a being other than oneself which challenges the naive conception of the world as revolving around oneself, and at the same time each is aware of a demand upon one another that something of the self be given, which may even be a demand to "change your life". And yet there is a wonderful fascination to the encounter in which one is affirmed as a person. In the midst of this tension of awesomeness and fascination there is the possibility of encountering God in the relationship.

Mystic in the Divine Presence

The mystic (that is, whoever, has an encounter with God) has come consciously into the Divine presence. The striving of the mystic is for a unity of will with God; that is, he seeks to serve God according to whatever spiritual gift God has bestowed upon him. The mystical experience of union with God is unique, but not in the sense that it has no analogies with the world of common experience. The turning away from the world in the "negative way" of worship, which characterizes the discipline of the mystic, is balanced by the turning back again

for service of God in his world, which is also characteristic of the mystic's worship. This "rhythm" of isolation and fellowship has many analogies in daily life; for example, the common psychological responses to joy and sorrow or to love and indifference which may be experienced in any normal day. There are also analogies in the alternations of the human mind capable of psychological expression.

Realization of Meanings

Mystical insight is the experience of realizing the meaning of words, sayings, points of view, which may have been familiar and empty possessions for a long time. Experiences of this sort are not uncommon. Yet still more mystical is the discovery of oneself as an individual; as when someone drives home the question, Who are you? What are you? Moreover, there is the experience of the mystical discovery of the individuality of another person. We tend to deal with men through their qualities and properties. Each man stands for a certain for-

mula, quality, function; we have our theory of him and he plays his part in our artificial world, as one of many. Our critical judgment of him is pluralistic and general and we willingly remain outside the mystery of his individuality. But at times we are granted a mystical vision—we have come into the presence of the individual and have seen the miracle as such. We have found the other soul in its seclusion and simplicity; it is a presence of the individual to the individual, a "flight of the alone to the alone".

Psychologically viewed, then, mysticism is an integral element of daily Christian living. From these analogies we see that mysticism is a vital element of Christianity as it is modernly understood; it cannot be rejected without destroying Christianity. It is only through the mystical experience that a man can know himself and his neighbor in relation to God. It is only through the mystical experience that God is known not to be dead.

Dr. Scott Bates has again edited The Peace Calendar

The 1967 Peace Calendar and Appointment Book has

- ... a page for every week of the year
- ... a facing page of poetry
- ... a directory of peace periodicals and organizations, both here and abroad, with blank pages for notes
- ... 128 pages, 5 1/4" x 8 3/4", wire-bound and flat opening, and so arranged that the calendar pages can be easily removed when the year is over, leaving a bound volume of peace poems for your permanent library.

The Peace Calendar is a unique and inexpensive gift that will be remembered every day of the year.

\$1.50 each

\$7.00 for five

postpaid, U.S.A.

Gift orders will be mailed to arrive by Christmas, complete with a card giving donor's name.

WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE
5 Beekman Street, New York 10038

Available at the University Supply Store

To a Skeptical Age

Since the Christmas Season is now upon us, the PURPLE presents here in the spirit which characterizes this time, one of the most beautiful, and oft quoted Christmas messages. This was an editorial written many years ago by Francis B. Church of the New York Sun.

The words here are directed to a cynical age past, and to those cynical ages yet to come.

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old.

Some of my friends say that there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in The Sun, it's so. Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?'

Virginia O'Hanlon

115 West Ninety-fifth street"

Yes, Virginia.

Yes, indeed!

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age—they do not believe except what they see—they think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible to their little minds.

All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little.

In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies!

You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus—the most real things in the world are those neither children nor men can see.

Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there—nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, or even the united strength of all the strongest men, that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside the curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty of all glory beyond.

Is it all real?—ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever—a thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood.

The Editors and Staff
of
The Sewanee Purple
Wish You
A
Merry Christmas
and a
Prosperous New Year

