

The Sewanee Purple

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Do you want a paper with good taste,
or do you want a paper that tastes good?

Cowtipping

by Handy Phlegley

You hear only the drone of some distant tractor, feel and smell only the sweet rush of wind past your face. The wide open expanse colored with pastel shades of brown and green, in the form of so many manure piles, lie around you. You move forward and the thrust of wind grows stronger against your body. Then your hairs bristle, anticipation mounts, and you begin to float, but unlike floating in water this is a totally free floating sensation with nothing around, perhaps akin to wetting your pants as a wee tyke. An easy movement, a slight jerk, then total silence which is broken only by an occasional moo in the distance, and the sudden thud of the cow toppling over into the pasture grass. Next you feel the quiet, relaxed feeling that you felt as a child in a slowly swaying porch swing, as warm urine runs down your leg. Not just a hush, but a completely guilty silence that wraps you like a soft blanket on a cool night. Your father's hand on your rear is like nothing that you have felt before, not even this, your first successful cowtipping.

But all around you the complete opposite is true. The humid, earthy air can be cut with a knife. Mouths stand ajar; eyes peer intently into the opaque slime. Mothers stop breathing for a moment and friends smile hesitantly as they watch you clean the gnats, and flies and slime off your face. You have just learned not to run so fast across the manure slick field. The mysterious spell is broken. You deserve your battle scars and stripes.

The group moves forward to meet you as you request your accomplishment. A round of beer awaits those who have finished. Only a dose of anticipation, manifested by the gibberish moos of untipped, alfalfa-inebriated fresh heifers remain, and you know that their time will come soon enough.

Some call it cowtipping; some call it bemissing, others call it crazy. Yet the smiling faces and the jubilant congratulatory backslaps indicate nothing but total enjoyment. A feeling of total freedom is achieved; Nirvana; although your instincts tell you no, your inferior hemisphere overrules your logical half, and push comes to shove comes to tippy-top for some unsuspecting cow.

During the past year nearly 50 Sewanee students have made this trip out to the farm, as one makes his last daring revolt before passing into adulthood. The same feeling that brings out the desire to revolt in the tipper causes close friends to question their own sanity. They fail to understand the reasoning behind leaving a perfectly warm, dry car, crossing a dangerous barbed wire fence, dodging all sorts of slippery, organic, mines and their blatantly, but quietly, pushing the innocent cow over on its side.



This very reasoning, it must be stated, causes the fear in outsiders. They fail to realize that this cow, any cow, is really a wad of highly natural, organic and efficient cells, just like you or me. But oh, how the strides have been made! Cowtipping today is a far cry from the first tip made by that daring young Croatian some 200 years ago. He first successfully tipped a black angus bull to the ground, but did not, unfortunately, successfully traverse the 3000 some feet of open pasture land to his dunkey before being gouged to death by 17 other black angus bulls. Oh how his parents must have felt though, knowing that their son had made that first small tip for mankind!

Combined with the relatively simple equipment, Sewanee students received training by a former National and Olympic Cowtipping team member, and his partner, Slim. With a flare for the unusual and a string of purple plastic party beads thrown in for color, these two took on the seemingly impossible task of teaching old cowtippers new tricks. Not one in the group of 50 could find rhyme nor reason, (though many did wax eloquently at that), not to jump, or even hesitate. (Some might feel this shoots to hell Sewanee's claims of a highly intelligent student body, I think not). Although some of the tippers might not wish to encounter another heifer alone in a field at midnight, they did join the 1% of the nation's population that has participated in the fine art of cowtipping.

Many people refer to the sport as dangerous yet most of the comparisons are about as logical as comparing it to the high mortality rate of herding mice across an interstate in Minnesota in February. Cowtipping still ranks behind several other sports in terms of injuries, but probably not in ruining more khakis with manure stains. So for those who might someday see a tipper floating exuberantly across a field, don't think of him as crazy, but think of the inner peace and beauty he might have found which others can only read about, and dream.

For dBs, Aug. 13, 1957

Hendrix: Before & After

by Slimmy Toe

Burple editors have been notified that Jimi Hendrix, the sensational black guitarist who allegedly died in London in 1970, is alive and well and living in Sewanee disguised as a white, Hendrix started a new life as none other than Jimmy Hendricks, Sewanee student (we use the term loosely) and Selden resident. The *Burple* dispatched free-lance reporter Jimmy Yoe for a Gonzo journalist's dream interview at Hendrick's Selden flat. This interview is printed in it's entirety. Enjoy.



J. Y.: Jimi, you had a lot of us fooled for a long time. I mean, a skin that could get you a Daughters of the Confederacy bid, and the enlightened Georgia redneck demenor - it's amazing. Do you agree?
(Editor's note: Hendrix mumbled something unintelligible and spat tobacco juice into a Frig's can.)

J. Y.: I see. But tell me, how could you give it all up, the adulation of the masses, endless drugs, bubble blonds with lobotomy eyes throwing themselves at you - didn't you enjoy being a rock star, man?

Hendrix: Certainly I enjoyed the sexual practicalities that sprang from that art form. But I had exhausted the possibilities of both music and the lifestyle. I mean, I had to vent up my other interests. Now I play classical violin and watch my Porcelain stock in my spare time.

J. Y.: Why did you have to become white? Why let everyone believe you were dead?

Hendrix: Boy, how many black classical violinists do you see playing with the New York Philharmonic? Besides, people wouldn't let me just stop being a rock star - so I staged my own death and bleached myself, and went back to school.

J. Y.: I suppose that makes sense - but if you want to be anonymous, why are you blowing your cover now?

Hendrix: I want to promote my fourth coming autobiography, "White Like Me." In this compelling history, I pull no punches as I dramatize the plights of being young, wealthy, and white. You can share their social squalor as I guide you through suburbia. You'll feel the trials and tribulations of those who sweat it on the golf courses everyday. It is told with an eye for truth, but also with a heart of compassion, and is a must for your library.

J. Y.: Well, I guess that explains everything. But where do you go from here? Will you go back to black, now that your secret is out?

Hendrix: No, I like being a white man, even though I wouldn't want my sister to marry one.

Now, would you excuse me? I've got to kiss the sky.
Next week, Debbie Reynolds tells the *Burple* her secrets for recapturing youth.

Carnal Knowledge

by Lennie Irvin

This week Carnal Knowledge will publish the much requested and needed 1981-82 Code-To-Discriminate and De-quested-But-Yet-Fulfilling-Sex-Life in a small Peyton Place College located near Monteagle, Tennessee. Unknown to the general public but well recognized by a public minority there is a rapidly increasing epidemic of venereal disease creating a sore spot in our otherwise aesthetically pleasing campus. For this reason we feel it beneficial for your own health to read further.

First of all the foremost important rule of any Sewanee Coed is to avoid pushing out - especially if you aren't too familiar with your date. If you must pass out in the bathroom in Wood's Lab, Phi House mantle, the Phi House balcony, the Phi House porch or for that manner the Phi House, are not ideal places for such an act. Also do not pass out with a wild loud person like Kyr Wyatt - can you imagine how much worst he would be drunk than sober.

If you are the least bit private about your love life do not say your goodbyes to your date in the Hunter front door. Also the Hodgson sun roof, Benedict courtyard, front of Elliott Hall's fireplace or any common room are not

appropriate places for making out. Although the Cross and Green's View are romantic places they are bound to be full of other romantic people not to mention the regular spotlight by our efficient police force. Also just a note - Morgan Steep is private, but care must be taken not to roll off the edge; fatal.

Certain people to avoid are ~~Frances Chastick~~, ~~Wendell~~, ~~Lesbury~~, and ~~Benedit~~ - oh sorry, you know them anyway.

Living together in dorms is alright too as long as your mate doesn't take all the hot water in the morning, dominate the T.V. in your common room and you have a nice roommate who likes your friend. Each dorm has it's own appropriate stay-in-the-room with the door locked - usually around maid clean-up and matron good night. (Little helpful hint from G.S. - leave your trash can outside your door and then the maid won't unlock your door.) One last note, Benedict girls there is no question to disguise your weekend guests because news travels fast in Sewanee, especially when the car is in the parking lot.

Well girls what can I say that wasn't been said. Watch out for the V, but have fun. (The imports do!)

by Lennie Irvin

QUILT CONTRIBUTORS:
Sippy Keg, Fetus Twill, Phalua Hain, Merwood Hinge, Wile E. Coyote, Ruthless Carnal, Jimi Hendrix, Rancid, Realy, Lew Willis, and Seneo's Reptile
BURPLE source: RUTH



by Sippy Keg

the Sewanee-Actively-Fascist-Crowd, (SAFC) commanded by Lace Underwear and her sidekick Overy Troublesome, pleaded no contest after being apprehended by local authorities for absconding with \$24,650 belonging to the Sewanee *Purple*. According to SAFC member Charles Findley, their Clan was envious of the large tracts of money controlled by the *Purple* conglomeration, and they wanted to get a taste of what the big time was really like. Mick McGowan, in a move towards seizing power of the oligarchy for next year, agreed.

In an unrelated incidence of mismanaged funds, The Sewanee *Purple* recently purchased a giant entertainment center for their office on the third floor of the Bishop's Common. Included in the purchase were a video disc player, wide screen viewing center, complete with Atari T.V. games, a Sony Beta-Max, 100 watt Kenwood stereo amplifier, Technics turntable, and a direct telephoning line to the White House.

The Staff infecting the *Purple* office would like to thank Mr. Underwear and Mr. Troublesome for all the nice money that the SAFC gave us for this project and hope that they are able to spend their newly found money better than last semester's *Purple* staff."

edented \$450,000 on plywood walls and other office furnishings for his Woods Lab hideaway, Chapsick allegedly demanded that his office be moved to the first floor of Walsh-Eliett, i.e. in Rob Heira's present office. It seems that the long lines in Woods Lab formed by students waiting to see Chapsick in his present office are interrupting the monotony and general morbid, dull, and studious atmosphere now enjoyed by Woods Lab species.

In addition, Chapsick sees his job as somewhat higher than Rob Heira's on the ladder of dumb things done around this place, and over-taking Rob's office seems like such an obvious means of signifying his importance, Chapsick maintains.

Heira, on the other hand, enjoys the present location of his office, as he is free to run home every afternoon to catch General Hospital. Also with fewer than 347 steps between his front door and his office, he is assured of little or no contact with dogs or students during his daily routine.

An O.G. tired force has been established to investigate the relevancy of this dilemma as compared with other problems it now wastes its time on. A student poll will be distributed in the SPO in mid-July, with the usual student response expected. The Regents plan to discuss not whether Chapsick's complaint is legitimate, but rather if Heira should relocate in the present Cap & Gown office or in the vacant closet next to Mrs. C. Heira's in the basement of the Bishop's Common.

Who's In Charge Here?

by Sippy Keg

University Shrink, Dick Chapsick, and Vice-Administrator Rob Heira recently exchanged words, not of the printable variety, concerning an issue of major importance to all Sewanee community members.
After spending an unprec-

Photo attempts



Policeman pouts.



Ruth Cardinal snubbed.



Townsend Engberg: Sewanee men start early.



BURPLE Authentic quotation of the week:
"So tell me, what exactly are you the dean of?"



The Killer Master meets his death.

SPORTS



Another victim of Gary Rowcliffe's frustrations.



BURPS

PLANS FOR THE ROLLING STONES to include Sewanee in their 1985 World Tour are now being finalized. Critics warn, however, that last week's performance by Michael Murphy will be difficult to surpass.

RUMORS remain unconfirmed that several seniors refuse to graduate. However, according to the rumors, allegedly, such oligarchical leaders as Caroline Drop Her plan to return ad infinitum to camp in every possible field. Heavy Coates accepts the challenge and has agreed to preside over the O.G., S.A., S.E.C., D.C., S.A.F.C., S.O.C., S.C.F., CARE, and DKE's simultaneously. Merry Hugely Fried has postponed studying for comps indefinitely. Probably however, Dandy Smugley has been condemned to stay on the Mountain forever due to a lifetime debt to South Central Bell, comps that were majorly flunked, a leftover Romantics paper, and any other major stumbling block.

MAJOR DECISIONS that need to be made soon include the choice of the PBR Golf Tournament and the Archbishop of Canterbury's appearance in All Saints' Chapel on the afternoon of Thursday, April 23.



WHAT IF ONE OF THESE CHILDREN WERE YOURS?

The children you see here are no different from your children. Many of them go to sleep hungry. Or sick.

But you can make a difference. If you become a sponsor through Sewanee Christian Fellowship Tution Fund.

All it costs is a few dollars a day—just \$50 a day—to help give a child nourishing meals, decent clothing, medical care, the chance to go to school, or whatever that child needs most to live a healthy, productive social life.

By the time you read this message, we hope the children you see here will already have the help they need. But there will always be so many more.

Please help today.

You needn't send any money now. Just send in the coupon. Sewanee Christian Fellowship Tution Fund will send you a child's picture and background information. We'll tell you the child's age, how the child lives, and how your \$50 a day can help make a world of difference in one child's life.

We'll also tell you how the child can be helped and explain how you can write to the child and receive special letters in return.

After you find out about the child and Sewanee Christian Fellowship Tution Fund, then you can decide if you want to help. Simply send us your first daily check or money order for \$50 within 10 days. Or return the photo and other materials so we can ask someone else to help.

Please share part of yourself with a needy child.

For the love of a hungry child.

I wish to sponsor a boy girl Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.
 I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone to help.
 I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first payment.

I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

What's that kitty cat?

The stuffing that comes from father's hat,
 A chunk of Billy's baseball bat,
 Shreds of hair from the welcome mat?

What's that kitty cat?

Curious from the table where we eat?
 Why no... it's just the innards from a dead rat.

Ben Smith

Ruined
 Lines

Hey there little puppy dog
 with your nose pressed up against the pet store window,
 There is no one to pet you today.

Ben Smith

Come to the Mountains of Busch Coors

by Shoe Groper

One day prior to spring break I was taking a leisurely stroll down University Avenue when all of a sudden on the horizon appeared a vision of a giant Coors beer truck. However the truck was real and as it went swooshing past blowing its horn and carrying screaming Sigma Nus on its runners, I thought: A) The truck was very lost and the Sigma Nus, helpful guys that they are, were trying to give it directions. B) A road-tripped Sigma Nu hijacked the truck back to Sewanee. C) Sigma Nus had painted a Busch truck with Coors logo and were showing off their artwork. D) None of the above. But I saw the light, found the truth that right upon entering the Sigma Nu house: "Now let us descend to greater wretchedness." (Dante) The house was swarming with degenerates from every circle of campus proving once again beer is the "ultimate concern" of practically every Sewanee student. Since beer is my major at Sewanee I proceeded to the upstairs trough where the animals 5 feet deep pushed and shoved and a depressed Sigma Nu attempted to coax beer from these imported western kegs, because as the commercial says these were no "downstream" taps the space-age technology of these babies was enough to beguile any sober person much less. Then, I overheard the statement "There's no line downstairs," taken by the surrounding crowd as if E. F. Hutton had said it. Even after three years of Sewanee drinking experience, I fell for this simple ruse.

So I began my descent to the lowest circle, the depths of disparity, whereupon I found the line 10 feet deep and the floor three feet (in beer). You would have thought the 5 minute wait for beer was 5 years to the alcoholic heard as taunted Sigma Nus valiantly tried to distribute the 264 gallons of Coors. Upstairs everyone was doing the bump (into each other) and a new wave dance known as mass suffocation. The rows of pink and green right up front would have made you think it was the Spinners instead of the Incredible Throbs onstage. Dancing to the incredible tunes was made even more difficult by the T.V. attitude of many i.e. stand in the middle of the dance floor and watch. When will students learn that a live band is stimulus to grab your favorite or nearest guy, girl (whichever comes first) and move your feet. The head singer was throbbing with excitement over a newfound addition to his group-sterotype college girls right up there on stage cheering him on. They sure added to the entertainment. All and all seems like most everyone had fun that night. If good parties can be rated by the trashed condition of the house, the next day I'd say this party ranked right up there with the best. There was one distressed person, a Sewanee Policeman running around saying, "Did any one get the license number of that Truck?"

By a pacifist party rover