

Tachinician

A pathetic display of ignorance from the start

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Dial-a-barnyard-animal 737-2411/ Order a bucket of chicken 737-2029

State wants a chancellor, too

By Don Skunk
Special Wing-ding correspondent

It all started with an idea — a rare occurrence at State.

The school could install a chancellor and have its own University Day. "Shee-it, then we'd be like a real school and all," observed Billy Joe Hogcaller, N.C. State student body president. "It ain't fair. What'd that Hardin guy do to deserve all that free food? I mean, 20,000 chicken drumettes and 25,000 chocolate chip cookies could feed me, my kissin' cousins and my pigs for a week."

In protest, Hogcaller organized his own University Day hoedown. All the various species at State — including the ducks — assembled behind the main barn and marched around the pasture waving real big banners that read, "We want choklit cookies too," "Yee Haw — Agrikulcher rules!"

The next chancellor was chosen through a tobacco spitting contest. Contestants were judged on accuracy, distance and form. The winner and new chancellor: Bruce Poultry, of Deep Gap Windy Hollow Basackwards, N.C. (It's near Asheville.)

"Well, shut my mouth and roll me in mamma's grits!" exclaimed Poultry. "I'm just as happy as a possum eating dog shit."

Poultry immediately gave an extemporaneous acceptance speech. (That means he was just, like, talkin' — no index cards or nothin!)

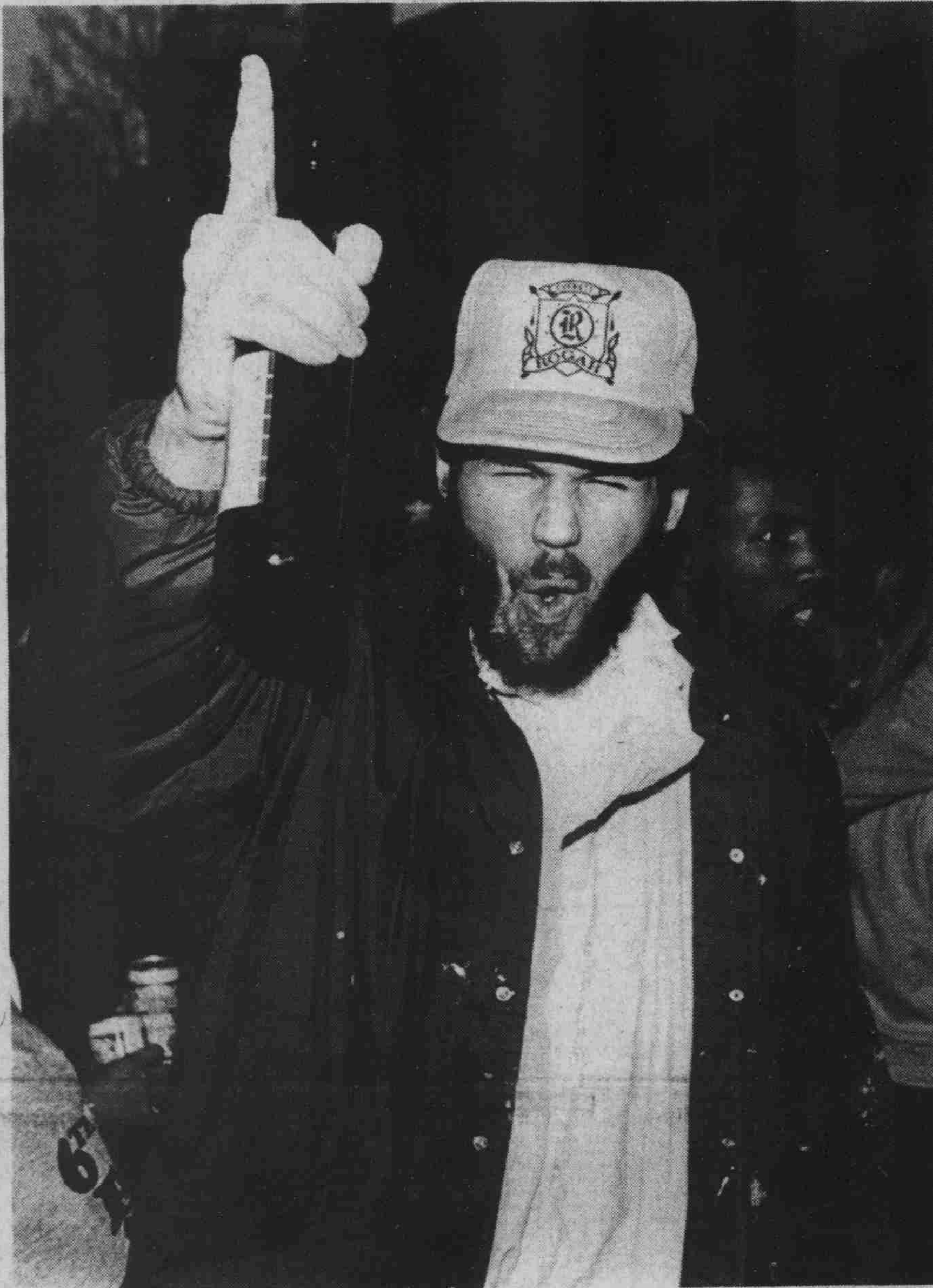
"The first thing I'm gonna do in that there purty office is pick out a spot for my granddaddy's still. I don't go nowheres without my home brew," Poultry said.

"Next I'm gonna get me a date with one of them bodacious cheerleaders."

In keeping with the tradition established by UNC-Chancellor Paul Hardin, Poultry sang the school song, "Green Acres," to the crowd. His eyes brimmed with tears as he sang the line: "Farm livin' is the life for me."

As his first official duty as chancellor, Poultry used State's ceremonial plowblade to slice a real big cake — choklit — with a red plastic tractor on top and served it up to all the revelers.

Said freshman Bobby Lee Reese of the afternoon: "The cake, it were real good. 'Course, I had a time pickin' the rust pieces from the plowblade out of my teeth."



SCOTT REDDENBACHER/STAFF

Chancellor Bruce "I wish I wuz head of a real school" Poultry celebrates his installment with home brew, a bevy of bodacious babes and a

damned good-looking hat. Poultry said he tried his level best to keep the ceremonial choklit cake off his clothes, but oh well.

D&D club bemoans poor attendance

By Bertha T. Fatbutt
Staff Writer

Only 54 percent of all incoming freshmen are active members of State's Dungeons and Dragons/Computer Games club — the worst recruiting year ever recorded.

"We were reeeeeeally disappointed at the low turnout this year," whined club secretary Myron Irving, as he pushed his two-inch-thick glasses back up his pimply nose.

In previous years, active enrollment of the club has reached almost 100 percent, as skinny farmboys and lonely exchange students searched for common ground. Many of them found it in

the fantasy world of swords and sorcery.

"My real life, she was such a sad farce," observed Sahib Nallamuhachi, who is studying architecture at State so he can build hide tents for his nomad family. "I would lose myself in my character, Hanse Shadowspawn of the world of the thieves. I was so sad, when the dice she rolled a 'six,' and Hanse died of the syphilis."

This time of sorrow for Sahib is familiar to many State students, who live vicariously through their clerics and paladins. During these times of mourning, fellow D&Ders form special bonds that reach across otherwise insurmountable

cultural boundaries.

In Sahib's words: "When first I came here, it was like the tribes back home, very hard to break into the new one. But when I started playing playing D&D, the loneliness, she was gone."

Sahib's roommate, Clyde Ledbetter, agreed: "Boy, he was like a chicken drowning in a feed trough. I thought if I heard one more time about how the admissions office came to the Punjab looking for students to fill the dorms, and how much he liked America and all that bullwang, I'd beat his ass."

But soon Clyde and Sahib found they had a common interest in role-playing. "Yeah, well, this week

Sahib and I are playing virgin milkmaid and the evil count. See, Sahib plays the role of the milkmaid — oh hey, are you writin' this down for the paper?"

Despite the club's allure, attendance plummeted when the Dungeon Master, High Priest Wizard Needle-meyer, resigned. Needle-meyer was known for his touching impersonation of Hobbit Bilbo Baggins, but was drummed out of the club when he was caught on a date.

The club's remaining members are hoping the Halloween seance-social will boost flagging morale. All students attending should dress as their favorite D&D character and bring a covered dish.

Campus Police Roundup

■ A man with a shirt that said "Purvis" on the front was stopped in front of the 7-11 Wednesday night with a mysterious bulge in his pants. Further investigation revealed that the man was concealing 57 dried ounces of Copenhagen, a Playboy truck air freshener and three back issues of "Jugs" magazine. He was released with a warning.

■ A resident of Bagwell Dorm was awakened by the pitter-patter of urine on her linoleum floor. Police arrived to find a man still relieving himself all over the resident's biology homework. When questioned, he groped for an invisible toilet handle and muttered, "Durn dorm toilet . . . ain't never no privacy."

■ A police officer heard several shots ring out behind Syme Dorm Thursday night. It scared him so bad that he "damn near pooped on (his) pistol." A search of the area revealed 13 dead squirrels and their proud slayer, Jethro Slidell, 22, of Fuquay-Varina. Ten of them were slung around his neck, and three were roasting over a makeshift barbecue spit in the quad. "Howdy, Officer!" Slidell yelled, "Want white meat or dark?" "Heck, I'll have some white meat," the officer

replied, and the two sat and swapped stories until 4:23 a.m.

■ Police officers responded to a call early Thursday morning from a custodian at the veterinary school who complained of scuffling in the barnyard animals' pen. When police arrived, they found Lonnie Higgins, a sheepish junior from Sandy Mush, performing a deviant sexual act with the mammals. Higgins was arrested and charged with sexual harassment.

■ Tammy Faye Calhoun, a freshman from Hot Springs, was rescued from her locked car early Wednesday evening. The officer who jimmied the lock on Calhoun's '76 Chevy Nova said he responded to a call that a girl was trapped in her car in the poultry science building parking lot. Officer Rush Taylor said when he arrived at the scene, Calhoun was hysterical over missing her evening class because they were learning to pluck chickens that night. Calhoun had forgotten how to work the door locks. Taylor said that after he refreshed her memory, he made a date with Miss Calhoun for the Monster Truck Tractor Pull at the State Fair this weekend. — Compiled by Dickie W., Sergeant at Arms

State's new Cow Palace may rival Dean's Dome

By Lisa Lisa
and the Cult Jam

N.C. State marketing director Jim Vilevino announced today the beginning of a drive to replace the Big Barn and bring a new, modern coliseum to the school — The Cow Palace.

"I'm tellin' ya it's gonna be big, real big. Big, big, big," Vilevino said. "Maybe not big enough for my ego, but pretty doggone big."

"And we'll have plenty of space inside to sell Nissans, cookbooks, Nikes and anything else I can make a buck off of."

Vilevino said he may also allow the basketball team to play in the new coliseum if they ask him real nice.

"Lemme tell ya, those are really some great guys, and if I'm not working on the days they have games, I'll be glad to have them come in here and shoot that rock," Vilevino said.

"It's gonna be something special, I'm tellin' ya. It's gonna have a roof and a floor and goals and a real electric scoreboard and a big picture of me on the outside."

"It's gonna be an incredible place. It'll be loud, stupid people dressed in red as far as the eye can see. And those wacky guys from PEST, or VEST, or LEST, or BEHEST, whoever the hell they are, I bet they'll have a great time painting their faces and forgetting for a few hours that they're illiterate."

But whatever happens, Jimmy V said he would be glad to play Dean Smith, who has won more than twice as many games as Vilevino yet has lost nine less, in his new spacious barnyard facility.

"Yeah, I can't wait to get old Dean-o in here and try to show him who's boss," Vilevino said. "Sure

he always outcoaches me, but if my boys happen to shoot real well, we could pull out the 'W'."

Vilevino said he was very sad the Pack couldn't play in a big new palace this season, because he has once again lined up an incredibly difficult schedule for his troops.

"What, are you kiddin' me? We're gonna have to be ready to play every night, because on any given night, any team can beat any other team," Vilevino said. "And when those teams are Columbia, Akron, Alabama State, Coppin State, Monmouth, Towson State, Coastal Carolina and UNC-Asheville, well, you can see why I'm so worried."

Vilevino said although he could easily pile up 20-win seasons with the schedule he plays, he thought it was much more fun to just screw around for a few months during the regular season.

"Yeah, I got too much to do during the regular year," he said. "I got shows to do, products to sell, people to meet. I find it's a lot more fun if the players don't know what's expected of them and I just play around with the lineup all year and make everybody real confused."

"Then when the fellas get it together and drive through the tournament and give the illusion that I can coach, all the fans forget that I haven't done anything for three months but sell snake oil."

The press conference took an ugly turn when some nosy reporter asked Vilevino if any of his players had ever graduated.

"Hey, how am I supposed to know about stuff like that," Vilevino said. "I'm just here to watch basketball and make some dough. I think that Gannon kid probably graduated, but those other guys, hey who knows? I'm sure they're very happy now wherever they are."

Washburn opens institute for no-good worthless State graduates

By Dweeb July
Staff Month

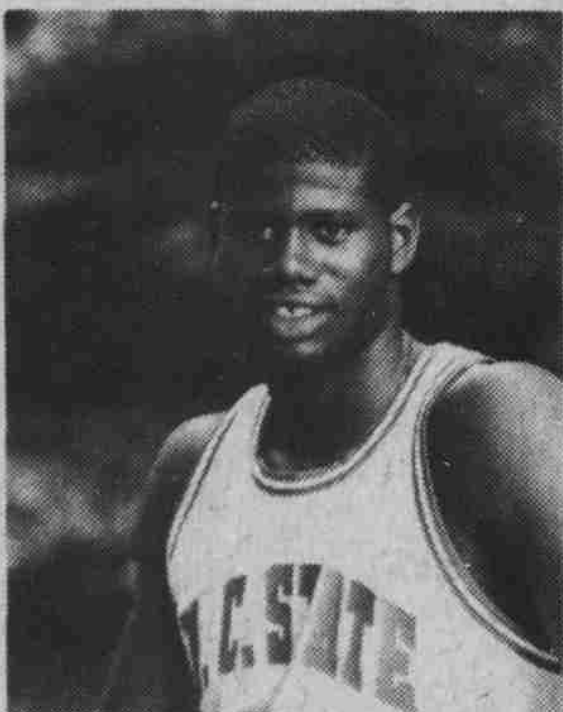
Noted Wolfpack alumnus Chris Washburn today announced the formation of the N.C. State Institute for Overrated Athletes Who Need Something to Do After Wasting a Year or Two at State.

Washburn, speaking through an interpreter, said he was really upset that everybody was so mad at him for not doing shit in the NBA after being so full of potential.

"I really don't think it's fair," Washburn said. "Just 'cause, y'know, people give you a million dollars and shit, they think you gotta come to practice y'know and play ball and score points and make the team win. I just wanna have some fun."

Washburn said he was establishing the institute to help other athletes that have played at State and gone on to do absolutely nothing in later life.

"Y'know, David Thompson, he



Chris Washburn

was my inspiration. He was like y'know the greatest player I ever did see when he played ball here. But then he was just gone; poof, we didn't see him or nothin'.

"Or Derek Whittenburg or Hawkeye Whitney or Sidney Lowe or Lorenzo Charles or y'know a lot

of those other guys whose names I forgot already. Man they were awesome, but then they just didn't do nothin'."

Through the institute, Washburn said he hoped to give washed-up athletes another chance at sponging more money from State and its boosters.

"Shit, after them payments get cut off, y'know, I know it's hard on those guys who can't go to million-dollar guaranteed contracts in the pros. And even then, y'know, it's hard, 'cause it's like you gotta work for the money and shit. It ain't like school, when you can just wake up, watch 'The Price is Right' and then go shoot hoops for 10 or 20 minutes while Coach V talks about that lucky shit where Derek shot and Lo caught it and threw it down and he won some championship even though it was kind of a joke."

Washburn said he will use his last check from whichever NBA team he rides the pine for now to get the institute started. And despite the name, the institute will not just

benefit athletes, he said.

"Naw, I hear everybody that goes to school here has a tough time gittin' a job, y'know. What the hell, let's just build a big kinda gym type thing and have a big stereo and some stuff to eat and let everybody hang out there after they graduate until some jobs come open down at the prison or at Pullen Park. Personally, if I wasn't getting paid all this money for sitting beside the court and watching NBA basketball, I'd love to be in charge of running the merry-go-round."

"Oh, and we gotta have a goal too, 'cause I know a lot of people will be wanting to shoot some hoops. But we'll need a lot of extra balls if Bennie Bolton and Ernie Myers show up, 'cause they ain't never seen no kind of shot they didn't like."

Washburn said he was anxiously awaiting the return of Charles Shackleford from the pros, so they could be like the co-directors of the institute and shit.

"Yeah, me and Shack, we used

to hang out and shit and talk to the girls as they walked around campus, y'know. I don't know where they were going, I think it mighta been some kinda class type thing. But I know Shack's gonna be back, 'cause he's kinda like me, he just likes to play a few games a week and pick up that check and then just hang out. In the pros they want you to play like every night almost and from like November to sometime in the summer, y'know. And they don't pay as good as Coach V did. He always hooked us up by giving us good players some of his endorsement money. He didn't give shit to the guys who rode the pine, though. Maybe that's why so many people just go to school here for a year or two before they get pissed off and leave. Coach V's funny that way, y'know. He like tells everybody they're gonna play and be superstars and make lots of money, but then like only one or two guys do it, y'know. So then everybody's real pissed off and all these guys leave and go to other

schools. I know a lot of guys who did go to school here but don't go to school here no more, like Russell Pierre, Walker Lambiotte, Kenny Drummond, Andy Kennedy, and a few more guys who left so fast I didn't even get to remember their names. But my boy Shack stayed a real long time, 'cause me and him we're dedicated to the program. Me and Shack, we're a lot alike. 'Cept unlike me, that Shack, he loves to drive — and fast too, y'know. Maybe he can get his own car from the money he gets from whatever team that was that drafted him."

Washburn said the institute could help more than just washed-up basketball players, though. "We'll help any athlete who needs some money and a place to hang out, especially football players. But I never heard of anybody who played football here, so I don't know who to call. Besides, that Sheridan guy, he don't pay like Coach V, so those boys are used to living hard anyway."