

# BLUEBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALUMNI

JANUARY 1993

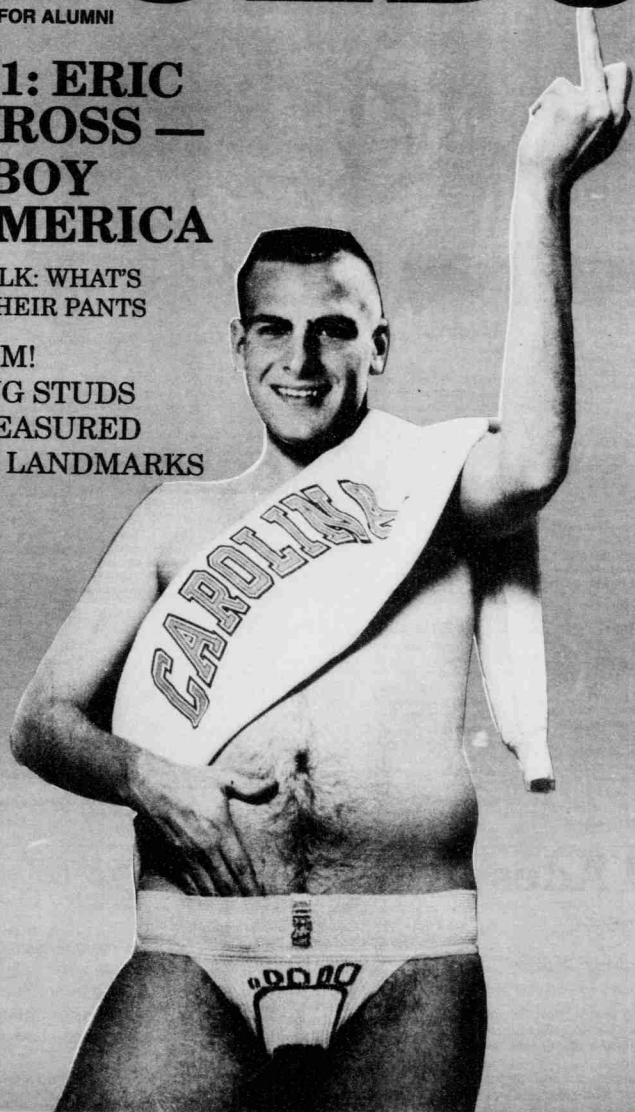
## HE'S #1: ERIC MONTROSS — BLUEBOY ALL-AMERICA

BLUEBOY TALK: WHAT'S  
REALLY IN THEIR PANTS

VA-VA-VOOM!  
HOT YOUNG STUDS  
GRACE TREASURED  
CAROLINA LANDMARKS

TAR HEELS  
SEEK FIRST  
VICTORY AT  
REYNOLDS  
IN THREE  
YEARS

EX-TAR  
HEEL  
SAYS  
WHAT'S  
REALLY  
ON HIS  
MIND



WHO'S  
MINDING  
THE STORE?  
UNC PUBLIC  
SAFETY  
DROPS THE  
BALL ON  
STREAK  
SCANDAL

REVENUE  
SPORTS IN  
DANGER ON  
THE HILL:  
CAROLINA  
HASN'T  
CASHED IN  
ON THE  
WOLFPACK  
SINCE  
SPRING '91

## SAME TIME NEXT YEAR

I'm an avid dribbler. There is nothing more satisfying to me than feeling a brand new basketball. The pebbled surface. The wide, rubber channel between patches of leather. The firmness of the air-filled bladder. Each part of a basketball fits together to form a perfect source of amusement for me. And I never thought I would see the day that I would handle the perfect ball. But luckily I found that special ball during the my holiday vacation.

I went to a new playground with a couple of friends a couple of weeks ago, and I will never forget what happened. When we got there, I could hardly believe my eyes. There were so many basketballs to choose from. I just stood in awe until this nice little Wilson NCAA model came rolling my way.

It was like we were destined to be together. I picked the ball up and began bouncing it. The ball felt so light in my hands. I was in heaven.

After a few minutes of getting acquainted with this ball I knew I wanted to take it a step farther so I took a shot at the goal. I made it. I knew from then on I could do anything I wanted with the ball and it satisfy my every need on the court.

We became one, the ball and me. I dribbled up the court, stopped and popped. No one could hold me back. I was in control of the game. I made shot after shot. I dribbled around defenders like they were standing still. I retrieved loose balls like I had a magnet in my hand. I was king of the court.

After several hundred trips up and down the court, the game finally ended. My time with this ball was over. I didn't want to leave the court, but I had to catch my ride home. We parted ways, but I will never forget the time I had with that ball. The playground will always be one of my fondest memories of my vacation. I've already decided to go back to that playground for my next vacation to search for that basketball. I want to re-live that time I had on the playground.

Name and address withheld

## IN THE CHEAP SEATS

I love watching basketball players run up and down the court bouncing balls. Unfortunately, I haven't been getting my fill lately. You see, I a student at UNC-Chapel Hill and they make us students sit the way up in the Dean Dome away from the action. We must be 200 feet from the court. We can't see anything, and I don't like it. I pay good money to that school, the least they could do is give me good

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## BLUEBOY FORUM



seats at a basketball game. I always heard that getting outside is the way to see a basketball game in the state of North Carolina. The students at N.C. State all have lower-level seating, but we at UNC don't. I had never seen a game from up close until a few weeks ago when UNC was playing some no-name team from the Northeast.

As usual, my ticket placed me high in the rafters of Dean's Palace, but this time I wasn't going to stand for crappy seats. The usual wine and cheese crowd was thin this night, so I decided to make my way to the lower level. It must have taken me thirty minutes to get down to the concourse from my original seats, and so I had to catch my breath.

We don't value exercise much in Chapel Hill because its such a masculine pursuit.

Anyway, I spotted a nice seat at courtside that I had to have. I sauntered down the steps and I admired the cushioned, theater-style seats. About that time, it finally sunk in why students were relegated to the upper deck and its hard, plastic seats. The boosters paid for these seats. And they paid a whole lot. They paid to see the game. They paid to hear the game. They paid to smell the game. But most of all they paid to be on television.

I say this because I saw several

television cameras pointing at fans around the arena. All of them were trained at the lower level. Not one was focused at the student section. Is it me, or does it seem rather vain for all of these people to be hogging the limelight. They aren't the true fans. They aren't the fans who make noise and support our Blue Boys. These fat cats sit on their butts in cushy-seats, want to be put on television by a punning camera and pay big bucks to the Education Foundation.

I was determined to make the best of my moment in the depths of the Dean Dome. I grabbed the seat. I yelled for my team. I clapped for every great play. I watched the game.

It was bliss.

As much as I tried though, I could not get anybody around me to cheer for the Heels. The only thing I received during the game, except for my self-satisfaction, was a bunch of icy stares from people I didn't know, and whose only link to my existence, I presume, is a Carolina degree.

Up until that moment, my only reason for living was to get lower-level seating in the Dean Dome. Now I'm not for sure. My whole concept of UNC basketball was blown that night. My psyche was crushed when I realized that I was doomed to

become a fat-cat booster and one day sit vainly in my theater-style seat and applaud politely when my blue boys win.

Name and address withheld

## MY FIRST MESSAGE JOB

First let me describe myself.

I'm a five-foot-five blonde with pouty, red lips. I attend a prestigious Southern university that as been described as the closest thing to Heaven that can be found on earth. Oh-my-god. I'm an A-plus student in physical therapy, and I've just begun my lab course work. I've been in the lab so much, like, I don't have a life anymore. And like, I'm really getting worn out from working in the lab. Like, everyone seems to be asking for me to give therapy. But I don't get it. Like, how can anybody get any benefit from therapy from underneath a table. I don't mind the job. I really don't. But I do mind the headaches I get from my head bouncing off the bottom of the table or desk. Like, no one told me about the side effects of being a massage therapist. Like my job is really satisfying because I know I am helping people. That's all I ever want to do — help people get better.

And the more people I help, the better I feel. Probably the best feeling I've had since I began physical therapy is helping this guy who said he was a UNC football player. He told me that he hurt all over. So like, I opened the window and got the wind blowing, you know, and I started working, like totally hard to make him feel better. Like I really wanted to make him feel better, so I massaged a little faster. I quickened the pace. I poured more oil. And we were both wet. And like we began slipping around each other. And I made him feel good, and that made me feel good.

It feels good to feel good.

After finishing him off, he slipped out of my grip. He said "Can I borrow a quarter? Mom said to call home when I met an angel."

I said, "Like, that is soooooo, romantic. I can't believe I'm, like, this lucky because a hard man is so good to find. Or is that good to have?" Oh well, like you get the meaning."

Just then, like this other massage therapist comes in and it just happens to be Jen, my sorority sister. She started freaking out when she saw the guy. "Oh-my-god," she screamed. "This man is bleeding from the crotch!"

"Like, calm down, Jen." I said. "That's just my Revlon lipstick."

We all had a good laugh after that.

Name and address withheld

before by anyone, living or dead (unless some of our competitor's merchandise).

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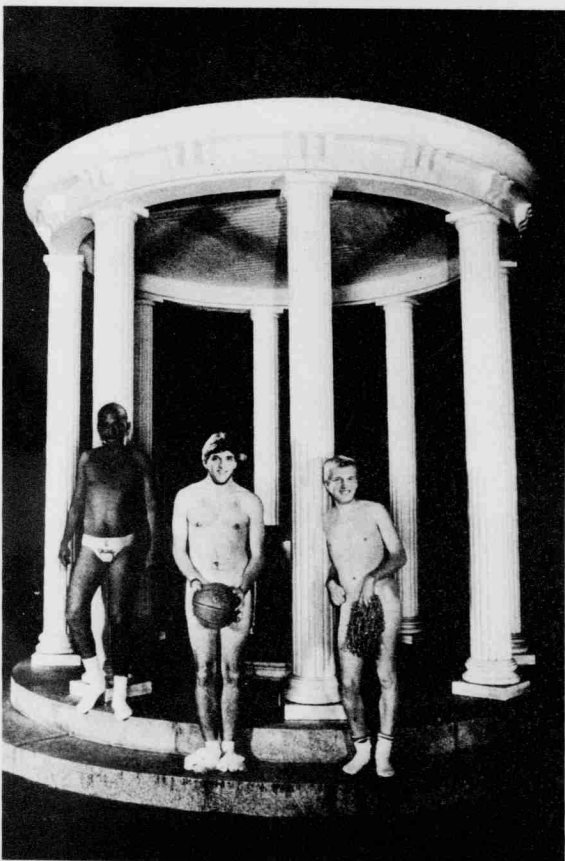
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# UNC STUD-ENT ATHLETES

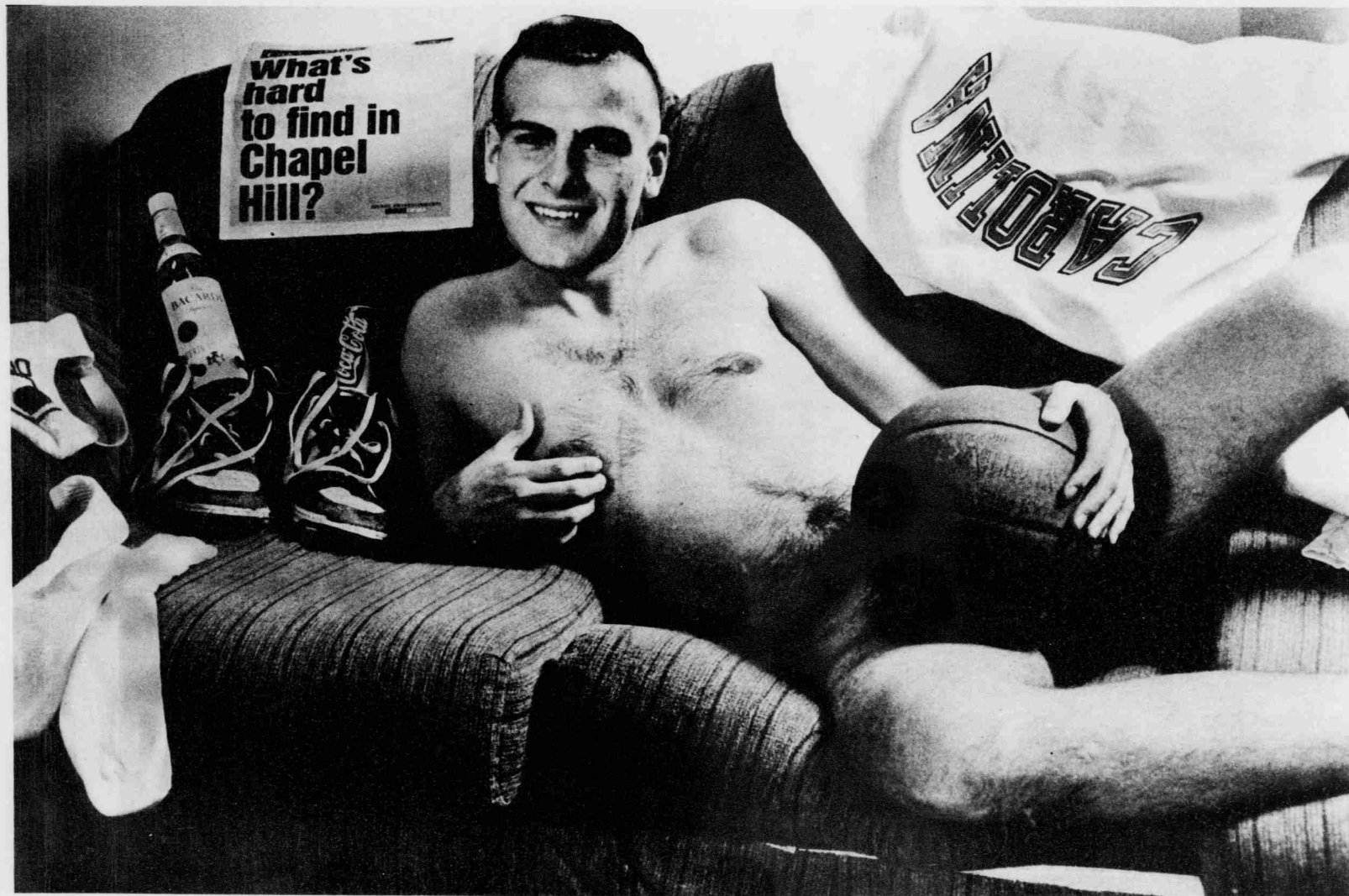


"When I think of North Carolina basketball players," says radio personality Gottawoodie Durham, "I think of all those great physical specimens that have graced old Carmichael Auditorium and the Dean Smith Center. I think of all the great seasons that ended tragically in the early rounds of the NCAA Tourney."

Adds local newspaper guru Mickey McComma, "The best thing I can say about North Carolina basketball is that Dick Sheridan is not the coach. No team with Dick Sheridan as coach could ever be successful. The man is so boring that it can't be expressed in words. I've proven that many times. In contrast, when Dean Smith speaks worlds move. A papal prodigy of Phogg Allen, Smith is a direct descendent of the founding father of basketball, Dr. James Naismith. There is no one more qualified to sit in the high chair of college basketball than Dean Smith."

Photos by  
David Sirhickey

Top, North Carolina basketball players Pat "the Pecker" Sullivan, Kevin "Spaghetti Legs" Salvadori and Matt "Pledge" Wenstrom let it all hang out after practice at the Dean Smith Center. Left, Henrik "Lillywhite" Rodi and Derek "Cosby Kid" Phelps join Salvadori at the most hallowed landmark on North Carolina's campus — the Old Well.



Mister January: Blueboy's Little Boy

Blue of the Month

LITTLE BOY BLUE DATA SHEET



NAME: *Eric Scott Montross*  
 HEIGHT: *78"* WEIGHT: *264* D.O.B: *9/23/91*  
 WEENIE: *.9"* BIRTHPLACE: *Indianapolis*  
 TURN-ONS: *Banging away down low with Christian Laettner. Too bad he's gone now.*  
 TURN-OFFS: *Being swept by the Wolfpack.*

FAVORITE FANTASY: *Frolicking in the Maui surf with Estelle Getty (the eldest golden girl).*

AWARDS AND HONORS: *Blueboy All-American (1993), Perfect Attendance-5<sup>th</sup> grade*

FAVORITE TV SHOW(S): *The Munsters, Circus of the Stars*  
 FAVORITE FOODS: *Welfare Cheese, butter.*

IDEAL COACH: *short, hairy back, looks like Michael Dukakis*



*Jammin' it in the hole!*



*Seale skies over me - wowee!*

# ASK THE BLUEBOYS

Just when we thought we weren't going to run our Blueboy Q&A column, along came a brave soul to fire queries at our damn intelligent blue boys. We needed Amanda Hugandkiss to come up with a couple of posers for the ball team, and here's what she gave us.

1. Why did you accept admission to UNC?
2. What advice would you give to people considering attending the University of North Carolina?

## Kevin Salvadori

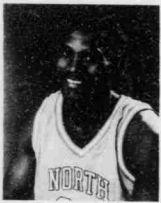
7-0 center  
Pittsburgh, PA  
*Hangs around the hood, dares brothers to tangle with 7-foot honky*



1: That big job I had lined up with the chimney-cleaning service fell through and I had to come here. I wanted to go to State and major in Biochemistry so I could prevent mutants like myself from being born in the future. 2: Collect the grease from a couple of Time Out biscuits and it makes really good butch wax. Just be sure to spray a lot of Raid in your hair, because the flies can get in the way.

## George Lynch

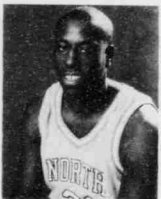
6-8 forward  
Roanoke, VA  
*Playground legend - in kindergarten*



1: I don't know I just kind of wandered into the gym one day and coach Smith said "Hey son! Put on a jersey, we need ten!!" 2: Watch out when the bars let out at 2:00 a.m. It's kind of like night of the living dead, and those bastards have got one tremendous case of the beer munchies. If you're not lucky, they'll chew off your scalp and eat your brain.

## Brian Reese

6-5 forward  
The Bronx, NY  
*Once starred in a Monistat 7 commercial*



1: I heard that chicks really dig guys that look like one of the Cosby kids. Since I've been accepted, I've been getting laid like a grenade. 2: If you're at the old well and you're butt naked with a large camera set-up to take spoof pictures, watch out for UNC public safety. If a cop does come by, just tell him it's perfectly natural for students to take photos at 2:00 in the morning and you have a project due the next day.

## Donald Williams

6-3 guard  
Garner, NC  
*Treated as a child, works out anger by driving recklessly through residential areas*



1: My scoring was out of control in high school. I was getting 35 points a game. I know Pope Smith would help bring it under control. Look what he did for Michael Jordan. He's the only person who has ever held Jordan under 20. 2: Take advantage of student health's free clinic. I have.

## Pat Sullivan

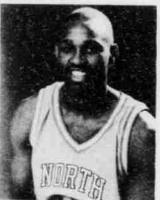
6-8 forward  
Bogota, NJ  
*Likes to pick and eat his own boogers*



1: I wanted to help Dean revolutionize the four corners plan and be the leading scorer in a 12-10 slugfest. It's the only way I could be the leading score in any game, as a matter of fact. 2: Don't smoke in the Intimate Bookshop.

## Derek Phelps

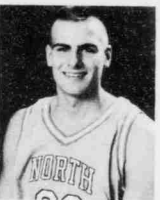
6-3 guard  
East Elmhurst, NY  
*Posterchild for EconoLodge, 1989-92*



1: I wanted to be like King Rice. He knows how to knock his woman around, and I need to learn how to do that because it's the only way I'll ever feel in control. 2: Don't drink from the old well. It's wired into the YMCA building's sewer lines.

## Eric Montross

7-0 center  
Indianapolis, IN  
*Little Boy Blue of the Month: Jan. '93*



1: I was excited from my home state of Indiana for my own good. They didn't want me to get abused by Bobby Knight after I had a disappointing freshman season. But when we play Duke, Bobby Hurlley and I will see who's the best honky in the ACC. 2: Don't pick on people that ejaculate prematurely. I mean, not that it's ever happened to me or anything like that, but it's real mean and it destroys a guy's dignity and makes him feel less adequate and he might mess up at important games - uh, times.

## Henrik Rodl

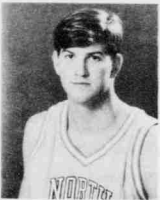
6-8 guard  
Heusenstamm, Germany  
*Once deep-throated 12" knockwurst*



1: I would have to shave my head to attend a German university, and I was too ugly to get into any other American college. 2: Always be yourself. But if other people tell say they should wear something or listen to trendy music or get wasted at the Cradle, do it. It's perfectly alright to be yourself and two-faced at the same time. It's how we all got through our interviews.

## Matt Wenstrom

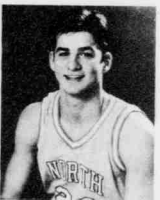
7-1 center  
Houston, TX  
*Eternal pledge: Lambda Lambda Lambda fraternity*



1: The alumni demanded another tall honky to complement Kevin Salvadori. I say another seven feet of crackerbread is kind of like multiplying zeroes but, hell, what the alumni want, the alumni get. 2: Don't get your hopes up about the basketball team. Most years it's just another day at the office - ACC finals, no win, Sweet Sixteen and then lose. I just hope the fans can be complacent with this pattern until I graduate.

## Dante Calabria

6-4 guard  
Beaver Falls, Penn.  
*Square his GPA and it goes down*



1: The benches are soft. Lord knows my ass can't take any more poundings or splinters. 2: Punch a hole in a quarter, tie a string through it and you can rip off the Galaga machine in Barrel of Fun real easy. Don't play the Bop-a-Gopher or Skee-Ball machines there either. They don't spit out tickets for those neat stuffed animals anymore.

## Dean Smith

Head coach  
Emporia, Kansas  
*Saw shadow on Feb. 2; six weeks of winter set in.*



1: Well, as you know, I attended the University of Kansas. But I decided to become head coach at UNC for a variety of reasons. But the biggest one is the fact that UNC has one of the finest Eyebrow Intensive Care Units in the nation and that only it could stop the unchecked growth of my eyebrows at the time. 2: Tell Mommy and Daddy to give a lot of money to the school, especially the Ram Club, and maybe, just maybe, I'll let you receive your degree.

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1993, Red Dagger Wineries, Harlem, NY

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# Jekyll and Hyde: confessions of an ex-Tar Heel

*"Well I'm a Tar Heel born  
"and a Tar Heel bred  
"and when I die  
"I'm a Tar Heel dead."*

In this state, scary isn't Durham's murder statistics. Scary isn't finding yourself on the fight card of the Badman contest in Greensboro. Scary isn't the toxic waste we truck to Alabama.

Scary is when two-thirds of your most hated rival's fight song applies to you.

For seventeen years of my life I was the very image of the Carolina embryo. We all know the type. From birth 'til his senior year of high school he spends his time decked out in the school colors and schlepped to the campus for football Saturdays. He cheers the blue boys and jeers the rivals, with little or no understanding of what the schools stands for. And when application time rolls around he expects to attend because, like a birthright, the university has been an unremovable extension of his life. In short, it's the kind of kid you'd like to give a noogie with a powersander.

I gave myself that kind of a noogie when I accepted admission to North Carolina State in 1990. It has been an interesting experience, to say the least, reconciling my past with the present and future. And most often, these soul-searching episodes are brought about by sporting events.

Don't think I still root for Carolina just because I was brainwashed blue for much of my childhood. As my father said when asked if he would root for State now that his son was attending, he remarked, "Hell,



Owen Good

*In the  
O-Zone*

no. I know where I went."  
I know where I go, too.  
And Carolina knows where it can go.

*"We're the Red and White from State*

*"And we know we are the best.*

*"A hand behind our back*

*"we can take on all the rest.*

*"Go to Hell Carolina!*

*"Devils and Deacs, stand in line.*

*"The Red and White from N.C. State.*

*"Go State!"*

Driving back from Clemson last basketball season, I must have sung that song 400 times. I had special plans for it. With the UNC game in Reynolds barely a week away, I was salivating like a Pavlovian dog at the thought of victory. Wouldn't it be really cool, I thought, to kick the hell out of UNC, call my father and sing the fight song? Wouldn't it be great just to rub it in his nose?

But I had heard the opinions of others in my field. We don't have the talent to expose the mistakes, said a writer from the Wolfpacker. Our backcourt turns the ball over too much, said a mug shot from the N&O.

Despite this I had a feeling way the hell down in my guts, a verdict held true only by poetic justice, that we would win. It was this feeling that dragged me out of bed one damn cold Tuesday morning to wait three hours in line for my ticket to the game.

I stood with a friend and my thoughts in the pre-dawn hours, waiting for my ticket, waiting for the sun. He and I laughed at two fraternity brothers fighting while wolfing down dirt-dry doughnuts from the c-store.

Then the sun broke in the east over Reynolds Coliseum. It rose above the old concrete and brick edifice, the staging ground of big-time southern college basketball. It burned into me the tradition and pride in a game this entire state has a stake in. How can they say they don't care about the rivalry anymore, I thought. Why do they still tell us to go to hell in their fight song. Whatever happened to "Duke is puke, Wake is fake, but the team I hate is N.C. State?"

It got warm enough that I could take off my gloves. I wrung my hands around the tickets and knew it would be a good day.

*"I was a Tar Heel born*

*"and a Tar Heel bred.*

*"but when I die,*

*"I'm State blood red."*

I guess you could say this is my fight song. I've invested so much of my emotional assets in this rivalry that I've conjured up a little ditty for it.

The dividends have been well worth it.

At presstime, I am a perfect 4-0 in revenue sports (football and basketball) against UNC.

I have called my father thrice to sing my school's fight song. I've heard his ears burn through the receiver.

With each Wolfpack victory over Carolina I take one step further from the Old Well of my past. I drink no more from it, and that is refreshing.

Les Robinson said after the Iona game, "The fact that we've been scared and knocked down — sometimes that makes you a little tougher." If this is the rule, then State is a lot tougher. We've been pised on down through the years by Carolina's elitist alumni and sycophants. And what angers me the most is that I did some of the pissing.

N.C. State was perfect my freshman year and despite all I have done in the past I expect them to be perfect each of my remaining undergraduate years. This is not an unreasonable demand.

We have taken the knockdown blows; punch-drunk, we get back up. This team gets back up because it has a stronger core of fans that love it more. It has the backing of a people that refuse to go down out of spite; that refuse to give those goons the satisfaction.

It has a nucleus of fans that identify with the filthy wolf cur that has to fight and claw for every scrap of food that sustains it. It has the support of this state's largest student body when it rises and swells and gathers around Reynolds Coliseum to watch the sun rise in the east, all knowing it will be a good day.

**"IT IS NOT ALWAYS THE STRONGEST NOR THE FASTEST, BUT THOSE WHO THINK THEY CAN."** - AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

[Inscribed on a flagpole commemorating North Carolina State's 1983 national basketball championship]

clip and show your Wolfpack pride Thursday night

**I still care about the rivalry!**

**KICK HELM  
OUT OF UNC!**