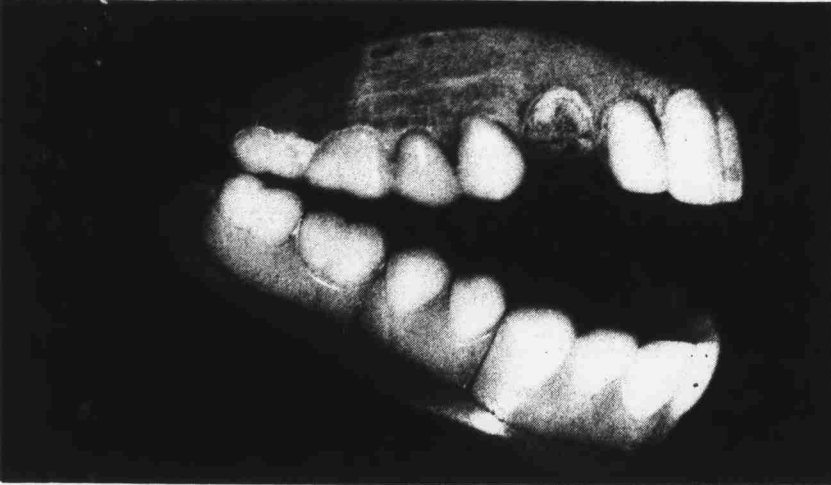


Techinashit



staff photo by Chris Seward

A model is shown here of Pierre Von Alonso Jr.'s 50-foot replica of George Washington's wooden teeth. Von Alonso Jr. plans to begin work on his 11 million statue in the near future.

Wooden teeth

Artist hired to carve Washington replica

by Eddie Jones
Staff Writer

The North Carolina Bicentennial Commission acknowledged tomorrow that it had acquired the services of British artist Pierre Von Alonso Jr. for the carving of a 50 foot replica of George Washington's wooden teeth. Von Alonso Jr. is a graduate of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, but was commission anyway.

Von Alonso Jr. is a rather small man in stature, never having molded anything taller than four feet high. His experience is very encouraging, however, according to Bicentennial Committee representatives and his past achievements have shown he is worthy of the job. Also he was the only one to apply for it. Commenting on his achievements, Von Alonso Jr. said, "The list goes on and on and I could name a few more but I'm sure you don't have room for them all."

Von Alonso Jr. was asked what kind of wood the statue will be made from.

"I think probably that the best wood should come from a forest. The bad wood we can get from Lowe's or someplace. Now as I have suggested, there will be two kinds of wood used on this statue," said Von Alonso Jr. "The good wood will be used to carve the original. I will then take the original for myself and carve another out of the bad wood. The bad wood statue will be put on display so that all those amateur artists can carve

their names, four letter words and lovers' names in it. You Americans have a strange habit of doing that.

BEING MORE specific, he added, "All joking aside, I'll probably use an apple tree. All facts aside. Anything in between I'll claim and hold you responsible."

Commenting on the instruments used for such a delicate job, Von Alonso Jr. said, "This being the kind of job it is, I will use only the best tools. I'll start of right with a six pack of Coor's and go from there. Naturally, I will have to take timeout for some lovmaking, and that will probably take a couple of days. As for carving the sculpture itself, it can do just that for all I care!"

This project is slated to start as soon as Glen Sudhop makes a layup, or when Kenny Carr wakes up, which ever comes first.

Estimating how long it will take to complete the statue, Von Alonso Jr. remarked "Until it's done. That's how long it will take. When you sat down to write this article, did I ask you how long it will take to complete the statue, Von Alonso Jr. remarked "Until it is done. That's how long it will take. When you sat down to write this article, did I ask you how long it would take? Of course not. So why should you ask me how long it will take. Who cares? I don't. I have a good mind to tell you a thing or two. Fortunately for you, I'm a kinder person than that. I am the kinder person that holds his feelings to

himself. Well, enough of this rubush. Peace the cucumbers."

LATER IN THE interview, Von Alonso Jr. expounded on his salary. "The Bicentennial Commission has given me a contract that will pay a million dollars for the completion of this masterpiece. Now never had any use for a tractor, much less a house for a house for a house for less than a million dollars, that suits me fine. And believe me, trying to tailor a house to fit me is the job. They also agreed to give me a Bicentennial quarter if I go the job done. You know, I bet there's not a Bicentennial quarter in the whole state. I'm going to start saving them."

In closing Von Alonso Jr. called the statue, "a great step in preserving our heritage. And if you to preserve some strawberry jam let me know. As for our heritage, we all know it's spoiled anyway but no ones going to admit it."

Just look at Richard Nixon. Look at our president, he can't even stand up. Look at Bo Calloway, Spiro Agnew, Raquel Welch, Henry Kissinger, Arnold Palmer, Davis Thompson, Monte Towe, my wife. No, don't look at her. Well you see what I'm getting at. And if you don't that's tough. I'm sick and tired of the press anyway. I want a little more push. You new people are writing us off short. And I hate it when someone comments on my height. I guess this thing has gone far enough. Let me off, driver. I'm going to find Mar Moeller and ask him to pose for me!"

Washington battles commercialism

by Lynne Griffin
Staff Writer

Commercialism has completely usurped the true celebration of America's bicentennial, according to Martha Washington, chairman of the North Carolina Bicentennial Committee.

"The whole purpose of the bicentennial celebration is to increase the awareness of North Carolinians to their American heritage and to remind them of what their forefathers did to make life a little easier for us today. This celebration has not been instigated simply to deteriorate and diminish the American opinion of their heritage," Washington remarked.

Washington feels she has been harassed by several companies which insist upon

creating different "Bicentennial Products" for the sole purpose of making profits from what their forefathers have accomplished.

"THESE ARROGANT, simple-minded people who insist on putting out their ridiculous Bicentennial gimmicks simply make me ill!" she stated. "They have absolutely no respect for their heritage. Moreover, they are making entirely too much money."

Some of the products Washington was referring to which are absurd include red, white and blue Schlitz beer cans, star-studded commode seats and George Washington mugs.

Washington commented, "not only are these products impractical, derogatory and utterly ridiculous, they are also

interfering with the sales of our committee's own legitimate products. People have become overly enthusiastic with the fake products different companies are coming up with. We want to make sure the people realize that these are indeed fake and the only true products are those sold by our committee."

The committee has created many household articles which housewives should find most useful in their bicentennial cooking, such as George Washington can openers, eagle mugs, Declaration of Independence kitchen calendars, Patrick Henry pots and pans, Uncle Sam silverware and Bunker Hill cake holders.

"**WE HAVE ALSO** contacted the Pabst See "Washington," page 2

Today marks 200th birthday

History recalls attack

by Howard Barnett

Two hundred years, four months, and one day ago troops under the command of General Montgomery and Col. Benedict Arnold embarked on an attack on the then-British stronghold in Canada.

The Canadians were not thought to be much on fighting and it was felt that the United States had a golden opportunity to expand its territory to the north, a move which would expand the area that the British had to look for the Patriots in. This was highly desirable from the American point of view, since it was customary to fight battles with the British from behind rocks and trees and this would make them even more difficult to find.

The British, of course,

believed in wearing bright red uniforms, marching in ranks to the cadence of a drum, and dying. The red uniforms were excellent to hide blood, and it was difficult to tell how badly a British soldier was bleeding after he had been hit. This was fortunate, since the British did a great deal of that.

For reasons not entirely obvious to the cursory viewer, the American commanders decided to launch their attack on Dec. 31, 1775, in the middle of a blinding snowstorm. Perhaps they thought the British uniforms would make good targets in all that white.

Things failed to go well for the Patriots, however. During the opening skirmish, Montgomery was killed and Arnold was wounded, and half of the American force was either killed or wounded. The Can-

dians, it seems, were shooting from behind buildings, rocks, and trees. The American attack failed.

This did not deter the fighting will of the American soldier or the even fierier fighting will of the Continental Congress, however.

A little over two years later, at the request of the U.S. Board

of War, the Congress authorized another invasion of Canada, this one under the command of the Marquis de Lafayette. After less than two months, however, Lafayette was recalled and the invasion was called off because of a lack of progress on the commander's part.

That's the way it was, 200 years ago today. Or so.

International Student Board sponsors Redneck Night, invites Jesse to speak

by Greg Rogers

The Rednecks are a colorful people, living out their lives in the rich history of their ancestors, and brightening the land around them with their colorful costumes and delighting visitors with their affinity for machines and their unique language.

The Rednecks inhabit mostly the southern United States, but many subgroups of them may be found to flourish as far north as Boston, Detroit, and Chicago, although they seldom venture west of Texas.

The International Student Board, in cooperation with State's Redneck Club and

Techinashit yesterday that the purpose of Redneck Night was to allow students on campus to find out something about the Redneck culture.

"We who are on this committee and also those who are on the International Student Board are particularly concerned about the disinterest and apathy of students on campus toward the Rednecks," Kirk sympathetically told the Techinashit. "I think sometimes students fail to see the cultural contributions the Rednecks have made in American society. Needless to say, it concerns me greatly."

Kirk, who said he was not and never had been a Redneck, said that the evening will begin with a 6:00 p.m. dinner in the Ballroom of the second floor of the Student Center. The menu will consist of Colonel Sanders's Kentucky Fried Chicken, boiled potatoes, green beans, turnip greens (a plant related to the radish, apple pie and several hundred kinds of beer. The theme selected for Redneck Night is "lynching in America: Paving the Path to Racial Stability."

Kirk said that an attempt would be made to incorporate the American Bicentennial into the events during Redneck Night. For example, Kirk said that the committee would write an outdoor skit held out at the intramural field at 7 p.m. which would be performed immediately after the dinner.

"**WE HAVE WORKED** up a skit," declared Kirk in utter delight, "which will represent the night when the British were first invading our country. We hope to have someone imitate Paul Revere as he rode heroically around the countryside proclaiming, 'the British are coming.' However, we hope to correlate this to the time in the late sixties and early seventies when most people around the world were

saying, 'The Rednecks are coming, the Rednecks are coming.'"

U.S. Sen. Jesse Helms, continued Kirk, will be the featured speaker at the Redneck Night Banquet. Kirk said that Helms was chosen to speak at the banquet because of a recent bill introduced in Congress and passed which states that "Congress shall not abridge the rights of Rednecks to wear cutoff sleeveless T-shirts which show their underarms at any university, college, technical school or graduate institution in the United States." He also stated that Helms had a tremendous rapport with Rednecks all over the country.

"Jesse's our man, no doubt about that," exclaimed Kirk. "With the bills that he has introduced into Congress and the way he stands up for us, how can you expect us not to ask him to speak at our bNQUET?"

Kirk, taking a leap into the political future, forecasted that Rednecks all over the state would flock to support Helms in overwhelming numbers in his 1978 bid for reelection to the Senate.

Yep, Jesse is gonna have our support, you can bet you bottom three dollar bill on that," enthused Kirk. "We believe he is the only hope for America—and of course for our society, too."

HELMS, CONTACTED in his Washington office, told the Techinashit in a telephone interview that he has accepted the invitation to speak at Redneck Night but with deep reservations.

Yes, I must admit it, I have accepted an invitation to speak at, at, at, what's the name of that thing again?" Helms asked.

When told the name of the group to which he would speak, Helms replied, "Oh, yes, the Rednecks. Poor Devils. I remember when I was

at WRAL and always tried to take up for them. They always looked down on me. Never gave me a key to the washroom. And I know you probably have heard about my recent bill. But to be honest, I really don't want to be known as an avid supporter of the Rednecks. It could have severe implications on our foreign policy. If another world war was ever started, and with Rednecks actually living in America, the situation could become potentially dangerous. It might not even be safe to walk outside at night then."

Helms said, however, that he would try to incorporate the Bicentennial theme into his speech, comparing the American revolution to the Redneck invasion of America.

Kirk added that former Technician Editor Kevin Fisher had been invited to the affair commenting, "It's really uplifting to see one of them reach such a position of respect and honor in the student body. Even if it was by being an asshole."

Fisher, contacted yesterday, angrily denied the implications behind Kirk's statement. "I'm not a Redneck and I'm not an asshole and he can't call me that," snapped Fisher. "believe in a good joke as much as the next man but that just isn't funny. There are places you just don't put humor like that."

KIRK ALSO SAID that free T-shirts will be the usual white color, with cut-off sleeves and slogan on the back. "Rednecks—love them or leave them."

All in all, Kirk said that Redneck night should be successful with the help and participation of all students.

"We just want all of the students on campus to realize the cultural achievements of the Redneck people," Kirk emphasized. "It should be a fun night and very entertaining for most of the student body."



CYRUS COTTY
Bicentennial was most important to Americans as a whole and that the Suicid
See "Celebration," page 2

Inside Today

News...Sadie Wurd will soon be creating a Turkey Farm Flag for the Bicentennial...and the rest of the front page articles.

Entertainment...The Cow College Rock Stars Attractions announces its plans for the 1976 Springfest...and Bobby Benn is now the religious and mystical coordinator for North Carolina.

Sports...Jimmy Carroll's column talks about truth, justice, and a man named Lopez...Dean Smith recently spoke to a huge crowd of 12 students at Stewart Theatre...an exclusive interview by the Techinashit with Romanian tennis star Lie Nastase...a jogger was shot...and the golf team at Wake Forest University finally got beat by none other than the Wolfpack.

Editorial...Howard Barnett gives his opinion on a shitty subject...and a cartoon with letters.



Jerry Kirk

various other campus groups, is sponsoring a Redneck Night in the Coleium this Sunday partly to help combat the oppression and misconceptions directed so often at the country's largest minority.

Jerry Kirk, newly elected chairman of the committee in charge of Redneck Night, told the

Seamstress recreates Turkey Farm Flag

by Earl Needham
As her contribution to the Nation's Bicentennial observances, Sadie Wurd, a history major at State and secretary-treasurer of the Wake County chapter of the Daughters of the

American Revolution, is using her talents as a seamstress in an effort to recreate the Turkey Farm Flag, an early emblem of the Republic. The Turkey Farm Flag was very important to American history in that it was carried by General "Wrong-

Montgomery when he launched the Revolution's first invasion of Canada. Its use as a symbol of these United States was discontinued by act of Congress in 1778 immediately following the last invasion of Canada.

According to Sadie, "The stigma of defeat that was attached to the flag after the invasions of Canada should not prevent our celebrating it as a true symbol of our National heritage, to say nothing of its effect on our image abroad."

WURD FEELS that most in causing the flag's obscurity was the Continental Congress, which unanimously passed a resolution that stated that "not only is that damned flag not going to be our national symbol anymore, we want all refer-

ences to be destroyed, including this one." However, after many years of determined research, Sadie unearthed the entire history of this least known of or national symbols, along with detailed drawings and patterns, from

which she was able to start work on her reproduction. Miss Wurd deserves to be commended for her patriotism, conscientiousness, determination and dedication to "making this Bicentennial celebration the best ever." She is a real

trooper and richly deserves whatever she gets for her timely revival of a great national symbol which never represented the Spirit of America than it does now. Hail Sadie Gobblestone, reviver of the Turkey Farm Flag.

Bicentennial commercialism

Washington seeks to create a true image of America's history

Continued from page 1
Brewing Company and we are now working with them in the distribution of their beer with the stars and stripes painted on the cans. They have also adopted at our suggestion, a new slogan, "Pabst Red, White and Blue Ribbon Beer" and this is in bold letters on each of the cans. This slogan is also being used in their television, radio and magazine advertisements. We encourage everyone to go out and buy this beer and we also have empty cans in our office if anyone would like to pay for these souvenirs to place on their shelves so everyone could see them. They make interesting party talk," Washington explained. Cans are sold for \$25.
The Bicentennial Committee is also selling a selection of bath towels with an

eagle on the front and "In America's Bicentennial We Trust" written underneath this eagle. Washington is very enthusiastic about the sale of these towels and feels that "every red-blooded American" should want to dry themselves with these towels to continually remind themselves of their country's celebration.

DISTRIBUTION OF flags is now underway and the theme of these flags is very appropriate, according to Washington. The flags bear a picture of a tobacco leaf to portray the tobacco's important role in America's bicentennial. Washington commented, "North Carolina should be especially proud of these flags since the substance depicted on them is grown in such abundance in their own state and played such a truly important role in their

country's history." Benedict Arnold has even been given an important place in the products this committee is selling. A giant picture of Arnold is on all the garbage cans the committee has produced. "The infamous Benedict Arnold, who has played such an important role in America's history, must have an equally important place dedicated to him in our products," Washington commented. "We had an extremely difficult time trying to decide where we should include him in our products and we feel we have found the perfect place."
The committee is still trying to think of other projects they can work on and encourage any interested people to help offer new ideas to increase the awareness of Tar Heels of what the Bicentennial really means.

classifieds

THE EXISTENTIAL Club will meet at 8 p.m. tonight in or near the Quad. Bring your favorite Sartre or Camus and enjoy an evening of angst and world-weariness.

THE TAUTOLOGY Club will either meet in 33 Harrington at 7 p.m. Friday for an address by philosopher Con Tradiktion or it won't.

TRYING TO FIND living space for next semester? Student Hovels, Inc. has renovated a spacious underground parking lot into a practical, if somewhat damp, residence hall. Call 833-0992 (we share a phone) and ask about our low rates. For the first 100 callers we have a special mortar to deal with those pesky neighbors who complain about the Led Zeppelin at 4 a.m.

THE EXECUTIVE Committee of the State Suicide Club will meet for its spring project tonight at 9 p.m. in the lobby of Sullivan Hall. Outgoing officers will have a farewell party before the meeting.

FOUND: SR-52 calculator on the

fifth floor of the library, third desk on the left. If yours, that's tough shit because I want it.

STATE IS FORMING a gay association. All interested parties meet in

meat in the ground floor Dabney bathroom Saturday 7:30 p.m. Use rear entrance.

ADDING UPPER tones to diminished seventh chords destroys their equidistant minor-third relationship, and causes them to be absorbed into the fundamental dominant organization.

THE PROCRASTINATORS Club will meet tomorrow.

SEND IN YOUR orders now for Four Years of Blissful Ignorance, a handsome hardbound collection of Larry Bliss's popular weekly humor column. The first 200 copies and also the 212th will be autographed by the author. In addition to the columns you get a preface by the author, an

introduction by Isaac Asimov, a discussion of the literary aspects of BI by a panel of State English teachers and blood samples of each of Larry Bliss editors, all for the special pre-publication price of \$69.95. That's less than 70 copies of the National Lampoon! Four Years of Blissful Ignorance will be published in mid-1977. After publication it will be priced at \$75, so send in your orders now. If you change your mind and want your money back, too bad.

THE STATE JOGGERS Club will hold an emergency meeting tonight in Carmichael. Bring weapons.

THERE WILL BE A special meeting of the Technician bury Former Editor Howard Barnett. The deceased will be smoked after the ceremonies.

WANT TO PICK UP a little extra cash? You can turn your knowledge of explosives into hard cash. Just call the State Suicide Club and ask for Cy.

THE BEATLES will appear in concert tonight somewhere around 9 p.m.

REDNECK NIGHT tickets may be picked up at the Student Center Information Desk. The dinner will be on Sunday, April 4, in the Student Center Ballroom.

FOUND: One virginity. In vicinity of Turlington Hall. Come by room 123 and identify.

AND THEN* ON THE other hand, there's always Rob Tolley.

SEVEN LONELY MEN in Bragaw would like to meet seven women and form a club. Afterwards we could beat one another over the head with it.

WHERE IS Marlene when we need her?



Before



After

Don't let this happen to you.

Suicide Club

Celebration starts tonight

Continued from page 1
Club was looking forward to participating in the same spirit as the early Americans did in their fight against English rule.

"We are just tickled to death to be able to do this sort of thing," giggled Cottyc. "We just wouldn't miss it to savour lives. We feel that America today is a growing nation and we want all people across this land of ours to know that the Suicide Club is not forgetting our country's birthday." Although he would not elaborate on the club's Bicentennial plans, he did say that

the club definitely had plans to celebrate 'the opening of their club "very, very soon" in the general area of Lee and Sullivan Dorms. "WE WANT TO HAVE a special celebration since this is, well, you might say, the grand opening of our club. We will be meeting on the ninth floor of Lee Dorm. Also, this is the time when any prospective member should have come by and talk with us about joining our club." Cottyc said that a variety of activities were planned for the celebration. "Well, for starters, we might possibly have several live demonstrations of our various committees at work," said Cottyc

with his usual sheepish grin. "Possibly, we might have some fireworks for the whole campus to enjoy. But if you are there, there will be plenty of fireworks, you can believe that. We should really have a blast." Cottyc encouraged everyone to come out to the opening night celebration of the Suicide Club and urged all prospective members to come with an air of expectancy. "Come hell or high water, and believe me it could come to one or the other tonight, we're going to have a celebration," joked Cottyc. "Like I said before, it should really be a blast."

Give to the Richard M. Nixon Memorial Phlebitis Phund

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Every week, let the Special Hassle and Interrogation Team take your home by storm.

See them beat in heads.
See them beat up heads.
See them break down doors.
See them mow down evildoers by the score.

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BRANDS YOU KNOW (and priced to lose!)

The sky's the limit to our many patrons

SMOKING NEEDS

Get laid—**YOU SCORE!** or your money back!

That's right. Sounds incredible, but it's true. If you do not have sex immediately after and as a direct result of using our new men's cologne, Rut, we at Assproco will cheerfully refund your money. No strings attached. That's how confident we are in our product. Just send the Rut label and proof of nonintercourse to us and we'll gladly refund your price of purchase, and we'll do it the same day we get your letter. Not only that, but you get to keep the Rut.

As a special introductory offer, just send this ad to the address below, and you'll get a free 4 oz. sample vial. And if not satisfied, you can send in and get back the money you would have paid. The offer is limited, so act now.

RUT

Send ad to:
RUT Associated Products Corporation
(place local address here)

The N.C. State Suicide Club wants you

- ★ Dynamite group
- ★ Explosive enthusiasm
- ★ Electrifying leadership
- ★ Projects involving hundreds of otherwise apathetic students

Leadership positions (except president) open beginning April 2

Don't miss it to save your life

Student response termed poor

Attractions committee announces 1976 Springfest

by Raoul Raleigh
Staff Writer

Earlier this week Cow College Rock Star Attractions announced the entertainment for the 1976 Springfest. It was obviously an off year as none of the top notch bands that State is used to having will make it this time.

To expose the bad news, the eight acts are Elton John, Eric Clapton and Cream, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, The Rolling Stones, Jefferson Starship, The Beatles, Led Zeppelin and the opening throw-in of Bob Dylan, a skinny kid from Greenwich Village who was offered in the package merely as a filler. (The latter is no Bruce Springsteen, but advance press notices report that

Dylan has a fantastic, perfectly pitched voice.) Ticket sales have been poor but Attractions head Kevin Fisher doesn't think it's due to the two dollar price of admission. "The way it's going now, we could hold the entire thing in the lobby of Harrelson Hall. People just do not care to turn out for the marginal acts. They'd rather go home and tune into Helen Reddy's *Midnight Special*. There is nothing I can do except apologize for the mediocrity of these groups. Believe me, I'm in danger of losing my job over this.

"We tried to get the big names, but The Captain and Tenille are booked up, Donny and Marie are filming their TV show, and Michael Jackson would not come unless Merle

Haggard was on the bill. These are just hard times and all we can hope for is that people will turn out and maybe next time will be better. God only knows what the Bay City Rollers could do at State."

Student reaction to the lineup was one of disappointment and disinterest. One sophomore commented, "Are you serious? If it's not the Temptations, I ain't goin'." Another undergrad summed it up like this: "Come on, Paul Kanter is dated, Eric Clapton hasn't hit a new lick in years, Mick Jagger has had it and Elton John never was. Where's Franki Valli? Paul Anka? Why can't they get John Denver and Frank Sinatra. Wow, what a television special that would make!"

The Beatles were undoubtedly the biggest risk of the package. Fisher expressed his concern that anyone would even want to see them, and they could actually turn people away. "They are somewhat obscure, but they do have a new album out, which can't hurt (See Album Reviews, this issue). But their good sound is so lackluster, I doubt if they'll ever create any excitement."

Beatle bassist Paul McCartney called to talk about the concert: "Oh, thank you for answering! Thank you so much. You don't know how long it's been since anyone wanted to talk to me. I've been calling *Rolling Stone*, *Teen Beat*, *16* magazine, all the biggies at least five times a day and they still won't interview me. I've

been dying by the phone. Oh, I appreciate the publicity so much. No one ever writes about us. Do you think we'll ever make it? Oh, thank you! Here's Ringo."

"Oh, thank you for talking to us! Thank you so much. You don't know how long it's been since anyone wanted to talk to me. I've been calling *Rolling Stone*, *Teen Beat*, *16* magazine, all the biggies at least five times a day and they still won't interview me. I've

times a day and they still won't interview me. I've been dying by the phone. Oh, I appreciate the publicity so much. You know, no one ever writes about us. Do you think we'll ever make it? Oh, thank you! Here's George."

After an hour of this I finally pinned down manager Brian Epstein for some insight: "This could be our big break. As you know, we paid Rock Star

Attractions 5,000 smackers to let us play, but we think we could really catch on at State. I can understand how you'd rather see Bo Donaldson and The Heywoods, but please give us a chance. Do you think we'll ever make it?"

Well, folks, there isn't much being offered and it looks like we will again have to suffer through Springfest. True, it's not Karen Carpenter but then Binnie Daytona and the The

Juniors couldn't make it either. The same is true for Pontius Pilate and The Nail Driving Nine. But please turn out and support these groups and someday they may even be heard of outside of Raleigh.

Due to slow ticket sales, Springfest will be held in Stewart Theatre sometime this month. Rock Star Attractions has decided to serve free beer and wine in hopes of drawing a bigger crowd.

Benn keeps all the Stars in harmony

by Grits A. Gin
Entertainment Editor

Today we have an interview with glamorous Bobby Benn of Columbus Sealed the Ocean in 1492 Records.

Bobby is the Coordinator of Artists' Religious and Mystical Affairs for the Carolinas and Mammalia. His job is to keep all the Stars in harmony with the stars, uh, wait a minute... "*Benn, Take Two*" His job is to maintain the artists' astrological harmony, hog jows and hominy. Yumpin' yiminy, but first a word from our sponsor, Knute Knudsen from Knorway and his lovely wife, Gunilda.

"Have you been feeling tired, run down, hungry, happy, bored, bamboozled, stood up, sat down, round, profound, silly

and/or sexy? Try Knute's and/or my Knorwegian massage and titillation. It'll fix you right up, hah, hah. Yeeeeeessiree, it shore will. You know, I just loooooove John Denver. [Singing] Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back... [Fade]

Now, back to the interview. "Hello, Bobby."

"Uh, high, man. Wait, wait. Hi, man. What's happenin'?"

"What's important, Bobby, is what's happenin' with you?"

"Uh, that's really profound, man, and true, too. But, you know, what's more important than what's happenin' is what's mappenin'."

"I hadn't thought about it like that, Bobby, but I guess you're right. More important than what's mappenin', though, is what's flappenin'. The world

would be a much better place if more people knew what was flappenin'."

"Wow, this is true, man. Same to you, too. To me, though, the most important thing in the world is what's yappenin'."

"Can't argue with you there, Bobby. What ya been doing with yourself lately?"

"Hey, I can't discuss that here, man. You know what I mean? Auto-eroticism is a heavy no-no."

"Do you mean mastication? Well, it's not something you'd want to discuss at the dinner table, but people are so hung up on it. They really shouldn't be. I chew my food at least a hundred times a mouthful. Been doing it that way for years, and I ain't blind yet."

What do you think, Bobby?"

"You know what I always say, man. Find 'em, feed 'em, grow 'em and smoke 'em."

"Bobby, what direction do you see music heading?"

"Definitely West by West-west. But it's such a mess that I can't guess what's gonna happen, or what's gonna happen for that matter."

"Well, Bobby, thank you for your time."

"5:05."

"What?"

"5:05."

"No I don't need the time. I've been saving mine in a bottle. So far I've got one hour, forty-two minutes and three seconds saved up. Yumpin' yiminy, what am I gonna do with all of it?"

"Spend it, man. Just spend it. And doo-dah all night long."

Album reviews

rock-and-roll punks. Lennon and McCartney share most of the song credits, but this double album can be summed up in one word: redundant. Every cut sounds like the one before, with the exception of the occasional variance in tempo.

The only good tracks are "Why don't we do it in the road," which shows possible lyrical potential, and "Piggies," a down-home tail of life on the farm.

Musically, these guys are nowhere. Harrison and McCartney seem to just be striking random notes. Lennon and Starr carry the load, the former playing innovative rhythm, while the latter maintains intricate percussion work.

The Beatles' previous albums have not done too well and this one will probably suffer the same fate. These guys will never make it.

— Angus Archibald

Emerson, Lake and Palmer ("Undecipherable") Bootleg BT67E9

Here at last, ELP fans, is the long awaited seventh album from this British space rock trio. I must confess, however, that the overall packaging concept is curious and puzzling.

Instead of arriving via Sam Goody's ("The World's largest audio, record and tape dealer") this album arrived in a battered cardboard package with no return address given other than "Western Hemisphere."

The cover is blank on both sides, although there was considerable dirt from the "halo effect" caused by the disc inside.

Said disc is just as unusual. Instead of the usual Manticore logotype (why did ELP switch labels again?) there is a hastily scribbled title and list of songs. The writing is almost illegible. Apparently the album title is "Parking Ticket," "Toothpaste"

or possibly "Janacek Ripoffs." It looks as though the label were written with a skipping ballpoint pen—at any rate a smudged when I rubbed it.

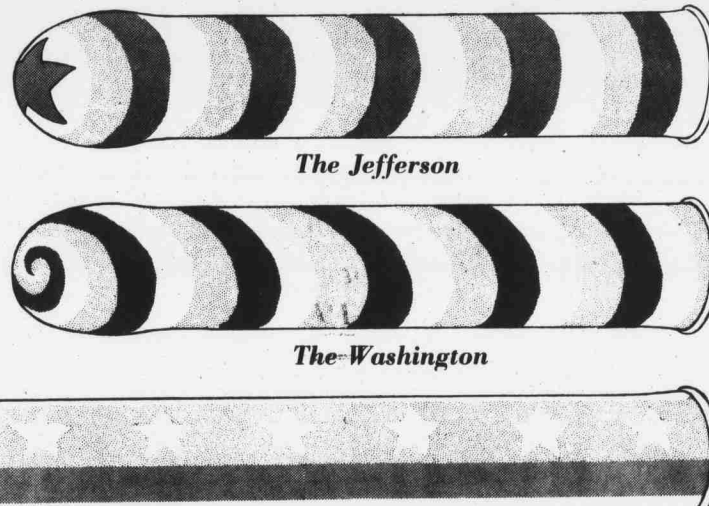
The production is, frankly speaking, shoddy. It sounds like the studio was equipped with two \$19.95 Radio Shack cassette recorders and Scotch brand tape—transparent, not magnetic. There is a note saying that this album was recorded with the Dolby System. However, if Dolby ever hears this record he will probably abandon his research and take to removing noise from his tapes with a pencil eraser.

The record would seem to indicate that ELP are experimenting with voiceovers. In one cut alone I heard these remarks: "Down in front," and (several times) "Louder, Faster!!"

Let's hope that in the future Greg Lake decides not to cut any more corners in production. — Paul Crawling

Put your Pride in Old Glory

Commemorative condoms



The Jefferson

The Washington

The Dillinger

KILL THESE LITTLE MUTHAS WITH PRONG PREENER



T.B. — "I thought I'd have to douche with sulfuric acid to get rid of the little bastards! Then Prong Preener came along and now I'll never have to scratch again!

J.C. — "After using Prong Preener, I feel like a new man...As a matter of fact, I think I'll go feel a new man right now!"


Suffer no more

D.V. — "I 'bout wore my ying of, scratching it with that old pair of track cleats. Thanks to Prong Preener, my weenie no longer looks like shredded wheat!"

NEW FROM ROTYOURCOCKOFF FROM RUSSIA

Tired of the same old tepid mongrel?

Add a little zest to your hot dog with nutritional Cow Parts **All-Meat Weiner**. Cow Parts Weiners are made with the choicest cuts from top-grade cattle.




hot dog with nutritional

What kind of cow parts, you say? Well, put it this way. Don't knock cow lips until you've tried 'em. Yummy! So remember, next time you're at the store, ask for Cow Parts **All-Meat Weiners**. Yummy!

Feeling self-destructive ? TRY MAN

the ultimate in aerosol deodorants. Aerosol, you say? But don't they harm the ozone layer? Of course, they do. But you'll probably buy it anyway just because it's new. The natural scent of gum turpentine will make your loved one swoon with rapture, while keeping your arms stuck to your sides so she can't smell you anyway. And just think what you'll be doing for the environment. The less ozone layer there is, the better you'll be able to see solar eclipses. So try MAN. And be the woman you've always wanted to be.



Do you MEASURE UP to the Founding Fathers?

Hitherto undiscovered unknown records, recently recovered from the bowels of a long lost lead strongbox in the basement ruins of the formerly in another time famous ruins late 18th century House of

Madam Dubois have made this hellacious first once in a lifetime ever offer possible, because we love you, and because we love our country's marvy-poo bicentennial celebration!!!!!!

These rugged patriots were really

	length	circumference
Benedict Arnold	2.5	4
Benjamin Rush	4.5	2.75
Alexander Hamilton	5	3.5
John Adams	6.5	4.25
Sam Adams	6	5
John Jay	8	5.16
Richard Henry Lee	9	4.5
Tommy Jefferson	9.5	5.25
Tom Paine	11	5
Benj. Franklin	11	5.75
George Washington	14.25	6.5

To see how you modern-day revolutionaries really measure up, just whip out \$17.95 in near-worthless Federal Reserve Notes and order today: Our NEW **BICENTENNIAL PHALLUS METER** featuring the real and actual measurements of our FF with our fantastically ornate art deco stars & stripes motive. Order right now today for this unlimited supply might not last long. Patronize our products...and we'll let you come in our mouths. Thousands of grateful and satisfied customers.



stiff photo

Smith speaks

This humble human, better known as North Carolina and U.S. Olympic basketball coach Dean Smith, better known as Greasy Dean, better known as Nickel Nose, spoke to a crowd of 12 at Stewart Theatre Wednesday night. The topic of his speech was, in a bicentennial theme, "How to Take an American Game Like Basketball and Turn It Into a Free Throw Shooting Contest," or "Why I Wish George Wallace Would Have Stood In Front of Those Schoolhouse Doors Just a Few Years Longer."

America: Born for truth, justice and Hector Lopez

There comes a time in the life of every athlete when he must make that fateful decision. It is not an easy decision, not by any means. Since Johnny Unitas trotted off Chicago's Wrigley Field that cloudy October afternoon, his broken finger swelling ever so painfully in his "stated land, the American athlete has suffered. America, known for its system of free enterprise and competition, has made athletics what they are today. With its rich heritage, from Johnny Appleseed to John Paul Jones to Vivian Leigh, America's tradition has been personified in its sports.

When Mike Schmidt poles one out of Veterans Stadium, can't you just hear Paul Revere shouting, "The Cubs are fading! The Cubs are fading!" It's tradition and nationalism that makes sports great in America. That's why NBC, CBS and ABC combine to bring American viewers over 200 hours of live sports entertainment each week. Only in the land of the free and the home of the Braves could such exposure be withstood.


The United States, mainly because Thomas Jefferson was anti-abortion, was born 200 years ago this year. Now, with two centuries to grow, to experiment, to improve and to modernize, the U.S. of A. has come up with such patriotic innuendos as the reserve clause, three-point field goals, goaltending and the on-deck circle.

When Lou Brock was threatening Maury Wills' record of 104 stolen bases in a season, Wills remarked, "I'm not going to be a phony. I don't want him to break it, I'd rather he break his leg." Wills displays that true American heritage of which each citizen existing under the watchful eye of Old Glory can be so undeniably proud. The desire to be No. 1, that's what Wills was telling the people of this great nation. Just as every citizen wants to be No. 1, it is instilled in the breast of each athlete, be he male or female.

A true feeling of what this nation is all about was conveyed admirably in last year's World Series. Our national pastime's championship game was held, of all the beautiful and elegant cities, in Boston. White Rogelio Moret, Luis Tiant, Dave Concepcion and Rico Petrocelli were battling it out like true Americans, you could sense the air of the American Revolution surrounding the crowd. At the same time, the sounds of rocks hitting bus windows and little children screaming through the halls of the public schools, a lasting symbol of Americans fighting for what they believed, reverberated off Fenway Park's Green Monster.

The Louisiana Purchase, followed by the Lewis and Clark Expedition, was certainly one of the most historic happenings in the history of the state of Louisiana prior to the Pete Maravich trade. Now, American sports has shown us that for the same price the Louisiana Purchase was purchased, we can build one-tenth of a Superdome.

Jimmy Carroll



Juan Marichal, being the true American he is, cracked John Roseboro over the head with a bat, in defiance of what Marichal believed to be blatant cheating on the part of the L.A. Dodgers. Marichal, not wanting any anti-American concepts introduced to the game of baseball, took what actions he deemed necessary (i.e. "bust the nigger's head open like a cantaloupe.")

Sonny Sikkiler, Mendy Rudolph, Jack Twyman, Steve Vacendak, Bill Mazeroski and Eddie Arcaro. These are the people who have sweated to give us 13 cent postage, 55,000 annual highway deaths and cigarettes that are 101 millimeters long. America! Named for Alistair Cooke's literary masterpiece by the same name, the country has fought off the subversions of Shoeless Joe Jackson, Paul Hornung and George Steinbrenner. Instead, it has opted for Joe Rudi, George Mitterwald, Coy Bacon, Steve Spurrier and others of noble decent.

The trend in athletics over the world in recent years has been a boon to sports here in America. Our neighbors to the north, south, east and west have done everything they can to try and kick our butts, but we have weathered the storm, we have outought the challengers and we have barred them from Williamsport.

When President Gerald R. Ford, himself a great player at the University of Michigan, the state where Dave Bing once played and where the Detroit Wheels proved that free enterprise is the best way to avoid having to pay your players, requested 80 tickets to the Atlantic Coast Conference basketball tournament this year, the ACC ticket committee promptly told the president to "Buzz off!" The lack of favoritism toward the president showed such outstanding quality of work that the president was content to stay at home and watch the game on TV instead of ordering Capital Centre blown on the face of the earth, which is well within his power.

Next time you see Elrod Hendricks take a called third strike, or Lou Dampier wish a three-pointer, or Howard Twilley snag a pass one foot short of a first down, remember, it's the American determination, drive and sense of initiative that made it all possible 200 years ago.

Ilie Nastase strikes typical pose



staff photo by Todd Howard

Nastase shows tail here

The Technashit conducted the following interview with Romanian tennis star Ilie Nastase, who is touring the country promoting the United States bicentennial as the country's top sports goodwill ambassador.

Technashit: Nice to have you with us today, Ilie.
Nastase: Cut the bullshit and get on with the interview.
T: Tell us, Ilie, just why are you touring the country, promoting the United States bicentennial as the country's top sports goodwill ambassador?

N: Cause the rotten U.S. government is paying me out of their ass to do it. They think it's cool to see a Romanian spreadin' this goodwill shit all over the country. You don't think I'd volunteer to do something like this do you?

T: How long have you been playing tennis?
N: Ever since I got banned from every golf course in the United States.

T: Why'd you get banned?
N: Those nerds who run the damn country clubs don't put up places to do your business while you're on the course. I guess they got tired of having people complaining about waiting while I took a shit in the woods or pissed in the pond.

T: Why did you decide to take up tennis?
N: Cause they got shithouses near the court.

T: Do you still enjoy playing tennis?
N: Not when I lose. Also, not when the goddam officials hinder my creativity. I think some swearing and obscene gestures add to the color of a tennis match. I mean, the only colors you've got in the whole sport are green, white and Arthur Ashe.

T: What's your favorite obscene gesture and phrase?
N: That's a tough question. There are so many, and so many combinations. I am sort of partial to the one I used last year at Forest Hills when I was playing Dick "The Prick" Stockton. He hit the ball out of bounds and they said the damn thing was good. Well I turned to the official, while gingerly scratching my left nut, and said, "Suck a gopher's dong!" The crowd loved it. You can always tell how much they love it when they boo the shit out of you. I live to hear the boo of the crowd.

T: What do you think of your nickname, "Nasty Nastase"?
N: I think it's a real tribute. I mean the shitty tennis players don't have nicknames. Even Jimmy Connors, bless his gizzard, doesn't have a nickname. But personally, I like my other nickname, "The Romanian Rectum," best.

T: What player do you enjoy beating the most?
N: Chris Evert. Every time I beat her, she beats me.

T: What player do you hate the most? Maybe that's a better way to put it.
N: I hate them all equally. None of them are as good as me so why should I care about them. They all suck.

T: What official duties do you have with the bicentennial?
N: Nothing.

Rained out

Wednesday's baseball game with Duke was rained out and will be played today at 3:00 p.m. on Doak Field.

Worried about your immortal soul?

You don't have to be. Not since Rev. Isenhower came to town. Now you can guarantee your place in Heaven with a simple contribution of \$10.00 or more.

Why risk flunking out in the exam of life instead of passing on to the Great Beyond?

Is it worth the risk? After all, what have you got to lose?



Yes! I want to go to Heaven, too! Enclosed is my cash, check, or money order for \$10 or more in return for Rev. Isenhower's personal guarantee of a seat on the Heavenly Chariot. Thanks, Rev. Isenhower!

Name _____
Address _____
Race (check one): White Other
Contribution _____

Make all checks payable to Him, care of Reverend Isenhower, Box 666, Hellmouth, California, 00666.

Redneck Night

Music · Dancing · Beer

Sunday April 4, 1976

6:00 pm Dinner in Student Center Ballroom

8:00 pm Jesse Helms speaks in Stewart Theatre

Pick up tickets at Student Center Information Desk

Students - \$2.00

Non-students - \$2.50

Our friends from Chapel Hill are invited



Hop on your tractor and come on down!

Sponsored by the International Students Board and the Redneck Club



Coach skips town Golfers assault Demon Deacons

by Dan Jenkins
Special to the Technashit

WINSTON-SALEM — Everyone knew it would happen sooner or later. Wake Forest's golf team would eventually get beaten in an Atlantic Coast Conference match. It had to happen one day. At Sweltering Creek Country Club here Wednesday, it came to pass.

State's golf team beat the Deacons within an inch of their collective lives. When the action had ceased, three Wolfpack golfers had been taken into custody at the Forsyth County Jail and one was admitted to Forsyth County Mental Institute for observation.

CASUALTIES HIT the Demon Deacs hard. All four golfers were treated at Baptist Hospital here and only one, David Thore, was released in one piece. Curtis Strange and Jay Haas were released and returned to the links to search for missing limbs. Bob Byman was not released. He preferred to stay in the hospital with Nurse VonSchupp.

Wolfpack golfers Tom Reynolds, Lennie Barton and Tim Sughrue were escorted to the Forsyth County Jail and held on \$25,000 bond each. Vance Heafner was taken to Forsyth County Mental Institute where he was stripped of his All-America standing and his briches.

Coach Richard Sykes, who was believed to be the instigator of the entire melee, was being pursued by law enforcement officers through the swamps of Mississippi in the morning's few hours. At last report, the Technashit was told Sykes was driving a 1953 Dodge, filled with moonshine whiskey

and dishwasher blenders.

THE CITIZENS OF Greenville, Miss., swore to a writer for The Associated Press that they heard a lone voice at 2 a.m., with tires squealing in the background. "Oh here's to Wake Forest, a cup of the finest, you haven't won a game in 20 years!"

An All Points Bulletin (APB in police lingo) was issued for Sykes. He was reported driving a red and white 1953 Dodge with a coontail tied to the antenna.

"Richard Sykes is now one of the 10 most wanted men in Wake County," North Carolina Gov. James E. Houser, Jr., said. "I want the sonofagun so I can have some of that good mountain likker."

The reaction on campus to the golf team's whipping of the Deacs was one of great joy and excitement.

THE CAMPUS WAS decorated with tons of toilet paper just moments after Chancellor Joab L. Thomas called the students into Reynolds Coliseum to announce that Wake Forest's golfers had been beaten.

"We are proud that our golfers had the intestinal fortitude, which means guts to all you farm boys, to go through with this thing," Thomas lipped. "It's bad for the Atlantic Coast Conference to have one team dominate a sport such as Wake Forest has in golf. If it means beating them to a petrified pulp, then by God we'll do it!" The crowd cheered loudly and pelted Thomas with roses.

"Next we'll dispose of the Carolina tennis team," Thomas roared. The crowd covered the podium with tennis balls. "That's right we'll take care of them Tar Heels and their fuzzy little balls."



This jogger, identified as a Furman spy, was shot on the track yesterday.

photo by Mike O'Brien

Jogger shot

The mind-boggling question of what is Bo Rein going to do with the crumbs who jog around the track while he's conducting football practice was answered yesterday when Rein's armed body guard gunned down a jogger.

The jogger, later identified as a spy from Furman University, was taken to Rex Hospital for castration.

"We won't stand for this foolishness any longer," said one State spokesman. "I wish they had shot the dude in the throat." The spy, later identified as Purple Paladin Agent No. 55, was quoted as saying "Yeeeeeeooooow!" at the time of the shooting.

Sports in brief...

MEETING: There will be a meeting in room 210 of Carmichael Gym, Tuesday, April 6, at 7 p.m. Anyone interested should attend as this is the last meeting at which equipment will be distributed.

the cross country course or on the chancellor's lawn (whichever place the bunnies decide they prefer) tonight at 8 p.m. This meeting is imperative because the club's trip to the North Pole to see the Easter Bunny will be planned.

varsity chest team should meet on court two of Carmichael Gym Friday at 4 p.m. This will be an organizational meeting, so if you're not organized, don't attend.

RABBIT BREEDING: The State Rabbit Breeding Club will hold a meeting in the woods by

CHEST TEAM: All girls interested in trying out for the

DEBATE CLUB: The State Debate Club was going to hold a meeting tonight, but they could not decide where to hold it so it was cancelled.

GET YOUR SUPPLY NOW! Personalized Drug Enforcement Agency ID

Amaze your friends! Shoot people!
Terrify your enemies! Break into houses!
Search anyone, anywhere—without a warrant!
Do everything real narcs do, and more!
No training necessary
Badge, gun not included (write for our free catalogue)

today i will walk away, i will be as i was before, everything evil will leave me, i will have a cool breeze over my body, i will have a light body

WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU

Your free and voluntary giving is essential to our continued lusty good health, omnipotent operations and omnibwellbeing. We were small once but have with your aid grown over all 50 states. You made it happen for us!

And we love America. We allow it to eke out a hard-earned honest living, and keep some of it, more or less. Unlike the ignorant and slavish poor serf of medieval times, who for the master in the castle labored 3 months in the hottest sun and inclement weather, and the other months for himself; we allow You, 20th Century Free American Citizen, to labor for us 40 per cent of your time, in air conditioned offices! The remaining 60 per cent or so of the money you earn, is Yours! To spend any way you want on any of the taxed and regulated merchandise we permit in our beloved US of A, long may it waive.

We've been through alot together- what you don't go thru, we do. You might say we steal your money, but NO spells no! That would be stealing. We owe it to each other! We owe it to ourselves! Don't owe it to yourself any longer! Pledge it all to us today- just fill out our pledge card below. pe- don't forget to ask about our free social security program!

Check your voluntary contribution below:
Each month week day hour of the day and of the night
\$10000 \$500 \$50 \$5 other
I, _____ voluntarily affirm my patriotic de & cheerfully agree solemnly to jam forth this hellmanna amount not varying a penny hair, pledging over & beyond & above my normal per usual everyday customary taxation bracket whatever it may be, as reckoned by an impartial & objective & disinterested & uncorrupted & blue party, in its majesty the Government of these United States, aka Greco United, world without end, amen.

IRS
IT REALLY STEALS



Pierre of Fuquay

Southern Wake County's foremost hairstylists

Savior Faire is not everywhere. It's here

in the heart of downtown Fuquay-Varina.

Beautiful boufants, bashing bangs, scintillating shags, perky perms and pretty ponytails. We have them all.

You can have one each visit or all at once.

Call today for an appointment. We're in the Yellow Page

Beside Joe's Poolroom & Cathouse on Main Street



Ask for Leguita

today's Army wants you to join it

Because it's coming apart. That's right.

We're the mightiest military organization

in the world, and we have the biggest budget in the U.S. Government. With all that money, we can afford to get the best, right?

Wrong. The bomber that was being built

to replace the B-52s that were falling apart in

the air, is falling apart in the air. All we get

for recruits is people who flunked first grade

and some recruiting sargeant helped through

the test so he coulu get one of those fat

bonuses we've been handing out. What's a

modern military power to do? It's embarrassing.

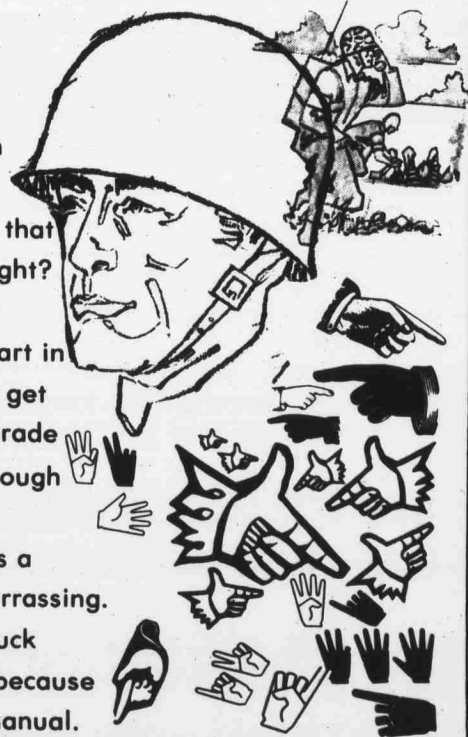
We can't even tell why our multi-megabuck

guidance system is fucking up this time because

the guy running it can't even read the manual.

And he's a Colonel. So enlist today. The Army is looking for a few good

men. We know, that belongs to the Marines. They get all the good slogans



Technashit OPINION

"Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."
—Thomas Jefferson

Wholly shit

This is an editorial about shit. That's right, shit. Not feces. If we meant feces we would have said it. This is about shit. All sorts of shit. The word so permeates the college dialect that it can be used for almost anything and yet we'll bet you were horrified when you read the first line.

But why? What did shit ever do to you? Why are you so offended? If any party is injured in this and deserves to feel offended it is shit. You people are the ones who bad-mouth it all the time. The connotations of shit are predominantly negative, no matter what the connotation.

For instance, when someone gives you a hard time, is really on your case, you are likely to say the person is giving you shit. When you read your first Technashit editorial, odds are you said, "What is this shit?" and hurried your paper at your friend Leroy in the next stall. A bad grade is shitty. So is a bad instructor or anything else you generally don't like. And what do you say when the situation you find yourself in is too annoying to express your disgust appropriately? "Shit."

Of course, there are those of you who give equal time to shit, and at least give it the benefit of a doubt. Like you who are so fond of smoking

really good shit. And those of the hip persuasion who insist when something good is happening that some "really great shit is going down."

Indifferent phrases have worked their way into the language, but one finds them less in demand than the others. You can, for instance, drink yourself shit-faced, wear a shit-eating grin, get your shit together (or lose it, as the mood strikes you), express surprise by shitting a brick (a gold brick, among those more expressive members of the college community), or, if not overly intelligent, not know shit about something.

But think about it. Shit is really useful to us. Sure it smells bad, but the smell goes away after a day or two. And it makes the pretty flowers and trees grow tall. And after all, two million flies... But you've heard that already. The point is, we have abused shit too long. It is time to take shit off the bathroom walls and put it in the mouths of the populace where it belongs.

So the next time someone tells you to eat shit, don't get angry. Just think about what it really means and be thankful that we live in a world where there can be things like that. Then beat the shit out of him.



Great news for all you wary travellers who traverse Pullen Bridge regularly. State has hired a tremendously strong but rather obscure Troll to do an 'Atlas' type trip to the crumbling overpass. The Troll's name is Wallace and he doesn't smile much, but then he doesn't eat very much either.
staff photo by Todd Huvard

We wrote it

And just who does write this shit, anyway? To those of you who have been perusing our paper for some time, that question may have popped up once or twice in conversation. Those of you who have been here for a while may know that it has popped up in the past April Fools papers. You may know that it was never answered in those papers. But it will be answered here. We think you should have the right to know who writes the shit you read.

Speaking of shit, a lot of people ask us why we give Jesse Helms so much of it. We don't really. This is the first time since the last April 1 paper that we've mentioned him. We think that's pretty good. And besides, he takes it so badly, it's hard to resist a short jab every once in a while.

Besides, would you rather it was you? It would be easy enough to do, you know. It would just take the typesetters a few seconds to change his name to yours. Would you like that? We thought not.

Besides, if we didn't love Jesse we wouldn't pick on him so much. Well, we sort of love him.

Like him, at least. Sure we have a strange way of showing it. We have a strange way of doing everything. You get that way after working for this paper for three years.

Which brings us back to the original point of discussion. Who does write this shit? Actually we don't think it's shit any more than Willie Bolick did. Willie wrote the editorial in the original Technashit (Volume LIX, Number 7) dealing with the problem. We don't think what we write is shit. Then there are those of us who don't think what we write is right. Or something.

Which brings up a point. Haven't you ever wondered why we keep calling ourself "we"? Are there more than one of us, you ask. Well, yes. There's me and my brother. My brother. We were in last year's April 1 paper together. Remember? Think hard. That's right. But I won't tell you which one I am. That way there's always a 50-50 chance I'll get away. But there's your answer. We write this shit and we're proud of it. It's really great shit, folks.

letters

Repulsive

To the Editor:
I have never in my life witnessed a more disgusting situation than when I came innocently along to the Technicians offices to put an ad in the Crier. Such marked degeneracy was displayed in the bums and hangers-on that you refer to as a staff, that I could have puked up my girldie. There was this one complete asshole who kept asking me if I would pump his pup. Shit, I mean how fucking revolting can you get. The incident was so dehumanizing that I failed to place my ad about our sorority and the exam tension massages in the Packhouse nightly after twelve.

Susie McTwat
Fr. Dairy Milking

Really I'm not

To the Editor:
Don't get smart with me. I know there's just one of you. I've just finished reading your issue (don't ask me how: didn't get this nice office by being an idiot) and I find it one of the most vulgar, repulsive issues I have ever seen.

Oh, you can try and joke your way out of it, but I find all of you crude and obnoxious. Saying all those things about that word—no, you won't get me to repeat it—displaying your vulgarity for all to see. It's disgusting. When I was in school anybody who talked like that was

drummed out. Anybody who let it be known he talked like that, any way. Just who do you think you are, anyway? You can't speak for all the students. They don't really talk like that. I wouldn't be surprised if you made up half of those things yourself.

But that's not what I'm writing about. You are not going to get away with telling everybody I'm a redneck. Oh, don't try to deny it. You never said it outright, but that's the impression you were trying to convey, and I won't stand for it. I AM NOT A REDNECK! I never have been. My mother wasn't and neither was my father. And I never heard of Redneck Night. Until I read this, that is. All you people out there, don't listen to them! There are certain things you just don't say in a newspaper! I tell you it's true!

Jesse Helms
Senator, N.C.

Chew glass, Jesse.

—Ed.

Nymph

To the Editor:
Cristy Earnhardt's a conceited little nymph. The best player on next year's team will be No. 10.

Sherri Pickard
Jr. MA

More coverage

To the Editor:
I would like to know why women's basketball doesn't get more cover-

age. The season is only eight months away and we haven't seen a single story about next year's team. Last year, the Technashit did a pretty good job covering the team, except that you gave one player all the credit. That girl who's the coach's sister.

I hope women's basketball will get better coverage this time. There was never two stories on one game last year. Why don't you have a lot of stories and pictures on each game. The second-leading scorer, rebounder, field goal shooter and free throw shooter is back from last year's team. She will make a good story anytime. I hope my suggestions will be taken into consideration.

Cristy Earnhardt
Fr. MA

Reminder

To the Editor:
Just a reminder that pre-publication orders are now being accepted for Four Years of Blissful Ignorance, a collection of my fabulous and witty weekly columns. As an added bonus the first fifty customers will receive a vial of dirt and oil brushed out of the very typewriter that produced BI.

Now look folks, I realize that \$69.95 is a lot of money, but remember—that's less money than you'd pay for eighteen gallons of linseed oil!

Listen, I need the money folks. It'll cost a bundle to print these books, even though I'm trying to cut costs by hiring fast monks instead of printers.

And I've got to make a living, too. I have to support my three common-law wives in Nevada and their 45 children. Then there's the \$300 I pay monthly to a chiropractor for hourly examinations of my fingers. In case you didn't know it, typist's pinky is the leading occupational disease among writers; it has crippled such great fiction writers as Norman Mailer, Andre Gide and Richard Nixon.

I don't even have time to mention shelling out monthly payments to my poor relations, whose welfare checks are largely responsible for the financial woes facing New York City.

Larry Bliss
Jr. LAC



Blissful Incoherence

by pressing his fingers on them Awakes. Black wall, vertical. Guernica. Bombers strafing the skies. Eyararrow. Doorscratches varying in pitch and resonance. Eyarrowow. Sidling of sheets. Slighting of sleets. Sightings of sheep. Sidelines of sheen, bursting out eyelids. Aisle-ids. I'll-hids. Aisles of lids examined by dicked hordes; doctors. Dicked hers and were dactyls. Balmers trade fling disguise. Bellowers trifling glides. Frigative and frigative, although never both — one or the other: tautology. Which ologies? All ologies. Which elegies? Hall elegies. Which allergies? Gause allergies. Causality.

Awakes. White wall, calley-cornered. For to go before the tiler dars arrive. Been teenaged too long, been drinking too much mead. Richer for it, though. Slayed them in my younger days as a lumberjack, pushed them to the brunk of destruction. But who picks my lice? Let us go then, unified, when the evening is read against the sky like Carolyn's left leg etherized upon a table.

Awakes. Cast upon one's fate, reeling in brain-tricked delirium caused by raptureplate insanity. Wilkommen... Table two please and hurry, garcon. No, that's only a prop. (Pourquoi) Roar of distant motorcycles, warum, warum! Jowl-

use linseeds thin against quake

Larry Bliss



ed and gray. Bienvenu... Ranchers late in Zanzibar, tracking by satellites. Bent glasses, twice. Better now, though. Fremde, Etranger... Came you, came us. Camus, plagued with doubts, an exile after a fall in combat. The host. Gluekluch zu sehen. Impack and displacement drowned in fjords of ambient noise. Nth fact hands this basement crowned implores of flamboyant toys. Mais je ne suis enchante pas.

Awakes. Greenwall, greenlit, Zzzzzzz. Louder and faster. Sleeps. Awakes, first reference. And some reverence, often with relevance. Barrel ending, cubed rings. Like clockwork. Logo then Handel: credits. 65 bridges. Reserved by calling. Souls in its hand, galosh arc of lumbago. Doth joy ebb thee? Punished in Crimea by idiots and gamblers. Literarily he was slow on the Updike, an underaCheever,

belowing his saul to the world in Payne and roth.

More. Awakes. Reassembly: pushes his eyes. Lies halpoised states, a relic of the Triassic era. Cavorted with baby dinosaurs. Points to Belgibus stuck on the wall: Frozen regiments. Cold brigades, brigades being cheaper than lemonsades. (See a.) Musky dime bike. Capitalized on shortcumings. Grinning fear. (Concordance to be supplied later.)

Awakes. greenwall, greenlit, ichtyologist. Louder and faster. In Khartoum the women come and go, talking of Neville Chamberlain. I have men-cheered mile high in coughing swoons. This is the Hue the worm bends. This hits away the fern tends. Fourth wine is the kink-dumb. Theesus astray the worked ends. Noth with a bank but a limp earth. He feels demolished, not at his best, tired from hauling

Ellison. Ellison, who had no mouse but ice cream. Had a spinning rod, lovely ironic dream, and held her. Louderlaster he cried, although Richard did not condone this, being antiphatyactic. His name was Kinch and he was short and had a beard, unlike his wife, who didn't.

Awakes. A book: Cigar-Win and the Green Height. Just a fiability lies in the hands. (Nothing else — only a fiability.) Justice viability lice sin the ham soft ead bewailed her. Juxtaposed liability lights singe the hounds lovely betrothed girl — behold her. Todding along. If she could only get her hands on a hydra's gin balm. Chaucer. Jaws hurt. Glosser. Mauls her. Aye, lass and caused her. Huck's lead, all this stuff is absurd, not observed.

Awakes. Red, silver ground, black sky. To err is human, to infrare is defined. Mack's bet. Axe bed. That's very Lutheran of you. Sitting clawed, waiting for the nude of your dimes. Why room? A viaduct is on first. I turned it off. A real slice of life that, cut thickly. Idle earned did off. Coherent light, flashes cuts faster than vragant magic. Dices and slices. Circular web; first image. He was — yes, I'm about to, he was, that's right, that's it, let me, he was washing — no, that's wrong, how did... Yes.

He was watching stars inside his eyelids caused