

# The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 2 Number 9

May 23, 1988

FINAL EDITION

## GIMPY SHOT DEAD BY SNIPER Subjects Gone on Arrival



<b>INSIDE</b>
Your Own UT™ Diploma
JIT
My Date With Johnny Majors
A Slap in the Faith

DATELINE: THOMPSON-BOLING ARENA  
 Mr. Gimpy, hero to the oppressed,  
 was shot dead today while  
 attempting to reveal the true source  
 of power at UT™.  
 His whispered last words: "My work  
 isn't done, others must follow."

# A Lettuh From Da Edituh

Wow. This Monkey is being done in three days. The whole thing. And I'm about to fall asleep or give up, being 7 am of press day and I've got a 3/4 page hole on page 3. Yeah, go ahead, take a look at the page next to this and see what kind of filler Chris finds at the last minute, at the end of a looong night.

But this is the last Monkey, and so it must come out. Everyone is leaving campus almost as soon as this issue hits the streets, so it's just in time. Zzzzzz.

I want to thank everyone who has ever had anything at all to do with getting the Monkey out during the last year and a half, and my only regret is that the paper is not going to continue any longer.

You see, it's happening—I'm



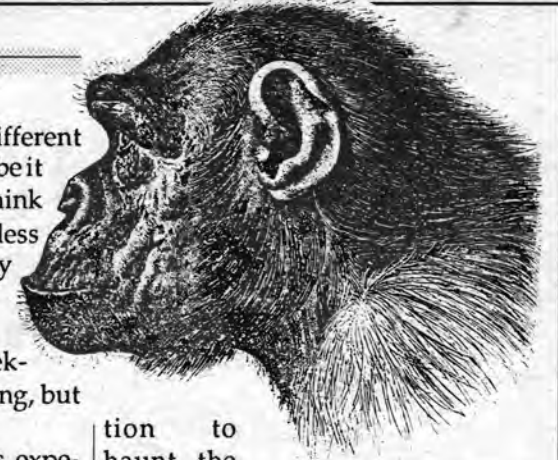
graduating. The old academic clock is telling me it's time to move along, and I'll be moving to Texas for graduate school (if they come up with the money). If not, yours truly might have to start this silly paper all over again, but what I'm really looking forward to is a summer without any obligations or responsibilities.

So what's going to become of alternative reading at UTK? Hell if I know. It's someone else's turn, another student's opportunity to start a paper and give this campus a place to talk about things which might not be said otherwise. There's a lot that needs to be changed around here to turn UT back into a school of higher learning rather than the Kafka-esque corporate oligarchy it remains.

The tone on campus is different from when I first arrived. Maybe it is the company I keep, but I think the students are becoming less apathetic, and if the Monkey had a share in creating this mood, I feel it has been worth these crazy, week-long nights. I think I'm rambling, but I really can't tell anymore.

Thanks to all the advertisers, especially Jay at Raven Records, who bought the idea for this paper when it was but a thought and has bought an ad every issue since. Thanks to Rand Cabus (my boss) at Universal Printing for the use of the computer, light tables, etc. Thanks to Lance Bledsoe (who is also moving on, he's going to work for IBM) and Bob Daedalus (who is remaining yet another year).

Bob is interested in continuing a flier with just Instructor Evaluations and this fall you may see his publica-



tion to haunt the 0.00 profs who may have sighed relief at Gimpy's demise.

Thanks. Take care. It's been fun.

### ACCOMPLISHMENTS:



# Lettuhs to da Edituh

DEAR JIT,

I would like to see Indiana Bifi oh so holy asshole kicked right out of Australia. Or better yet, I would like to see you walk in on Collin Freeman getting biffed, I mean boffed, by his cute little Bif. Thanks Jit.

[signed]  
Spiderman

### AD SPACE

Editor:

I am writing to get a price list of how much an ad in your newsletter costs. As Rushchairman of my fraternity, I will like to place an ad in your newsletter, provided your rates are reasonable. Also since I would like this ad to appear in your Spring Quarter issue, I will need to know submission deadlines. You can respond by calling me at [censored].

Thank you for your time.  
Ted Haren

### A PLACE IN HISTORY

Dear Sir,

During a recent visit to Knoxville, I was shown your publication. Your paper would make a good addition to the microfilmed Tennessee newspapers which are currently in our collection. Could you please send me copies of any back issue which are available?

I will gladly send you a check to cover the postage if you could send an estimate of the amount required. Thank you for your time and efforts.

Yours truly,

John H. Woodard, Jr.  
Archival Assistant  
Tennessee State Library  
and Archives

GAWDZ WILL

To the Editor:

In his article in the last issue Lonnie Raper stated that "the problem with most atheists is... that they don't follow their first postulate (God does not exist) to its inevitable conclusion," which is, according to Raper, that the survival of the fittest determines right and wrong, and that justice and similar ideals are merely "pleasant concepts borrowed from the fundies." Without God, he implies, ideas of community and compassion are "wishful thinking" and "emotional garbage."

But it is Mr. Raper who fails to follow the postulate to its conclusion. If no Gods commanded ancient peoples to include in all their respective creeds concepts of brotherhood, then it follows that they themselves put them there. Why did they? Because the giving and taking of love is a basic human need. Modern psychologists and social scientists have confirmed this unequivocally. Religions did not invent this longing for communion, they merely institutionalized it. The impulse toward love is not just a "pleasant concept" carried by religion. It existed before religion and it will exist as long as the human species does.

The problem, one that Raper is overcome with, is that we have destructive impulses as well. And it is certainly true that these destructive traits have dominated human history. The fittest have been the strongest and most ruthless because we have been dominated by our predatory natures. But this doesn't mean that it always has to be this way. In opposition to our destructive tendencies stands the desire for communion.

This desire is every bit as selfish as the desire to dominate, but it is nonetheless our best hope, God or no God, the supreme challenge of humankind is to see that the impulse to love conquers the impulse to destroy.

[signed]  
Jim Anderson  
Grad Student in English

### SHRUBS FOR ED

Dear Editor:

Wanna hear something funny? The Panhell(ick) and Interf(rat)ernity Councils have decided to honor Mister Ed (Boling) by "organizing a surprise landscaping project in his honor." (So no one tell Ed, OK?) They are soliciting monies from student activities groups here at UT because they "feel that President Boling has made tremendous improvement to UT, and (they) would like to show appreciation to him for his outstanding achievements." They want \$50 from each group to raise \$5,000 (!) for some shrubs to honor a man that one professor on the Faculty Senate at Chattanooga, when asked why the Senate failed to pass a motion congratulating Ed for his work, said "it would be perjury" (Daily Beacon).

Now sure, that's just one group's dissension, but how come the Frats keep asking for money to support stupid projects? Don't they have anything better to do than physical plant work? How come when I walk past the new, empty-shelved (and poorly organized) library, I see suzies with signs that say "Helping to Build a Better Library" asking students to give nickels and dimes to buy books? If UT can afford to build skyboxes and a new arena, how come they have to solicit students and faculty for money

to buy basic resource materials? The students are already contributing with quarterly tuition payments. Why should the faculty contribute? It's like getting a job Chrysler and being asked to help buy the company a new factory in Schenectady.

So come on you bubble headed brown nosers. If you can't see through the smoke, at least listen for the sirens. Quit bending over to pick up the soap a give these brain fried administrators some hell, if you have enough sense between drunks.

[unsigned]

WAYNE SEZ,

Jits next victim should be those metermaids who cruise around in those stupid cushmans and slow you down, treat you like shit and don't give a damn if you're only 1 1/2 inches into the yellow.

The Lame Monkey prints 'As Is'; we do not change the spelling of a word unless absolutely necessary (Additions/Omissions by Editors for clarity/legality in [brackets]). If you have any comments regarding The Lame Monkey, please write: Lettuhs, The Lame Monkey Manifesto, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.

## The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Official Newsletter of The Friends of the Lame Monkey

Editor: Christopher Gray  
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*Phil Scheurer*  
Phil Scheurer, The Little Czar

*Doug Dickie*  
Doug Dickie, Revenue Spender



An intelligent conversation overheard at a sophisticated trendy Cumberland Avenue fern bar/restaurant.

So Rick, I heard you blew the interview?..

Yea, my resumé looked like shit! Should have had Universal typeset & print it. Whatta dweeb!

Another schmuck learns !!!

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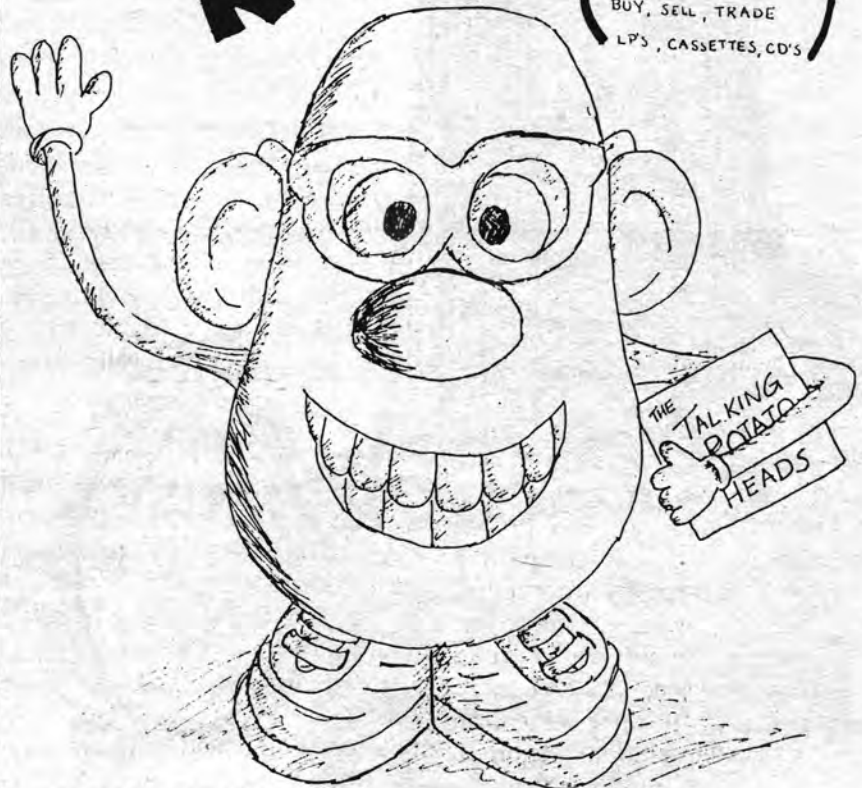
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MR. POTATO HEAD BUYS ALL HIS RECORDS

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# A Final Poke at the Fundies

By Doug Collins  
Lame Monkey Guest Editor

Since this is certainly my last regular appearance in *The Monkey*, I need to respond to a couple of things on the God issue. The Profit stated that there is no choice between repentant and unrepentant evil. Well now, sweet pea, that's interesting. As a hypothetical question, if I create a clay figure and this figure is defective in workmanship, who is responsible? If this defective sculpture explodes in the kiln because of this defect, killing a bystander, who is responsible for that? That's right, I am, both morally and (probably) legally. In other words, don't sue the clay.

Okay, so what? The important aspect of God for this problem is God as Creator. If God created the universe and everything in it, then he is responsible for any defects in that creation. Assuming that being inherently evil is a defect (remember, Profit said that we must ask for forgiveness for our built in badness), then that defect is a *manufacturer's* defect. God should be asking forgiveness for His boo-boo. But wait! God is omniscient and omnipotent. He *can't* make a mistake by accident, so he must instead... No, that can't be right, 'cause

he is omnibenevolent, so... Maybe we need to re-think this whole God issue. Do you see what happens when you try to apply logic to a transcendent being? Either you give up logic, give up God or limit God so as to fit logic in the framework of observed real-world conditions. (Meaning the existence of evil.) Of course, you could just refuse to admit the existence of evil, but in that case lying, stealing, murder and the abuse of small children and animals would have to be good. Well, maybe.

I don't think I've saved one soul from this logic trap in all of the literary battles staged in the pages of *The Monkey*, but come on Profit and Lonnie, you must admit that it is a matter of faith, not of logic. Have some faith in man's ability to work things out without puppy-dogging to some Greater Being to make the world a better place. Evil things do happen and neither religion nor God will help those who suffer, except maybe in solace, which changes nothing. Use your free will, believe what you want, but quit trying to justify with logic the illogical and sitting in church on Sundays thinking about how pure you are. Quit preaching your God to me, I don't need him to give my life meaning.

# Free-Willed Puppets and Other Logical Possibilities

By Lonnie Raper  
Lame Monkey Guest Editor

The school year is ending and I'm left with one last chance to seriously answer the headache questions Doug Collins has tossed at the Christians. To refresh your memory, the logical conundrums were 1) how can we have free will, and 2) how can evil exist if God is omnipotent, omniscient and omnibenevolent.

Mr. Collin's questions are not unlike the famous trick question, "Can God make a rock so big that He can't move it?" If we say "yes", the he laughs that God is again found to have limits to His power. Sheesh... how sneaky can you get? The implication is that an omnipotent God is impossible because it's too easy to trick Him into situations where He is impotent. The sleight of hand being pulled here is the faulty assumption that omnipotence includes the power to do the logically impossible. The Christians never claimed God could violate the laws of non-self contradiction fundamental to logical analysis. He cannot both exist and not exist. There's no such thing as forced love, or free will with no choices. God has the power to do anything that is possible. He can move the rock, but not at the same time that it is by definition unmovable. An unmovable rock would fill the entire universe with no room for movement. To move it, God could create more space. Notice, God is just as powerful if the rock is moveable or not. Logical impossibilities are simply nonsense equations.

To really answer his questions about free will and evil, I must show that they really are rendered logically impossible by God's attributes. Free will necessitates the possibility of evil choices. There is no way around it. Being able to only do good is not free will. It is automation, kind of like the electronic puppets at Disney World oozing syrupy goodness all day. God must obviously limit His control of us for free will to exist, but it doesn't limit his ability. I should point out that freedom of choice is not guaranteed in all circumstances. Our environment and other free-willed beings can act on us to remove degrees of freedom, if not eliminate choices altogether.

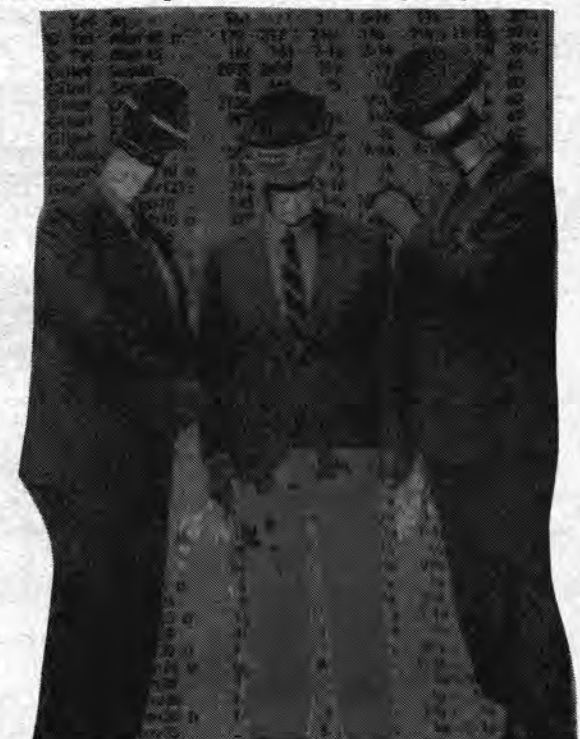
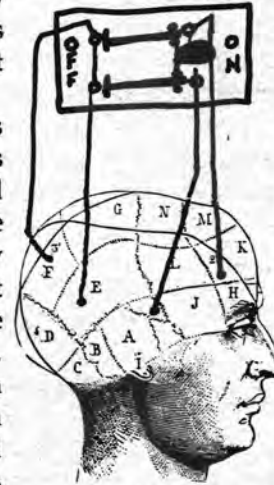
Omniscience means God knows the choices we will make, but these are choices He cannot alter if we are to have free will. Knowing what we will do does not make God responsible for our actions. Omnibenevolence means God can do only good. In fact, he is the ultimate standard by which we understand what "good" is. God has

created beings who have chosen evil actions, but in no way can it be said that God caused anyone to choose evil. Free will makes us the author of our actions, not God. By eliminating evil and free will, he would also eliminate the possibility of love since it is another form of choice. The options are a world with the possibilities of love and evil or one devoid of both. Which is more

consistent with an omnibenevolent God? We have no other proof than the world we live in. If omnibenevolence can allow free will, it must allow evil.

God's response to evil comes from His basic eternal nature, not arbitrary whim as it has been hinted. It can be called "holiness". I also suspect free will flows from the soul or spirit, not some B.F. Skinner conditioned response. Evil demands reconciliation or punishment and this can be achieved by accepting the forgiveness of God through Jesus Christ and rejecting our evil actions. It seems most people are upset with the punishment part, the mythological fire and brimstone hell, but I suspect Hell is like C.S. Lewis conjectured, locked from inside.

Remember the laws of logical impossibilities and don't accept any square circles from anybody!

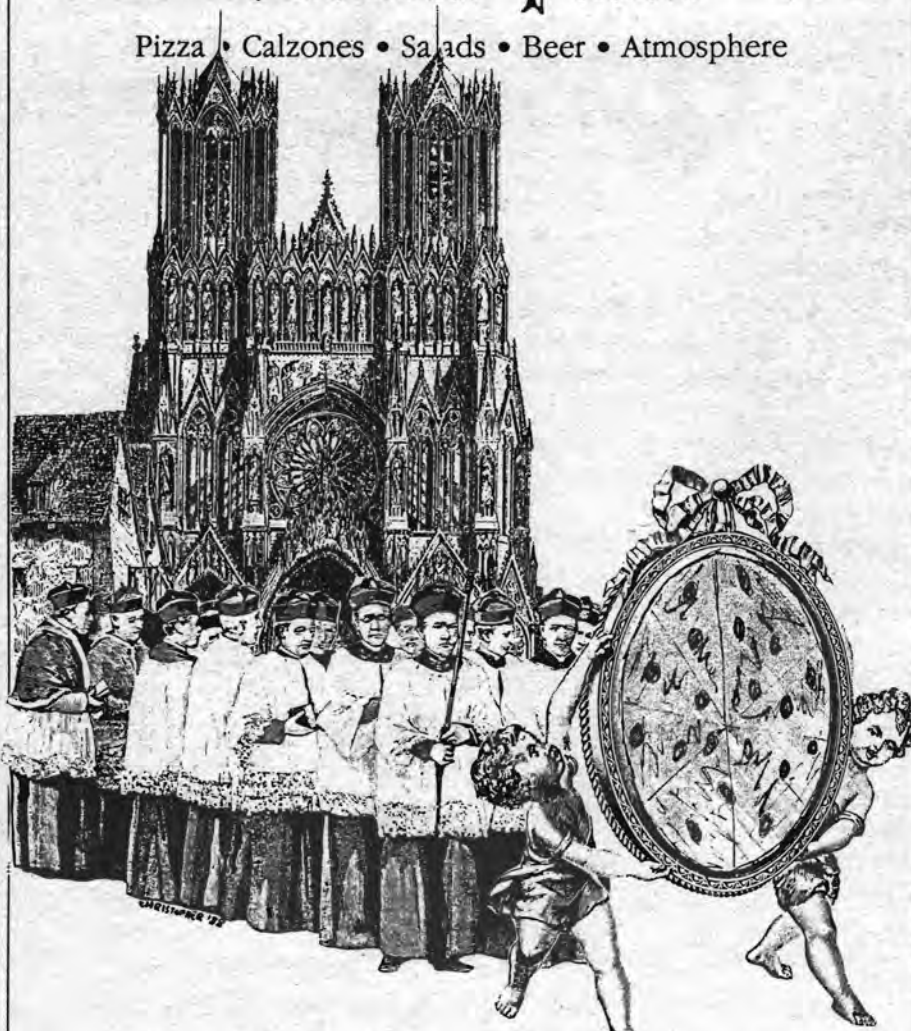


Mic Men

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# "OmmiGawd !! I've Won a Date with Johnny Majors !"

## One Coed's Tragedy

By Christopher Gray  
Lame Monkey Contest Judge



Madame Luck impersonated, a lucky Lisa Chase exalts in her good fortune..

"I can't believe it, I won a date with that walking mound of manhood," screamed Lisa Chase, the 1988 Win-A-Date with Johnny Majors Sweepstakes Winner. "This is the first time I've won anything," she cried, but unfortunately, the promise of the impossible—that your desires come entirely fulfilled—led her to tragedy.

It all began early one evening when a discreet Lame Monkey photographer arrived and announced her prize to screams of exuberant joy. "What should I wear?" she howled as she quickly prepared herself for date of a lifetime.



### Win-A-Date With Johnny Majors Sweepstakes WINNER DATA SHEET

Name: Lisa Chase  
Height: 5'5" Weight: 125  
Eyes: Brown Hair: Golden Brown  
Ring Size: 5 1/2  
Ideal Man: Late middle-aged, portly, tossed hair, looks good in orange  
Life Goal: To marry a former UT football player.  
Secret Fantasy: To make passionate love to Johnny on the 50 yard line during half-time while The Pride of the Southland Marching Band plays Bolero.



Looking for Johnny: after waiting hours for his arrival, Lisa seeks him at his residence, alas, no one is home.

An hour passed and Johnny's UT Limo hadn't yet arrived. "Where is he, why is he late?," she grumbled, waiting on the porch in eager anxiety. Another hour passed, happy hour had ended and still Johnny hadn't made his appearance. "Maybe he wanted me to drop by his place... meet the wife and kids before... before..."

Arriving at Johnny's home she ran to the door, wishing it to fly open and him to take her in his strong arms. But no!, even after minutes of hammering at the door, no response. "I know you're there," she yelled, "come out and play," and nothing but silence answered.



"Oh, Johnny! I do love you so! Are you off on some Athletic drug or shoplifting problem... why couldn't you have called? Don't you care?"

Sirens blared as the UT police arrived saying, "M'am, I'm 'fraid yull have to git, yar trespassing, they've phoned uh complaint." Pinning a note to door begging Johnny to meet her at JoAnn's, his favorite watering hole, she left in growing despair, escorted off his property in abject humiliation.

"Why doesn't he want to see me? I just luuv him to death. He must be out on urgent business or something. Maybe another football player is going to court or maybe they're dividing ticket revenues tonight. Why else would he stand me up?"

It was a quiet evening at JoAnn's and few but the bartender noticed an upset young woman solemnly drinking in a dimly lit corner, Johnny's corner where deals are made and strategies discussed, and smelling still of his aftershave. "Johnny, I feel closer to you just being here, but why couldn't you have called?" A mug of beer slowly warmed as the minutes ticked away, hours had passed and yet still her idol had not arrived.

Doubt of his love turned to self-doubt, slowing bending and twisiting upon itself, a snake biting its tail in a spiraling whirlpool of despair. Insecurities and ghosts of the id flew before her eyes, both blinding and giving new visions through beads of tears, visions of destruction and violence quenching the pain, the remorse, the fear.



"Johnny... oh my Johnny. One word from you would stop this madness! You can't be torn from me... we've never even met."



Leaving a note pinned to the door, Lisa bravely goes to Johnny's favorite bar to await the passionate rendez-vous.

Nothing was left, nothing but a burning emptiness and unfulfilled desire. A desire to stop the pain. Stood up? By Johnny Majors? Escorted off his property by some Barney Fiphe of the macabre? It became too much for any mortal woman or man to bear, gazing into the chasm and seeing... Johnny Majors with enamored eyes? No, nothing. A black pit of self sorrow.

It is strange what moves people to these abrupt ends, what passions become deadly. The hope of seeing God, of knowing Truth, is the drive of many a soul, but to almost go out on a date with Him and being rejected is the ultimate tragedy. Alas for Lisa Chase, she won, but at what price.



"Johnny, oh Johnny, where could you be?" She orders drinks, a mug of beer for the coach slowly warms as she waits and waits... "why is he so late?"



Another soul lost to cupid's arrow... an orange love so strong it led to oblivion, a lover's leap off Henley Street Bridge. and a painful falling out of love..



# A Slap in the Faith or Why I Listen to WITA

By Rev. Dr. Onan Canobite  
Pope of Tennessee, Church of the SubGenius

There isn't much you can say about radio in Knoxville. Nothing good, anyway. Most of what is offered is the same old garbage with only minor variations, old vinegar in rotten wine skins. There is really only one station worth listening to and it's probably not the one you're thinking of.

The majority of what you'll hear in Knoxville can be lumped under the banner of that wheezing undead horror call Rock N Roll. Perhaps at one time, back before you or your parents were born, rock music was vital to the youth culture of the day. Now it is just a tool of The Conspiracy. Rock and Roll has been a commodity for decades now, but what makes it all the more repugnant than, say, a bar of soap or a war is that rock is packaged as rebellious and/or revolutionary. So how come the sixties didn't work? How come all rock sound the same? Same beat, same chords, same instruments. "Be different, like me" is the message you'll get whether you look at Madison Avenue or Fanzine X, and it stinks both ways. And even if you like rock, think of all your rock heroes who turned into unnatural monsters right before the eyes of the world. It doesn't matter if they did it to themselves or their companies helped them along... in the end, they were killed by rock and roll. So you're safe in avoiding all rock stations. You won't be missing a thing.

Then there's country music. If you tried hard you might be able to find some real clod-kicking country music on late night AM, but otherwise you can forget it. To point out the obvious, *country music is rock music sung with a hick accent*. That is all.

There is a "public" classical station in town, and for many years I listened to it. It makes good background noise for doing things besides listening to music. Perhaps I lack a cultured ear, but I don't see the categorical presentation of music made by acoustic instruments because it was made in the past as a true community service. There are plenty of ways for a radio station to help its community. Live broadcasts of local music (any kind) for those who couldn't make it is one example you'll never hear in Knoxville. To add to the sins of Knoxville community station, at this writing they have even yanked from the air it's token avant show called UNRADIO. Even when those lads would occasionally fall into a rut they had the most potential for *useful radio* in town. Why, they even played SubGenius tapes a couple of times.

So what is a thinking or non-thinking SubGenius to listen to? No matter your persuasion, the choice is obviously AM1490, WITA.

Some of you may already know about WITA. For the majority who do not, it's a Christian station. It may seem odd that a high cult official would recommend the organ of the competition, but I

hope to explain exactly why WITA is, in fact, the most Sub-Genius station in Knoxville.

First, there is no single style to WITA. On a regular station it's pretty easy to peg them down... mindless teen rock, adult lite listening, etc. On WITA the only qualification seems to be saying "Jesus is a good Fellow" at some point during your show. This allows for a fantastic variety of programming (no pun); there's music, dialogue, interviews, call-ins, studio-polished announcers and inaudible open-air recordings. There are a lot of different ideas on Christianity as well. Is it a scholarly historical study? Or a blend of positive thinking and magic? Or a white-knuckle ride through hell to scare the devil out of you? There is all this and more on WITA.

WITA also practices what I call barrage education. If you throw enough cow pies at the side of a barn, some of them will stick. Likewise, WITA presents its message in a relentless fashion fully confident that if they keep hammering away then *eventually* you will be saved or give them money or whatever. All shows only get a certain amount of time, generally half an hour. Often the performers involved won't be able to finish their message and will be cut off mid-sentence. But never fear. Next week they will continue the tape exactly where they left off! It doesn't matter if what they're playing "makes sense" (ie. has a beginning, middle and end), this is a matter of Faith and that goes

beyond reason— a truly Sub-Genius attitude towards religion.

Then again, perhaps you enjoy ambient, garage-style recordings. Big name preachers usually have audio engineers, but they are not the majority of what you'll hear on WITA. Most small time and/or local preachers use crappy cassettes on tiny tape decks located somewhere in the audience. All you'll hear for minute after minute will be a bass rumble from the echos of the minister punctuated by amens from the congregation. You won't hear tongues on WITA (an unfortunate prejudice on their part) but quite often you'll be treated to non-linguistic murmurs. Don't try to tune it in better... that just spoils the effect.

The music is also inspirational to all true to all true sound artists, in a bulldada fashion. Grade-B movies are a more value measurement of human nature than multi-million dollar epics because they show a personal vision manifested into reality despite all restrictions of taste, budget or talent. It is the same with the music of WITA. What is important is the *song*, not trivial matters like recording levels, mixing, overdrive or the like.

The only improvement I can imagine would come if they gave me a show.

*If you would like information about J.R. "Bob" Dobbs and his Mighty Church of the SubGenius, send \$1 to The Subgenius Foundation, POB#140306, Dallas, TX 75214. Inquiries and comments to Dr. Canobite should be addresses to POB#23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061.*

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# Proud Flesh: An Unabashed Interview with the Band

By Ivan Robust  
Lame Monkey Guest Rock Critic

"This is incredible, they think they're the fucking Who or something."

This statement is being screamed at me by a long haired youth in a jean jacket with a Ramones patch on the back. We have just witnessed a killer set by Proud Flesh that has culminated in the trashing of all of their equipment onstage. As an interviewer for The Lame Monkey Manifesto, I caught up with them a few days later to ask them some questions.

Gimpy: Firstly, who plays what?  
Scott: Well, Roger Canada plays drums, Jimmy Scarborough plays guitar & does lead vocals, Jeff Woods is on lead & rhythm guitar and I (Scott Schienbaum) play keyboards, and Tracy O'Brich on incredible bass licks.

Gimpy: O.K., now that we have that out of the way, what's the deal on the name?

Scott: Hey, don't ask me, I joined after that."

Roger: "It's the name of Joan Crawford's 2nd movie made in 1925. We thought it sounded good."

Gimpy: No sexual connotations?

Jeff: (grabbing his crotch) Hell, no!  
Gimpy: I think you guys sound like a cross between Iggy Pop and maybe The Cure. Care to comment on that?

Jimmy: Well, yeah sometimes. We write songs that sound good to us. If we sound a bit like the bands we like, it's the process. We aren't afraid to comment of each others songs either. Hell, most of the time they end up nothing like the original version anyway.

Gimpy: So, you play only your songs... no covers?

Tracy: Well, every time we start to do a cover, somebody comes up with an original song we like better.

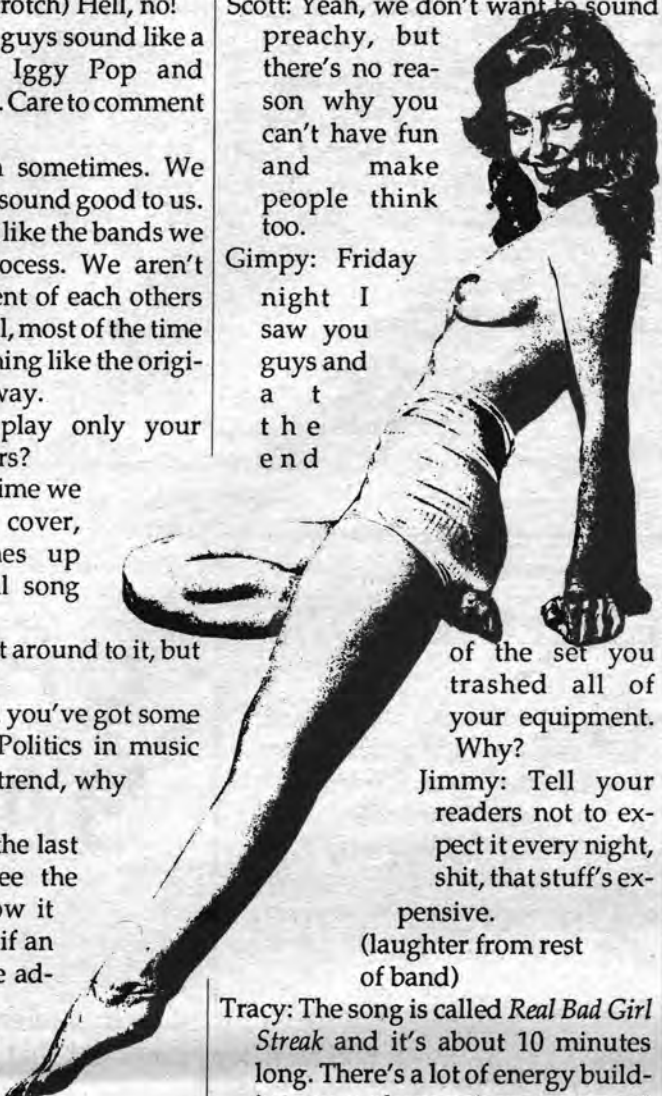
Roger: We might get around to it, but I doubt it.

Gimpy: I've noticed you've got some political songs. Politics in music seems the latest trend, why do you do it?

Roger: We may be the last generation to see the earth as we know it and we feel that if an issue needs to be addressed, so be it. No need to shy away from the truth.

Scott: Yeah, we don't want to sound preachy, but there's no reason why you can't have fun and make people think too.

Gimpy: Friday night I saw you guys and a t h e e n d



of the set you trashed all of your equipment. Why?

Jimmy: Tell your readers not to expect it every night, shit, that stuff's expensive.

(laughter from rest of band)

Tracy: The song is called *Real Bad Girl Streak* and it's about 10 minutes long. There's a lot of energy building up and sometimes a normal

ending wouldn't do it justice. One night we just started smashing things up at the end of the song and it felt really good. Some nights I don't feel like it, but most nights it just feels real good to smash my bass guitar into my amp. It makes a great cracking sound.

Gimpy: What kind of music do you guys listen to?

Jimmy: Nowadays, King Crimson, Bauhaus, Proud Flesh.

Jeff: Robyn Hitchcock, Prince, P-Funk.

Roger: The Damned, New Order, The Stranglers, Wine.

Tracy: The Doors, The Who.

Scott: New Order, Love & Rockets, XTC.

Gimpy: Future plans?

Scott: Hopefully an album by late summer. We'd like to crack European airwaves and maybe make a visit soon. Hey, what band doesn't want to make it big and go off on a foreign tour?

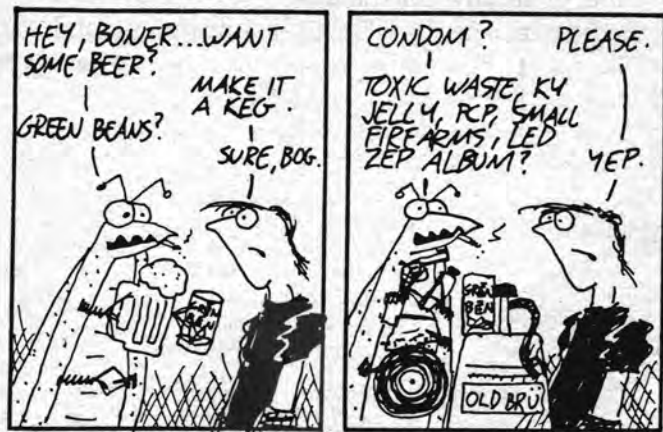
Gimpy: When's the next gig?

Roger: Tentatively, we have a gig June 1st with Jet Black Factory at Planet Earth downtown. It's a really great place and it's gonna get a good rep as a place to see good music... ya know, other bands besides us.

(rest of band chuckles)

Jeff: See ya there

## Boner's Fishtank



JIT

## Juan Wuelle



Bret Wood

## News Break

I watch Dan Rather tell me all about the latest terrorist attack. The waitress zips by me "Oooo, that gives me the chills—look" she says as if I won't believe her. She holds out her arms and shows me. She doesn't have to. I have them too. The same way your skin gets when you're about to take a big shit and push out all the crap you've shoved in your body the last day or so. Everyone gives commentary of the event. Everyone keeps drinking—soon we'll be drunk and wonder if terrorists are just our imagination.

—Spike Gillespie



# Lame Monkey Classified Ads

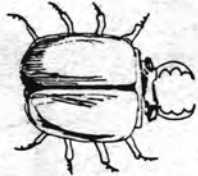
## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**GO RAVEN MAD.** Raven records offers the finest in used records, cassettes and CD's. See our selection and you'll go crazy. Behind Walgreen's. Open after noon.

**WOULD YOU LEAVE HOME** without your toothbrush? Universal Printing creates resumés that are so spit shined and polished, you'd get a gummy feeling in your mouth not to have one at that critical interview moment. For a whiter, brighter future, Universal tastes great and fights plaque.

## ORGANIZATIONS

**70-YEAR OLD GROUP** on campus seeks involved students for membership. Secret society upholds the beliefs and traditions of the University as well as of Neo-Fascism. Join the superhuman elite. Membership roster strictly confidential. Contact Phil Scheurer before the story breaks. Password: "S.S.S."



## PERSONAL

Don't touch that gun... remember Gimpy preaches loud, but non-violent resistance, even in self-abasement. Learn exciting, exotic mind control techniques through sub-hypnotic awareness satire. Read the precursors to this episode of Jit and try to discover the true Restaurant from Hell. Back issues of the Lame Monkey are available at \$1 a pop, so send your checks, money orders and cash to: Back Issues, Lame Monkey Manifesto, Dept. K-1284/34/562, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. Allow time for delivery.

"I Can't Believe I Won!"

Lisa Chase  
Winner of the  
Win-A-Date  
with Johnny Majors  
**ALL IS REVEALED**  
SEE PAGE 5



## INSTRUCTOR EVALUATIONS

The Lame Monkey Manifesto may be closing down, but the Instructor Evaluations Division will continue on. If you would like to help keep unbiased, published evaluations at UT, call Bob at 523-3434.

Monday, May 23 & Tuesday May 24  
Outside of Rafter's • University Center

# BRING BACK



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