

A Private Look At UT Dean Jerry Askew....p. 6

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 2 Number 11

October 1, 1988

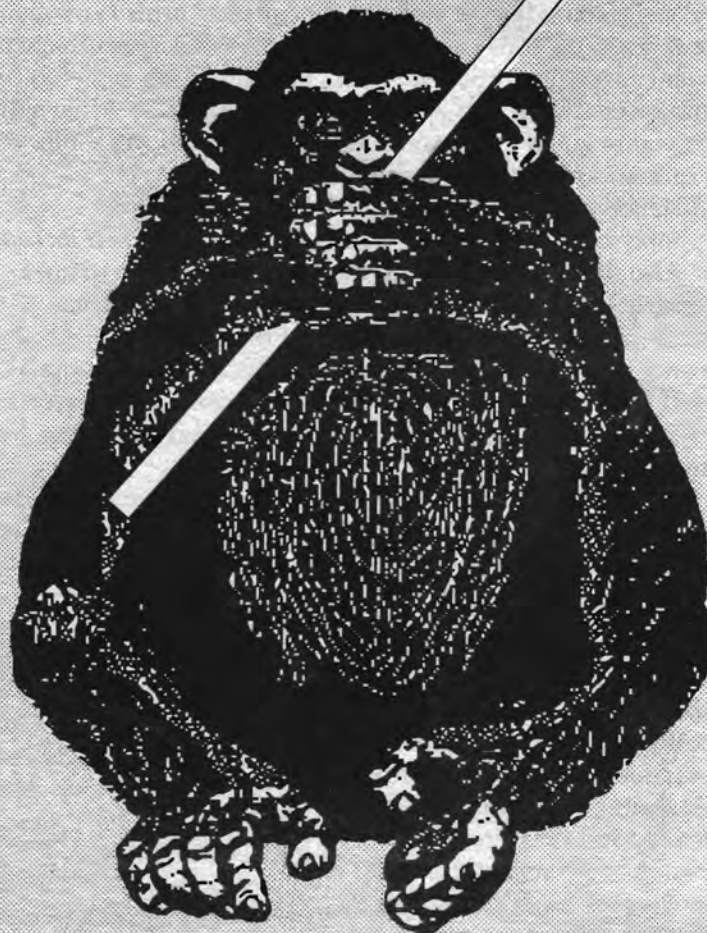
FREE

SPECIAL POST END-OF-THE-WORLD ISSUE

N OF CHRIST

LAS

ELVIS
~~Jesus~~ Is
Coming



*The Last
Temptation
of Gimpy*

INSIDE

Doug Dickey for UT
President

The McDonald's
Manners Sanatorium

Why Anarchy Can't
Work



Lettuh from da Edituh

Well, we're all still here.

Sometime around the end of July, I was waiting on a regular customer at work who had come in to print more copies of a religious booklet she had written in preparation for the approaching Rapture, the Second Coming of Christ, then six weeks off. She filled me in on all the details; how the numerical prophetic references in the Bible were being fulfilled, how it was going to happen, how many space-ships Jesus had (he's got two-thirds; Satan has the remaining third), and so on. I began to wonder if I should bother with working on this issue; after all, this

a profes-
the field.
h a r d
placing
faith in
predic-
the end
world,
ever, es-
pecially if
person
ing the



prediction has just placed an order for fifteen hundred business cards. I waited through Rosh Hashana with bated breath; when sunset came on the thirteenth, I concluded that either the Rapture hadn't occurred or that Jesus had taken His People very quietly. I went home to call my grandmother; if nobody answered, well, then to hell with spending four years on an undergraduate degree. She answered.

So the world stays intact for at least another *Monkey*. Ever since the last issue came out, each day brings another creative message on my answering machine and something or other in a plain brown wrapper in the mailbox. Keep 'em coming; that's what Monkeys are made of.

Before I launch into the rest of Issue Eleven, I'd like to offer my congratulations to David and Lance of *Township Jive*; it was an impressive issue they got out early last month. It's a good thing the world didn't screech to a halt; Knoxville is once again becoming a culturally interesting place to live. High praise to those who have had the interest and ambition to bring this about. Even the *Daily Beacon* has been revamped a bit, although I wish the editors would ease up on the *Morning Mail*; I'm getting a little sic of seeing obvious typos offered as evidence that the writer has a wooden head.

Thanks to all those who offered their help with this issue, extreme

thanks to those who submitted material, appreciation to the *Psychic Sex Turnip* of Johnson City, and grateful acknowledgement to the Bacon Boy

for the digital crotales. And, as always, please support our very cool advertisers, for they are very cool indeed. Not everything's paid for yet,

but it looks like there *might* be a little money left over from this issue's budget to start on the very long-awaited *Lame Monkey* T-shirts. If so, look for announcements in the next issue or on your favorite Fort Sanders/UTTM telephone pole. And, as one last quick reminder, the *Lame Monkey* is still not funded, "advised", or otherwise controlled by the Big Orange (or any other institution). So there.

Enjoy!


Ian Blackburn



Lame Monkey Emeritus Christopher Gray enjoying a mag of native brew during his travels in Germany

Lettuhs to da Edituh

REQUEST

Dear Sir:

I request the *Lame Monkey Manifesto* not to publish my teaching evaluations on my teaching courses in Mathematics at any semester in Lame Monkey Instructor Evaluations.

I, a professor, thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,
Y. Kuo

XID LUPD 8

Dear Edituh,

Cwozt tr3v 9ovljkjas bua wsxi4 bpii jadmo oy6

(signed)

A Ouija Board

FEEDBACK

(The following appeared in Issue #6 of the *Psychic Sex Turnip* - ed.)

The *Lame Monkey Manifesto* is a tabloid that comes out of the bowels of U.T. Knoxville. But this isn't your typical school propaganda paper; Think of it as a survival guide. Contained herein are atricles on how

to get by as a student that contain helpful suggestions like "If you want free beer, go to the frats and pretend you want to pledge, but under no circumstances should you join one" and "If you're going to use someone else's calling card number to make a long-distance call, don't use your own phone, because they can trace them." Also absolutely wonderful are their instructor evaluations... Each instructor is given a rating and comments from past students are included, some of which are a riot. Bet the E.T.S.U. administration wouldn't let anything like this stay around long. Good work, guys!

UT ARCHITECTURE DEPT.

To the *Lame Monkey*:

Two years ago, the national accreditation board put the Architecture department on "probation" with only a three-year accreditation. A big problem with the department was the lack of leadership, resulting in the forced resignation of the acting dean.

Now the professors are waiting for a new dean to step in and change things and make everything dandy.

Little do these unsuspecting egotistical profs know that he/she is going to ask them to change, which these little self-centered profs won't be willing to do. What a dilemma.

This takes me into the ratings department:

1 Attitude of Profs F

•Because of their lackadasical and unenthused attitude towards teaching the students.

2 Professors' Egos F

•Because of their massive architectural egos won't let them work together to better the department.

•These are the same egos that a new dean is going to fight like hell to break through.

•These are the same egos that, when the accreditation board put the dept on "probation," Their solution was to make the students work twice as hard, instead of reevaluating their own teaching methods and abilities.

These ratings vary from prof to prof, but as a whole these ratings fit the department well. For me, I keep going to class and hope they don't revoke our accreditation. Or if they do, maybe I can sue.

•LM

COMMUNICATE

Lettuhs
P.O. Box 8763 • Knoxville, TN
37996-4800

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]).

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Official Newsletter of The Friends of the Lame Monkey

Editor: Ian Blackburn

Layout/Design/etc: Christopher Gray
and Ian Blackburn

Special Thanks To:
Bob Daedalus, and the
Friends of the Lame Monkey

Ad Sales: Ian Blackburn

Facilities: Universal Printing Company

Press: Name Withheld By Request

Circulation: 5,000

Cost: Distributed free to UT Students or \$1 by mail in plain brown wrapper.

If you or someone you love would like to support the Lame Monkey through advertising, we have reasonable rates. Write: P.O.Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800 or call 525-1913 and leave a message.

Entire Contents Copyrighted ©1988
All Rights Reserved



Doug Dickey, Man Of Vision — UT's Best Choice For President

by Pat Reidy
University of Tennessee Alumnus

The Board of Trustees has made a terrible mistake by not finishing the selection process for a new UT President. They left out the best possible candidate, Mr. Doug Dickey. Let me tell you his qualifications for office and you decide for yourself.

First as Athletic Director here at UTK he has managed to solve the number one problem on this campus for students and faculty, parking. Yes, a parking garage is going to be built for the "New Arena" and Neyland Stadium, and of course the students can use it. Mr. Dickey has accomplished something that other UT administrators have said was impossible. It is only fair to say that students should help pay for it, as they can use it whenever there isn't a sporting event scheduled. As well, other administrators should applaud Mr. Dickey because the ever constant student and faculty complaints over parking problems should soon come to an end.

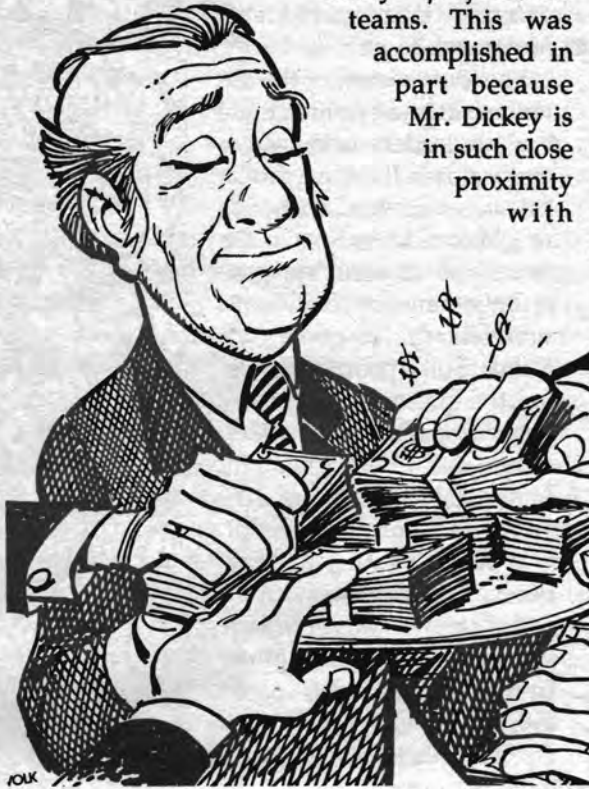
Mr. Dickey is a shrewd politician in many ways, and that's an important qualification for a University president. Besides the above mentioned accomplishment, Mr. Dickey knows how to effectively deal with his political opponents. Take the alcohol/skybox issue. Mr. Dickey would have lost face if he had to

explain why the lease agreement bound renters to observing "Rules and Regulations of the University," which prohibit possessing alcohol on this campus. So he reversed his original decision to be fair to the fans. He then proceeded to deal with the SGA because they opposed his "skybox plan". Mr. Dickey has effectively shown SGA just how much they should appreciate him. Mr. Dickey promised SGA that students would receive "good seats" for basketball games held in the new arena. Well, guys, paybacks are hell. Every administrator up and down the UT ladder should be taking notes here. Mr. Dickey has effectively shown the students that it is "their job to go to school" and not to run the University. They know who's boss now.

Mr. Dickey has been able to raise millions of dollars for Athletics here at UTK. He has clearly shown he has the fund raising capabilities that are so important to being a University President. On top of this he has managed to spend all of this money on new athletic facilities.

He has kept opposition to this growth at a minimum. Indeed we should all be proud of our fine athletic teams and the fact that they have facilities that currently rival the facilities of

many professional teams. This was accomplished in part because Mr. Dickey is in such close proximity with

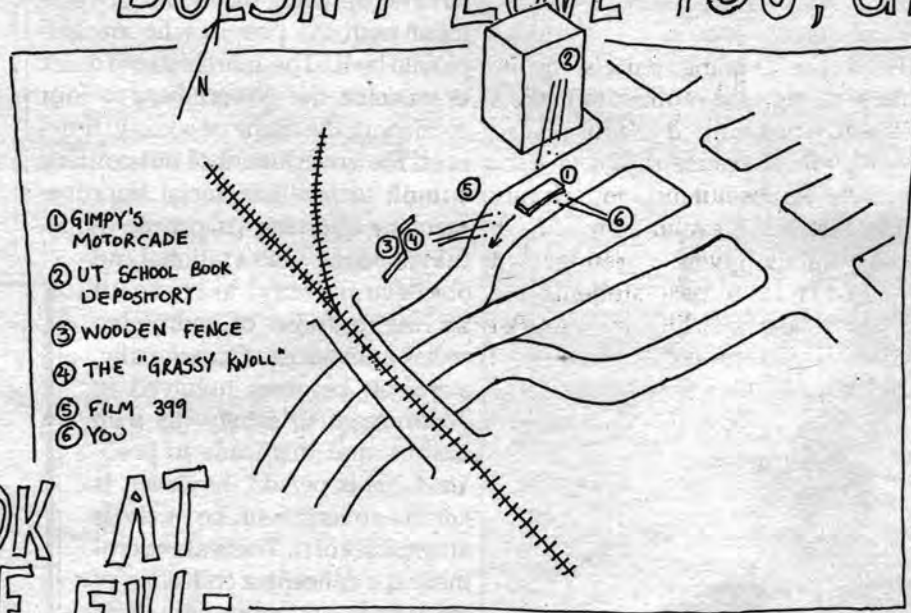


Intercollegiate Athletics. Yes, being close to the public and the student body is another reason why Mr. Dickey would have been the best choice.

Mr. Dickey is a "man of vision," and according to Board of Trustees Member Bill Johnson, that was the most important quality that the search committ... uh... that he looked for. Anyone who has been the front man in the construction of these new athletic facilities is obviously a "man of vision." Just think what the results would be if that vision had been selected to plan for the growth of UT as a whole, and not just the athletic department. Why, there is no end to the research facilities, new lab materials, filled Chairs of Excellence, content student and faculty members.... Why, the list of accomplishments coming from such a man of vision would be endless, and the Athletic Departments in the UT system would continue to grow. We might even have seen proclamations like, "Students at UTK can now drink alcohol in the privacy of their own rooms" or "We are requesting a hike in the entertainment tax so we can give our faculty a decent raise." Why, it makes one's mind reel.

the public that he knew they would gladly pay the largest entertainment tax in the nation to fund the New Arena. As well he is very aware of student opinion and he knew that students didn't mind paying 19 or so dollars a term to pay for Womens'

"YOU CAN'T SAY KNOXVILLE DOESN'T LOVE YOU, GIMP!"



- ① GIMPY'S MOTORCADE
- ② UT SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY
- ③ WOODEN FENCE
- ④ THE "GRASSY KNOLL"
- ⑤ FILM 399
- ⑥ YOU

LOOK AT THE EVIDENCE... DECIDE FOR YOURSELF!



TREVOR



WHY ANARCHY CAN'T WORK

by The Rocinante Foundation
Reprinted with permission

In the past week or two, and in the last few years, flyers have gone up around the U.T. campus and the surrounding neighborhoods. These flyers promote the idea of turning the United States (and other countries) over to

"Basically, anarchy is not compatible with human nature."

"anarchy". Let's consider this. First, however, we must consider what anarchy is.

Anarchy, by definition of the American Heritage Dictionary, is "1. An absence of any form of political authority. 2. Political disorder and confusion. 3. Absence of any cohering principle, as a common standard or purpose."

The anarchists promote anarchy because they believe it will improve the quality of life in the United States. This is a valid desire — almost every person cares about the quality of life; it is an elemental desire of humans to improve their surrounding conditions. The anarchists are certainly to be commended in their efforts to

improve existing conditions; very few people ever take part in true action. Unfortunately for them, though, the anarchy movement has one flaw: It simply can't work. The problem is this: *Basically, anarchy is not compatible with human nature.*

The ideal society of the anarchists is one in which there are no leaders and where every citizen lives in a peaceful co-existence with his neighbor. According to the principles of anarchy, governments are oppressive and unnecessary. To quote Ayn Rand, "Some people are raising the question of whether government as such is evil by nature and whether anarchy is the ideal social system. Anarchy, as a political concept, is a naïve floating abstraction.... A society without an organized government would be at the mercy of the first criminal who came along and who would precipitate it into the chaos of gang warfare."

And so this question is asked of any anarchist: How could your system possibly deal with criminals and other such elements of humankind? Don't you

agree that such persons exist in our society? Also, let's not forget the unfortunate but all-too-real basic human trait of "take-all-you-can-get-

moting anarchy not because it is a superior social system, but because it's "a cool thing to do". These people seem overly concerned with having the image of shunning conventional mindsets; it seems as though they are so interested in being seen as different and creative that they overlook the new philosophy they have embraced. In college communities, it is so "cool" to be involved in protest that many people jump onto the anarchy bandwagon without understanding the implications of what they are promoting.

It is heartening to see that there are people who are taking an active part to improve our society. Too many people are too content to let our problems slide. However, the way to improvement is change from within, not abandoning the entire system.

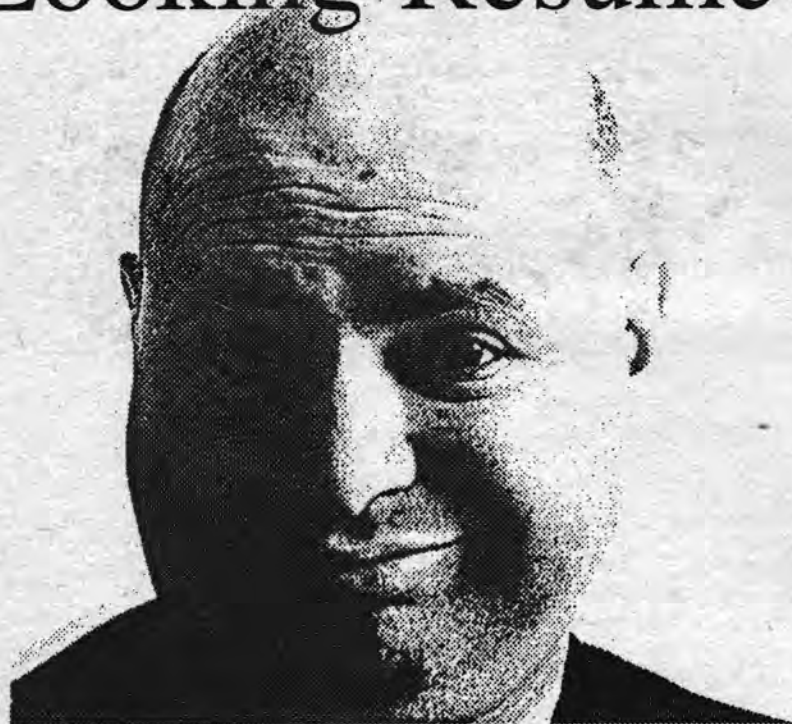


Anarchy — A Better Way, Or Just Chaos?

Note from Rocinante— If you disagree with our views on anarchy, don't sit

on your hands — use them to write a response. As with everything else we see as negative, we'd be happy to be proved wrong.

Need a Good Looking Resumé?



UT's first resumé service. Since 1982 over 6,000 students have had us start their careers.

universal printing company

817 19th street • behind taco bell • 637-2510
we accept mom & dad's credit cards • placement forms
Bring in this charming mug and receive \$5 off a resumé.

and-give-up-as-little-as-possible". This alone is enough to make anarchy an unfeasible alternative to government. Anarchy is based on individual cooperation; there are too many people in the world who'll try to get a little extra, a little more than their neighbor. This alone shows anarchy to be a faulty and idealistic concept. It cannot work.

Another problem the anarchists have is confusing the idea of government with the people who are employed by it. The anarchists are quick to criticize the government of our country in the name of society; however, the government of our country is built to facilitate social improvement by allowing its people (hopefully, a people with a rational and objective majority) to change it for the purpose of redressing social grievances. Occasionally, a person becomes involved in government to satisfy his own desires, and this leads to problems. This person, however, is *not* the government; he or she is an *employee* of it. The real government is a concept, a collection of guidelines set down to allow future improvement. The government is not the President or the Supreme Court or the Congress.

Another problem is present not in anarchy itself; rather, it is within the anarchist movement. Sadly, many people in this area and in others have begun pro-

Now Taking
Submissions For The
Next Issue Of
The Lame Monkey
Manifesto

Turn Your Hidden Monkey
Loose! Bring Your Material
to Universal Printing,
Raven Records, or
PO Box 8763,
Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Last week,
while I was walking
to class,
I saw Caesar
lying on a bench.
I said, "Jules,
How's it going?"
To which he replied:
"Et tu, Brute?"
He's so damn paranoid
When he's drunk.

— Max



The McDonald's Manners Sanitorium

by Jadmo Oy Six
Lame Monkey Guest Fiction Author

They drove up to the shiny metal and plastic building, parked the car, and tumbled out. Their weekly trip to McDonald's, here at last after the previous six days of tedium. Ron, his younger brother Steve, and Mom went in to select their meals. Ron quizzed his sibling on what he was going to order, and then mentally picked out all the McDonald-type treats that Steve had overlooked, just so he could slowly eat them in front of the wistful child, who would beg in vain for a taste.

The family received their order, albeit not without a great deal of whining on Ron's part about getting the biggest portions of everything that could be crammed into the paper and plastic containers. Even then, he insisted that Steve had received more fries than he had, and proceeded to "even" the distribution, glowering at his younger brother, who had long since learned not to object to such things. Better a few fries now than Indian rope burns later that afternoon in the bedroom that they shared. As a consolation, however, McDonald's

was currently sponsoring one of those "instant winner" type games, where you had to scratch off the silver covering with a coin or your fingernail. More often than not, it came up "sorry, try again," but Steve loved the suspense of knowing that there was the slightest chance of possibly winning something beyond imagining, at least beyond imagining for a six-year-old. This time, he struck a happy medium between the usual results and the unattainable ones; he uncovered the words "Free Sundae" on his game card.

Ron, on the other hand, hated this sort of thing, since it was something left purely to chance. He couldn't stand the thought of everybody else having just as much an advantage as he did, no matter what the game. As luck would have it, his card read the usual sorry-try-again, which infuriated him. Over the protests of his brother, Ron snatched the winning card out of Steve's hand "just to see what you got."

"Ha ha, Steve, tough luck for you! You didn't win anything, but I got a free sundae," said Ron, as he switched the cards and handed the loser back to Steve, who, in a relatively valiant attempt to recover the

misappropriated game card, accidentally knocked over Ron's Coke. Ron shrieked in fury and grabbed Steve's hair; only their mother's intervention prevented Steve from the untimely need of a toupee. To placate the yelling Ron, Mom gave him enough money to get an extra-large, super-size Coke, which he took sullenly and dismissed the matter with a final kick to his brother's shin.

Ron dashed up to the counter, cutting in ahead of two couples who had just reached the head of the line. "I want a COKE," he demanded. "An Extra-Large Super-Size COKE an' you BETTER fill it up all the way," he whined as he shoved the money across the counter. "And an Extra-Large SUNDAE," he added, throwing his brother's game card down. "It better be GOOD or I get ANOTHER one," he yelled at the cashier's turned back. Behind him, Steve sat in the booth and watched sadly as the cashier made a sundae, his sundae.

"You CHEATED me! There's NOT ENOUGH hot fudge! Make it again!" Ron screeched, pushing it across the counter, where it slid off and hit the floor. Silently, the cashier motioned to Ron for him to follow her back into the kitchen.

The next thing that Ron was aware of was a sick groggy feeling as he slowly came back to consciousness. His hands were chained to cold, damp stone walls, but he could move them well enough to determine that no bones were broken. His skin felt funny.... He found he had a big red thing on his nose that he couldn't pull off. And his clothes.... He was wearing a drab, faded red and yellow clown suit.... No! It was his skin! He became panicked and began yelling for his Mom and Steve; however, his voice cut short when he saw a figure enter.

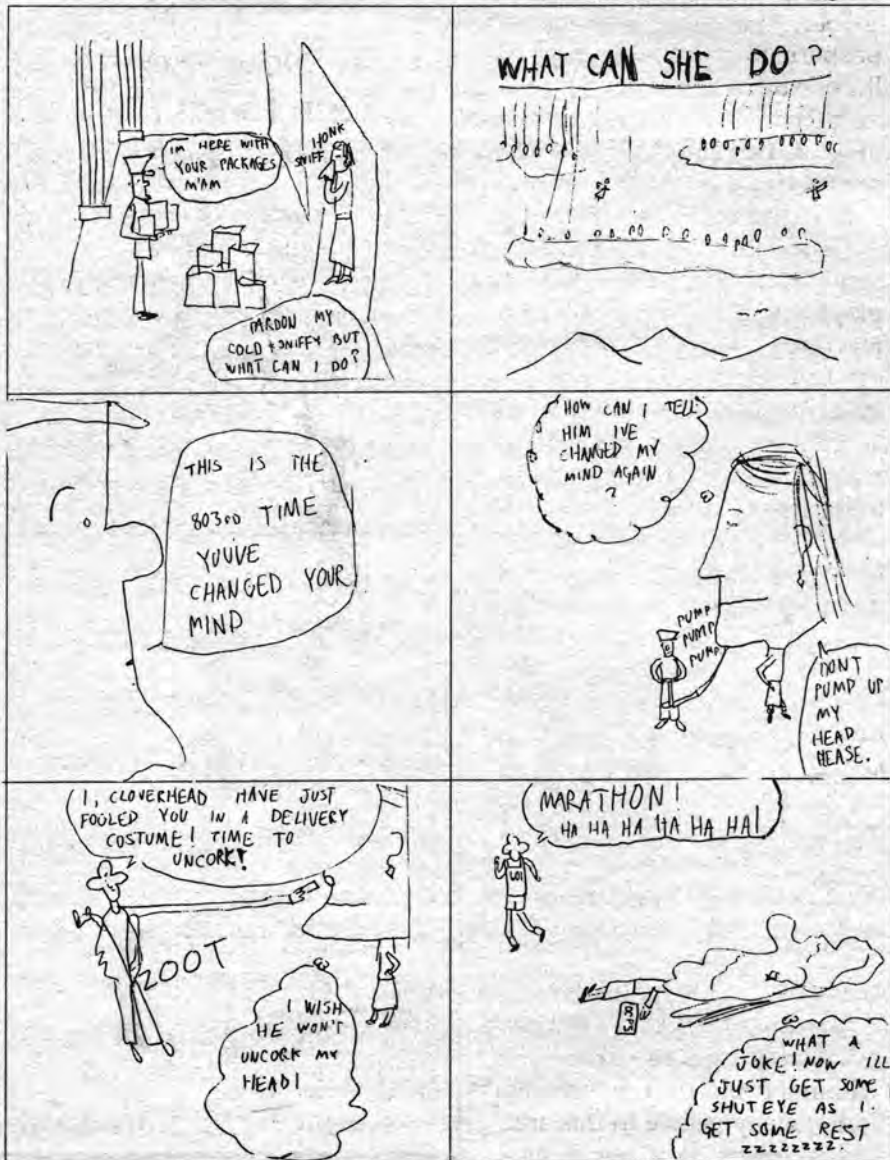
It was Ronald McDonald. Not the Ronald McDonald that you and I know, but the Ronald McDonald of the Below, the Ronald McDonald of the depths of the soul. His eyes glowed a dim red in the dungeon's half-light, and he drooled green venom. His fingernails were so long they curled around the handle of the whip he was holding.

The evil clown's eyes narrowed to slits. "You little shit," he hissed, "you think that all your crap went unnoticed? You know where you are right now? *The McDonald's Manners Sanitorium!* And you're gonna be here for a long fucking time."

A single tear rolled down Ron's cheek as the whip cut into his flesh.

Uncork Her Head

J. Cow Beauregard



the Vatican



Figure 3.4
Typical Clientele of
the Vatican.... and the
Betty Ford Clinic.

We Got Plenty!
1108 Forest Ave.
544-0532

No, We Don't Deliver.
Yes, It's Good.



The Dean's Discontent: A Private Look at Jerry Askew

by Harrison Fowler
Lame Monkey Administrative Correspondant

"You don't know him. He's a madman. I can't even get him on the phone any more. Humans weren't meant to be Dean of Students for that long. And his hair!"

Those words from Jack Reese burned through my mind, like napalm through Tupperware. Askew had been hanging tough. During Lamar's sentence at the University of Tennessee Asylum for Has-Been Civil Servants, old stand-bys were fading fast. Former Chancellor Reese was interned within a sanatorium in McClung Tower; Former Police Chief Hugh Griffin took a Rent-a-Cop job at Krystal's, hustling winos for coffee money; Former Dean of Architecture Roy Knight had fled to Florida with an 18-year-old draftsman, pursuing the simple life of an alcoholic beachcomber.

But Jerry Askew, he was young, he was fresh, he had years of kissing the asses of superiors, and spanking the asses of co-eds left in him. This man was no gray-hair, syphilitic, bureaucratic sycophant. He was a brunette, syphilitic, bureaucratic sycophant. He would be around long after Babyface Lamar had moved to UT Chattanooga. Or so I had thought.

Was Askew laying low till the Uzis of Change ceased firing? Was Askew keeping his head buried in the sand until the Executioner of Early Retirement passed him by? Was Jer staying safely ensconced in the foxhole until the Shrapnel of Dismissals flew no more? Au Contrair! If you followed rumors, and I did, if you listened to the gossip, and I did, Jerry Askew was spinning out of control. The man marked for his eccentricities and oddities was swiftly becoming known as a madman, a flamer.

I mean, a mild amount of weirdness is tolerated; hell, even expected from a man of the Kewpie's position and power. But hang gliding from the roof of the Tower of Power, to moon the sunroof of women's dorms? Stroking the statue of the Torchbearer in lewd and unmentionable ways? Sending personal ads to the Beacon—

Liberal-minded dean of students seeks discreet business major for after-hours office probes. Looking for gifted individual to assume special position.

Askew was in danger of losing it, and he had to be stopped. I had to see him, and I had to see him tonight!

It was dark, no moon to be seen

from my location atop the Student Services Building. I was dressed for the occasion; knee-length khaki cut-offs, wrinkled button-down, worn and torn deck shoes. No way I'd stand



"That's the fourth report today about Askew.... Do you think we should tell someone?"

out in this building. Or even on this building. I secured the line and started lowering myself over the building's side. Jer's office would be the first window I approached. I moved slowly, repelling into position to peer into the office, surveying the situation before I made my entrance.

God's teeth, it was worse than I had

been told. Askew was gyrating to the Big Chill soundtrack, naked except for a leopard skin headband. His body flailed one way, his hair the other. Flashing on his desk was a blue police light, seemingly torn from a UT squad car. Who was that in the corner? Oh, the Kewpie had apparently found a student to "assume the position." And what a position! I don't think I could have bent my legs that way... and was that a prosthetic?... it couldn't be real...could it? For the sake of my ego, I turned away. Askew's brow was pimpled with sweat, his eyes glazed with synthetic glee. Great, I'll have no trouble having a coherent conversation with this man. Cake. Piece of.

I cracked the window, and stepped into the office, knocking the dust off my Duckheads. The apprentice contortionist in the corner squealed and pulled a hamstring trying to cover vital organs. Some organs are more vital than others, I suppose.

"Why don't you just take a break and clam up, Gunter? Oh, and clean up that stain, would ya?"

Askew's flailings slowed, as his eyes struggled to focus on my face. He barked like a doberman, "Harrison... is it you?"



A FOUR ISSUE BOOKSHELF FORMAT SERIES • PREMIERING SEPTEMBER 6
\$3.50 • MONTHLY FROM EPIC COMICS • RECOMMENDED FOR MATURE READERS

TM & © 1988 Bill Sienkiewicz. All rights reserved. EPIC Comics is a registered trademark of Epic Comics, Inc., a New World Company.

A STORY ABOUT THE REPRESSION OF NEED, THE OBSESSION OF EVIL AND THE POSSESSION OF KITCHEN APPLIANCES.

WE
HAVE
20%
OFF
ALL
OUR
GAMES
ALL
DAY
EVERY
DAY!!

COMICS

5415 KINGSTON PIKE SUITE F.
KNOXVILLE, TN.
588-1051

WE ARE KNOXVILLE'S SOURCE FOR
ALTERNATIVE COMICS & MAGS!
10% DISCOUNT WITH U.T. I.D.!

U.T. COLLECTORS DO HAVE
A CHOICE!

NEW
AND
OLD
COMICS
PLUS
TSHIRTS
GAMES
POSTER
ART
&
MORE!!





The Dean's Discontent: A Private Look at Jerry Askew (continued)

"Oh, great Jer, just scream my name for the tape recorders. Just what I need."

He regained his composure in record time.

"I wasn't expecting you tonight. Want a mint? No? Well, just let me dismiss my... associate, and I'll be right with you."

Great. Breathless, I was. Askew moved towards his svelte Svetlana; muttering an explanation. My eyes cruised over his desk, dismissing the various oils and probes. A pocket BB game, a scarab paperweight, a photo of Jer and Tina Lobotomy, sneaking a doobie at the SGA retreat. Oooh, I liked that photo. It found its way into my shirt pocket while I tried to look innocent, no small task.

Jerry moved back over to me, offering a chair, and sitting on the edge of his desk.

"Nice headband, Jerry. Hey, don't wave that in my face, I don't know where it's been."

He let it drop limply to the desk, wiped his hand against his thigh, and fixed me with his glare.

"Okay, no more games Fowler. Why are you here? How did you know I was here? Why are you dressed in those ridiculous clothes?"

should I walk across campus in a plaid, flannel shirt? I should protect my job? Lamar can kiss my white ass! I'll have his job, or he can eat mine!"

"This man was no gray-hair, syphilitic, bureaucratic sycophant. He was a *brunette*...."

"You're questioning my attire? Never mind. I need to keep this short. Look... I was worried. I thought you, of all people, would be able to ride out the convulsions wracking the corpse of UT. But you've only gotten worse. You've gone completely bugfuck. What's happened? What kind of man are you?"

The bloodshot tinge in his eyes segued into the glowering coals of a rheumatic elk.

"What the flaming hell makes you think I want to keep my job here? I should have gotten the president's job from Ed Boling. I waxed his Buick, I picked up his cleaning, I got him invites to all the

really good parties, that job belonged to me. And he handed it over to that Howdy Doody, Alexander? What,

He stood over me, his chest heaving, mutated hair matted with sweat, limbs trembling with exertion. Ooookay, fine. I'm Casper, I'm outta here. I stood and backed away, towards the window, never taking my eyes off of him.

"Well, nice seeing you again, Jer. Let's do this again sometime, huh? Gunter, nice meeting you. Watch that leakage. Direct pressure, I always say."

Askew said nothing, Gunter flapped a distended limb in my direction. I slipped out of the window, away from the panting administrator. Hmmmm, I seemed to be doing a lot of that lately. I slid the rest of the way down the rope, dropping the final ten feet to the ground. Shit, now I can't retrieve the rope. Oh well, let them wonder.

Would Askew get the boot, or would he somehow make his way into the UT presidency? Will he lay back and resign himself to Lamar's reign, or will Lamar's reign resign



....it was worse than I'd been told....



BEN BOLT

A Rock Player's Guide to CLASSICAL GUITAR

by Ben Bolt

Play classical guitar without years of practice! Book in TAB & notation with TAPE. Send check/money order (U.S.) for \$17.95 plus \$2 postage to:

OCTAVE APART MUSIC
Box 22214
Knoxville, TN 37933

More books by Ben Bolt:

- New A Rock Player's Guide to Classical Guitar, Vol. II (Tab/Tape) . . . \$17.95
- New Music Theory for Rock Guitarists (Tab/Tape) . . . \$24.95

ALL ORDERS ADD \$2 POSTAGE

Dealer inquiries welcome

New Acoustic Guitar T-shirts \$5 Md/Lg/X-Lg

Jerry Askew? Regardless, Askew was off the edge. Nice photo, though. I pulled the snapshot from my pocket. Wonder what Tina is up to these days?

Harrison Fowler doesn't usually dress like that, and he cherishes his photo of Jer and Tina still.

Stonewall's / Planet Earth October Calendar

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| Saturday, October 1 | Questionnaires & Swing |
| Sunday, October 2 | Alternative Dance Party |
| Friday, October 7 | Col. Bruce Hampton and the Arkansas Travelers w/ the Clintons |
| Saturday, October 8 | Col. Bruce Hampton and the Arkansas Travelers w/ Blooshroom |
| Sunday, October 9 | Alternative Dance Party |
| Friday, October 14 | Kilkenny Cats & Rin Tin Horn |
| Saturday, October 15 | Jet Black Factory & Proud Flesh |
| Sunday, October 16 | Alternative Dance Party |
| Thursday, October 20 | Connells; opener TBA |
| Friday, October 21 | Hector Qirko & R.B. Morris and the Irregulars |

• also coming very soon •

Shakers' Album Release Concert
New Marines (from L.A.)



Lame Monkey Classified Ads

WE OFFER THE FINEST res-
sumés this side of Chernobyl.
Printed on uranium-enriched pa-
per to turn that hard-assed inter-
viewer to putty in your hands.
Universal Printing Company, 817
19th St., behind Taco Bell. Open
from 9-8 M-T, 9-6 F, 10-3 S.

PANTS TOO TIGHT? LET
"BOB" tailor you a pair of
SLACKS. Details and cheesy in-
sane propaganda \$1. The Church
of the SubGenius, P.O. Box 140306,
Dallas, TX 75214.

WUTK, Album 90, playing all
the cool stuff that nobody else
does. All day and into the night.

Randy Padawer, Macintosh
Consulting. Monday Hotel, Cum-
berland Avenue. 637-7263.

JUST WHERE THE HELL CAN
you get a sanctified calzone?
Knoxville's own Vatican, 1108 For-
est Ave. We don't print our own
stamps but we make the only rock
'n' roll pizza in town.

Just An Opinion

The whole
goddamn world:

PMS.

Gravy Train, Kiln City

The sun: a huskie.
Us: raw meat.

Poetrycide

Sometimes a sunset's
just some gas,
burning like nothing
particular.

His Own Good

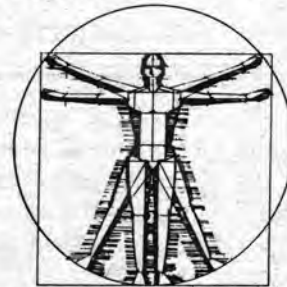
He was instate.
The administration said:
Move.

— Chris Sumberg

Fritz Quadrata, Macintosh In-
sulting. Highland Avenue, Fort
Sanders. 525-1913 (leave a mes-
sage).

Led Zeppelin, Alice Cooper,
Andy Summers, Stanley Jordan,
Wall of Voodoo, Michelle Shocked,
Jimi Hendrix, Repo Man, Thelo-
nius Monk, P.I.L., the Cramps,
Robyn Hitchcock, the Blasters,
Narada, various Windham Hill,
Suicidal Tendencies. Obtain them
at RAVEN RECORDS or listen to
them at UNIVERSAL PRINTING.
Why listen to copy-shop muzak
when you can have your head
blown off at 9:00 in the morning?

THE UT JUDO CLUB WANTS YOU!



Learn an exciting sport. Meet great new
friends. Or just get some good exercise.
Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday • 8:00 • HPER

DIG!

RAVEN RECORDS

1725 CUMBERLAND AVE., KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE 37916

JEFF GRATHER