

Special End-Of-The-Semester Issue

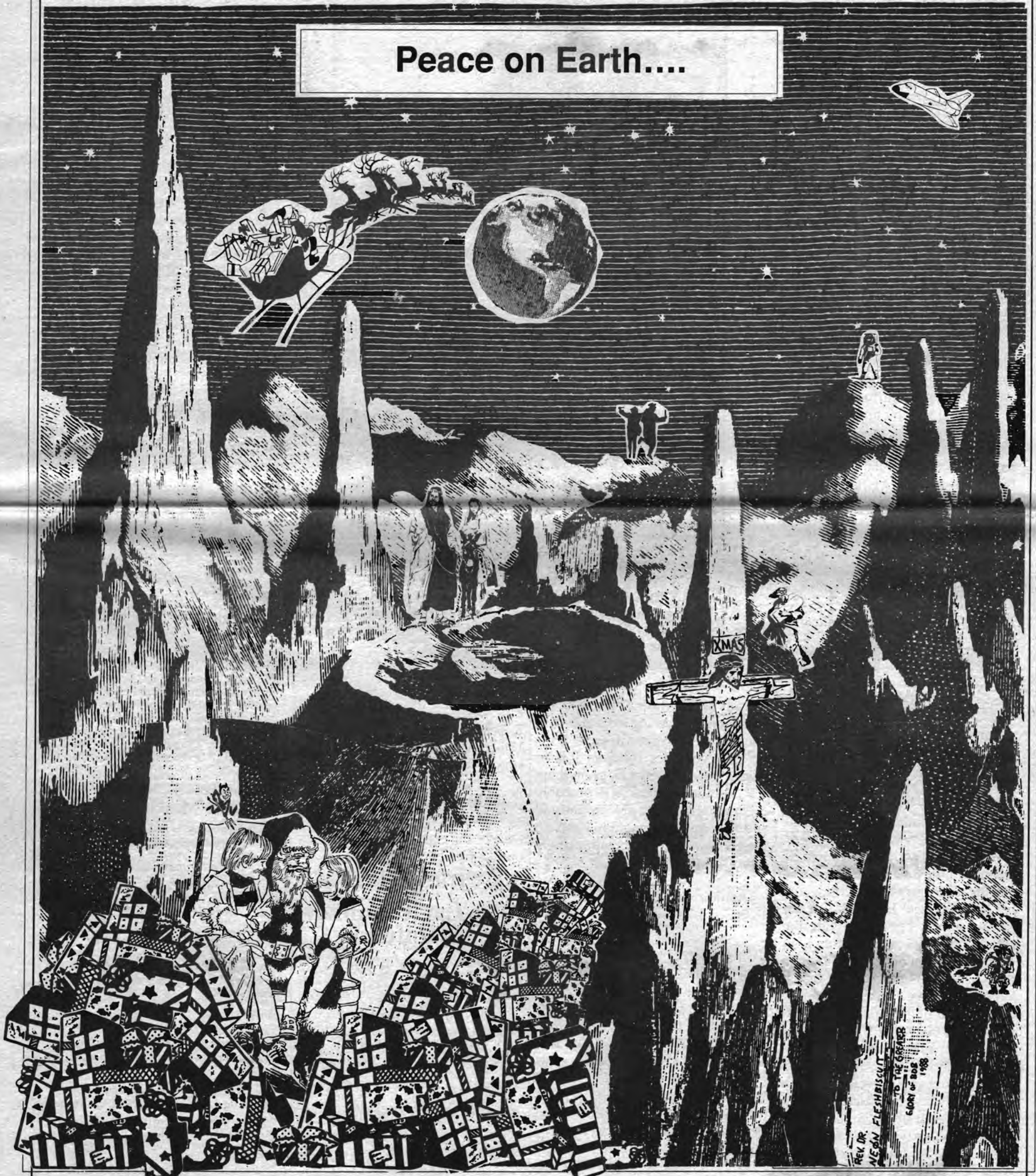
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 2 Number 13

December 7, 1988

FREE

Peace on Earth....





Lettuh from da Edituh

Warm holiday greetings from all of us at Lame Monkey Central! Actually, there aren't enough people here to use the phrase "all of us". We wish you a merry Christmas regardless, and we extend holiday salutations to your families as well. Take this issue home and show it to them; tell them you did it as a project for an advertising class. Christmas... the time to watch great old cartoon specials and to listen to people complain about the commercialism of Christmas. I agree to some extent; the Charlie Brown Christmas special wasn't wasted on me, but neither was The Grinch Who Stole Christmas. Going into K-Mart and seeing all the gaudy Christmas regalia has been a part of my holiday season as far back as I can remember, and the Christmas Sale circulars in the Sunday paper always give me a warm glow. All religious aspects aside, I heartily applaud the whole thing.

Congratulations, veterans of the first semester ever at Big Orange U. I imagine your commemorative medallions will have been struck by the time you return from Christmas break. One more term to go instead of two, and no bullshit about studying for finals during the most impossible time to study for them. While I'm handing out congratulations, I offer a hearty one to Gimpy; when this issue hits the streets, he will have completed nearly two years of hobbling his appointed rounds on the UT™ campus and in Fort Sanders. Pretty good for a primate who was shot to death last spring—you can't kill a Lame Monkey.

A lot has happened in Knoxville since

the Lame Monkey first appeared — actually, a lot has happened since the last one came out. We have a brand new president for the next four years—George Bush won the job, despite all of us who voted for Lyndon

LaRouche. Cat's Records, sadly, was bought out by Turtle's (lost their lease—*ha*) and, as I write this, is finishing up their "going out of business" clearance. Merry Christmas to all who had jobs there; they were the reason why it was a good record store. Of course, they can take jobs with Turtle's, if they feel like dealing with a mandatory in-store playlist and a corporate dress code. Get a haircut, Dave, and toss the Replacements...

Another happening since the last issue is still in the works; nearly every copy of the Christmas *Rage* magazine was picked up and defaced last week by the local feminist collective. I'm kind of surprised that they chose to do something like that; it seems to me that they'll have damaged any case they might have had. I'm interested to see how this comes out.

Instructor evaluations *will* be out in the January issue. We planned to have them in this issue; however, the astounding number of responses was by far the greatest ever, and the new UT semester system brought drop & add a little earlier than last year. As much as we tried, we couldn't compile them in time for this one. UT, however, will continue drop & add in January, allowing you to consult your Monkey before making those crucial decisions. In the meantime, the most recent Drop & Add Checklist issue is still available for free at Universal Printing.

Enjoy!


Ian Blackburn



A Lame Monkey Staff Member Skims Through the Morning Edition of Pravda. The Latest Global News Trends - That's the Lame Monkey Tradition of Excellence.

Lettuhs to da Edituh

ANARCHY REVISITED

Ian—

Sorry it took so long to get the 'zine out (again!), but I've been spending a year dead for tax reasons. Anyhow, here's #7, and I've also enclosed a copy of #5 for your archives. Love the anarchy debate raging in your pages. I wonder what Mr. Wiseman will do when his little dream *does* come true and the scavengers begin busting into his home to steal his food... or the private armies begin to divide the country into feudal segments... to quote Agamemnon Jones, "They're the NRA, they're hungry, and they'll kill you and three of your children for that last can of cream of mushroom soup." Tell Gary that if he wants to know about human nature, all he has to do is check out our overcrowded prisons... Imagine what it would be like if this system collapsed. I doubt a flowery speech about mutual trust and cooperation will stop a desperate armed man. And an anarchy club? What do they do, schedule meetings, then not show up? Spray paint

slogans on the walls, Oooh, boy, the Pentagon is shivering in its collective boots even now. Face it, guys, if the system ever does collapse, it'll be from it's own shit, not from anything we do, and anyhow it'll probably collapse right on top of folks like you and me. Anyway, enough. Keep up the good work, you "breathhtakingly radical" dudes!

Apolitically Yours,
bruce

CAUSE...

The following review appeared in *Factsheet Five* #28:

THE LAME MONKEY MANIFESTO Vol. 2 #9-11 (\$1 from PO Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800): This alternative college paper has survived the graduation of its founding editor safely. #10 includes their amusing course ratings and advice for new students that won't be found in the catalog. Breathhtakingly radical for a conservative southern university like U. of Tennessee.

...AND EFFECT

Send me a copy of *The Lame Monkey Manifesto*. Saw it in *Fact Sheet Five*.

Joe Lane
Terre Haute, IN

Communicate!
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Rant!
Comment!
Praise!
Bitch!

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 Manifesto*, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

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Bedside Manner

by Julie Watts

Lame Monkey Guest Fiction Author

Margaret lay in bed, staring at the ceiling. She had just taken a Nytol, but it hadn't had time to take effect, so she just lay there, waiting for sleep to come and feeling sorry for herself.

Margaret, a career woman, though an under-paid and insecure one, had been feeling a little tense lately. That's not exactly accurate. Margaret had been feeling a little tense since birth. When she started kindergarten at age five, she worried about how much "quality time" to spend with her dolls, since she now had to go to work. At age seven, she developed a case of PMS and had it until she started her period at age twelve. In high school she was quiet and shy and a good student, due mainly to the pressure from her parents. And in college, she began the noble task of acquiring every social disorder that Dr. Joyce Brothers ever wrote about. Margaret rarely got anything that Dr. Ruth wrote about. And now Margaret lay in bed sleepless, Plagued by her ever-present indecisiveness and lots of other problems which, if nothing else, were very 80's. Margaret was feeling guilty about the past and worrying about the future. That was when she heard the noise.

It wasn't much of a noise—just a slight rustling of the curtains, really. But it was a noise nonetheless, and Margaret was in that kind of "lying-in-bed-wide-awake" state in which the rustling of a curtain sounds like the exploding of an A-bomb.

Then the stranger turned to her and smiled. Margaret studied his teeth, which weren't exactly an orthodontist's dream. Two of his front top teeth were pointed and looked like fangs.

They were fangs. Margaret looked for a crucifix and then remembered that she was Jewish. She couldn't recall any of the B-grade horror movies she had seen as a teenager in which a vampire had been warded off by a Star of David. Her mind raced. She had to defend herself, but she couldn't decide how to do it. Decisions weren't her thing anyway. Her bedroom was without a case saying, "In case of, break glass" that would provide the endangered person with a wooden stake just in case a vampire happened to stop by. Margaret remembered the loaf of garlic bread in her freezer, but couldn't quite figure out how she could defend herself with it. Decisions weren't her thing, and the tall, pale stranger was coming closer to her bed.

"Good evening," he said in the B-grade horror movie vampire voice that Margaret expected him to use. "I'm sorry. That 'good evening' stuff is too cliché, isn't it? So Bela Lugosi.

Let me try the introduction thing again, okay?"

"O-Okay," Margaret stammered.

"Okay," the vampire said, sounding utterly un-Transylvanian.

"Hi, my name is Dave."

"Dave the vampire?" Margaret asked.

"Yeah, is that a problem for you?"

"Oh, no—Dave."

Margaret had never felt so thoroughly romanced. "Not much," she said, sitting up in bed, waiting for more flowery language.

"Oh, Margaret, I adore you." Dave didn't understand his attraction to Margaret, except that he knew that he would rather have her than any of the well-tanned blondes he had dated during his non-vampire days.



"Dave, the wedding's great - really - but why does it have to be at midnight?"

Dave was beginning to see that he wasn't going to make any progress by being himself with this girl, so, not wanting to blow it, he decided to put his Transylvanian accent back on.

"Actually, Dave is just sort of a nickname. You need not know my real name. I go by many names," Dave purred in his best vampire purr, thinking how stupid he sounded and how much he hated the media for making the public think that all vampires had to sound like waiters in exotic restaurants. Before he was converted to vampirism he had been a surfer, for God's sake, going around yelling, "Hey, dude!" and half-heartedly majoring in education at UCLA. Vampirism had been a big change for Dave. He didn't object to becoming a vampire; he wasn't that up on being a teacher anyway. He was lonely, though, and he thought that he had found the perfect potential vampiress, if he didn't blow it.

"What do you want?" Margaret asked.

"My dear Margaret," said Dave, faking it. "I have been watching you for so long. Many nights, I have become a fly on the wall just to watch you sleep. I watch you all the time—everywhere you go and everything you do. You don't get out much, do you?"

Margaret blushed.

"I have been with many women during my many years as an immortal." Dave was completely conscious of the fact that he was lying through his fangs. He had been a vampire for less than a year. "But never have I seen a woman so

exquisite, so brilliant, so fascinating—"

"Oh, stop," Margaret giggled. It had been a long time since she had giggled.

"I had a good time with those women, but they had no wisdom, no depth." Maybe that was it. To Dave, Margaret seemed very deep. "I enjoyed their company, but they were always just passing fancies. But you, Margaret, you are the kind of woman whose neck I would like to bite. I want to share my vampiristic existence with you."

"Well—," said Margaret.

"Think of it," Dave interrupted. "Think of the two of us together for always—literally, for always. With my gift, Margaret, you will never have to listen to you biological clock ticking. You'll never have to go to the club to work out because you feel that gravity is taking its toll. You will never have to worry about your work or feeling obligated to have children. All obligations will be gone. There will be no responsibility—no strings. If you will forgive the cliché, Margaret, the sky is the limit! Think of it, Margaret, you and I together in infinite life and infinite love, with the night as our kingdom!"

Margaret just stared at him, faced by another decision.

"Margaret?" the vampire said.

"I really like you a lot, but I'm not ready for that kind of commitment yet."

Dave couldn't believe it. He had thought that he was doing so well.

"Listen, I'll think about it," Margaret said. "I really will, and maybe I'll call you sometime."

The vampire vaporized and passed through a crack in the window as Margaret rolled over and waited for her Nytol to kick in.

Sweet Little Girl

The little girl sat in her room,
Dressed in pink with bright blue bows,
Like a springtime flower in full bloom
Right down to her cute little button nose.
Her manners were perfect, her demeanor
outstanding,
She excelled in all matters that make a good
child;
Polite to her elders, never demanding,
Minded her parents, ever so sweet and mild.
That's why I took especial pleasure
That one fine sunny seaside day
When this dear little girl, her mother's treasure,
Went down to the ocean shore to play.
She noticed not the man who thought,
"What a charming girl, in her curls and lace,"
"She is precisely the one after whom I have
sought."
As he stuck a fork right into her face.

—Fritz Quadrata



Why Anarchy Does Work

by Wade F. Smith
The Alternative

A couple of weeks ago an article appeared here in *Lame Monkey Manifesto* by somebody (ies) named the Rocinante Foundation, entitled "Why Anarchy Won't Work". Now, I have never met these people, do not know them from a piece of Texas science-fiction, and having read their article, I can't even say that they have made an argument against Anarchy, but

there is no way that I am going to let a title like that go unanswered.

However first let's just decide what we mean by "Anarchy". The Rocinante Foundation began their article by quoting not one, but three different meanings from the American Heritage Dictionary: 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. I propose, in this article, to con-

fine myself to only the first of these, the absence of political authority, or, if I may borrow the words of Albert Parsons "Anarchy is the free society where there is no concentrated or centralized power, no state, no king, no ruler, no president, no magistrate or potentate of any character whatsoever... Anarchists hold that it is wrong for one person to prescribe what is the right action for another person and then compel that person to obey that rule. Therefore right ac-

tion consists in each person attending to his business and allowing everybody else to do likewise".

Now, as to the other definitions, anyone who has followed the antics of Cas Walker, Randy Tyree, Dwight Kessel, Oliver North, et al is perfectly aware that there is no contradiction between any form of government and political chaos at all. As to the absence of any cohering standard, please assemble a Mormon farmer from Utah, a Baptist car salesman from Mississippi, a Liberal Jewish stockbroker from New York, a black Muslim auto worker from Detroit and a Native American cowboy from South Dakota and then find *anything* in common they can all agree on. Yet, they are all Americans, each considers himself a staunch patriot and the country manages to hold together very well, thank you.

Now, to the heart of the matter. Having read the Rocinante Foundation's article, it seems to me that their main, in fact, only argument is that people are just too greedy, selfish and generally no darn good, original sin just oozing all over them, for society without government to work. Without authority standing over them with something sharp, threatening swift and condign punishment, no man would deal justly or do right. Society would lay helpless at the mercy of the first strongarm thug to come along.

When you think of it, it makes a good argument against democracy. After all, if democratic government is, as President Lincoln put it; "government of the people by the people and for the people" and those people are wicked, sinful and corrupt, then it follows that any democratic government must also be wicked, sinful, and corrupt.

Then, of course, there is the helplessness of society in the face of criminals. This is a common misconception. Jesse James shared it the day he ride into Northfield, Minn. Unfortunately he encountered not the local sheriff, but the local farmers who promptly deprived him of his illusions, his criminal career and most of the gang's lives. Our frontier heritage teaches us that when government does not protect people, they protect themselves.

But, does government protect people? Well, if you live in rural Knox County, a full patrol shift for the sheriff's dept. is 12 officers for over three hundred square miles of county. That works out to one officer for every twenty-five miles, unless there is a DUI or something, in which case that officer will be backed up by others leaving more

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territory open. If you think that is an effective deterrent to crime, I would love to score some of your recreational drug supply.

Of course, that assumes that the officers are trying to protect you. Most probably are. On the other hand, since 1982 four sheriffs of God-fearing, conservative, family-oriented, country counties here in East Tennessee have been convicted of criminal activities involving narcotics traffic. Blount County is currently under investigation for assigning a deputy who worked as a bodyguard for a cocaine dealer to investigate the man. Convicted Knox County drug dealer Don Walker was a close friend of KPD Chief Marshal and one of the biggest fields of marijuana in Tennessee history was found on the farm of a TBI agent.

O.K., so the police are overworked, undermanned, underpaid and maybe even corrupt. They are still some protection—maybe—and what would you replace them with, smarty-pants?

Well I imagine that most people would form tenants associations to pool funds and hire J&M security, the Pinkertons, Allied Security or some other firm to provide patrols, just as many are already doing now. In fact, given that the rent-a-cops would be working for the community that they patrolled, the level of patrolling would probably increase in places like East Knoxville.

A hundred and fifty years ago, a visitor to our shores, one Alexis de Toqueville admired the "ease with which they (Americans) do without government". As to Law and Order, he noted that "Each man here regards himself as interested in the public security and the functioning of the laws. Instead of counting on the police, he counts only on himself. It results that the public force is everywhere without ever showing itself. It really is an incredible thing, I assure you, to see how this people keeps itself in order through the single conviction that its only safeguard against itself lies in itself."

What a contrast to the modern world, where, safe in the arms of government, people are willing to watch a neighbor murdered rather than risk getting involved.

Now, what else does government promise to provide us? How about fire protection? Well, I have a great respect for the KFD, but in the county, your fire protection is provided by Tennessee Rural-Metro, a privately owned, for-profit corporation. The county government does not maintain a fire dept. Of course many communities and the entire Republic of Chile have gotten along for over a

hundred years with all volunteer departments supported by community donations.

What about rescue and ambulance service? Sorry, the Knox County Rescue Squad is another non-governmental volunteer group (which deserves more recognition, by the way). Ambulance service is provided under contract by our old friend, Rural-Metro.

Well, what about hospital service for the indigent and welfare? Last I heard, Knox County does not pay for such services — the cost comes out of everybody else's hospital bill. As to welfare, being a devout and soft-hearted liberal, you would probably be able to sway me on that one. So, instead, why don't you discuss it with a pro-government, law 'n' order conservative. Do go armed to the discussion, though; they tend to get really touchy



about the subject.

On the other hand, if you didn't pay them welfare, the poor might get desperate enough to storm West Knoxville, burn some mansions and force the wealthy to do something radical about poverty in this county.

Well, how about public schools? Private schools are available. If you want to argue that they discriminate against the poor, you might have a point, but when the wealthy are already sending their children to private schools because the public ones do not properly educate, and while the government funds available to schools are based strictly in the community's ability to pay taxes, such an argument is sheer hypocrisy.

O.K., then what about regulation of the economy and consumer protection? Apparently you haven't read Adam Smith. Our economy is already based on Free Enterprise Capitalism. Capitalism depends on market together with enlightened self-interest (that is, our old friends greed and selfishness) to regulate the economy. Government regulations merely distort the process. If that seems cruel, think about it. Why do most people work hard, if not to try and make more money and get more than they are now getting? Those who serve the

consumers' good honestly and efficiently reap an extra share of material goods. Those who practice fraud and sharp dealing are driven bankrupt by cheap Japanese imports. With free competition, government regulation of free enterprise is supposed to be unnecessary.

If you don't believe those arguments, perhaps you would like to try socialism.

In point of fact, there has yet to be a government regulatory agency that was not dominated by the industry that it was supposed to be regulation. Most forms of government regulation serve only to preserve monopolies — take taxi medallions as an example — or to protect an established firm that is doing a poor job from competing with a newer firm that is doing a good one. Any benefits to the public

as opposed to the business regulated is strictly accidental.

Well, then do we not need government to protect the poor oppressed working man? Frankly, if government would do that, we would not need labor unions. The history of unionism is replete with cases of company gun-thugs acting as deputized lawmen, backed up by heavily armed state police and National Guards used as strikebreakers. Governments have passed protective labor legislation only when they needed labor votes to swing the next election, or when they believed labor was strong enough to win without them.

For that matter, imagine what would happen to plant safety if, instead of hiding behind low-paying "Workmen's Compensation" laws, employers had to face tort negligence suits for every worker's lungs ruined by breathing coal dust, asbestos or cotton dust.

Well, then, what does government provide us that people cannot provide for themselves? Good question! A security blanket, perhaps?

Despite their fabled greed, human beings are rational, intelligent creatures. When they truly need something, they are perfectly able to cooperate to get it, and will do so the moment they realize that it is in their

interest to do so. Every government relies on this. As Ghandi and Martin Luther King proved, no government has the coercive power to survive the massive withdrawal for the consent of the governed. It simply cannot have enough cops to arrest and imprison everyone at once.

What government does provide is this wonderful feeling of somebody bigger and stronger than the individual, who is looking out for him. It offers the wonderful illusion that you can plug into the system and then all you have to do is do as you are told and you will be taken care of. You'll never have to think for yourself, or take responsibility for anything or risk. It's a marvellous feeling of security unless you're ordered into a fox-hole somewhere you never heard of, fighting for something you don't know with live ammo incoming; or coughing your lungs out on a disability pension that wouldn't feed a cockroach or a few other things that can happen.

But you will never grow up or be free to make your own way. Of course, that may be what you wanted in the first place.

That still does not make Anarchy utopia. True. I never said that it was, only that Anarchy is possible and workable. As long as the present system cannot eliminate crime,

drugs, injustice, corruption, then it is no argument against anarchy to say that it could not do it either if you cannot prove that anarchy would be worse.

Still, in anarchy the power of a corrupted government would not be available to the criminals. For there has never been anything inherently just or fair about governments, only inherent power.

In a word, every form of government known to man is just as subject to corruption and evil as is man himself, yet government by its power and authority is capable of doing far more damage than any individual. In exchange for the danger it poses, government provides nothing that is not paid for by some other citizen's taxes, not anything that we could not obtain ourselves through voluntary organizations.

When I was young, my father told me that 1776 was the only successful Anarchist revolution in history; the only one that permanently weakened the power of the government. Submitted for your consideration: Tennessee State Constitution, Article One, Section One: "...That the people of this state have an inherent right to remake alter or abolish the government as they see fit." Perhaps it's time that we exercise that right.



In Search Of... Tina Lobotomy

by Harrison Fowler
Lame Monkey Administrative Correspondant

"..., a photo of Jer and Tina Lobotomy, sneaking a doobie at the SGA retreat. Oooh, I liked that photo. It found it's way into my shirt pocket while I tried to look innocent. No small task."

Wild thing! Da-dah, daaaa-dah, da-dah, You make mah heart sing!

The music was abso-freakin' deafening. A wall creaked as I made my way towards the front porch. Lights were on in all the windows, and the panes shook from the decibels. Maybe a more inconspicuous entrance would be more prudent. I made my way along the side of the building and found an open window. No one even noticed as I stepped inside...hell, I scarcely noticed myself. I'd been entering and exiting by the window a lot lately. Maybe my mom had me caesarian. Who knows? The living room (now that's living!) was

cleared of all furniture, except two theater speakers and a large-screen tee vee. A woman on the floor writhed in such a way as to make "Dirty Danc-ing" look like a Lawrence Welk number (wasn't it?). Some guy walked by with a smokin' drink that I could smell from two feet away. Menstruat-ing Madonna, wouldn't drugs be easier and faster? In the dining room, some behemoth was giving rides on his Harley...in the dining room! I ambled down a hallway, ignoring the sounds of projectile vomiting in one room, listening to a screamer and a moo-er in another. Some guy was standing there, making notes in a miniscule pad. Looked like the Beacon's Crime Dog. Wonder what the complainant would report this time? In the den, chairs and couches were being pushed back to make room for a large tarp as two guys were cracking the seals on cans of olive oil. Did I mention I was at an Acacia party? Didn't think I'd need to. I was waiting to meet a girl (aren't we all?) and as the time dragged on, the scenery just got wilder, stranger, and

more bizarre.

A week ago, I'd made a call to an old acquaintance. I was trying to track down Tina Lobotomy, and I figured Muffy Buffington could give me some tips (not to mention some diseases). She bitched about classes, moaned about finals, groaned about her boy-friend, whined about her parents and finally agreed to meet me. Yeah anticipation, like I'm dying of it. So she said yes, I said where, she said here, and I said okay. Oooops! I yam what I yam, and that's all that I yam! See Tina was the former Student Government Association vice-president (president of vice, that was what I'd heard), one-time holder of the student seat on the Board of Trustees. And now she was gone. I'd been told that she had been majoring in tourism and credit card management at UT Gatlinburg. But none of the directories showed her name, and know one seemed to know where she was. Hell, no one seemed to know *who* she was.

I stepped past a couple copulating in the kitchen sink (with the water running, none-the-less!) and moved towards a dimly lit bedroom. The screaming banshee wail of the music was less noticeable here. In fact, at the back of the room, an older man was sitting cross-legged, wrapped in a towel/sheet strumming a bass...a standup bass! A motley plethora of kids sat on the floor, facing him. They took turns, taking hits from a Turkish water bong, one of those big suckers. Jerry Askew was refilling the pipe, tamping it gently down. Suddenly I knew why the haze of smog in the room smelled so familiar. Regardless, this looked as good a place as any to make my rendezvous. I eased into position (lotus) and politely passed on any offers of a hit from a well chewed upon pipe. The voice of our toga-ed lounge lizard began to sound familiar. Where had I seen that pudgy face and dough-like physique before? He finished a set, and settled back to suck on some odiferous weed. I made my way towards him.

"Phil? Phil Scheurer? Is that you?" I wasn't quite sure; his hair was sorta longish and his eyes looked cracked and glazed, like bad porcelain. But the Vice Chancellor of Student Affairs? Here!?

"No speaka english." His voice squeaked out, high and broken, then he dissolved into a fit of the giggles.

I sat down beside him and tried to

find my way into the chemically devastated wasteland next to me. "Nice party, Phil. Your idea?"

"Well, you know, the guys and, well called and so, but nothing was, so I did."

That was Phil, the great communicator.

"Listen Phil, I'm looking for some information on Tina Lobetti. Have you seen her? Do you know whereshe went?"



"Phil? Phil Scheurer? Is that you?"

"Lobetti? Lobetti. Lobetti, right! She rolled the tightest...like factory made...no stems, no seeds...quality control Tina. Yeah, right...ashma frangle buspp ftha."

Great, a semi-coherent response, not bad. At least he knows who I'm talking about.

"Right Phil, the Lobotomy. Do you know where she is? I checked with the records office; they've got no trace of her. They can't even find proof she went to this school. What's the deal? Has she transferred? Did she move? Could she have graduated?"

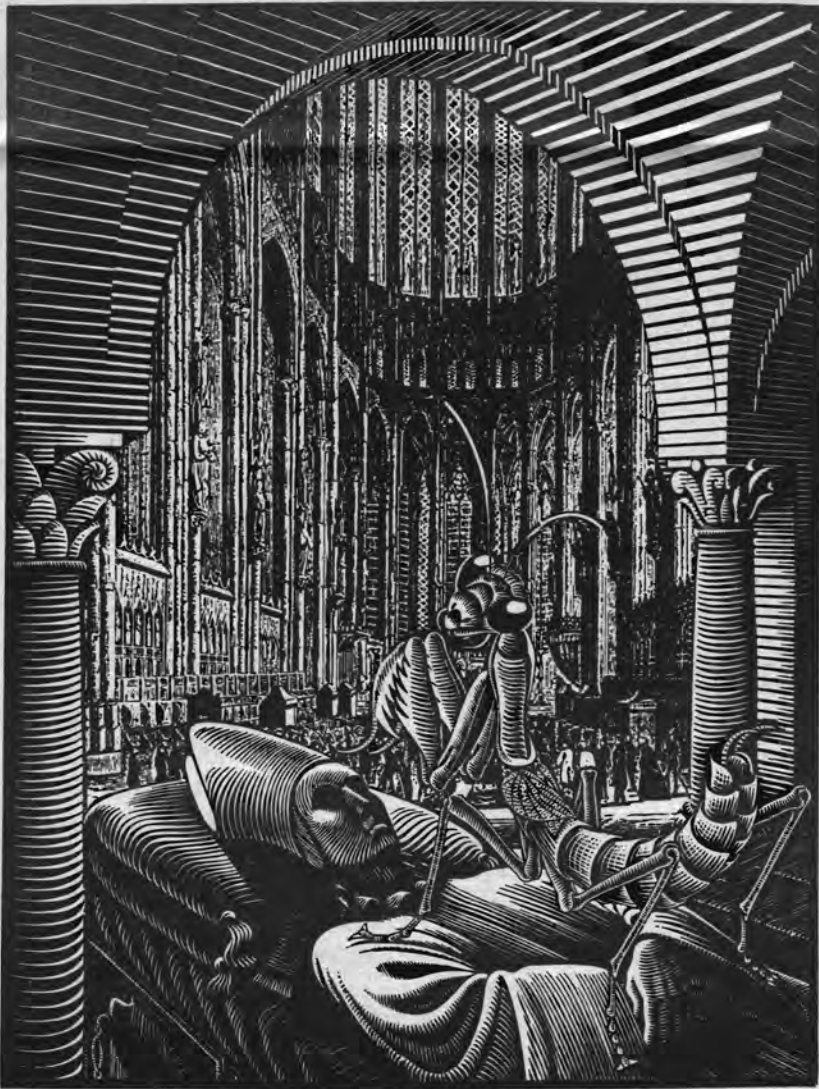
"Ha! Graduated!?! You think we'd let her graduate. C'mon, we've got standards!! Why just yesterday, I was telling smurphin tull magd the pas-sure."

He seemed to have a limited span of consciousness. More than one or two sentences at a time, and he lost it. Oh well, what did I expect from administration. I mean, think of Mad Jack Reese. Or better yet, don't. Wait, he's using real words again...

"She was never here anyway...hee hee hee...not really...ba hah hah!"

Right! He was Space Ghost, past any comprehension now. My only choice is to gently move away, before the magic nimbus of cannabis got to me too.

"Well Phil, it's been real. Let's do this again some time. I wanna party



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with you, big man."

Out in the hallway, the air seemed clearer, the music a little louder, the world a little saner. This was pointless, I'd not found Muffy anywhere, I didn't know any more about Tina than I did before, and I'd come dangerously close to being thrown-up on. I started down the hall, trying to find an open window to leave by. From a closed door came the most bug-fuck noise...like a proctologist trying to slaughter a sheep...or a flatulent buffalo in heat. It was Muffy! She was in this room with a bad case of the flaming thigh-sweats. And that noise was...ohhh interrupting this would be fun. I didn't know she was so...vocal. I knocked, and opened the door a crack.

"Excuse me, is Muffy in there? Can I borrow her for a minute?...No, not like that, to talk with her, Einstein! Oh, excuse me ma'am. No ma'am I won't touch a hair on her head. Or there! Yes ma'am!" Muffy squeezed past Svetlana and into the hall way.

"Muffy, Muffy, Muffy! She's a cute one...where'd you find her?"

"I knew you'd be jealous. Can we make this fast? It's getting cold."

"Oh and those are only chill bumps, right?" She covered them better, and fixed me with a stare. Not that I was broken or anything. "Listen, you said we'd be able to talk

about Tina here. What can you tell me? No one else has even been able to give me clue."

"I told you before, Lobetti was a joke."

"Yeah, everybody knew that. But where is she!?"



"No, I mean it, a *real* joke! One night at the sorority, the girls got really messed up, I mean, lunar-lander wasted. Someone got the idea of making up a character to enter in the SGA election. Y'know, just pick a name, concoct some background, and see if anyone would vote for her. If she ever had to actually be seen anywhere, one of us would dress up for it. We'd take turns. Who'd know? It's not like she'd ever have to *do* anything."

I thought about what Muffy said. Gyrating Jesuits, could it be true? *Tina Lobotomy never even existed?!?* (But then, who in the SGA ever *really* did exist? I mean c'mon, have you

ever seen one?) It made sense, in a twisted kinda maddened way. I mean, Vice-president in the SGA...a do-nothing job in a do-nothing organization. It could work, and Muffy had no reason to lie to me. Well, no real reason. But...

"That explains how you guys covered for her in the SGA, but what about on the Board of Trustees? I mean, once in that cushy spot, no one *ever* heard from her. What happened? Did you all just get tired of the game, or what?"

"When she got the student seat on the Board, one of the sisters started playing Tina all the time. None of us ever had to go to any of the meetings or anything, she did it all."

Some guy pushed past us, leading a sheep. "And what happened to this girl?"

"I dunno. I haven't seen her in

forever. Maybe she graduated. I'm not sure. Can I go now?"

"Hmmm? Oh yeah. Go on, have fun, safe sex, nothing I wouldn't do, all that rot."

I was distracted. One mystery solved, another uncovered. Tina Lobotomy didn't exist. She never really had. I guess Scheurer was making sense, in his own maniacal way. Speed Racer!

But what happened to the girl playing Tina after she joined the Board? Could she have been sucked into the black hole of administrative bureaucracy without a trace? Was she emeshed in some vacuum of silence, trapped with the Ben Gay and Denture Creme crowd that made up the Board? I didn't know yet, but I would.

One barrier hurdled, might as well settle in to enjoy the rest of the party. Isn't there mud-wrestling out back?

Harrison Fowler won the mud wrestling event. He searches for the truth about the Board of Trustees still, and would appreciate any tips. If Tina Lobotomy is out there anywhere, give him a call.

universal would like to thank the punks, preps, coeds, heads, deads, geeks, greeks, teachers, creatures and all you other cats and kittens for knowing the only place for copies & printing, etc..., in this city. now the rest of you need to pay closer attention.

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What ?

Little gem in the sky. What do you want? Why do I cry? I don't feel sad. I don't feel lost. I might feel alone. But that's because I have no love.

Little sparkle in the night. What's the reason for a heart? Can you answer me before you fall? If not, my eyes will still cry. My heart is hurt. Do you have feelings like I do?

Little jewel

above my head. Can you see my dreams when I sleep? What does each one mean? Why is life so hard? Why can't I survive without a heart?

Little star that disappeared behind a cloud. If you go away. I know I will not be strong. I will feel like I have died. Faded away in a dream that made me hang on....

Thomas J. Knowles Jr.
Silver Star

Love in a Bar

The other night I was drinking (and getting drunk)
With friends of mine at a local bar.
We were playing the social (or anti-social) game of
Trying to make each other laugh by rolling off
Disgusting, tasteless, and possibly childish witticisms.

After we had been there for a while another group
Of my friends, who also happened to be toasted
(May miracles never cease) showed up. They all
Drooled out a happy hello to us and then went over
To another table. All of them except a special

Friend of mine. She came over to our table to talk
To me. Someone at the table asked a question about
What was the perfect woman. I said, keeping to the
Reoccurring tasteless theme of the evening, that
The perfect woman has large breasts. She said,

Looking down at her breasts, "Then I guess I'm not perfect."
"What are you talking about?" I answered,
While I placed my hand on her right breast.
She, of course, pulled back and called me a dick,
But she said it in a nice way.

She then sat down at the empty table beside us,

Causing me to have to turn around in my seat
To see and hear her.
I'm glad I did turn around.
She proceeded to make me feel very good.

Out of the clear blue she said, "We love you, John the Baptist."
I managed to stammer back in my own drunken way,
"Uh, wh-what do you mean?"

"I mean your friends," she answered.
"We've talked about it, and we've decided
That whenever we feel sad, or depressed,
Or whatever, we can come to you and
You always seem to make us feel better."

What she said to me, was the greatest thing
Anyone could have said to me at that moment.
It made me feel good enough to prevent any tasteless witticism
From popping out of my mouth. I just said,
"Thanks for saying that," and touched her face.

We all have people that love us. Sometimes, though,
We forget this and it takes someone to come out and remind us.
Everyone needs to be loved as much as possible.
We all want to feel that someone besides our parents would cry if we died tomorrow.
It makes it worth staying alive.

-John the Baptist

Thursday, Middle of Summer

We are drunk,
Looking out-
Bored of
Nothing new.
Repeated
Recitations
Of what we are
Cut the air
Again and again.
Big high goals,
Big high ideals-
Mythology
Lubricates
Some dry brains
and gives 'em
Zeal
For the kill:
A little
Hate
For the hunt.

And there
We are drunk,
Looking out-
Bored
Of everything
We see-
Not knowing when
The process
Starts again:

Same dead
Images
Propped up
On sticks.
Like we can't smell
Dead ideas.

Don't bore me
Unless
I can drown
My senses.

-Rus Harper



what sort of man shops at **RAVEN** ?

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also very, very sophisticated.

oh, and by the way, ladies dig **RAVEN** the most, too!