

The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 3 Number 15

February 20, 1989

FREE

INSTRUCTOR EVALUATIONS ROCK THE WORLD An Irate Professor Speaks Out



A PLENTIFUL CROP



WONDERFUL STRENGTH



WOUNDED, BUT ESCAPES.



THE NERVE REQUIRED



THE ALARM BIRD.



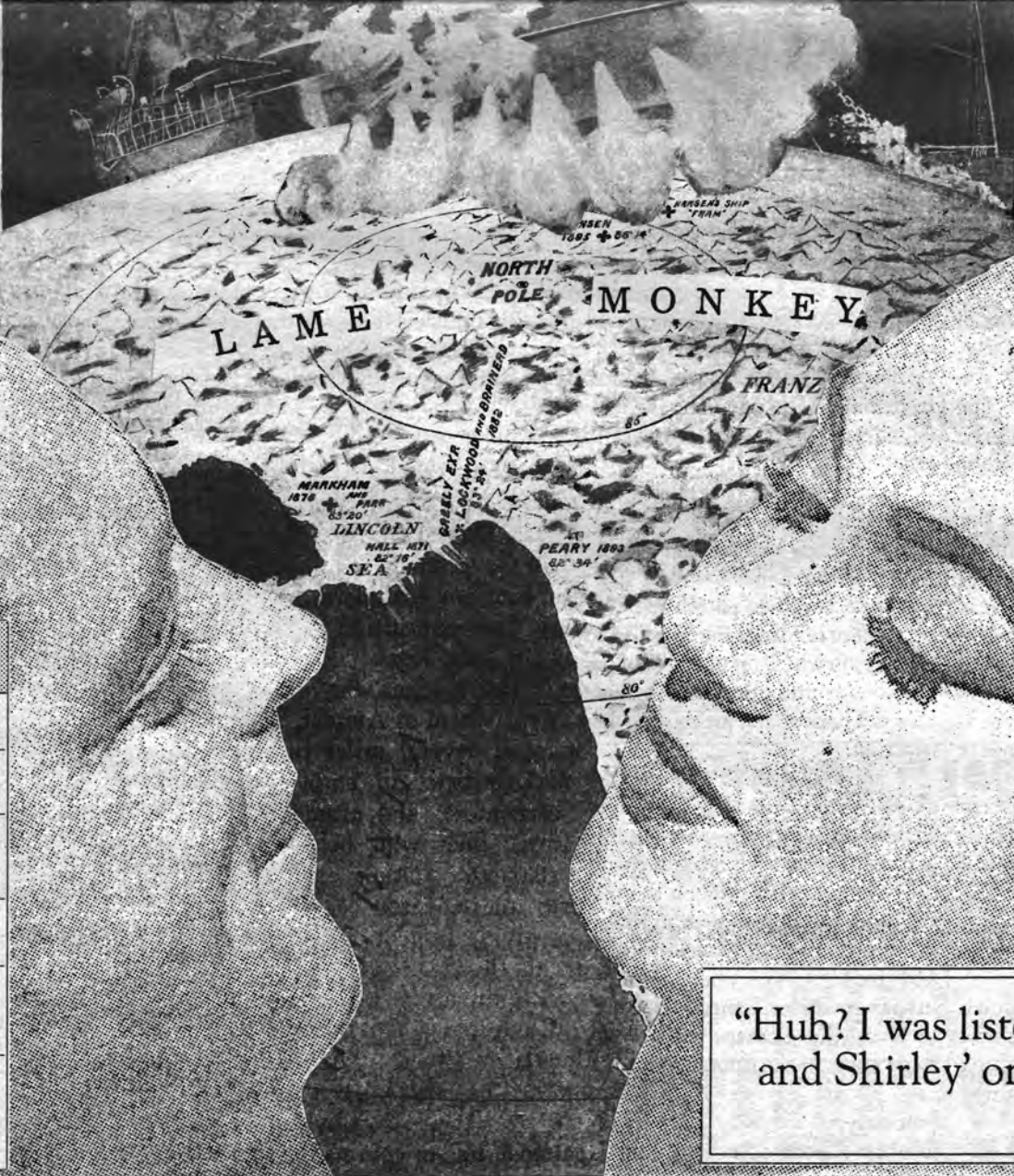
THE CANNIBALS.



MAN'S INHUMANITY.



IN MAD PURSUIT



INSIDE
New Fiction
<i>Monkey Poetry</i>
UT Gay Support Group
Pro-Choice Stencil
A New Look for the Monkey
...and a Couple of Strange Poems sent to us from NY

"Huh? I was listening to 'Laverne and Shirley' on my pen radio."
 -the Bacon Boy



Lettuh from da Edituh

I don't watch TV. Oh, yeah, I watch David Letterman occasionally, or MASH if I get off work soon enough, but I couldn't tell you the names of three current network series. The other day I switched on the tube for an evening of TV for the first time in about two years; the first thing I saw was a commercial for Atra razors. It was a major production; something whose production costs would finance at least somewhere around 250 issues of the Lame Monkey. That's what it *takes*, I found out, to merely vie for the attention of the TV-dulled public. When/if I have kids, I think I'd rather them take drugs than watch TV. Nobody here even needs to own one; we've got Davis-Kidd right on our doorstep.

So. Welcome to the new Lame Monkey! Actually, it's the same Monkey; only the typefaces have changed. UT's massive contingent of typographers: Send comments & suggestions to PO Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. Reference: Cover, Times & Helvetica; Body; Benguiat & Goudy.

The Instructor Evaluations came under some fire this semester, much as they have in the past. Most of the comments had the same premise, much as they have had in the past: The evaluations aren't scientifically precise,

researched appraisals of the courses in question. Agreed. They're the equivalent of asking a friend what he/she thought of a particular class. If there were two or three respondents, it's the equivalent of asking two or three friends what they thought of a particular class, and so on. And, as *always*, professors are nearly *guaranteed* space for rebuttals, if they cared enough to rebut. The only limitations are libel laws and eight pages of print space. Professor Steve Young was the only member of the UT faculty to even express an opinion to the Lame Monkey (monkey hats off to him for that alone).

Back in Decemeber, Ronald McDonald House was having a fundraising project that involved Knoxvilleans bringing all their aluminum cans that they would otherwise throw out to area fire stations; from there, they would be taken to recycling stations, the proceeds therof to go to the Ronald McDonald House. Why stop there? If you're the average Fort Sanderite (and therefore someone who can have beer in his/her home), you probably put away a lot of Black Label, Schaefer, Colt 45 and Milwaukee's Best. Keep a paper bag beside the trash can, and put the empty cans in the bag. When the bag is full, set

it out for those who *depend* on those cans to *live* - the dumpster-diving homeless of Fort Sanders (especially visible towards the Western Ave. end of the Fort). Doesn't take any extra effort, and it helps. These aren't the ones who accost you on Cumberland for change; they're actually trying to procure their own funds. They get up earlier in the morning for their "work" than I do for mine.

Are you a frat boy annoyed by the pretentiousness of the artsy Gothic crowd? Are you a member of the artsy Gothic crowd annoyed by the pretentiousness of the Greek community? Well, let's admit it; we're *all* Pretentious Fuckers. We could start a new support group: Pretentious Fuckers Anonymous. The first step to recovery - admission of the problem. Hi... I'm Ian Blackburn, and I... I'm a... a Pretentious Fucker. Yes or no: Do you know someone in a band? Yes or no: Have you ever dropped his/her name to try to impress someone? Yes or no: Do you or have you ever *dated* someone in a band to try to impress *everyone*?

Someone came up to me once and said, "Hey, wow, man, I wish I could say I were the editor of the Lame Monkey." All weekend, everybody I know was out going berserk. I sat in front of light tables

and Macintosh computers. So just exactly who is this, the guy who does the Monkey? He's pretty much the same as the founding editor; someone who in high school had too good grades to be cool, and not good enough grades to be a genius headed toward big bucks. Behind every underground newspaper and counter-culture institution stands someone who couldn't find a party to go to.

Support the arts. Go see Blooshroom at Planet Earth and the ballet at the Civic Auditorium. See punk bands at the Vatican and plays in UT's Carousel. This is important.

Whether you're opposed to, supportive of, or indifferent to abortion, you've got to have felt the waves it's caused in Knoxville lately. If you're opposed to, supportive of, or indifferent to another cause you'd like to bring to public attention, this is an opportunity and a half. You've got as much right to march in front of a clinic carrying a sign as they do. I plan to.

And whether or not you're opposed to, supportive of, or indifferent to *anything*, thanks for picking up the new Monkey. Enjoy.

Ian Blackburn

Lettuhs to da Edituh

INQUISITIVE

Dear Y'All,

Great paper, enjoy teacher evaluations. Why is a beer rated above a babe? Does this mean getting bombed is better than getting laid?

Yours for a free press-
Joe "EIC" Lane

ANGRY

To the editors of the Lame Monkey Manifesto-

Your printing of the so-called "evaluations" of DiPuccio and Duncan under Spanish is really disgusting. Even if they were written by 3 different unhappy students, the content is reprehensible. The idea that a woman professor needs to be "fucked by a Latin male to loosen her up and teach her about Latin culture" (editor's note: the actual comment was "Needs to be fucked by a Spaniard to really appreciate the culture.") is a strong example of VERBAL VIOLENCE against all women.

Your inclusion of it is thoughtless and leads or contributes to the atmosphere in our culture that tolerates or at least is insensitive to RAPE and other crimes of physical violence against women!

DiPuccio and Duncan are both tenured professors with excellent teaching & publishing scholarship. But even if they weren't, are such atypical evaluations really necessary?

Do you think calling women "bitches" is cute or "open & free"?

While this letter will only be thrown away, I think that you should apologize to both women or at the very least, think twice in the future about printing thing like this.

I, for one, am deeply offended & dis-

gusted! If the subject of your "evaluations" comes up, you can rest assured that I will make my feeling known.

Signed (unlike your bull-shit anonymous "evaluations"),
Stephen E. Young
Associate Professor
Music Department
UTK

ANOTHER VIEW

Dear Mr. Blackburn,

Thank you for sending the copies of issue #14. As always, my colleagues and I were nearly paralyzed by laughter while reading the Instructor Evaluations. The truth hurts. The comments which were edited out must have been truly devastating.

I appreciate the background information which you kindly included in your letter. A copy will be placed with the issues of the Lame Monkey and will, therefore, become a part of the Archives' permanent holdings. Enclosed is a copy of the register which is kept on file concerning your contribution to the State Archives. I hope that it meets with your satisfaction.

I am also sending you my personal check in the amount of \$10 to help defray some of your costs. As you might imagine, getting a check from the State would be only somewhat less difficult than obtaining funds for an excursion to Mars.

Please continue your difficult work and give Mr. Gray my best wishes for him in his new career. I am a frequent visitor to Knoxville. Perhaps we can meet at some point in the future.

Sincerely,
John H. Woodard, Jr.

PREVIOUS EVALUATIONS

Dear Sir(s):

I would like to acquire all back issues on Lame Monkey Instructor Evaluations to 1985. Hope to hear from you soon!

Sincerely,
Brian Feinstein

SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY

Dear Guys (and gals?),

Why does your paper print articles that ridicule the belief that Jesus Christ is God? If you don't want to love, know, or believe that He is God that is one thing, but WHY would you want to discourage other people from finding meaning for their lives, peace of mind, and love and respect for themselves and others through the teachings of the Bible? Would you rather they seek (and never find) ease from their pain through alcohol? drugs, violence? suicide?

Your writer(s) admit(s) to not knowing God, then tries to criticize God's ways; why would someone criticize authoritatively something that he doesn't understand. It's hard to believe that you don't believe in God when you use all that effort and print space to preach against Him.

If you think about your body-how all the tissues, fluids, bones, organs, and energy work so intricately, in sync to allow you to think, breathe, see, excrete, regenerate, talk, walk, etc. - you know that someone designed it, everything and everyone around you.

God is *real*, but don't take my word for it. He's willing at *any* time to show (all of you) just how real He is. All you gotta do is ask. So go on what are you afraid of? and

what have you got to lose.

Love,
J.M. Rucker

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

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Bath

by Mollee Schlachter
Lame Monkey Guest Fiction Author

Morning comes at noon. She wakes up fighting it. Stretch, ick, yawn, growl. Morning tastes bad. She moves to the bathroom with her first steps of day and brushes her teeth. Clad in bright yellow long johns and her Jetson's Universal Tour tee shirt, she squints through Mr. Sandman's practical joke at the mirror mirror on the wall.

"Give me a minute, will ya?" she said to her reflection of morning death. Habit calls her back to her bedroom to find a half empty pack of Benson & Hedges. She pulls one out and lights it. She wonders why she pollutes her breath so soon after brushing her teeth every morning, but blows it off and keeps on puffing.

Moving to the kitchen, she notices a note stuck on the fridge. "Hi, Woman! Get your pathetic, lazy unmotivated ass out of bed and call me. Love, Meredith. P.S. I ate the rest of your Froot Loops." came the barely legible scribbles. Yeah, yeah, sure. She smiles, and begins to make a pot of coffee for herself, because the cigarette is making her dizzy. Yuck. Morning. She pulls herself to the cool kitchen floor and lays her little body down. Still smoking, she watches the ash on the tip of her health hazard grow and waits for her coffee. But Mr. Coffee is taking too long, and the ash inevitably drops on George Jetson's head.

Getting up and dizzy as a tosspot, she stumbles back to the bathroom and turns

on the bath. Mmmm. Steamy and hot, it's just the way she loves it. She grabs some Prell shampoo that sits on top of the commode and glops a bunch into the tub. Prell makes more sudsy stuff than Mr. Bubble. This makes her smile again, and so she strips.

Naked, she walks through the house and catches her nudeness as she glances at the full length mirror near her bedroom door. Music. Moo-zak! The house is way too quiet, so she cranks up some Lloyd Cole and the Comotions singing through her JVC box of noise. Then she pours her coffee (finally!) into a bright blue mug with "Peninsula Hospital Cares" on the side, and she drops her cigarette into an already littered ashtray, letting it burn down and go out on its own.

Squealing, she steps cautiously into her bubble bath. Mmmm. And she slides back to sink her head underwater. Her knees bent and barely peeking out of the Prell suds, she lets the steamy water caress her, oh-so-cozy. She feels yummy. And she sits in her bath for more than forty-five minutes scrub-a-dub-dubbing and wondering about the meaning of life. And God. And wondering if it's even worth wondering about.

"If God is good, then there is no God. If God is God, then there is no good." She had forgotten who said it. This quote perplexed her anyway. Understanding the first part that if God is good, all good that is, there would be no suffering in the world. But there is suffering, so then there can be no God. All right, yeah. She understood that. But if God is God, and

then there is no good, what is this definition of God, and who's the moron that said there's no good?

Reaching for her shampoo, she let the question slide.

Dostoyevsky's Kirilove decided that in order for there to be a God, he must kill himself and take the responsibility to become him. A silly proposal, she thought. Dostoyevsky must have been stoned when he came up with that revelation. But Albert Camus took him seriously and spent half his life wondering whether or not suicide was really necessary.

Frederick Neitzche said fuck it all quietly to himself and proclaimed loudly to his audience that God is dead. Thanks, Freddy, for clearing that up for all of us. "God is dead," she said aloud, "but then again, so is Fred." This makes her giggle as she dumped a handful of Halsal conditioner on her wet head.

Leo Tolstoy wrote that the only absolute knowledge obtainable by man is that life is meaningless, she remembers. Deciding that it's pointless to continue contemplating the meaning of it all, she moves her contemplations to what she'll do with her day.

Rinsing her body one last time and releasing the drain, she steps out of the warm bathtub and says good-bye to the

depleting bubbles. Brrr. She was cold now, so she quickly dries herself, and slips into her old boyfriend's worn green bathrobe. She had forgotten which boyfriend it had belonged to, and the coffee she had been sipping while in her bath was now less than warm and waiting to be finished on the hamper next to the tub. Closing her eyes, she swallowed the caffeine,



moved to the kitchen, and poured a steaming replacement into the mug. She hated to see coffee sit around. It's a wonder drug, after all.

It's cold. She lights another cigarette and sits down at the kitchen table to enjoy it along with her coffee. She wonders if she's hungry for breakfast. Looking down at her 115-pounds in her five feet two, aloud she

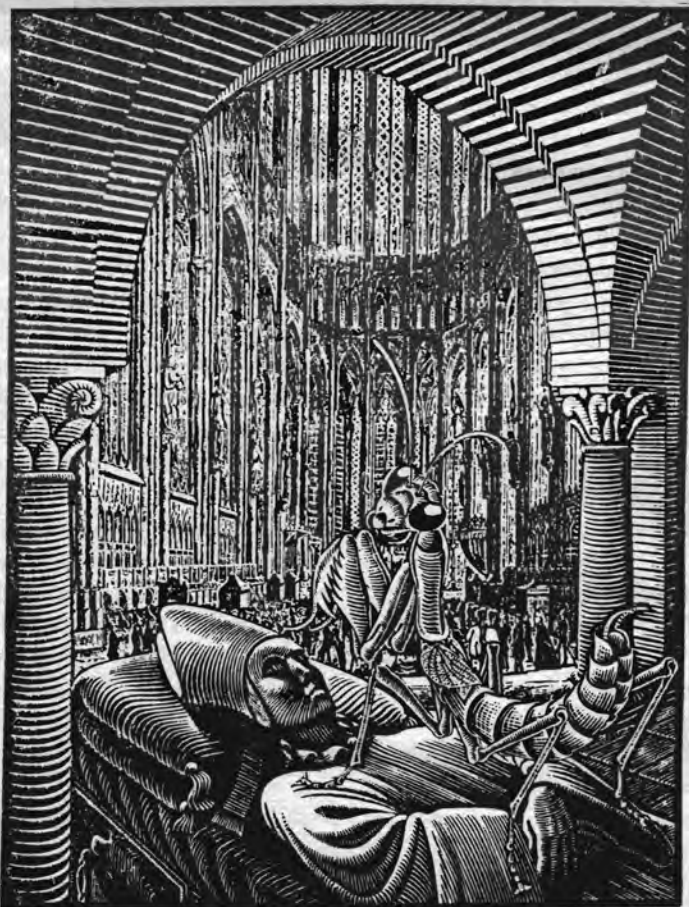
says, "Nah." Yawning lazily, she remembers she needs to call Meredith. But the phone rings before she can collect Meredith's number in her head.

"Hi," she speaks into the receiver.

It was Meredith.

"Are you aware that every five minutes somebody in the United States is contemplating suicide?" Says Meredith.

"I'm aware," she replies. And then taking that back, she asks Meredith, "Are you aware that all statistics are made up?"



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Alvin's Cure

by John the Baptist
Lame Monkey Fiction Author

Alvin pulls his battered '78 Plymouth station wagon into the 7-11's parking lot and shuts off the engine, though not before the car protests the sudden inactivity with sputterings, groanings, and repeated ca-chink-ca-chink-ca-chinks. Warily, he stumbles out of the car and limps through the door to the counter. There he stands, in front of the counter, the epitome of pitifulness. The small amount of light brown hair he still has lays in complete disarray atop his skinny, 5'8" frame, his bent, wire frame glasses stand askew on his face, his clothes are as wrinkled as they can possibly be, and he has a large lump of encrusted blood between his nostrils and his upper lip.

He has just experienced a very unpleasant day.

The day had started off lousy enough when, while driving to work that morning, a wasp flew in the window of his car. While he tried to swat away the darting insect, he neglected to keep his attention on the road, so he ran into a sign. Luckily, he was only driving 15 miles per hour (since he was in a school zone - in fact, the sign he hit was one of those flashing school zone signs). So Alvin sat by the side of the road for 45 minutes, explaining to a police officer about the wasp flying in the window, and incidentally, stinging him on the nose as soon as he wrecked his car. All through the explanation, children, on their way to school, yelled advice at Alvin: "Why'n'cha watch where yer goin', blindy? or "Don't drink so much inna morning an' you won't wreck yer car, you old fart!"

"Kids are cute, huh?" said the cop.

"Uh, sure," Alvin timidly agreed, just as a hurled rock broke his right headlight.

By the time Alvin made it to the public library where he was a librarian, he was twenty-two minutes and forty-nine seconds late. This was a perfect opportu-

nity for Mr. Sandist, his boss, to take part in his favorite activity: publicly ridiculing Alvin in front of other employees.

"This is the second time in as many weeks, that you've been late, Alvin," Mr. Sandist bellowed. "You were late four minutes and thirty-two seconds last week, Alvin. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"Well, you see, it's like this-" Alvin began.

"I'm not interested in you petty little excuses!" Mr. Sandist shot back in Alvin's face. "You just better start getting yourself to work on time-OR ELSE!" Mr. Sandist then whirled around and began to march out of the room, but he paused. "And one more thing, Alvin; since you were out lolly-gagging around all morning, instead of being here at work, I guess you won't be needing your lunch break." With that, Mr. Sandist turned and left the room.

This had actually been the high point of Alvin's day. An hour later, as Alvin was rushing around, trying to catch up on his work, he pushed a cart of books into an open elevator. This was unfortunate, since the elevator was out of order and was being repaired on a different floor. Luckily for Alvin, he was just on the first floor, and he only fell about seven feet - spraining his ankle and breaking his nose.

After a couple of maintenance men helped Alvin out of the elevator shaft (with not a little bit of snickering amongst themselves) and he was able to stop his nose from bleeding, he trudged up to Mr. Sandist's office to see if he could leave early. He dreaded this confrontation, but he knew that he could not endure another five hours of work with a broken nose and a sprained ankle.

After he limped up to the sixth floor (remember, the elevator was out of order), he stood panting in Mr. Sandist's office.

"Can I help ya?" Mr. Sandist's receptionist said, followed by an audible pop-

ping of her banana-flavored Bubble Yum.

"I need to see - n-need to s-see -" The stress of the day, the loss of blood from Alvin's broken nose, the hike up six flights of stairs with a sprained ankle, a confrontation with Mr. Sandist's beautiful secretary, who was wearing a skirt-and-blouse set that was cut high on her thighs and low on her extremely large breasts, was too much for poor Alvin. Feeling faint, he started to pitch forward. As he tried to regain his balance, he put his hand down on the blotter, which was laid across the table. A cup of coffee was sitting on the edge of the blotter, and when Alvin put his hands down, the cup was toppled off the table onto the secretary's white miniskirt.

"You dork!" the secretary wailed. "I'm tellin' Mr. Sandist," she cried as she ran out of the room with petite little-girl-like steps.

Dazed though he was, Alvin was mentally intact enough to know now to hang around for what was sure to follow. He limped out of the office as fast as he could and began to hobble down the stairs. He knew that if he could make it to the reading area on the third floor, which was always crowded, he would be safe. He could hide himself down there, where there were too many people for Mr. Sandist to make a scene. However, Alvin underestimated how upset Mr. Sandist was, and where he would or would not make a scene, because seconds after Alvin walked through the door and stood looking for a place to sit in the crowded reading area, Mr. Sandist barged through the swinging doors like an enraged elephant.

"ALVIN!" He bellowed. Alvin was the only one in the room that did not look in Mr. Sandist's direction. "Alvin, this is the last straw, you moron! You're out of here!"

"But Mr. Sandist," Alvin pleaded. "It was just an ac-"

"No excuses, shithead!" Mr. Sandist blasted in Alvin's face. "You are FIRED!" This last word was emphasized with a slap on Alvin's balding forehead which knocked his glasses off and sent him sprawling backwards.

After a few seconds, Alvin picked himself up off the floor and, with as much dignity as he could muster, limped out of the laughter-filled reading room.

And so it is a very dejected Alvin that now stands in front of the 7-11 counter. That morning, his wife Sheila told him to stop and get some Sweet and Low on his way home from work that evening. He knows that to fail to do so will only make the hellish day ten times worse.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" Alvin says meekly.

"Yeah?" returns the girl behind the counter, as she looks up from her *Tiger Beat* magazine.

"Uh, I was wondering if you could tell me where the Sweet and Low sugar substitute is."

The girl doesn't say anything, but her formerly disinterested face slowly changes to one of pure, unbridled fury. Thinking the girl has misunderstood his question, Alvin quickly repeats it. "Uh-uh, can you tell me where the Sweet -"

"I heard you the first time!" she shrieks, louder than Alvin had thought humanly possible. "You fucking bastard!" "Wh-wh-what? I-I don't-" Alvin stammers back.

"Don't you know what's in Sweet and Low, you bastard?" she screams.

"Uh... um..."

"SACCHARIN!" she yells, in a voice so low it sounds masculine.

"Uh, I don't think I under-" Alvin begins.

"I had a pet mouse once," the girl says with tears starting to flow down her face. "His name was Swee'Pea. I loved him a lot. My mom hated him, though. She said he stunk up the room." The girl pauses slightly to wipe her now running nose on her sleeve. "One day, when I got home from school he was GONNNNE!" the girl wails. "Momma had donated him to science. They fed him tons of saccharin and he caught cancer and he d-die-DIEEEEED! AHHHHHHH!"

The last scream is so loud and heart-rending that Alvin automatically recoils and closes his eyes. When he opens them again, there is the largest man he has ever seen standing next to him looking at the girl. This monster is at least seven feet tall, built like a professional linebacker, and has hands that are almost as large as Alvin's head.

"What's the matter, Susie?" the monster inquires.

"HE KILLED SWEE'PEAAAA!" Susie shrieks.

"Wh-wait! I don't know what-" Alvin begins, but the rest of what he has to say, and the wailing of the girl, are both drowned out by the trumpeting bellow that roars out of the throat of the monster. Alvin makes it out the door and onto the sidewalk before the monster catches him with one of his mammoth fists in the back of the head. Alvin flies five feet before skidding to a halt on the parking lot pavement. He has just enough time to realize that he's on the ground before he is picked up and flung against the driver's door of his station wagon, cracking one of his ribs and denting the door so horribly that it will never open again. Alvin passes out.

When he opens his eyes again an old bum is patting his left cheek. "Hey, buddy," he slurs. "Whasha matter? Why ya shleepin onna shidewalk?"

"Shidewalk?" Alvin says groggily.

"Here, buddy, drink shomma dis," the bum says.

Alvin nearly gags on the sweet-tasting wine that the bum pours down his throat. "Uh, thanks. I've got to go now." Alvin slowly manages to get up and, realizing that he can't open his car door, drags

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himself around to the passenger door, climbs in, slides across the seat, and starts the car.

"Drive care'fly," the drunk calls after Alvin's retreating car.

Five minutes later, Alvin pulls into his driveway and stops his car. He slowly drags himself out of the car and staggers up to the front door of his house. Before he can figure out which key opens the front door, it swings open.

"About time you got home, fuck-face," Al Jr. says.

Alvin is too shocked by the appearance of his son to be shocked by the use of the foul language. When Alvin left the house that morning, the 19-year-old Al Jr. was sipping coffee at the breakfast table, sporting a medium-length, conservative haircut, and wearing a sweatshirt emblazoned with the title of the local university, at which he is a student.

This is a completely different Al Jr. Alvin is looking at now.

Al Jr. has shaved his head, except for a narrow strip which now hangs down in his face. How he's wearing ripped jeans, combat boots, and a leather jacket studded with small, sharp-looking points. He's not wearing a shirt under his open jacket, and Alvin sees, with much horror, that the words "FUCK YOU" have been tattooed in letters four inches high across his son's chest. Alvin is in too much shock to do anything but stand there with his mouth open and his keys still clutched in his hand.

"Thanks," says his son, taking the keys out of Alvin's hand. "I'll be taking the car, dick-nose. I dropped out of school today. I'm leaving and I'm not coming back. See ya, butt-head." With that, Al Jr. brushes Alvin aside and saunters out to the car.

In a disbelieving daze, Alvin stumbles in the house and closes the door.

"Hi, Daddy!" says Wendy, Alvin's daughter. She skips out of her room and hugs him, giving him a loving kiss on his cheek. Alvin is still in too much shock to notice that Wendy is wearing a T-shirt and nothing else. A tall, dark-haired young man follows her out of her room.

"Hey, Pops," he says in a friendly manner. He is only wearing a jock strap.

"Who's he?" Alvin asks dazedly.

"This is Biff, Daddy. He's the quarterback at Central High. He's teaching me about sex."

"Sex?!" says Alvin disbelievingly. "But, Wendy, you're only twelve years old."

"No time like the present, Pops," says Biff, with a friendly pop on Alvin's forehead with the flat of his hand, causing him to fall backwards onto the living room floor.

"How do you like my new leather

panties, Daddy?" says Wendy, as she shoves them in his face. Then she skips back into the room followed by Biff.

Alvin slowly picks himself up off the floor and struggles himself over to his easy chair, where he collapses, a bundle of physical and mental pain. For the next five minutes Alvin sits there, dazedly staring at the leather panties clutched in his hand.

"Alvin?" Alvin's wife Sheila calls from the kitchen. "Did I hear you come



in?" she yells as she walks in the living room. Alvin doesn't say anything. He just sits there staring at the panties. "You bastard!" she screams as she sees him sitting there, clutching the panties. "Those are Wendy's panties!"

"What?!" says Alvin, snapping out of his hypnotic state.

"They talked about your kind on Oprah Winfrey today! You seduced my daughter!" she screams at him.

"Wait a second, you don't un—" he pleads, as her six-foot, 210-lb. frame barrels across the living room floor. But he is cut off as she yanks him out of his seat, knees him in the groin, and backhands him across the room, where he lands heavily on the coffee table, neatly collapsing it beneath him.

The next thing Alvin knows is that he is soaking wet, and Sheila is standing over him with a bucket. "As soon as you can get up and walk, I want you out of here," Sheila says. She then turns around and walks out of the room.

It takes roughly twenty minutes, but finally Alvin is standing up. "Yeah, I'll get out of here, but not how you think," he thinks to himself. He staggers over to the desk in the corner of the room. Leaning on the desk, he slowly opens a drawer. And there it is — his revolver.

"God," he says, looking up at the ceiling, "please forgive me for being so weak, but I can't go on. My life is hell."

He opens his mouth and slowly raises the gun, inserting

"Bullshit!"

What?

"I said 'bullshit!'"

Hey, what's going on?

"I'm through with this crap! You create me, put me through total hell, and then expect me to kill myself. Well, I'm saying 'fuck you!' I'm not going to do it!"

Ummm—this is a little too weird for me....

"Weird? I'll tell you what's weird! Your fucking style of writing, you pretentious, sadistic bastard! You've been carrying me around in that empty head of yours all week, bragging to all the stupid, semi-literate bitches you try to impress with

this fucking 'brilliant idea for a story' that you have! Some fucking brilliant idea! Fuck up some poor bastard's life as much as possible, and then make him blow his brains out all over his

fucking living room! Brilliant idea, asshole!"

I think I've been working too hard. I could use a little break.

"No, no, no! Don't let me run you off, master craftsman! I'll leave, you just stay put where you belong, behind your typewriter! I've got just one thing to leave you with before I go!

Hey, wait a second... what are you do-

BLAM!

Inspector Hamilton walked through the crowd of people, past the barricades, and into the house. He walked to a back room where a police officer was standing. Nodding to the man, Hamilton walked

into the room. Lieutenant West was the only person in the room. He was standing and smoking a cigarette next to the body of a young man which lay slumped over the keys of an electric typewriter. There was a hole about two inches wide in the back of the young man's head, and there was a large splatter of blood and other stuff all over the back wall.

"What's the problem, Jim?" Hamilton asked.

"Well, it's kind of weird," answered West. "I mean, it's obvious someone shot the guy, but there's something that really weird about this whole incident."

"What? What happened?"

"Well, apparently this guy was typing in here and his girlfriend was watching TV in the next room when she heard a gunshot. She ran in here and she found him like this. Not only that, but she said she had heard him typing for over an hour, but the only thing we could find in here is what's in the typewriter now."



Hamilton looked down at the typewriter. The word "BLAM!" was centered near the top of the page but there was nothing else on it.

"So? What's the big deal?" Hamilton asked.

"If you would just please hold on a God-damned second, I will tell you," West replied patiently. "Now, it's obvious that the poor slob was shot from the front, because his brains are covering the wall behind him. However, as you can see—" with this, he pulled the body's head up by the hair, "—there's no point of entry."

Hamilton looked at the staring face of the young man. His mouth was wide open and his tongue hung out at an angle. Otherwise, there was nothing wrong with the young man's face.

"The killer must have put the gun in they guy's mouth and pulled the trigger," Hamilton offered.

"Do you think I'm a moron? Of course I thought that at first, too. However, if you will look into his open mouth, you'll see that nothing's touched it. He doesn't have so much as a gun powder burn on the inside of it."

"Well, what the hell are you trying to say?" asked Hamilton, feeling a little scared.

"I'm not trying to say anything. I don't know what happened. It just looks from here that the bullet came out of the guy's head."

Neither of them said anything for a while.

"Shit! That's crazy as hell!" Hamilton said.

"I know it's crazy, but if that's not what happened, then you tell me what *did* happen!" West shot back.

Lowering his voice, Hamilton said, with as much calm as he could muster, "I'll tell you what happen. This guy got shot in the head and he died. That's all you know. And that's the way you fill out the report. Maybe the coroner can figure out how he was killed."

"I guess you're right," West sighed. "I'm really too old for this weird shit."

"Yeah, me too," Hamilton agreed. "Fuck it, let's go get a cup of coffee at Wanda's."

"Definitely. I could use a cup of coffee," answered West as he followed Hamilton to the door. "If it's all right with you, though, I need to stop at a 7-11 first. My wife wants me to pick up some Sweet and Low."

With this sentence barely out of his mouth, the door burst open, and a shrieking elephant of a man burst into the room. He grabbed both of the officers and began to fling them about the room, reducing them to bloody pulps.

While this violence goes on, I sit comfortably behind the keyboard of my typewriter, content in the knowledge that one of my characters could never really turn against me.

Right?



UT Gay Support Group

by Harper McGuinness
Lame Monkey Campus Affairs

For those students who are gay, questioning, or bisexual, the UT Gay Support Group has been formed to provide an outlet for those students and their friends.

The group is open to anyone, gay or straight, as long as they are supportive. The group exists to help gay students with their concerns, such as parents, friends, and relationships. Another important function is to help students come to terms with their sexuality.

"The members of the group have become my friends and they are there when I need help dealing with a situation or a problem," said a spokesman for the

group. The group acknowledges that gay students are under a tremendous amount of pressure. Academic demands along with harsh judgements from some segments of society can create intense personal pressures.

The UT Gay Support Group hopes to help alleviate some of these pressures. "All of us have shared many common experiences, and we can provide help to someone who is just beginning to go through this," one member said. "Being gay can seem overwhelming, and we just want people to know that there is someone that they can talk to," he added.

The support group also functions as a social outlet. Events on this year's calendar include a Valentine's dance, a prom in late April, and a play to foster AIDS

awareness to be presented in the fall.

"The group is a great source for social activities," he added. "It also provided an alternative to the bars for those who are under 21, as well as those who don't feel comfortable meeting people in a bar-type of atmosphere."

Another function of the group is one of education. "Educating the entire university is one of our objectives," the spokesman said. "There are a lot of misconceptions about the gay community, and we would like to help people rise above the stereotypes."

The group meets weekly for discussion, and all members are assured of confidentiality. For more information about the support group, call the Gay Helpline at 521-6546.

THERE HE IS, BOZO

In Switzerland Yesterday a man wearing a bomber jacket and claiming to be Jesus Christ interrupted a speech by the Pope and made the national news.

He claimed "I'LL REPLACE YOU!" before being seized by three wise guards including one Swiss guard wearing the country's standard yellow-red-orange-blue Harlequin uniform.

"January 25, 1989. Jesus Returns, Apprehended by Clown. Film at Eleven."

-Michael Mayes

FAST FOOD

I eat fast food each and every meal
My highly processed Burger mentality makes me squeal with zeal about Ronald McDonald, The Burger King, and Wendy: The Trinity.

Let me tell you what they've done for me:
I am terminally, chronically constipated
Within a second I go from depressed to elated

For my diet, fast food is sufficient
That's why I'm vitamin deficient
Inside my head my teeth are rotting

In my arteries the grease is clotting
at an alarming rate
My health is in a decrepit state
Grease eeks and flows from my pores
Yet 3 (or more) times a day
I open the fast food doors
I don't care that I'm dying
Mmmmm—Smell those french fries
a-frying

Ronald, oh Ronald McDonald
Thou art true, I know thee to be
Your Golden Arches, they guideth me
Like a lighthouse

in perilous storms

Burger King, I am thy subject
and loyal shall I be
whopper after whopper
let me dwell in thy flame-broiled Kingdom
True shall I be to thy cause
Burger King, in thee I findeth no flaws

Wendy
blessed art thou among fast food icons
I desire thy flesh
Hot and juicy
Give me thy meat - fresh
Oh, to voice my love of you
in a manner so true
No one no where
do I care so much for
freshly ground desire
stirs within me as I enter your door
So innocent so young
let me open wide your bun
and slurp the juices therein
with my tongue

My Health:
Woe oh woe is my gastrointestinal tract
Each burger reinforces this fact

inside my colon is a horrendous sludge
and I haven't *really* moved my bowels
in 6 or 7 weeks now
Don't really feel sick
but I'm surely not alive

Styrofoam cartons, paper wrappings
in a pile around me
This is the way I've chosen it to be
and my mentality is dulled

vitamin deficiency
toxic internally
I've lost all judgement and reason
I cannot and will not stop

My arteries and circulation
are in a sorry situation
They resemble a calcified water pipe
of fifty years
arteriosclerosis is the least of my fears
as I finish yet another McDLT.

-Anthony James Gustin

Due to unprecedented demand, the Instructor Evaluation issue of The Lame Monkey Manifesto will be available for at least the next few weeks. Pick up your copy (still free) at Universal Printing on 19th Street behind Taco Bell, or send two stamps to Gimpy, PO Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800. Tap into the only uncut compilation of student responses available to the UT community today - before the University-sanctioned SGA tries to pass off their own.



HOW TO USE YOUR PRO CHOICE STENCIL:

1. Cover the entire back with glue. Mount it on posterboard.
2. Use a razorblade to cut out all the black areas.
3. For a clean print, tape the stencil to the surface to be marked.

WARNING! DISCLAIMER!

This stencil is for private use only, for the creation of signs and t-shirts. It is NOT for use on walls, sidewalks, windows, or any other public surface. It is ESPECIALLY not for disfiguring the house or car of Mark Bodine (local organizer for Operation Rescue) nor the front doors of the churches involved (such as Life Assembly of God or Calvary Baptist Church).



PRO CHOICE



WISH I WAS DEAD- I HATE THIS JOB...

LINDSEY'S UGLY RESUME NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE CAREER!



DON'T LET AN ADOLESCENT RESUME KEEP YOU FROM THAT CORPORATE CAREER!

universal
 printing & publishing
 817 19th • behind taco bell • 637-2510
 placement forms • cool music
 we accept mom & dad's credit cards

Memories of Breakfast

On a Saturday morning like every Saturday morning,
The Boy was dragged from his Saturday morning bed
By the smells of his mother's

Cooking.

The symphony of odors permeated the rooms,
The wood panelling, the wall-to-wall carpeted
Floors of his family's doublewide mobile home.
She might as well have been cooking in the

Bathroom.

Sleepy and grumpy and hungry, the Boy
Stumbled through the odor-filled hall
Toward the swelling symphony to the kitchen
table
Where he sat in silent, sleepy, grumpy
anticipation.

"Do you want raisins in your Cream of Wheat?"
His mother asked.

Why could he have pancakes and syrup, the
Boy thought.

The symphony of odors whirled around his

head.
And permeated his senses.

She never fixes anything I really

Like.

"What's the matter, sleepyhead," he heard
her say
Through the crescendo of gravy and lard bis-
cuits.

And then she punctuated the question by
loudly
Unapologetically breaking wind

Into the surrounding odor symphony
Rising from the stove.

And it occurred to the Boy

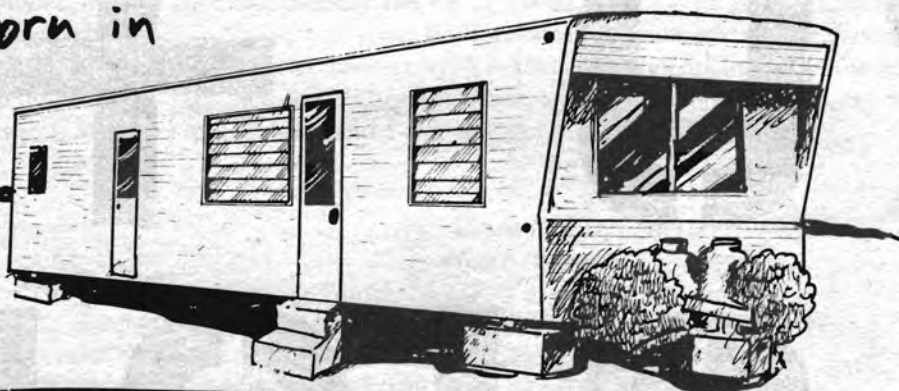
That although she always seemed to be
cooking
Or eating what she'd just cooked,

This was the first time he'd ever heard his
mother

Fart.

-Bubba the Presbyterian

I wuz born in
a
Zombie
Bird-
house!!!



After 1969 and
1970, I
hypnotized
Chickens for
a livin'...

But after NO FUN in KILL CITY...



Dance
to the
beat
of the
Livin'
Dead



Lose
sleep
baby,
stay
away
from
bed



Raw
Power
is
sure
to
come
runnin'
to
you.



I Realized...



I Got A Right
TO VOTE!

IGGY POP: AMERICAN.



(THEY WANNA BE
YOUR DOG...)

RECORDS
We Dig Iggy

WHITE BOY

WINNING OCEAN CRUISE
WHITE BOY FINDS HE'S
ON TANKER LEAVING NY

1. carrying 710,000
ga. of treated
human waste
(shit)
2. which is slowly
released
3. as jet black sludge.

ENCOURAGED TO CHEER
AS HORN BLOWS, WHITE
BOY ASKS FOR BARFBAG

TO STIR UP DISCUSSION
WHITE BOY WEARS BRAND
NEW FACE MASK OF PRE-
MIER OF S. AFRICA FOR
HIS WORLDS CLASS, SAYS
APARTHEID EDUC. AVOIDS

- A. lower standards
- B. inferior curriculum
- C. high drop-out rate

STUDENTS CHANT RACIST
UNTIL WB COUNTS NO. OF
BLACKS IN HONOR CLASS

-Paul Weinman