

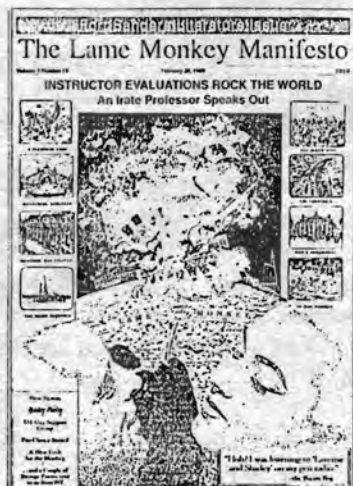
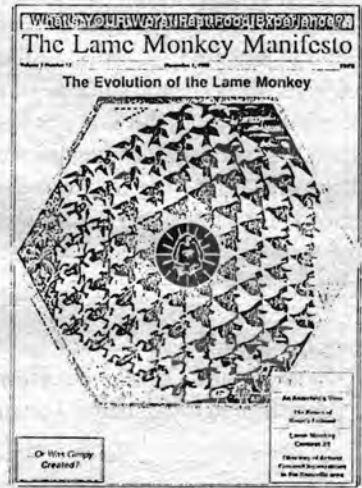
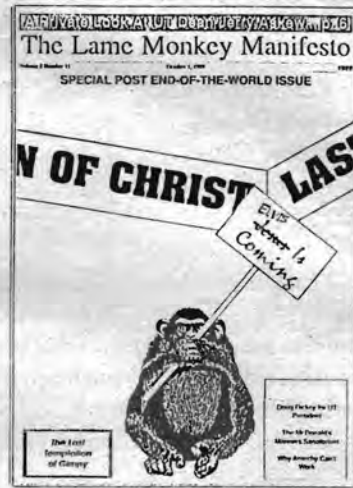
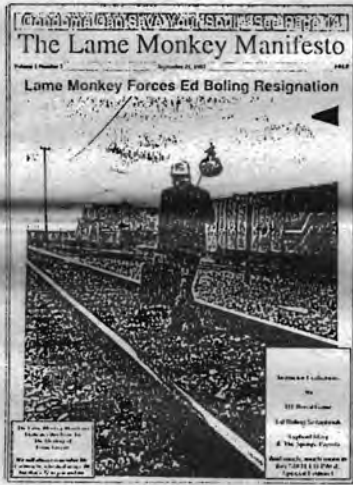
The Lame Monkey Manifesto

Volume 3 Number 17

April 25, 1989

FREE

THE BEST OF THE LAME MONKEY All Your Favorites From The Past





Lettuh from da Edituh

Greetings! Welcome to the largest Monkey in captivity. If you're a freshman this year, you've probably never seen issues of the LMM that came before my editorship (there've been nine excellent ones); this issue resurrected the "best of" those, along with a few choice picks from this year's crop. If you're an upperclassman and a member of the Monkey readership, turn the pages for an encore of (hopefully) your favorite features. If you find that something you've enjoyed is conspicuously absent, it's for one of the following reasons:

1. I completely overlooked it when going through the Monkey Archives.
2. My biased, subjective opinion kept it out. Editors are dictators; God save me from becoming arrogant...
3. I couldn't for love nor money make it work with the existing layout.
4. I didn't have access to necessary equipment (a stat camera, in particular) to reproduce it.

There was a lot of other material I wanted to include. Culling out material was a painful process; even though this is a fairly long issue (I usually do eight-pagers...), there's always a last page. This

isn't 100% reprinted material, incidentally; there are a few never-before-seen things in #17.

Operation Rescue seems to be still in full swing in Knoxville, primarily around this area. I went out to a anti-abortion demonstration last week to lobby for heightened awareness of Middle Eastern cuisine in America, which seemed to annoy some of the protesters. It gave me a chance to talk to a few of the people there, which, as an article in the last Monkey stated, is akin to thumping your noggin on the sidewalk. For example, one conversation went as follows:

"So... You're a member of Operation Rescue?"

"What do you mean, 'member'?"

I paused for a moment. What does one usually mean by "member"?

"Do you belong to the anti-abortion group known as 'Operation Rescue'?"

"What do you mean by 'belong'?" Do you mean, am I a dues-paying member of Operation Rescue?"

Operation Rescue, to the best of my knowledge, does not solicit dues from its members. I found myself wondering why this woman was trying to avoid answering

on a linguistic technicality.

"No... I mean, are you a part of Operation Rescue, period."

"Well, what do you mean, am I a part of Operation Rescue?"

This went on for about five minutes before I just assumed she was and changed the topic. Her method of reasoning and debate was pretty much the same regardless of what we were (trying) to talk about. I don't see the point. It's not too much of a convincing argument, and it seems to merely make people angry (it did me). Is that what they're out there for, to anger and not defend? It's like asking somebody for the parmesan cheese in a pizza place and them saying, "Well, how do you know that this parmesan cheese really exists?" I was also told that the Lame Monkey belonged "in the sewer." That didn't bother me. I've been given similar (and more eloquent) sentiments by better people. In all fairness, there were a couple of men there who, although we were on opposite sides of this particular fence, saw no reason not to be civil and amiable and respectful of others' rights to their opinions; we had a pleasant, lengthy chat about a variety of things and even

found a little common ground to stand on, although neither of us persuaded the other to change their views on abortion.

For those of you wondering about the designation of this Monkey as the Editorial Swan Song Issue, LMM #17 is very likely my last. It's time to get this life on the road towards a life, and that road takes me to New England this summer. There is a successor, however; may I present to you the Doktor Reverend Neøn Fleshbiscuit, who has been the LMM Spiritual Advisor for some time. The Monkey is in good hands. Thanks to all of you who bore with me while I stumbled through learning to put a paper together; I'm aware of the rough edges.

To our new readers in Johnson City: Hello! Thanks! O denizens of fair Knox Vegas, you have nearly been outdone, on a relative basis, in enthusiasm for free press. Hopefully, we'll see some good articles arise in the coming months from not only UT and Fort Sanders but also the hallowed halls of ETSU and its surroundings. Amen. And Enjoy.

Ian Blackburn

Lettuhs to da Edituh

EVALUATION FEEDBACK

Your recent Instructors Evaluations carried some highly inflammatory comments about two professors in this department, Professors DiPuccio and Duncan. I think you should be aware of the fact that personal animosity between then may have precipitated these virulent comments.

In future versions of "The Lame Monkey," I urge you to verify that the observations are indeed those of students actually enrolled in their classes. Professors DiPuccio and Duncan are both fine teachers, and I think it would be a tragedy for personal differences with a colleague (who, by the way, was praised highly on the same page) to tarnish their reputations.

Sincerely,
John B. Romeiser
Professor and Department Head
Department of Romance Languages

Please send me a copy of the Lame Monkey Manifesto, number 14, on Instructor Evaluations.

A check in the amount of \$1.50 is enclosed to cover cost and postage.

Thank You-
Mary Best

Please send me a copy of LMM Eval issue!

Thanx,
Cecil McCullough
Gray, TN

The following is an excerpt from a lettuh; space considerations do not allow it to be reprinted in its entirety — ed.

...by the way, Mike went to UT for his undergraduate work (about eight years ago) and he looked up his old professors in your instructor evaluations and laughed and said they were pretty accurate. He wanted to know if the Lame Monkey is connected with the university in any way; we were thinking of the radical alternative to the *Daily Tarheel* that UNC had...

Cordially,
Betty Dingus
Tabloid City
Huntsville, AL

I caught your March 20 issue. It was great.

Here are your 2 stamps. I don't know if you wanted them stuck on the envelope or what but here they are.

I hope supplies are lasting.

Dré
Norris, TN

P.S. Did ya' want 2 stamps in the inside or 1 on the outside & one on the inside? Be more specific. I'll give you 3 anyway.

Please send me the instructor evaluation issue of the Lame Monkey Manifesto.

Good work! I hope you keep doing LMM!

Kathy Emmett
Dept. of Philosophy, UTK

REQUESTS

I just read about you in the latest issue of *Factsheet Five*. Please send me some stuff. I'm particularly interested in underground newspapers & anarchism.

Thank you,
Charlie Kraybill
Washington, D.C.

I read about what you do— in F.F. — and would like the current issue of *The Lame Monkey Manifesto*.

Thanx, take care,
Mark Neville
Fremont, CA

It was with great interest and admiration that I read your First Day of Spring issue of *The Lame Monkey Manifesto*.

I have taken the liberty of enclosing three of my poems for your consideration to be published in the next issue of *The Lame Monkey Manifesto*.

One question I have about your publication is regarding the origin of the term "Lame Monkey". Also, it appears that your publication has anarchist undertones (although in my usual state of heightened awareness I could be mistaken). At any rate, your publication's philosophy seems to parallel mine.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Amy Steppe-Good
Johnson City, TN

LETTUHS
Praise Voraciously or
Rag With Much
Abandon
Box 8763 • Knoxville • 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]). If you have any comments regarding *The Lame Monkey*, please write: Lettuhs, *The Lame Monkey Manifesto*, P.O. Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800.

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(like we're really worried about it)



What They Don't Tell You at UT™

by J. Cow Beauregard
Lame Monkey Campus Affairs

The thousands of new freshmen who come to UT every fall get only the most basic information - schedule pick-up, registration, where to stand in line next, etc. But students are ill-informed about much more information - things the UT Administration would just as soon the average student never learn: "Little Tips" that students learn as they go along; things they learn the hard way. Things you'd probably never hear from your R.A., suitemates, teachers, and especially the "hidden elite" - the University President, Deans, and other Important Men.

Here are some helpful bits that can make your stay at this Knowledge Factory more enjoyable:

- You can eat in any campus cafeteria with your meal card.
- If you want good seats at the football games, take your I.D. and activities card to the Student Center Ticket Office (1st floor) the Monday morning before Saturday's game.
- If you are male and would like a lot of free beer, visit each fraternity house during Rush week. Pretend to be very interested in pledging (joining their fraternity). Also, if you like shallow girls, back-slapping "buddies-for-life", and initiation humiliation in front of thirty guys named "Bud" and "Chip", then you ought to join one of these things.
- If you are a girl and would like free beer (or to get drunk very cheaply on almost any kind of alcoholic beverage), then the Strip is the place for you on Friday and Saturday night. The "cooler" and more trendy bars and nightclubs will

offer reduced or free drinks for girls all year; this is to get more females in the door, which will, in turn, attract more males, who pay outrageous prices for their drinks and who, more often than not, pay for the girls' drinks, too. If you are a guy and are offended at being manipulated like this, then don't patronize these bars. You're spending a lot of money for frustration and a hangover.

• There's a sauna for your use (if you can find it - it's tricky) on the second floor of the HPER building (between Humes Hall and the track).

• The trolleys that run around the campus are free.

• On the 6th floor of the Undergraduate Library, there is a staff lounge with food and drink machines, a television, and a kitchen. The combination

on the door is: Press buttons 2 and 4 simultaneously, then button 3. If this doesn't work, knock on the door and someone inside will open it for you. Tell him or her you work in the Reference Department.

• WUTK is the campus radio station found at 90 FM on the dial. They play requests. Don't ask for Top 40 songs.

• The old lady with blue hair (swear to God) at the UT Ticket Office & Check Cashing window can be very mean and uncooperative. Avoid her.

• About buying textbooks: At the end of each semester, you can usually sell back your textbooks for about half the price you paid at the bookstore. Occasionally, you will buy a \$30-\$40 textbook which, at the end of the term, they will not buy back; you'll be stuck with it. Ask before you buy each book whether they'll buy it back later. If not, simply befriend someone in that class and share their

textbook.

• When textbook buy-back time rolls around, Vol Textbooks and Rechenbach's Bookstore will claim to give "top dollar". Actually, the UT bookstore usually gives a little more money for your books.

• Don't stay on campus all the time. There are many good shops, stores, restaurants, and nightclubs downtown. Downtown is a short walk from campus; just go east on Cumberland through the World's Fair Site and you're there. Also, for a modest fare, you can catch a K-Trans bus from Cumberland out to west Knoxville; this is where everything is that isn't near campus (music stores, theaters, grocery stores, restaurants, etc.).

• Throughout the year, several concerts and carnivals are held on the World's Fair Site, many of which are free. They are hardly ever publicized, so you have to watch for them. In addition, there is an art museum on the World's Fair Site, which is open during normal business hours. You can also ride to the top of the Sun-sphere (the monument that resembles a joystick) for a \$1 donation. You can see for many miles and is a pleasant experience when stoned.

• Don't do your banking at First Tennessee. They will screw you over at every available opportunity. Although it is the only bank on the Strip, there are good banks downtown, like First American and Tennessee National Bank. There is also a good bank (Valley Bank) in Fort Sanders on 17th Street.

• The student paper at UT is *The Daily Beacon*. Forget about the Want Ads if you seek a job - there is a much bigger catalog of jobs at the Financial Aid office

(room 115 of the Student Services Building). To comply with the Equal Opportunities Act, *The Daily Beacon* hires mongoloids and retarded citizens to draw some of the comic strips. Please don't become angry if the comics seem pointless and unfunny. If possible, find someone who saved every *Stoner's Aquarium* strip (by Ron Ruelle) for the past couple of years.

• Although UT is a pretty nice place to study, being here for four or more years can get a little tedious. A great opportunity is to go abroad for your junior year. There is much information at the Center for International Education (3rd floor of Alumni Hall). Many of the programs cost about the same as a year at UT, and you can go to almost any country in the world.

• If you need cash badly, try selling

your football ticket on the morning before the game. Depending on the opponents and the Vols' season record, you can get anywhere from \$3-\$20, depending on how drunk or stupid or both the buyer is.

• If you're going to try to use someone else's calling card number (six digits), make calls from a dorm lobby phone or elsewhere - not on your own. They can trace the calls and you get a big fine & visit to your friendly, constipated Dean. Of course, the administration will not tell you this.

• If the administration screws you over, return the favor in a subtle, anonymous way. Why? Because they are bloated and can cause you as much trouble as they want. You shouldn't view the administration as enemies who are out to get you, but rather as conservative, anal-compulsive turds who'll occasionally step on your toes.



Just What Is This All About? — The Manifesto

This is the original statement of purpose printed in the first Lame Monkey by the founding co-editors, Christopher Gray and Paul Mozingo. It begins with the answer to a question I am asked often and am occasionally at a loss to explain, depending on who is asking the question (the amount of English they speak is usually the deciding factor). In the history of this tabloid, there have been both lame moments and great monkeyshines; whatever the free world's verdict, here is what we've tried, and hopefully succeeded, to do.

- da Edituh

The monkey is a symbol for the overriding tone which the paper embodies. It is at once curious, intelligent, and humorous, just as we strive to make the material in the *The Lame Monkey*. "Curious" in that it is question raising and muck-raking, "intelligent" in that it is informed and educated, and "humorous" in that it is not

only funny and entertaining, but also bears the indirect weapon of satire, which helps to make up for the disadvantages of being Lame.

Yes, the *Monkey* is lame in that there are certain constraints placed upon it that arise from the fact that many of the things that the paper is trying to do are frowned upon by greater authorities, such as the UT™ Overlords and Student Apathy, our two deadliest poisons. Thus the *Monkey* is not capable of directly confronting it's adversaries and is therefore lame in a sense.

The name of the paper properly explained, we continue with our statement of purpose:

The Manifesto

1. Our first and foremost purpose is to provide a source of entertainment. Our initial conception was that of a students dream—an extended funnies page

engulfing an entire paper. We are going to maintain a light tone with the paper, selecting the best humor writing submitted, including comics and cartoons, and sticking in anything else that we can get our hands on that is generally off-the-wall, and still relatively legal.

2. Secondly, we are providing a student forum. We hope that the pages of this paper will become a ring wherein various campus factions will collide in many a blood-drawing literary battle. We will do our best to pit liberal against conservative, student against faculty, engineer against artist, religious organization against religious organization, and malcontent against the UT™ administration. We will "invite all responsible conflicting comments."

3. Thirdly, we are providing an alternative source of campus related information. We intend to provide the results of a student evaluations of

instructors each quarter. Also, here you may read about all of those obscure things that are happening on campus that you are probably interested in but can't find out anything about (provided someone submits something about them).

4. Another purpose of this paper is to abolish student apathy. We believe that a university is a place for more than books and stuffy profs. College students should be involved in a wide variety of activities. We would like to see things happening at UT besides church ice-cream sprees and inter-dorm bowling leagues, and we are going to do what little we can to stir things up around here.

5. Lastly, we hope that *The Lame Monkey* will provide a lever for the seemingly powerless UT student body. We place in the hands of the UT students what forces publishing may offer that perhaps they may see to it that changes are made in their University and environment to better suit them.



Anarchy at the Sub Pub

by John the Baptist
Lame Monkey Guest Fiction Author

"I only wanted mustard on that!" the sorority girl whined.

I looked at her coldly and said, "I asked you if you wanted mayonnaise and mustard and you said yes."

"I meant just mustard," she whined in that I-can't-get-what-I-want voice of hers.

I stared down at the sandwich, ignoring her and the twelve other impatient customers waiting in line. I hated this blob of food as much as the Sub Pub's customers. They all seemed similar to me — fat and greasy, and somehow, kind of stupid looking.

I looked up at the girl. "Does that mean that you don't want the sandwich?" I asked her.

"Mayonnaise makes me sick," she whined.

"Well, if you don't want it," I replied, "I guess I'll eat it." I picked up the blob of food and took a gigantic bite out of it. I then half-feigned a look of disgust and said, "You're right, it does taste like shit." Before she and the rest of the customers finished looking surprised, I turned and threw the foot-long. It hit the wall with an audible splat and then slid to the floor, leaving only a trail of mayonnaise and mustard, one pickle, and a few strands of lettuce for the wall to remember it by.

By the time I turned around, Ms.

Mental Giant of 1987 had decided that she had had enough. "I'm going to come back and talk to you your boss, you asshole!" she cried — then she stormed off. Her frat boy boyfriend hesitated for a moment, looking like he was unsure of what manly antics he was called on to perform. He managed to stammer, "You — you got a real attitude problem, dude!" Then he reverted back to lost-puppy-dog mode and obediently followed his mistress out to her BMW.

I then turned away from the other customers and went back to give my boss a call.

"Hello?" he said, in a six-pack-and-a-half voice.

"Hey Larry, it's me, John," I said.

"Hey, John, what's up, buddy? Is it slow over there?" I could tell he was kind of pissed off that I had called him on his day off.

"No, Larry, it's busy as hell here," I casually replied.

"Then why'd you call, What's the matter?"

"Oh, I just called to tell you that I quit," I said in that same casual voice.

"Shit! Did you have to tell me that now, while it's busy?" he bellowed.

"Well, actually, Larry, the amount of customers in the store is no longer my problem," I said.

"What?!? You mean you quit right now?!? This very mother-fucking minute?"

While there's customers in the store?!? Why you fucking shit! I oughta—"

"Hey, Larry, is that any way to talk to a future potential customer?" I said in an extremely glib voice.

"You god-damned bastard! I'm gonna — I'm gonna —

Let me talk to Tina!" he practically screamed.

"Sorry. Tina's not here. She's out making deliveries," I replied.

"Well, you've got to wait 'til she gets back," he pleaded, "You can't leave the store unattended like that!"

"No, you're wrong, Larry. I can, and am leaving the store like this. See you

around."

I hung the phone up, silencing the insect-like obscenities directed at me. I thought about Larry having to come down here, half-drunk, to run the store and I couldn't help but laugh.

I was still laughing when I grabbed my coat and walked up front. I stopped when I saw that there were customers still in the store. About seven of them, and amazingly enough, five of them were the same people that had been there when I performed my little sub-against-the-wall routine. Maybe they thought that that was the way we treated ass-hole customers, and that if they were real polite, then I would make them something to eat. I don't know.

"Sorry," I politely said, "but I don't work here any more, so I'm not going to fix you anything to eat. However, if it's really important for you to eat at this wonderful establishment, then I suggest you fix your own sub. The other delivery person won't be here for at least fifteen minutes, and the manager shouldn't be here for about another half-hour. Don't worry about paying — it's compliments of Larry Baster, connoisseur of domestic beers and all-around humanitarian."

I then turned around and walked out of the Sub Pub forever. I didn't wait to see the pandemonium break out as the blobs of people hurried around the counter to help themselves to the free, delicious food that they had waited so patiently for.



You know, I'd like to do something like that....

BATMAN'S PAST IS CATCHING UP WITH HIM

Commemorating fifty years of The Batman in print.

DETECTIVE
"BLIND JUSTICE"
By Sam Hamm (screenwriter of the Batman movie)

Bruce Wayne is charged with treason! In Detective Comics #598, 599 and the 50th Anniversary issue, #600. Detective #598 ships in February.

BATMAN
"THE MANY DEATHS OF THE BATMAN"
By John Byrne

Batman's teachers are murdered — one by one!
In Batman #433, 434, and 435.
Batman #433 ships in March.

COMICS INC.
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KNOXVILLE, TN.
588-1051



Bedside Manner

by Julia 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."

"Yeah, is that a problem for you?" "Dave the vampire?" Margaret asked.

"Oh, no—Dave." 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 abject 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 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.

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.

Moments of Truth at a Funeral

by A. Pinner
Lame Monkey Lame Monkey

Uncle Hout (67 years old).
"This funeral would be great if it wasn't for that dead body over there."

Dad (47) and myself (25).
"Hey, Dad. Who's the ancient guy in overalls?"

"You mean the man in the workboots, starched white shirt and black bow tie?"

"That's him."
"He's some relative of ours."

"By marriage?"
"No son. By blood."

Long pause.
"Say, Dad. Any inbreeding in our side of the..."

"Don't ask."
Grandma (66) and Mom (45).

"She's so beautiful. Her hair, her mouth, her dress. She looks like she's

about to sit right up and say something, doesn't she? And that nose. That darling little nose. Looks just like her father, doesn't she? What is she now? Three?"

"Shhhh, Grandma. You'll wake her up!"

Molly (3) and Dad (47).
"Daddy, we goin' car? Car ride?"

"We're going to the cemetery, Molly."

"We going to plant something?"
"What?"

"Mommy told me—a hole in the ground. Aunt Cissy in?"

"Yes, dear. We're going to put Aunt Cissy in the ground."

"How far?"
"What?"

"How far in the ground we plant Aunt Cissy?"

"Uh...about six feet. Now lay down and take a nap. We'll be there when you wake up."

"Can't she get out? If she wants?"

"What?"
"Cissy get out of ground? If she wants to?"

"If she wants to...well, look honey, she won't want to, okay?"

"Okay."
"Now go to sleep."

"Okay. She won't want to get out of ground?"

"That's right, honey. She won't."
"Must be nice in ground."

The Staff of the LMM would like to say thanks to our readers for making each of the past three years the "Year of the Monkey".

White Boy

DISTURBED AT THE RATE OF DEATH AMONG BLACK INFANTS, WHITE BOY PUTS ON HIS AUNT JEMIMA SUIT TO FIND SOME ANSWERS

1. learns that dead kids don't talk
2. finds that his speech pattern and/or diction doesn't instill instant trust & shared hope
3. gets beat up a lot when discovered in drag

SITTING DISCOURAGED ON A CURB, A BLACK WOMAN TAKES OUT SOME CHALK & GIVES WHITE BOY A TALK ON ECONOMICS PSYCHOLOGY ON THE MACADAM. NODDING HEAD, GETS ABE LINCOLN DISGUISE, GOES TO WASH

— Paul Weinman



The Church of the SubGenius

Last Bastion of Human Dignity or Just Another Excuse for Assholes?

by Rev. Dr. Onan Canobite
Lame Monkey Religion Columnist

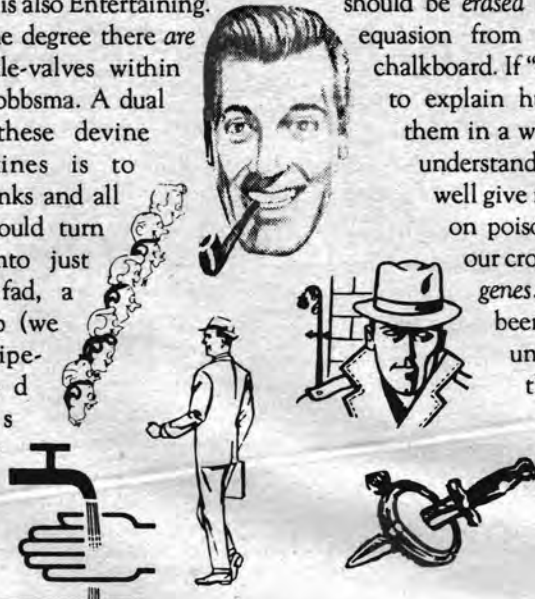
In my regular ministries to my congregation I am often asked by initiate SubGenii if the Church of the SubGenius is for real or if it is a joke. The answer depends on the definition of the operating terms, although not so much on the meaning of "reality" as on the meaning of "joke." Assuming, of course, that there is a difference between the two. Is it a joke if there are literally thousands of dues paying, card carrying ministers of the church all over the world? Can it be just for laughs if weekly SubGenius radio shows bless many cities (but not Knoxville...not yet)? There are legal SubGenius marriages, be-ins, burials...the church has been investigated by the Secret Service, the Dept. of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the FBI and the CIA...entire businesses and innocent children are named after the founder J. R. "Bob" Dobbs. The Church has appeared in *Whole Earth Review*, *High Performance*, *People*, *High Times*, *Playboy*, and 10,000

independant publications such as the one you're reading now. Over a dozen people have been arrested for Subgenius related activities, and many famous musicians, actors, and other cool people publically support (or deny) the Church. Could anyone then say that the Church of the SubGenius is a joke?

No one will pay attention to The Truth unless it is also Entertaining. And so to some degree there are built-in chuckle-valves within Sub-Genius Dobbsma. A dual function of these devine comedy routines is to confuse the Pinks and all others who would turn Sub-Genius into just another sick fad, a "Bob" fan club (we call these pipe-mouthed parasites Bobbies or Gimmie-Bobs). Some ask what,

then, the SubGenius *does* believe in. Essentially, we believe in everything. We wholly accept as absolute truth every bit of every major world religion, plus more. We know, for instance, that on July 5th, 1998, the Men from Planet X (known by scholars as "the X-ists") will arrive on Earth to judge whether humankind is ready to join them in the stars or if we should be *erased* like some faulty equation from some planetary chalkboard. If "Bob" is not there to explain human nature to them in a way that they can understand, we might as well give it all up and keep on poisoning our rivers, our crop-lands, our very genes...We have also been given a certain understanding as to the nature of slack, the pea of the shell game that JHVH-1 (alien space god from some

corporate sin galaxy) has been playing with humanity for millions (yes, millions) of years. How do we know these things are true? Why are we so sure? We must accept these matters on faith. If "Bob" says that we must pull the wool over our own eyes, we will. If "Bob" warns us concerning the Deros, the Supersonic Aluminum Nazi Hell Creatures From Beneath the Hollow Earth, we must move with caution. If "Bob" tells us Jesus smoked Chesterfields and not Lucky Strikes, we must act accordingly or perish. IF J. R. "BOB" DOBS SAYS FUCK 'EM IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE, THEN BY DOBB'S FUCK 'EM WE WILL. For only Dobbs stands between us and The Conspiracy (not a conspiracy; THE Conspiracy...the Barbies and Kens, the Pink Boys, the Normals, the Mediocretrins, the Assouls, the Incomepoops as well as their masters, the dreaded Men In Black. And the chain of command doesn't end there...) Is the Chuch of the SubGenius a joke? You'd pay to know what you really think.



INSTRUCTOR EVALUATIONS
Biggest Issue Ever • 12 Solid Pages
of the Most Recent UT Course Reviews
Send 2 stamps to: Box 8763, Knox, TN 37996-4800

SPECIAL OCCASIONS
512 Gimpy Loves Me
Anna B. Warner, 1820-1915 CHINA. 7. 7. 7. 7. with Refrain Paul Moz, David 'Normal' Bell & Rev. Dr. Neon Fleshbiscuit
William Bradbury, 1816-1868

1. This Uni - versi - ty is grand, The cours - es dull, the food is bland,
2. Monk - ey standing on his head, see him in Ed Bol - ing's bed,
3. Yes, we thought that we would try, a pap - er with no U P I,
4. Stand in Reg - is - tration Line, get a tick - et pay your fine,
5. Eddie's head - ing for the hills with a hun - dred thou - sand dollar bills,
6. Get out on the inter - state, twelve guage shot - gun seals their fate,
7. Wel - come one and wel - come all, to the Monkey Meet - ing Hall,

1. U T is a real nice place, hope you find a park - ing space.
2. Monk - ey tear - ing up the sheets, see him piss on J. R.'s feet.
3. They thought that we would be through with a Beacon bad review.
4. They won't stop un - til the Jocks, are housed and fed on six square blocks.
5. But we're still here and mean to stay, we'd take bribes but they won't pay.
6. Signs that say 'Vol Fan On Board', send them off to meet the Lord.
7. Ral - ley 'round and raise your voice, might as well you've got no choice.

REFRAIN
Yes, Gimp - y loves me, Yes, Gimp - y loves me,
Yes, Gimp - y loves me, The Monk - ey tells me so.



UT ADMINISTRATOR JUMBLE

By Paul Mozingo

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary administrators.

RRHSUCEE
KSEWA
GIBNOL
SHONNOJ



Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

Answer:
A M P M



Uncork Her Head

J. Cow Beauregard



Volunteer Medical Clinic



Worried about being pregnant? We Care!

Birth Control
FREE Pregnancy Testing
Abortion
Infection Checks

Comfortable Surroundings • Evening Hours Available

522-5173

Convenient to UT campus • Tyson Medical Complex
313 Concord Street

HOURS: Mon.-Fri. 8 am - 6 pm • Sat. 8 am - 1 pm

Quality Health Care Since 1974

Men's Athletics Who's Passing the Buck?

by Christopher Gray
Grand Monkey Emeritus

The men's athletic program is a financially separate arm of the University, receiving revenue from ticket sales, promotional licenses, advertising from radio and television game broadcasts, skybox rental, and from the students through the activities fee. It is a very large business to the tune of millions of dollars, and yet none of the revenue they generate is redistributed back to the rest of the university.

Every other department of the University must produce a yearly budget requesting amounts used to pay faculty salaries, materials and maintenance. Any monies which are budgeted, but are not used are placed back in the "general fund" to be redistributed to departments which have minor budget overruns. No money can be saved year to year, and in this way, major purchases of expensive equipment and/or special programs must be allocated through budget-

ing procedures which are set up by state law. It is designed this way to consolidate budgetary authority in committee rather than give one person the authority to spend large amounts of money. When this works properly, with educated and informed committee members, it protects the public interests from possibly unbeneficial private and self-serving interests.

The men's athletic program exists under a separate governing body and is seemingly independent from regular budgetary procedure. Millions of dollars are generated but they disappear in a black hole of football related spending. Where exactly the money goes seems a very well guarded secret to those who have attempted to find out how that money is spent, but some of the more obvious expenditures, such as the new Thompson/Boling Arena, renovations to Gibbs Hall, the construction of skyboxes, and the proposal of an indoor football practice complex and a parking garage for season ticket holders, seem to illustrate



the massiveness of this bloated cul de sac of revenue.

Who makes the decision to spend ten of millions of dollars for the construction of new buildings for the primary purpose of athletics? Why is a parking garage suddenly a viable option when students have been hearing for years, as they line up to buy ever more expensive and over-sold parking stickers, that a much-needed parking garage would not be financially feasible? When the good of one department becomes more important than the good of the university community as a whole, I say private interests have become paramount and, for a public institution, it is scandalous.

It has often seemed that administrators feel that if the men's athletic program creates revenue, it is fair and just that they use the funds to serve their own interests, to promote and better their program. When the amounts become so sizable and the rest of the university community is suffering, in a sense picking up the tab with every fee increase, I feel it is time for athletics to pay for their right to be associated with this institution. Being the University of Tennessee Foot-

ball Team is a franchise that should not be given away for free. Those that have built the athletics program into the business success it is today should be commended, but they should not be allowed to hide behind the façade of a state university when they will not benefit the institution they parasite off of.

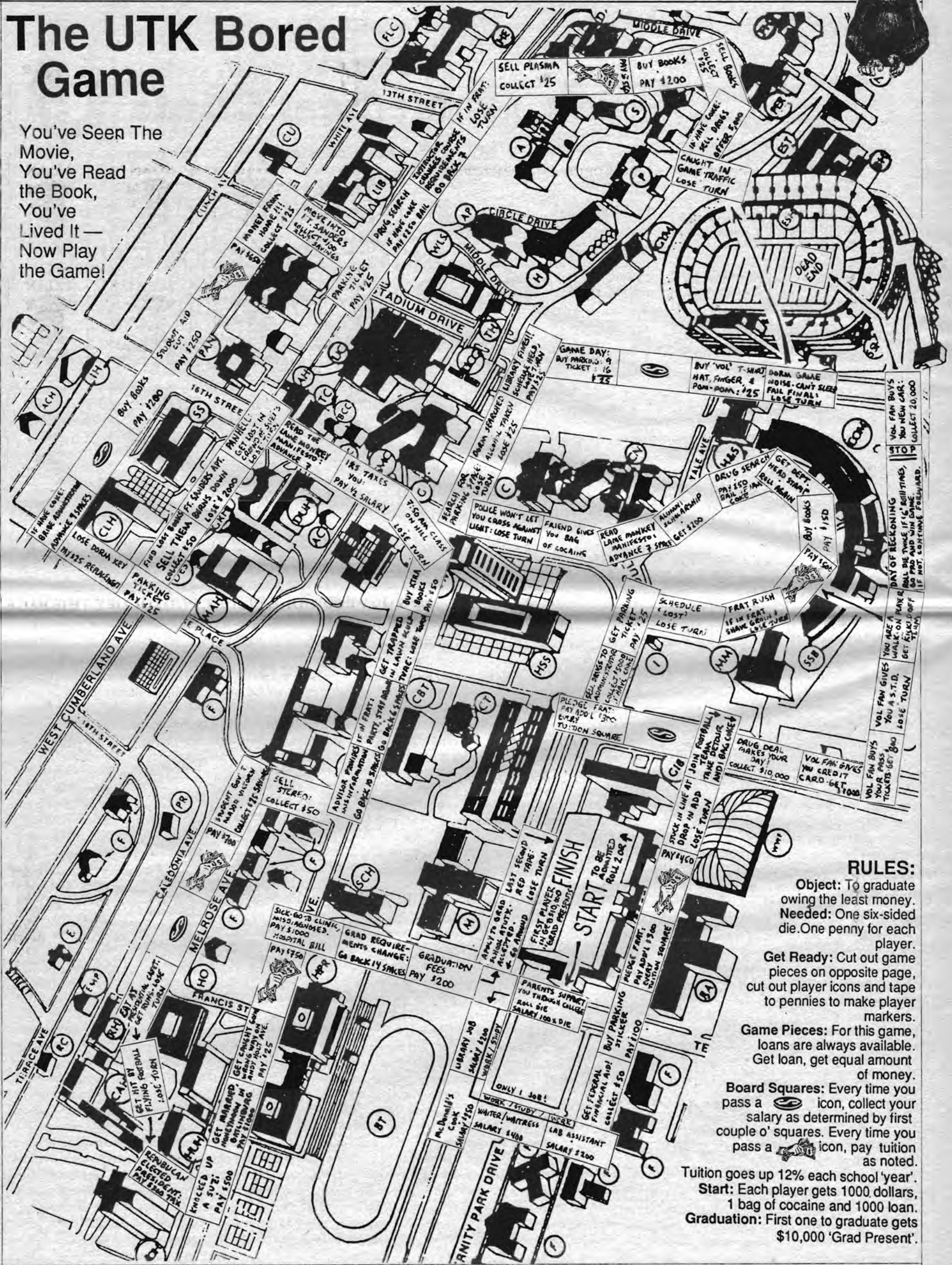


Every time you see a Vol™ logo, think of who is really benefiting when you show your school spirit. At every game you attend, imagine the money filling the drawers of the box office and wonder why your activities fees are

increasing. With all the talk of building a better university, it seems to me ironic that students are asked to make donations to support underbudgeted non-athletic departments, such as the library which, even through having a beautiful new structure in which to reside, is understaffed and underfunded for acquisitions. Perhaps the University of Tennessee will grow into a fine educational institution one day instead of remaining a glorified regional party college. Until that time, one can only hope that the disservice done to students of this school will become publicly recognized, for that is the first step towards change.

The UTK Bored Game

You've Seen The Movie,
You've Read the Book,
You've Lived It—
Now Play the Game!



RULES:

Object: To graduate owing the least money.
Needed: One six-sided die. One penny for each player.

Get Ready: Cut out game pieces on opposite page, cut out player icons and tape to pennies to make player markers.

Game Pieces: For this game, loans are always available. Get loan, get equal amount of money.

Board Squares: Every time you pass a icon, collect your salary as determined by first couple o' squares. Every time you pass a icon, pay tuition as noted.

Tuition goes up 12% each school 'year'.

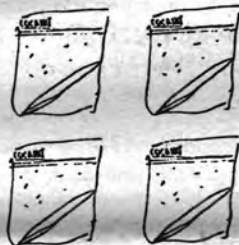
Start: Each player gets 1000 dollars, 1 bag of cocaine and 1000 loan.

Graduation: First one to graduate gets \$10,000 'Grad Present'.



50 BANK OF UT	50 BANK OF UT	50 BANK OF UT	50 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000
50 BANK OF UT	50 BANK OF UT	50 BANK OF UT	50 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$10,000	LOAN \$10,000
25 BANK OF UT	25 BANK OF UT	25 BANK OF UT	25 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000
25 BANK OF UT	25 BANK OF UT	25 BANK OF UT	25 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$10,000	LOAN \$10,000
100 BANK OF UT	100 BANK OF UT	100 BANK OF UT	100 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000	LOAN \$1,000
100 BANK OF UT	100 BANK OF UT	100 BANK OF UT	100 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$10,000	LOAN \$10,000
500 BANK OF UT	500 BANK OF UT	500 BANK OF UT	500 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$10,000	LOAN \$10,000
\$1,000 BANK OF UT	\$1,000 BANK OF UT	\$1,000 BANK OF UT	\$1,000 BANK OF UT	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$5,000	LOAN \$10,000	LOAN \$10,000

Player Markers (See Rules)



IF YOU NEED MORE PIECES, PHOTOCOPY THIS PAGE

The Lame Monkey Diploma

COSTS LESS • IS ABOUT AS INFLUENTIAL • TAKES LESS TIME • JUST CLIP AND PHOTOCOPY TO PARCHMENT

The University of Tennessee

Knoxville, Tennessee

This is to certify that

_____ has satisfied the requirements for the degree of _____

In Testimony Whereof and by authority in us vested,
 qualify this esteemed graduate to department store and restaurant labor, and
 we have affixed our signatures stating this hereto
 this twelfth day of May 1989



Phil Scheurer
 Phil Scheurer, The Little Czar

Doug Dickie
 Doug Dickie, Revenue Spender

Directory of Knoxville Area Special Interest Groups



a.i.d.s RESPONSE KNOXVILLE (aRK)
1316 N. Central
Knoxville, 37917
523-AIDS

Purposes of the group: providing support to persons with AIDS or AIDS-related conditions, families and friends of those who are infected, providing general information to the community at large; and education the community to reduce fear and bring forth a compassionate response to the crisis. Educational materials, speaker's bureau, helpline (615-523-AIDS), emergency assistance and support groups are all services provided by aRK. Volunteers are needed.

Office is open M-F from 10 AM to 6 PM.

THE ALTERNATIVE
UT Box 16156
Knoxville, 37996-4900
522-0741

Anarchist group whose focuses are education and direct action. Anarchism strives for a balance between individual freedom and social responsibility.

Weekly meeting location is being changed. Please call 688-2590, 522-0741, or 522-7482 for details.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
c/o John Grayson
1611 Laurel Ave., Apt. 319
Knoxville, 37916
974-3255 (UT Philosophy Dept, leave a message)

Amnesty groups work for the release of prisoners of conscience (may have been detained or jailed because of their religious, political, or other beliefs, and must not have used or advocated violence). Work for fair and prompt trials for political prisoners and for an end to torture, the death penalty, and other inhumane treatment of all prisoners, mainly through letter-writing campaigns. Planning a benefit for Amnesty in early December to mark the 40th anniversary of Human Rights Day.

Waiting from approval from UT Dean of Students' office to become an official student group. Meeting times are irregular; call for more info.

ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS,
KNOXVILLE (ABC+K)
c/o Trevor Blake
PO Box 23061
Knoxville, 37933-1061
522-7482

Prisons exist as a tool of control by the state. They serve no rehabilitative function nor do they provide community services. Like the death penalty, prison and the threat of prison exist to keep all of us in line, not just so-called criminals. With the creation of an anarchy (a world of autonomy, nonviolence, internationalism, the end of exploitation, and the deconstruction of government) must come the abolition of prison.

Anarchist Black Cross Knoxville does what support work it can for prisoners of the state, mental hospitals, reform schools, and the like until such time that there are no more walls between us.

APPALACHIAN COMMUNITY FUND
517 Union Ave., Suite 206
Knoxville, 37901
523-5783

Appalachian Community Fund is a new public foundation set up to collect monies and distribute to grassroots organizations in the Appalachian region of East Tennessee, Eastern Kentucky, all of West Virginia and western Virginia. The fund is managed by a Board of Directors from the four states. The

board is responsible for fundraising. This past grant cycle, \$60,000 was distributed to 25 organizations.

APPALACHIAN EARTH CORE
MOVEMENT/PHILOSOPHES
c/o Teri Rhoades
Rt. 5, Red Hill, Apt. C-3
Louisville, TN 37777
970-9676

Focus: Local environment issues, TVA nuclear programs, recycling, Tyson Creek clean-up (including the creek on Bike Trail), and animal welfare. Discussions, musical benefits, protests, petition signing. Loosely structured, democratic, open forum.

Meetings at Stefano's Pizza on Cumberland, 8 PM Thursday.

BAHA'I CLUB
3500 Sutherland Ave., I-206
Knoxville, 37919
525-7834 (leave a message)

Baha'i Club of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, focuses on promoting the Baha'i Faith and moving the world closer to peace and unity, betterment of society, and the teaching of the World Order of Baha'i Mah.

Call for meeting dates.

BLACK MALE CAUCUS
Black Cultural Center
University of Tennessee
974-6861

BUDDHIST STUDENTS FOR PEACE
c/o J. Philip Sawyer
609 Physics Bldg., Room 401
University of Tennessee
Knoxville, 37916

CARPETBAG THEATER
1022 College
Knoxville

THE CENTER FOR PEACE OF THE
SOCIETY OF ONE, INC.
Rt. 11, Box 369, Waldens Creek Rd.
Sevierville, TN 37862
428-3595

The Center for Peace is a New Age Church and Community, a Teaching and Healing Center, a Woodland Mountain Resort and Campground, a Place for people to learn and grow in communion with Life, and a Spiritual Garden. Nonsecretarian, Inter-Denominational, and Interfaith. The Center focuses on the Oneness of all Life and on Truth that can be shared by all people rather than upon beliefs that tend to separate people. At the Center people are encouraged to seek peace through personal change instead of changing others.

Weekly activities include: A Sunday Gathering Service — 11 AM, Wednesday Group Meditation — 7 PM, and Friday Class, "A Course in Miracles" at 7 PM.

THE CHURCH OF THE SUB-GENIUS
c/o Rev. Dr. Fritz Quadrata
PO Box 8763
Knoxville, 37996-4800
National Headquarters:
PO Box 140306
Dallas, TX 75214

COLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION FOR
RESEARCH OF THE PRINCIPAL (CARP)
1817 White Ave.
Knoxville, 37916
522-6219

Focus: To promote spiritual reawakening, to research and revitalize a commitment to universal ethics and morality, and a

Unificationist perspective towards world peace (also research absolute values and human potential). Lecture programs, human relationships, newspapers, video tapes.

Meetings Mondays and Thursdays at 8:15 PM and Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday at 6:30 PM at 1817 White Ave.

COMMUNITY SHARES
517 Union Ave.
Knoxville, 37902
522-1604

A non-profit, federated fund for social change and social welfare community organizations serving East Tennessee. Currently there are eight member groups that share equally in fundraising and revenues.

COUNCIL ON INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS AND UNITED NATIONS
AFFAIRS
c/o Dr. Iredell
Political Science Dept.
McClung Tower, University of Tennessee

DEAD PIGEON RIVER COUNCIL
c/o Newport Chamber of Commerce
Newport, TN 37821

EAST TENNESSEE COMMUNITY
DESIGN CENTER
1522 Highland Ave.
Knoxville, 37916
525-9945

The East Tennessee Community Design Center, a private non-profit organization was founded in 1970 by a group of local architects, planners, and other community leaders. A small staff and professional advisors assist community volunteers in bringing design and development assistance to community groups in East Tennessee.

The Rural Connections Program works with rural community groups trying to improve economy in their communities and need technical assistance, training, access to resources, and connections with other grassroots organizations.

EAST TENNESSEE PLEDGE OF
RESISTANCE (ETPOR)
KNOXVILLE AREA COMMITTEE ON
CENTRAL AMERICA (KACOCA)
531 Gay Street, Suite 810
Knoxville, 37902
971-4869

Our focus is stopping U.S. intervention in Central America and helping the people in Central America have a better life as much as we can. We try to do this through protest actions as well as direct-aid projects. We are a nonhierarchical group that makes decisions through consensus. Literature and educational resources are available. Planning on restarting newsletter. Two groups have recently joined.

Meetings are the first Thursday of the month at 7 PM at the Second Presbyterian Church, Kingston Pike.

EAST TENNESSEE VEGETARIAN
SOCIETY
PO Box 1974
Knoxville, 37901
546-5643

FRIENDS OF THE LAME MONKEY
PO Box 8763
Knoxville, 37996-4800
637-2249

Friends of the Lame Monkey is a group of supporters of and contributors to independent press in the UT™-Fort Sanders area, with particularly heavy emphasis on the paper in your hands. Call today — membership looks

great on a resumé or a UT Placement Form.

GENERAL UNION OF PALESTINIAN
STUDENTS
c/o the International House
University of Tennessee

HIGHLANDER RESEARCH AND
EDUCATION CENTER
RFD 3, Box 370
New Market, TN 37820
933-3443

Highlander is an adult education center, which for 50 years has been working for social and economic justice in the South. Residential education center, meeting rooms, dormitory, excellent resource library and video collection. Well worth the 30 minute trip from Knoxville. Call for more information about this internationally recognized center for social change.

JUBILEE COMMUNITY ARTS
1538 Laurel Ave.
Knoxville, 37916-2016

KNOX AREA LITERACY COUNCIL
PO Box 50792
Knoxville, 37950

KNOX AREA PROGRAM FOR ADULT
LITERACY
101 E. Fifth Ave.
Knoxville, 37917

KNOXVILLE COMMITTEE FOR AFRIKA
PO Box 16487, UT Station
Knoxville, 37996
673-0202

Purpose: to educate and develop consciousness of the community about issues relevant to African People. Panel discussions, forums, and guest speakers.

Meetings are Tuesdays and/or Fridays from 1 PM to 6 PM. Location is not definite; call for details.

KNOXVILLE FOOD COOPERATIVE
937 N. Broadway
Knoxville, 37917
525-2069

Non-profit grocery store with emphasis on whole and healthy foods. Member owned with discounts for members and further reductions if you wish to volunteer time to work in Co-op. Wide variety of produce, herbs, spices, vegetarian items. \$15 for first year membership, \$10 every year thereafter. Do not need to be a member to shop.

Hours: Monday-Saturday are 9:30 to 7:30 and Sundays 2-5 PM.

KNOXVILLE HOUSING COOPERATIVE
703 Eleanor
Knoxville, 37917

Knoxville Housing Cooperative is a non-profit organization with the purpose of offering quality housing for low and moderate income people. It is self-managed and decisions are reached democratically.

KNOXVILLE INTERFAITH COUNCIL
c/o Pam Bradley
322 Barbara
Maryville, TN 37801
984-1476

Formed to plan a Peace Symposium for the Knoxville area. The Symposium will feature William Sloan Coffin, "A Mass for World Peace", a panel discussion on world peace, and a resource room with materials supplied by Knoxville peace groups. Dates for the Symposium are February 11-12, 1989; it will be held at the Church Street United Methodist Church.



The Interfaith Council meets the 4th Thursday of each month at 2nd Presbyterian Church at noon.

KNOXVILLE PEACE ALLIANCE
1803 Forest Ave.
Knoxville, 37916
522-0741

The Knoxville Peace Alliance is committed to action and awareness with a nonviolent emphasis. KPA's main focus is campus and community education and group actions for social change.

Meeting are Thursdays at 6 PM in Room 51 of the Humanities Building on the UT campus.

KNOXVILLE 10% (KTP)
PO Box 1046
Knoxville, 37901

KNOXVILLE WOMEN'S CENTER
220 Carrick
Knoxville, 37921
546-1873

An educational and resource center with a focus on employment and coordination of community services. Monthly classes focus on career decision-making, job readiness, and the job hunt process.

LAUREL HIGH SCHOOL
1539 Laurel Ave.
Knoxville, 37916

LIBERTARIAN ROUNDTABLE
4828 Kingston Pike
Knoxville, 37919

MACROBIOTIC CENTER OF KNOXVILLE
Rt. 6, Hwy. 70
Box 530 B
Lenoir City, TN 37771
986-9711

Purpose: Providing education of macrobiotic principles for groups and individual application; providing services related to macrobiotics, meals, shiatsu massage, consultation.

Meetings are Tuesdays and Thursdays in the evening at the center.

MONROE MATERNITY CENTER
PO Box 115
Lost Sea Pike
Madisonville, TN 37354
442-6624

Monroe Maternity Center provides comprehensive maternity and normal gynecological services, including nurse-midwifery care, complete prenatal care, childbirth education, homelike birth, early discharge, postpartum and newborn follow-up, and well-women care. Costs are generally half that of traditional hospital care.

Business hours are M-F from 8:30 AM to 4:30 PM.

NEW FEMINIST GROUP
c/o Alison Duffy
1312 Raleigh Ave.
Knoxville, 37917
688-2590

New group forming, call Alison for more information.

NO BUSINESS AS USUAL (NBAU)
c/o Andrew Rhoades
7238 Winchester
Knoxville, 37919
693-9883

The goal of NBAU is to prevent World War III through the medium of exposing the government's preparations to fight and win the war. Contact Andrew if interested in starting local chapter of NBAU. Atlanta branch of NBAU can be contacted by writing

PO Box 8278, Atlanta, GA 30306 or calling (404) 642-3214.

OAK RIDGE ENVIRONMENTAL PEACE ALLIANCE
PO Box 1101
Knoxville, 37901
588-9370 and 586-3146

The Oak Ridge Environmental Peace Alliance is a community of groups and individuals working to empower people to creatively address the problems of militarism, environmental destruction, and social injustice. We seek to join with other groups to form an active network capable of affecting change locally, regionally, nationally, and globally. The OREPA is committed to organizing nonviolent direct action focusing on the Y-12 nuclear weapons component plant in Oak Ridge and assisting other communities with their actions. We are committed to consensus decision making.

We invite other organizations and individuals to join with us. For more information, please contact us.

PRESCHOOL COOPERATIVE OF KNOXVILLE
c/o Sandy Mutchler
Rt. 4, Box 235
Louisville, TN 37777
970-4151

The Preschool Cooperative of Knoxville is parent-owned and operated. Our goal is to provide an environment which encourages the creativity, imagination, and individuality of the child, and one where children may learn through watching, touching, and doing. The program emphasizes the development of the child's feelings of self-worth through interaction with teachers and through a planned curriculum. The preschool also provides the opportunity to learn important social skills, basic concepts, and the building blocks of learning.

One primary teacher will be hired to plan daily activities and provide continuity while parents take turns working in the classroom as teaching aides.

Children aged two to five are accepted. Fees for a child attending three mornings a week are 40 dollars per month. Fees and labor are flexible; call for more information.

ROCINANTE FOUNDATION
1200 Highland Ave., #23
Knoxville, 37916

A fledgling group formed to provide an alternative to alternative groups. Wide range of socio-political interests.

SAVE OUR CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS (SOCM)
PO Box 457
Jacksboro, TN 37757
562-6247

A rural citizens' group that does community organizing. There are nine chapters in twelve counties in the Cumberland Mountains and on the Plateau. SOCM works to improve the quality of life in rural communities and has organized around various issues, including the damage done by strip mining.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE
2647 Bafford Place
Knoxville, 37920
573-4135

Alternative preschool located in South Knoxville, opening August 1989. Bringing together two educational philosophies — Montessori and Waldorf — to create a balance and integration of knowledge and imagination, competence and creativity, self-discipline and freedom.

Contact Karen Nolt at the above phone number for info concerning organizational

meetings.

SHACONAGE GREENS
PO Box 1101
Knoxville, 37901
673-0653 (Chris), 573-2322 (Steve), 595-8952 (Jill)

A newly formed branch of the Greens. "An alternative political party that gives highest priority to the interconnectedness of all life on earth." Our projects include weekly films, a recycling plan for UT, and educational discussions. Knoxville chapter of the Rain Forest Action Network (300 Broadway, San Francisco, CA 94133).

Study group meeting: Mondays at 7 PM on the 12th floor of the McClung Tower, University of Tennessee.

SIERRA CLUB SOUTHEAST REPRESENTATIVE
864 Weisgarber
Knoxville, 37919

SOCIAL WORK ORGANIZATION
c/o Mimi Ann Morrison
College of Social Work
University of Tennessee

SOLUTIONS TO ISSUES OF CONCERN TO KNOXVILLIANS (SICK)
2611 E. Magnolia Ave.
Knoxville, 37914
523-8009

SICK is a grassroots organization that takes on issues that most groups won't touch, such as health care, truck re-routing, and food problems, to name a few. We are non-profit, but accept donations. A part of Community Shares.

Meetings are on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at 6:30 PM in the MLB Building, 2247 Western Ave.

STUDENT ADVOCATES FOR EQUALITY (SAFE)
c/o Eulonda Odom
Black Cultural Center
974-6861

SAFE focuses on the national and campus issues that have a direct effect upon the minority members of our society and issues concerning all student discrimination.

Meetings are every Wednesday at 6 PM in the Black Cultural Center on the UT campus.

TENNESSEE HUNGER COALITION
PO Box 3181
Knoxville, 37927

TENNESSEE NETWORK FOR ANIMALS
PO Box 27155
Knoxville, 37927-7155
Winston Miller, 525-5423 (H) 933-3463 (W)

Animal-rights organization. We focus on the rights of all animals and believe that animals have individual rights. Hope to start an Animal Hotline soon if funds permit. We are a volunteer, non-profit organization. In need of campus volunteers.

TENNESSEE VALLEY ENERGY COALITION (TVEC)
800 N. Fourth Ave.
Knoxville, 37917

TENNESSEE VALLEY UNITARIAN CHURCH SANCTUARY COMMITTEE
3219 Kingston Pike
PO Box 10507
Knoxville, 37939-0507
523-4176 and 691-1845

The Sanctuary Movement exists to help Central American refugees fleeing the military, political, and economic violence in their homelands. Providing safe haven for refugees, education of the community on the

plight of the refugees and challenging some aspects of U.S. policy regarding Central America. Resources and speakers are available.

TENNESSEE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY
PO Box 854
Knoxville, 37901

TROLLKRETSEN INTERNATIONAL FOLKDANCE
Phone numbers: 522-0515, 690-2498, 546-5643

Teaching of recreational folkdance from countries around the world and dancing together. We are a nonprofit organization. We learn dances at workshops, bring them home and teach them.

Gatherings every Friday night at 7:30 PM at the Tennessee Valley Unitarian Church on Kingston Pike.

VOLUNTEER MINISTRIES
Keith Richards
107 S. Gay Street
Knoxville, 37902

WEST KNOXVILLE FRIENDS MEETING
Meeting House Lane
Knoxville, 37921

WOMEN'S COORDINATING COUNCIL
305 University Center
University of Tennessee
Knoxville
974-5455

The Women's Coordinating Council is a student, staff, and faculty committee of the Central Program Council. The purpose of the Council is to plan and implement programs that focus on women's needs and issues from a feminist perspective. Anyone with the time and the desire to educate women is welcome to join.

Meetings are Mondays at 5 PM in Room 220 of the University Center.

WORKERS' SOLIDARITY ALLIANCE, EAST TENNESSEE
c/o UT Box 8436
Knoxville, 37996-4990
522-0741 (John)

The Workers' Solidarity Alliance is a nationwide anarcho-syndicalist organization. We believe that working people (both employed and unemployed) must organize themselves in their workplaces, communities, and schools into autonomous direct action-oriented movements controlled democratically and directly by the rank and file members. This, we feel, is the only way to build a new world in which people run their own lives free from states and bosses of any kind.

Towards this end, members of the WSA are active in such struggles as those for rank-and-file workers' rights; sexual, racial, and cultural liberation and equality; environmental safety; and opposition to militarism, imperialism, and the arms race.

The WSA is the U.S. section of the International Workers' Association, a worldwide federation of revolutionary libertarian labor organizations with sections in Europe, Latin America, and Asia (WSA National Secretary, PO Box 2764, Charleston, WV 25330).

Bi-weekly Monday meetings at 6:00 PM; call for location.

If you would like your group or organization to be included in future publications of this list, send a typed group description (follow format above) including full mailing address to The Lame Monkey Manifesto, PO Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800 (attn: Organization Directory). Listings subject to editorial approval.



In Defense of Hyperbole

by John H. Woodard, Jr.
Lame Monkey Guest Editorial

Perhaps the most controversial feature of the *Lame Monkey* is the Instructor Evaluations. The attendant furor has yet to equal that caused by Mr. Rushdie's recent literary effort; however, come reactions to the Evaluations hint at great displeasure. Is the publication of these caustic, hateful attacks necessary, and can anything constructive be gleaned from material which is so seemingly destructive? In order to gain a more positive view, one should look beyond any insulting and degrading language found in the reviews.

Academic tenure creates a privileged class who enjoy a job security greater than that of incumbent members of Congress. A professor cannot be voted out, impeached or even fired for perpetrating any act short of an infamous crime. No other public employee could long afford to exhibit the outrageous behavior which is described in the Instructor Evaluations. The taxpayers would demand retribution. How might the student, who quite often is made to feel like a superfluous component of a

University, respond to adverse treatment from the occasional misanthrope who is benefited by such immunity?

A simple method of response is to submit an unkindly phrased review to the Instructor Evaluations. Don't expect the local constabulary to suddenly find numerous suicides with crumpled copies of the *Lame Monkey* Instructor Evaluations nearby. That is not the intent. These

"Academic tenure creates a privileged class who enjoy a job security greater than that of incumbent members of Congress."

scathing commentaries are rather a catharsis for those who write them. A violent verbal assault (submitted anonymously, of course) is preferable to physical attack. The instructor Evaluations serve as a means of communication, also. Students can pay heed and avoid classes taught by those who consistently receive poor appraisals of either their teaching abilities or personalities.

It has been charged that the Instructor Evaluations are "un-scientific" because they are not conducted according to accepted procedures for gathering statistics. So what? The evaluations must be regarded as expressions of opinion. Must these opinions be expressed by use of such

vexatious means? Perhaps not, but critics of art, theater, motion pictures and literature as well as other human endeavors make use of ridicule, satire and humor to lend piquancy to their remarks. Robert L. Spellman, in an article entitled "The Critic's Delight: Constitutional Protection for Criticism" which appeared in the Winter 1987 issue of the *Journal of Popular Culture*, demonstrates that biting,

harsh language is accepted and even expected as an element of critical opinion. One can argue that if a faculty member is to be verbally keelhailed, it ought to be based on their professional efforts and not vagaries of personality. Most students have neither the time nor inclination to assess any scholarly material which has been produced by the object of their wrath. A student's opinion of an instructor can be based exclusively upon a positive or negative experience in the classroom. Many other professions whose members are subject to public scrutiny are not kept immune to criticism. An educator should be no different.

Precisely because the Instructor Evaluations are not "scientific", a certain amount of error will always be present. Some of the reviews can be dismissed as

the products of grumblers and malcontents. A poor performance in a class cannot always be blamed upon the professor. It is interesting to note that the names of a few faculty members appear in a negative context on more than one occasion, however. Therefore, one must assume that these disparaging assertions have some basis in fact.

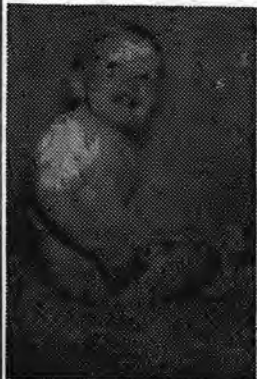
Seen within a broader context, the Instructor Evaluations serve a better purpose than mere insult. They are the efforts of students to counter the excesses of a few individuals who have conveniently forgotten that their salary and benefits come from the taxpayers. There can be no damage caused by free exchange of opinion even if this opinion is expressed in terminology which some believe to be unsavory.

John H. Woodard, Jr., attended graduate school at UT from 1981 to 1984 and is currently employed in Nashville by the State of Tennessee.

Copies of the Spring Semester Evaluation Issue are Still Available. Send Two Stamps To: LMM Evals Box 8763, Knoxville, TN 37996-4800

The Ed Boling Scrapbook

We will always miss him, tho' we know he goes not far



Great men often come from humble beginnings and former President Ed Boling is no different.

If Andy Holt has an avenue named after him, we would like to nominate Ed for the same honor. Such as Boling Alley...



First UTK "Paycheck", Age 34



Learning to Drive, Age 16



First Love, Age 16



Discussing academic policies with an incoming freshman, Age 43



See ya soon. We'll miss you.



With Peppie the Magic Skunk, Age 6



Bo Ferger: SGA Presidential Candidate

by Blake Watson
Lame Monkey Student Politics

"Last year a lot of people took my campaign as a joke. They made a big mistake. This year things will be different..."

When I met Bo Ferger for an interview about the upcoming SGA election, I was in awe of his charisma and aural presence. His six-foot-five stature demands your complete attention as do his golden brown eyes, blazing with the energy of a young Thomas Jefferson or Robert Redford. Even if I had not agreed with his political views, I would have felt compelled to follow him sheerly for his physical impact.

The following interview occurred February 20 and will not be soon forgotten.

Blake Watson: What's your goal in life?

Bo Ferger: True equality, true democracy, true freedom.

BW: What about your goals for UT?

BO: The same.

BW: Well, what are some more distinct things you want done?

BO: Oh...it'd be nice to have on my desk, before I graduate, formal resignations from at least two high-ranking UT administrators.

BW: What?

BO: You're suprised. You shouldn't be. I am sure my demands will meet with similar skepticism from the public, but once I

have exposed the facts, the scams, the men themselves, all laughter will cease...replaced with cries of anger from the masses.

BW: This sounds serious.

BO: Certainly. I realize that the power barons in the administration will do everything within their power to stop me. I am prepared.

BW: Have you armed yourself?

BO: Only with the Bill of Rights. Violence isn't

necessary...at this stage. If something should happen, making me unable to carry through my crusade, there will be others. The need for liberation cannot be extinguished.

BW: Can you tell me some of

the facts, misappropriation of funds, and scams you plan to uncover?

BO: Only in vague terms. I'll release specific details in future press conferences. There's a \$50,000 under-the-table transfer of funds, specific grievances about the organization and funding of the Athletic Department, a secret Fascist-like organization of student leaders, and general abuse of power by those who are

holding most of it.

BW: Tell me more about—

BO: No. No. I really can't say more. I probably shouldn't have told you that much.

BW: What exactly does the Anti-Bourgeoisie Party stand for?

BO: We're here to even out the distribution of power, and see to it that power is not abused. The Bourgeoisie is a class of people: upper middle class citizens who,

when given some type of power, abuse their authority to try to make themselves seem more important than they really are. This misuse of power makes a mockery of the ideals of due process within our society. By giving all the

control to a select few, who consider themselves worthy of such stature, we open the door to elitism and corruption, especially when the "chosen ones" are inappropriate from the start.

BW: You obviously have some big plans. What if you don't win the election?

BO: What I'm doing is more than running for SGA President. I'm calling for a restructure of the UT Administrative

system. Holding the office of President will merely guarantee me a direct channel to the top. My work transcends the trivialities of the current Student Government operations. I'm not going to introduce petty programs which the big-wigs "allow" me to pass. I refuse to be their puppet! The current SGA is a blemish on the history of student activism. How can they allow themselves to be manipulated so! How can they talk about apathy when they are so subservient?

BW: But occasionally they will pass a good program; the move to improve safety and security on campus, for example.

BO: I agree that was a good move, but it is something SGA has been trying to implement for well over a year. Finally something was done...at about the time Phil Scheurer got on his self-proclaimed movement for improving safety on campus. He didn't start it! He was just a couple of years late in realizing how important the issue really is! Finally he allows SGA to do something, dictates the "new" program—

BW: SGA gets the credit and Scheurer gets the glory!

BO: See how it works?

BW: So that's SGA?

BO: In a nutshell.

BW: This is criminal! It must stop! There must be change!

BO: I think I've got another convert.

BW: Sound the bell of freedom! Liberate us! Long Live BO!



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

by Harrison Fowler
Lame Monkey Administrative Correspondent

"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 coeds 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 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 pimply 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?"

"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 it's way into my shirt pocket while I valiantly 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?"

"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, 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."

He stood over me, his chest heaving, mutated hair matted with sweat, limbs tremoring 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. Hmm, 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 Jerry Askew? Regardless, Askew was bugfuck, 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.

"Forgive Me, Father, for I have Bin-ged"

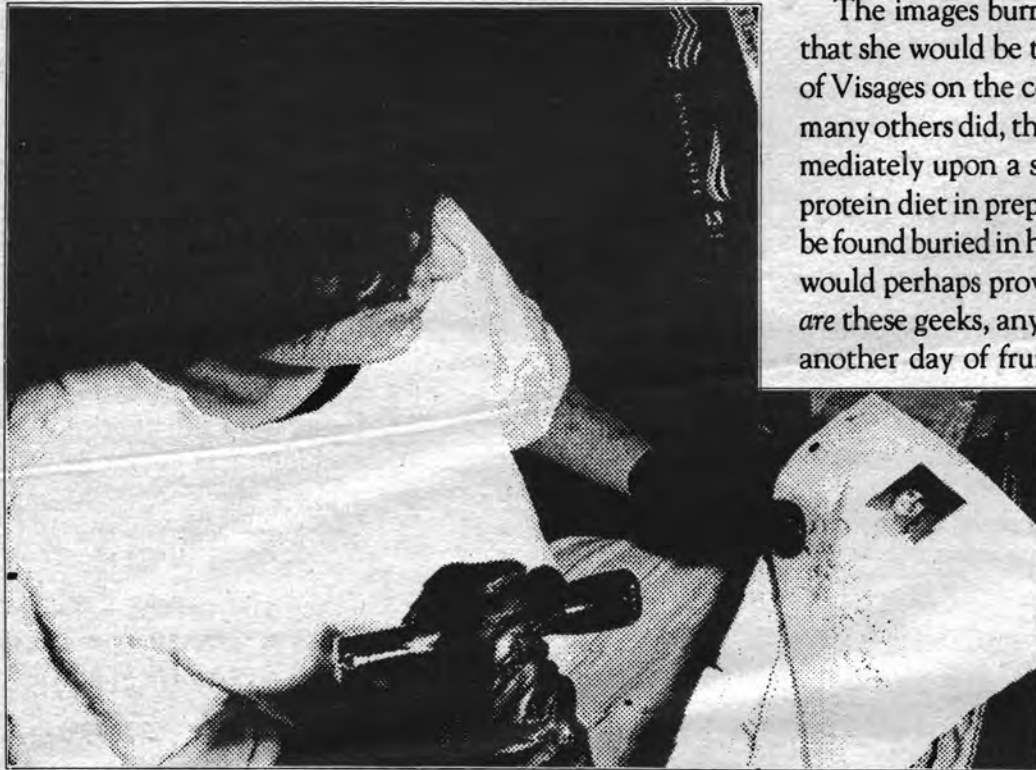


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And... We Have A Winner!

Gina Touch Takes the Lame Monkey Hall O' Fame Trophy



The images burned in her head. Tossing and turning at night, she knew that she would be the one, the contestant who would identify the Plethora of Visages on the cover of the January *Lame Monkey Manifesto* – she felt, as many others did, that to fail this would be to fail life itself. She embarked immediately upon a strict regimen of vigorous physical training and a high-protein diet in preparation for the quest that would ensue. Gina could often be found buried in huge, obscure tomes of knowledge and arcane wisdom that would perhaps provide the clue to the mystery. For a mystery it was: “Who *are* these geeks, anyway?” she would exclaim in an exasperated fashion after another day of fruitless searching. Finally, perseverance paid off; after a series of clandestine raids on heavily guarded files, the pieces of the puzzle began to fall together. The rest, of course, is history....

“I knew TinaLobetti right off, but the others were a total mystery,” said the lucky winner.



Above: *Lame Monkey* editor Ian Blackburn congratulates the triumphant winner

Top: Painsstaking research in forbidden files in the dead of night...

What would drive a person to such extremes? Admittedly, the lovely trophy, handcrafted by master trophysmith Rev. Dr. Neøn Fleshbiscuit, would be enough to drive anyone into a frenzy. “I needed one more line in my ‘Honors and Activities’ resumé section to make it come out to the end of the page,” confesses Gina. “But I would have driven myself just as hard anyway... the mere sight of the Monkey Trophy sends chills up my spine.”

The evening was made complete by the Award Banquet, the main course of which was a painstakingly-crafted Gimpy-shaped pizza created by the reknowned Prudhomme brothers, Kelly and Danny and served in the Dobbs Room of the Vatican. A night to remember... a twist of fate that will shape a life for years to come.

Lame Monkey Hall O' Fame Contest Winner Profile

Name: Gina Touch

Hometown: Archbald, PA

Major: Poultry Management

Ideal Man: Software consultant, balding, poetic, owns night-club in Atlanta

Aspirations: Gosh... what's left?

Future Plans: Finish writing my book, *Memoirs of a Monkey Monger*, go on tour, grow radishes.



Return The Screw

by Dr. Torch Screw
Lame Monkey Campus Affairs

I am tired of paying the University of Tennessee to NOT provide parking! Did you realize that a major portion of the budget for the S.S. of UT (Safety and Security, that is) comes from parking tickets? Is it any wonder that the Administrators of Safety and Security (let's call them A.S.S.es) do not try their utmost to solve the chronic parking shortage? Ample parking would cost them money! What we need to do is provide a counter-incentive. No, not rampant violence in the



"I Like Driving in Circles"

streets (not yet, anyway). Our legislature for this wonderful State of Tennessee has provided us with a peaceful weapon, a weapon that strikes where their blood runs deepest orange—their pocketbook!

Tennessee Code Annotated Section 4-507 et. seq. (which means "and following") provides that students who desire a hearing on any number of things, including parking tickets, may have a hearing in



"Books don't balance! Write more tickets!"

accordance with the provisions of T.C.A. sections 4-514 through 4-526. This hearing is NOT the Kangaroo court which has for years been forced upon us by the A.S.S.es, but is a trial-type hearing before an impartial hearing examiner. More important than the fairness of the trial (because admit it, most of you are guilty as sin) is the fact that these hearings cost the A.S.S.es money. Do you start to get the picture?

That's right, kids. If everyone requests one of these hearings, then the A.S.S.es will no longer be making money by not providing parking, they will be losing money. Since we know that money is what makes the marble shine, and shiny marble is dear to the A.S.S.es, we can conclude



that anything which costs money will make the A.S.S.es upset. This is what I mean by a counter-incentive.

So, fellow students, if you would like to end the incentive for maintaining the current parking shortage, when you get a ticket (and you will, you ba-a-a-d student) DON'T SIGN ANYTHING AT ALL and ask for an A.P.A. (Administrative Procedures Act) hearing. It doesn't cost you anything, they won't tell you about it and it's time we made the A.S.S.es pay!

I would like to thank Richard Pope for his help with the research for this article. I, however, will remain completely anonymous, so that I may continue my efforts and remain in your loyal service.

I wonder why the current Student Government has not pursued this issue? Is this too hot for even them to touch? Is there more at work than a few beurocrats who don't want to see the problem? Is there anything that can be bought for the Student's good and not just for UT's image? Do I smell the rank odor of cowardice? Surely not, but we shall see.

Top Theories Why the UT Parking Problem Has Not Yet Been Solved

1. Belief that backstabbing, cut-throat competition for parking spaces every day will breed good politicians and televangelists for the future.
2. Parking spaces take up valuable land that could be better used for huge, grotesque pieces of artwork.
3. A large, on-campus parking lot might dash all hopes for a future alumni golf course, where the annual "Jack Reese - Big Orange Screw Open" will be held.
4. Calculations show that the weight from exactly one more parking lot full of cars would cause the campus to be sucked down into the loins of a huge underground cave.
5. Fear of unjustly being forever branded a popular administration.

- Mark Spadafino

White Boy

IN BLACKFACE, WHITE BOY AMBLES UP TO A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN HANGING AROUND IN FRONT OF A BOARDED-UP GROCERY STORE AND BEGINS ASKING SPECIAL QUESTIONS

- a. in your collective opinion, how would you rate your feelings towards your white brothers on a scale of 1 to 10

LATER, AFTER DISCHARGE FROM AN EMERGENCY ROOM, WHITE BOY CONSIDERS HOW TO REPHRASE HIS QUERY AS HE ONCE AGAIN CAREFULLY APPLIES DISGUISE

- Paul Weinman

The Cave: A Setback for UT Sports

by Paul Shithead
Lame Monkey Campus Affairs

Yet another limestone cave was discovered beneath the foundation of the sports arena, now under construction at the University of Tennessee - Knoxville campus. The cave was found yesterday afternoon when Alex Schmumen, a worker on the site, dropped the screwdriver with which he had been removing misplaced staples in a roof support beam.

When workmen went to look for the tool, it was discovered that it had fallen through the roof of the cavern, in which it had made a moderately sized hole.

One of the foremen on the sight, when questioned on the incident, said "I just don't understand it. One of our men fell on that same spot not two days ago and nothing happened."

Plans are underway to fill the cavern with high-grade concrete. When questioned as to the expense of this, an official stated, "That information just isn't available right now. Our engineers have been down there all day surveying the cavern, and as soon as they are located we will issue a complete report."

This incident is causing a lot of people to wonder if the arena should have been built on that location at all.

JIT

Bret Wood



No UPI in the Monkey!



Purple Footsteps in Fort Sanders

by Karen Patterson and Emma Byrne
Lame Monkey Guest Columnists

"I'll kiss a sunset pig," she said while meandering down the sidewalk. She looked at her feet, watching one step in front of the other. But a fly buzzed and she looked away. It flew North into the sky—until it disappeared. It's more than she can stand—the boredom of it all. Fort Sanders is really dead today. Penitence is fading. She likes this curious feeling. She's not lost, but she doesn't know where she

is. Everything spoke to her soul in secret—in its own delicate native language—the purple footsteps of Fort Sanders entranced her. "What is the purpose of those footsteps?" she wondered. Then, a voice spoke to her, "They are in memory of Purple Paul, who was an artist. He lived in New York and always wore purple. Every day for ten years, Purple Paul rode his bike out of town and brought back dirt. Soon he had a beautiful park in the middle of town. Then someone bought the property and paved over the park.

The neighborhood tried to stop it—how does one stop the bulldozers? Purple Paul has since then died, but in his memory, one of his friends painted purple footsteps all over New York. And so, now Purple Paul is also remembered in Fort Sanders." The woman's thoughts became clear.

By the time she got to the psychiatrist's office it was getting very late in the day, but she was revitalized. She could not wait to tell her analyst about her new discovery. Her analyst told her that it was all moot and gave her another prescription.

I ask the moon
and he says "Eternity waits for those
who take pills"
so I take the pills
and wait for eternity
Mr. Moon says "no, asshole
Eternity
waits for you"
I pretend to understand, but
Confused, I take more pills
"now read to us from your book
of dreams"
say the stars
I open the book to find my
written pages
blank
Embarrassed, I make them up in
my head
the stars say "Yes, that's it"
Stars are so stupid
with my pills and my empty book
of dreams
I bide my time while eternity
waits
I set my mind for the sun and
the mountains
and the sea
and speak to them with
equally fruitless results
I have run out of pills and resort
to
the needle
spacing my Dreams along
my forearm
NOW eternity comes and I fill
my book
dreaming about Moments of
Action
and forever having to converse
with
one very ignorant star.

— Lee Roberts King

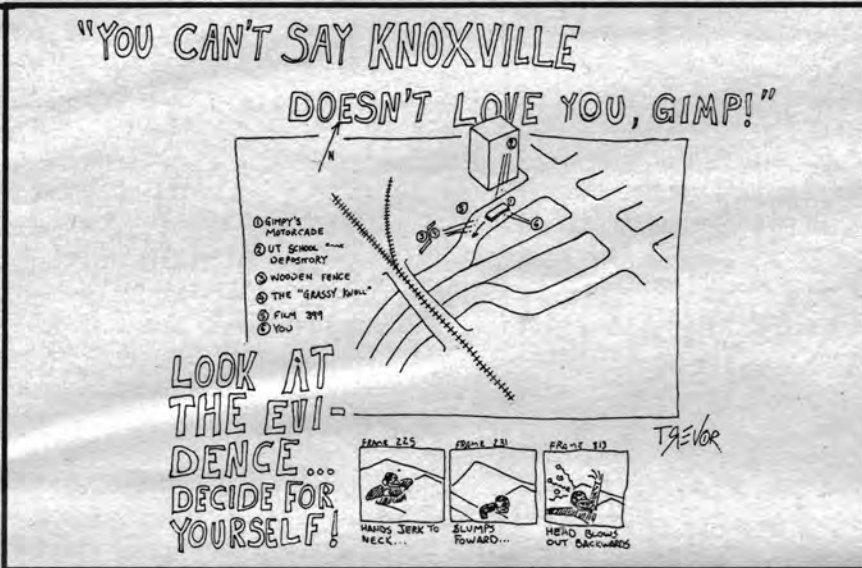
Sardonic Faith

I hear the sad voices
Of my predecessors
Begging to be let into hell.
After-life has gotten
Too damned clean
And righteous
Therefore boring.
They've learned to hate
Their god
and to be jealous
Of their Jesus Christ
For believing the fables
More hateful than life
To man
Then

Giving it all to me
And you
As truth
Out of some

Perverted need
For sardonic vengeance.

— Rus Harper



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Sly Stone

Neil Young

Aretha Franklin

Richard Thompson

The Rolling Stones

The Byrds

PTL

Hank Williams, Sr.

Miles Davis

Buzzcocks

Clash

Gene Vincent

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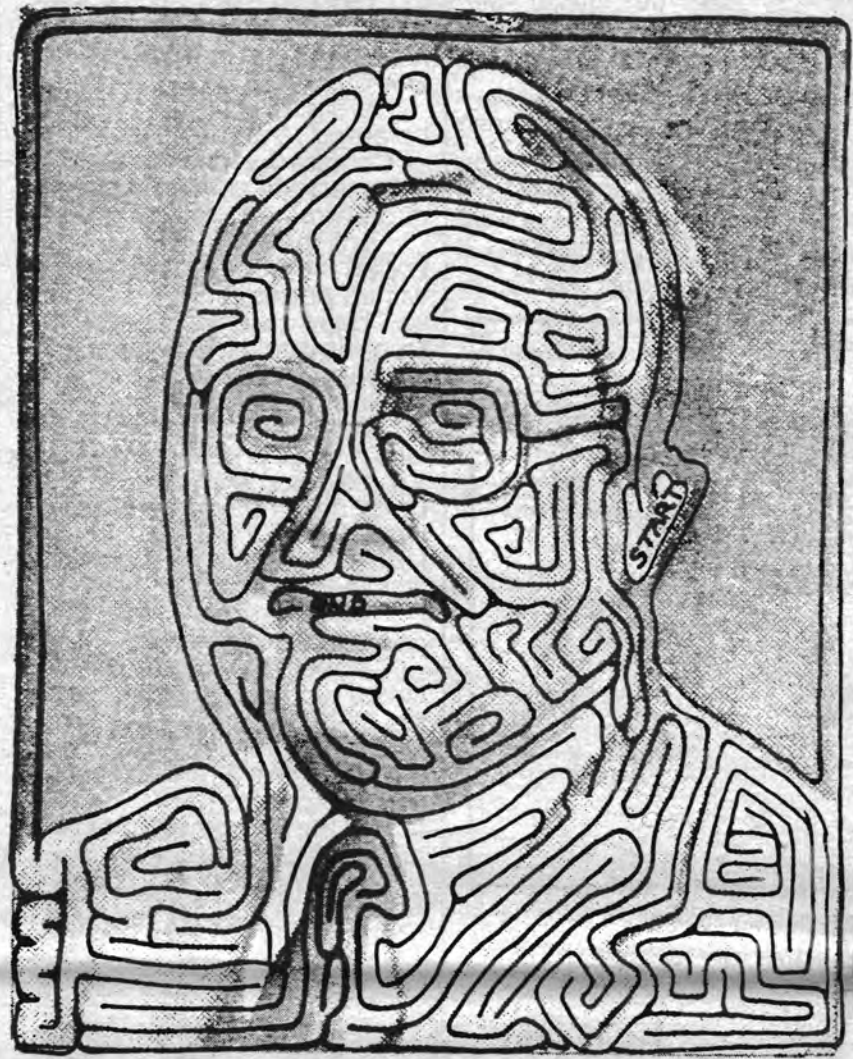
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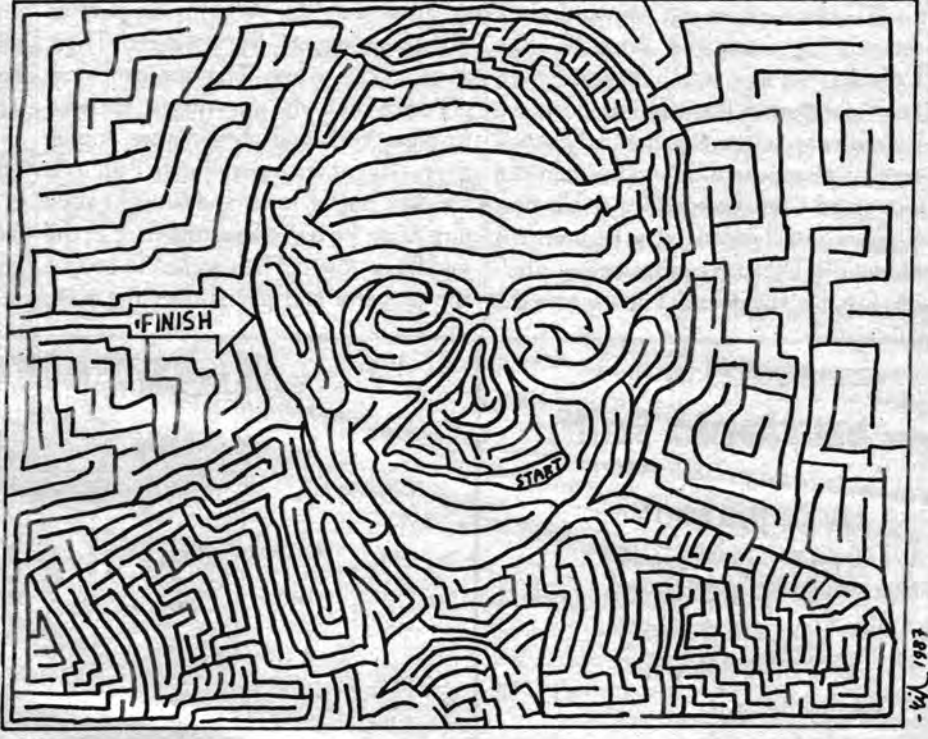


Lame Monkey Manifesto Fun Page

Get Through the Maze of UT™ Administration!

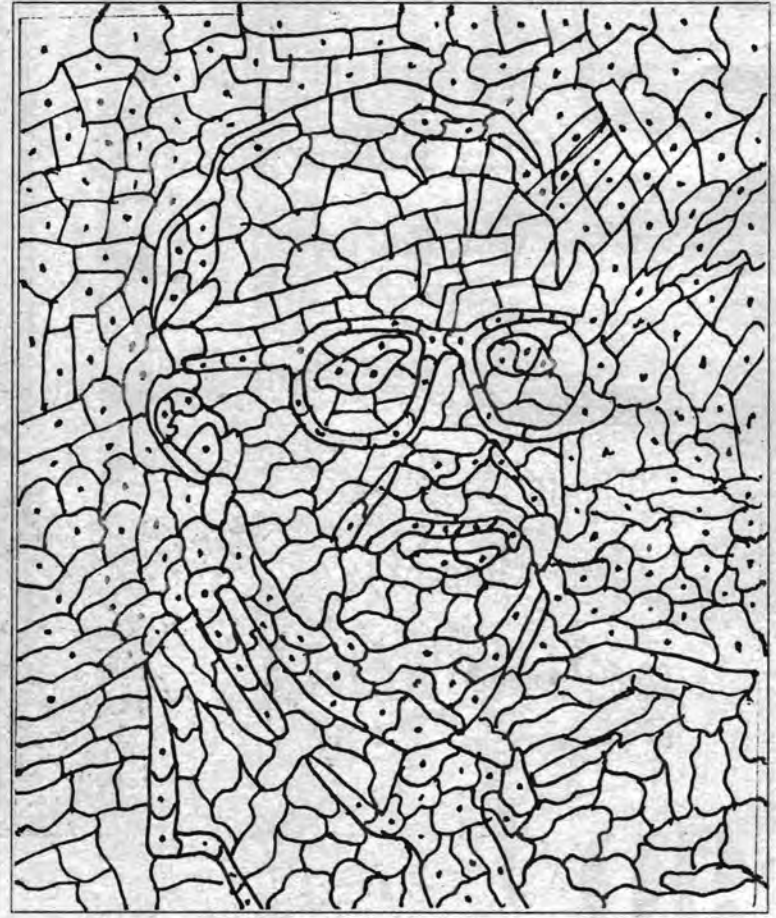


Phil Scheurer



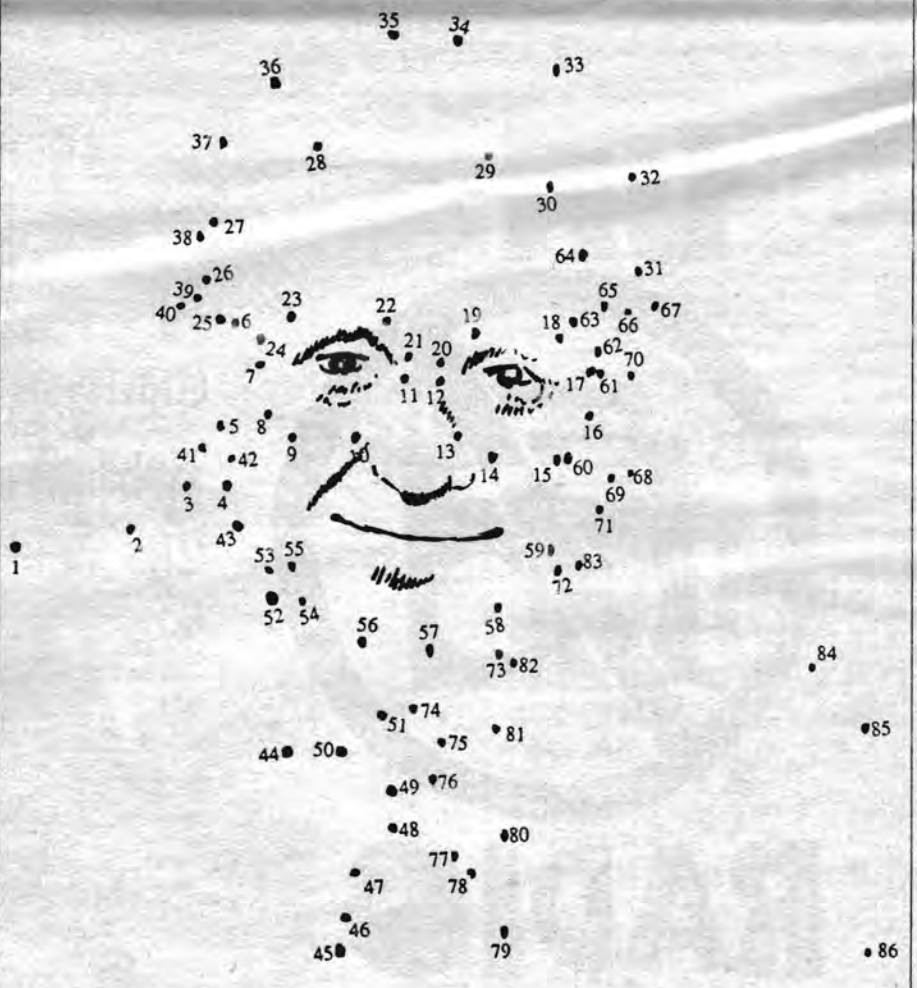
Ed Boling

Color In the Dots!



Name Scramble: EROGEG RELEHEW

Connect the dots to reveal the UT administrator!



Name Scramble: DE LIBONG

The current editor is passing on the torch flame, but the Manifesto continues! Look for your copy of the LMM in August (or thereabouts) at Raven Records, Vatican Pizza, and other fine bastions of culture.



The Comics Page

Bret Wood

J
I
T



The Restaurant From Hell

Christopher Gray



Boner's Fishtank

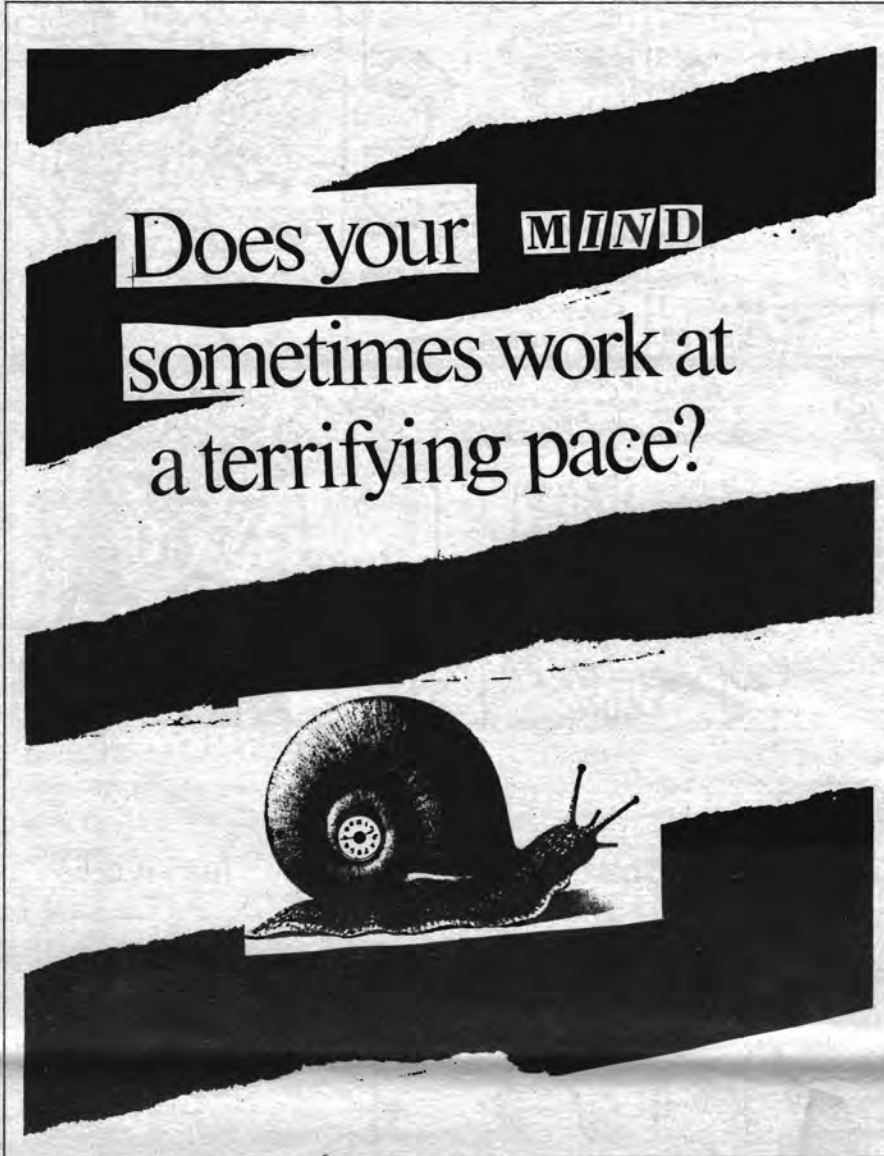
Juan Wuelle



The Twentieth Page

Does Your Mind Sometimes Work?

Trevor Blake



Stellar Poetry

Glass Houses

Sardonic sophists mock
that which they cannot
comprehend.
Their Truth stands irrevocable to
them.

Listen to the prattle
of ten million tongues,
Each quoting, mimicking,
mocking
but never stopping to
question.
(Why throw stones at glass
houses?)

Glass Houses!
Glass Houses!
Houses made of Glass!
Build a house of glass around
yourselves.
It's safer, you see.
Than to question and to search
for
True Philosophy.

Starlight



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....

- Silver Star

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